

SARAH BELL
AND
FANNY BLAKE.

IN VERSE.



LONDON:
THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY;
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501.

SARAH BELL
AND
FANNY BLAKE.

IN VERSE.

SHOWING, HOW EVERY LETTER MAY BE THE
MEANS OF PUTTING A GOOD THOUGHT
INTO THE MIND OF A CHILD.

Addressed to Sunday Scholars and others.

LONDON:
THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY;
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BARBARA J. BARKER

THE

HANNY BARKER

IN

THE HISTORY OF THE
LIFE OF HANNY BARKER
AND HER CONNECTION WITH
THE BARKER-KARPIS GANG

BY BARBARA J. BARKER

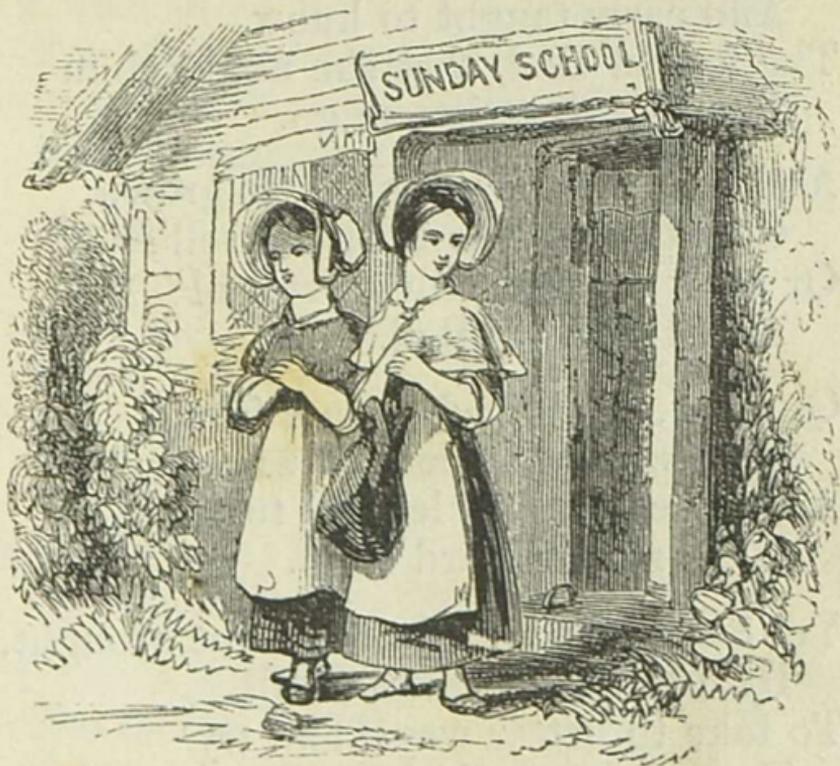
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SARAH BELL
AND
FANNY BLAKE.



PART THE FIRST.

YE children dear, pray all give ear
If you can spare the time ;
For you may spend a pleasant hour
In listening to my rhyme.

A tale I tell of Sarah Bell ;
And wish that you may be,
Whoever reads this little book,
As good a child as she.

She was a girl ten years of age,
And early taught to know
The fear of God, that she might shun
The way that sinners go.

And few, who were not older grown,
Could read their book so well ;
Or went so cheerfully to school
As little Sarah Bell.

One day, she called upon a friend
Who wayward was and wild,
And never yet had learn'd to read ;
She was a froward child.

Yet Sarah thought she might be brought,
By care and kindness, still
To take to better ways, and try
To curb her stubborn will.

“ Well, Fanny ! Sunday's drawing near ;
Nay ! do not look so cool,
You almost promised, as you know,
With me to go to school.”

Thus Sarah Bell in kindness spoke,
But Fanny made reply,
“No! No! I'd rather stay at home;
I shan't go there—not I!

“I wish there were no Sunday school;
For what good can there be,
In poring o'er one's book so long,
And learning A B C?”

“Oh fie!” said little Sarah Bell,
“Dear Fanny, say not so:
Believe me, 'tis a blessed thing
The book of God to know.

“But if you now neglect to learn,
Nor on your letters look;
How can you, Fanny, ever hope
To read that holy Book?

“I would not, if I could, forget
The truths that there are told;
And leave unread my Bible, no!
Not for a bag of gold.

“Besides, it is so easy too,
When once before us set,
The letters lie, all large and plain,
To learn the alphabet.

“ My teacher said, the other day,
That every letter there
Might point out, to a thinking child,
Something to love or fear.

“ And then she kindly gave a book
That I might read and see,
That what she had been speaking of
Was true, as truth could be.

“ I wrapt it up, with care, to read
When I could time allow ;
And will do so : but, Fanny, stop !
I'll run and fetch it now.

“ I have not read a single word ;
Though once, my Fanny dear,
I peep'd between the leaves, to see
The pictures here and there.”

Away then ran the little maid,
In gay and happy mood :
And would you all as happy be,
Oh try to be as good.

Soon back again came Sarah Bell,
For she had run with speed ;
And sat her down, upon a chair,
The little book to read.

“ Now then,” said she, “ we’ll quickly see
About the letters all ;
Ay, here’s an alphabet indeed !
The letters fair and tall.

“ I do remember, in a book,
That I have long put by,
That great A for an Archer stood
And for an Apple Pie.

“ Now, Fanny, let that plaything go,
And all attention pay,
And I will read it loud and slow :
And first here comes great A.”

A

A STANDS for Adam ; made of dust,
He trod this earthly ball ;
He was the very first of men,
And father of us all.

God plac’d him in a garden fair,
To live and happy be ;
But told him not to touch the fruit
That grew upon one tree.

