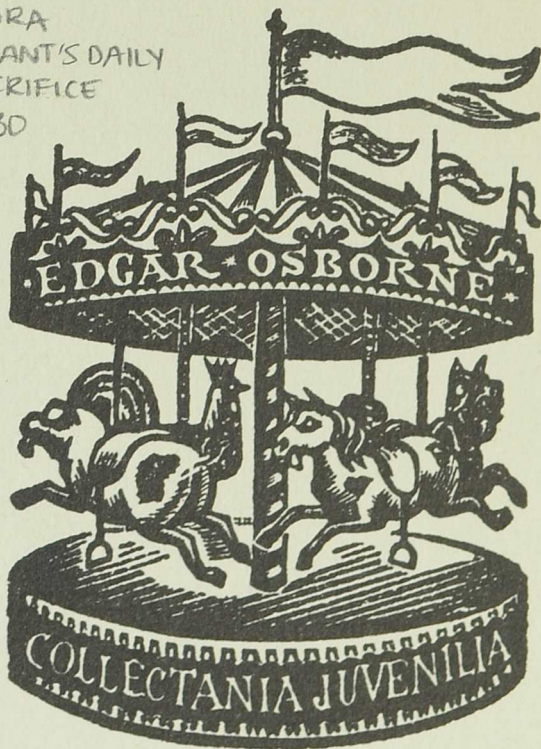


THE INFANT'S  
DAILY SACRIFICE.

*Price 5/- with Plates*

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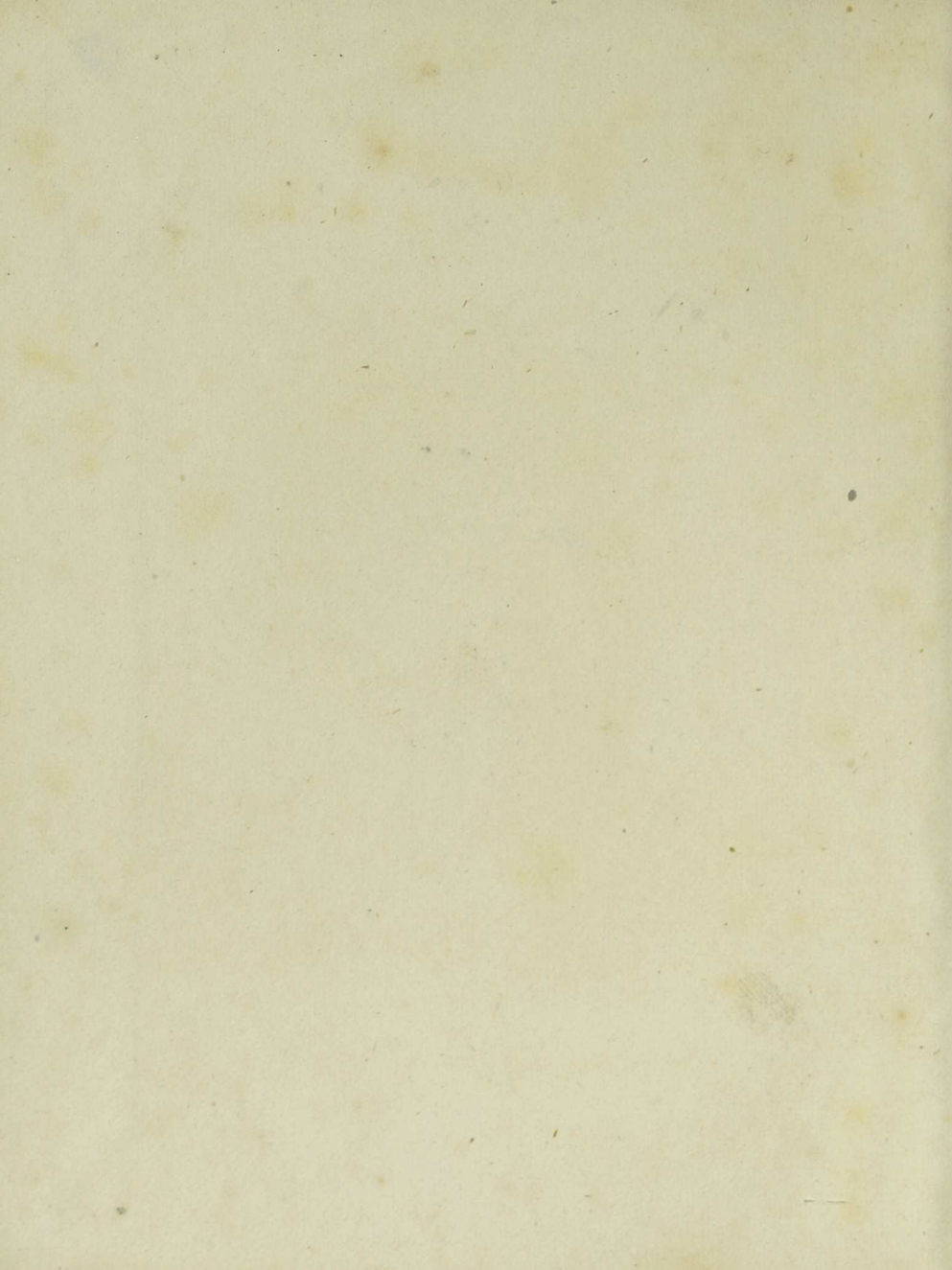
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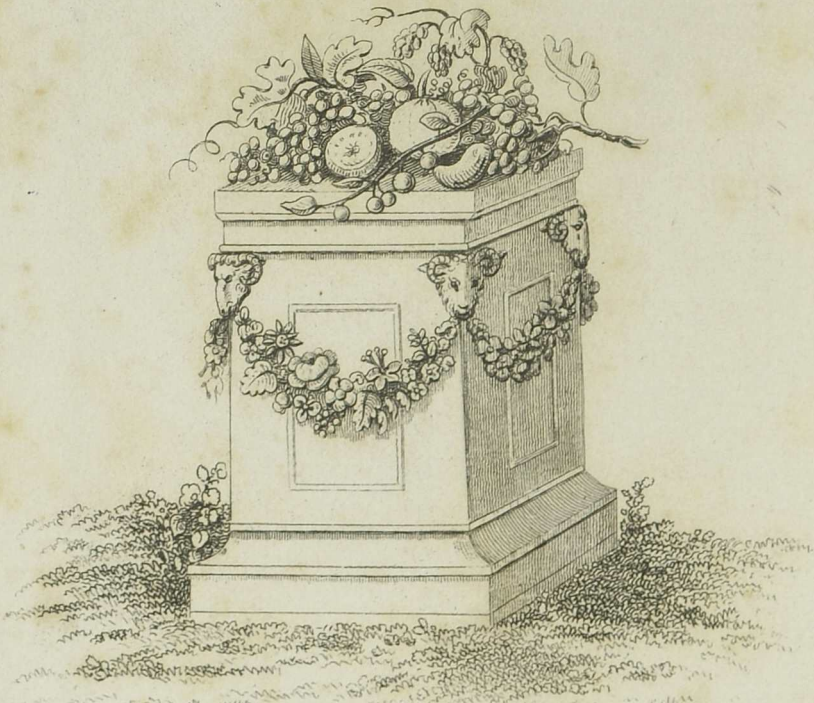
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Those that seek me early shall find me.



As for the oblation of the first fruits, ye shall offer them unto the Lord.

*Leviticus 2 Ch. v. 12.*



THE  
INFANT'S DAILY SACRIFICE.

A BOOK OF  
SHORT HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

WITH PLATES.

“The *children* crying in the temple, and saying, Hosanna to the Son of David.”

ST. MATTHEW xxi. 15.

LONDON:  
J. HATCHARD AND SON, 187, PICCADILLY.  
1830.



DEDICATION.

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TO

MY DEAR LITTLE ALFRED SHARPE,

FROM

HIS AFFECTIONATE

“ COUSIN CLARA.”



## ADDRESS TO PARENTS.

---

A LOVE towards children, and a wish, inspired by very uncertain health, to leave to the little ones of a particular family a token of remembrance which might be useful to them, induced the writer to turn aside from other occupations, and compose this little volume. There are parents who may suppose that some of the subjects attempted, are unlikely to engage a child's attention; but experience warrants a contrary opinion. Let no mother be discouraged by the apparent want of interest in her pupil, when she begins to raise the mind

towards religious subjects; so that she do but diligently “sow good seed,” she may go on in the firmest confidence that God will, at some time, (it may be in some long-after year, or from a bed of sickness,) abundantly “give the increase.” Having once put the “sword of the Spirit,” though chained and sealed perhaps, into her child’s hand, God will, in due season, impart his grace to use it fitly in the hour of danger; but if she commit her offspring unarmed to the warfare of the world, of what use, to her or to it, has been that “whole armour of righteousness,” to the use of which her Bible had given her the key? There is no time too early to bring children acquainted with religious truth: the misfortune is, that this indispensable duty is often *injudiciously* performed; and the calm judging are pained at the disservice done to their own cause, by some very sincere believers, who, in their earnestness of zeal, forget the exquisite tenderness and expansive benevolence of the faith “as

it is in Jesus." Intention, principle, is all sound and good in these cases, and commanding our highest respect; but the execution fails, because the imperfections of our human nature are permitted to come in between our purposes and that humble and long-suffering spirit which marked all our great Founder's communion with the creatures he had formed, and for whose sins he was content to suffer. Coldness, and gloom, and restraint, and severity, are *not* the characteristics of our blessed Lord's testament to his followers: high as he was above humanity, even whilst dwelling in it, we see no rigid closing of the heart upon the kindlier feelings, in *his* bright example. There is much in his conversation on earth, to expand, and soften, and cheer the heart; little, shall we say *nothing*, to sear or close it. Let us then strip away from our discourse, this disguise of ensnaring formality, convinced that the garment of humility was never woven from such materials.

