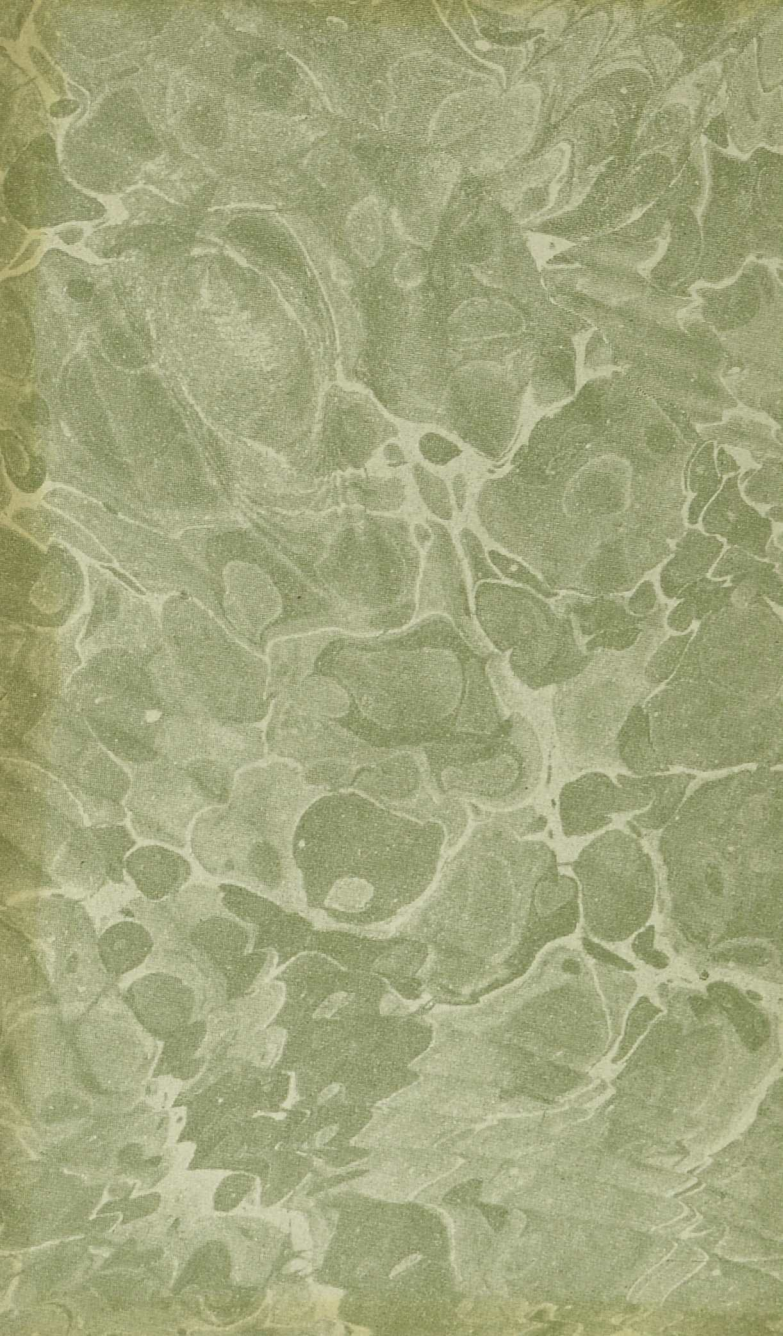
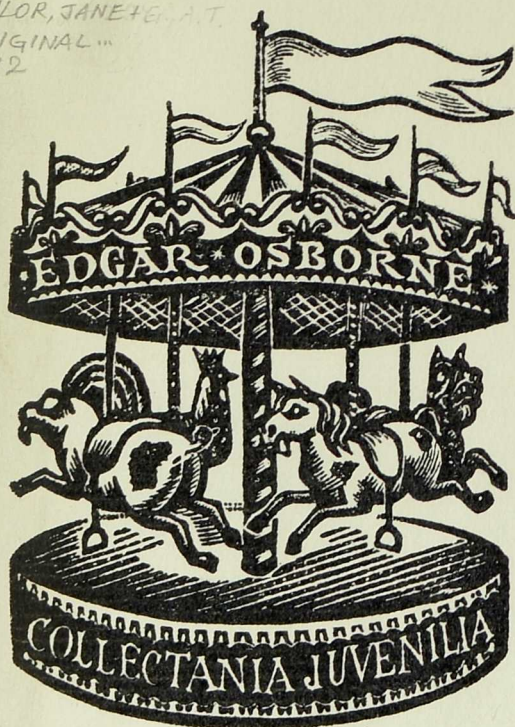






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ORIGINAL
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ORIGINAL HYMNS

FOR

Sunday Schools.



