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BEQUEST OF  
REV. CANON SCADDING, D. D  
TORONTO, 1901.



“Oh! if she would but come again,  
I think I'd vex her so no more.”

T238h

# HYMNS

FOR

## INFANT MINDS.

BY THE AUTHORS

OF

“ ORIGINAL POEMS,” “ RHYMES FOR THE  
NURSERY,” &c.

*[Ann + Jane Taylor]*

*“ We use great plainness of Speech.”*

FOURTEENTH EDITION.



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TO THE  
FIRST EDITION.

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THE "DIVINE SONGS" of Dr. Watts, so beautiful, and so universally admired, almost discourage, by their excellence, a similar attempt, and lead the way where it appears temerity to follow: but as the narrow limits to which he confined himself, excluded a number of useful subjects, the following Hymns, though with much diffidence, are presented to the Public. The most obvious and interesting topics were already engaged; but if it appears that this volume of HYMNS

## ADVERTISEMENT.

FOR INFANT MINDS, fulfils its humble promise, and adapts evangelical truths to the wants and feelings of childhood, in language which it understands, further apology may not be required. It has been composed with a view to different ages and degrees of intelligence, but uniformly with the sacrifice of poetry to simplicity, wherever they stood opposed.

To some of the pieces the title of Hymns may not appear correctly applied; but for this inaccuracy, the nature of the subject will, it is hoped, apologize.



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**HYMNS**  
FOR  
**INFANT MINDS.**

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I.

A CHILD'S HYMN OF PRAISE.

I THANK the goodness and the grace  
Which on my birth have smil'd,  
And made me, in these Christian days,  
A happy English child.

I was not born as thousands are,  
Where GOD was never known ;  
And taught to pray a useless prayer,  
To blocks of wood and stone.

I was not born a little slave,  
 To labour in the sun,  
 And wish I were but in the grave,  
 And all my labour done.

I was not born without a home,  
 Or in some broken shed,  
 A gipsy baby, taught to roam,  
 And steal my daily bread.

My God, I thank thee, who hast plann'd  
 A better lot for me,  
 And plac'd me in this happy land,  
 Where I may hear of thee.

## II.

### COMING TO JESUS.

JESUS, that condescending King,  
 Is pleas'd to hear when children sing;  
 And while our feeble voices rise,  
 Will not the humble pray'r despise.

Then keep us, Lord, from every sin  
Which we can see and feel within ;  
And what we neither feel nor see,  
Forgive, for all is known to thee.

We own there's nothing good in us,  
To tempt thee to befriend us thus :  
We cannot think a single thought,  
Nor even thank thee, as we ought.

Yet, Lord, we humbly venture nigh,  
Because thou camest down to die :  
And this is all the plea we make,  
" O save us for thy mercy's sake ! "

### III.

ABOUT GOD,  
WHO MADE THE SUN AND MOON.

*Child.*

I saw the glorious sun arise  
From yonder mountain grey ;  
And as he travell'd through the skies,  
The darkness went away !

And all around me was so bright,  
I wish'd it would be always light.

But when his shining course was done,  
The gentle moon drew nigh,  
And stars came twinkling, one by one,  
Upon the shady sky.—  
Who made the sun to shine so far,  
The moon, and every twinkling star ?

*Mamma.*

'Twas God, my child, who made them all,  
By his Almighty skill :  
He keeps them, that they do not fall,  
And guides them as he will ;—  
That glorious God, who lives afar,  
In heav'n beyond the highest star.

*Child.*

How very great that God must be,  
Who rolls them through the air !  
Too high, Mamma, to notice me,  
Or listen to my pray'r !

O tell me, will he condescend  
To be a little infant's friend ?

*Mamma.*

He will, my love ; for though he made  
Those wonders in the sky,  
You never need to be afraid  
He should neglect your cry ;  
For, humble as a child may be,  
A child that prays he loves to see.

Behold the daisy where you tread,  
That little lowly thing ;  
Behold the insects over-head,  
That play about in spring :  
Tho' we may think them mean and small,  
Yet God takes notice of them all.

And will not Jesus deign to make  
A feeble child his care ?  
Ah, yes ! he died for children's sake,  
And loves the infant's pray'r.—  
God made the stars, and daisies too,  
And watches over them and you.

## IV.

FOR A CHILD WHO HAS BEEN VERY  
NAUGHTY.

LORD, I confess before thy face,  
How naughty I have been :  
Look down from heav'n thy dwelling-place,  
And pardon this my sin.

Forgive my temper, LORD, I pray,  
My passion and my pride ;  
The wicked words I dar'd to say,  
And wicked thoughts beside.

I cannot lay me down to rest  
In quiet, on my bed,  
Until with shame I have confest  
The naughty things I said.

The SAVIOUR answer'd not again,  
Nor spoke an angry word,  
To all the scoffs of wicked men,  
Although He was their Lord !



And who am I, a sinful child,  
 Such angry words to say!  
 Make me as mild as he was mild,  
 And take my pride away.

For JESUS' sake forgive my crime,  
 And change this stubborn heart;  
 And grant me grace, another time  
 To act a better part.

## V.

“OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN.”

GREAT God, and wilt thou condescend  
 To be my Father and my Friend?—  
 I a poor child, and thou so high,  
 The Lord of earth, and air, and sky?

Art thou my Father?—Canst thou bear  
 To hear my poor imperfect pray'r?  
 Or wilt thou listen to the praise  
 That such a little one can raise?

Art thou my Father?—Let me be  
 A meek, obedient child to thee;  
 And try, in word, and deed, and thought,  
 To serve and please thee as I ought.

Art thou my Father?—I'll depend  
 Upon the care of such a Friend;  
 And only wish to do, and be,  
 Whatever seemeth good to thee.

Art thou my Father?—Then, at last,  
 When all my days on earth are past,  
 Send down, and take me in thy love,  
 To be thy better child above.

## VI.

“EARLY WILL I SEEK THEE.”

Now that my journey's just begun,  
 My course so little trod,  
 I'll stay, before I further run,  
 And give myself to God.

And, lest I should be ever led  
 Through sinful paths to stray,  
 I would at once begin to tread  
 In wisdom's pleasant way.

What sorrows may my steps attend,  
 I cannot now foretel ;  
 But if the Lord will be my friend,  
 I know that all is well.

If all my earthly friends should die,  
 And leave me mourning here ;  
 Since God regards the orphan's cry,  
 O what have I to fear ?

If I am rich, He'll guard my heart,  
 Temptation to withstand ;  
 And make me willing to impart  
 The bounties of his hand.

If I am poor, He can supply,  
 Who *has* my table spread ;  
 Who feeds the ravens when they cry,  
 And fills his poor with bread.

And, Lord, whatever grief or ill  
 For me may be in store,  
 Make me submissive to thy will,  
 And I would ask no more.

Attend me through my youthful way,  
 Whatever be my lot ;  
 And when I'm feeble, old, and grey,  
 O Lord, forsake me not.

'Then still, as seasons hasten by,  
 I will for heav'n prepare ;  
 'That God may take me when I die,  
 To dwell for ever there.

## VII.

### ENCOURAGEMENT FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

God is so good that he will hear  
 Whenever children humbly pray :  
 He always lends a gracious ear  
 To what the youngest child can say.

His own most holy book declares  
 He loves good little children still ;  
 And that he answers all their prayers,  
 Just as a tender father will.

He will not scorn an infant tongue  
 That thanks him for his mercies giv'n ;  
 And when by babes his praise is sung,  
 Their cheerful songs ascend to heav'n.

Come, then, dear children, trust his word,  
 And seek him for your friend and guide ;  
 Your little voices will be heard,  
 And you shall never be denied.

## VIII.

### THE BIBLE.

This is a precious book indeed !  
 Happy the child that loves to read !  
 'Tis God's own word, which he has giv'n  
 To shew our souls the way to heav'n.

It tells us how the world was made ;  
And how good men the Lord obey'd ;  
Here his commands are written, too,  
To teach us what we ought to do.

