

JEREMIAH TAYLOR'S COPY
(very rare) 1st ed of Hymns

Dois Mary Printage

Great-great niece of (Granddaughter
Ann & Jane Taylor of Jeremia)

7. 1936.

To

Christina Duff Stewart

Christmas 1969

A10a.

P
TAYLOR, JANE T.
HYMNS FOR ...
1810
1st ed.

A10a



Christina Duff Stewart

37131 032 414 716



Drawn by Isaac Taylor Junr.

Engraved by Ann Taylor.

*"Oh! if she would but come again
"I think I'd vex her so no more."*

London: Published by Thomas Corder, Bucklersbury June 20th 1810.

First Edition
H Y M N S

HT

FOR

INFANT MINDS.

BY

THE AUTHORS

OF

"ORIGINAL POEMS," "RHYMES FOR THE
NURSERY," &c.

— "We use great plainness of speech." —

245

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1810.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE “ Divine Songs ” of Dr. Watts, so beautiful, and so universally admired, almost discourage, by their excellence, a similar attempt ; and lead the way, where it appears temerity to follow. But as the narrow limits to which he confined himself excluded a number of useful subjects, the following Hymns, though with much diffidence, are presented to the Public. The most obvious and interesting topics were already engaged ; but if it appear that this volume of HYMNS FOR INFANT MINDS fulfils its humble promise, and adapts evangelical truths to the wants and

feelings of childhood, in language which it understands, further apology may not be required. It has been composed with a view to different ages and degrees of intelligence, but uniformly with the sacrifice of poetry to simplicity, wherever they stood opposed.

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

CONTENTS.

Hymn.	Page.
1. A Child's Hymn of Praise	1
2. Coming to Jesus	2
3. About God, who made the Sun and Moon	3
4. For a Child who has been very naughty	6
5. "Our Father, who art in Heaven"	7
6. "Early will I seek thee"	8
7. Encouragement for little Children	10
8. The Bible	11
9. Against wandering Thoughts	13
10. "A broken and contrite Heart, O God, thou wilt not despise"	14
11. The Way to find out Pride	15
12. The Way to cure Pride	18
13. A Morning Hymn	20
14. An Evening Hymn	22
15. For a Child that feels that it has a wicked Heart	23
16. Against Anger and Impatience	24
17. "Turn off mine Eyes from beholding Vanity"	26
18. For a very little Child	27
19. On attending public Worship	29
20. A Child's humble Confession and Prayer	30
21. About Dying	31
22. "Thou, God, seest me"	33
23. To a little Sister, on her Birth-day	34
24. Sin makes God angry	36

25. "Jesus Christ came into the World to save Sinners"	38
26. "Jesus said, Suffer little Children to come unto me"	40
27. Love and Duty to Parents	41
28. The Day of Life	42
29. The little Pilgrim	43
30. An Evening Hymn for a little Family	45
31. A Child's Lamentation for the Death of a dear Mother	46
32. For Sabbath Evening	48
33. Time and Eternity	49
34. Against yielding to Temptation	50
35. The Day of Judgment	51
36. Conscience	53
37. "Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly"	54
38. For Children at a Sunday School	55
39. A Minute	57
40. A Child's Grave	58
41. A Child's Prayer in Sickness	60
42. A Hymn of Praise for Recovery	61
43. For a very little Child, in Sickness	62
44. For a very little Child, upon getting well	ib.
45. For a dying Child	63
46. Praise for daily Mercies	64
47. The Example of Christ	66
48. Summer and Winter	67
49. Love to Jesus	69

50. God every where	70
51. " Though he was rich, yet for our sakes he be- came poor "	72
52. For a Child that is sorry for a Fault	73
53. Instruction from the Heavens	74
54. Children encouraged to seek the Lord	76
55. Upon Life	78
56. Upon Death	79
57. Against Selfishness	81
58. " In the Morning it flourisheth and groweth up ; in the Evening it is cut down and withereth "	82
59. Humility	83
60. " Set your Affections on Things above "	84
61. For the last Day of the Year	85
62. The Lily of the Valley	87
63. " Then the Lord called Samuel, and Samuel said, Speak, for thy Servant heareth "	89
64. On repeating the Catechism	90
65. Brotherly Love	92
66. The Condescension of God	93
67. The Child of Affluence	95
68. The Child of Poverty	96
69. Praise to God	97
70. Heaven and Earth	99

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HYMNS

FOR

INFANT MINDS,

&c. &c.