BY THE AUTHORS OF

“HYMNS FOR INFANT MINDS, ORIGINAL POEMS;”

&c.



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ORIGINAL HYMNS,

&c.

HYMN I.

For Sunday Morning.

THIS day belongs to God alone;
He chuses Sunday for his own;
And we must neither work nor play,
Because it is the Sabbath day.

'Tis well to have one day in seven,
That we may learn the way to heaven;
Orelse, we never should have thought,
About religion as we ought.

Then, let us spend it as we should,
In serving God, and growing good;
And not forget, when Sunday's gone,
What texts the sermons were upon.

We ought to-day to learn and seek
What we may think of all the week;

I must remember what I'm told;
 And always do as I am bid;
 And not be obstinate, or bold,
 Or cross, or sulky, when I'm chid.

And when I am not at the school,
 Even if nobody is near,
 I ought to think of every rule,
 And be as good as when I'm here.

These are the things I ought to mind,
 And so I will, with all my might;
 Because I'm certain I shall find,
 There's nothing lost by doing right.



H Y M N III.

Q. *"What must you do for this great God who is so good to you?"*---A. *I must learn to know him first, and then I must do every thing to please him."*

THIS is the way to know the Lord,
 And this will please him too,
 To hear and read his holy word,
 That tells us what to do.

He lives in heaven, and does not need
 Such little ones as we;
 But God is very kind indeed,
 And even cares for me:

Though, if I tried with all my might,
 And did the best I could,
 I should not always do it right,
 And could not do him good.

Then let me love him for his care,
 And love his holy word,
 Because he teaches children there,
 To know and please the Lord.



H Y M N IV.

About Jesus Christ, who died for Sinners.

JESUS, who liv'd above the sky,
 Came down to be a man, and die;
 And in the Bible we may see,
 How very good he used to be.

He went about, he was so kind,
 To cure poor people who were blind;
 And many who were sick and lame,
 He pitied them, and did the same.

And more than that; he told them too
 The things that God would have them
 do :

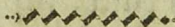
And was so gentle, and so mild,
 He would have listen'd to a child.

But such a cruel death he died!
 He was hung up, and crucified!
 And those kind hands, that did such
 good,
 They nail'd them to a cross of wood!

And so he died!---and this is why
 He came to be a man and die;
 The Bible says, he came from heaven,
 That we might have our sins forgiven.

He knew how wicked men had been,
 And knew that God must punish sin;
 So out of pity, Jesus said,
 He'd bear the punishment instead.

Now, God will pardon those who pray,
And hate their sins, and turn away;
But wicked folks, who do not care,
We know, that such he cannot bear.



H Y M N V.

Against Spite and Anger.

WHOM does Jesus Christ delight in?
Who shall live with him above?
Not a child that's fond of fighting;---
Such an one he could not love.

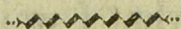
Quarrelling, and overbearing,
Angry words, and spiteful lies,
Malice, and revenge, and swearing,
These, are hateful in his eyes.

Tit for tat, and being even,
Bits of mischief we have done,
Sudden blows we may have given
That were only half in fun:

Saucy words we only mutter'd,
 Little things we did to teaze;
 Yes, and thoughts we never utter'd,
 He has notic'd even these!

Oh! thou meek and holy Saviour,
 Thou hast seen us thro' and thro'!
 Pardon all our bad behaviour,
 Make us meek and holy too.

Let us think of him that sees us
 From his glorious throne above;
 And be fit to live with Jesus,
 And be such as he can love.



H Y M N VI.

*Q. What doth God do for you?---A. He keeps
 me from Harm by Night and by Day, and is
 always doing me Good.*

God keeps me safe by day and night,
 And always does me good!
 He'd make me rich, if that were right,
 Because we know he could.

But though he chose me to be poor,
 How many things I have;
 Although I don't deserve, I'm sure,
 The smallest that he gave.