It bids us all from sin to fly,  
Because our souls can never die ;  
It points to heaven where angels dwell,  
And warns us to escape from hell.

But, what is more than all beside,  
The Bible tells us, JESUS died !  
This is its best, its chief intent,  
To lead poor sinners to repent.

Be thankful, children, that you may  
Read this good Bible every day :  
'Tis God's own word, which he has giv'n  
To shew your souls the way to heav'n.

## IX.

## AGAINST WANDERING THOUGHTS.

WHEN daily I kneel down to pray,  
 As I am taught to do,  
 God does not care for what I say,  
 Unless I *feel* it too.

Yet foolish thoughts my heart beguile;  
 And when I pray or sing,  
 I'm often thinking all the while  
 About some other thing.

Some idle play, or childish toy,  
 Can send my thoughts abroad;  
 Though this should be my greatest joy—  
 To love and seek the Lord.

Oh! let me never, never dare  
 To act the trifler's part;  
 Or think that God will hear a pray'r  
 That comes not from my heart.

But if I make his ways my choice,  
 As holy children do,  
 'Then, while I seek him with my voice,  
 My heart will love him too.

## X.

“A BROKEN AND CONTRITE HEART, O GOD  
 THOU WILT NOT DESPISE.”

THOUGH GOD preserves me every hour,  
 And feeds me day by day,  
 I know it is not in my pow'r  
 His goodness to repay.

The poorest child, the greatest king,  
 Alike must humbly own,  
 No worthy present they can bring  
 To offer at his throne.

For we, and all our treasures too,  
 Are His who reigns above :  
 Then is there nothing I can do  
 To prove my grateful love ?



A broken heart He'll not despise,  
 For 'tis his chief delight :  
 This is a humble sacrifice,  
 Well-pleasing in his sight.

Tho' treasures brought before his throne,  
 Would no acceptance find,  
 He kindly condescends to own  
 A meek and lowly mind.

This is an offering we may bring,  
 However mean our store :  
 The poorest child, the greatest king,  
 Can give him nothing more.

## XI.

### THE WAY TO FIND OUT PRIDE.

PRIDE, ugly Pride, sometimes is seen  
 By haughty looks, and lofty mien :  
 But oft'ner it is found that Pride  
 Loves deep within the heart to hide ;

And while the looks are mild and fair,  
It sits and does its mischief there.

Now if you really wish to find  
If pride be lurking in your mind,  
Inquire if you can bear a slight,  
Or patiently give up your right?  
Can you submissively consent  
To take reproof and punishment,  
And feel no angry temper start  
In any corner of your heart?—  
Can you at once confess a crime,  
And promise for another time?  
Or say you've been in a mistake;  
Nor try some poor excuse to make,  
But freely own, that it was wrong  
To argue for your side so long?—  
Flat contradiction can you bear,  
When you are right, and know you are?  
Nor flatly contradict again,  
But wait, or modestly explain,  
And tell your reasons one by one;  
Nor think of triumph when you've done?

Can you, in business or in play,  
 Give up your wishes or your way?  
 Or do a thing, against your will,  
 For somebody that's younger still?  
 And never try to overbear,  
 Nor say a word that is not fair?—  
 Does laughing at you in a joke,  
 No anger, nor revenge, provoke;  
 But can you laugh yourself, and be  
 As merry as the company?—  
 Or, when you find that you could do  
 The harm to them they did to you,  
 Can you keep down the wicked thought,  
 And do exactly as you ought?

Put all these questions to your heart,  
 And make it act an honest part;  
 And, when they've each been fairly tried,  
 I think you'll own that you have Pride.  
 Some one will suit you, as you go,  
 And force your heart to tell you so:  
 But, if they all should be denied,  
 'Then you're too proud to own your Pride.

## XII.

## THE WAY TO CURE PRIDE.

Now I suppose, that, having tried,  
 And found the secret of your Pride,  
 You wish to drive it from your heart,  
 And learn to act an humbler part.

Well, are you sorry and sincere?  
 I'll try to help you then, my dear.

And first, the best, the surest way,  
 Is to kneel down at once, and pray:  
 The lowly SAVIOUR will attend,  
 And strengthen you, and stand your friend.  
 Tell him the mischief that you find  
 For ever working in your mind;  
 And beg his pardon for the past,  
 And strength to overcome at last.—  
 But then, you must not go your way,  
 And think it quite enough to pray:  
 That is but doing half your task;  
 For you must *watch* as well as *ask*.

You pray for strength, and that is right ;  
 But then, it must be strength to fight :  
 For where's the use of being strong,  
 Unless you conquer what is wrong ?  
 Then look within :—ask ev'ry thought,  
 If it be humble as it ought.  
 Put out the smallest spark of Pride  
 The very moment 'tis descried ;  
 And do not stay to think it o'er,  
 For, while you wait, it blazes more.  
 If it should take you by surprise,  
 And beg you just to let it rise,  
 And promise not to keep you long,  
 Say, “ *No ! the smallest Pride is wrong.*”  
 And when there's something so amiss,  
 That Pride says, “ Take offence at *this* ;”  
 Then, if you feel at all inclined  
 To brood upon it in your mind,  
 And think revengeful thoughts within,  
 And wish it were not wrong to sin ;  
 O stop at once !—for if you dare  
 To wish for sin, that sin is there !  
 'Twill then be best to go and pray  
 That God would take your Pride away ;

Or if just then you cannot go,  
Pray in your thoughts, and God will know.  
And beg his mercy to impart  
That best of gifts—a humble heart.  
Remember, too, that you must pray,  
And watch, and labour, *every* day :  
Nor think it wearisome or hard,  
To be *for ever* on your guard.  
No ; every morning must begin  
With resolutions not to sin ;  
And every evening recollect  
How much you've failed in this respect.  
Ask, whether such a guilty heart  
Should act a proud, or humble part ;  
Or, as the SAVIOUR was so mild,  
Inquire if Pride becomes a child :  
And, when all other means are tried,  
Be humble, that you've so much Pride.

## XIII.

## A MORNING HYMN.

MY FATHER, I thank thee for sleep,  
 For quiet and peaceable rest ;  
 I thank thee for stooping to keep  
 An infant from being distress :  
 O how can a poor little creature repay  
 Thy fatherly kindness by night and by day !

My voice would be lisping thy praise,  
 My heart would repay thee with love.

O teach me to walk in thy ways,  
 And fit me to see thee above :

For JESUS said, " Let little children come nigh ;"  
 And he will not despise such an infant as I.

As long as thou seest it right  
 That here upon earth I should stay,  
 I pray thee to guard me by night,  
 And help me to serve thee by day ;  
 That when all the days of my life shall have  
 pass'd,  
 I may worship thee better in heaven at last.

## XIV.

## AN EVENING HYMN.

LORD, I have pass'd another day,  
 And come to thank thee for thy care :  
 Forgive my faults in work and play,  
 And listen to my evening prayer.

Thy favour gives me daily bread,  
 And friends, who all my wants supply ;  
 And safely now I rest my head,  
 Preserv'd and guarded by thine eye.

Look down in pity, and forgive  
 Whate'er I've said or done amiss ;  
 And help me, ev'ry day I live,  
 To serve thee better than on this.

Now, while I speak, be pleas'd to take  
 A helpless child beneath thy care ;  
 And condescend, for JESUS' sake,  
 To listen to my evening prayer.



## XV.

FOR A CHILD THAT FEELS IT HAS A WICKED  
HEART.

WHAT is there, Lord, a child can do,  
That feels with guilt oppress?  
There's evil that I never knew  
Before within my breast.

My thoughts are vain ; my heart is hard ;  
My temper apt to rise ;  
And when I seem upon my guard,  
It takes me by surprise.

Whene'er to thy commands I turn,  
I find I've broken them ;  
And in thy Holy Scriptures learn,  
That God will sin condemn.

And yet, if I begin to pray,  
And lift my feeble cry,  
Some thought of folly, or of play,  
Prevents me when I try.