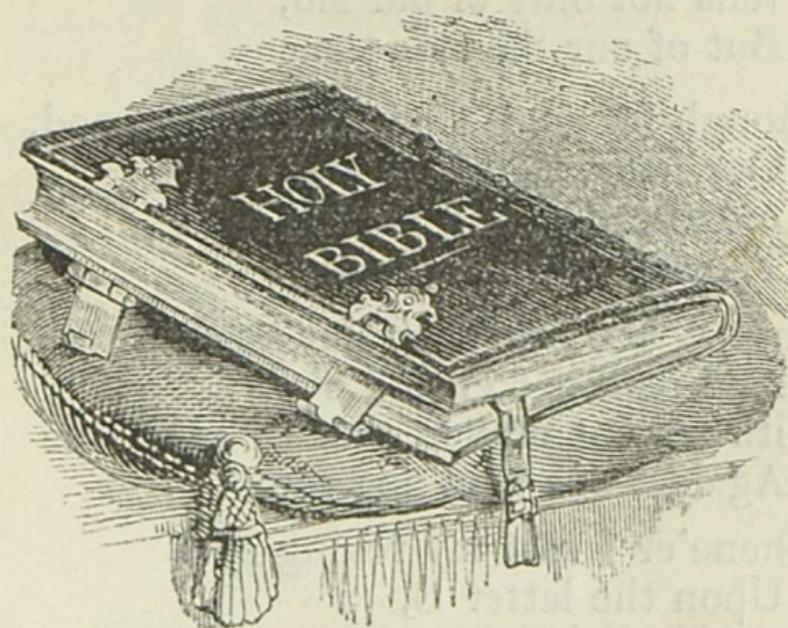
Satan the serpent tempted Eve ;
This sinful deed to do,
Eve ate the fruit, to Adam gave,
And Adam ate it too.



God sent them from that garden fair
His anger fierce did burn ;
And angels plac'd, with flaming sword,
That they might ne'er return.

It was not for the fruit alone
That they endur'd the rod,
But for their grievous sin ; it was
For disobeying God.

Oh let us pray then every day,
And night, too, ere we sleep,
For grace, the will of God to do,
And his commandments keep.



B

B is the Bible, blessed Book !
That shows the gospel plan,
And, like an angel from above,
Speaks peace and love to man.

It tells us how God made the world,
With every living thing,
And, after death, how sinful man
He will to judgment bring.

But while its searching truths expose
Our secret thoughts to view ;
It tells not only of our sin,
But of our Saviour too.

Though far from God, and every good,
Our hearts have wander'd wide,
It offers peace, and pardon free,
Through Jesus crucified.

Oh may we bind it to our hearts,
And read it o'er and o'er
With fervent prayer, that we may sin
Against our God no more.

Whene'er I cast my roving eyes
Upon the letter B,
Thou blessed Book of truth and grace,
I'll ever think of thee.

When Sarah first began to read,
Her face was light and gay :
But, as she longer read, her smile
To graver looks gave way.

The solemn words that she had read,
Imprest her tender mind ;
And all her little heart and soul
To serious thoughts inclin'd.

Yet anxious, still, her friend to please,
She gave a pleasant look,
And kindly stopt awhile to show
The pictures in the book.

“ Do, my dear girl ! attend the while
I read the next,” said she ;
“ I wonder what the verse will say
About the letter C ? ”

C

C ALWAYS is a pleasant sight ;
It speaks of many a rhyme,
Of many a carol, sweetly sung,
In happy Christmas time.

It tells of many a childish sport,
That I remember well ;
And scenes of innocence and joy
Where memory loves to dwell :

And brings to mind my many friends,
Who used to meet with me :
Oh ! we were all as happy then
As happy as could be.

And each had something to impart,
Some strange event to name ;
For there were those who never met,
Unless when Christmas came.



And more than friends, and holiday,
And vacant hours of mirth ;
Christmas should ever bring to mind,
My blest Redeemer's birth.

And while I raise my heart to him,
All other thoughts give way:
The happiest day in all the year,
That must be Christmas day!

Here Sarah stopt a little while,
That she might best attend,
And turn at once to good account,
The feelings of her friend:
For Fanny lifted up her head,
As she would something say;
And Sarah ask'd her, what she thought,
Of happy Christmas day.

“I think,” said little Fanny Blake,
“It may be very good;
But I had rather hear by half,
The Children in the Wood.”

“That may be,” Sarah mildly said,
“But time, with waving wings,
Is flying fast, and we should learn
To think of other things.

“Come, pay attention; this, to me,
Is very pleasant rhyme,
And we the Children in the Wood
Can read another time.”



D

I LOOK upon the letter D,
 And quicker draw my breath ;
 For solemn is the thought it brings,
 The day and hour of Death.

However young, fail not to keep
 Thy latter end in view :
 If aught be certain in thy life,
 Death is as certain too.

The moments that compose our lives
 Unnotic'd glide away ;

And tens of thousands of them pass,
With every passing day.

But whether joy be in thy heart,
Or grief, with all thy power
To Him who gave thee life and hope
Devote thy every hour.

For he alone, when nature sinks,
And fails thy fleeting breath,
Can keep thee from the bitter pains
Of an eternal Death.

And He thy mortal hour can cheer,
And faith and grace supply;
And take thee to his dwelling place,
Where thou shalt never die.

E

ETERNITY is brought to mind
By this next letter E:
Oh what a vast unbounded thing,
Eternity must be!

There's nothing seen by human eyes:
No thought to mortal lent,
That can enable him to guess
Eternity's extent.

The blades of grass, the grains of sand
On ocean's brink that lie,
Ten thousand times ten thousand told,
Are not Eternity.



Whether it prove a joy or grief,
Depends on where we go:
How blest, if past in happiness!
How dreadful—spent in woe!
Remember, still, at heaven's high throne
A simple child to bend;
And thus put up a prayer to Him
Who is the sinner's Friend:

“Whate’er in this uncertain world
My life, through time, may be ;
Still let me, O my Saviour, pass
Eternity with thee.”

“This is, indeed, a solemn thought ;
And oh how blest to know,
That we, when all our days are past,
Shall to our Saviour go !”