It is painful to notice an error in a design so exemplary as that of securing the religious education of our children; but, bearing, as we always must do, our treasure in "earthen vessels," the fear of compromising the true faith and forfeiting religious integrity, leads the serious-minded sometimes to require too much—to insist too strictly on an exact obedience, and to feel disappointment when they see their counsel distasteful to the "little ones" over whom they would watch. Excellent and serious people, to whose own paths the word of God is a cheering light, forget that, whilst a child, man thinks as a child, and that infancy is not the season wherein to "put away childish things." Judging by their own mental enjoyments and taste for devotion, such persons often comply too little with the limited powers of an age and nature, requiring indeed "bit and bridle," but asking likewise, the kind voice and caressing hand.

Cold formality is almost as repugnant to the



spirit of the gospel, which moulds itself so beautifully to the “understanding of the simple,” as it is utterly distasteful to the buoyancy of a child’s unbroken spirit. Extreme volatility may, by the blessing of God on our endeavours, be *attracted* towards devotional feeling, and beautifully wrought upon by the power of truth speaking through words of gentleness, but it can rarely be bound down to the heavy wheel of a repulsive duty, thus made, instead of a daily privilege, a daily penance. It is even possible, that intending most diligently to inculcate religion, a mother, with more of zeal than judgment, may so contravene her own well-grounded plans, as to make her treasure and her child’s—the Bible—utterly repugnant to the over-taxed mind which has been compelled to repeat its language, till The Word (even though it be really of power to make known eternal life) shall become as a heavy echo on the ear, and as a dead letter to the sleeping heart. Without that discri-

mination which withholds "strong meat" from the lip of the babe, the pious but mistaken mother turns sorrowing from her task, and adds to her other trials, the fact that her child resists the truths she tries to inculcate. Truth requires to be made not only impressive, but attractive to the unripeness of our reasoning powers; and, surely, we ill follow the example set us by one who knew what was in man, if we adopt harshness or cold exactness, in the attempt to bring unto Jesus "one of those little ones."

Again, I am afraid it is quite possible, on the other hand, to make the sacredness of that deep communion between the heart and its Maker, nay, even the solemn story of our inestimable scheme of Christian redemption, *too familiar* to our children. I hope I shall not be mistaken; I do not mean *too well known to them*—that is impossible; but made so very constantly the subject of daily conversation, so perpetually, so habitually brought before the

mind of infancy, by every circumstance occurring before the eyes of the child, by every book placed in its hands, by the very nursery games, that this awful subject, which is made, by a more discriminating zeal, so intensely interesting, shall lose its impressive effect from very habit, and from being considered a matter to occupy every thought, come, at last, not to be *thought of* at all! There is perhaps no snare more dangerous than this "lip service;" trusting blindly to it, the unawakened mind is busied meanwhile "about many things." Few parents are perhaps in imminent danger of this error, but I think I have observed its injurious influence, and therefore I mention it.

Am I forgiven if I touch on what appears to me another? The misapplication, in some serious families, of the Sabbath-day. To those who do really make "a conscience of their ways," this term will be startling, and yet it is after deep reflection and a sincere prayer for guidance, that I

adopt it. I think we have the warrant of the gospel for making religion as little obnoxious to our human infirmities, as we can do without forfeiting the rectitude of our conscience towards God. It was in acts of benevolence, acts which relieved the bondage or soothed the sorrows of mankind, that the blessed hand which planted the cross upon earth, was first visibly traced. Feeding the multitude, paying the tribute-money, consecrating the feast in Cana, healing all manner of diseases, restoring the widow's son, standing by the young daughter of Jairus, dwelling in the family of Lazarus; it was in the spirit of gentleness, our blessed Saviour wrote his record in the hearts of those who surrounded him. In our own natures we are all "exceeding sinful," but we are not more deeply tainted with this inborn corruption, than were our fathers when Jesus dwelt amongst them. Had, therefore, severity, seclusion from natural feelings and pursuits, been needful, nay, had they been acceptable,

he who came "to be a light to them who sit in darkness," would unquestionably have recommended them. Now, the spirit of his doctrine, the tenor of his actions, is directly opposed to this stern code; and therefore, with the gospel open before us, and praying for the Holy Spirit to teach us to read it aright, I suspect, I think, that where such gloom is apparent, there is danger that the device of man is fast drawing its shade over the ordinance of God. In most instances where I have observed the defect, I am sure that true piety, and a sincere desire to extend the kingdom of God, was moving in the heart; but some clog of earth was likewise there, and so the light of the Spirit could not show out so clearly as to define the true path upon which even a child can go on his way *rejoicing*.

In thus viewing the subject, I would not censure, but *plead*; plead for my faith and yours, which I think is hurt by this species of zeal; plead for those whom you would train up; plead

for your own hearts, which sink beneath needless pangs; and when you thought to have sown good seed, look in much sorrow upon the tares spreading over the surface. The Sabbath is a day of rest and holiness, a day of thankfulness and prayer; but surely it is much misused when we load its hours with a melancholy weight, and keep such silence within our dwellings, as if some heavy calamity had just past within our doors. Might it not be made a day of privilege? might we not cheerfully, as well as acceptably, mark that day when our Maker pronounced his work of creation "very good;" wherein he commanded his creatures, in peace and rest, to hallow it to his name, to spend it in acknowledgment of his mercies? And coming down to the blessed gospel dispensation, might we not allow somewhat of cheering interest to the day wherein our Lord became the first-fruits of them who sleep; wherein he walked through the fields with his disciples, and sat at

meat with them, and made a man every whit whole? Do not let me be misunderstood; far be it from me to degrade the Sabbath from its hallowed rest; to rob the sinfulness of human nature of one help, one solace, supplied by the *appointed day in seven*, wherein to set aside worldly employment, and to write “holiness to the Lord” upon our actions: but I would prevent its seeming to our children a *dull day*, a season of restraint, and form, and inaction. If, after public worship, the mother were to gather her little flock about her, and *invite* the attention by some one of the gospel narrations, which she might *relate*, occasionally directing her listeners to the verse of the text, and to the plates accompanying it, she would soon find that neither would the Bible be looked upon with something betwixt weariness and dread, nor would the Sabbath be a heavy day of lifeless sacrifice. Do I hear a young and busy mother say—“I have not *time* for this?” Time! shall eternity then burst upon you, and you feel at the

judgment day that you have fearfully neglected the interest of your children in the only case that can *then* avail them? Those things for which you toiled are past; and what shall it profit them, if you gained the whole world for them, to the loss of your own soul and theirs?

Over and above the mistakes I have presumed to refer to, there is a strange prejudice, which checks all discourse on religious subjects, except on the days and times peculiarly set apart for devotion. I need not say that serious persons are not those likely to fall into this error; but we have walked blindfold through the world, if we have not remarked its operation. There is a class of persons who treat religion with much outward respect; they would be shocked to offer her an open slight; but farther than this, they are strangers; they never bring her into their homes, and seat her at their fire-side. They pay their dues at set times, and in what they consider current coin; they are great observers of Sundays



and holidays; great teachers of collects, to be said without missing before breakfast; very particular that the Sunday costume should surpass that of ordinary days; very exact that all toys should be locked up, &c.; and thus having “rendered unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar’s”—that is, paid to established custom the deference it exacts—one important admonition they forget to “render unto God the things that are God’s.” All this punctual observance, where habit completes what conscience, we will hope, began, comes to end in a religion—if so we must call it—springing up like the prophet’s gourd, and which will as assuredly “wither,” when the “sun shall arise,” and the “vehement east wind” of trial or temptation shall “beat upon the head,” and the poor wanderers, so imperfectly sheltered, shall “faint, and wish in themselves to die.”

It is one of the fantastic scruples of this unsound faith, to deem all conversation on sacred subjects out of season, except on the Sabbath day. Let a

parent beware that it is not to shun trouble or reflection, that she avails herself of this whimsical scruple to elude her child's inquiries. Trifles have often been permitted to lead the mind upon its search for truth; and the Christian mother should joyfully hail *any*, the remotest hint upon which, with the blessing of God, she may work, to introduce thoughts of our Maker and his works into the dawning mind. So all-pervading is the gracious power of God's providence, that I think I speak without hazard of presumption, when I say that we have ground for hope that such occasions of good, however lightly they may seem expressed, are suggested by the Holy Spirit. Out of the mouth of babes praise may be perfected; and I have known the lisping tongue led to inquiries which may have sunk into the heart, and so the answer planted there have brought forth its fruit in due season.