I.

A CHILD'S HYMN OF PRAISE.

I THANK the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth have smil'd,
And mad me, in these christian days,
A happ^r English child.

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

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

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

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

II.

COMING TO JESUS.

OV
 rigi

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

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

We own there's nothing good in us,
To tempt thee to befriend us thus;
For sin and folly waste our days,
Our pray'rs are weak, and poor our praise:

Yet, Lord, we humbly venture nigh,
Because thou camest down to die:
And all the plea we dare to make
Is, "pardon, for thy mercy's sake."

III.

ABOUT GOD, WHO MADE THE SUN AND MOON.

Child.

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

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

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

Mamma.

'Twas God, my child, who made them all,
By his almighty hand:
He holds them, that they do not fall,
And bids them move, or stand:
That glorious God, who lives afar,
In heav'n, beyond the highest star.

Child.

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

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

What sorrows may my steps attend
 I never can foretel ;
 But if the Lord will be my friend,
 I know that all is well.

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

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

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

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

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

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

VII.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

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

His own most holy Book declares

He loves good little children still,
And that he listens to their prayers,
Just as a tender father will.

He loves to hear an infant tongue

Thank him for all his mercies giv'n ;
And when by babes his praise is sung,
Their cheerful songs are heard in heav'n.

Come then, dear children, trust his word,

And seek him for your friend and guide ;
Your little voices will be heard,
And you shall never be deny'd.

VIII.

THE BIBLE.

THIS is a precious book indeed !

Happy the child that loves to read !

'Tis GOD's own word, which he has giv'n
To shew our souls the way to heav'n !

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

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

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

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

IX.

AGAINST WANDERING THOUGHTS.

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

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

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

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

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

X.

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

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

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

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

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

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

XII.

THE WAY TO CURE PRIDE.

Now I suppose, that, having try'd,
 And found the secret of your pride,
 You wish to drive it from your heart,
 And learn to act a humbler part.

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

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

For where's the use of being strong,
Unless you conquer what is wrong?

Then look within :—ask every thought,
If it be humble as it ought.

Put out the smallest spark of pride

The very moment 'tis descried :

And do not stay to think it o'er,

For while you wait it blazes more.

If it should take you by surprise,

And beg you just to let it rise,

And promise not to keep you long,

Say, "*No ; the smallest pride is wrong.*"

And when there's something so amiss,

That Pride says, "Take offence at *this ;*"

Then, if you feel at all inclin'd

To brood upon it in your mind,

And think revengeful thoughts within,

And wish it were not wrong to sin,

O stop at once ! — for if you dare

To wish for sin,—that sin is there !

'Twill then be best to go and pray

That God would take your pride away :

Or if just then you cannot go,

Pray in your thoughts, and God will know :

And beg his mercy to impart
That best of gifts—a humble heart.

Remember, too, that you must pray,
And watch, and labour, *every* day :
Nor think it wearisome or hard
To be *for ever* on your guard :
No ; every morning must begin
With resolutions not to sin ;
And every evening recollect
How much you've fail'd in this respect.
Ask, whether such a guilty heart
Should act a proud, or humble, part ;
Or, as the SAVIOUR was so mild,
Inquire if pride becomes a child ?
And, when all other means are try'd,
Be humble, that you've so much pride !

XIII.

A MORNING HYMN.

My Father, I thank thee for sleep,
For quiet and peaceable rest ;

XV.

FOR A CHILD THAT FEELS THAT IT HAS A WICKED
HEART.

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

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

Whene'er to thy Commands I turn,
I find I've broken them;
And in thy holy Scriptures learn,
That God will sin condemn :

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

On many Sabbaths, though I've heard
 Of JESUS and of heav'n,
 I've scarcely listen'd to thy word,
 Or pray'd to be forgiv'n !

Dear SAVIOUR, with a pitying eye
 Behold a heart so hard :
 Thou wilt not slight a feeble cry,
 Or shew it no regard :

The work I cannot undertake,
 I leave to thee alone ;
 And pray thee, for thy mercy's sake,
 To change this heart of stone.