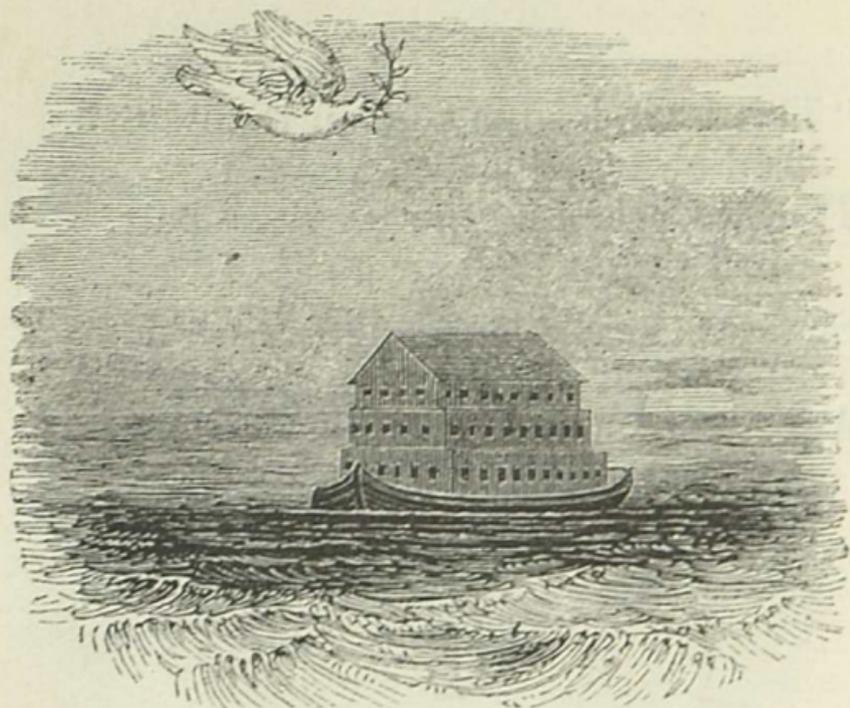
So Sarah spoke, and fondly wish’d
She might not speak in vain ;
And then she look’d upon her book,
And thus went on again.

F

F MUST remind us of the Flood,
When waters rose around,
And all, except one family,
Of human kind were drown’d.

Men liv’d in sin: thus spoke the Lord,
“Noah ! thou hast done well ;
Now build thyself an ark of wood,
Where thou and thine may dwell.”

He heard the voice of God, and built
The ark with speed and care :
The waters came, and all mankind
Then perish'd in despair.



But Noah, and his family,
Might well the flood endure,
They did what God had bid them do,
And thus were all secure.
Be ours to hear the word of God,
To live obedient still ;
Confiding in a Saviour's love,
And swift to do his will ;

That, when the judgment day shall dawn,
And floods of wrath be given,
Our souls with Christ our Lord may dwell,
Safe in the ark of heaven.

G

REMEMBER, ever, while the path
Of life is humbly trod,
G is the letter that begins
The sacred name of GOD.

Oh how shall mortals speak of him,
The glorious Lord above ;
The source of light and happiness,
Of wisdom, power, and love !

Greater than all, and brighter far
Than the consuming flame ;
That God of glory, down from heaven,
As our Redeemer came.

Oh wondrous love ! amazing grace !
And did he die for me ?
Then, let my soul without delay,
From sin and folly flee.

With humble rev'ence would I bend,
At his eternal throne ;
And praise him for redeeming grace,
And trust in him alone—

That heaven, at last, my home may be,
Where I, when life is o'er,
The Father, Son, and Spirit blest,
For ever may adore.

Here naughty Fanny rudely yawn'd
And turn'd aside her head ;
For she was sadly tir'd to hear
So many verses read.

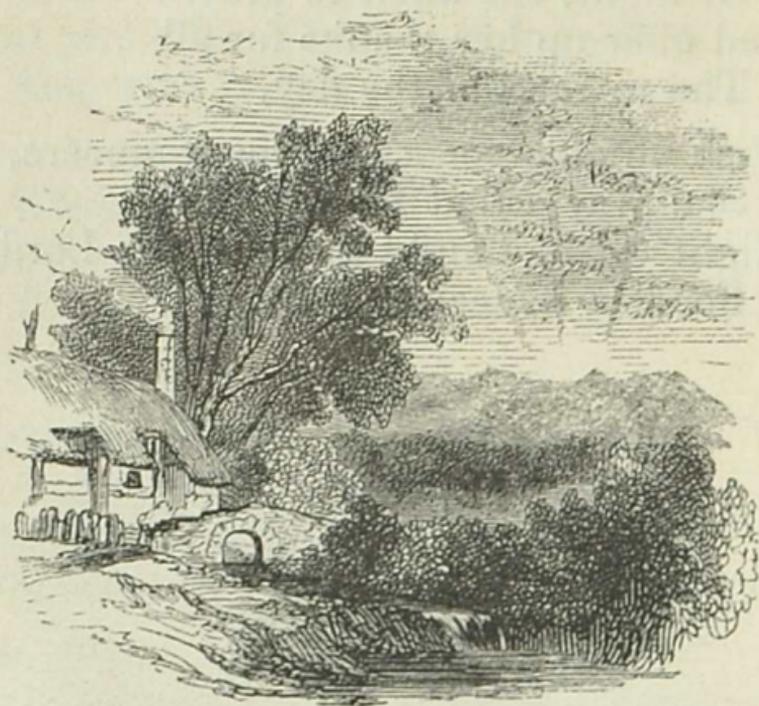
“ Well, now,” said little Sarah Bell,
“ We'll read no more to-day ;
For I have many things to do,
And quick must haste away.

“ But mind me, Fanny! they that read,
Should never read in vain ;
So let us on the verses think,
Until I come again.”

Then lightly tripp'd the lass away,
With lively pleasant look ;
And many a happy glance she gave—
Upon her little book.