I should not have a crust of bread
 Without his tender care;
 Nor fire to warm me, nor a bed,
 Nor any clothes to wear.

'Tis he that keeps me strong and well,
 While many others die,
 And, if they're naughty, go to hell,
 Who are as young as I!

He thinks of what I want, and sends
 The very things I need;
 And God it is who gives me friends,
 And lets me learn to read.

And more than all the rest, he sent
 Our Saviour down from heaven,
 That we might love him, and repent,
 And have our sins forgiven.

H Y M N VII.

*Do not put off till to-morrow what should be
done to-day.*

W^HA^TE^VE^R work we have to do
Should never be delayed,
Because the same excuses too
To-morrow will be made:
Let each day's work be done by night,
And that will make our labour light.

Delay is dangerous---and it turns
To trouble in the end;
But chiefly in our soul's concerns
It must to ruin tend:
O 'tis a folly and a crime,
For *now* is the accepted time!

Yet many put religion by,
And think awhile to wait;
Then find perhaps that when they try,
Repentance is too late:
Our hearts grow harder every day,
The longer we neglect to pray.

Thus sinners trifle, young and old,
 Until their dying day ;
 Then, they would give a world of gold
 To have an hour to pray ;
 But now perhaps the time is past,
 And so they die in sin at last!

O then lest *we* should perish thus,
 We would no longer wait,
 As time will soon be past with us,
 And death must fix our state ;
 For, long or short, our life is given,
 Only to make us fit for heaven.



H Y M N VIII.

We should do as we would be done by.

To do to others as I would
 That they should do to me,
 Will make me honest, kind, and good,
 As children ought to be.

We never need behave amiss,
 Nor feel uncertain long,
 As we can always tell by this,
 If things are right or wrong.

I know I should not steal or use
 The smallest thing I see,
 Which I should never like to lose,
 If it belonged to me.

And this plain rule forbids me quite,
 To strike an angry blow;
 Because I should not think it right,
 If others served me so.

But any kindness they may need
 I'll do, whate'er it be;
 As I am very glad indeed
 When they are kind to me.

Whether I am at home, at school,
 Or walking out abroad,
 I never should forget this rule,
 Of Jesus Christ the Lord.

HYMN IX.

The Folly of Finery.

SOME poor little ignorant children
delight,
In wearing fine ribbons and caps;
But this is a very ridiculous sight,
Though they do not know it perhaps.

Clean hands, and clean faces, and
neatly-combed hair,
And garments made decent and plain,
Are better than all the fine things
they can wear,
Which make them look vulgar and
vain.

A girl who will keep herself tidy and
clean,
(As every child easily may)
Needs not be afraid or ashamed to be
seen,
Whoever may come in her way.

Then children, attend to the words
you repeat,

And always remember this line:

'Tis a *credit* to any good girl to be
neat,

But quite a *disgrace* to be fine.



H Y M N X.

A Hymn for the Children to Sing.

LORD may a few poor children raise
To thee a hymn of humble praise?
That such poor little ones as we
Are taught to love and worship thee.

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

The Lord is kind, and we will sing
 The praises of our heavenly king:
 He saw our sin with angry frown,
 And yet he look'd with pity down.