On many Sabbaths, though I've heard  
 Of JESUS and of heaven,  
 I've scarcely listen'd to thy word,  
 Or pray'd to be forgiven.

O look with pity in thine eye,  
 Upon a heart so hard.  
 Thou wilt not slight a feeble cry,  
 Or shew it no regard.

I feel there is no strength in me  
 To do that work alone ;  
 But Lord, I come and cry to thee  
 To change this heart of stone.

## XVI.

### AGAINST ANGER AND IMPATIENCE.

WHEN for some little insult given,  
 My angry passions rise,  
 I'll think how Jesus came from heaven,  
 And bore his injuries.

He was insulted every day,  
 Though all his words were kind ;  
 But nothing men could do or say,  
 Disturb'd his heavenly mind.

Not all the wicked scoffs he heard  
 Against the truths he taught,  
 Excited one reviling word,  
 Or one revengeful thought.

And when upon the cross he bled,  
 With all his foes in view,  
 " Father, forgive them," JESUS said ;  
 " They know not what they do."

Dear SAVIOUR, may I learn of thee  
 My temper to amend ;—  
 But speak that pard'ning word for me  
 Whenever I offend.

## XVII.

“TURN OFF MINE EYES FROM BEHOLDING  
VANITY.”

LORD, hear a sinful child complain,  
Whose little heart is very vain,  
And folly dwells within.  
What is it—for thine eye can see—  
That is so very dear to me,  
That steals my thoughts away from thee,  
And leads me into sin?

Whatever gives me most delight,  
If 'tis offensive in thy sight,  
I would no more pursue:—  
Since nothing can be good for me,  
However pleasant it may be,  
That is displeasing, Lord, to thee,  
May I dislike it too!

When I attempt to read or pray,  
I'm often thinking of my play,  
Or some such idle thing.

How happy are the saints in bliss,  
 Who love no sinful world like this,  
 But all their joy and glory is,  
 To praise their heavenly King !

These trifling pleasures here below—  
 I wonder why I love them so ;  
 They cannot make me blest.  
 O that to love my God might be  
 The greatest happiness to me !  
 And may He give me grace to see  
 That this is not my rest !

## XVIII.

FOR A VERY LITTLE CHILD.

O THAT it were my chief delight  
 To do the things I ought !  
 Then let me try with all my might  
 To mind what I am taught.

Wherever I am told to go  
 I'll cheerfully obey ;  
 Nor will I mind it much, although  
 I leave a pretty play.

When I am bid, I'll freely bring  
 Whatever I have got ;  
 And never touch a pretty thing,  
 If mother tells me not.

When she permits me, I may tell  
 About my little toys ;  
 But if she's busy, or unwell,  
 I must not make a noise.

And when I learn my hymns to say,  
 And work, and read, and spell,  
 I will not think about my play,  
 But try and do it well.

For God looks down from heav'n on high,  
 Our actions to behold ;  
 And he is pleas'd when children try  
 To do as they are told.

## XIX.

## ON ATTENDING PUBLIC WORSHIP.

WHEN to the house of God we go,  
To hear his word, and sing his love,  
We ought to worship him below,  
As saints and angels do above.

They stand before his presence now,  
And praise him better far than we,  
Who only at his footstool bow,  
And love him, though we cannot see.

But God is present every where,  
And watches all our thoughts and ways ;  
He marks who humbly join in prayer,  
And who sincerely sing his praise.

The triflers, too, his eye can see,  
Who only *seem* to take a part :  
They move the lip, and bend the knee,  
But do not seek him with their heart.

O may we never trifle so,  
 Nor lose the days our God has given ;  
 But learn, by Sabbaths here below,  
 To spend eternity in heaven !

## XX.

A CHILD'S HUMBLE CONFESSION AND  
 PRAYER.

A SINNER, Lord, behold I stand,  
 In thought, and word, and deed !  
 But JESUS sits at thy right hand,  
 For such to intercede.

From early infancy, I know,  
 A rebel I have been ;  
 And daily, as I older grow,  
 I fear I grow in sin.

But God can change this evil heart,  
 Can give a holy mind ;  
 And his own heav'nly grace impart,  
 Which those who seek shall find.



To heaven can reach the softest word—  
 A child's repenting prayer ;  
 For tears are seen, and sighs are heard,  
 And thoughts regarded there.

Then let me all my sins confess,  
 And pard'ning grace implore,  
 That I may love my follies less,  
 And love my SAVIOUR more.

## XXI.

### ABOUT DYING.

#### *Child.*

TELL me, Mamma, if I must die  
 One day, as little baby died ;  
 And look so very pale, and lie  
 Down in the pit-hole by its side ?

Shall I leave dear Papa and you,  
 And never see you any more ?  
 Tell me, Mamma, if this is true ?  
 I did not know it was before.

*Mamma.*

'Tis true, my love, that you must die ;  
 The God who made you says you must ;  
 And every one of us shall lie,  
 Like the dear baby, in the dust.

These hands, and feet, and busy head,  
 Shall waste and crumble quite away :  
 But, though your body shall be dead,  
 There is a part which can't decay.

That which now thinks within your heart,  
 And made you ask if you must die,  
 That is your soul—the better part—  
 Which God has made to live on high.

Those who have lov'd him here below,  
 And pray'd to have their sins forgiv'n,  
 And done his holy will, shall go,  
 Like happy angels, up to heav'n.

So, while their bodies moulder here,  
 Their souls with God himself shall dwell :—  
 But always recollect, my dear,  
 That wicked people go to hell.

There the good God shall never smile,  
 Nor give them one reviving look ;  
 For since they chose to be so vile,  
 He leaves them to the way they took.

## XXII.

“THOU, GOD, SEEST ME.”

Among the deepest shades of night,  
 Can there be one who sees my way ?  
 Yes ; God is like a shining light,  
 That turns the darkness into day.

When ev'ry eye around me sleeps,  
 May I not sin without control ?  
 No ; for a constant watch He keeps  
 On ev'ry thought of ev'ry soul.

If I could find some cave unknown,  
 Where human feet had never trod,  
 Yet there I could not be alone ;  
 On ev'ry side there would be God.

He smiles in heav'n ; he frowns to hell ;  
 He fills the air, the earth, the sea :  
 I *must* within his presence dwell ;  
 I *cannot* from his anger flee.

Yet I may flee,—he shews me where :  
 To JESUS CHRIST he bids me fly ;  
 And while I seek for pardon there,  
 There's only mercy in his eye.

### XXIII.

TO A LITTLE SISTER ON HER  
 BIRTH-DAY.

My love, I meet this happy day  
 With pleasure and with pain ;  
 I wish to learn your future way,  
 But know the wish is vain.

A journey which can never end  
 You have but just begun ;  
 And hand in hand with many a friend  
 This little way have run.

But friends, my love, how vain are they!

For one infected breath  
 May take the tenderest away,  
 And lay them low in death.

Then whither should my darling fly?

In whom may she confide?—  
 There is a Friend above the sky,  
 Who waits to be her guide.

His eye the path of life can see,  
 And has as clear a view  
 Of hills and valleys yet to be,  
 As what are past to you.

He knows the point, the very spot,  
 Where each of us shall fall,  
 And whose shall be the earliest lot,  
 And whose the last of all.

Dear cherish'd child! if *you* should have  
 To travel far alone,  
 And weep by turns at many a grave,  
 Before you reach your own;

May He who made you weep, be nigh  
 To wipe away your tears,  
 And point you to a world on high,  
 Beyond these mournful years !

Yet, if it be his holy will,  
 I pray that, hand in hand,  
 We all may travel many a hill  
 Of this the pilgrim's land :

With Zion's shining gate in view,  
 Through ev'ry danger rise ;  
 And form a family anew,  
 Unbroken, in the skies.

## XXIV.

### SIN MAKES GOD ANGRY..

How kind, in all his works and ways,  
 Must our Creator be !  
 I learn a lesson of his praise  
 From ev'ry thing I see.