Much power is given into the hands of a simple-minded, *thinking* mother, who has herself learnt

the secret so valuable in our intercourse with children, of reading God in his works, and inculcating truth by parable. Religion and good taste revolt against our treating the intercourse permitted between nature, sunk in sin, and the Omnipotent, with presumptuous familiarity. We should none of us, indeed, be "hasty to utter any thing before God," if that truth, that "God is in heaven, and we upon earth, and that our sins have set a great gulf between us," were present to our minds. If a sense of the supreme glory of the Almighty, and of our corruption, which could never approach him, but in the name of its Saviour, were duly impressed on our own hearts, the reflection would be obvious, that care and deep devotion is requisite when we bring our children to his altars; but we are not therefore to decline this solemn task.

A parent has untold sources of blessings in her own power, and it is difficult to imagine that a mother can look on the treasures her God has con-

fided to her care, and not teach them, even in their first lisping accents, to bless his name. Many a tender mother watches over the perishable bodies of her children, and proudly develops their talents. Alas! "He that formed the ear, shall he not hear?—he that made the eye, shall he not see," that these his gifts are turned to his glory? It is a lamentable apathy which can shut our offspring from the knowledge of their Creator; and if a mother should doubt of the *power* of children to enter on such knowledge, and of their *willingness* to do so, when attractively set before them, let her only *try*; and I think her heart, as well as her reason, will be powerfully influenced by the result, in nine cases out of ten. If this little manual may be permitted to aid in such a task, highly favoured, indeed, will it be, and prove—what every thing, indeed, does prove—that, for the glory of his name, our God can make all things, even the weakest and the humblest, minister to his service, and that of his creatures.

## THE AUTHOR'S HYMN

FOR

THE ASSISTANCE OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

“ That which I see not, teach Thou me.”

JOB xxxiv. 32.

ETERNAL SPIRIT! though my hand  
Be weak, and I am nought,  
Yet do I trust a fruitful land  
Will crown what I have wrought ;—  
Not here Paul's zeal, Apollos' skill,  
But *Thou* canst “ give the increase ” still.

Not in presumption I implore,  
Be with me whilst I write ;  
And help me—so each thought watch o'er—  
To serve my God aright :  
And thou from whom all prayers proceed,  
Bless, in thy fulness, *them who read.*

Begun in prayer, and writ with tears,  
The joy of a full heart,  
Guide the weak hand that, trembling, rears  
This altar, where no art,  
No sculptured grace is found—the stone  
Bright with Jehovah's name alone.

And if upon so low a shrine  
I dare that name to write,  
Oh! let a purer pen than mine  
Trace there its strokes of light :  
For in *thy* work of mercy still  
The humblest agents do thy will.

Blest Spirit! though the gift be poor,  
Thus unto childhood given,  
Thy word can make its "earthly" pure,  
Washed in the dews of heaven :  
Whate'er of useful here may be,  
Is of one only fountain—Thee.





Twas from Thee my being came,  
Teach me Lord to bless thy name.



THE  
INFANT'S DAILY SACRIFICE.

---

THE CHILD'S FIRST HYMN.

LORD of Mercy ! hear my prayer !

Dear to Thee an infant's praise,  
Thou will keep me by thy care,  
Whilst to Thee my thoughts I raise ;  
'Twas from Thee my being came,  
Teach me—Lord ! to bless thy name !

When I lay a speechless babe,  
On my mother's gentle breast,

Those thy guardian angels bade  
Watch my weakness, shield my rest ;  
Now that speech and thought are mine,  
Let the name they praise be Thine !

## THE INFANT'S PLEA FOR PRAYER.

ADDRESSED TO ITS PARENTS.

SAY not, that because my tongue  
Can but speak in lisping phrase,  
I, thy child, am not among  
Those who tell their Saviour's praise.

I can name my mother's name,  
And I love its dear sounds well!  
I my father's kiss can claim,  
And my own fond fancies tell.

Can I not then—mother, say!  
Tell His name, to whom I owe  
Every blessing, day by day,  
You and all my friends below?

*He* will not my praise disown,  
He who knew an infant's state ;  
Lead me, father, to his throne,  
This Redeemer, good as great.

Fear not thou my falt'ring speech,  
Or my thoughts, tho' weak and dim ;  
He who gave my mind will teach  
How that mind should turn to Him.



Can I not then— Mother say!  
Tell his name to whom I owe  
Ev'ry blessing— day by day,  
You and all my friends below.







Keep me this day as thou hast kept  
My childish weakness whilst I slept.



## MORNING HYMN.

The morning comes all fresh and bright,  
After the peacefulness of night ;  
The new day breaks, so calm and clear—  
I kneel, O Lord, to bless Thee here :  
Before I dare to use the day  
Thou givest me, to Thee I pray.

Keep me this day as Thou hast kept  
My childish weakness whilst I slept ;  
Keep me from every thought of sin,  
From harms without and snares within ;<sup>(1)</sup>  
Do Thou bring back my wand'ring mind,  
Thou who gav'st sight unto the blind !

Lord, without Thee I go astray,  
Forget to bless, forget to pray ;  
Forget that all to Thee I owe,  
Yes, every blessing that I know ;  
Friends—parents—comforts, *all* are thine,  
Thy bounteous hand hath made them mine.

Guide Thou my thoughts, guide Thou my path !  
Keep me from jealousy and wrath ;  
Let truth be in the words I speak,  
And wisdom in the lore I seek ;  
Let innocence my sports attend,  
And life with Thee begin and end.





Tho' unseen Thou still art near  
To guard me from each secret fear.

## EVENING HYMN.

THE sun that Thou hast made, my God,  
Goes down behind the dark blue hill ;  
And all along his golden road  
The purple clouds are hovering still ;  
The birds are gone back to their nest,  
And I, too, seek my evening rest.

Most gracious Lord, thy hand divine  
Rolled on that sun, and hung that cloud ;  
And now above this bed of mine  
Thy brow of mercy still is bowed ;  
For, though unseen, Thou still art near,  
To guard me from each secret fear.

Lord, if this night should be my last,  
And Thou shouldst bid me to my home,  
Let its last hour in prayer be past,  
And claim me, Saviour, as thine own ;  
The infant tongue that lisps thy name,  
A child's inheritance may claim.

Oh ! guard me as I sleeping lie ;  
Bless those who wake whilst I repose ;  
Bless all I love ! and oh ! if I  
Have such, bless, gracious Lord, my foes ;  
Turn every wand'ring heart to Thee,  
And bless me, Father, even me !

## HYMN FOR SUNDAY MORNING.

## FIRST PART.

It is the blessed Sabbath day,  
When we adore thy sacred name ;  
Lord, "teach thy children how to pray,"  
Nor rest on this thy day in vain.

Not idle sports or painted toys  
Should busy now the stedfast mind ;  
No rude disputes or heedless noise  
In Christian dwellings entrance find.

Remember *who* it was who said,  
“ Can ye not watch with me one hour ? ”  
And shall the week be idly led,  
Without one day to own his power ?

Lord, in thy book are precious stores,  
Which e'en a helpless child may share ;  
And when within thy temple doors  
Thy Spirit waits to bless us there.

Thither may we with joyful feet  
And ready hearts this morning go ;  
With heedful care each prayer repeat,  
And all thy blessed tidings know.

## SECOND PART.

Chain Thou mine infant fancies, prone  
To wander from my prayers away ;  
When thus thy will Thou makest known,  
Teach me to listen and obey.





Lord in thy book are precious stores  
Which e'en a helpless child may share.



Weak though I am—a little child,  
Thy praises still my tongue can tell;  
And I can read thy words so mild,  
And on thy wond'rous mercies dwell.

I should not dare mine eyes to raise  
To Him from whom all things are sprung,  
But He hath said, the song of praise  
Is welcome from an infant's tongue.

I could not hope my Maker's ear  
Would bend to such a one as I;  
But He has told us, "I am near,"  
And, "When thou prayest, God is nigh."