And when, before she went to rest,
At night, she knelt to pray,
And offer up her thanks for all
The mercies of the day,
With humble voice, and heart sincere,
She pray'd that Fanny Blake
Might yet be taught to know the Lord,
For her Redeemer's sake.





PART THE SECOND.

THE morrow came, the glorious sun
His beams were spreading wide,
And Sarah Bell, and Fanny Blake
Were seated side by side.

And Sarah, from her handkerchief,
With care and caution took,
Where it was neatly wrapt, once more,
The little picture book.

“Now, Fanny, how far had we read?”
Said little Susan Bell;
As lightly she turn'd o'er the leaves;
But Fanny could not tell.

And Sarah still went talking on,
“Why, Fanny, let me see;
If I remember right, my dear,
We read to letter G.

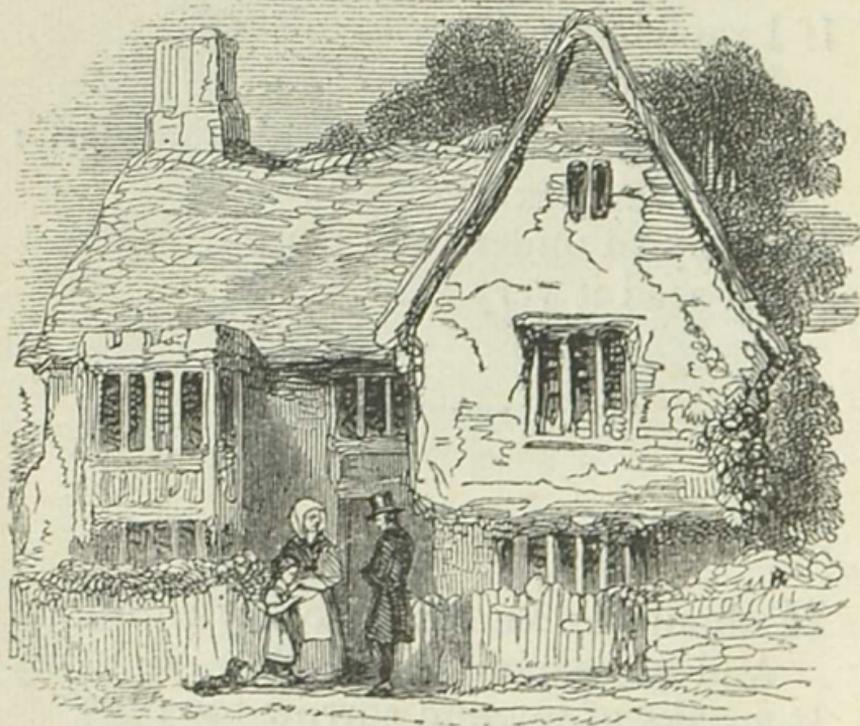
“Ay! that we did, for here's the mark:
H, is the next, you know,
Now try to understand it well,
I'll read it very slow.”

H

H should be known by every child,
And be remember'd well;
It speaks of joy and sorrow too;
And stands for Heaven, and Hell.

For Heaven, that scene of light and peace
The rolling clouds above:
Where God and holy angels are,
And everlasting love.

And for that dismal world below,
Where sinners ever dwell ;
Where woe and darkness always reign,
That dreadful place is Hell.



And must we then, whene'er we die,
To light or darkness go ?
And joyful reign, in Heaven above,
Or groan in Hell below ?

Oh let us, while we yet have breath,
Flee from the burning flame,
And seek the offered grace of God
In our Redeemer's name.

O Lord, thy mercy we implore,
Our souls betimes prepare,
The dreadful pains of Hell to shun,
The joys of Heaven to share.

I

I is an Idol ; every breast
Has Idols of its own :
Sometimes of gold and silver bright ;
Sometimes of wood and stone.

And there are idols, sins I mean,
Which young and old adore :
O God of mercy, in thy love,
Destroy them evermore.

If there be aught the world contains,
Which I love more than thee ;
That sinful love, within my heart,
Idolatry must be.

Then take that sinful love away,
And place thy love within ;
And break down every image there,
That wears the shape of sin.

O give me, with a contrite mind,
To bend before thy throne ;
And offer humble prayer and praise,
Through Jesus Christ alone.

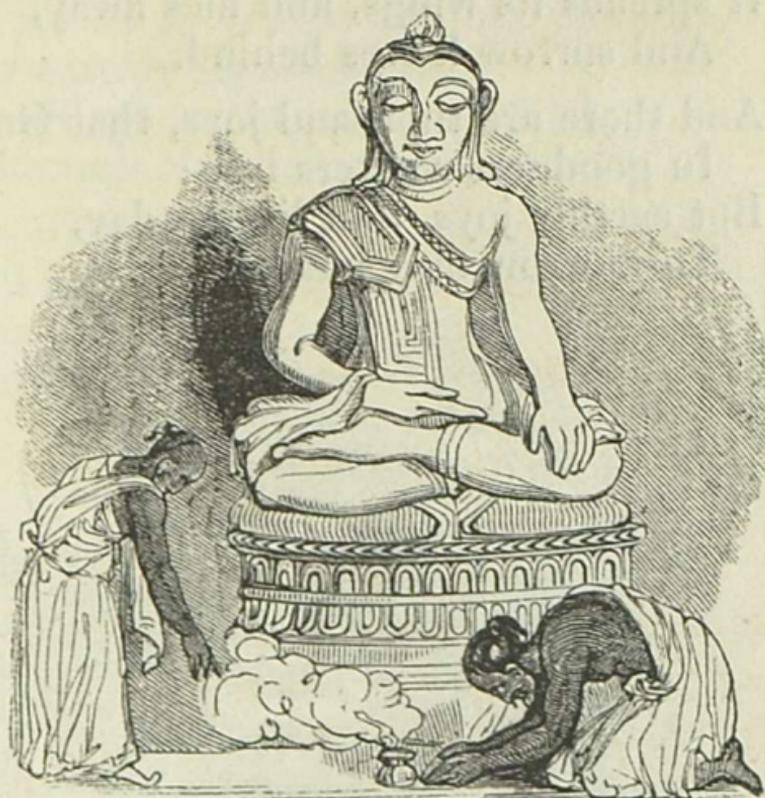
Deeply inscrib'd upon my heart,
Let thy commandment be ;
That there may live within my breast
None other God but thee.