Ten thousand creatures by his hand  
 Were form'd at first from clay :  
 His skill their diff'rent natures plann'd,  
 And they his voice obey.

He condescends to do them good,  
 And pities when they cry ;  
 For all their wants are understood  
 By his attentive eye.

And can so kind a Father frown ?  
 Will he, who stoops to care  
 For little sparrows falling down,  
 Despise an infant's prayer ?

No ; he regards the feeblest cry :  
 'Tis only when we sin,  
 He puts the smile of mercy by,  
 And lets his frown begin.

'Tis sin that grieves his holy mind,  
 And makes his anger rise ;  
 And sinners old or young shall find  
 No favour in his eyes.

But when the broken spirit turns,  
 And would from sin depart,  
 The God of mercy never spurns  
 A humble, contrite heart.

## XXV.

“JESUS CHRIST CAME INTO THE WORLD  
 TO SAVE SINNERS.”

Lo, at noon, 'tis sudden night!  
 Darkness covers all the sky!  
 Rocks are rending at the sight!—  
 Children, can you tell me why?  
 What can all these wonders be?—  
 Jesus dies at Calvary!

Nail'd upon the cross, behold  
 How his tender limbs are torn!  
 For a royal crown of gold  
 They have made him one of thorn!  
 Cruel hands that dare to bind  
 Thorns upon a brow so kind!



See! the blood is falling fast  
From his forehead and his side!  
Hark! he now has breath'd his last!  
With a mighty groan he died!—  
Children, shall I tell you why  
JESUS condescends to die?

He, who was a King above,  
Left his kingdom for a grave,  
Out of pity and of love,  
That the guilty he might save!  
Down to this sad world he flew,  
For such little ones as you!

You were wretched, weak, and vile;  
You deserved his holy frown;  
But he saw you with a smile,  
And to save you hasten'd down.  
Listen, children; —this is why  
JESUS condescends to die.

Come, then, children, come and see;  
Lift your little hands to pray:

" Blessed JESUS, pardon me,  
 " Help a guilty infant," say ;  
 " Since it was for such as I,  
 " Thou didst condescend to die."

## XXVI.

" JESUS SAID, SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN  
 TO COME UNTO ME."

YOUNG children once to JESUS came,  
 His blessing to intreat ;  
 And I may humbly do the same  
 Before his mercy-seat.

For when their feeble hands were spread,  
 And bent each infant knee,  
 " Forbid them not," the SAVIOUR said ;  
 And so he says for me.

Though now he is not here below,  
 But on his heav'nly hill,  
 To him may little children go,  
 And seek a blessing still.

Well pleased those little ones to see,  
 The dear REDEEMER smiled ;  
 Oh, then, he will not frown on me,  
 A poor unworthy child.

If babes so many years ago  
 His tender pity drew,  
 He will not surely let me go  
 Without a blessing too.

Then while, this favour to implore,  
 My little hands are spread ;  
 Do thou thy sacred blessing pour,  
 Dear JESUS, on my head.

## XXVII.

### LOVE AND DUTY TO PARENTS.

My father, my mother, I know  
 I cannot your kindness repay ;  
 But I hope, that, as older I grow,  
 I shall learn your commands to obey.

You loved me before I could tell  
 Who it was that so tenderly smiled ;  
 But now that I know it so well,  
 I should be a dutiful child.

I am sorry that ever I should  
 Be naughty, and give you a pain ;  
 I hope I shall learn to be good,  
 And so never grieve you again.

But lest, after all, I should dare  
 To act an undutiful part,  
 Whenever I'm saying my prayer,  
 I'll ask for a teachable heart.

## XXVIII.

### THE DAY OF LIFE.

THE morning hours of cheerful light  
 Of all the days are best ;  
 But as they speed their hasty flight,  
 If ev'ry hour is spent aright,  
 We sweetly sink to sleep at night,  
 And pleasant is our rest.

And life is like a summer's day,  
 It seems so quickly past :  
 Youth is the morning bright and gay,  
 And if 'tis spent in wisdom's way,  
 We meet old age without dismay,  
 And death is sweet at last.

## XXIX.

## THE LITTLE PILGRIM.

THERE is a path that leads to God, —  
 All others go astray ;  
 Narrow, but pleasant, is the road,  
 And Christians love the way.  
 It leads straight through this world of sin ;  
 And dangers must be pass'd ;  
 But those who boldly walk therein,  
 Will get to heav'n at last.

How shall an infant pilgrim dare  
 This dangerous path to tread ?  
 For on the way is many a snare  
 For youthful trav'lers spread :

While the broad road, where thousands go,  
Lies near, and opens fair ;  
And many turn aside, I know,  
To walk with sinners there.

But, lest my feeble steps should slide,  
Or wander from thy way,  
Lord, condescend to be my guide,  
And I shall never stray.

Then I may go without alarm,  
And trust his word of old ;—  
“ The lambs he'll gather with his arm,  
“ And lead them to the fold.”

Thus I may safely venture through,  
Beneath my Shepherd's care ;  
And keep the gate of heav'n in view,  
Till I shall enter there.

## XXX.

## AN EVENING HYMN FOR A LITTLE FAMILY.

Now condescend, Almighty King,  
To bless this little throng ;  
And kindly listen while we sing  
Our pleasant evening song.

We come to own the pow'r Divine  
That watches o'er our days :  
For this, our feeble voices join  
In hymns of cheerful praise.

Before thy sacred footstool; see  
We bend in humble prayer,  
A happy little family,  
To ask thy tender care.

May we in safety sleep to-night,  
From ev'ry danger free ;  
Because the darkness and the light  
Are both alike to thee.

And when the rising sun displays  
 His cheerful beams abroad,  
 Then shall our morning hymn of praise  
 Declare thy goodness, Lord.

Brothers and sisters, hand in hand,  
 Our lips together move :  
 Then smile upon this little band,  
 And join our hearts in love.

### XXXI.

A CHILD'S LAMENTATION FOR THE DEATH  
 OF A DEAR MOTHER.

A poor afflicted child, I kneel  
 Before my heav'nly Father's seat,  
 To tell him all the grief I feel,  
 And spread my sorrows at his feet.

Yet I must weep ; I cannot stay  
 These tears, that trickle while I bend,  
 Since thou art pleas'd to take away  
 So dear, so very dear a friend.



And now I recollect with pain  
The many times I grieved her sore.  
Oh ! if she would but come again,  
I think I'd vex her so no more.

How I would watch her gentle eye !  
'Twould be my play to do her will !  
And she should never have to sigh  
Again, for my behaving ill !

But since she's gone so far away,  
And cannot profit by my pains,  
Let me this child-like duty pay  
To that dear parent that remains.

Let me console his broken heart,  
And be his comfort by my care ;  
That when at last we come to part,  
I may not have such grief to bear.

## XXXII.

FOR SABBATH EVENING.

WE'VE pass'd another Sabbath day,  
And heard of JESUS and of heaven ;  
We thank thee for thy word, and pray  
That this day's sin may be forgiven.

Forgive our inattention, Lord,  
Our looks and thoughts that went astray ;  
Forgive our carelessness abroad,  
At home, our idleness and play.

May all we heard and understood,  
Be well remember'd through the week,  
And help to make us wise and good,  
More humble, diligent, and meek.

Bless our good minister, we pray,  
Who loves to see a child attend ;  
And let us honour and obey  
The words of such a holy friend.

So, when our lives are finish'd here,  
 And days and Sabbaths shall be o'er,  
 May we along with him appear,  
 To serve and love thee evermore.

### XXXIII.

#### TIME AND ETERNITY.

How long, sometimes, a day appears !  
 And weeks, how long are they !  
 Months move as slow as if the years  
 Would never pass away.

It seems a long, long time ago  
 That I was taught to read ;  
 And since I was a babe, I know  
 'Tis very long indeed.