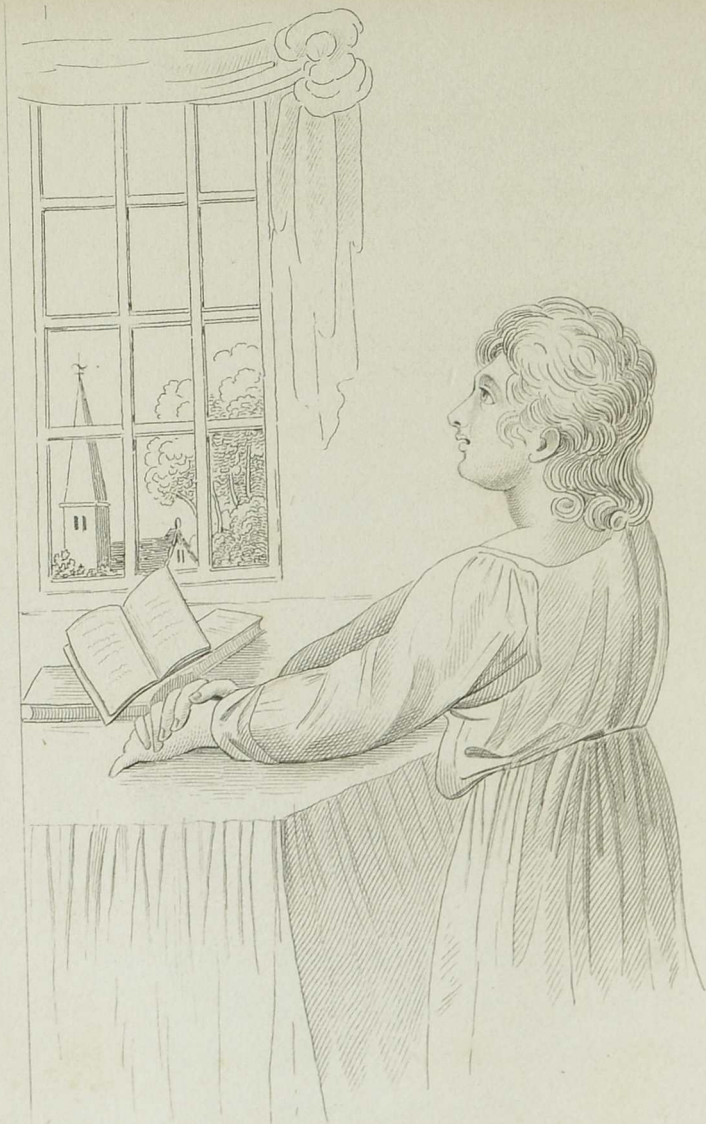
## HYMN FOR SUNDAY EVENING.

## FIRST PART.

LIKE the cool rain upon the leaf,  
Like dew upon the flower,  
So softly steals the holy breath  
Of Sabbath evening's hour.

It is the breath of praise and prayer,  
Which through this holy day  
Hath whispered peace to every care,  
And wafted toil away.





Oh grant the truths heard in thy walls  
A blessing here may shed.

Lord, works of labour, works of skill,  
Have all been put aside ;  
But Thou hast taught thy holy will  
To us, and been our guide.

The hands that rested, Thou hast bade  
That we should clasp in prayer ;  
The lips forgot their songs, but paid  
Their tribute to thy care.

## SECOND PART.

We “ toiled not, neither have we spun,”  
Since this glad morning came ;  
But grant, that in our hearts hath sprung  
The grace to bless thy name.

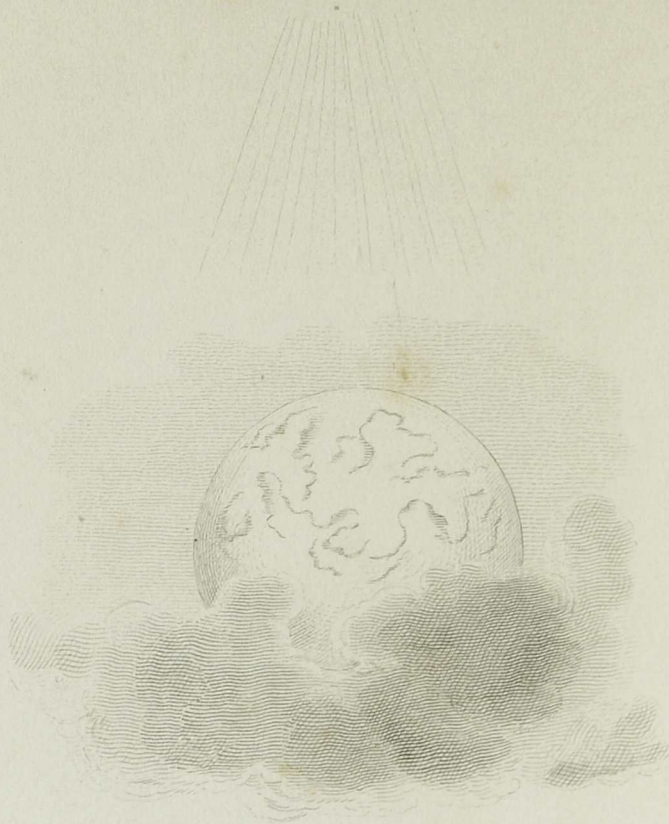
This quiet evening softly falls  
In calmness on our bed ;  
Oh, grant the truths heard in thy walls,  
A blessing here may shed.

If I may slumber, let my sleep  
    Be met with thoughts of Thee ;  
If I awake, thy vigil keep,  
    And “ come and dwell ” with me.

Let this first day o'er all the rest  
    A hallowed brightness cast ;  
So let the week, O Lord, be blest,  
    And in thy service past.







And rolled the gloomy darkness back  
From off the earthly sphere.

## THE WEEK.

---

### MONDAY MORNING.

“And the evening and the morning were the first day.”

GENESIS i. 5.

GREAT GOD! whose spirit moved above  
 The dark unfathomed deep, <sup>(2)</sup>  
 And poured the radiance of thy love  
 Far o'er its silent sleep:

And rolled the gloomy darkness back  
 From off the earthly sphere; <sup>(3)</sup>  
 And sent upon his glorious track  
 Yon sun to rule the year.

Great God! the blessed light of day  
From thy commandment rose,  
And still its clear and cheering ray  
From thy great mercy flows.

But Thou a brighter day hast sent,  
A light to cheer the soul,  
When that which gilds the firmament <sup>(4)</sup>  
At once shall cease to roll.

Thy blessed Son, though but a star  
Was sent his birth to show,  
Shall be *our* light to shine from far,  
And guide our way below.

Lord, when the sky shall shrink away,  
The sun and moon be dim,  
Then will shine out thy purer ray  
On all who trust in Him.

Teach me, a child, though weak and vain,  
And sinful, *so* to trust ;  
Then shall a light to me remain  
When this my form is dust.

Deep in the earth my head may rest,  
My heart beneath the sod ;  
But through thy cross my soul be blessed,  
A dweller with its God.

## TUESDAY MORNING.

“ And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament, from the waters which were above the firmament.”—GENESIS i. 7, 8.

LORD! whose almighty hand withdrew  
 The waters to their cloud,  
 And spread that sky, of clearest blue,  
 O'er the wide heavens bowed ;  
 And rolled the sea-green waves beneath,  
 Crisped with each low wind's gentle breath. <sup>(5)</sup>

Most gracious Lord, whose care and love  
 Bids every shower distil  
 The dropping manna <sup>(6)</sup> from above,  
 To brighten vale and hill ;  
 And bids the nodding harvest glow,  
 And every tender flower blow.





Let me not hear the Ocean call  
Nor own thy mighty voice.



Oh, teach my heart to bless thy name ;  
And as Thou didst divide  
The fountains of the sweet soft rain,  
From the unquiet tide,  
So part my path from sin's broad way,  
And light it with thy bright'ning ray.

Let me not see the cool rain fall,  
Nor in thy love rejoice ;  
Let me not hear the ocean call,  
Nor own thy mighty voice ;  
Let dews, and storm, and sky, and sea,  
Speak, through my senses, all of Thee.

## WEDNESDAY MORNING.

“ And the earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself after his kind, and God saw that it was good ; and the evening and the morning were the third day.”—GENESIS i. 12, 13.

CREATOR ! at whose bounteous will

The earth poured forth her store,  
Each wreathed rock and mossy rill,

And soft plain bursting o'er ;  
Trees, at thy bidding, blossomed round,  
And fresh green herbage clothed the ground.

How beautiful thy works appear,

Even in this our day !

Which of art's wonders can draw near

One blossom from the spray ?

One blade of this transparent grass,

Through which the trembling sunbeams pass ?



Trees at thy bidding blossomed round  
And fresh green herbage clothed the ground.



The sweet juice of the ruddy fruit  
Is as a wine-cup poured by Thee ;  
The food of the sustaining root  
To all thy wand'ring sons is free ;  
Thine are our stores of fruitful grain,  
Oh, let them not be given in vain !

Let not the lilies of the field  
Be culled in sport, or idly sought,  
For the sweet perfume which they yield ;  
But, by their wondrous beauty taught,  
Let us adore the hand divine  
That writes in every pencilled line !