Then Sarah told her little friend,
There was, across the sea,
A wooden idol on a car,
As ugly as could be.

And people worshipp'd it, as though
It mov'd with life and breath ;
And threw themselves beneath its wheels,
And there were crush'd to death.

“ Indeed ! ” said Fanny, staring wide ;
“ How foolish they must be,
To do so to a wooden god,
That cannot hear nor see ! ”

“They know no better,” Sarah said,
“That dwell in that strange place :



Theirs is a god of cruelty ;
But ours, a God of grace.”

J

Too much, ungratefully, we dwell,
Whate'er be our employ,
Upon the sorrows of the world ;
Let J then speak of Joy.

There is a joy the wicked know ;
But soon, alas ! they find
It spreads its wings, and flies away,
And sorrow leaves behind.

And there are thousand joys, that God
In goodness scatters free ;
But earthly joys, that live to-day,
To-morrow may not be.



Like flowers, awhile they sweetly bloom,
In colours rich and gay :

Like flowers, they wither in their prime,
And fall and fade away.

Still would I, though my joys abound,
Or earthly sorrows lour,
Give all my moments to my God,
Through every changing hour,
That when from this expiring frame,
All earthly joys are driven ;
My soul exultingly may soar,
And find the joys of heaven.

K

K LEADS us on to Knowledge still ;
Oh may we wiser grow,
And ever turn to good account
The little that we know !

And what is Knowledge ? O my God !
Were human wisdom given ;
If I could read the books of earth,
And count the stars of heaven :

In all my learning and my pride,
My folly would be shown,
Had I all knowledge of the world,
If thou wert still unknown.

That I may knowledge gain aright,
Do thou my teacher be :
The entrance unto wisdom's way,
Is, Lord, the fear of thee.



And teach me, too, myself to know :
While on my heavenly road ;
I nothing am, and nothing have,
Which thou hast not bestow'd.
Though worldly knowledge be possess'd,
The heart it cannot fill ;

Be mine to know the God of grace,
And learn to do his will.

L

L BIDS me listen to the Lark,
That, singing, soars on high ;
And leaves the world, with flutt'ring wing,
To carol in the sky.

How sweet it is, at early dawn,
The fragrant fields among,
To mark his happy heavenward flight ;
And hear his tuneful song.

The rising sun a rapture brings,
That cannot be repress :
'Tis joy that tunes his little throat,
And fills his panting breast.

And shall the Lark, then, rise and sing
For every blessing given ;
And I, ungrateful, silent be,
Nor raise my heart to heaven ?

Oh ! rather let the dawn of day
Raise all my thoughts above,
And witness many a song of praise,
For all my Saviour's love.

Oh may thy Spirit draw my heart,
Just like the Lark to soar ;



Then shall my soul, with faith and love,
My Lord and God adore.

Said Fanny, with a smiling face,
“ I like that very well ;

The pretty little Lark!" "And so
Do I," said Sarah Bell.

"How often have I watch'd the Lark,
And seen it rise and fall!
But, Fanny, let us read the next;
I think I like them all."

M

M MUST be Mercy; grateful sound,
To those who feel within,
The sorrows of a broken heart,
The sinfulness of sin.

When guilty man, in deep distress,
Condemned, was seen to lie,
'Twas Mercy fill'd the Saviour's breast,
And brought him from the sky.

And Mercy fled the world around,
And spread the gospel wide,
Our dark, desponding souls to cheer;
Our wand'ring steps to guide.

'Twas Mercy eas'd my troubled heart,
And rais'd my thoughts above;
And told me peace might yet be found,
In my Redeemer's love.

Through all my joys and trials past,
Mercies have mark'd my way ;
And still they gather round my path,
Where'er my footsteps stray.

For mercies manifold and great,
My God, will I adore ;
And still for mercy will I pray,
Till I can pray no more.





N

N NATURE fair presents to view,
Through every changing hour ;
In flood, and field, and mountain wild,
In bird, and beast, and flower.

Where'er I turn around to gaze,
A thousand beauties rise,
And spread their ever-varied charms,
In earth, and sea, and skies.

Whether the sun be shining bright,
Or showers incessant fall,
In every change, Almighty God
Is seen amidst them all.

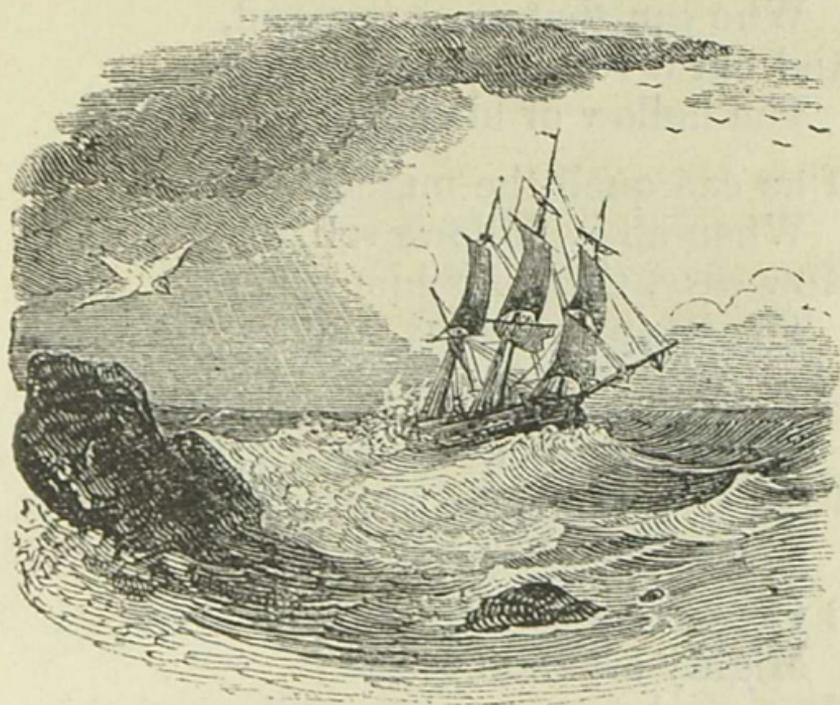
Thus through my life, whate'er betide ;
Obedient to thy will,
Oh may thy prayer arise that God
Would shine around me still.

