

THE
TWO SUNDAY-SCHOOL GIRLS
OF
AMERICA.

LONDON:

Printed for

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY;
AND SOLD AT THE DEPOSITORY, 56, PATER-
NOSTER-ROW; BY J. NISBET, BERNERS-
STREET; AND OTHER BOOKSELLERS.

Price One Penny.

THE
TWO SUNDAY-SCHOOL GIRLS
OF
AMERICA.

—
A TRUE STORY, IN VERSE.
—



LONDON :

Printed for
THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY ;

And sold at the Depository,

56, Paternoster-row ;

AND BY J. NISBET, BERNERS-STREET.

THE
TWO SUNDAY-SCHOOL GIRLS
OF AMERICA.



YE little girls in Britain born,
Who, neatly drest, on Sabbath morn
With happy hearts and cheerful looks
Take up your little bag of books,

And gladly to your school repair
 To seek and gain instruction there—
 Think not in Britain's land alone
 That Sunday-schools are widely known ;
 O no ! In different nations round
 These schools of mercy may be found ;
 And children meet to learn, and love
 The sacred word of God above,
 To pray sincere, and grateful raise
 Their hymns to the Redeemer's praise.

A blessed thing it is, in youth
 To hear and love the gospel-truth ;
 That glorious gift to sinners given,
 To guide their steps from earth to heaven.
 Of all the world can give, possess,
 The wicked never can be blest ;
 While those who humbly worship God,
 Though thorny paths awhile be trod,
 Though pain be felt and want and wo,
 For all must suffer here below,
 In patience, hope, and faith shall live,
 And know that peace which God can give.

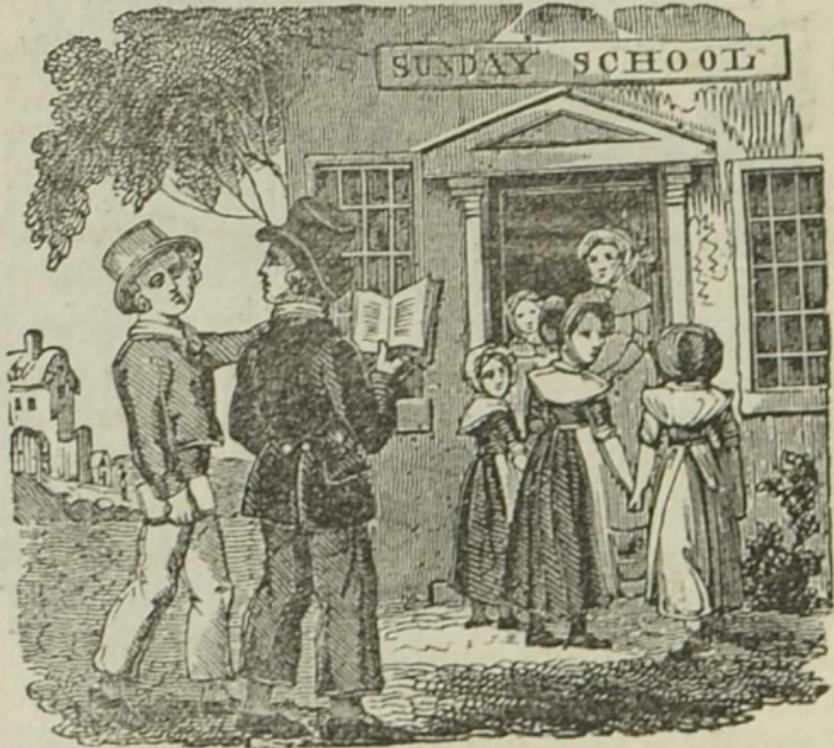
While many a judgment dark, and drear,
 The harden'd and ungodly fear,
 The child that sits upon a stool
 In some lone village Sunday-school,
 May sing of mercy ; joyful raise
 In simple sounds a song of praise ;

In usefulness her hours employ,
And sleep in peace, and wake with joy.



But come ! attend, my readers, well,
For I have now a tale to tell ;
A tale that's true ; so read with care,
That you may much instruction share.
My words are plain on every hand,
That all who read may understand :
A pious tale, when simply told,
Is sometimes worth its weight in gold

Not long ago, with blest intent,
 On deeds of christian kindness bent,
 Some pious people, wise and good,
 Set up a Sunday-school : it stood



Within a city large and wide,
 Far o'er the ocean's angry tide ;
 A city fair, and known to fame,
 And PHILADELPHIA is its name.

Among the children rang'd around,
 One little girl was constant found,
 Whom God had early taught to know
 The sin, the wickedness, and wo,

That every human heart deface,
 Till quicken'd by redeeming grace :
 She read, with joy, the gospel word,
 And knew, and fear'd, and lov'd the Lord.

Now this dear child was anxious still,
 To do her mighty Maker's will :
 His worship was her daily care ;
 Her morning and her evening prayer
 Implored that God, for Jesus' sake,
 The hearts of all around would wake
 To know their sins ; that all might prove
 The gift of a Redeemer's love.

She taught her young companions dear
 How they the Lord on high should fear ;
 And counsell'd all her playmates round,
 To seek, where mercy might be found,
 And give themselves to Him, who gave
 Himself their guilty souls to save.
 And though there were amid the throng
 Who rudely bade her hold her tongue ;
 Many their thoughtless ways forsook ;
 She many to the school-room took,
 Where they were taught, in after days,
 Their Saviour's love ; their Saviour's praise.

