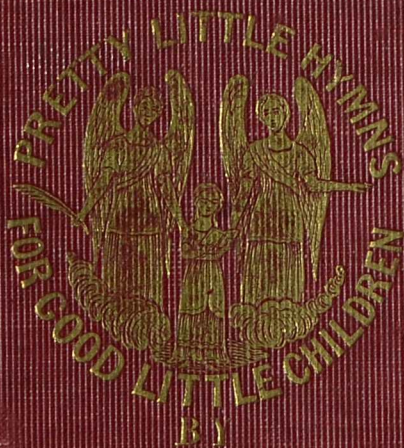


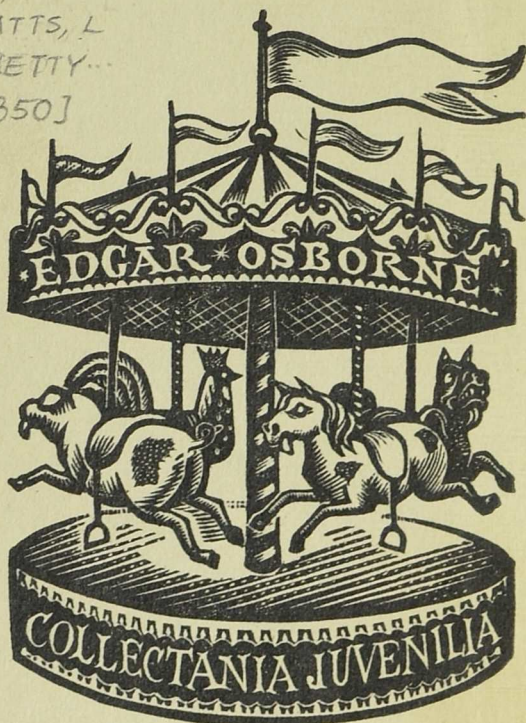


LOUISA WATTS.

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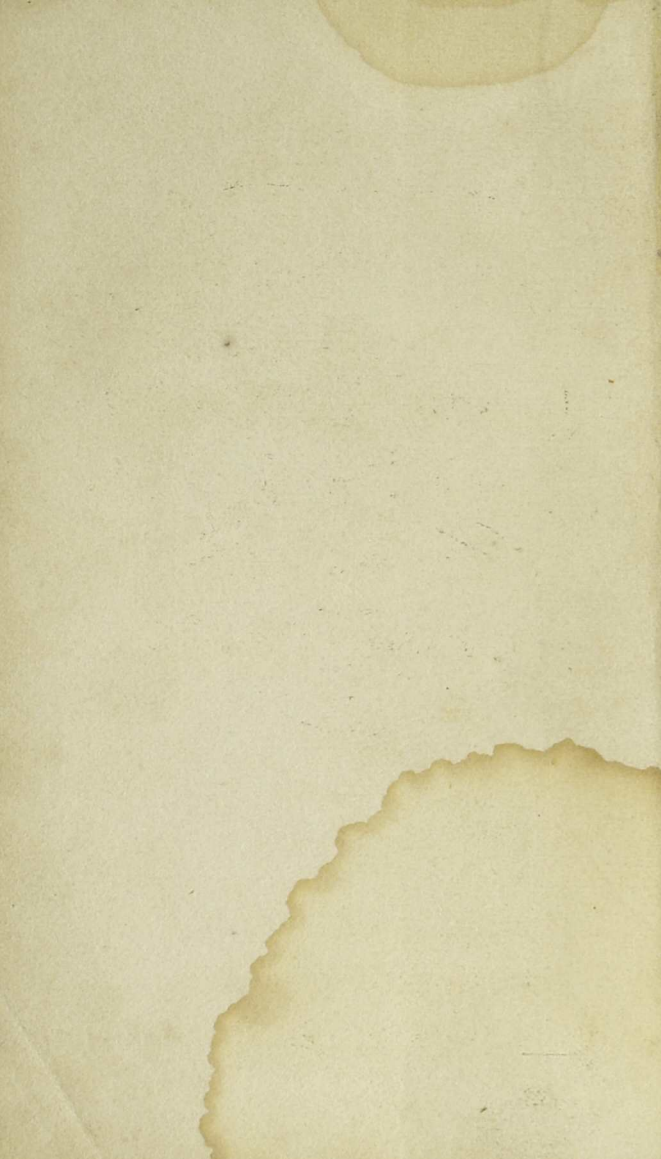


PRETTY LITTLE HYMNS,
FOR
GOOD LITTLE
CHILDREN,
BY
LOUISA WATTS.

LONDON.

THOMAS ALLMAN,

42, HOLBORN HILL,



PRETTY LITTLE HYMNS

FOR

GOOD LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY

LOUISA WATTS,

*Author of "Pretty Little Poems for Pretty Little People,"
"Mary Magdalene."*

"Simplicity and truth's the Author's aim ;
She neither writes nor hopes for other fame."

LONDON :

THOMAS ALLMAN,

42, HOLBORN HILL.

London :

Printed by Lewis and Son, Finch-lane, Cornhill.

P R E F A C E .



THE very great patronage that has been bestowed upon the Author's little work, "Pretty Little Poems for Pretty Little People"—a sale so large as to exceed her most ardent expectations—has induced her once more to appear before the public. She is aware that few undertakings are more difficult than those professedly for very young persons. Impressed with this sentiment, she has endeavoured, by simplicity of style, to render the present volume peculiarly adapted to the minds of youth. Her experience in tuition has given her some advantage in this matter. Considering, therefore, that early piety is most essential, she has endeavoured, by a method both

pleasing and instructive, to excite children to inquiry, so that they may gradually be induced to receive the Word of God as their greatest blessing, and that they may thus early be impressed with the truth that the Holy Bible is the most excellent of all books, and that by it they are taught what God is, and what He would have them do.

That this little book may be conducive to the best interests of those for whom it is written is the fervent prayer of their affectionate friend

LOUISA WATTS.

72, *St. John's Wood Terrace,*

April, 1850.

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PRETTY LITTLE HYMNS

FOR

GOOD LITTLE CHILDREN.



I.

MORNING PRAYER FOR A VERY LITTLE CHILD.

I THANK Thee, Lord, again I wake,
Refresh'd by sleep and rest ;
I would not of these gifts partake,
And leave thy name unblest.

Again, throughout the day I need
Thy kind protecting care,
And pray that thou my soul wilt lead
From every hurtful snare.

Lord, bless my parents, bless each friend,
I pray Thee, Lord, again,
From every danger these defend,
For Jesu's sake, Amen.

II.

AN EVENING PRAYER FOR A VERY
LITTLE CHILD.

O LORD, another day is gone;
Again I bend the knee,
To thank Thee for thy mercy shown,
And all thy care to me.

My body seeks its needful rest,
My weary eyes their sleep;
O may I with thy care be blest;
O Lord, from danger keep.

But, if Thou see'st it best to take
My soul from earth away,
O may I in thy presence wake,
To dwell in endless day.

III .

SABBATH MORNING THOUGHTS FOR A
VERY LITTLE CHILD.

DOLLS and playthings all away,
This is holy Sabbath day,
We shall pray, and read, and sing
Praises to our heavenly King.

Soon we shall to chapel go ;
Ma will take me there, I know ;
I will good and quiet be,
Listening attentively.

O how good is God, who sends
Me such kind and pious friends ;
For all children have not given
Friends who guide their steps to heaven.

I am taught to pray and read ;
Wicked I shall be, indeed,
If I better love to play,
Than to keep the Sabbath day.

IV.

THE LITTLE CHILD'S THOUGHTS ABOUT
OBEDIENCE.

Children obey your parents in the Lord, for this is
right.—Eph. vi. 1.

Go, naughty temper, go away,
I want to be quite good to day ;
Why should I disobedient be,
When mama is so good to me.

Besides, it wicked is, I know ;
The Bible tells me it is so ;
And God is angry every day
With children who thus disobey.

And yet I almost daily feel
Inclined to passion and self-will,
Although I every morning say,
Pray God to make me good to-day.

Well, I will try and try again
To conquer every fault and sin,
Then I shall good and happy be,
And mama will be pleased with me.

V.

A LITTLE CHILD'S THOUGHTS ABOUT
JESUS.

I KNOW I should the Saviour love,
Because He is so wise and kind;
I am on earth, and He above,
How then can I Him know and find.

But He was once a child like me;
He loved His friends and parents too.
I wonder much, if ever He
Did acts which He ought not to do.

Though Him I see not, He sees me,
And knows my every word and thought;
I'm getting older, so must be
Careful to practice all I'm taught.

To read the Bible I will learn,
And learn what, when on earth, He did;
Then his approval I shall earn,
By doing all that I am bid.

VI.

CHILDREN SHOULD NEVER TELL
FALSEHOODS.

“Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord.”

FOR the child who stories tell,
There is a dreadful place, call'd hell.
All who have been wicked here,
And repent not, will be there.

Who can love the wicked youth
Who has no regard for truth ;
What good child with those will play
Who the truth will not obey.

Ananias and his wife,
Longer were forbidden life,
Soon as each the lie had said,
Down they fell that moment, dead.

Will you not God's anger fear,
Since you know that He can hear ?
Then his wrath you must endure
Here on earth, and evermore.

VII.

A BIRTHDAY HYMN.

I'm five years old this very day ;
Five years of life have passed away,
But soon the time will come that I
Shall leave this world, for I must die

I live, have health, have food, and friends.
These blessings my Creator sends ;
But do I love Him as I ought,
Or serve Him as I have been taught.

If death should call my soul away
Before arrive my next birthday,
Am I prepared to die? O no,
I'm not prepared ; I feel it so.

Great Spirit, condescend to shine
Upon this wicked heart of mine ;
O change it, make it fit to live
In mansions Jesus died to give !

VIII.

GOD CAN SEE US EVERYWHERE.

The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil
and the good.—Prov. xv. 3.

THERE is an Eye that doth not close
By morn, by noon, or night ;
It needs not counsel or repose ;
All things are in its sight.

That large large Eye is fix'd on thee,
Dear child, where'er you go ;
But yet afraid you need not be ;
It is God's Eye, you know.

That Eye beholds the little child
With pleasure, when it prays,
Whose temper is obliging, mild,
And cheerfully obeys.

But O, dear child, beware, beware
How you that Eye offend ;
Remember it is everywhere,
Either your Foe or Friend.

IX.

GOING TO THE SABBATH SCHOOL

HAPPY, happy, Sabbath day,
Though I may not work or play;
Yet to me thou art not dull,
For I love my Sabbath school.

That dear teacher I shall see,
Who so patient is to me;
I shall hear her voice so mild
Call me her dear little child.

At the Sabbath school this day
I shall sing, and read, and pray;
O, I wish all children were
Train'd, as I am, to go there!

X.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

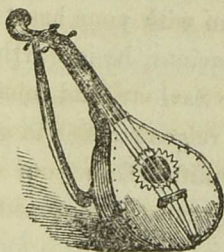
MERRY, happy, Christmas day,
Day for pleasure, day for play,
Day when aged and the young
Round the same bright fire throng.

Uncles, aunts, and grandmama,
Brothers, sisters, grandpapa,
Each from school or business come,
Christmas day to spend at home.

I will think, although I play,
Merry, happy, Christmas day
Commemorates that one for man,
Brightest since the world began.

Christ, the heavenly Prince of Peace,
Came, that Satan's power might cease ;
Came from his celestial throne,
Human griefs to make his own.

Happy, merry, Christmas day,
I will think, although I play,
There is one yet happier still,
Waits for those who do God's will.



XI.

CHILDREN SHOULD PRAISE THE
SAVIOUR.

Blessed be thy glorious name which is exalted above all
blessing and praise.—Neh. ix. 5.

PRAISE the Saviour, O ye children,
Praise Him with your heart and voice ;
Praise the Saviour, he is worthy,
Praise the Saviour, and rejoice.
Though He reigns so high in glory,
Though uplifted from your view,
Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him,
Praise Him, for He lives for you.

Sing aloud the pleasing story,
How from heaven to earth He came,
Left those realms of love and glory,
Here to suffer grief and shame ;
And for whom, dear children, know ye ?
Yes, ye know ; then Him adore,
Honour, love Him, serve Him, fear Him,
Henceforth, now and evermore.

XII.

FOR THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

Remember how short my time is.—Ps. lxxxvii. 47.

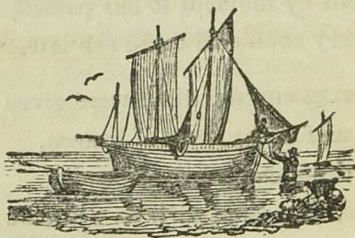
FAST, fast old time is hurrying on ;
Another year is almost gone.
Moment by moment it has passed,
And very soon will come the last.

Our being and our time were given
To fit us for the state of heaven.
On nothing can we so depend,
As this, that time with us will end.