But months and years are passing by,  
 And soon must all be gone ;  
 For day by day, as minutes fly,  
 Eternity comes on.

Days, months, and years must have an end;—  
 Eternity has none ;  
 'Twill always have as long to spend  
 As when it first begun !

Great God ! an infant cannot tell  
 How such a thing can be :  
 I only pray that I may dwell  
 That long, long time with thee.

### XXXIV.

#### AGAINST YIELDING TO TEMPTATION.

My love, you have met with a trial to-day,  
 Which I hop'd to have seen you oppose ;  
 But, alas ! in a moment your temper gave  
 way,  
 And the pride of your bosom arose.

I saw the temptation, and trembled for fear  
 Your good resolutions should fall ;  
 And soon, by your eye and your colour, my  
 dear,  
 I found you had broken them all.

O, why did you suffer this troublesome sin  
 To rise in your bosom again ?  
 And when you perceived it already within,  
 O why did you let it remain ?

As soon as temptation is put in your way,  
 And passion is ready to start,  
 'Tis then you must try to subdue it, and pray  
 For courage to bid it depart.

But now you must go to the Saviour, and  
 seek

His mercy to pardon your sin :  
 Entreat him to make you submissive and  
 meek,  
 And put a right spirit within.

## XXXV.

### THE DAY OF JUDGEMENT.

How dreadful, Lord, will be the day  
 When all the tribes of dead shall rise ;  
 And those who dared to disobey,  
 Be dragg'd before thine angry eyes !

The wicked child, who often heard  
His pious parent speak of thee,  
And fled from ev'ry serious word,  
Shall not be able then to flee.

No; he shall see them burst the tomb,  
And rise, and leave him trembling there,  
To hear his everlasting doom,  
With shame, and terror, and despair.

Whilst they appear at thy right hand,  
With saints and angels round the throne,  
He, a poor guilty wretch, shall stand,  
And bear thy dreadful wrath, alone!

No parent then shall bid him pray  
To him who *now* the sinner hears;  
For Christ himself shall turn away,  
And shew no pity to his tears.

Great God! I tremble at the thought,  
And at thy feet for mercy bend;  
That when to judgement I am brought,  
The Judge himself may be my friend.

## XXXVI.

## CONSCIENCE.

WHEN a foolish thought within  
Tries to take us in a snare,  
Conscience tells us, "It is sin,"  
And entreats us to beware.

If in something we transgress,  
And are tempted to deny,  
Conscience says, "Your fault confess ;  
Do not dare to tell a lie."

In the morning, when we rise,  
And would fain omit to pray,  
"Child, consider," Conscience cries ;  
"Should not God be sought to-day?"

When, within his holy walls,  
Far abroad our thoughts we send,  
Conscience often loudly calls,  
And entreats us to attend.

When our angry passions rise,  
 Tempting to revenge an ill,  
 "Now subdue it," Conscience cries ;  
 "Do command your temper still."

Thus, without our will or choice,  
 This good monitor within,  
 With a secret, gentle voice,  
 Warns us to beware of sin.

But if we should disregard,  
 While this friendly voice would call,  
 Conscience soon will grow so hard,  
 That it will not speak at all.

### XXXVII.

"THOUGH THE LORD BE HIGH, YET HATH  
 HE RESPECT UNTO THE LOWLY."

WHERE is the High and Lofty One ?

His dwelling is afar :

He lives beyond the blazing sun,

And ev'ry distant star.



But God, whom thousand worlds obey,  
 Descends to earthly ground,  
 And dwells in cottages of clay,  
 If there his saints are found.

Is not the heav'n of heav'ns his own ?  
 Yes, he is Lord of all :  
 And there before his awful throne,  
 The saints and angels fall.

But, little child, with joy attend ;  
 For, if you love him too,  
 This mighty God will condescend  
 To come and dwell with you.

## XXXVIII.

FOR CHILDREN AT A SUNDAY SCHOOL,

LORD, may a few poor children raise  
 To thee a hymn of humble praise ?  
 'Tis by thy great compassion we  
 Are taught to love and worship thee.

What wicked children we have been !  
Alas ! how soon we learn'd to sin !  
But *now* we learn to read and pray,  
And not to break the Sabbath-day.

How condescending God must be,  
To love such little ones as we !  
He saw our sin with angry frown,  
And yet he look'd with pity down.

Oh ! if we should again begin  
To grieve our God, and turn to sin,  
And let our guilty passions loose,  
We now shall be without excuse.

Remember, LORD, we are but dust ;  
'Tis to thy grace alone we trust :  
Do thou instruct and guide us still,  
That we may ne'er forget thy will.

## XXXIX.

## A MINUTE.

A MINUTE, how soon it has flown !

And yet, how important it is !

God calls ev'ry moment his own,

For all our existence is his : [play,

And though we may waste them in folly and

He notices each that we squander away.

Why should we a minute despise

Because it so quickly is o'er ?

We know that it rapidly flies,

And therefore should prize it the more.

Another, indeed, may appear in its stead,

But that precious moment for ever is fled.

'Tis easy to squander our years

In idleness, folly, and strife ;

But, oh ! no repentance or tears

Can bring back one moment of life !

But time, if well spent, and improved as it goes,

Will render life pleasant, and peaceful its close.

And when all the minutes are past,  
 Which God for our portion has given,  
 We shall certainly welcome the last,  
 If it safely conduct us to heaven.

The value of time, then, may all of us see,  
 Not knowing how near our last minute may be.

## XL.

### A CHILD'S GRAVE.

WHAT is this little grassy mound,  
 Where pretty daisies bloom ?  
 What is there lying under ground ?—  
 It is an infant's tomb.

Alas, poor baby, did it die ?  
 How dismal that must be !  
 To bid this pretty world good-bye,  
 Seems very sad to me.—

Silence, my child ; for could we hear  
 This happy baby's voice,  
 We should not drop another tear,  
 But triumph and rejoice.

“ O do not ever weep for me,”  
 The happy soul would say ;  
 “ Nor grieve, dear child, that I am free  
 “ From that poor sleeping clay.

“ Mourn not because my feeble breath  
 “ Was stopp'd as soon as giv'n :  
 “ There's nothing terrible in death  
 “ To those who come to heav'n.

“ No sin, no sorrow, no complaints  
 “ My pleasures here destroy :  
 “ I live with GOD and all his saints,  
 “ And endless is our joy.

“ While, with the spirits of the just,  
 “ My SAVIOUR I adore,  
 “ I smile upon my sleeping dust,  
 “ That now can weep no more.”

## XLI.

## A CHILD'S PRAYER IN SICKNESS.

SINCE, mighty God, my health, and ease,  
And life, belong to thee,  
I might not murmur, shouldst thou please  
To take them all from me.

Thou hast a right to use thy rod,  
Which I should meekly bear ;  
And yet I may entreat that God  
A sinful child would spare.

I own the comforts I possess,  
And thank thy care of me,  
While thousands languish in distress,  
And pine in poverty.

Yet look in pity on my pain ;  
My little strength restore ;  
And grant me life and health again,  
To serve thee evermore.

## XLII.

## A HYMN OF PRAISE FOR RECOVERY.

LORD, thou hast heard my humble voice,  
 For all my pains depart :

O grant that I may now rejoice  
 With thankfulness of heart.

Many have died as young as I,  
 Though nursed with equal care ;  
 But GOD in pity heard my cry,  
 And has been pleased to spare.

Let me improve the years, or days,  
 Thy mercy lends me here ;  
 And shew my gratitude and praise,  
 By living in thy fear.

The kindness that my friends have shewn,  
 O teach me to repay,  
 By double kindness of my own,  
 In every future day.

And, lest I need thy rod again,  
 I pray thee to impart,  
 As long as health or life remain,  
 A thankful, humble heart.

## XLIII.

FOR A VERY LITTLE CHILD IN SICKNESS.

ALMIGHTY GOD, I'm very ill,  
 But cure me, if it be thy will :  
 For thou canst take away my pain,  
 And make me strong and well again.