Two little girls, among the rest,
 Beside her to the school-room prest ;

The daughters of a widow poor ;
 A German, who in cot obscure,
 With labour hard her living gain'd,
 And thus her daughters dear, maintain'd.
 At first, indeed, the widow's mind
 To wisdom and instruction blind,
 Refus'd to let her children go.
 Alas ! poor thing ! she did not know
 The grace and mercy then in store,
 For after years, and evermore.
 At length she slowly gave consent ;
 Her children to the school-room went,
 And, by their teachers kindly aid,
 In learning rapid progress made.
 Not only were they taught, with speed,
 Their little books to spell, and read ;
 But, through the Saviour's boundless love,
 Blessings descended from above ;
 For they were taught themselves to know
 As sinners, in a world of wo ;
 In which though Satan rage around,
 Salvation may in Christ be found.

And soon as they began to prove
 The blessings of redeeming love,
 They look'd around with pious fears ;
 They saw their mother far in years,
 Without a hope beyond the grave
 In Him whose pow'r alone can save ;

And oft they pray'd that grace might win,
And warn, and cleanse her from her sin,
And bid her flee from wrath and shame,
To glory in their Saviour's name.

Oh ! 'twas a pleasure, day by day,
To mark these children on their way ;
To see intent, with one accord,
These young disciples of the Lord,
Anxious the tidings to impart
Of mercy to a parent's heart ;
And point her to the sacred page,
The guide of youth, the staff of age.



Though oft their mother's wrath was high
 And stern, they bore it patiently,
 And undismay'd their efforts tried ;—
 They spoke of Jesus crucified ;
 They read the gospel, wept and pray'd,
 And sought the Holy Spirit's aid,
 Until, at last, in happy hour,
 His sacred influence came with power ;
 Convinc'd their parent she was blind ;
 Broke on her poor benighted mind,
 And taught her spirit, from above,
 To feel the Saviour's grace and love.

“ Who would believe it,” oft she cried,
 “ When I was bound with sin and pride,
 From that sweet school who could have thought
 That my dear children would have brought,
 Like messengers with angels' wings,
 Such tidings of eternal things ;
 And thus with gospel truths imprest
 Their poor old mother's wicked breast ? ”

And now in peace and christian love,
 The children and their parent strove
 With fervent zeal to spread around
 That mercy they from Christ had found.
 Their house became a house of prayer,
 And neighbours oft assembled there,
 Their grateful praises to prolong,
 And join in Zion's cheerful song.

When three swift years had flitted by,
 They left that place with tearful eye,
 For they had fifty miles to roam
 Before they reach'd their future home.
 'Twas hard to leave that place of prayer ;
 The friends that God had given them there .
 Their school, and many a pleasant spot
 Of ground that ne'er could be forgot ,
 To wander widely, and be thrown,
 With strangers, in a place unknown ;
 But duty bade them both obey,
 They look'd above, and went their way.

They walk'd about, in mournful mood,
 The village where their dwelling stood.



Alas ! It was a barren ground :
 No fruit of grace could there be found ;
 No serious friends ; no pious rule ;
 No godly books, nor Sunday-school.

But as, when earth in darkness lies
A thousand stars bedeck the skies ;



So, when below they look'd in vain,
They rais'd their hearts to heav'n again,
And He who hears when children pray,
Soon turn'd their darkness into day.
A friend was found ; his tracts and books ;
His cheerful words, and pleasant looks,
Encourag'd them, and on they trod,
Putting their trust alone in God.

A little school-house first they got
 In some retired convenient spot,
 And thirty scholars, neat and clean,
 Within that building soon were seen.



With zeal and industry they wrought
 To teach, as they themselves were taught ;
 And, though at times they felt dismay
 And trouble gather'd round their way,

They persever'd in every rule,
Till they had fill'd their Sunday-school.

While, reader! you this tale pursue,
Think what a pious girl can do,
When all her powers are heavenward prest.
And grace divine has fill'd her breast.
One deed of love imparted free
In time, a multitude may be:
As when a single seed we sow,
A thousand from that grain may grow.



When thus they prospered in their plan,
Another school they then began

Some five miles distance from the place.
 How oft from little things we trace
 The mightiest matters ; thus we see
 An acorn spreads into a tree,
 And rills that flow, from mountain's side,
 Form rolling rivers deep and wide.
 These pious children onward prest,
 Hope, faith, and patience fill'd their breast :

When toil and trouble mark'd their way ;
 When all was dark ; no friends had they ;
 But when success their labour crown'd,
 Friends in abundance smil'd around.
 God own'd their efforts from above
 And bless'd their work of faith and love.
 In that dark neighbourhood alone,
Ten Sunday-schools at last were known ;
 The cause of truth grew bright and clear,
 And God was widely worshipp'd there.

Oh, wondrous power of grace divine !
 How bright our Saviour's mercies shine,
 That he should take a simple child
 Unlearn'd, unletter'd, rude, and wild,
 And teach her freely to proclaim
 Around, her blest Redeemer's name.

These children yet, on either hand,
 Spread wide the truth in foreign land.
 They labour still, and none can know
 What mingled multitudes, below.

May bless their labours and their love,
Assembled in a world above.

While thus their christian course was run,
I ask, WHAT, READER, HAST THOU DONE,
By works of mercy to record
The loving-kindness of the Lord?
O, seek thy Saviour! humbly fall,
Give him thy hope, thy heart, thy all,
For thee, he shed his blood divine—
Blest Saviour make me wholly thine,
And let my lips and life express
Thy love, thy power, and righteousness.



37131039 913 181



WE'RE bound for yonder land,
Where Jesus reigns supreme ;
We leave the shore at his command,
Forsaking all for him.

The perils of the sea,
The rocks, the waves, the wind,
Are small, whatever they may be,
To those we leave behind.

The Lord himself will keep
His people safe from harm ;
Will hold the helm, and guide the
ship,
With his almighty arm.