XVI.

X
AGAINST ANGER AND IMPATIENCE.

WHEN, for some little insult giv'n,
 My angry passions rise,
 I'll think how JESUS came from heav'n,
 And bore his injuries.

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

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

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

Dear JESUS, may I learn of thee
 My temper to amend;—
 But speak that pardoning word for me,
 Whenever I offend.

XVII.

"TURN OFF MINE EYES FROM BEHOLDING VANITY."

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

Whatever gives me most delight,
If 'tis displeasing in thy sight,
I would no more pursue: —
My strength is small; but great is thine;
O make thy will and pleasure mine,
And help me freely to resign,
And learn to hate it too.

When I attempt to read or pray,
Some folly leads my heart astray,
And sends my thoughts abroad: —

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

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

XVIII.

FOR A VERY LITTLE CHILD.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

XXII.

"THOU, GOD, SEEST ME."

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

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

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

He smiles in heaven ; He frowns to hell ;

He fills the air, the earth, the sea : —

I *must* within his presence dwell ;

I *cannot* from his anger flee.—

Yet I may flee—he shews me where ;

Tells me to JESUS CHRIST to fly :

And while he sees me weeping there,

There's only mercy in his eye.

XXIII.

TO A LITTLE SISTER, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

My love, I meet this happy day

With pleasure, and with pain :

I wish to learn your future way,

But know the wish is vain.

A journey which can never end

You have but just begun ;

And hand in hand with many a friend

This little way have run :

But friends, my love, how vain are they!

For one infected breath

May snatch the tenderest away,

And seal them up in death.

Then whither should my darling fly?

In whom may she confide? —

There is a Friend above the sky,

Who waits to be her guide.

His eye the path of life can see,

And has as clear a view

Of hills and valleys yet to be,

As what are past to you.

He knows the point, the very spot,

Where each of us shall fall;

And whose shall be the earliest lot,

And whose the last of all.

Dear cherish'd child! if *you* should have

To travel far alone,

And weep by turns at many a grave,

Before you reach your own,

May He, who bade you weep, be nigh

To wipe away your tears,

And point you to a world on high,

Beyond these mournful years!

Yet, if it be his holy will,

I pray that hand in hand

We *all* may travel many a hill

Of this the pilgrim's land;

With Zion's shining gate in view,

Through ev'ry danger rise;

And form a family anew,

Unbroken, in the skies.

XXIV.

SIN MAKES GOD ANGRY.

How kind, in all his works and ways,

Must our Creator be!

I learn a lesson of his praise

From every thing I see.

Ten thousand creatures by his hand
 Were brought to life at first :
 His skill their different natures plann'd,
 And made them from the dust :

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

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

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

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

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

XXV.

X
 "JESUS CHRIST CAME INTO THE WORLD TO SAVE
 SINNERS."

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

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

See! the blood is falling fast

From his forehead and his side!

Listen! he has breath'd his last!

With a mighty groan he died! —

Children, shall I tell you why

JESUS condescends to die?

He, who was a king above,

Left his kingdom for a grave,

Out of pity and of love,

That the guilty he might save!

Down to this sad world he flew,

For such little ones as you!

You were wretched, weak, and vile;

You deserv'd his holy frown;

But he saw you with a smile,

And to save you hasten'd down.—

Listen, children;—this is why

JESUS condescends to die.

Come then, children, come and see;

Lift your little hands to pray:

"Blessed JESUS, pardon me,

"Help a guilty infant," say ;

"Since it was for such as I

"Thou didst condescend to die."

XXVI.

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

As infants once to CHRIST were brought,

That he might bless them there,

So now we little children ought

To seek the same by pray'r.

For when their feeble hands were spread,

And bent each infant knee,

"Forbid them not," the SAVIOUR said ;

And so he says for me.

Though now he is not here below,

But on his heav'nly hill,

To him may little children go,

And seek a blessing still.

Well pleas'd that little flock to see,
 The SAVIOUR kindly smil'd :
 Oh, then, he will not frown on me
 Because I am a child.

For as so many years ago
 Poor babes his pity drew,
 I'm sure he will not let me go
 Without a blessing too.

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

XXVII.

LOVE AND DUTY TO PARENTS.