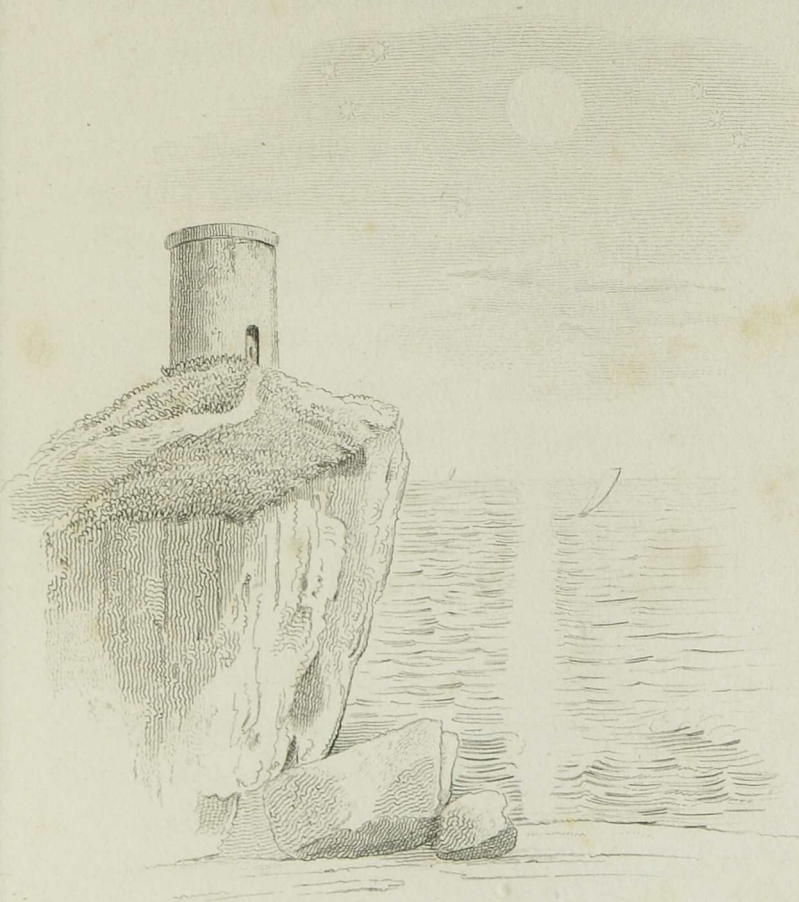
And if with such excelling care  
Their hues are spread, their forms are wrought,  
Think how our deathless souls must share  
The great Creator's boundless thought !  
If thus He decks a fading flower,  
How great, in man, his mercy's power !

## THURSDAY MORNING.

“ And God made two great lights, the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night : he made the stars also.”—GENESIS i. 16.

THE sun across the heaving sea  
Is sending back his bright farewell,  
And soon the busy world will be  
Hushed beneath evening's silent spell ;  
And then will rise a milder light,  
In gentleness “ to rule the night.”

Clear o'er the white rim of a cloud  
That silver crescent lamp will show,  
Whilst the glad waters sparkling crowd  
Its pure unbroken ray below ;  
And then the stars, a glorious band,  
Will stud the sky o'er sea and land.



And then will rise a milder light  
In gentleness to rule the night.





Bow down, my soul! pour forth, my heart,  
Thy thanksgiving of wond'ring praise!  
Canst thou in silence sit apart,  
When to yon sky my eyes I raise,  
And gaze upon its stainless blue,  
With worlds of splendour looking through?

On each of these—a separate sphere—  
Rests our almighty Father's eye;  
Their varied language *He* can hear,  
And in his wondrous love reply;  
And yet he hears the lowliest prayer  
A child addresses to his care.

And can it be, the hand that made  
Those glorious orbs so clear and bright,  
Is on my path in mercy laid,  
To guide my falt'ring steps aright?  
Can He who formed the worlds look down,  
And me with his rich blessings crown?

Oh ! wheresoe'er their light can fall,  
Their heavenly beauty fill the eye,  
Let them for boundless homage call,  
And may each list'ning heart reply !  
Nor be thou silent, O my soul,  
But praise the God who bids them roll !

## FRIDAY MORNING.

“ And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven.”

CREATOR ! whose almighty eye  
 Can pierce the ocean depths below,  
 Where calm its tangled forests lie,  
 And its deep springs unceasing flow ;  
 Though never breath of summer air  
 Steals through the leaf and murmurs there.

Thy word of power, thy breath of life  
 Hath peopled all this wondrous deep  
 With forms that joy amid its strife,  
 And sport beneath its tranquil sleep ;  
 Its waves are as a crystal shrine, <sup>(7)</sup>  
 For each unrivalled work of thine.

The nautilus, who sets his sail, <sup>(8)</sup>  
And rows along his fairy barque ;  
That arctic king, the far-sought whale, <sup>(9)</sup>  
Whose vast bulk seems a floating ark ;  
These and each various tribe proclaim  
Thy wondrous power and awful name.

But not alone the liquid sea  
Is crowded by a living race ;  
Look on the sky's immensity,  
And there God's mighty finger trace :  
There sport the birds on joyful wings,  
Whilst each his great Creator sings.

From the turf's sweet and dewy throne  
The skylark springs into the air,  
And feeling its blue plain his own,  
In freedom soars and warbles there ;  
Pouring his hymn of joy and love  
As far he mounts the world above.



These & each various tribe proclaim  
Thy wondrous power & awful name.



Into the brightness, o'er the cloud,  
I can but trace his quivering flight ;  
Is he, that tuneful pilgrim, <sup>(10)</sup> vowed  
To visit yonder world of light ?  
No—'tis a creature formed by God  
To share the heavens and the sod.

His home is on the dewy earth,  
His joy is in the heavens to be ;  
Oh ! with a soul of heavenly birth  
May this his lot come home to me !  
Father ! thy child, I sojourn here,  
But guide me to a brighter sphere.

## SATURDAY MORNING.

“ And God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind.”—GENESIS i. 24—30.

MY soul! to trace thy Maker's hand  
In all creation's round,  
And see the wond'rous frame He planned,  
With its perfections crowned;  
This hath been thy sweet duty past,  
But this day's gift was best, as last.

The blossomed herb, the fruitful tree,  
The sun and spangled sky,  
The deep, with all its treasury,  
The air, for them who fly;  
These all were made, one beauteous plan,  
And then a lord was given them—man.





These all were made one beautiful plan  
And then a Lord was given them - Man.



O God! most merciful and just,  
As Thou at first did breathe  
Thy spirit o'er the fashioned dust,  
Still may our souls receive  
That "breath of life" derived from Thee,  
Our hope and sustenance to be.

Dominion o'er created things,  
A spirit like to thine,  
Thought, that within unbidden springs;  
These were the gifts divine  
Wherewith thy creature was arrayed,  
In God's eternal likeness made.

And unto him the herb and tree,  
The goodliest of each race,  
Were given—for he alone was free  
His earthly home to grace;  
Heir of the fruitful earth he stood,  
That earth so perfect, fair, and good.

And not of this sweet earth alone  
Was he proclaimed the heir ;  
The eternal heaven, his Maker's throne  
On high, 'twas his to share ; <sup>(11)</sup>  
'Twas his, with one condition tied :  
He broke the sole command—and died.

Died from the earth, and passed away  
Into the silent grave ;  
Then crumbled back the form of clay  
His bounteous Maker gave ;  
But, like a brand from burning caught,  
His spirit from the tomb was brought.

The soul—that part that thinks, and wills,  
And hopes—can never die :  
Though sin the fading body kills,  
The soul eternally  
Shall live with God, if in his name  
That never-ceasing life we claim.

Oh, though a child whose thoughts are weak,  
I can this boon implore,  
And humbly that Redeemer seek,  
Who quits his own no more :  
He is the life, the truth, the way,  
He hears me whilst to Him I pray.

## SUNDAY MORNING.

“ And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it, because that in it he had rested from all his work.”—GENESIS ii. 2.

HAIL, Sabbath day ! by God ordained,  
 When His almighty word  
 Blessed the young world his love had framed,  
 Whilst man and angels heard,  
 Deep peace o'er all creation lay,  
 “ God rested on the seventh day.”

The fulness of repose came down  
 On wave, and plain, and tree,  
 And man's awakened tongue made known  
 The praise of Deity :  
 Thus having called him from the clay,  
 God rested on the seventh day.





And list'ning as that vow they pay  
God rested on the seventh day.



Then hallelujahs rose on high,  
Then Heaven's high courts were glad ;  
Voices unnumbered made reply  
From earth, in beauty clad ;  
Whilst poured sweet hymns from every spray,  
God rested on the seventh day.

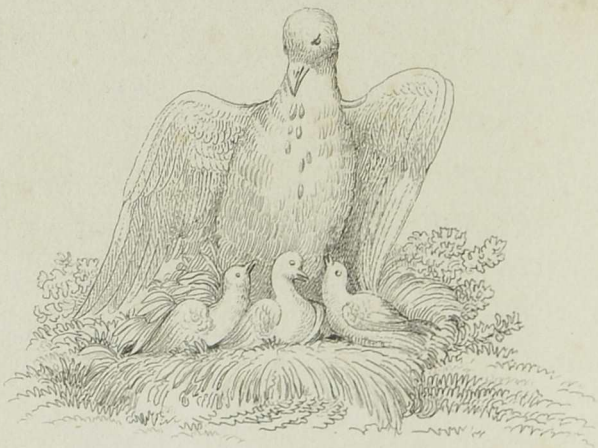
Our first created parents there  
Knelt on the flow'ry sod,  
And 'midst their paradise so fair,  
Poured out their hearts to God ;  
And listening as that vow they pay,  
God rested on the seventh day.

He heard the breath of prayer and praise  
Rise from a sinless sphere ;  
The eye which countless worlds surveys,  
Now dwelt, well pleased, *here* ;  
In his own glory's fullest ray,  
God rested on the seventh day.

Hail, Sabbath day! though sin and woe  
Came o'er this world so bright,  
Thine is a morn of peace below,  
Dawning in deepest night!  
All care, all toil, is put away,  
We rest upon the seventh day.