But not our being that we know,
Whether we it desire or no ;
God will command it to his seat
His favour or his wrath to meet.

And, when I am prepared to die,
My soul, will it be raised on high,
To spend a blest eternity
In heaven, my Father, God, with Thee ?

My Saviour, here on Thee I call,
O save me from the sin and thrall
Attending on life's changing state,
And early a new heart create.



XIII.

FOR A NEW YEAR.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness.—Ps. lxy. 11.

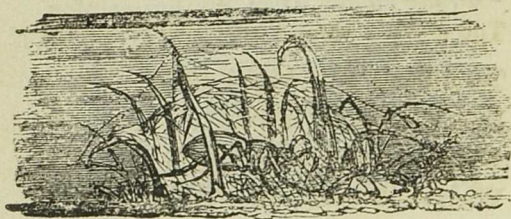
NEW year's day returns again
Not to me with grief and pain,
As to many, but with joy;
Praise should, then, my lips employ.

Many pleasures, many fears,
Peculiar to my sex and years,
Await me, but my earnest cry
Is, Father, guide me with thine eye.

One thing I ask, one thing I need;
O that it were mine, indeed!
Mine that new and contrite heart
Thou art willing to impart.

Gracious, gracious Spirit, hear;
With *this* gift, O, crown *this* year.
Bliss provided, then, will be
For me in heaven eternally.

May I to my parents prove,
By my acts, how much I love.
Bless them, Lord, bless all my friends,
With that bliss which never ends.



XIV.

DANGER OF WORLDLY AMUSEMENTS.

Love not the world nor the things of the world—

1 John ii. 15.

How gay the dress! how gay the scene!

O how delighted I have been!

Too quickly time hath passed away,

Too much I should have liked to stay.

To-morrow, if it do not rain,

I am invited out again;

But mama says I cannot go,

Whether it even rain or no,—

Because I am too gay inclined.

I have a very giddy mind,

Which I must try to conquer now,

Or shall not, when I older grow.

The Bible says that I should love

Those pleasures best which lead above;

But yet I feel I love the best

The merry play, the dance or jest.

Lord, grant me a sincere desire
For holy pleasures to aspire.
And guard my heart against the wiles
Which hidden are in pleasure's smiles.



XV.

PRAYER AGAINST SELF-WILL.

All of you be subject one to the other, and be ye clothed with humility.—1. Pet. v. 6.

O LORD, I feel I've naughty been,
Self-will'd, and angry, too ;
I cannot conquer this my sin,
Though it I try to do.

Self-will I find within my heart,
At almost every hour :
Though unperceived, I feel it start,
And feel its sinful power.

I sometimes am ashamed to show
The self-will that I feel,
And pride oft' whispers "do not so,
It looks so very ill."

O that, like Jesus, I could be,
Obliging, kind, and meek ;
Yield my own wishes cheerfully,
And others' pleasure seek.

“Be courteous,” the Bible says;
And shall it speak in vain?
Help me, O Saviour, to suppress
And banish self-will reign.



XVI.

WE SHOULD BE THANKFUL FOR OUR
MERCIES.

What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits.—
Ps. cxvi. 12.

I THANK the goodness of my God
I am an English child ;
That England's pleasant fields I've trod,
Instead of deserts wild.

In caves or forests, dark and deep,
How many children dwell ;
On beds of leaves or straw they sleep,
How coldly, who can tell ?

How many children wildly roam,
Uncared for and untaught ;
Then, surely I, who have a home,
Should serve God as I ought.

In sickness, sorrow, want or cold,
My friends provide for me ;
And of the Saviour I am told,
And train'd as I should be.

Almighty Saviour, make me feel
Grateful to friends and Thee ;
Then will the poor, whene'er I kneel,
In prayer remember'd be.



XVII.

DEATH A BLESSING TO PIOUS
CHILDREN.

Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.—Rev. xii. 13.

ALAS, my little cousin's dead,
And in the cold damp grave is laid;
She was but just as old as I,
And I, like her, may shortly die.

How could I part with parents dear,
And all the friends so much loved here?
What! could death's terrors make me brave,
And look with pleasure to my grave.

I know what I have oft' been told
Will happy make the young and old;
It is to know my sin's forgiven,—
That I am going to God in heaven.

For, truly blessed are the dead
Who have on earth to Jesus led;
Even to children such as I
It would be blessedness to die.

O, Holy Spirit, hear my prayer,
My soul for death and heaven prepare;
And then I shall not dread the gloom
Attendant on the lonely tomb.



XVIII.

IMPORTANCE OF IMPROVING OUR
TALENTS.

Take, therefore, the talent from him, and give it unto him
who hath ten talents.—Matt. xxv. 28.

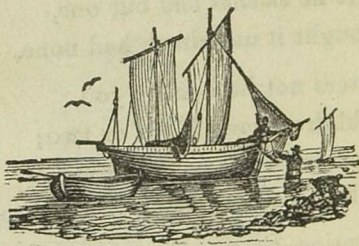
THE man who but one talent had,
Acted with prudence very bad ;
Because he talents had but one,
He thought it usefulness had none.

It matters not how many you
Dear children have, if ten or two ;
But God expects you to employ
That which you have, and not destroy.

Your station, time, and property
Are talents which employ'd must be,
According as we these possess,
Others to teach, to feed, or dress.

Your mental talents they must be
Each cultivated carefully ;
Your school-time is a talent given
To be improved for earth and heaven.

O may we fear, lest we should be
A useless servant, Lord, to Thee ;
May each their talents well employ,
And thy approval learn with joy.



XIX.

GOD HONOURS SUBMISSION TO HIS
WILL.

Take now thy son, thy only son, whom thou lovest, and offer him there for a burnt offering.—Gen. xxii. 2.

WHAT faith, and love, and duty we
In Abraham and Isaac see ;
The father bade his son to slay ;
That son as willingly obey.

Of God the Father, Abraham
A type is ; Isaac of that Lamb
The Saviour, who obediently
To God an offering came to be.

But Abraham had a father's heart,
And could not, without suffering, part
With such a son, in such a way,
Though lifted was his hand to slay.

"Stay, Abraham, stay," Jehovah said,
"Thou hast in heart perform'd the deed ;
Thy love and duty thou hast proved,
And thou shalt be by Me beloved."

Lord, thus would I, when call'd to part
With blessings that lie near my heart,
Yield them, like Abraham, to Thee,
Though with a tear, submissively.



XX.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER FOR ACCEPTANCE
WITH GOD.

Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy
Holy Spirit from me.—Ps. li. 11.

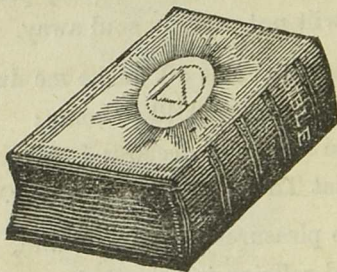
My Father, God, if I may call
Thee, Thee, my Father, low I fall
Before thy throne, and humbly pray
Thou wilt not cast my soul away.

My conscious sins oft' make me dumb,
But yet I venture still to come ;
Because thy word declares I may,
And that Thou wilt not cast away.

Earth's pleasures very oft', I find,
Suspend religion in my mind ;
But still again I turn and say,
"O Lord, cast not my soul away."

My soul, by faith, would hear and see
That Jesus intercedes for me ;
And thus I hope, although so great
My sins, Thou'lt not the sinner hate.

Cast from thy presence not my soul ;
O make the leprous creature whole :
And pity, Lord, the child, whose prayer
Is that for Jesu's sake should spare.



XXI.

GOD WILL PUNISH DISOBEDIENCE.

Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.—

Exod. xx. 12.

OBEDIENCE is a duty

Which every child doth owe
Unto their friends and parents,
If noble or if low.

God says the hungry raven
Shall pick out the eyes of those
Who rudely act and disobey.
He will count them as his foes.

When Absolom rebell'd against
His father and his king,
He did not think of punishment
For doing such a thing ;
But, riding quickly through the wood,
The branches caught his hair,
And there he hung, in that sad state,
Suspended in the air.

And very soon a soldier came
And kill'd him, as he hung,
And David's grief was very great,—
The palace with it rung.
Dear children, fear to disobey
Your parents, if you do,
Sorrow and grief will come one day,
And God will frown on you.



XXII.

GOD BLESSES DUTIFUL CHILDREN.

Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother.—

John xix. 25—27.

“BEHOLD thy mother!” Jesus said

To his disciple John,

And He the weeping Mary led

To make his house her own.

For Jesus knew, though many wept

Who stood beneath his cross,

There was not one would feel like her

His sufferings and her loss.

How greatly Joseph longed to see

His father, old and poor,

Compared with his own dignity.

The best of Egypt's store,

He fondly, by permission, gave.

Of nothing half so glad

As that he could his father have

Well housed, and fed, and clad.

It is delightful to behold
Children obedient, meek
Unto their parents, young or old,
Infirm, and poor, and sick.
God's blessing, in a thousand ways,
Descends upon them here ;
And, when old age their brow displays,
He for their wants will care.



XXIII.

THE DANGER OF DELAYING
REPENTANCE.

And God said unto Noah, the end of all flesh is come
before me.—Gen. vi. 13.

REPENT, repent, O cease to sin,
God long with you has angry been.
“Repent,” said Noah, “for fast the day
Comes when God’s wrath He will display.”

But none obey’d his warning voice ;
They still sin made their darling choice.
At length the dreadful day it came,
And left them but themselves to blame.

The rain descended day and night,
Surprise, grief, fear, astound them quite ;
While in the ark they safely see
Noah and his happy family.

Repentance now and grief are vain,—
The ark they cannot reach again.
They were invited to go in ;
But no, they loved too well their sin.

Dear children, do not dare despise
God’s messengers; O hear their cries,
That you to Christ, the Ark, will flee,
Or live in endless misery.

XXIV.

GOD COMMANDS US TO REPENT.

Be pleased, O Lord, to deliver me, O Lord, make haste
to help me.—Ps. xl. 13.

LORD, I am told I must repent,
If I to heaven would go ;
Then let on me thy care be bent,
And help me to do so.

My heart is hard,—I cannot pray,
I cannot think of Thee ;
My thoughts on foolish subjects stray,
To help it, Lord, help me.

My parents teach me what will right,
And what will naughty be ;
But often I forget it quite,
And ask not help from Thee.

But, to obey Thee, I will try
With deep sincerity ;
And Thou wilt hear a child's weak cry,
Who asks for help from Thee.

O, help me sin to hate and shun,
O, help me, Lord, to pray ;
Help me to make thy will my own,
Lord, help me every day.

XXV.

THE AFFLICTED CHILD.

“I am poor and low, but the Lord thinketh upon me.”

THE cheerful moon appears again,
But O, to me with grief and pain ;
Without a friend or parent dear
To soothe my pain, or wipe the tear.

I sometimes find it hard to bear
The unkind word, and scanty fare ;
But, though I am so poor and low,
God thinketh upon me, I know.

For I to Sabbath school have been,
And I both know and feel my sin ;
But hope oft' makes impatience flee ;
There is a home in heaven for me.

Off', as I lie upon my bed,
I think of what the Saviour said ;
How kind He was on earth to all
Who did to Him in sorrow call.

Poor and afflicted though I am,
The same was Jesus Christ the Lamb;
On earth He suffer'd grief and pain,
That sinners endless joy might gain.



XXVI.

EXCUSES DANGEROUS AND SINFUL.

Come, for all things are ready.—Luke xiv. 17.

ALL things are ready for the feast,
For children, eldest and the least;
The King of heaven doth it prepare;
O, who is willing to go there?

Saith one dear child, "I cannot go;
I have no clothing fit, you know."
"But," saith the King, "there's clothing, too,
Prepared by my own Son for you."

Another child says, "I will go;"
But makes no effort to do so.
He plays and idles all day long,
Then fears to go such guests among.

Another says, "I love too well
The home and friends with whom I dwell;
Another time I cheerfully
Will come, but now excused must be."

Dear children, do you thus neglect
God's invitation, and reject
The offered dignity?—then know
Where God is you can never go.

XXVII.

LITTLE CHILDREN ARE THE LAMBS OF
JESUS.

I am the good Shepherd and know my sheep, and am
known of mine.—John x. 14.

O YE pretty, sportive lambs,
How happy ye appear,
Sporting beside your parent dams,
Who guard you with such care.
But the kind shepherd guards you more,
Whether in field or fold ;
Provides of food the future store,
And guards you from the cold.
I have a mother just like you,
Who guards and nurtures me ;
I also have a Shepherd too,
Though Him I cannot see.
Jesus my Shepherd is, in heaven.
And pastures green and fair
Will unto all those lambs be given
Who love and serve Him here.
May I that number be among
Who listen to his voice ;
Then I shall join the happy throng
Who evermore rejoice.