Let me be patient every day,  
 And mind what those who nurse me say ;  
 And grant that all I have to take  
 May do me good—for Jesus' sake.

## XLIV.

FOR A VERY LITTLE CHILD UPON GETTING  
 WELL.

I THANK the LORD, who lives on high ;  
 He heard an infant pray,  
 And cured me, that I should not die,  
 And took my pains away.



O let me thank and love thee too,  
 As long as I shall live ;  
 And every naughty thing I do,  
 I pray thee to forgive.

## XLV.

### FOR A DYING CHILD.

My heav'nly Father, I confess  
 That all thy ways are just,  
 Although I faint with sore distress,  
 And now draw near the dust.

How soon my health and strength are fled !  
 And life is nearly past.  
 O smile upon my dying bed,  
 And love me to the last.

Once did the blessed SAVIOUR cry,  
 " Let little children come ;"  
 On this kind word I would rely,  
 Since I am going home.

O take this guilty soul of mine,  
 That now will soon be gone,  
 And wash it clean, and make it shine,  
 With heav'nly garments on.

Be pleased to grant me easy death,  
 If 'tis thy holy will,  
 And bid the struggles of my breath  
 And all my pains be still.

Now, LORD, in heaven hear my prayer;  
 Accept my dying praise;  
 And let me quickly meet thee there,  
 A better song to raise.

## XLVI.

### PRAISE FOR DAILY MERCIES.

LORD, I would own thy tender care,  
 And all thy love to me :  
 The food I eat, the clothes I wear,  
 Are all bestow'd by thee.

'Tis thou preservest me from death  
 And dangers every hour :  
 I cannot draw another breath  
 Unless thou give me pow'r.

Kind angels guard me ev'ry night,  
 As round my bed they stay ;  
 Nor am I absent from thy sight  
 In darkness or by day.

My health, and friends, and parents dear,  
 To me by God are giv'n ;  
 I have not any blessing here  
 But what is sent from heav'n.

Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,  
 A child can ne'er repay ;  
 But may it be my daily prayer,  
 To love thee and obey!

## XLVII.

## THE EXAMPLE OF CHRIST.

JESUS CHRIST, my Lord and Saviour,  
 Once became a child like me ;  
 O that in my whole behaviour  
 He my pattern still might be.

All my nature is unholy ;  
 Pride and passion dwell within :  
 But the LORD was meek and lowly,  
 And was never known to sin.

While I'm often vainly trying  
 Some new pleasure to possess,  
 He was always self-denying,  
 Patient in his worst distress.

Let me never be forgetful  
 Of his precepts any more ;  
 Idle, passionate, and fretful,  
 As I've often been before.

LORD, though now thou art in glory,  
 We have thine example still :  
 I can read thy sacred story,  
 And obey thy holy will.

Help me by that rule to measure  
 Every word and every thought,  
 Thinking it my greatest pleasure,  
 There to learn what thou hast taught.

## XLVIII.

### SUMMER AND WINTER.

WHEN summer's sweet flowers appear,  
 We wish that they always would last ;  
 But winter must shortly be here,  
 To sweep them away with his blast.

Spring, summer, and autumn, will hasten away,  
 The roses must fade, and the blossoms decay.

Like winter old age will be found :  
 All stripp'd of our blossoms and fruit,

We still may remain in the ground,  
 Though nothing be left but the root :  
 And wither'd and bare we must ever remain,  
 For spring will not cover our branches again.

Then let us, since time's on the wing,  
 And death and eternity near,  
 Endeavour, while yet in our spring,  
 To prepare for the end of the year ;  
 That we may not look back with remorse and  
 dismay,  
 To think how this season was wasted away.

And then, when the summer is gone,  
 Our youth and maturity past,  
 Old age will come pleasantly on,  
 And bring us to glory at last ;  
 Nor shall we reflect with a sigh or a tear  
 On any gay season of happiness here.

In heaven no winter they know,  
 To wither their pleasures away :  
 The plants that in Paradise grow,  
 Shall blossom, but never decay :

Then for these fading pleasures no longer we'll  
 care,  
 But hope we shall spend an eternity there.

## XLIX.

### LOVE TO JESUS.

WHEN Jesus Christ was here below,  
 And spread his works of love abroad,  
 If I had liv'd so long ago,  
 I think I should have loved the LORD.

Jesus, who was so very kind,  
 Who came to pardon sin in men,  
 Who heal'd the sick, and cured the blind—  
 O! must not I have loved him then?

But where is Jesus?—Is he dead?  
 O no! he lives in heaven above.  
 “And blest are they,” the SAVIOUR said,  
 “Who, though they have not seen me, love.”

He sees us from his throne on high,  
 As well as when on earth he dwelt ;  
 And when to him poor children cry,  
 He feels such love as then he felt.

And if the Lord will grant me grace,  
 Much I will love him and adore.  
 But when in heaven I see his face,  
 'Twill be my joy to love him more.

## L.

## GOD EVERY WHERE.

God made the world—in ev'ry land  
 His love and power abound :  
 All are protected by his hand,  
 As well as British ground.

The Indian hut and English cot  
 Alike his care must own ;  
 Though savage nations know him not,  
 But worship wood and stone.



He sees and governs distant lands,  
 And constant bounty pours,  
 From wild Arabia's burning sands  
 To Lapland's frozen shores.

In forest shades, and silent plains,  
 Where feet have never trod,  
 There in majestic power he reigns,  
 An ever-present God.

All the inhabitants of earth,  
 Who dwell beneath the sun,  
 Of diff'rent nations, name, and birth,  
 He knows them ev'ry one.

Alike the rich and poor are known,  
 The cultured and the wild;  
 The lofty monarch on the throne,  
 And ev'ry little child.

While he regards the wise and fair,  
 The noble and the brave,  
 He listens to the beggar's pray'r,  
 And the poor Negro slave.

He knows the worthy from the vile,  
 And sends his mercies down :  
 None are too mean to share his smile,  
 Or to provoke his frown.

Great God ! and since thy piercing eye  
 My inmost heart can see,  
 Teach me from every sin to fly,  
 And turn that heart to thee.

## LI.

“ THOUGH HE WAS RICH, YET FOR OUR SAKES  
 HE BECAME POOR.”

JESUS was once despised and low,  
 A stranger and distress'd ;  
 Without a home to which to go,  
 Or pillow where to rest.

Now on a high majestic seat,  
 He reigns above the sky ;  
 And angels worship at his feet,  
 Or at his bidding fly.

Once he was bound with prickly thorns,  
 And scoff'd at in his pain:  
 Now a bright crown his head adorns,  
 And he is King again.

But what a condescending King!  
 Who, though he reigns so high,  
 Is pleas'd when little children sing,  
 And listens to their cry.

He views them from his heavenly throne,  
 He watches all their ways,  
 And stoops to notice for his own  
 The youngest child that prays.

## LII.

FOR A CHILD THAT IS SORRY FOR A FAULT.

LORD, I have dar'd to disobey  
 My friends on earth and Thee in heaven.  
 O help me now to come and pray  
 For JESUS' sake to be forgiven.

I cannot say I did not know,  
 For I've been taught thy holy will;  
 And while my conscience told me so,  
 And bade me stop, I did it still.

But thou wast there to see my crime,  
 And write it in thy judgement-book.  
 O make me fear, another time,  
 A sinful thought, or word, or look.

Forgive me, Lord; forgive, I pray,  
 This naughty thing that I have done:  
 And take my sinful heart away,  
 And make me holy, like thy Son.

### LIII.

#### INSTRUCTION FROM THE HEAVENS.

STARS, that on your wondrous way  
 Travel through the evening sky,  
 Is there nothing you can say  
 To such a little child as I?  
 Tell me, for I long to know,  
 Who has made you sparkle so?

Yes, methinks I hear you say,

“ Child of mortal race, attend ;  
While we run our wondrous way,

Listen ; we would be your friend ;  
Teaching you that Name Divine,  
By whose mighty word we shine.