So bless this rest! so guard this day,  
Lord, that our lot may be  
Hereafter to enjoy its ray,  
And taste its peace with Thee!  
Then, amid seraphs, may we say,  
God rests on his great Sabbath day!





## OCCASIONAL HYMNS.

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HYMN FOR THE HELP OF THE  
HOLY SPIRIT.

SPIRIT OF PEACE ! whose holy power

Can cleanse the darkened heart,

And bid arise truth's dawning hour,

When error's shades depart ;

Be with thy suppliants as we pray,

And pour on us thy guiding ray !

Each little heart, in whose recess,

Alas ! such evils hide,

Do Thou with thy sweet influence bless,

And bow its secret pride ;

And take away that broken reed,

And plant therein the cross instead.

Oh, with thy mercy's outstretched wings,  
Upon our souls descend,  
And pour within the healing springs  
Thy grace alone can send ;  
The flower, though beautiful of hue,  
Would droop without the evening dew ;

The hymn, were music in its tone,  
Would pass unhallowed by,  
Till Thou thy gracious power make known,  
Our God to glorify ;  
Without it, vain each fond pursuit,  
All scentless flowers—all barren fruit!

WHEN A PARENT IS GOING ON  
A JOURNEY.

My father journeys forth to-day—  
Keep him, Lord, upon his way ;  
Guide his path and watch his bed,  
Thou who Abram's journey led ;  
Teach his child to breathe the prayer  
That entrusts him to thy care.

Give him, if it be thy will,  
Success upon his journey still ;  
Bring him home, if fit it be,  
Safe and glad his home to see ;  
Though from us he may be far,  
He is where thy mercies are.

## ON A MOTHER'S SICKNESS.

BLESSED SAVIOUR ! Thou whose love  
Gently owned a mother's care,  
Teach my childhood how to move  
Thy mercy with a fervent prayer ;  
Watch above my mother's bed,  
Blessings on her pillow shed !

Oh, if it be best for me,  
Give her to my earnest prayer !  
But teach my soul thy hand to see,  
If it smite or if it spare :  
Thou art with her, Saviour, still,—  
Teach me to obey thy will !







Yet we may hold sweet converse still

By Siloam's pool and Kedron's rill.

## HYMN FOR A SICK BROTHER.

THOUGH my brother's cheek is pale,  
And dim his heavy eye ;  
Though strength and pulse and spirits fail,  
And tell us he must die ;  
Yet we may hold sweet converse still,  
By Siloam's pool and Kedron's rill.

Though his sports have ceased to please,  
The books he loved are closed,  
Yet there are themes more dear than these,  
On which his mind reposed ;  
His infant mind was taught to read  
That book, the food of all who need

Now on its pages let us dwell,  
And open Thou his ear,  
Whilst we of life and mercy tell,  
That message still to hear ;  
Oh, give him strength to prize that lore,  
Though every other joy is o'er.

Let thy blessing, Saviour, rest  
On his fevered brow ;  
May his bed of pain be blessed,  
And comfort him e'en now ;  
Through fear and suffering and the grave,  
Send Thou thy help, and come and save.

If thy gracious will decree  
That here he tarry not,  
Thou in our hour of trial be,  
And soothe his mortal lot ;  
Through the dark pass we all must tread—  
Oh, shield him dying—bless him dead !





My brother thou art laid  
Within thy little tomb.

## ON THE DEATH OF A BROTHER.

MY BROTHER! thou art laid  
    Within thy little tomb;  
Sweet brother! thou hast paid  
    Thy debt to justice soon;  
Whatever sorrow may befall,  
Our God hath sheltered thee from all.

I love to think on thee,  
    And thy bright smiling brow,  
Thy many gifts to me,  
    More dearly precious now!  
Dear brother! every book we read  
Seems to speak to me from the dead.

I seem thy voice to hear,  
I seem to see thy smile ;  
I cannot help the tear  
That will flow on the while ;  
'Tis for myself that tear should fall,  
For thine—our God hath wiped them all !

A tend'rer love than mine  
Is o'er thy spirit shed ;  
A brighter world is thine  
Than e'er our wonder read ;  
When dwelling on the well-known book,  
I raised to Thee my stedfast look.

Sweet brother ! o'er that page  
'Twas thy delight to dwell ;  
And now its truths engage  
The soul that loved them well ;  
No cloud is now betwixt thine eye,  
And all its blest eternity.



To love the Word of God  
Was ever thy delight,  
And now thy pure abode  
Is with his presence bright ;  
Thy form lies sleeping—dust to dust—  
Thy soul is with the good and just.

## ON THE DEATH OF A SISTER.

Our sister is in the grave,  
    We saw her laid to sleep ;  
But God is strong to save,  
    We know it, though we weep.

We weep that we see her not,  
    We weep that she is gone ;  
We look upon that spot,  
    With her name upon the stone.

We cannot see her smile  
    In that cold grave so deep,  
Or hear her voice the while,  
    And therefore 'tis we weep.



We look upon that spot  
With her name upon the stone.



But we know her soul is fled  
Where tears were never known ;  
Her spirit is not dead,  
Like the form beneath the stone.

Where the redeemed are,  
In Heaven's purest place,  
Through Him, our Morning Star,  
She sees her Saviour's face.

She hears that blessed voice,  
Which called her from the clay ;  
Then should we not rejoice,  
And turn with smiles away ?

## CHRISTMAS HYMN.

## FIRST PART.

Joy upon earth ! joy in the heaven !  
Thus sang th' angelic throng,  
For unto man a child is given,  
Earth's sinful shades among ;  
Thou world, receive Him to thy breast,  
For lo ! He brings thee joy and rest !

Freedom to man ! freedom from sin !  
The promise now is thine,  
Redeemed race ! each heart within  
Receive the guest divine !  
He comes with blessings in his hand,  
Break forth and sing, much favoured land !



For unto man a child is given

Earth's sinful shades among.





Rejoice, O mountains of the earth !  
Ye streams, pour forth your tide !  
All Nature, hail the wondrous birth,  
Her God to man allied ! <sup>(12)</sup>  
And turn, long wand'ring fold, to seek  
The Shepherd our glad tidings speak.

Let hallelujahs tell his praise,  
His praise let seraphs sing ;  
On Him each saint adoring gaze,  
And Judah greet her King ;  
Thou Bethlehem, break forth into prayer,  
The Highest veils his glories there.

## SECOND PART.

Hosanna ! in the lowly shed  
Behold that sacred form ;  
Hosanna ! from that dwelling spread  
The gracious beams of morn ;  
A morn which never cloud shall see,  
Day of the ransomed and the free !

In weeds of flesh, in feebleness,  
The Godhead is arrayed,  
And in his mercy waits to bless  
The beings he hath made ;  
And take, a dweller 'midst their bands,  
The cup of trembling from their hands.

Their debt He pays, their sin he bears,  
All glory to his name !  
And washes out with blood and tears,  
Their sins' deep graven stain.  
Earth, bow before Him ! man, adore  
The gracious Pilgrim to thy shore !

For all his never wearied love  
He only asks thy prayers,  
And bids his followers seek above  
*His* glorious home, and *theirs* :  
Hear the glad message, earth and sky !  
Hear and in humble joy reply !





For us on this high day he died  
For us betrayed and crucified.

## GOOD FRIDAY HYMN.

## FIRST PART.

It is the day of all the year  
Dear to the eye of faith,  
For now each Christian heart draws near  
To mourn our Saviour's death ;  
For us on this high day he died,  
For us betrayed and crucified.

The paradise to Adam given  
Was forfeit by his sin,  
That sin that shut the gates of heaven,  
Nor let him pass within :  
God one commandment only gave—  
Man broke that law, and earned the grave.

Death with that disobedience came—  
Without it none had died ;  
No care, anxiety, or pain,  
Had then the spirit tried ;  
But man chose out his own false way,  
And dared his God to disobey.

Now is it not a grievous thought,  
That from a God so great  
Man's stubborn heart rebelled, and brought  
Such misery on his fate ?  
Brought death, and pain, and every ill,  
To have his own rebellious will ?

Yet so it was ; and to the dust  
From whence he had been framed  
He must have mouldered ; but though just,  
Th' Almighty's love proclaimed,  
That He would put the trespass by,  
If one for man's deep sin would die.

And was there one to take on him

The sentence thus decreed ?

One who, without the taint of sin,

For man's offence should bleed ?

Oh, may I bless His gracious name !

For *this* the lowly Jesus came.

## SECOND PART.

He came the world to reconcile

To its Creator's love,

To pour the blessing of his smile

The ruined earth above ;

For this the weeds of flesh He wore,

For this his cross in anguish bore.

Remember ! for each mercy shed

Upon the passing day,

For every one our Saviour bled !

And that great price to pay,

Which only could proclaim us free,

He died on the accursed tree.

Remember ! on the cross He hung,  
To rescue us from sin ;  
Let this restrain the wilful tongue,  
The heart that burns within :  
By passion's fury, envy's pain,  
We crucify our Lord again.

Oh, think on this when anger, pride,  
Or malice, fills your heart ;  
For such your Benefactor died—  
Then bid the sin depart,  
Whose doom our Saviour's spirit shook,  
On which th' Almighty cannot look.