Whether with joy my heart be light,
Or fill'd with gloomy fears ;
Whether my face be bright with smiles,
Or stain'd with falling tears,

In every joy, in every woe,
Would I my Maker see ;
Still all around, and in my heart,
May God my Saviour be.

“ How should we love,” said Sarah Bell,
“ The God who dwells on high :
His hands have form'd the big round world
And made the smallest fly.

“ The sun and moon, and twinkling stars,
Or whether great or small ;
He gave them light, and bade them shine,
And he is Lord of all.”



O

O CALLS the mighty Ocean deep
My wondering eyes before ;
And I can fancy that I hear
Its rushing waters roar.

The ships are toss'd upon the flood ;
When dreadful storms arise,
And Ocean waves are swelling high,
As they would mount the skies.

What wondrous power does God possess
Who can that sea command,
And bid it roll its waves within
The hollow of his hand.

If he can quell the mighty deep
When all its billows roll,
How easy, then, for him to still
The tempests of my soul !

—To calm the stormy thoughts that rise,
Within my troubled breast ;
To bid my restless sorrows cease,
And lull my cares to rest !

O Ocean ! in thy wondrous power,
Mighty art thou to me ;
How much more mighty, still, must thine
Almighty Maker be !

“ How I should like,” said Fanny Blake,
“ To visit the sea-side !
It’s deeper than a house is high,
They say, and very wide.”

“ The sea is very wide and deep,
No doubt,” said Sarah Bell,
“ But God’s amazing grace more vast,
Than we can think or tell.”



P

P, THOU art Pride; that fatal sin
By which high angels fell,
From innocence and joy in heaven,
To punishment in hell.

If angels pure by thee were led
To act a sinful part,
What need have I, through every hour,
To watch my wand'ring heart.

With folly, weakness, vain desires,
And all my sins in view,
What need have I to pray to God,
That he may watch me too :—

And put a bridle on my lips ;
And close mine ears and eyes ;
Defending me, when lofty thoughts,
And vain desires arise.

Oh may this thoughtless heart of mine
Be humble and sincere ;
Nor let the seeds of sinful pride
Be ever foster'd there.

For while confusion, pain, and tears,
To bosoms proud are given :
In Christ, the humble soul shall find
The way that leads to heaven.

Q

Q ASKS a Question, which we read
In God's most holy word ;
And happy they who answer well :—
Say, " Lovest thou the Lord ? "

This Question, and the solemn words
Upon our hearts should fall,
Was ask'd of zealous Peter once,
And may be ask'd of all.



Say, Lovest thou the Lord thy God?
Art thou obedient still,
And swift to learn his holy law,
And do his heavenly will?
Dost thou, in all thy words and deeds,
Keep charity in view?
For he who truly loves the Lord,
Will love his brother too.

Whene'er we think of heavenly things,
Or read the sacred word,
This solemn Question still should rise,
Say, Lovest thou the Lord?

And happier, reader, shalt thou be
Than words can e'er express;
If, when the Question's put to thee,
Thy heart can answer Yes!

Now Sarah shut the book, in haste,
The cuckoo clock struck eight:
"How quick the time has pass'd away!
I shall be very late!

"Why, Fanny, I must run away
As fast as I have power:
Who would have ever thought that I
Had been here full an hour!"

Then quick she bid her friend good bye,
With manner sweet and mild,
And ran away, with all her might:
She was an active child;

Employing every moment, like
The little busy bee;
For at her work, or book, or play,
No child more quick than she.



PART THE THIRD.

IT was towards the close of day,
A pleasant sight to see,
Both Sarah Bell and Fanny Blake,
Seated beneath a tree.

The tree was very large and high,
And spread its boughs around ;
And leaves were lying, here and there,
And acorns, on the ground.

The rains had wash'd the earth away,
And left a root quite bare ;
And there they sat : the setting sun
Was wondrous bright and fair.

A pretty cottage was in sight,
With garden ground before ;
The light blue smoke was rising high,
And woodbines at the door.

How sweet a thing it is to gaze
On childhood's happy hour,
Ere sorrow has pierc'd through the heart,
Or worldly cares o'erpower !

It was when sitting on the root,
Beneath that tree so high,
That Sarah read her little book,
And Fanny listen'd by.

R

R TELLS of Riches, glitt'ring things !
But let thy heart beware ;
For he, who hasteth to be rich,
Is caught in many a snare.

Though all the wealth of all the world,
In sparkling heaps were thine,

Still wert thou poor, amidst thy gains,
Unblest with grace Divine.

A camel easier may pass
Through a small needle's eye ;
Than can a rich man, fill'd with pride,
Attain to heaven on high.



For all that thither go, though rich,
Renounce their treasures all ;
And sinners, penitent and poor,
Before their Saviour fall.

Wouldst thou be truly rich, and see
Thy treasures round thee rise ;
Be rich in faith, and place secure
Thy treasures in the skies.

Then though the gold and silver bright,
Shall quickly melt away ;
Thy Riches evermore shall last
Through heaven's eternal day.



S

YES! I will think of heavenly things
While on my way I plod ;
And S shall shadow forth to me,
The Sabbath of my God.

When Sunday dawns, in cheerful haste
My head I'll joyful raise,
To greet the day of rest and peace,
The day of prayer and praise.