“ Child, as truly as we roll  
Through the dark and distant sky,  
You have an immortal soul,  
Born to live when we shall die.

Suns and planets pass away :  
Spirits never can decay.

“ When some thousand years, at most,  
All their little time have spent,  
One by one our sparkling host  
Shall forsake the firmament :  
We shall from our glory fall ;  
You must live beyond us all.

“ Yes, and God, who bade us roll,  
God, who hung us in the sky,  
Stoops to watch an infant's soul,  
With a condescending eye ;

And esteems it dearer far,  
More in value, than a star !

“ O, then, while your breath is given,  
Let it rise in fervent pray'r ;  
And beseech the God of heaven  
To receive your spirit there ;  
Like a living star to blaze  
Ever to your SAVIOUR'S praise,”

## LIV.

## CHILDREN ENCOURAGED TO SEEK THE LORD.

SHALL I presume to venture near  
A GOD so just and true ?  
Or, sinful as I am, appear  
Before his piercing view ?

How oft I grieve his holy eye,  
And break his righteous law ;  
And think some thought of vanity  
With every breath I draw !

Yet, **LORD**, a sinful child may turn  
 To wisdom's pleasant ways :  
 For **JESUS**' sake, thou wilt not spurn  
 My feeble prayer and praise.

He died, that sinners such as I  
 May have their sins forgiven :  
 He died, that sinners, when they die,  
 May live with him in heaven.

It is for this I come to pray,  
 And on his grace depend,  
 That even at the judgement-day  
 The **LORD** may be my friend.

## LV.

### UPON LIFE.

**LORD**, what is life?—'Tis like a flower,  
 That blossoms, and is gone !  
 We see it flourish for an hour,  
 With all its beauty on ;  
 But Death comes like a wintry day,  
 And cuts the pretty flower away.

LORD, what is life?—'Tis like the bow

That glistens in the sky:

We love to see its colours glow,

But while we look, they die.

Life fails as soon: to-day, 'tis here;

To-night, perhaps, 'twill disappear.

Six thousand years have pass'd away

Since life began at first,

And millions, once alive and gay,

Are dead, and in the dust;

For life, in all its health and pride,

Has death still waiting at its side.

And yet this short, uncertain space,

So foolishly we prize,

That heav'n, that lasting dwelling-place,

Seems nothing in our eyes!

The worlds of sorrow and of bliss

We disregard, compared with this!

LORD, what is life?—If spent with thee

In duty, praise, and prayer,

However short or long it be,

We need but little care;

Because Eternity will last,

When life and death itself are past.



## LVI.

## UPON DEATH.

WHERE should I be, if GOD should say  
I must not live another day,  
And send to take away my breath?—  
What is Eternity—and Death?

My body is of little worth;  
'Twould soon be mingled with the earth:  
For we were made of clay, and must  
Again at death return to dust.

But where my living soul would go,  
I do not, and I cannot know;  
For none were e'er sent back to tell  
The joys of heav'n, or pains of hell.

Yet heav'n must be a world of bliss,  
Where GOD himself for ever is;  
Where saints around his throne adore,  
And never sin, nor suffer more.

And hell's a state of endless wo,  
Where unrepenting sinners go:  
Though none that seek the SAVIOUR'S grace,  
Shall ever see that dreadful place.

O let me then at once apply  
 To Him who did for sinners die !  
 And this shall be my great reward,  
 To dwell for ever with the LORD.

## LVII.

### AGAINST SELFISHNESS.

Love and kindness we may measure  
 By this simple rule alone :  
 Do we mind our neighbour's pleasure  
 Just as if it were our own ?

We should always care for others,  
 Nor suppose ourselves the best.  
 Let us love like friends and brothers—  
 'Twas the SAVIOUR'S last request.

His example we should borrow,  
 Who forsook his throne above,  
 And endured such pain and sorrow,  
 Out of tenderness and love.

When the poor are unbefriended,  
 When we will not pity lend,  
**CHRIST** accounts himself offended,  
 Who is every creature's friend.

Let us not be so ungrateful,  
 Thus his goodness to reward.  
 Selfishness, indeed, is hateful  
 In the followers of the Lord.

When a selfish thought would seize us,  
 And our resolution break,  
 Let us then remember **JESUS**,  
 And resist it for his sake.

### LVIII.

“**IN THE MORNING IT FLOURISHETH AND  
 GROWETH UP; IN THE EVENING IT IS CUT  
 DOWN AND WITHERETH.**”

The lilies of the field,  
 That quickly fade away,  
 May well to us a lesson yield,  
 Who die as soon as they.

That pretty blossom see  
Decaying on the walk.

A storm came sweeping o'er the tree,  
And broke its feeble stalk.

Just like an early rose,  
I've seen an infant bloom ;  
But Death, perhaps, before it blows,  
Will lay it in the tomb.

Then let us think on Death,  
Though we are young and gay ;  
For God, who gave our life and breath,  
Can take them soon away.

To God, who loves them all,  
Let children humbly cry ;  
And then, whenever Death may call,  
They'll be prepared to die.

## LIX.

### HUMILITY.

IN a modest, humble mind,  
God himself will take delight ;  
But the proud and haughty find  
They are hateful in his sight.

**JESUS CHRIST** was meek and mild,

And no angry thoughts allow'd ;

O, then, shall a little child

Dare to be perverse and proud !

This, indeed, should never be ;—

**LORD**, forbid it, we entreat.

Grant that all may learn of thee,

That humility is sweet !

Make it shine in every part ;

Fill them with this heav'nly grace ;

For a little infant's heart

Surely is its proper place.

## LX.

“ SET YOUR AFFECTIONS ON THINGS ABOVE.”

**WHY** should our poor enjoyments here

Be thought so pleasant and so dear,

And tempt our hearts astray !

Our brightest joys are fading fast,

The longest life will soon be past ;

And if we go to heaven at last,

We need not wish to stay.

For when we come to dwell above,  
Where all is holiness and love,

And endless pleasures flow,  
Our threescore years and ten will seem  
Just like a short and busy dream ;  
And oh, how poor we then shall deem  
Our best pursuits below !

Perhaps, the happy saints in bliss  
Look down from their bright world to this,  
Where once they used to dwell ;  
And wonder why we trifle so,  
And love these vanities below,  
And live as if we did not know  
There was a heaven and hell.

## LXI.

FOR THE LAST DAY OF THE YEAR.

This year is just going away ;  
The moments are finishing fast :  
My heart, have you nothing to say  
Concerning the time that is past ?

Now, while in my chamber alone,  
 Where God will be present to hear ;  
 I'll try to remember, and own,  
 The faults I've committed this year.

O LORD, I'm ashamed to confess  
 How often I've broken thy day !  
 Perhaps I have thought of my dress,  
 Or wasted the moments in play !  
 And when the good minister tried  
 To make little children attend,  
 I was thinking of something beside,  
 Or wishing the sermon would end !

How often I rose from my bed,  
 And did not remember my prayer ;  
 Or if a few words I have said,  
 My thoughts have been going elsewhere !  
 Ill-temper, and passion, and pride,  
 Have grieved my dear parents and Thee ;  
 And seldom I've heartily tried  
 Obedient and gentle to be !

But, Lord, thou already hast known  
 Much more of my folly than I :

There is not a fault I can own,  
 Too little for God to descry !  
 Yet hear me, and help me to feel  
 How wicked and weak I must be ;  
 And let me not try to conceal  
 The least of my follies from thee.

This year is just going away ;  
 The moments are finishing fast :  
 Look down in thy mercy, I pray,  
 To pardon the time that is past :  
 And as soon as another begins,  
 So help me to walk in thy fear,  
 That I may not with follies and sins  
 Disfigure and waste a new year.

## LXII.

### THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

COME, my love, and do not spurn  
 From a little flower to learn.—  
 See the lily on the bed,  
 Hanging down its modest head ;



While it scarcely can be seen,  
Folded in its leaf of green.