XXVIII.

THE COMPASSION OF JESUS.

Jesus wept.—John xi. 35.

WHEN Jesus saw the sisters weep
Of Lazarus, as dead he lay,
Could his refined compassion sleep?
Oh no, He wept as well as they.

He loved the sisters, Lazarus, too;
And well they each return'd his love.
Their mental anguish Jesus knew,
And came that anguish to remove.

How kind of Jesus thus to come
And share their strong fraternal pain,
To raise their brother from the tomb,
And yield him life and health again.

Dear Saviour, O, like Thee, may I
Feel deeply for another's woe;
And, if I cannot help supply,
I'll come and ask Thee to do so.

O may I, like the sisters, love
And come to Thee, in all my care,
Until Thou call'st my soul above,
To see Thee and the sisters there.

XXIX.

THE SAVIOUR'S INVITATION.

Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not,
for of such is the kingdom of heaven.—Matt. xix. 14.

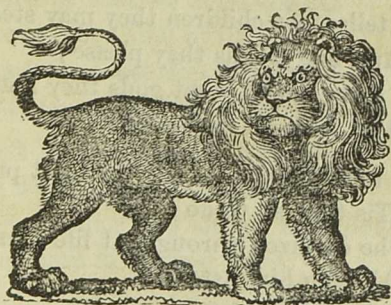
LITTLE children, come to Me ;
Do not so neglectful be.
Earth with pleasures now is strown,
But you soon will find them flown.

Though you have not seen Me yet,
Still, dear child, do not forget,
In your memory, in your mind,
I, your Friend, a place should find.

I can hear you, when you pray ;
See you, when you disobey.
All your thoughts and acts I view
Just as if quite close to you.

If on earth to Me you come,
I to heaven will take you home.
You shall my companion be,
Have crowns of gold, and live with Me.

If to Me you do not come,
Satan has for you a home.
With the wicked you must dwell
In that dreadful place called hell.



XXX.

SATAN THE PRINCE OF THIS WORLD
DECEIVES CHILDREN.

The prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now
worketh in the children of disobedience.—Eph. ii. 2.

THERE is a prince whose power is known
In every land and clime.

He tries to make all hearts his own,
And has done throughout time.

He tells poor children they may steal
And live just as they please ;
He cares not to what gods they kneel,
And sin with joy he sees.

He tells them that they need not pray,—
'Tis folly so to do ;
So he deceives, throughout life's way,
All who him listen to.

And then, at death, he takes the soul,
Dear child do you know where ?
Down to a pit, where millions roll
In endless, deep despair.

Confined in darkness, chained from all
Who could one comfort give,
To God in vain they pray or call ;
Sin's wages they receive.

XXXI.

JESUS, THE PRINCE OF PEACE, WISHES
CHILDREN TO BE LIKE HIM.

To be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to
Israel, and the forgiveness of sins.—Acts v. 31.

THERE is a Prince, so good and kind,

That sin He cannot bear ;

He bids us drive it from the mind,

Nor let one sin reign there.

He tells us that we must abstain

From every kind of sin ;

Not merely those appearing plain,

But those which dwell within.

He left his holy, glorious throne,

To dwell among mankind ;

Did everything they should have done ;

Was pure in act and mind.

And then sin's punishment He bore,

That man might be forgiven ;

And now He lives for evermore,

To plead their cause in heaven.

Dear child, do you this Prince obey,

Do you Him fear and love ?

Blessed are those who choose his way ;

He such will own above.

XXXII.

THE SABBATH DAY.

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house, they shall be still
praising Thee.—Ps. lxxxiv. 4.

'Tis Sabbath day, the Sabbath day,
The day of peace and rest ;
It calls from labour those away
Who by it are oppress'd.

'Tis Sabbath day, 'tis Sabbath day
The chiming bells proclaim ;
It bids me leave my toys and play,
Nor think about the same.

This holy, happy, Sabbath day
God made for us to spend
With Him in thought, to Him to pray,
And honour as our Friend.

I to his holy courts shall go
And join in praise and prayer ;
O, may I feel, as well as know,
That God is present there.

I know each word, and look, and thought
Is noticed, Lord, by Thee ;
I'll try to serve Thee as I ought,
Then Thou my Friend will be.

XXXIII.

THE CHILD'S CONFESSION OF SIN.

All liars shall have their portion in the lake that burneth
with brimstone and fire.—Rev. xxi. 8.

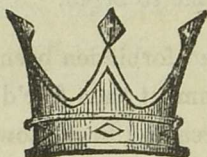
LORD, I a falsehood told to-day,
Although I knew it sin ;
Now for forgiveness I would pray,—
Oh! teach me to begin.

I did what had forbidden been,
And punishment then fear'd ;
Then, to conceal my first-known sin,
To tell a lie I dared.

The Bible says, " All liars shall
The dreadful doom endure
In that eternal state call'd 'hell.'"
I know that word is sure.

I think I'm sorry for my sin,
As well as its disgrace ;
And, while to-day I've punish'd been,
I think its cause I trace.

Self-will first made me disobey ;
And disobedience led
To lying ; but forgive, I pray,
And make me all sin dread.



XXXIV.

CHILDREN SHOULD LOVE THE PERFORMANCE OF RELIGIOUS DUTIES.

And the child Samuel ministered unto the Lord before
Eli.—Sam. iii. 1.

WHEN Samuel was a little boy,
He in the temple served ;
From much temptation his employ
Had doubtless him preserved.
With ev'ry service, ev'ry rite
Familiar he became ;
These to attend were his delight ;
They fed devotion's flame.
Thus, in the path of duty found,
God nearer to him drew ;
The child who heard with awe profound
What God design'd to do.
If you, dear child, like Samuel, make
God's service your delight,
He will not, when you're old, forsake
Or cast you from his sight.
No; He will guide you with his eye,
Will make your soul his care,
Will ev'ry earthly need supply ;
And heavenly bliss you'll share.

XXXV.

PRAYER FOR GOD'S HOLY SPIRIT.

Cause me to know the way wherein I should walk, for I
lift up my soul unto Thee.—Ps. cxliii. 8.

ALMIGHTY God, thy Spirit give,
That I each day may rightly live;
And make me earnestly begin
To conquer ev'ry fault and sin.

O, make me of all sin afraid,
And to remember Thou hast said
The wicked shall not with Thee dwell,
But shall be turned away to hell.

I know I very soon may die;
For many children young as I
Are laid within the deep cold grave;
From death my mother could not save.

For I cannot cease from sin,
Nor can I make my own heart clean;
But in thy mercy, Lord, I trust,
For O, Thou know'st, I am but dust.

Thy Spirit's sanctifying power
Grant me in ev'ry trying hour;
But I will try, as well as pray,
To conquer what is wrong each day.

XXXVI.

THE SAVIOUR ONCE A LITTLE BABY.

Where is He that is born King of the Jews, for we have
seen his star in the east, and are come to worship Him.
—Matt. ii. 2.

THE Saviour was once but a little child born,
Unable to walk or to stand ;
His mother attended him night, noon and morn,
And swathed him with many a band.
He was lain in a manger ; no warm crib or cot
Supported his delicate frame ;
But, although so mean and so lowly his lot,
To see him the wise men soon came.
They had seen in the heavens a wonderful star,
Which they thought a King's birth must portray ;
And they follow'd and follow'd, although 'twas so far,
Till it stood o'er the place where He lay.
And then they presented Him spices and gold,
And worshipp'd Him there as He lay ;
Because they believed, as they had been foretold,
He was born kingly power to sway.
Dear Saviour, whene'er I a little child view,
May I think what Thou once deign'd to be ;
And, like the wise men, may I worship Thee too,
And bring my best gifts unto Thee.

XXXVII.

CHILD'S WISH TO SEE JESUS.

When they heard that Jesus was coming to Jerusalem,
they took branches of palm trees, and went forth to meet
Him—John xii. 12, 13.

I WISH that I a child had been,
And in that land had birth
Where Jesus lived, and where was seen
His gracious acts on earth.

I would have sung hosannas, too,
As children then did sing ;
Have join'd with them, his path to strew
With palms, and hail Him King.

When to the mount so oft' He went,
To hide from public view,
And, when in prayer so oft' He bent,
I would have follow'd too.

And O, how pleased I should have been
Had He permitted me
To be with Him in public seen,
And hear Him talk to me.

But vain the wish, so I will try
His wishes to obey ;
Then I shall see Him when I die.
Haste time and bring the day.



XXXVIII.

GOD ASKS US TO GIVE HIM OUR HEART.

My son, give me thine heart, and let thine eyes observe my ways.—Prov. xxiii. 26.

“GIVE me thy heart,” the Saviour cries,
“In childhood’s happy hours.”

“Not yet,” the little one replies,
“I’m plucking pretty flowers.”

“Give me thy heart,” the Saviour says,
“While health and youth are thine.”
He hears, but to comply delays ;
Earth’s joys around him shine.

“Give me thy heart,” the Saviour cries,
“Thy hair is turning grey.”

“I cannot,” he again replies ;
“Earth calls me night and day.”

“Give me thy heart, thou aged man.”
“I will,” he faintly cries.

But, ere repentance is begun,
Or the heart yielded, dies.

Thus thousands act, and so may I,
Though now I hear Thee call,
“Give me thy heart.” I, answering, cry,
“Lord, take *now*, take it all!”

XXXIX.

CONTENTION IS VERY SINFUL.

FIRST PART.

It is an honour for a man to cease from strife.—Prov. xx. 3.

Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.—Matt. v. 9.

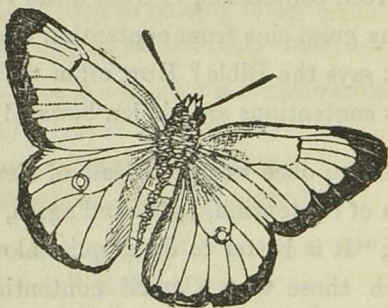
CONTENTION, contention, O what a sad thing!
How many great sins from contention may spring!
But what says the Bible? How often we there
Of spirits contentious are bidden beware!

King Solomon once was the wisest of men.
He warns of contention, again and again,
And says, "It is better to dwell quite alone
Than with those who a spirit contentious have
shown."

And what says the Saviour? In Him do we find
A spirit contentious, or even unkind?
He, the kind and the gentle and loving approved.
Such was John the disciple, and John was beloved.

How honour'd his station at supper, to lie
Reclined on the Saviour ; O, who does not cry,
"I wish I, like John, was by Jesus approved."
Be like him, and then you, like him, will be loved.

O think, my dear children, at night, ere you pray
How often contentious you've been in the day,
And think of the ills which arise from that sin ;
To correct it you then will most surely begin.



XXXIX.

CHILDREN MUST CONQUER A CONTENTIOUS SPIRIT.

SECOND PART.

Whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause, is in danger of the judgment.—Matt v. 22.

How grievous it is to see children at play,
Each anxiously striving to have his own way.
“I will have it my way,” “it shall not be so,”
Are words very often arising, you know.

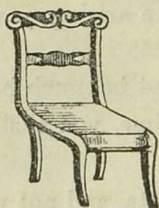
O think, would it not be much better to say,
“Permit me this time, you shall then have your
way,”

In kind, gentle accents, and not with a frown
Declare you will not play, and rudely sit down.

Nor is it sufficient *offence* not to give,
We careful should be *how offence* we receive ;
This is taught by the Saviour, again and again,
And He was the wisest and kindest of men.

Great talents are nothing, and riches are vain,
If a spirit contentious is suffer'd to reign ;
And, in youth unresisted, so strong it will grow,
It will prove your tormentor, your bitterest foe.

O, seek, then, the grace of that Saviour who gave
Himself to redeem you from being sin's slave ;
With *self* then contend, over *self* conqueror be,
For *self* is your strongest and worst enemy.



XL.

WE MUST BE PATIENT UNDER AFFLICTION.

The people spake against God and against Moses.—
Numb. xxi. v.

WHEN troubles attend us, 'tis wrong to repine ;—
This truth in the Bible is taught ;— [divine,
Since they are sent for our good with commission
We should pray them to bear as we ought.

We read that the Israelites, day after day,
Had some trial or conflict to bear,
Though God's chosen people ; He guided their way,
But He would not their punishment spare.

Their angry repinings could only increase
God's anger, and with it their woe ; [release,
From the fierce burning serpent they found but
When repentant submission they show.

When your parents correct you, dear children,
How you angrily fret or rebel ; [beware
That punishment strive with submission to bear
Which you know you have merited well.

And, if deep affliction your pathway attend,
Dear child, may this blessing be given,
To bear it with meekness, while prayers it attend,
For relief to your Saviour in heaven.

XLI.

CHRIST COMMANDS US TO TAKE UP
OUR CROSS.

If any man will come after Me, let him take up his cross
and follow me.—Matt. xvi. 24.