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

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

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

But, for fear that I ever should dare
 From all your commands to depart,
 Whenever I'm saying my pray'r
 I'll ask for a dutiful heart.

XXVIII.

THE DAY OF LIFE.

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

And life is like a summer's day,

It seems so quickly past :

Youth is the morning bright and gay,

And if 'tis spent in wisdom's way,

We meet old age without dismay,

And death is sweet at last.

XXIX.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM.

THERE is a path that leads to God—

All others go astray —

Narrow, but pleasant, is the road ;

And Christians love the way.

It leads straight through this world of sin ;

And dangers must be past ;

But those who boldly walk therein

Will come to heav'n at last.

How shall an infant pilgrim dare

This dangerous path to tread ;

For on the way is many a snare
 For youthful trav'lers spread ;

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

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

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

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

XXX.

AN EVENING HYMN FOR A LITTLE FAMILY.

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

We come to own the Pow'r divine
That watches o'er our days;
For this our feeble voices join
In hymns of cheerful praise.

Before thy sacred footstool see
We bend in humble pray'r,
A happy little family,
To ask thy tender care,

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

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

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

XXXI.

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

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

Yet I must weep: I cannot dry
 These tears, that trickle while I bend,
 Since it has pleas'd thine holy eye
 To take away so dear a friend.

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

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

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

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

XXXII.

FOR SABBATH EVENING.

WE'VE pass'd another Sabbath day,
And heard of JESUS and of heav'n :
We thank thee for thy word, and pray
That this day's sins may be forgiv'n.

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

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

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

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

XXXIII.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

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

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

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

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

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

XXXIV.

AGAINST YIELDING TO TEMPTATION.

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

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

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

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

But now you can only with sorrow implore
 That JESUS would pardon your sin;
 Would help you to watch for your enemy more,
 And put a new temper within.

XXXV.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

XXXVI.

CONSCIENCE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

XXXVII.

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

WHERE is the high and lofty One?
 His dwelling is afar;
 He lives beyond the blazing sun,
 And ev'ry distant star.

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

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

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

XXXVIII.

FOR CHILDREN AT A SUNDAY SCHOOL.

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

What wicked children we have been!

Alas ! how soon we learn'd to sin !

But *now* we learn to read and pray,

And not to break the Sabbath-day.

How condescending God must be,

To love such little ones as we !

He saw our sin with angry frown,

And yet he look'd with pity down.

O if we should again begin

To grieve our God, and turn to sin,

And let our guilty passions loose,

We now shall be without excuse.

Remember, LORD, we are but dust ;

'Tis to thy grace alone we trust ;

Do thou instruct and guide us still,

That we may ne'er forget thy will.

XXXIX.

A MINUTE.

A MINUTE, how soon it is flown !

And yet how important it is !

God calls ev'ry moment his own,

For all our existence is his ;

And though we may waste them in folly and play,

He notices each that we squander away.

Why should we a minute despise

Because it so quickly is o'er ?

We know that it rapidly flies,

And therefore should prize it the more :

Another, indeed, may appear in its stead,

But that precious minute for ever is fled.

'Tis easy to squander our years

In idleness, folly, and strife ;

But, oh ! no repentance or tears

Can bring back one moment of life ;

But time, if well spent, and improv'd as it goes,

Will render life pleasant, and peaceful its close.

And when all the minutes are past,
 Which God for our portion has giv'n,
 We shall cheerfully welcome the last,
 If it safely conduct us to heav'n.
 And O may we all the necessity see,
 Not knowing how near our last minute may be!

XL.

A CHILD'S GRAVE.

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

Alas, poor baby didit die?

How dismal that must be!

To bid this pretty world good-bye
 Seems very sad to me.—

—Silence, my child; for could we hear

This happy baby's voice,

We should not drop another tear,

But triumph and rejoice:

“ O do not ever weep for me,”

The happy soul would say ;

“ Nor grieve, dear child, that I am free

“ From that poor sleeping clay.

“ Mourn not because my feeble breath

“ Was stopp’d as soon as giv’n :

“ There’s nothing terrible in death

“ To those who come to heav’n.

“ No sin, no sorrow, no complaints,

“ My pleasures here destroy :

“ I live with God and all his saints,

“ And endless is our joy.