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

Then let us listen day by day,
 To every thing our teachers say;
 And may it be our great concern,
 Still to remember what we learn.

~~~~~  
 H Y M N XI.

*Upon paying proper Attention at School.*

DEAR children have you ever thought,  
 That you will come to school in vain,  
 Unless you *think* of what you're taught,  
 And *try* instruction to obtain.

The meaning must be understood  
 Of every lesson that you say,  
 Else it will do you little good,  
 Although repeated every day.

Read all your words distinct and  
 slow,  
 That you may think of what they  
 mean,  
 And pay attention as you go  
 To make the proper stops between.

Allow no idle thought or look;  
 Let no disturbing sound be heard;  
 But when you read God's holy book,  
*Be sure* you mind it every word.

His holy will is written there;  
 For our instruction 'tis design'd;  
 Then surely we should never dare  
 To read it with a thoughtless mind.

## HYMN XII.

*About David, "the Man after God's own  
Heart, who was raised from a Shepherd to  
be a King."*

Good David, whose Psalms have so  
often been sung,

At first was not noble or grand,  
But only a shepherd-boy when he was  
young,

Though afterwards king of the land.

He 'tended his flocks in the pastures  
by day,

And kept them in safety by night;  
And tho' a poor shepherd, he did not  
delay,

To do what was holy and right.

For while he sat watching his sheep  
in the fold,

To guard them from danger abroad,  
It then was his greatest delight we are  
told,

To think on the works of the Lord.

He gazed on the moon and the stars in  
 the sky,  
 Which God has ordained to shine,  
 And "Lord what is poor sinful man"  
 he would cry,  
 "Compared with these wonders of  
 thine!"

Thus seeking so early for knowledge  
 and truth,  
 His childhood in wisdom began;  
 And therefore the Lord was the guide  
 of his youth,  
 And made him so mighty a man.

When ready for battle Goliath ap-  
 peared,  
 Young David first offered to go;  
 He knew that his God whom he  
 trusted and fear'd  
 Would help him to conquer the foe.

In war, and in fighting, he had not  
 been skill'd,  
 Yet ventur'd to meet him alone;

And this mighty giant he presently  
kill'd

With only a sling and a stone.

So he soon was made King, for the  
prophet foretold,

That God meant to honour him thus:  
And if we will serve him like David  
of old,

The Lord will be mindful of us.



### H Y M N XIII.

*Q. "Will God forgive you if you pray for it?"*

*---A. I hope he will forgive me if I trust  
in his Mercy, for the Sake of what Jesus  
Christ has done, and what he has suffered."*

THOUGH I do amiss so often

That I cannot count the times,  
Yet the Lord my heart can soften,  
And can pardon all my crimes;

For he sent his Son from Heaven,  
 Though he was the Lord above,  
 That our sins might be forgiven,  
 Out of his amazing love!

He could see from the beginning  
 That our wickedness was great;  
 He could see us fond of sinning,  
 Which is what his soul doth hate;  
 So, to put new hearts within us,  
 Jesus Christ, in pity, said,  
 He would come and die for sinners,  
 And be punished in our stead!

O! what mercy! and what kindness!  
 Let us all repent and pray;  
 For it would be wicked blindness  
 Not to turn this very day:  
 Now we hope to be forgiven,  
 Since our blessed Saviour died;  
 And we cannot get to heaven  
 Any way at all beside.

## H Y M N XIV.

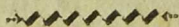
*About Repenting.*

IF Jesus Christ was sent  
 To save us from our sin,  
 And help us to repent,  
 We should at once begin;  
 And pray that he would teach us how  
 To seek and find his mercy now.

He says he loves to see  
 A broken-hearted one;  
 That is, that we should be  
 Ashamed of what we've done;  
 And sorry, from our inmost heart,  
 For acting this ungrateful part.

'Tis not enough to say,  
 "We're sorry and repent,"  
 And go from day to day  
 Just as we always went;  
 For real repenting, is to leave  
 Our wicked ways, as well as grieve.

And when we hear and read  
 That Jesus died for us,  
 We ought to mourn indeed,  
 For having grieved him thus;  
 And serve him now with all our  
 might,  
 Or else, we don't repent aright.



## H Y M N XV.

Q. *“What if you do not fear God, nor love him, nor seek to please him? A. Then I shall be a wicked Child, and the great God will be very Angry with me.”*

How could I bear that dreadful thing,  
 The anger of my heavenly King?  
 How could I bear for God to be  