“TAKE up thy cross,” the Saviour says,
“Now, in thy blooming youthful days ;
Take up thy cross, and learn of Me
Obedience and humility.

Take up thy cross and turn thine eyes
From earth’s delusive vanities.
O, think how many, many fall
Victims to its incessant call.

My soul, it hears thy warning voice,
O Lord, and fain would fix its choice
Of pleasure where Thou lead’st the way,
And thus forsake the thoughtless gay.

Thou dost not bid me seek the wood,
And dwell in silent solitude,
But mingle with the world, and there
Show by mine acts whom I prefer.

Thus did'st Thou, while on earth, and I
Must also join society ;
But Thou who know'st temptation's power,
O, guard me in the trying hour.



XLII.

ON MEEKNESS.

Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.—
Matt. v. 5

How blessed are the meek

Who strife and passion flee;
Those children are approved by God
Who love humility.

Yes, blessed are the meek;
The Saviour says they are.
The petulant and angry make
Life painful oft' to bear.

Who does not love to see
The meek and placid child?
The face of such will never be
By pride and passion spoil'd.

The meek, how bless'd are they!
For trials they can bear
Submissively, which make life's way
So rough to some appear.

Then I will strive to be
More humble, meek and mild.
A faint resemblance, Lord, of Thee
When Thou wert but a child.

XLIII.

CHILDREN INVITED TO THE GOSPEL
FEAST.

And the servant said, Lord, it is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room.—Luke xiv. 22.

YE blind, and lame, and wretched, come,
Come to the feast, there yet is room ;
The King for you his servant sends ;
He waits to treat you as his friends.

Your teachers, on the Sabbath day
Invite you, and direct the way ;
And you who will not it attend,
In what will such indifference end.

The ministers ye so oft' hear,
Urge and entreat you to go there.
They say, repentant children go ;
For you there's room enough, we know.

The God who made you, sent his Son
To make his love and mercy known ;
Christ is the feast, the Lamb that's slain,
To save you from eternal pain.

And will you, then, that feast refuse?
Still, still earth's trifles will you choose?
Or, do you say, "Dear Lord, I come
To Thee, the feast; O make me room?"



XLIV.

FOR SPRING.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness, thy paths
drop fatness.—Ps. lxxxv. 11.

HAIL, lovely season! joyous spring!
What comforts thou to earth doth bring ;
The sun the cheerful day prolongs,
And all the air is fill'd with songs.

Forth from each crevice and each nook
The insects forth in thousands look ;
And birds, with wearied pinions, roam
With new found mates, to build a home.

Array'd in every shade of green
The meadows, fields and trees are seen ;
And everything on earth I view
Hath usefulness and beauty too.

This beauty, usefulness and plan
Have all been made for favour'd man ;
For man, who so his God neglects,
Whose laws and guidance he rejects.

My God, now, in the spring of youth,
Sow in my heart the seeds of truth ;
Then useful I may hope to be,
And live a life approved by Thee.

XLV.

THANKFULNESS FOR GOD'S FAVOURS.

God who giveth us all things richly to enjoy.—

1. Tim. vi. 17.

How pleasantly another day
Again to me hath pass'd away ;
How pleasant with fond friends to roam,
And to return to friends at home.

Each day in cheerful ease is spent,
Nothing to cause me discontent ;
Instruction daily kindly given
To fit me both for earth and heaven.

What loving parents, friends how kind,
Providing every day, I find.
All children do not this enjoy ;
Then what a favour'd child am I.

But it is God who all bestows ;
It is from Him each comfort flows.
How grateful, then, I ought to be,
My God, for all these gifts to me.

O Lord, with Thee I close this day ;
I Thee will thank, I Thee will pray
That Thou wilt give me grace to live,
So that at death Thou'lt glory give.

XLVI.

THE CHILD'S CONFESSION AND HOPE.

Cause me to hear thy loving kindness in the morning.—
Ps. cxliii. 8.

LORD, though I am but a child,
Make me humble, meek and mild;
Loving and obedient, too,
Minding all I'm told to do.

Thou canst see me night and day,
Whether I may work or play;
Thoughts thou know'st, and all my fears,
All my pleasures and my tears.

No, I could not, if I tried
Any action from Thee hide;
Then how careful I should be
That Thou nothing wrong may see.

Many, many sins are known
Only unto Thee alone;
May I hope Thou wilt forgive,
And let me in heaven live.

Yes, for Jesus sake I may
Hope to come to Thee one day;
Not for *promises* or *prayer*—
None but *Christ* can take me there.

XLVII.

THE POWER OF GOD IS SHOWN IN
EVERYTHING.

Who is like unto the Lord our God, who dwelleth on high,
who humbleth Himself to behold the things that are
in the heaven and in the earth.—Ps. cxiii. 4. 5

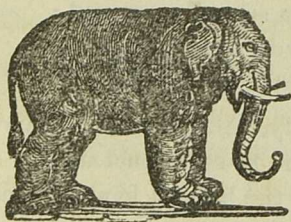
THOU sovereign Ruler, what can be
Conceal'd within the earth or sea?
What in the vast creation lies
Conceal'd or hidden from thine eyes!

Where is the meanest reptile, where,
That has not thy providing care?
Whether in desert lands it dwell,
Or in the sea, in tiniest shell.

My thoughts, they very often soar,
Wishing yon distant worlds t'explore;
But O, not yet my soul can be
Acquainted with their mystery.

But every planet, every star,
With all that is contained there
Is clearly seen by that vast eye
Which scans at once infinity.

Astonishment and awe combined,
Great God, from thoughts like these I find ;
But still assured of this I'll be,
Though but a child, Thou seest me.



XLVIII.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF TRUE REPENT-
ANCE.

And He said unto her, thy sins are forgiven.—
Luke vii. 36—48.

SAD Mary took her lowly seat
In silent, deep despair,
To bathe with tears her Saviour's feet,
And wipe them with her hair.

Hers was the lowly, contrite heart,
By Him so well approved ;
Willing with everything to part,
To be by Him beloved.

Her beauty, titles, wealth and power,
No more to earth enchain'd,
That was the holiest, happiest hour
When she forgiveness gained.

Like thee, O Mary, may I be
Willing with all to part ;
That Jesus may behold in me
The lowly, contrite heart.

And then, if every sin I fear,
If really I seek heaven,
I too, like Mary, then shall near
My sins are all forgiven.

XLIX.

THE BODY OF JESUS DID NOT SUFFER
CORRUPTION.

And He made his grave with the wicked.—Isai. liii. 9.

Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows.—

Isai. liii. 4.

DEAR Saviour, when I think of Thee
Extended on the cross for me,
The tear of sorrow fills my eye
To think Thou such a death should'st die.
The vulture scents thy trickling blood,
And waits to make thy flesh his food ;
And many a prowling, hungry beast
Waits, on thy flesh to make a feast.
But vultures scent thy blood in vain ;
The beasts retrace their steps again ;
The dying thieves their food may be,
But Thou corruption must not see.
Though with the wicked Thou must die,
Thou in the rich man's grave dost lie ;
Joseph and Nicodemus, too,
Now prove their love and faith are true.

Thus were the timid render'd bold;
Hearts glow'd with love that once were cold;
Lord, grant that I may honoured be,
Like them, by proving true to Thee.



L.

OUR FOUR COUNSELLORS.

Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel and afterwards
receive me to glory.—Ps. lxxiii. 24.

LORD, thy counsels, pure and wise,
Let me not, though young, despise ;
Make, O make my soul attend
To the counsels of its Friend.

Make the counsels of thy *word*
More attentively be heard ;
And, when I thy *servants* hear,
Disobedience may I fear.

When my *conscience* warns of wrong,
By my action, thought or tongue,
May its silent counsel gain
All my powers, nor speak in vain.

When thy Holy Spirit, too,
Warns me *what* or *not* to do ;
O, my soul, dare not despise
Counsels thus divinely wise.

Lord, with counsellors like these
I Thee never ought displease ;
But I more will strive to mind
Counsellors, thus wise and kind.

LI.

CHRIST'S COMPASSION TO THE PENITENT.

And Jesus said unto her, neither do I condemn thee, go
and sin no more.—Luke viii. 11.

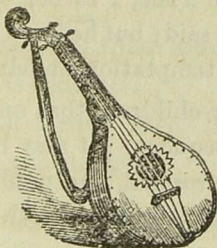
WHAT mercy and what love divine,
In all thy acts, dear Saviour, shine ;
O, where compassion can we see
Like that which shone, O Lord, in Thee.

The woman stood condemn'd by law ;
She from it could no comfort draw ;
And conscience cried, "Thy sins so great,
Thou must incur the Saviour's hate."

And tempting Satan cried again,
"Thy penitence and tears are vain."
The censuring world it stood around,
But from it she no comfort found.

O, sad, sad state of sin and grief.
Who can describe her soul's relief,
When Christ, in words of grace and power,
Said, "Woman, go, and sin no more?"

Help of the helpless sinner's Friend,
I too, like her, stand self-condemn'd;
I lift my weeping eyes to Thee;
O Saviour, pardon, speak to me.



LII.

WE SHOULD BE CAREFUL HOW WE
CENSURE OTHERS.

And he said unto Him, Lord, I am ready to go with Thee
to prison and to death.—Luke xxii. 33.

SINCE we know not at all the events of a day,
What sins or what sorrows may be in our way,
In censuring others we careful should be,
Lest we do the wrong acts which in others we see.
“Though all men forsake Thee,” said Peter, “yet I
Will never forsake Thee, I rather would die.”
He meant what he said; but he knew not how strong
Would prove the temptation he felt before long.
O, think not, dear children, that one little sin
Can be of no consequence; it may begin
A course of transgression, and public shame
May hang, as to Peter’s, henceforth on your name.
But Peter repented, and perhaps so may you;
And he was forgiven, and you may be too;
But remember, temptations are often so great,
You may *sin* till you *die*, and repent when *too* late.
Beware, O, beware on your strength to depend,
Or on good resolutions; they fail in the end.
Be humble, be careful, and strive to obey
The commandment of Jesus,—to watch and to pray.

LIII.

GOD HONOURS THOSE WHO OBEY HIM.

Those that honour Me I will honour, and they that despise
Me shall be lightly esteemed.—1 Sam. ii. 30.

GOD saith, "To him that honoureth Me
Shall honour, too, be known."

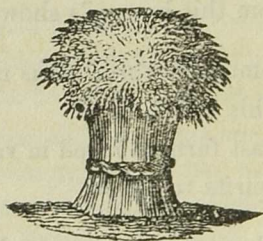
And in the Bible we may see
To whom this honour's shown.

A king commands three pious men
Before his idol fall ;
But the vast furnace raged in vain
Their spirits to appal.

"The God we serve," they meekly said,
"Can save us from thine ire ;
If not, O king, we do not dread
The all-consuming fire."

Determin'd, thus, to honour God,
God honour'd them again ;
Jesus with them the furnace trod,
And shielded them from pain.

By God and man thus honour'd, they
To us ensamples are,
If we God honour and obey
We shall his favour share.



LIV.

GOD'S PUNISHMENT OF THE EGYPTIANS.

And the blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are, and, when I see the blood, I will pass over you.—Exod. xii. 13.

How melancholy was the night !
Who can express the wild affright,
When from each house the cry was spread,
“My child, my eldest child is dead ?”

Their deep repentance, O, how vain,
When they beheld where'er was slain
The lamb, and on the door its blood,
Pass'd over was that house by God.

And vain was all intention, too,
To do as they were told to do ;
And also vain, if blood *had* been,
If *still* it could not there be seen.

O may I fear that God to offend
Who can on earth such judgments send
And thus the wicked make confess,
“God can on earth destroy or bless.”

Jesus, this scripture points to Thee,
As none in Egypt saved could be
Without the blood, so even Thou
By thy own blood must save us now.



LV.

HOW WE MAY WALK WITH GOD.

And Enoch walked with God, and was not, for God took him.—Gen. v. 24.

BESIDE the gently flowing sea,
Or, if the fields he trod,
Good Enoch, not alone was he,—
O no, he walk'd with God.

Whate'er of toil his hours employ'd,
Whether in fold or field,
He there this honour still enjoy'd,—
God was to him reveal'd.

Earth's pleasures and earth's sorrows, too,
Alike employ'd his mind ;
From God his pleasures came, he knew ;
He God in grief could find.

And so may we thus walk with God,
In public or alone ;
At play, at school, at home, abroad,
His presence may be known.

And bless'd those children are, indeed,
Who, like that holy man,
Find God with them, in bliss or need :—
Thus heaven on earth began.

LVI.

THE SEA.

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord, and his judgments in the mighty deep.—Ps. cvii. 23, 24.

THE sea, I love to gaze on the sea,
Bright and sparkling as now it be ;
And I love to see the vessels ride
Gaily upon the briny tide ;
And I think what a wonderful Being is He
Who made the beautiful, useful sea !