“ While, with the spirits of the just,

“ My SAVIOUR I adore,

“ I smile upon my sleeping dust,

“ That now can weep no more.”

XLI.

A CHILD'S PRAYER IN SICKNESS.

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

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

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

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

XLII.

A HYMN OF PRAISE FOR RECOVERY.

LORD, thou hast heard my humble voice,
For all my pains depart :
O grant that I may now rejoice
With thankfulness of heart.
Many have died as young as I,
Though nurs'd with equal care ;
But God in pity heard my cry,
And has been pleas'd to spare.
Let me improve the years, or days,
Thy mercy lends me here ;
And shew my gratitude and praise,
By living in thy fear.
The kindness that my friends have shown,
O teach me to repay,
By double kindness of my own,
In ev'ry future day.
And, lest I need thy rod again,
I pray thee to impart,
As long as health or life remain,
A thankful, humble heart.

XLIII.

FOR A VERY LITTLE CHILD, IN SICKNESS.

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

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

XLIV.

FOR A VERY LITTLE CHILD, UPON GETTING WELL.

I THANK the LORD, who lives on high :
He heard an infant pray,
And cur'd me, that I should not die !
And took my pains away.

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

XLV.

FOR A DYING CHILD.

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

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

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

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

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

Now, LORD, in heav'n hear my prayr';
 Accept my dying praise;
 And let me quickly meet thee there,
 A better song to raise.

XLVI.

PRAISE FOR DAILY MERCIES.

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

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

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

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

Such goodness, LORD, and constant care,
 A child can ne'er repay;
 But may it be my daily pray'r
 To love thee and obey.

XLVII.

THE EXAMPLE OF CHRIST.

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

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

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

Lord, assist a feeble creature;
 Guide me by thy word of truth;
 Condescend to be my teacher
 Through my childhood and my youth.

Often I shall be forgetful
 Of the lessons thou hast taught,
 Idle, passionate, and fretful,
 Or indulging foolish thought.

Then permit me not to harden
 In my sin, and be content ;
 But bestow a gracious pardon,
 And assist me to repent.

XLVIII.

SUMMER AND WINTER.

WHEN sweet summer flowers appear,
 We wish that they always would last ;
 But Winter must shortly be here,
 To sweep them away with his blast :
 Spring, summer, and autumn still hasten away ;
 The roses must fade, and the blossoms decay.

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

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

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

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

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

Then for these fading pleasures no longer we'll
care,

But hope we shall spend an eternity there.

XLIX.

LOVE TO JESUS.

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

JESUS, who was so very kind,
Who came to pardon sinful men,
Who heal'd the sick, and cur'd the blind—
O! must I not have lov'd him then?

But where is JESUS?—is he dead?
O no! he lives in heav'n above;
“And blest are they,” the SAVIOUR said,
“Who, though they have not seen me, love.”

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

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

L.

GOD EVERY WHERE.

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

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

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

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

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

Alike the rich and poor are known,
 The polish'd, and the wild ;
 He sees the king upon the throne,
 And every little child.

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

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

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

LI.

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

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

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

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

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

He sees them from his heav'nly throne,
 He watches all their ways,
 And stoops to notice for his own
 The youngest child that prays.

LII.

FOR A CHILD THAT IS SORRY FOR A FAULT.

LORD, I have dar'd to disobey
 My friends on earth, and thee in heav'n ;
 O help me now to come and pray,
 For JESUS' sake, to be forgiv'n.

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

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

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

LIII.

INSTRUCTION FROM THE HEAVENS.

STARS, that on your wond'rous way
 Travel through the ev'ning sky,
 Is there nothing you can say
 To such a little child as I?

Tell me, for I long to know,
Who has made you sparkle so?

Yes, methinks I hear you say,

“ Child of mortal race, attend,

While we run our wond’rous way ;

Listen ; we would be your friend ;

Teaching you that Name Divine,

By whose mighty word we shine.

Child, as truly as we roll

Through the dark and distant sky,

You have an immortal soul,

Born to live when we shall die :

Suns and planets pass away ;

Spirits never can decay.

When some thousand years, at most,

All their little time have spent,

One by one our sparkling host

Shall forsake the firmament :

We shall from our glory fall ;

You must live beyond us all.