And I will gladly join the throng
That seek the house of prayer ;
For God has promised, in his love,
To meet and bless them there.

But will the God of earth and skies,
From heaven's exalted span,
Descend in mercy from above,
And comfort fallen man ?

Oh yes, and let his promise be
Thy stay in every storm :
What he has written in his word,
His goodness will perform.

The Sabbath now that is enjoy'd,
To man in love is given,
Till one more glorious shall arise,
Eternal and in heaven.

Then Sarah told about the school,
Where she on Sunday went ;
How they, who had not learn'd to read,
To the first class were sent.

And when they had been there awhile,
And knew their letters well ;
They went into the second class,
Some harder words to spell.

Then came the third ; “ And so,” said she,
“ My Fanny dear, indeed,
You hardly would believe how soon
They learn to spell and read.”

T

THOU Time art told by letter T ;
That space to mortals given,
That they may learn the law of God,
And raise their thoughts to heaven.

Unwillingly we hear the truth,
And still are slow to learn,
That Time, however swift, when past,
Will never more return.

And will the winged dart of death
Arrest my brief career ?
Shall I, as sinner or as saint,
With grief or joy appear ?

Then not a moment let me lose,
But haste with heart and mind,
To seek the pard'ning grace of Christ;
For they that seek shall find.

Though years in swift succession fly,
And Time unnoticed glide;
Yet shall my every day be blest,
If God be near my side.

To thee, ere fleeting Time shall pass,
My Saviour I would flee;
And give myself, with all my strength,
Through all my Time to thee.



How disposition shows itself
In manner and in look !
For Sarah's anxious face was fixed
Intent upon her book,—

While Fanny's eye was roving round,
The setting sun to see ;
Or watch the leaves that, now and then,
Fell rustling from the tree.

U

U TELLS me of a sin that steals
Upon us like a thief ;
And robs us of a thousand joys :
That sin is Unbelief.

God sent his prophets and his Son
That sinners might believe ;
But who the prophet's word would hear ?
Or who the Lord receive ?

Now, God has sent his holy word
To teach us all his will ;
And we that holy word read o'er,
But disbelieve him still.

Did we believe, our hearts would burn
To serve the Lord on high ;
And sin, through Christ's atoning grace,
And sorrows too would die.

Thou Giver of eternal things,
Thy servant's prayer receive,
And take away my Unbelief,
And teach me to believe.

Then shall I lift my heart to thee,
Thy providence adore ;
And hope, and peace, and faith, and joy
Be mine for evermore.





V

VIRTUE, the letter V proclaims :
And oh how truly blest
Are they, and only they, who live
With virtue in their breast !

Its value is above all price
That can be paid in gold :
A crown of happiness to youth,
Of glory to the old.

Know all that seek for bliss in life,
And long for length of days ;
That honour, peace, and health are theirs,
Who walk in Virtue's ways.

For godliness is greatest gain,
(So runs the sacred text,)
And hath the promise of this world,
As well as of the next.

Then call upon the Lord thy God,
Would'st thou be virtuous still ;
And read his sacred word, and strive
To learn his holy will.

For all the Virtue that thou hast,
From God, in mercy came ;
And thou canst only hope for heaven
Through thy Redeemer's name.

“ Now mark that, Fanny ! ” Sarah said,
“ No good can e'er befall,
That comes not from the Lord our God ;
For we are sinners all.

“ Sure we should never, then, forget,
Through all our passing days,
To pray that God our youth would guide,
And all our thoughts and ways.”



W

OR whether peace attend my path,
Or storms around be hurl'd,

The letter W shall still
Remind me of the World.

The many things the World contains
Are very dear to me ;
Yet must the thought that they will fade
On my remembrance be.

Our fame, alas ! is but a breath ;
Our friends will turn to clay,
And all our golden treasures bright,
Make wings and fly away.

Then, while we gratefully enjoy
The gifts the World bestows,
Oh let us praise that gracious God
From whom each blessing flows.

Still let us while the World's delight
Around our bosom clings,
Press onward, with redoubled zeal,
To more enduring things.

Still, in each fellow creature see
A sister or a brother ;
And fix, while passing through this World,
Our hearts upon another.

X

X is a letter little used,
And hard to write upon ;
It stands, here, for two famous men ;
Xerxes and Xenophon.

The first, he was a warrior bold,
A king of mighty fame ;
The latter was a learned man,
In Greece well known his name.

The one, in knowledge he was great ;
The other great in power :
But they are dead, and only lived,
Alas ! their little hour.

If learning deep, and kingly pride,
The mighty cannot save,
How certain and how soon shall I
Sink in the silent grave !

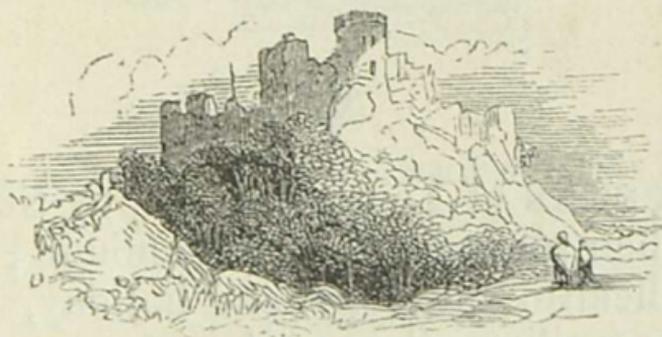
But though I may not talk of power,
Nor boast of learning's pride ;
Yet may I to my Saviour go,
And he will all provide.

O Thou, who strength and wisdom art,
Thy servant let me be ;
And all my knowledge, and my power,
Obtain them, Lord, from thee.

While Sarah urged her little friend
Her heavenly course to run ;
Fanny peeped at the book, to see
If she had nearly done.

This idle girl then smil'd with joy,
For she was pleased indeed,
To see, as Sarah turned the leaves,
There were so few to read.

With soothing sound, and balmy breath,
The evening breeze came by ;
As Sarah Bell began to read
About the letter Y.