I love to play on the pebbly beach,
With brothers, and sisters, and cousins, each
To pick up the shells and the dark sea-weed
On the sands or the cliffs, is delightful indeed ;
And I think of the goodness of God to me,
While inhaling the healthful breeze of the sea.

I never have seen, but I oft' have read,
How the seamen's hearts are fill'd with dread,
When the lightnings flash, and the thunders roar,
And the large waves dash the ship o'er and o'er ;
And I think what an awful thing it must be
To die unprepared on the stormy sea !

LVII.

ON THE DEATH OF A FATHER.

Thou art the Helper of the fatherless.—Ps. x. 14.

MY father is gone to the grave;
He lies in that dark place alone;
The long grass will over him wave,
Or heavily lie the cold stone.

No more shall I stand by his chair,
And read in the Bible, or sing;
Nor ever again shall I share
The nice things he so oft' would bring.

My father, my father, thou'rt gone
To that heaven thou lovedst below;
Then I will be glad (though I mourn),
That thou no more suffering canst know.

For God, He has promised to be
The Friend of the fatherless child;
I now to my mother will be
More dutiful, loving, and mild.

And then, O my father, O then,
When death shall take hold upon me,
I shall see thee and love thee again,
And no more be parted from thee.

LVIII.

THE DANGER OF CHOOSING FOR OUR-
SELVES.

He shall choose our inheritance for us.—Ps. xlvii. 4.

O LET there not be strife between

Thy men and mine, I pray ;

Ascend the hill, let it be seen

Whither you choose your way.

Thus Abram said ; and thus did Lot ;

The water'd land he chose ;

And of the wicked there thought not,

But dwelt among God's foes.

His soul was shortly grieved to see

The actions of these men ;

And much he long'd and wish'd to be

Away from them again.

And God an ear of mercy lent,—

So pitiful is He,—

That He two guardian angels sent

To help him thence to flee.

O, gracious Father, choose my lot,
Though poor and rough it be ;
For blessed is the humble cot,
If visited by Thee.



LIX.

FAITH UNITES US TO THE SAVIOUR.

I am the vine, ye are the branches.—John xv. 5.

How lovely looks the branching vine ;
How curiously its tendrils twine ;
How green the leaves, how large the fruit ;
And all are nourish'd by the root !

Some branches at a distance grow,
And little fruit and foliage show,
While others grow quite near the root,
And yield much foliage and fruit.

The Saviour, in his word divine,
Hath deign'd to call Himself the vine,
And calls his people branches, too,
Though 'tis from Him, if fruit they shew.

Dear Saviour, it is faith in me
That makes my soul a part of Thee ;
A loving and obedient faith,
That will continue until death.

I'm like a little tendril now,
Just starting from its parent bough ;
Sap to this little tendril give,
Or it will never thrive or live.

LX.

COATS MENTIONED IN THE BIBLE.

He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness.—
Ps. lxi. 10.

WHEN Eve and Adam clothesless were,
God made them coats of skin ;
Though they for clothing had no care
Till they committed sin.

A coat good Jacob made his son,
Of many a colour gay ;
And, when it dyed in blood was shown,
He wept for many a day.

And little Samuel's mother made
A coat for him each year ;
For, though he in the temple stay'd,
He to her heart was dear.

And Jesus had a curious coat,—
'Twas made without one seam ;
And for it cast was many a lot,
When taken off from Him.

I need, dear Lord, that robe or dress
Which has been wrought by Thee,
And call'd "the robe of righteousness ;"
Lord, grant this unto me.

LXI.

THE COMPARISON OF EARTH WITH
HEAVEN.

They shall see his face, and his name shall be in their
foreheads.—Rev. xxii. 4, 5.

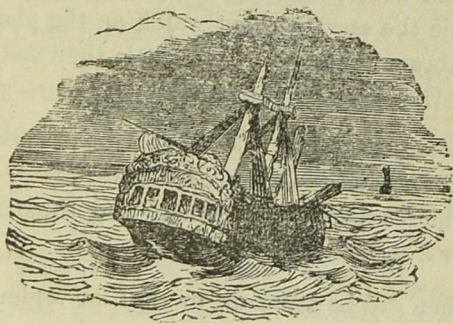
HEAVEN, heaven, glorious state,
Do thy pleasures me await ;
Can it be that I should share
Glory with the ransom'd there.

Heaven, heaven, I long to be
Purified and blest in thee ;
Long to be quite free from sin ;
Long to be with God shut in.

Earthly joys, how poor ye are,
When with heaven we them compare !
And earth's pleasures, O, how light,
When compared with heaven's delight !

Thoughts of death, and then the tomb,
Sometimes cast on me a gloom ;
And the thought of losing friends
Sorrow with my pleasure blends.

Careful, watchful, may I be,
Lest no heaven remain for me,
Lest mine prove the dreadful lot,
To hear these words, "I know you not."



LXII.

SUBMISSION PLEASING TO GOD.

The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be
the name of the Lord.—Job i. 21.

THE sons and daughters of Job ate and drank
In the house of their elder brother ;
The whirlwind it came, and they instantly sank,
Lifeless corpses, the one on the other.

The oxen were ploughing, the asses they fed,
While the servants kept watch on the plain ;
The Sabeans came ; with the cattle they fled,
And the servants were cruelly slain.

A fire consumed both the shepherd and sheep,
And the camels were taken away,
And their keepers were kill'd; and thus, at one
Poor Job lost his all in one day. [sweep,

And then did he murmur, or rage, or repine?
No, he grieved, as a father and man ;
But he knew his grief came with permission divine,
And repinings were check'd when began.

O thus may we, too, be enabled to say,
When our spirits their sorrows record,
“The Lord who hath given hath taken away,
And bless'd be the name of the Lord.”

LXIII.

WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE?

If the Lord be God, follow Him, but if Baal, then follow him.—1 Kings, xviii, 21.

“WHO is on the Lord's side, who?”

Children, children, which of you?

Which can say, by act and eye,

“I am on the Lord's side, I?”

Mercy though Jehovah loves,

He his anger often proves;

Oft' he makes the wicked know

He can punish, while below.

“Who is on the Lord's side, who?”

Cried the prophet. “All of you

Who Jehovah still revere,

Prove it now, nor dare to fear.”

Baal's worshippers, with fleeting breath,

On him call in vain in death;

But Jehovah's servants were

All protected by his care.

Were it now the judgment day,
Tell me, child, if you could say,
"I to Christ for refuge fly ;
I am on the Lord's side, I ?"



LXIV.

BLESSEDNESS OF THE HEAVENLY
STATE.

But we are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of
the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem.—Heb. xii. 22.

EARTH, the state of toil and pain ;

Earth, where sorrows so oft' reign ;

Earth, for which time is given.

O it will be joyful, joyful, joyful, joyful, [ven.

O it will be joyful, when we leave this earth for hea-

Parents, who on earth were dear,

If they loved the Saviour here,

We shall behold in heaven.

O, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful, joyful,

O, that will be joyful, parents to behold in heaven.

Sisters and our brothers, too,

All the Christian friends we knew

Will welcome us in heaven.

O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful, joyful,

O that will be joyful, to meet the loved on earth, in
heaven.

Abel, Adam, Abraham, Noah,
Who lived on earth so long before,
We shall behold in heaven.

O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful, joyful,
O that will be joyful, to meet these holy men in
heaven.

But how blessed it will be
Jesus both to know and see,—
Jesus the King of heaven.

O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful, joyful,
O that will be joyful, to live with Jesus Christ in
heaven.

O, my soul, prepare, prepare ;
Seek that glorious heaven with care ;—
To seekers it is given.

O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful, joyful,
O that will be joyful, to be without one sin in
heaven.



LXV.

GRATITUDE FOR DAILY MERCIES.

How precious, also, are thy thoughts unto me, O God, how great is the sum of them.—Ps. cxxxix. 17, 18.

GREAT God, with gratitude and love,
To Thee my thanks arise ;
And ardent praises soar above,
To Thee, for all supplies.

The daylight calls, and I awake,
Refresh'd by sleep and rest ;
Of the provided breakfast take,
With appetite well blest.

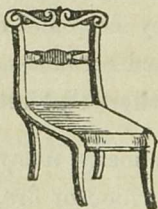
And yet, how many, many, rise,
Without or food or fire,
While others, who have large supplies,
For food have no desire.

And I have kind instructors, too,
Who feed and guard my mind ;
And every day fresh acts I view
Of friends and parents kind.

Thus, day by day, my life rolls on,
Without a want or care.

O may my gratitude be shown
Whilst Thou my life shalt spare!

And, since to bliss my soul awakes,
With every coming morn,
O may it, when from earth it breaks,
To higher bliss be borne!



LXVI.

THE SOLEMN INQUIRY.

Where art thou ?—Gen. iii. 9.

If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father,
Jesus Christ, the righteous.—1 John ii. 1.

LITTLE child, where can'st thou go,
So that God sees not thy sin ?
For you often sin, you know ;
Oft' you feel it work within.

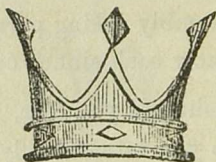
Think of Adam in the garden,
How to hide himself he sought,
Instead of humbly asking pardon,
As you know each sinner ought.

If sin's punishment you fear,
Where do you intend to fly ?
To penance, promises, or prayer ?
Vainly, vainly these you try.

If Jehovah were to call,
"Little child, where dost thou hide ?
For thy sins I know them all."
Would it be to Jesus' side ?

Would you earnestly implore
Him to save you? Do so now.
You may live not one day more;
Go, you know both where and how.

Jesus Christ atonement made;
Sin's dreadful punishment bore, too;
So, if you fly to him for aid,
God, for his sake, will pardon you.



LXVII.

“WHAT HAST THOU DONE?”

Hear, O Lord, and have mercy upon me ; O Lord, be Thou
my helper.—Ps. xxx. 10.

“WHAT hast thou done? what hast thou done?”
God ask'd of Cain, in angry tone ;
But Cain had harden'd so his heart,
That awful voice scarce made him start.

“What hast thou done?” God asks of thee,
Dear child ; and answer'd He must be.

“What hast thou done?” With weeping eye,
“Lord, I have sinn'd,” dost thou reply?

“Lord, I have often broke thy law ;
Nor can I favour hope to draw
From weak excuses, for I knew
All that I did was wrong to do.

“What have I done?” I dared offend
Against my kindest, holiest Friend.
I have forgotten, in thy sight ;
I all have done that was not right.

But, though I wrong so oft have done,
I look for mercy, through thy Son ;
And humbly pray for grace divine,
That Cain's sad state may not be mine.

LXVIII.

ON SOME OF THE MOUNTAINS NAMED
IN SCRIPTURE.

THROUGH many a day and many a night,
The ark on the water rode,
Until it rested on Ararat's height,
With its numerous living load.

On the mountains of Sinai God gave his law,
And awfully grand was the sight ;
But near it no creature was suffer'd to draw,—
Even Moses he trembled with fright.

But Moses, whose patience so often was tried,
Did as God him commanded to do ;
He ascended Mount Nebo *alive*, and there died ;
But where was his grave no one knew.

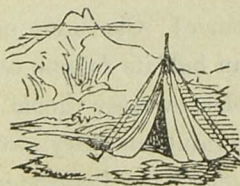
Old covetous Baalam on Pisgah stood,
Desiring much to obtain
The presents of Barak, by cursing the crowd
Of God's people, encamp'd on the plain.

Elijah and Moses to Tabor came,
With the Saviour to converse on earth ;
And the favour'd disciples, who witness'd the same,
Were convinced of his heavenly birth.

O mountain of Calvary! it was on thee
The Saviour of sinners expired. [see,
Earth trembled ; the sun such a scene would not
But with all his bright glory retired.

O mountain of Olives ! by day and by night,
The Saviour had visited thee ;
At last, from thy verdant and beautiful height,
He assembled his friends to see.

How swift on a radiant cloud he rode,
With a numerous angel train,
Who attended him back to his blest abode,
Evermore as a king to reign.



LXIX.

PRAISE TO THE REDEEMER.

For Thou wast slain and hast redeemed us unto God by
thy blood.—Rev. v. 9.

My Redeemer's name I love,—
Name that oft my spirits cheer.
Name, thou dost thyself approve,—
Name above all others dear.
My Redeemer! my Redeemer!
O how sweet this name to me!

My Redeemer! O how sweet,
My Redeemer, canst Thou be!
O, my soul, these sounds repeat—
These sounds of sweetest harmony!
My Redeemer! my Redeemer!
O may I be found in Thee!

My Redeemer! Charming name!
Who can half its fulness tell?
Not a nobler, sweeter theme
Can the saints in glory swell.
My Redeemer! my Redeemer!
In Thee doth all fulness dwell.