Yes,—and God, who bade us roll,
 God, who hung us in the sky,
 Stoops to watch an infant's soul
 With a condescending eye ;
 And esteems it dearer far,
 More in value, than a star !

O then, while your breath is giv'n,
 Pour it out in fervent pray'r,
 And beseech the God of heav'n
 To receive your spirit there ;
 Like a living star to blaze
 Ever to your SAVIOUR's praise."

LIV.

CHILDREN ENCOURAGED TO SEEK THE LORD.

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

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

Yet, Lord, a sinful child may turn
 To wisdom's pleasant ways ;
 For JESUS' sake, thou wilt not spurn
 My feeble pray'r and praise.

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

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

LV.

UPON LIFE.

LORD, what is life?—'tis like a flow'r,

That blossoms and is gone :

We see it flourish for an hour,

With all its beauty on ;

But Death comes, like a wintry day,

And cuts the pretty flow'r away.

LORD, what is life?—'tis like the bow

That glistens in the sky :

We love to see its colours glow ;

But while we look, they die :

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

To-night, perhaps, 'twill disappear.

Six thousand years have pass'd away

Since life began at first,

And millions, once alive and gay,

Are dead, and in the dust ;

For Life, in all its health and pride,

Has Death still waiting at its side.

And yet, this short, uncertain space
 So foolishly we prize,
 That heav'n, that lasting dwelling-place,
 Seems nothing in our eyes!
 The worlds of sorrow and of bliss
 We disregard, compar'd with this!
 Lord, what is life?—If spent with thee,
 In duty, praise, and pray'r,
 However long or short it be,
 We need but little care;
 Because Eternity will last,
 When life, and even death, are past.

LVI.

UPON DEATH.

WHERE should I be, if God should say
 I must not live another day,
 And send to take away my breath?
 —What are eternity and death?

My body is of little worth ;
 'Twould soon be mingled with the earth :
 We all were form'd of clay at first,
 And shall return again to dust :

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

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

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

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

LVII.

AGAINST SELFISHNESS.

Love and kindness we may measure

By this simple rule alone :

Do we mind our neighbour's pleasure,

Just as if it were our own ?

Let us try to care for others,

Nor suppose ourselves the best :

We should all be friends and brothers—

'Twas the SAVIOUR's last request.

His example we should borrow,

Who forsook his throne above,

And endur'd such pain and sorrow,

Out of tenderness and love.

When the poor are unbefriended,

When we will not pity lend,

CHRIST accounts himself offended,

Who is ev'ry creature's friend.

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

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

LVIII.

"IN THE MORNING IT FLOURISHETH AND GROW-
 ETH UP; IN THE EVENING IT IS CUT DOWN
 AND WITHERETH."

THE flowers of the field,
 That quickly fade away,
 May well to us instruction yield,
 That die as soon as they.

That pretty rosebud see,
 Decaying on the walk ;
 A storm came sweeping o'er the tree,
 And broke its feeble stalk.

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

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

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

LIX.

HUMILITY.

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

JESUS CHRIST was meek and mild,
 And no angry thoughts allow'd :
 O, then, shall a little child
 Dare to be perverse and proud !

This, indeed, should never be ;—
 LORD, forbid it, we entreat ;
 Grant they all may learn of thee,
 That humility is sweet :

Make it shine in ev'ry part ;
 Fill them with this heav'nly grace ;
 For a little infant's heart
 Surely is its proper place.

LX.

“ SET YOUR AFFECTIONS ON THINGS ABOVE.”

WHY should our poor enjoyments here
 Be thought so pleasant and so dear,
 And tempt our hearts astray ?
 Our brightest joys are fading fast,
 The longest life will soon be past ;
 And if we go to heav'n at last,
 We need not wish to stay.

For when we come to dwell above,
 Where all is holiness and love,
 And endless pleasures flow,
 Our threescore years and ten will seem
 Just like a short and busy dream;
 And O, how poor we then shall deem
 Our best pursuits below!

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

LXI.

FOR THE LAST DAY OF THE YEAR.

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

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

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

How often I rose from my bed,
 And did not remember my pray'r ;
 Or if a few words I have said,
 My thoughts have been going elsewhere !
 Ill temper, and passion, and pride,
 Have griev'd my dear parents, and thee ;
 And seldom I've heartily tried,
 Obedient and gentle to be !
 But, Lord, thou already hast known
 Much more of my folly than I ;

There is not a fault I can own,
 Too little for GOD to descry :
 Yet hear me, and help me to feel
 How wicked and weak I must be ;
 And let me not try to conceal
 The largest, or smallest, from thee.