 Displeased, and not a friend to me?

O! this is such a dreadful thought,  
 It makes me fearful as it ought!  
 I would not be a wicked child,  
 For all the gold that could be piled!

To lie, to pilfer, or to cheat,  
Like idle children in the street,  
To use bad words, or fight, and swear,  
These are the things I could not bear!

For though, at first, I might begin  
With what I thought a little sin,  
Yet, very soon I should have grown  
As hard and careless as a stone.

Perhaps I might not even pray,  
Or read, or keep the sabbath day;  
And then where would it end at last,  
If I grew worse and worse so fast!

O! this is where it all would end;  
My life in sorrow I should spend,  
And when I died---but none can tell  
What sinners feel who go to hell!

## H Y M N XVI.

*Upon the Death of a Schoolfellow.*

Now one of our number is dead,  
 The living should lay it to heart;  
 For we might have died in her\* stead,  
 And soon it must come to our part!  
 How lately she was with us here,  
 As young, or as healthy as we;  
 And thought just as little, how near  
 The day of her dying might be!

Oh! then, if she could but have known  
 How soon she'd be taken away,  
 How serious she would have grown!  
 How willing to read and to pray!  
 She would not have wasted an hour  
 Of time that was going so fast;  
 Nor have done, to the best of her power,  
 One thing to repent of at last.

\* In this, and all similar hymns, *he* or *she* may be introduced by the teacher, to suit the occasion.

But if she had felt such a change  
 At knowing her death was so near,  
 Then is it not foolish and strange  
 If we are not ready to fear?  
 Death is sure, be it ever so slow;  
 And though she was taken the first,  
 I may be the second to go,  
 And one of us certainly must.

Then let us remember our end,  
 As if we were dying to-day;  
 And strive to have God for a friend,  
 At once, without any delay:  
 We'll beg him to pardon our sin,  
 Because he is willing to save;  
 And *now's* the best time to begin,  
 For, perhaps, it is all we shall have.



## H Y M N XVII.

*God sees every Thing, and knows every Thing.*

I'm not too young for God to see;  
 He knows my name, and nature too;

And all day long he looks at me,  
And sees my actions thro' and thro'.

He listens to the words I say,  
And knows the thoughts I have  
within;

And whether I'm at work, or play,  
He's sure to see it if I sin.

O! how could children tell a lie,  
Or cheat in play, or steal, or fight,  
If they remembered God was by,  
And had them always in his sight!

If some good minister is near,  
It makes us careful what we do;  
And how much more we ought to  
fear

The Lord, who sees us thro' and thro'.

Then when I want to do amiss,  
However pleasant it may be,  
I'll always try to think of this,  
I'm not too young for God to see!

## HYMN XVIII.

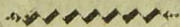
*About Jealousy, and what it comes to.*

By envious Cain we're taught  
 How murder may begin ;  
 'Twas first a jealous thought,  
 That led to greater sin ;  
 He did not want to be so good,  
 But could not bear that Abel should.

He knew that he was wrong,  
 But did not try to mend ;  
 And so it is not long  
 Before we see the end ;  
 One jealous thought, how fast it grew  
 To malice, and to murder too !

Cain might not think at first,  
 Of acting such a part ;  
 And we should never trust  
 Our own deceitful heart ;  
 If jealousy but once begin,  
 We ought to dread some greater sin.

Instead of being vex'd  
 When others meet with praise,  
 We'll try to have it next,  
 By going in their ways;  
 And never grudge what they may gain,  
 For fear of growing up like Cain.



## H Y M N XIX.

*Upon the shortness and uncertainty of our Lives.*

TIME is never at a stand,  
 Life is like a fading flower,  
 Death is always near at hand,  
 And comes nearer every hour;  
 Those who now are young and gay,  
 Shortly will be old and grey.

Adam liv'd nine hundred years,  
 And Methuselah still more;  
 Enoch very old appears,  
 Seth; and Abraham, and Noah;  
 Yet at last their time came on,  
 And they all are dead and gone.

Now man's life doth seldom last  
 More than threescore years and  
 ten,  
 And the time will soon be past,  
 Even if we live till then ;  
 But the funeral bell is toll'd  
 For the young as well as old.

Let us then prepare to die,  
 Since the day of death is sure ;  
 Then it will not signify  
 Whether we were rich or poor,  
 We shall only want to know,  
 Whether we're prepar'd to go.