Praise my soul, thy praising powers!

Sing of Christ's redeeming love!

He hath purchased heaven's bowers,

Where there's nought but peace and love.

My Redeemer! my Redeemer!

How I long to be above!



LXX.

PRAYER.

Brethren, pray for us.—1 Thess. v. 25.

He ever liveth to make intercession.—Heb. vii. 25.

O IT delightful is to know
God hears us when we pray;
Whether with thankfulness we glow,
Or deep in sorrow lay.

'T is right that for ourselves we pray,
But not for self alone.
God greatly doth attention pay
To intercession's tone.

How oft did Moses intercede
For that rebellious race
Which he conducted: when he pray'd,
Mercy of wrath took place.

While Daniel interceded for
His people and his land,
The angel Gabriel he saw
By him, while speaking, stand.

God heard, and made the angel fly,
 (As soon as he began),
To tell him that He heard the cry
 Of this beloved man.

When Peter in the prison lay
 Composedly asleep,
His friends had met that they might pray
 God would him safely keep.

God heard, and swift an angel flew
 To guide him from that place ;
His friends would scarce believe it true ;
 They felt his warm embrace.

And so, the interceding prayer
 God hears and answers now ;
He for our friends would have us care ;
 And thus that care to show.

For Jesus, He doth ever live
 For us to intercede,
That God to us may pardon give,
 And grace in time of need.

LXXI.

THE TEN EGYPTIAN PLAGUES.

See Exodus, from chap. viii. to chap xii.

ON Pharoah God ten judgments sent,
But none him truly made repent.
The first, that proved God's anger burn'd,
The waters into blood were turn'd.
The second, frogs which were about,
Leaping on all, within and out.
The third, a grievous swarm of flies
Annoy'd them, both by sting and noise.
The fourth, a sad distemper sprung
The Egyptian herds and flocks among.
The fifth was vermin of that kind
Which few beside the dirty find.
The sixth was dreadful boils or blains,
Which caused tormenting, burning pains.
The seventh, a dreadful storm of hail
God caused both man and beast to assail.
The eighth was locusts, which annoy'd,
And vegetation quite destroy'd.

The ninth fill'd every heart with dread,
For darkness o'er the land was spread.
The tenth was death, at midnight he
Seized one in every family.
And Pharoah, really then afraid,
Arose, and God's command obey'd.



LXXII.

THE GIFTS OF GOD.

Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gifts.—
2 Cor. ix. 15.

GOD gave this lovely world to man,
Arranged, perfected every plan ;
All living creatures, too, He gave,
That he o'er them might power have.

God gave to man his noble mind,
Active, capacious, strong, refined ;
That mind which makes all nature know
'Tis made to serve him while below.

God gave to man his wond'rous soul,
To live while endless ages roll ;
To him this precious soul was given,
To fit him for the state of heaven.

Great as these gifts, one greater still
God gave,—that gift unspeakable,
Jesus the Saviour, his own Son,
To give and make salvation known.

Without this gift— all else were vain,—
Man could not heavenly bliss obtain ;
That state for which he had his birth,
For which he lives and dies on earth.

LXXIII.

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

For unto you is born this day, in the City of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.—Luke ii. 11.

WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
On Bethlehem's fertile plain,
They saw around a glorious light,
And heard a joyful strain:—

“Mortals, attend! we come to bring
Tidings of peace and joy;
Jesus the Saviour, heaven's King,
Is born an infant Boy.”

Thus sung the angels, who came down,
His birthplace to proclaim;
And o'er the spot stood still and shone
The star of Bethlehem.

The holy Babe the shepherds saw;
The joyful news they spread;
And strongly others sought to draw
Around his infant bed.

As did the shepherds, so should we
The Saviour's grace proclaim;
That others by our means may be
Led to revere his name.

LXXIV.

A PRAYER FOR THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Howbeit, when He the Spirit of truth is come, He will guide you into all truth.—John xvi. 13.

O, HOLY Spirit, Thou who art
The sanctifier of the heart!
Throughout life's way, where'er I go,
On me thy influence bestow.

By various ways allured to sin,
The world without, the world within,
What is there can preserve my soul
From its sad, dangerous control?

What but thy guidance, and thy power
Can save me in the tempting hour?
What can my straying feet restore
To the right path, but Thou, once more?

Spirit of holiness and truth,
O guide my inexperienced youth,
Whatever else Thou dost deny,
My spirit teach and sanctify.

Whether I think, or read, or pray,
O grant me thy enlightening ray;
Thus, while I live, my soul will be
Training for endless bliss with Thee.

LXXV.

SIN AND PUNISHMENT OF PRESUMPTION.

Let us build a city, and a tower whose top may reach unto heaven.—Gen. xi. 4.

“COME, let us build a tower high,
And let its summit touch the sky;
God shall not drown us all again,”
Said wicked and presumptuous men.

And soon they built this wondrous tower,
Exulting each in his own power,
When suddenly each brow was spread
With consternation, awe, and dread.

It was, indeed, confusion's reign,—
Brother to brother spake in vain;
Parents and children spake, but could
Not make themselves be understood.

How vainly do the wicked try
Jehovah's power to defy;
Until He makes them, in his wrath,
Know He can crush them like a moth.

But such the mercy, such the grace,
Of God to our rebellious race,
That He his judgments makes, we find,
Punish, yet benefit mankind.

LXXVI.

THE NARROW WAY TO HEAVEN.

Enter ye in at the strait gate, for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction.—Matt. vii. 13, 14

A BEAUTIFUL mansion, a beautiful home
Is prepared, my dear children, for you ;
But all who are to it invited to come,
Must keep their directions in view.

The Bible all needful instruction conveys,
What to do or what may not be done ;
And glory attendeth the child who obeys,
Exceeding the stars or the sun.

For there are two ways ; one narrow and strait,
But not many people are there ;
Another there is, where the crowd's very great ;
Of this you are bidden beware.

The narrow way often is thorny and rough,
But then 'tis the way to your home ;
The other way often is pleasing enough,
But then from it widely you roam.

Remember, the Saviour this narrow way trod,
And left an example for you ;
Remember it leads to the mansions of God.
Dear children, this pathway pursue.

LXXVII.

THE HEAVENLY REST.

There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God.—
Heb. iv. 9.

THERE is a rest ! O, who can tell
How sweet that rest will be ;
With saints and angels there to dwell
Throughout eternity ?

There is a rest ; but yet not one
Of indolent repose ;
The favour'd soul that sees thy throne
All active pleasure knows.

There is a rest remaineth still
For those who love the Lord.
For those who here obey the will
And precepts of thy word.

There is a rest ; but O, my soul,
Doth it remain for thee,
When, wearied with the body's toil,
Thou hopest it may be.

Well, though my lot be toil and grief,
I will not, Lord, repine ;
The hope shall yield me sweet relief,—
That rest may yet be mine.

LXXVIII.

JESUS BOUGHT HEAVEN FOR US WITH
HIS OWN BLOOD.

For ye are bought with a price.—1 Cor. vi. 20.

O HEAVEN, heaven, what can be
The amount of that felicity
Which cost a price so very great
For man t'enjoy its blissful state.

Though standing on destruction's brink,
Alas, how little do we think
How great the price once paid that we
Might rescued from destruction be!

What degradation, pain, and woe
Is known by many here below!
Who dare believe that such a price
Was never paid to save from vice?

My soul, my soul, O ponder well
What price was paid to save from hell;
And ponder, too, the price once given
That entrance thou might'st gain to heaven.

Jesus, Thou pearl of priceless worth,
My soul, amidst its cares on earth
Doth sometimes cast a longing glance
To thy blood-bought inheritance!

LXXIX.

THE SOLEMN INQUIRY.

How shall we escape, if we neglect so great a salvation.—
Heb. ii. 3.

CHILDREN, thoughtless, young and gay,
Happy in your sport and play,
Tell me if ye think or know
How to escape eternal woe.

God, you know, forbids all sin;
Bids you keep your conscience clean;
Says, if ye transgress his law,
You his anger on you draw.

How shall ye escape it, say?
When shall come the judgment day.
Refuge there is only one,—
It is Jesus Christ alone.

How shall ye escape it, then,
If that Saviour ye disdain,
If ye do not seek below
His protection from such woe.

Little child, to Jesus go.
O delay not to do so!
If you Him neglect and scorn,
Better you had not been born.

LXXX.

THOUGHTS ABOUT REPENTANCE.

God commandeth all men everywhere to repent.—
Acts xvii. 30.

“REPENT, repent,” the Bible says,
“Repent, ’tis God’s command ;”
I hear, but still my soul delays ;
Conviction it withstands.

“Repent, dear child,” the Saviour cries,
“Repent while now you’re young.”
I sometimes raise repentant sighs,
And feel emotions strong.

And often in God’s house I hear
The solemn call, “repent ;”
His anger for awhile I fear,
And conscience yields assent.

But very soon I all forget ;
My heart grows hard again ;
And each repeated call as yet
Has proved to be in vain.

Thou who repentance came to give,
Dear Saviour, grant it me ;
Then will my soul the bliss receive
Of living, Lord, with Thee.

LXXXI.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

Our Father who art in heaven.—Matt. v. 9.

FATHER, who dwell'st in heaven's throne,
Hallowed be thy name ;
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done
On earth as heaven the same.

O grant this day our daily bread,
And grant forgiveness, too,
And unto all may we be led
To grant forgiveness, too.

O lead me not in tempting paths,
To try me, lest I fall ;
And be exposed to thy just wrath ;
But guard and save from all.

Thy kingdom, it can never end,
Nor can it change its place ;
The time will come it will extend
O'er every inch of space.

Power and majesty divine,
Father, to Thee belongs ;
O may the privilege be mine
To sing in heaven this song.

LXXXII.

THE COMPASSION OF JESUS FOR SIN-
NERS.

And when He was come near, He beheld the city and wept
over it.—Luke xix. 41.

As up the hill the Saviour went,
And saw Jerusalem as bent
On its destruction, tears of grief
Gave to his suff'ring mind relief.

“Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
How often hast thou stoned them
Whom God in mercy often sent
To warn and call them to repent.

“How oft' would I have shelter'd you
From harm, as hens, which frighten'd, view
The hanging hawk, and calls her brood,
Willing to guard them with her blood.”

Did Jesus thus for sinners feel,
For those whose hearts are hard as steel;
And shall I have no care or thought
For those who live in sin, untaught.

Forbid it, Saviour, and impart
To me a feeling, pitying heart;
Then for the heathen I shall grieve,
And help their blindness to relieve.

LXXXIII.

THE CURIOSITY OF ZACCHEUS.

Zaccheus come down, for this day I must abide at thy house.—Matt. xix. 5

ZACCHEUS, he wanted the Saviour to see,
And being a short, little man,
He thought that to climb up a sycamore tree
Would just be the very best plan.

So quickly he climb'd it, and sat like a mouse
Till Jesus beneath the tree stood.

“Zaccheus, come down, I shall dwell at thy house,”
Said the Saviour. O was not this good!

But how knew the Saviour Zaccheus was there?
Because He was God, though a Man;
And, having resolved that Zaccheus should share
Salvation, He thus it began.

So down he came quickly, and home led the way,
Delighted to have such a guest;
And never through life forgot he that day,
Of all earthly days to him best.

Dear children, do you wish the Saviour to see?
Then show it by action as did
Zaccheus, then this is quite certain to be,
If you do what his word doth you bid.

LXXXIV.

THE DANGER OF RESENTMENT.

A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger.—Prov. xv. 1.

O, HOW much pain or bliss we know,
According as our tempers flow ;
And how much sin may practised be
In thought or action hourly !

Poor David's state cross Nabal knew,
Yet kindness he refused to shew ;
But O, what sin had David known
Had Abigail no kindness shown !

Dear children, dread fierce anger's strain ;
Return not angry words again ;
For angry words may lead to deeds,
Whence even murder oft' proceeds.

Be like the Saviour, meek and mild ;
Govern your temper while a child ;
Like Him, your lips in silence seal,
When unkind actions oft' you feel.

Or else reprove in kindly tone,
Without retaliation shown.
Remember, none but God may say,
"Vengeance is mine, I will repay."

LXXXV.

THE DOVE AND THE RAVEN.

But the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto him into the ark.—Gen. viii. 9.

THE large, dark clouds had pass'd away,
The sun again discern'd ;
The raven sent by Noah that day
No more to him return'd ;

For, scatter'd thickly on the ground,
Lay many a girl and boy,
Women, and men, and beast, all drown'd.
Such food he could enjoy.

Then forth he sent the timid dove.
She sought for rest in vain ;
She found no place on earth to live,
So back she came again.

Dear child, which would you rather be,
The raven or the dove ?
The raven in the world, you see,
Found what she best could love.

Not so the dove, she could not find
On earth a place to rest,
Till it was fitted for mankind,
And was by God re-blest.