Yet we love the lily well  
For its sweet and pleasant smell;  
And would rather call it ours,  
Than a many gayer flowers:  
Pretty lilies seem to be  
Emblems of humility.

Come, my love, and do not spurn  
From a little flower to learn.—  
Let your temper be as sweet  
As the lily at your feet :  
Be as gentle, be as mild ;  
Be a modest, simple child.

'Tis not beauty that we prize :  
Like a summer flower it dies.  
But humility will last,  
Fair and sweet, when beauty's past.  
And the SAVIOUR from above  
Views a humble child with love.

## LXIII.

“**THEN THE LORD CALLED SAMUEL, AND SAMUEL SAID, SPEAK, FOR THY SERVANT HEARETH.**”

**WHEN** little Samuel woke,  
 And heard his **MAKER'S** voice,  
 At every word he spoke  
 How much did he rejoice !  
 O blessed, happy child, to find  
 The **GOD** of heaven so near and kind !

If **GOD** would speak to me,  
 And say he was my friend,  
 How happy I should be !  
 O how would I attend !  
 The smallest sin I then should fear,  
 If **GOD ALMIGHTY** were so near.

And does he never speak ?  
 O yes ; for, in his word,  
 He bids me come and seek  
 The **GOD** that Samuel heard :  
 In almost every page I see,  
 The **GOD** of Samuel calls to me.

And I beneath his care  
 May safely rest my head :  
 I know that GOD is there,  
 To guard my humble bed.  
 And every sin I well may fear,  
 Since GOD ALMIGHTY is so near.

Like Samuel, let me say,  
 When'er I read his word,  
 "Speak, LORD ; I would obey  
 "The voice that I have heard.  
 "And when I in thy house appear,  
 "Speak, for thy servant waits to hear."

## LXIV.

### ON REPEATING THE CATECHISM.

As Mary sat at Jesus' feet,  
 To learn her MAKER'S will,  
 We in the SAVIOUR'S presence meet,  
 And hear his doctrines still.  
 Still he beholds the wand'ring look,  
 Each foolish thought discerns ;  
 And knows who idles at his book,  
 And who in earnest learns.

O for that meek, attentive mind  
 Which happy Mary shew'd !  
 May we the "one thing needful" find,  
 That was on her bestow'd.

Here we are taught the sacred word  
 That Jesus first convey'd ;  
 And here the doctrines we have heard,  
 Are plain and easy made.

'Tis here we learn the glorious name  
 Of God, who reigns above ;  
 And while we read of sinners' shame,  
 Are taught the SAVIOUR'S love.

Lord ! while we thank thee for the grace  
 That sends this happy news,  
 We still would sit in Mary's place,  
 Her better part to choose.

## LXV.

### BROTHERLY LOVE.

THE GOD of heaven is pleas'd to see  
 A little family agree ;  
 And will not slight the praise they bring,  
 When loving children join to sing.

For love and kindness please him more  
 Than if we gave him all our store ;  
 And children here, who dwell in love,  
 Are like his happy ones above.

The gentle child that tries to please,  
 That hates to quarrel, fret, and tease,  
 And would not say an angry word ;  
 That child is pleasing to the Lord.

Great God ! forgive, whenever we  
 Forget thy will, and disagree ;  
 And grant that each of us may find  
 The sweet delight of being kind.

## LXVI.

### THE CONDESCENSION OF GOD.

GOD ! what a great and awful word !

Oh, who can speak his worth ?

By saints in heaven he is adored,

And fear'd by men on earth.

And yet a little child may bend,

And say, My Father and My Friend.

The glorious sun, that blazes high ;  
 The moon, more pale and dim ;  
 And all the stars that fill the sky,  
 Are made and ruled by him :  
 And yet a child may ask his care,  
 And call upon his name in prayer.

And this large world of ours below,  
 The waters and the land,  
 With all the trees and flowers that grow,  
 Were fashion'd by his hand :  
 Yes, and he forms our infant race,  
 And bids us early seek his face.

Ten thousand angels sing his praise  
 On high, to harps of gold ;  
 But holy angels dare not gaze,  
 His brightness to behold :  
 Yet a poor lowly infant may  
 Lift up its voice to God, and pray.

The saints in heaven before him fall,  
 And round his throne appear ;  
 Adam, and Abraham, and all  
 Who loved and served him here ;

And I, a child on earth, may raise  
My feeble voice in humble praise.

And all his faithful servants now,

The wise, and good, and just,

Before his sacred footstool bow,

And own they are but dust.

But what can I presume to say?

Yet he will hearken when I pray!

O yes; when little children cry,

He loves their simple prayer;

His throne of grace is always nigh,

And I will venture there.

I'll go depending on his word,

And seek his grace through CHRIST the LORD.

## LXVII.

### THE CHILD OF AFFLUENCE.

How many poor indigent children I see,

Who want all the comforts bestow'd upon me!

But though I'm preserved from such want and  
distress,

I am quite as unworthy of all I possess.

While I am partaking a plentiful meal,

How many the cravings of appetite feel !

Poor creatures as young and as helpless as I,

Who yet have no money their wants to supply !

If I were so destitute, friendless, and poor,

How could I such hardship and suffering endure !

Then let me be thankful, and humbly adore

My God who has graciously given me more.

And since I with so many comforts am bless'd,

May it be my delight to relieve the distress'd ;

For God has declared, and his promise is sure,

That blessed are they who consider the poor.

## LXVIII.

### THE CHILD OF POVERTY.

LORD, I am poor ; yet hear my call ;

Afford me daily bread ;

Give me at least the crumbs that fall

From tables richly spread.



Thou canst for all my wants provide,  
And bless my homely crust.  
The ravens cry, and are supplied,  
And ought not I to trust ?

Behold the lilies, how they grow,  
Though they can nothing do !  
And will not God, who clothes them so,  
Afford me raiment too ?

But seeing, Lord, thou dost withhold  
The riches some possess,  
Grant me what's better far than gold,  
Thy grace and righteousness.

O may I heavenly treasures find,  
And choose the better part :  
Give me a humble, pious mind,  
A meek and lowly heart.

Forgive my sins, my follies cure,  
And grant the grace I need :  
And then, though I am mean and poor,  
I shall be rich indeed.

## LXIX.

## PRAISE TO GOD.

ALMIGHTY GOD, who dwellest high,

Where mortals cannot gaze,

If thou wilt listen, I will try

To sing a hymn of praise.

Angels adore thee, and rejoice—

Such praise to thee belongs ;

But wilt thou hear my feeble voice,

Amid their lofty songs ?

My thoughts are vain, my heart is hard,

And poor the thanks I pay.

O how unworthy thy regard

Is all a child can say !

My feeble powers can never rise

To praise thee as I ought ;

For thou art great, and good, and wise,

Beyond my highest thought.

In heaven thy glories, LORD, resound,

And children join the song :

And O may I at last be found

Among that happy throng !

There we shall better praises bring,  
 And raise our voices higher :  
 Angels will teach us how to sing,  
 And we shall never tire.

## LXX.

## HEAVEN AND EARTH.

COME, let us now forget our mirth,  
 And think that we must die.  
 What are our best delights on earth,  
 Compared with those on high ?

A sad and sinful world is this,  
 Although it seems so fair ;  
 But heaven is perfect joy and bliss,  
 For God himself is there.

Here all our pleasures soon are past,  
 Our brightest joys decay ;  
 But pleasures there for ever last,  
 And cannot fade away.

Here many a pain and bitter groan  
 Our feeble bodies tear ;  
 But pain and sickness are not known,  
 And never shall be, there.

Here sins and sorrows we deplore,  
 With many cares distress'd ;  
 But there the mourners weep no more,  
 And there the weary rest.

Our dearest friends, when death shall call,  
 At once must hence depart ;  
 But there we hope to meet them all,  
 And never, never part.

Then let us love and serve the LORD  
 With all our youthful powers ;  
 And we shall gain this great reward—  
 This glory shall be our's.

THE END.

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