But for our blest Redeemer's love,  
We could not seek our God ;  
We could not lift our prayers above,  
Or bear the Judge's rod ;  
But in the Son's eternal name,  
Grace, mercy, and support we claim.



Bow down before His glorious cross ;

My soul, bow down in prayer :

He has repaid our bitter loss,

He has redeemed us there ;

For 'tis *there only* we can plead,

There only find the help we need.

## EASTER HYMN.

THE tomb hath given up her trust,  
The sentence hath been sealed,  
The form clothed in her purest dust,  
Once more to earth revealed ;  
The body died, for sinners slain,  
For sinners it hath risen again.

To be our healing, was its death ;  
To be our hope, its birth ;  
For us, that voice of living breath  
Spake in the words of earth ;  
Christ dwelt among us, sojourned here,  
Then suffered by the cross and spear.



The body died for sinners slain.  
For sinners it hath risen again.



But not the burial cave could chain  
That never-dying form,  
Nor could that crowned brow remain  
In bondage to the worm :  
Through sealed tomb and silent clay  
The Lord of life returned this day.

He came his chosen few to cheer,  
To join them on their way,  
To whisper peace amid their fear,  
To wipe all tears away ;  
To lead their sorrow from the tomb,  
And point on high their future home.

And we too, though the body dies,  
Remodelled from the clay,  
With these same breathing forms shall rise,  
At *his* triumphant day ;  
Though scattered far o'er wave and plain,  
This dust of ours shall live again.

Redeemer ! when our forms shall be  
    Called from the silent earth,  
May then our lot be cast with Thee !  
    With Thee our second birth !  
Death's chain 'twas thine this day to break,  
Make us, too, free for thy dear sake !

## THE CHILD OF HOPE.

HE was the child of Hope,  
That boy so mild and kind ;  
As spring's sweet flowers ope,  
So dawned his gentle mind ;  
A depth of tranquil thought lay there,  
A love that blessed his parents' care.

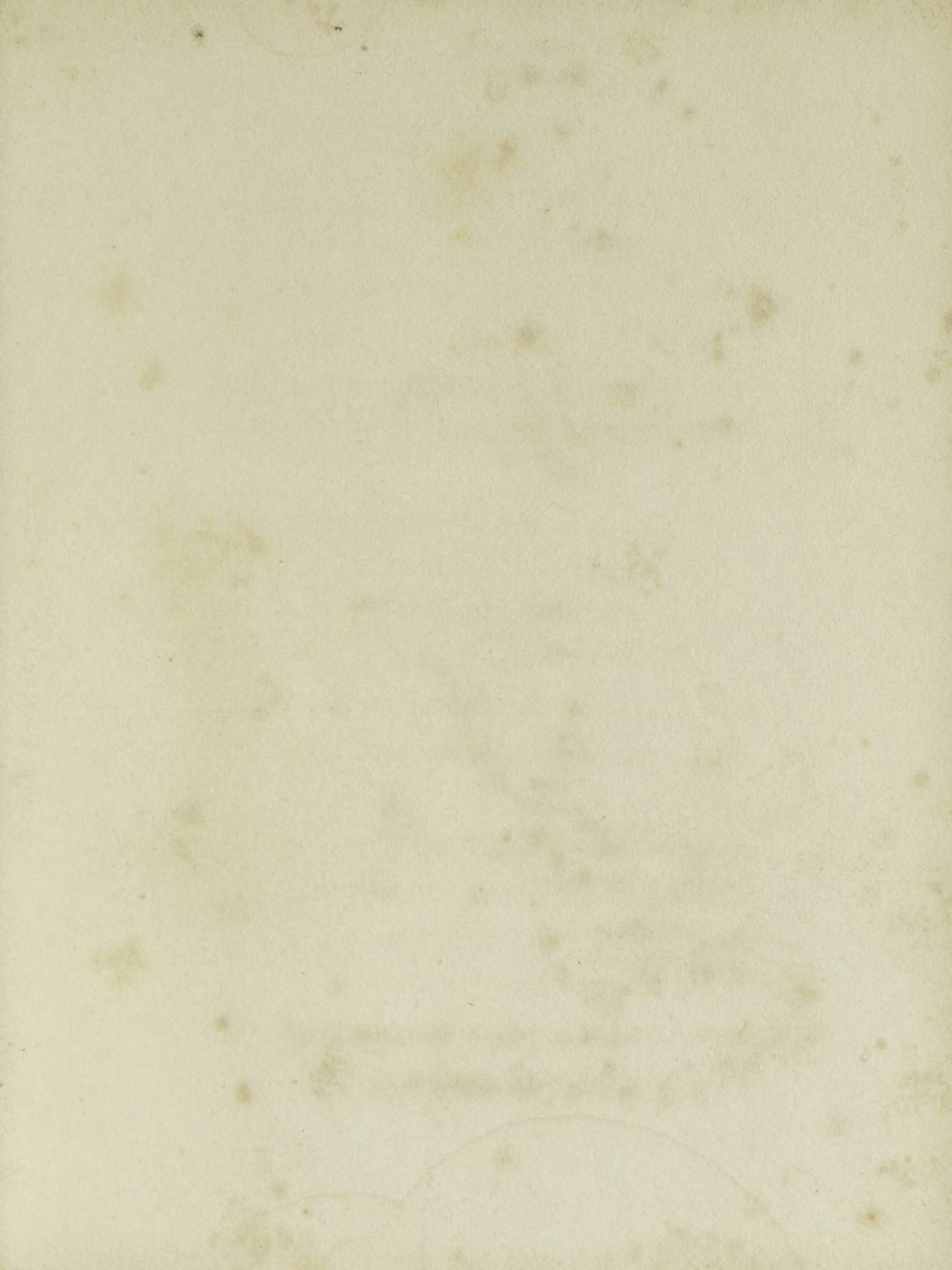
Each wonder science taught,  
The earth, the sky above,  
These on his spirit wrought,  
And won his guileless love ;  
But chief the solemn page of truth  
Was precious to his earliest youth.

An ever active mind,  
    Bent to the noblest themes,  
Which truth's pure light enshrined  
    In his young fancy's dreams,  
Was his—this child of fervent prayer,  
And thankful joy, and tend'rest care.

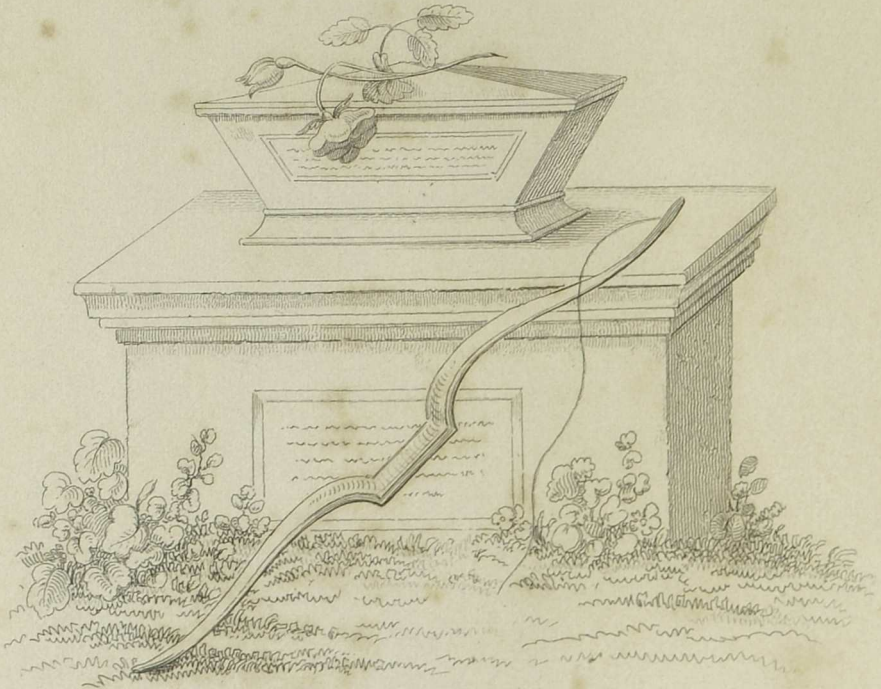
Love watched his earliest hour,  
    Love led his steps aright,  
And love's most glad'ning power  
    Touched all his thoughts with light ;  
His sweet affections, tuned above,  
Spake all of gentleness and love.

And wisdom's dawning ray  
    Beamed o'er that infant mind,  
And talent's changeful play  
    Its future strength defined ;  
Yet humble, sportive, calmly glad,  
In gentleness his soul was clad.





He  
is not dead  
but sleepeth



There on that hillock's blossomed slope  
In silence sleeps this child of Hope.

Now in his happy home  
Does his clear voice make mirth?—  
With flowery wreaths o'ergrown,  
Look on yon spot of earth!  
There, on that hillock's blossomed slope,  
In silence sleeps this child of Hope!

He *is* the child of Hope  
No less within that tomb,  
Than when his voice could float  
Upon the twilight gloom;  
When many a gladsome word made known  
How joyfully he sought his home!