Y

Y SPEAKS of Youth, that happy time,
When pleasant thoughts abound ;
And health, and hope, and holiday,
Are smiling all around.

Unknown in Youth, the deeper care,
And toil and anxious fears,
That cast a shade upon the brows,
Of more advanced years.

Oh sweet it is, to see the young
Their vacant hour employ,
In many a laughter-loving sport
Of innocence and joy.
And sweeter still, when, taught aright
They walk in Wisdom's ways,
And offer up their youthful hearts,
In gratitude and praise.
For they who early seek the Lord,
The Lord shall early find;
And love and peace, around their hearts,
Eternal mercies bind.
In all the changes of thy life,
Still for thy death prepare;
O give thy earliest Youth to Christ,
Thy age shall be his care.

Z

THIS crooked letter is the last;
Let Z, then, mark the Zeal,
For every high and holy thing,
The Christian ought to feel.
Howe'er thy hand may be employ'd,
Thy secret thoughts inclin'd;
Yet forward press, in every good,
With all thy heart and mind.

If life be short, be zealous still,
In what thou hast to do ;
And serve thy God with all thy soul,
And love thy neighbour too.

Press forward with an ardent hope,
Whate'er thy life befall ;
In word and deed, in prayer and praise ;
Be zealous in them all.

When, trusting to our heavenly Guide,
Our earthly course we run,
Too much of good we cannot do ;
Too little all have done.

Let Zeal for Christ inspire our hearts,
And with prevailing power,
Attend us through the paths of life,
And mark our dying hour.

The sun, behind the distant hill,
His setting beams had spread,
Ere Sarah Bell and Fanny Blake
The little book had read.

Then up they got, and walked away ;
And Fanny Blake agreed
With Sarah Bell, that it must be
A pleasant thing to read.

But many an idle, vain excuse,
She gave her friend, to show
Why she, unto the Sunday school
At present could not go.

But oh how sweetly Sarah Bell
To Fanny Blake replied ;
And urg'd her friend to think, in time,
Of Jesus crucified !

“ To-day ! ” says she, “ to-day's the time
To seek for mercy free,
And know the Lord ; for none can tell
Who may to-morrow see.”

Day after day, poor Sarah strove :
At times, indeed, she fear'd
That she might never win her friend ;
But still she persever'd ;

And put up many a fervent prayer :
At last, it so befel,
That hand in hand went Fanny Blake
To school with Sarah Bell.

Now Fanny, though neglected long,
Was quick and ready still,
At every thing she took in hand :
She wanted but the will.

Instruction, to a stubborn child,
In vain its care bestows ;
But where there is a willing mind,
Then learning easy grows.

Now then, my little readers all,
A good example take ;
And something learn from Sarah Bell,
And little Fanny Blake.

What was it that made Sarah Bell,
As on her way she trod,
So anxious for her little friend ?
It was the grace of God !

For all that know the Lord aright,
And love his will to do,
Will ever strive, and anxious be,
That others love it too.

Sarah was young ; but yet her breast
Of sin was sore afraid ;
For knowledge of a Saviour's love,
Her heart had tender made.

And often would she pray, " O Thou
Who didst for sin atone,
Teach me my sinfulness to know,
And trust in thee alone.

“ My peace and joy have been obtain'd
From sorrows borne by thee ;
My gain arises from thy loss,
Thy death is life to me.

“ Jesus, accept my youthful heart,
Constrain'd by love Divine ;
And may my future years declare
That I am wholly thine.”

Fanny at first was slow ; but soon
She understood the plan,
And learn'd apace ; and swiftly through
The different classes ran.

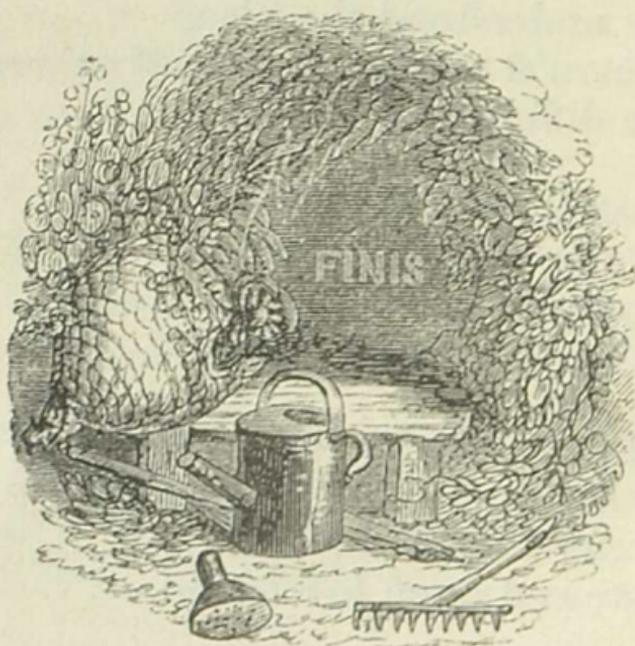
For Sarah Bell was always near
In every time of need ;
Encouraged, guided, and reprov'd,
And was her friend indeed.

Nor did she, on her knees forget,
With grateful heart, to bend,
And offer thanks for every gift,
Bestowed upon her friend.

For Fanny daily wiser grew,
And read the sacred word,
Till she was taught, oh happy hour !
To know and love the Lord.

With spirit humble, and sincere ;
With temper meek and mild,
She looked upon the past with shame,
And was an altered child.

With willing mind she went to school,
(It pleases me to tell,)
Till she became as good a girl
As little Sarah Bell.



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CREATION.

COME, child, look upward to the sky,
Behold the sun and moon ;
The host of stars that sparkle high
To cheer the midnight gloom.

Come, child, and now behold the earth
In varied beauty stand,
The product view of six day's birth,
How wondrous and how grand !

'Twas God who made the earth and sea,
To whom the angels bow ;
That God who made both thee and me,
The God who sees us now.