LXXXVI.

THE TWO KNOCKERS.

Knock and it shall be opened unto you.—Matt. vii. 7.
Behold, I stand at the door and knock.—Rev. iii. 20.

LISTEN, dear child, to Jesu's knock,
Now at thy youthful heart ;
Wilt thou to Him that heart unlock,
Or wilt thou say, 'Depart.'

He knocks to be thy Guide and Friend
Throughout life's dangerous way.
Wilt thou to his advice attend,
Or wilt thou turn away ?

He knocks as one who has a right
To be admitted now ;
With holy reverence and delight
Do you to Jesus bow ?

If now you hear his gracious knock,
And do not it attend,
He will not heaven's gate unlock,
And own you then his friend.

But if you to his knock reply,
"Come in, dear Saviour, come,"
Through life He will with grace supply,
At death will take you home.

LXXXVII.

THE HAPPY DYING BEGGAR.

And it came to pass that the beggar died, and was carried
by angels into Abraham's bosom.—Luke xvi. 22.

THE beggar sat at the rich man's gate ;
Painful and loathsome was his state.
Not one kind friend was near him found ;
The dogs they came and lick'd his wound.

But not unhappy was this man ;
No, for life's race was nearly run.
His painful state might cause a sigh ;
But O, he knew that heaven was nigh.

The moment came,—he knew it not,—
That changed his present suffering lot ;
The next, and angels bore away
His soul to God and endless day.

O, 'tis religion ; this alone
Can in man's mind erect a throne
Where happiness may sit secure,
Though homeless, friendless, sick and poor.

Religion, who can count thy worth ?
Soother of all the ills of earth.
Rather would I the beggar be
Than own the world deprived of thee.

LXXXVIII.

THE BLESSED ENGAGEMENT.

Who is this that hath engaged his heart to seek Me, saith
the Lord.—Jer. xxx. 21.

WHO hath engaged his heart
To seek Me (saith the Lord);
Who from all evil doth depart,
And listen to my word.

Wilt thou engage thy heart
To serve me while thou'rt young,
And guard against each evil thought
And word upon your tongue.

Engage thy heart to Me,
For Satan's snares are strong;
My grace will from his fetters free,
If you to me belong.

Christ has engaged to bring
All so engaged to Me,
To reign in heaven with Him, your King,
In bliss eternally.

Come to thy God and Friend;
To me thy heart engage;
Honour and peace shall then attend
Thy childhood and thy age.

LXXXIX.

THE ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

While they beheld, He was taken up, and a cloud received
Him out of their sight.—Acts i. 9.

Look, look, dear children, upward gaze;
Behold a glorious sight;—
Jesus on earth no longer stays;
To heaven He takes his flight!

But well may tears your cheeks bedew,
Your bosoms ache with pain;
Jesus you may no longer view,—
To heaven He's gone again.

Yet think of what on earth He said,—
For what He said is true,—
“Let not your hearts be fill'd with dread;
I'll come again to you.

“You should rejoice because I leave
This world of grief and care,
For I will you in heaven receive;
A place I will prepare.”

Jesus, our hearts ascend to Thee,
Though we on earth remain;
Soon will our souls from sin be free,
And we with Thee shall reign.

XC.

THE AFFECTIONATE FATHER.

But when he was yet a great way off his father saw him,
and had compassion on him, and ran and fell on his
neck and kissed him.—Luke xv. 20.

A FATHER on the house-top stood,
His mind oppress'd with care ;
He loved a son who was not good,
And much he wish'd him there.

But soon he at a distance saw
His weary, wandering boy,
And ran to bring him home once more,
With mingled grief and joy.

“O why, my loving father, why,”
He said, “thus kind to me ?
The meanest servant gladly I
Now in thy house will be.”

“Not so, my son ; I mourn'd thee dead,
But soon it shall resound,
For see the feast already spread.
My long lost son is found.”

With just such love doth God now view
Poor sinners to Him driven ;
He sees their sins and sorrows, too ;
Forgives and takes to heaven.

XCI.

WHICH LITTLE CHILD LOVES JESUS ?

So when they had dined, Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon.
son of Jonas, lovest thou Me.—John xxi. 15

“LOVEST thou Me, dear little child ?
Ask thy heart, so weak and wild.
Lovest thou Me, thy best of friends ;
Bliss or woe on this depends.”

“Think of what I did for thee ;
How I died on Calvary.
Why ? because I loved as now,
Little children such as thou.”

“Well, what answer dost thou give,
Still unloving dost thou live ?
But, intending, thou wilt try
To love and serve Me by and bye.”

“Lord, my mind is weak and vain ;
Trifles it to earth enchain ;
But I know I ought to love
Thee all other things above.

“Help me, Saviour, and impart
A loving and obedient heart ;
My glad answer then will be,
‘Lord, Thou knowest I love Thee.’”

XCII.

THE SIN OF VANITY.

Every one that is proud in heart is an abomination to the Lord.—Prov. xvi. 5.

AWAY with such feelings, so weak and so vain ;
I must more endeavour all such to restrain.
Did Jesus look down with contempt in his eyes
On the meanly clad ? No, he did not such despise.

Yet, how many far better dress'd I can see
Than I, and were they thus to look upon me,
I know I should soon feel both anger and pain,
And regard them again with contempt and disdain.

This meanly clad child may be better than I,
And God may see proper to change, by and bye,
Her state. The privation may cease to endure ;
She may become rich and I become poor.

All finery I should be willing to spare, [share ;
That proper neat clothing some poor child may
For Jesus is angry with all those who scoff,
And beholdeth the proud a very far off.

O how could I bear Him to look thus on me.
I will strive more in earnest that this may not be.
O help me, great Spirit, to be on my guard,
For to conquer this sin is, I find, very hard.

XCIII.

A PRAYER FOR CONVERTING GRACE.

Leave not my soul destitute.—Ps. cxli. 8.

O SAVIOUR, wilt Thou now begin
In me the work of grace ;
O make me deeply feel my sin,
And seek thy dwelling place.

O wilt Thou change this stubborn heart,
And rouse my dormant power ;
Bid the vain world from me depart ;
O change me from this hour.

My soul is destitute, O God,
Of love and joy in Thee ;
Almost regardless of thy rod,
And future misery.

If destitute of worldly friends
How hard would seem my fate,
But Thou, on whom my all depends,
I with indifference treat.

But leave me not thus destitute ;
Converting grace impart ;
And, may my actions be the fruit
Of a new contrite heart.

XCIV.

ON THE DEATH OF A MOTHER.

“ All life is but as grass.”

THOU canst not hear the heavy sighs,
My mother, of thy child ;
Nor turn again on me thine eyes,
So loving, bright, and mild.

I shall not hear again thy voice
In fervent prayer for me,
That I may make God's ways my choice,
And by Him guided be.

But thou art blest in heaven, now,
Without one care or pain,
While I in tearful sorrow bow,
And of thy loss complain.

O if thou could'st again return,
I think I would no more
Occasion thee one sad concern,
As I have oft' before.

But O, my mother, I will try,
So long as time is given,
To act as thou hast taught, that I
May thee behold in heaven.

XCV.

WE MUST MAKE OUR REQUESTS TO
GOD IN THE NAME OF JESUS.

Whatsoever ye ask the Father in my name, He may give it
you.—John xv. 16.

ALMIGHTY Father, bow thine ear
Indulgent to my youthful prayer ;
And, while I humbly bend the knee,
For Jesu's sake, attend to me.

'Tis from his word I courage take
To ask forgiveness for his sake ;
He says that Thou wilt freely grant,
For his sake, all my soul can want.

My youthful heart, beset with snares,
Peculiar to my sex and years,
From earthly joys which charm the sense,
What shall I find my sure defence ?

O if my mind were made the seat
Where faith, and love, and duty meet,
Then pleasures calm and dignified
I should enjoy, and peace beside.

O Father, hear me ; I implore
That Thou converting grace will pour
Upon the soul that thine would be ;
For Jesu's sake this grant to me.

XCVI.

THE PUNISHMENT FOR SELFISHNESS.

Shall I take my bread, and my water, and my flesh that I have killed for my shearers, and give it unto men whom I know not whence they be.—1 Sam. xxv. 11.

THE shearing feast rich Nabal spread,
The tables fill'd with food and wine;
No coming evil was his dread;
He had no thought of wrath divine.

He had refused poor David food,
Although he had such plenteous store;
And David, in a 'vengeful mood,
Had vow'd on him his wrath to pour.

But God prevented such a deed;
For Nabal's wife the state made known
Of David's mind, then he, indeed,
Was frighten'd, and became as stone.

For Nabal was a selfish man,—
And selfishness God hates to see,—
And so He made him, by this plan,
A warning, both to you and me.

Dear child, would you God's favour have,
Would you the love of friends enjoy ?
Then earnestly this blessing crave
That He will selfishness destroy.



XCVII.

WHY JESUS CAME FROM HEAVEN TO EARTH.

And I looked, and there was none to help, therefore, mine own arm brought salvation unto me.—Isai. lxiii. 5.

WHY did the dear Redeemer come
From heaven, that glorious place,
And make this sinful world his home
With such a sinful race.

He came, because in heaven He saw
How Satan tempted man
To disobey God's holy law,
And every rightful plan.

Man's state the Saviour could not see
Without attempt to save,
So came, their pattern He might be,
From cradle to the grave.

He came to conquer Satan, too.
God's law was his delight.
He would not tempted be to do
One thing that was not right.

Did Jesus love poor mortals so?
Then surely we should try
To imitate Him while below,
And our own selves deny.

XCVIII.

THE EYE OF GOD IS ALWAYS UPON
CHILDREN.

For the ways of man are before the eyes of the Lord, and
He pondereth all his goings.—Prov. v. 21.

GOD from his large high window sees
All things that children do ;
Whether they please him or displease ;
And hears each whisper, too.

He knows when wicked thoughts arise,
And wicked words are said ;
And those large, holy, watchful eyes
Are round about our bed.

That eye beholds when children pray ;
It sees them when they kneel,
And try to send vain thoughts away,
And say but what they feel.

It sees them when they conquer sin,
And acts of kindness do ;
And then his Spirit enters in,
And makes them happy, too.

O may I, at the judgment day,
Great God, that eye behold
With filial fear, but not dismay,
And join the ransom'd fold.

XCIX.

ON WORLDLY SORROW.

Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards.—
Job v. 7.

WHEN sickness dims the sparkling eye,
And pain will cause a stifled sigh,
Nor ease from med'cine can we borrow,
We think this world a world of sorrow.

When o'er the new-made grave we bend,
Of a loved parent or kind friend,
The mind hears not of peace to-morrow,
But cries, O, what a world of sorrow!

When pinching poverty and care
Make life a weariness to bear,
And we no more from hope can borrow,
We feel this is a world of sorrow.

When love and friendship fade away,
And all earth's joys at once decay,
We from this source may comfort borrow
That heaven in not a place for sorrow.

Through youth and age, as on we pass,
May we remember life is grass,
So that if death should come to-morrow,
We leave this world without one sorrow.

C.

THE DANGER OF BEING TOO HAPPY
IN THIS WORLD.

God hath given us all things richly to enjoy.—1 Tim. vi. 17.

WHEN children, bounding on the green,
Make fruits, and toys, and flowers their pleasure,
How plainly in each face is seen
This world's to them a world of pleasure.

Time onward flies, and health and youth
Enjoyment yield in plenteous measure,
And then the heart exclaims with truth,
“Is not this world a world of pleasure?”

When love and friendship each unite
To yield their portion of delight,—
The heart, not feeling one sad pressure,—
This world is then a world of pleasure.

But O, it will be sad, indeed,
If earthly happiness but lead
To make this world our greatest treasure,—
Pain will succeed this world of pleasure.

O may this thought each bliss attend,—
Earth's pleasures, howe'er great, must end;
So may we each enjoy in measure,
But look to heaven for endless pleasure.

CI.

THE CHILD'S CONFESSION OF SIN.

Lord, remember me.—Luke xxiii. 42.

DEAR Saviour, hear a little child,
Who humbly bends the knee,
To pray that now, while young and wild,
Thou wilt remember me.

Temptations often me assail;
From sin I cannot flee.
While now its influence I bewail,
O Lord, remember me.

My heart is hard,—I cannot pray,
Oft' when I bend the knee;
Lord, when I have no words to say,
Wilt Thou remember me.

I know Thou wilt; for thou hast said,
Let children come to Me;
Then, if aright to Thee I'm led,
I shall remember'd be.

From this I comfort may obtain
When other comforts flee;
While faith and love to Thee remain,
Thou wilt remember me.

CII.

JESUS RESTORED TO LIFE THE DEAD
LITTLE GIRL.

For he had one only daughter, twelve years of age, and
she lay a dying.—Luke viii. 42.