~~~~~

H Y M N XX.

A Hymn of Praise for the Children to Sing.

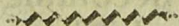
Now let our voices all be led
 To praise the Lord to-day,
 For Jesus Christ himself has said,
 That little children may.

We praise thee, Lord, for every good
 Thy tender care bestows,
 We thank thee for our daily food,
 And for our decent clothes.

'Tis great compassion in the Lord
 Our mouths with bread to fill;
 But we are taught to read his word,
 And that is better still.

Not all the wealth the world can give
 Could such a treasure buy,
 For this will teach us how to live,
 And make us fit to die.

O may we always be inclin'd
 To walk in wisdom's ways!
 And, Lord, as thou art very kind,
 Accept our song of praise.



H Y M N XXI.

A Child's Prayer.

O LORD wilt thou teach me to pray,
 And afterwards answer my prayer;

I know thou canst hear what I say,
Because thou art every where.

Not even a sparrow can fall,
But Lord it is notic'd by thee,
And though I'm so young and so small,
Thou art not unmindful of me.

Oh teach me to do what is right!
And when I offend thee, forgive;
And make it my greatest delight,
To serve thee as long as I live.

Whatever distress I am in,
To thee may I cheerfully call;
Especially keep me from sin,
For that's the worst evil of all.

Let no inward thought be allow'd
That is not becoming in me,
For even poor children are proud,
Unless they're made humble by thee.

Then still may I seek, till I find,
What none can be happy without,
That humble and teachable mind,
Which Jesus was preaching about.

HYMN XXII.

God punishes Liars.

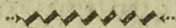
No real advantage can proceed,
 From doing what is wrong;
 For if at first it should succeed,
 'Twill not continue long.

Elisha's servant told a lie,
 In hopes to gain some gold;
 He knew his master was not by,
 And never would be told.

But God with great displeasure sees
 The money thus procured;
 And, for this sin, a sad disease
 He all his life endured.

When Anánias thought to hide
 The money he had got,
 He and his wife Sapphira died
 For their deceitful plot.

Then let us all avoid, and fear
 To say what is not true,
 As God can always see and hear,
 And he can punish too.



H Y M N XXIII.

*About the Bible, and the Advantage of being
 able to read it.*

THIS is a precious book indeed !
 Happy the child that loves to read !
 'Tis God's own word, which he has
 given,
 To show our souls the way to heaven !
 It tells us how the world was made ;
 And how good men the Lord obey'd ;
 Here his commands are written too,
 To teach us what we ought to do.

It bids us all from sin to fly,
 Because our souls can never die :

It tells of heaven, where angels dwell;
And warns us to escape from hell.

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

'Tis thus the book which God has
given,
Shows us the only way to heaven;
Be thankful children that you may
Read this good Bible every day.



H Y M N XXIV.

*About Daniel, "the Prophet, who was saved
in the Lion's Den, because he prayed to God;
and the three Jews, who were cast into the
fiery Furnace, and were not burnt."*

Good Daniel would not cease to pray
With all his foes in view;

He called on God three times a day,
 As he was used to do;
 Nor feared the power of wicked men,
 Who put him in the lion's den.

Nor was he of those beasts afraid,
 Though ready to devour;
 The Lord his God to whom he pray'd
 Preserv'd him from their power:
 The hungry lions did not dare
 To touch the holy prophet there.

And thus the Lord did once preserve
 Three good young men of old,
 Who did not dare bow down and serve
 The image made of gold:
 For as they fear'd his holy name,
 He sav'd them from the burning flame.

Then let *us* walk in Wisdom's way,
 Though troubles may afflict;
 Though wicked people dare to say
 We need not be so strict:
 For God who kept his servants thus,
 Will surely be as kind to us.

HYMN XXV.

When saying the Catechism.

THE Bible says, that Mary came
To hear the Saviour's word;
And we are come to do the same,
And hear what Mary heard.

We read the Bible thro' and thro'
To learn the Saviour's will,
And get the Catechism too,
To make it plainer still.

O! for a meek attentive mind,
To *think* of what we say!
Or else, at last, we only find
Our pains were thrown away:

For even if we say it quite
As perfect as we should,
Unless we understand it right,
It cannot do us good.

Then always when I get my task
I'll try to make it out;
But if I cannot, then I'll ask,
To know what 'tis about.

This is the way to make us wise,
 When our young days are past;
 For every one that really tries,
 Is sure to learn, at last.



H Y M N XXVI.

*When a Scholar is turned away for bad
 Behaviour.*

How dreadful to be turned away,
 In anger, from our place!
 May we be careful every day,
 For fear of such disgrace.

What kind instruction we have had!
 And 'tis a poor return,
 To be as idle, or as bad,
 As those who never learn.

We hope that Jesus will forgive,
 The one that's gone away;
 And grant him time, that he may live
 To see his fault, and pray.

We might have been in his disgrace,
 And given up to sin;
 Without a school, or any place
 To learn religion in.

O Lord! we thank thee for the care
 That keeps us as we are;
 And pray, that we may never dare
 To anger thee so far.

Forgive what *we* have done amiss,
 In word, and deed, and thought;
 And grant, that such a time as this
 May warn us, as it ought.



H Y M N XXVII.