'Tis with as sure a trust  
We bend above his clay,  
As when this buried dust  
Beside our path could stray;  
As when that eye and ready ear  
Could gladly turn of God to hear.

Not cropped to fade or die,  
Our plant hath ceased to blow,  
Though here deep buried lie  
The wreaths it wore below ;  
Where storm can vex not, keen frost chill,  
Its fairer flower blossoms still.

Even so, eternal Lord !  
Thou Shepherd of the fold,  
Whose own consoling word  
His ransomed lot hath told ;  
Thou to the bosom of thy care  
Hath bidden him to shelter there.

O'er us the storm may fall,  
The bitter blast sweep by ;  
But he, redeemed from all,  
Now lives eternally ;  
Rejoicing in thy presence, Lord,  
Reaping the promise of thy word.

Child, not of Hope, but Faith !

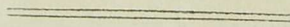
For hope is crowned to thee ;

Blessed was thy bed of death,

May blest our meeting be !

When earth shall moulder like thy clay,

And Christ hath wiped all tears away !





## NOTES.

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Note 1, Page 7.

*Keep me from every thought of sin,  
From harms without and snares within.*

There are some parents whose habitual feeling on religious subjects may make them consider these two lines as unintelligible, or misplaced, when applied to children; the *innocence* of infancy, and its freedom from vice, are topics widely credited and poetically expatiated upon; but not the most enthusiastic lover of childhood, after steadily and calmly reading its feelings and its passions, its little tricks to circumvent, and to conceal, and to deceive, can dispute the point, that the thoughts of man's heart are only evil continually, even when their spring season

of life sets out every natural impulse in its mildest and pleasantest character. If a child feel a difficulty in learning that it has "snares within" to guard against, let the parent or guardian of its infancy remember that it is a duty incumbent upon *her*, to make this truth known : as soon even as a child can comprehend the answers given to its questions on natural subjects and usual occurrences, *then* is the time to lead and encourage its attention to subjects of deeper interest. That we have all become, in our own nature, unacceptable to God, and only able to approach Him by the grace we are told to pray for ; that the first human beings forfeited his paternal care by disobedience, and could alone be saved from instant destruction by faith in the atonement of his blessed Son ;—these are no difficult truths to impress on an infant mind, if due attention be only paid to the *manner* in which we urge and explain them. In reading or writing books for children, we must forget that we have long ceased to be children, and must adapt both our communications and our style to the simplicity of their capacities. The mother, or aunt, or sister, is not bound to read a lecture on divinity, which would be as



unbecoming in her as distasteful to her pupil ; but she is under a solemn and affecting obligation to bring her little scholar acquainted with the only knowledge which can survive all earthly attainments. If any should maintain, " This child is too young for such knowledge," where is the authority for such an axiom ? Let the mother bethink her that reason and will awake almost before we can trace their operation ; and then, at any period of her child's life, she will feel, " *now* is the accepted time" wherein to consecrate its dawning mind to its almighty Giver. The very habit of making serious subjects familiar to a child, would benefit both parties. We must *learn* a science before we can lecture upon it : we find " what is truth," whilst we are engaged in the search for another.

Note 2, Page 17.

*Great God ! whose spirit moved above*

*The dark unfathomed deep.*

As the whole purpose of this little book is to be useful, a few of the longer words are explained, lest the inquiries

of little ones should be checked by their nurse or preceptress, who may think the explanation tiresome. Now, to *fathom*, means to measure the depth of the sea, by throwing out a line with lead at the end of it, to make it sink to the bottom: sailors use this contrivance when they want to know how far their ship is from the rocks or sand. *Unfathomed* means, therefore, deeper than any rope can measure: the sea is in most places deeper than any rope can stretch; when it is shallower, weeds and shells come up upon the lead, and so often tell sailors, by their kinds, what sort of land they are near.

Note 3, Page 17.

*And rolled the gloomy darkness back  
From off the earthly sphere.*

*Sphere* means a round globe. The earth on which we live does not lie flat, as the country before us seems to do: it is round, but so very large, that we do not see its shape. But when you are by the sea-side, you may see it a little; for when a ship is coming, you only see the masts, and then, after some time, the hulk or body

of the ship ; because the slope of the world hid that part till the ship comes sailing on nearer to you.

Note 4, Page 18.

*When that which gilds the firmament  
At once shall cease to roll.*

The *firmament* is all that space of air above our heads, which looks like a dome of blue sky, and in which the sun by day, and the moon and stars by night, seem to pass along.

Note 5, Page 20.

*And rolled the sea-green waves beneath,  
Crisped with each low wind's gentle breath.*

To *crisp*, means to curl, as you see the waves do when a wind passes over the sea ; not strong enough to blow it into large ridges, called billows, but enough to make it play about in little points. The idea is taken from the waving and curling of hair.

## Note 6, Page 20.

*The dropping manna from above,  
To brighten vale and hill.*

The shower is here called *manna*, because rain makes the corn grow, and all the fruits of the earth come to perfection. This corn and fruit is given us for food, but scarcity follows the want of rain; and we see rain is necessary to bring our food in its season, as manna fed the Israelites; therefore timely showers produce the fruitfulness which supports our lives. This way of putting one thing to show another is called a metaphor.

## Note 7, Page 27.

*Its waves are as a crystal shrine,  
For each unrivalled work of thine.*

A *shrine* is a case to put any thing very precious in. People once kept the ashes and bones of good men in such cases, made very rich with gold, jewels, silver, and fine marbles. This they did to show their respect; but it was a mistake to visit and pray at these shrines, because

one body is no better than another when the soul is gone out of it, and turns to dust as soon. It is wiser to keep in mind the good acts such persons did, and the good things they wrote and said, and to imitate them in these.

Note 8, Page 28.

*The nautilus, who sets his sail,  
And rows along his fairy barque.*

The *nautilus* is a little shell-fish, in the shape of a beautiful, white, transparent boat or canoe. It has a membrane or skin which it can put up like a sail, and two feelers with which it strikes the water, like oars.

Note 9, Page 28.

*That arctic king, the far-sought whale,  
Whose vast bulk seems a floating ark.*

The *whale* is that immense fish from which we have oil and whalebone and spermaceti. He lives in the north or arctic seas, and so great is his size, that his jaw alone is often fifteen feet in length.

Note 10, Page 29.

*Is he, that tuneful pilgrim, vowed  
To visit yonder world of light ?*

A *pilgrim* was a person who made a vow to go to some great distance, and some famous place, to worship God. Pilgrims generally went to the place where our Saviour was crucified and buried; thinking that their having been there was a circumstance well pleasing to God, and which brought them respect amongst men. But God does not ask from what place or what country we say our prayers; and one spot is no better to praise him in, than another. Now many of these pilgrims spent their money and quarrelled, and wandered about, forgetting that they could have served God much better by staying in quiet industry, and doing his will at home. As the lark flies upwards towards the sun, his flight is compared to the journey of a pilgrim; and this way of calling him one, is likewise a metaphor, or poetical licence.

## Note 11, Page 32.

*The eternal heaven, his Maker's throne  
On high, 'twas his to share.*

This does not mean that man could ever have been, in any way, equal to God his Creator, even had he remained innocent; but that, had he not disobeyed the only command given him, God would have "walked with him," have been visibly present with him; and, as he would never have died, he would doubtless have been admitted into that happy eternity which forms what we call Heaven, the especial dwelling-place and throne of God's glory.

## Note 12, Page 49.

*All Nature, hail the wondrous birth,  
Her God to man allied!*

The blessed Jesus, our Saviour, being God, could never taste of death, to which human beings are subject, and which was the consequence of their sin; but to bear the punishment of our sins for us, he became a man, that he might die instead of the human race. As the

deathless soul is hid within the body of every man, so Christ, our Saviour, hid the majesty of his glory in the form of that blessed Son of Mary, who was born at Bethlehem, and grew up from infancy to manhood. As we are told in the history we read in the gospel, after doing every kind of good on earth, and leaving to mankind a blessed law whereby to guide them, this same human form our Saviour had taken, was put to death upon the cross. But our Lord once more entered this glorified body, and appeared in it to his disciples, and then ascended up to heaven in the same likeness they had known on earth, that all might see he returned to his throne on high.

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*Note on the two Hymns for the Assistance of the Holy Spirit.*

A specific direction of the mind to that Holy Spirit who can alone bring to us the good things we pray for, is essential in a collection, however bounded and however



humble, which professes to be formed upon Christian principles. Most fully as the writer feels the necessity of this Spirit to help every human endeavour, and that unless his grace consecrate the lowliest building, their labour is but vain that build; yet the idea of composing a hymn expressly acknowledging this tenet of our faith, was not originally her own; she owes it to the suggestion of a valued friend, who has richly found this gracious Spirit a "lamp to the path," even when many sorrows cast their shade across it; and to whose kind perusal the little MS. was committed when first planned. This friend is not one whom zeal or tenderness of friendship can beguile to whisper "peace where there is no peace." The debt due in this instance, as in many others, is here thankfully recorded; and though, in indulgence towards well-known taste, no name is added, friendship will accept the acknowledgment, and rejoice that her whisper was neither unheard nor disregarded.

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