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

LXII.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

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

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

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

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

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

LXIII.

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

WHEN little Samuel woke,
And heard his MAKER's voice,
At ev'ry word He spoke,
How much did he rejoice :
O blessed, happy child, to find
The God of heav'n so near and kind !

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

And does he never speak ?—

O yes ; for in his word
He bids me come and seek
The God that Samuel heard :

In almost ev'ry page I see,
The God of Samuel calls to me.

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

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

LXIV.

ON REPEATING THE CATECHISM.

As Mary sat at JESUS' feet,
To learn her MAKER's will,
We in the SAVIOUR's presence meet,
And hear his doctrine still.

Still he beholds the wand'ring look,
 Each foolish thought discerns;
 And knows who idles at his book,
 And who in earnest learns.

O for that meek, attentive mind,
 Which happy Mary show'd;
 And that instruction may we find,
 That was on her bestow'd.

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

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

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

LXV.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

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

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

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

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

LXVI.

THE CONDESCENSION OF GOD.

God!—what a great and awful word!

O who can speak his worth!

By saints in heav'n he is ador'd,

And fear'd by men on earth;

And yet a little child may bend,

And say, My Father and my Friend!

The glorious sun, that blazes high;

The moon, more pale and dim;

And all the stars that fill the sky,

Are made and rul'd by him;

And yet a child may ask his care,

And call upon his name in pray'r!

And this large world of ours below,

The waters and the land,

With all the trees and flowers that grow,

Were fashion'd by his hand;

Yes, and he forms our infant race,—
And even I may seek his grace !

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

The saints in heav'n before him fall,
And round his throne appear ;
Adam, and Abraham, and all
Who lov'd and serv'd him here ;
And I, a child on earth, may raise
My feeble voice in humble praise.

And all his faithful servants now,
The wise, and good, and just,
Before his sacred footstool bow,
And own they are but dust ;
But what can I presume to say ?
Yet he will listen when I pray !

O yes; when little children cry,
 He hearkens to their pray'r;
 His throne of grace is always nigh,
 And I will venture there;
 I'll go, depending on his word,
 And seek his grace, through CHRIST the Lord.

LXVII.

THE CHILD OF AFFLUENCE.

How many poor indigent children I see,
 Who want all the comforts bestow'd upon me!
 But though I'm preserv'd from such want and distress,
 I'm quite as unworthy of all I possess.

While I am partaking a plentiful meal,
 How many the cravings of appetite feel!
 Poor children, as young and as helpless as I,
 Who yet have no money their wants to supply!

If I were so destitute, friendless, and poor,
 How could I such hardship and suff'ring endure!

Then let me be thankful, and humbly adore
My God, who has graciously given me more.

And since I with so many comforts am blest,
May it be my delight to relieve the distress;
For God has declar'd, and his promise is sure,
That blessed are they who consider the poor.

LXVIII.

THE CHILD OF POVERTY.

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

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

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

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

O may I heav'nly treasures find,
 And choose the better part;
 Give me a humble, pious mind,
 A meek and lowly heart.

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

LXIX.

PRAISE TO GOD.

ALMIGHTY GOD, who dwellest high,
 Where mortals cannot gaze,
 If thou wilt listen, I will try
 To sing a hymn of praise.

Angels adore thee, and rejoice—
 Such praise to thee belongs;
 But wilt thou hear my feeble voice,
 Amid their lofty songs?

My thoughts are vain, my heart is hard,
 And poor the thanks I pay;
 O how unworthy thy regard
 Is all that I can say!

My feeble powers can never rise
 To praise thee as I ought;
 For thou art great, and good, and wise,
 Beyond my highest thought.

The happy souls who dwell on high
 Can tell thy glories best;
 And may I enter, when I die,
 The mansions of the blest!

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

LXX.

HEAVEN AND EARTH.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then let us love and serve the Lord
 With all our youthful pow'rs ;
 And we shall gain this great reward,
 This glory shall be ours.

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Christina Duff Stewart