*Upon dismissing a good Child who has finished
 Schooling.*

O LORD, while we offer a prayer,
 We thank thee for mercy bestow'd,
 In leading this child of thy care,
 So far, in religion's good road:

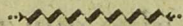
For thou didst incline her at first,
 To wish, and endeavour to learn;
 And still, thou wilt help her, we trust,
 From sin and from folly to turn.

We know not what duties may fall
 To her, in this life to fulfil;
 But may this be her care in them all,
 Sincerely to follow thy will;
 In all, to be faithful and true,
 And modest, in deed and in thought;
 Industrious, and willing to do;
 Or humble and meek to be taught.

Still, morning and night, may she pray,
 Wherever her lot may be found;
 And keep to thy word, and thy day,
 In spite of young sinners around.
 In pain, or temptation, or grief,
 Whatever her troubles may be,
 O teach her to fly for relief,
 In all her distresses, to thee.

May Jesus himself be her friend;
 The Bible, her comfort and guide;
 And may thy good Spirit descend,
 To bless and instruct her beside:

We need not ask anything more;
 For if she have God for a friend,
 He'll bless her in basket and store,
 His love will endure to the end.



H Y M N XXVIII.

A public Hymn for the Teachers.

THOU, who didst with love and bless-
 Gather Zion's babes to thee, [ing,
 Still, a Saviour's love expressing,
 These, the babes of Zion, see;
 Bless the labours,
 That would bring them up for thee.
 Smile upon the weak endeavour,
 Vain, if thou thy smile deny;
 Lo! they rise,---to live for ever!
 Train, Oh! train them, for the sky:
 Ne'er may Satan
 Plunder Zion's nursery.

Let no self-applauding feeling,
 Nought of praise from mortals won,
 O'er the heart infectious stealing,
 Poison what our hands have done:

Raise the motives,
Sink the pride of every one.

Love to thee, and pure affection
For the lambs that need a fold,
These should give our zeal direction,
And prevent its growing cold;
Or support us,
E'en if blessing thou withhold.

Yet, with humble fervour bending,
We that blessing would entreat;
On the infant heart descending,
Make the toils of learning sweet;
Straight to Zion,
Turn the young enquirer's feet.

Then, when long we both have slumber'd,
Side by side, in common dust,
With thy ransom'd people number'd,
With th' assembly of the just,
Child and Teacher,
Saviour, own our humble trust.

HYMN XXIX.

A public Hymn for the Children.

WE thank the Lord above,
Who cares for children thus ;
And sends his people, out of love,
To teach and pray for us.

We humbly join the prayers,
As grateful children should ;
Unless we add our own to theirs,
They cannot do us good.

Oh ! make us all sincere,
And thankful to be taught ;
And careful, every word we hear,
To mind it as we ought.

For here we learn the way,
That leads to God and heaven ;
And how such helpless sinners may
Have all their sins forgiven.

We thank the Lord who shows
His love and mercy thus ;
And pray that he would smile on those
Who teach and pray for us.

HYMN XXX.

Thanks to Teachers.

I OUGHT to remember the kindness of
those

Who teach me at school, with such
trouble and pains:

'Tis better than giving me money, or
clothes,

For when they are gone, yet my learn-
ing remains.

I hope to be thankful so long as I live;
And though I can never repay them,
I'm sure,

My love and my duty I'm able to give,
And these they shall have, if I'm ever
so poor.

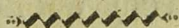
I'll do as they bid me, and mind what
they say,

And never be stubborn, or sulky, or
bold;

But come in good time, without stop-
ping to play,

And try to remember whatever I'm told.

If there's any thing else I can think of
 to do,
 I'll not be ungrateful, and that they
 shall find;
 I always shall love them, and honour
 them too,
 And I hope God will bless them for
 being so kind.



H Y M N XXXI.

*Upon the Greatness of God, and the Sin of
 offending Him.*

'TWAS God who made the earth and
 skies ;
 Great are the wonders of his hand :
 He is more pow'rful, good, and wise,
 Than any child can understand.

Bright angels bow before his face,
 And saints stand waiting round his
 throne,

And in that holy, happy, place,
No sinful thoughts or words are known.

Then how can naughty children dare
To take God's name in vain for nought!
Though all the saints and angels there
Would tremble at the very thought!

O let us still with care abstain
From such a very wicked thing!
Nor let a word or thought profane
Offend this great and glorious King.

We ought to speak with humble fear
Whenever we kneel down to pray;
His holy word with rev'rence hear,
And never break the Sabbath-day.

But as there will be much amiss
Whatever care and pains we take,
We'll beg the Lord to pardon this,
And hear our prayers, for Jesus' sake.

HYMN XXXII.

A Hymn for a poor Child.

LORD I am poor, yet hear my call;
Bestow my daily bread;
Give me at least the crumbs that fall
From tables richly spread.

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

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

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

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

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



H Y M N XXXIII.

Upon the Pleasures of Industry & Contentment.

SOME think it a hardship to work for
 their bread,

Altho' for our good it was meant;
 But those who don't work have no
 right to be fed,

And the idle are never content.

An honest employment brings pleasure and gain,

And makes us our troubles forget;
 For those who work hard have no time
 to complain ;

And 'tis better to labour than fret.

And if we had riches, they could not
 procure

A happy and peaceable mind:

Rich people have trouble as well as the
Although of a different kind. [poor,

It signifies not, what our stations have
been,

Nor whether we're little or great;
For happiness lies in the temper within,
And not in the outward estate.

We only need labour as hard as we can
For all that our bodies may need,
Still doing our duty to God and to man,
And we shall be happy indeed.



H Y M N XXXIV.

*About Solomon; "who was the King of Israel,
and the wisest of Men."*

KING Solomon of old
A happy choice had made;
'Twas not for health, nor gold,
Nor honours, that he pray'd;
He chose at once that better part,--
A wise and understanding heart.

And though both wealth, and ease,
 And power, and honours, came,
 He did not gain from these,
 His glory and his fame: [down,
 That wisdom which the Lord sent
 Was better than his golden crown.

For grandeur, wealth, and power,
 Are meaner things at best,
 Than any little flower ;
 And Solomon, though drest
 In gold and gems from distant seas,
 Was not array'd like one of these.

But wisdom from above,
 To teach us heavenly things,
 That we may learn to love
 And serve the King of kings---
 This will our souls to glory lift ;
 It is God's best, and greatest gift,

If this be what we seek,
 We cannot ask amiss ;
 The poorest child may speak,
 And ask the Lord for this :
 May we attend to wisdom's voice,
 And make this wise and happy choice !

HYMN XXXV.

To Children who are Idle, and Ungrateful.

CHILDREN, you who might obtain
 Kind instruction if you would;
 Let it not be all in vain,
 For we long to do you good;
 Ill behaviour soon will spoil
 All your teachers' care and toil.

How it grieves them if they meet
 Children, they have taught to pray,
 Playing idly in the street,
 Even on the sabbath-day;
 Just as if they never thought
 Of the lessons they are taught.

Neither time nor pains they spare
 If they can but see you learn;
 Sadly this rewards their care,
 O it is an ill return!
 Show not this ungrateful mind,
 When your teachers are so kind.

If from school you stay away,
 Only with a poor excuse,
 Liking idleness and play,
 More than things of real use,---
 How this folly will be shown,
 When you're men and women grown!

Though you now may be content
 With your stupid wicked state,
 By and bye you will repent,
 But it then may be too late:
 Then, dear children, while you may,
 Try to learn ; begin to-day.



H Y M N XXXVI.

To Parents & Children.

How happy and thankful poor chil-
 dren should be,
 (For great is the blessing indeed)
 When they meet with kind friends,
 who unite and agree,
 To teach them to work and to read.

And parents, a wise and religious concern

For their children's best welfare display,

Who are not unwilling to send them to learn,

Nor indulge them in keeping away.

What parents the dreadful reflection could bear---

(Whose children bad courses begin)

That once they withheld that instruction and care,

Which might have preserv'd them from sin!

Instruction can never be given in vain;

For even in worldly concerns,

Whatever the station in life we sustain,

To credit and profit it turns.

Our health is uncertain, and riches take wings,

And leave us still wretched and poor;

But learning, and knowledge of heavenly things,
Will ever remain and endure.

The Scriptures these durable riches contain,

Far better than silver and gold:
Let children be willing this knowledge to gain,

Nor parents the blessing withhold.

And let us remember, that day is at hand,

When each shall receive his reward;
When parents, and children, and teachers, must stand,

And give an account to their Lord.

THE END.