A LOVELY little girl, one day,
Sat with her friends at work or play ;
But soon her youthful cheek turn'd pale,
And sickness told its sad, sad tale.

She saw her mother's anxious face ;
She felt her death creep on apace ;
She saw her kind friends press around,—
Their eyes in tearful sorrows drown'd.

What would her parents give to save
Their darling from the dark, cold grave ?
But not one friend to save was nigh.
They saw her sink, and groan, and die.

The kind Redeemer heard the tale.
Could his Divine compassion fail ?
O no, he stood beside the bed,
And call'd again to life the dead.

O may each child, dear Saviour, be
Call'd to a life divine by Thee ;
Then will the gloomy grave be sweet
If thus prepared Thyself to meet.

CIII.

THE CHILD'S CONFESSION OF SECRET
SIN.

Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice, have mercy upon
me and answer me.—Ps. xxvii. 7.

ALMIGHTY God, I bend the knee,
O teach me what to say to Thee ;
O make me feel whate'er I say ;
O make me with my spirit pray.

Thoughts proud, revengeful, stubborn, wrong,
Have led to evils of the tongue ;
Nor have my actions all been right,—
I have not been obedient quite.

Thus, every day I find my heart
Unable with its sin to part ;
Or, if I think I find no sin,
It is that I've not tempted been.

Lord, hear a little child confess
Its danger, sin, and helplessness ;
And, while I feel this, make me fear
To sin, since Thou art everywhere.

Spirit of holiness and prayer,
O condescend my cry to hear ;
And, while I lowly bend the knee,
For Jesu's sake, O, answer me.

CIV.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO THE HUMBLE
SINCERE YOUNG CHRISTIAN.

Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord
looketh on the heart.—1 Sam. xvi. 7.

YOUNG David was watching his father's sheep ;
And near them he sat, a good watch to keep,
When, surprised, he beheld a servant come,
And heard that Samuel was waiting at home.
To see the good Prophet was pleasure great,
And holy joy would alone create ;
For David Jehovah so well revered,
That his aged servant he loved and fear'd.
His seven brothers the Prophet had seen,
All soldiers brave, and of noble mien ;
But of these Jehovah had chosen none ;
But He chose little David, the youngest son.
So God from the sheepfold young David took ;
And, from slinging the stones by the rippling brook,
Soon exchanged was repose for the snares, and the
sting,
And the riches, and honour, and cares of a king.
"Not the handsome, or noble, or rich are preferr'd
To the humble and pious, by Me," saith the Lord.
"By appearances dazzled, though man may be,
The heart alone is regarded by Me."

CV.

THE IMPORTANCE OF WATCHING AS
WELL AS PRAYING.

Watch ye, therefore, and pray always.—Luke xxi. 36.

I OFTEN pray that God will keep
My mind and hands from sin,
And think, when for a fault I weep,
I'll do it not again.

But there is one thing I forget,
To watch as well as pray ;
Though oft' reminded of it, yet
I do not, day by day.

Often I know myself unkind,
Revengeful, idle, rude ;
Wicked or vain thoughts to my mind
Will constantly intrude.

I do not watch them, and they grow
So numerous and so strong
That outward actions often show
What inwardly was wrong.

“Watch, watch,” the dear Redeemer says,
“Watch, watch, as well as pray.”
He who this precept disobeys
Will conquer'd be each day.

CVI.

LITTLE CHILDREN MUST NOT THINK
GOD DOES NOT SEE THEIR ACTIONS.

And there came forth two she bears out of the wood, and
tare forty and two children of them.—2 Kings ii. 24.

O LET not children think and say,
God minds not what they do ;
For he is angry every day
Their wicked acts to view.

When wicked children dared, of old,
Mock the good prophet, he
Would not their punishment withhold,
But ordered instantly,—

Two hungry, furious, raging bears
To issue from the wood ;
And very soon the path appears
Strew'd with their bones and blood.

Dear children, ever honour those
Whom God doth honour here ;
For fear that, class'd among his foes,
You at the last appear.

But in the blest society
Of those, may you rejoice,
Who, number'd with his friends shall be,
And people of his choice.

CVII.

GOD PROTECTS THOSE WHO RESIST
TEMPTATION.

Then the king went to his palace, and passed the night
fasting.—Dan. vi. 18—22.

“AWAY with music, mirth, away,
All now is gloom that once was gay ;
I mourn thy fate, thou best of men,
Good Daniel, in the lion’s den.”

Thus spoke Darius, Persia’s king,—
He strongly felt regret’s vain sting ;
But dawn of morning came, and then
He hasten’d to the lion’s den.

“Daniel, the loved of God most high,—
That God thou served so faithfully,—
Say, hath He saved thee from the paw,
And from the hungry lion’s jaw.”

“He hath, O king ; my God hath sent
His angel, that he might prevent
The hungry lions of their prey.
I live his power to display.”

Great God, when strong temptations come
And urge my faith from Thee to roam,
May I, then, like good Daniel, prove,
By steadfastness, my faith and love.

CVIII.

GOD'S EYE IS UPON US WHEN WE ARE
IN SORROW.

And she sat over against him, and lifted up her voice, and wept.—Gen. xxi. 16.

A MOTHER sat beneath a tree.

Weeping, and weary and sad was she ;
For she heard the groan and the moaning sigh
Of her little son, who she fear'd would die.

O how she grieved in this solitude,
That her little boy should have been so rude ;
And she knew her own conduct had been wrong,
So remorse made her sorrow doubly strong.

No footstep was seen, and no sound was heard
But the step of some wild beast or chirping bird ;
But the God of heaven He heard their cries,
And to help them an angel from heaven flies.

“What aileth thee, Hagar,” the angel said ;
“Cease now thy tears, and lift up thy head ;
Go, raise thy weeping son by the hand,
For he yet shall be a prince in the land.”

Thus, angel directed, she water saw ;
Her child was restored, and she wept no more.
Like hers, may our experience be,
In all our sorrows, Thou God, seest me.

CIX.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF A LIVING SPIRIT.

He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love.—
1 John iv. 8.

THE Bible says that "God is love."
This truth all earth and heaven approve.
What is there can delight us more
Than love in joy or sorrow's hour?

How happy is the little child,
When friends have with approval smiled!
How happy are their parents, too,
Who kind and loving children view!

God loved the world so much, He gave
His Son, from misery man to save;
And, if we love Him, then it must
Be because He loved us first.

How very good of God to take
Such pains, that He might happy make
His creatures, while on earth they dwell,
And save from grief unspeakable.

O let us cultivate with care
This sweet emotion, while we're here;
As God is love, then let us try
To be like Him, and all on high.

CX.

A PRAYER FOR THE HOLY SPIRIT'S
SANCTIFYING INFLUENCE.

The Spirit also helpeth our infirmities.—Rom. viii. 26.

GRACIOUS Spirit, deign to be
Now my guide in infancy ;
Though a child, I know I want
All thy holiness can grant.

Make me feel afraid of sin,
Seen without or felt within ;
It my great concern should be
To strive for inward purity.

Spirit, guard my heart and tongue,
When enduring rage and wrong ;
Grant a calm, enduring mind,
Firm, forgiving, gentle, kind.

Make me think and feel aright ;
Make those precepts my delight
Which on earth the Saviour taught,—
Practice them in act and thought.

Jesus, when a child, was good :
The law obey'd and understood ;
Him to imitate I'll try.
Spirit, help and sanctify.



CXI.

THE SUFFERINGS OF JESUS BROUGHT
ANGELS FROM HEAVEN.

And there appeared an angel unto Him from heaven,
strengthening Him.—Luke xxii. 43.

COME, dear children, come with me,
Come to dark Gethsemene;
Hear the Saviour sigh and groan;
See, He suffers quite alone.

Though his chosen friends are nigh,
Sleep has closed each weary eye;
But, could angels bear to see
Him alone in agony?

No; the sight they could not bear;
Heaven could not detain them there;
Man, they knew, poor, sinful man
Knew not yet salvation's plan.

To support his earthly frame
In this suffering hour they came;
Shall we with indifference view
Scenes which them from heaven drew?

No; dear suffering Saviour, we
Painless can't thy suffering see;
While thy love and grief we view,
Hearts and lives we feel thy due.

CXII.

CHILDREN WILL NOT GO TO JESUS.

Ye will not come to me that ye might have life.—

John v. 40.

THE Saviour says, "Ye will not come,
Ye will not come to me ;
Though I to heaven would lead you home,
Where happy ye might be.

"Ye will not come to me, and why,
Ye children, now at play ;
Think ye your pleasure 'twould destroy,
If ye my call obey ?

"Ye will not come to Me, although
I came from heaven for you ;
You think you'll by and bye do so ;
But O, this will not do.

"Ye will not come to me not yet ?
Then go, the world attend ;
But, when death comes, will ye forget
I would have been your Friend.

“Then ye will call on Me, but I
Will not your call regard.”

Thus saith the voice that cannot lie,
Thus saith the living Lord.



CXIII.

THE SWEETNESS AND VALUE OF LIGHT.

Truly, the light is sweet, and it is a pleasant thing for the eyes to behold the sun.—Eccles. x. 7.

THE light! who does not love the light,
And think the sun a glorious sight,
When we at evening him behold
Midst clouds of purple, red, or gold?

Who is there does not love the light
Which makes all things so gay and bright?
The birds sing sweetly, flow'rets throw
Their fragrance where'er they grow.

But light is dark, the sun is dim
At summer noon, compared with Him,
Who (Sun of suns, and Light of lights),
All worlds and all in heaven delights.

Great Source of light, illumine my mind,
For mental darkness oft' I find;
I sin and ignorance display,
If not enlighten'd by thy ray.

Jesus, thou Sun of Righteousness,
Shine on my soul; illumine and bless,
And on benighted nations shine.
O may this bliss be theirs and mine!

CXIV.

JESUS LOVED TO READ AND HEAR THE
SCRIPTURES.

And it came to pass, that after three days they found Him in the temple, in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions.—Luke ii. 46.

THE Saviour, when a little boy,
No Bible had to read ;—
His mother she could not one buy ;
She was too poor, indeed.

So when He to the temple came,
By yearly practice led,
The Bible so delighted Him,
He staid to hear it read.

And then for three whole days He staid
To hear, and ask, and learn ;
But soon his mother's will obey'd,
When summon'd to return.

The scribes and doctors wonder'd much
To see a child so young
Show such attention, and hear such
Wise questions from his tongue.

Did Jesus love the Bible so ?

Did He so well obey ?

My duty, then, I see and know,

Throughout my youthful way.



CXV.

WHY GOD REFUSED THE OFFERING OF
CAIN.

For God loveth a cheerful giver.—2 Cor. ix. 7.

How sad, when wicked tempers rise,
And passion sparkles in the eyes ;
One little child against another,
Like Cain, who kill'd his own good brother.

Good Abel served the Lord aright,
With gratitude and real delight ;
The finest lamb of all his flock
For a burnt offering he took.

But Cain, he thought it hard to be
Obliged to give, so grudgingly
His offering laid before the Lord,
Who such an offering abhorr'd.

And then so strong Cain's anger grew,
That he his favour'd brother slew.

O let us fear, lest we should be
Thus left of God, to act like he.

It is not *what* we give but *how*,
Will make God's favour to us flow ;
Rich gifts he often turns from quite,
But yet accepts the widow's mite.

CXVI.

JESUS ABLE AND WILLING TO SAVE
IN TIMES OF DANGER.

What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey Him ?—Matt. viii. 27.

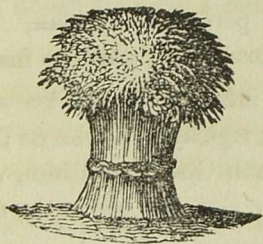
THE night was dark, and rough the sea,
As the ship roll'd on lake Galilee ;
The whistling winds came rushing by,
And each sailor thought he soon should die.

But one there was lay fast asleep,
Undisturb'd by the winds and raging deep ;
But quickly rose at the dismal cry,
“ Master, carest Thou not we die.”

“ Be still, thou winds and waves,” He said.
The winds and waves his voice obey'd ;
The ship, at his unheard command,
Was in an instant safe at land.

Lord, did the winds and waves obey
Thy voice, and shall I dare delay,
At thy command, obedience show,
Thou Lord of all whom all I owe ?

No ; prompt as thine own heart and eye,
To still the earnest, sorrowing cry,
So prompt should my obedience be,
Lord of all nature, unto Thee.



CXVII.

GOD SUITS HIS MERCIES TO OUR STATE
AND STATION.

And God saw everything that He had made, and behold it
was very good.—Gen. i. 31.

FOR man this lovely world was made,
In varied loveliness array'd ;
The beasts and birds, the fruits and flowers,
All nature with her varied powers.

So great was God's paternal care
That He would everything prepare,
Arrange and perfect every plan,
Before He formed his creature man.

But man an infant was, God knew,
And nothing rightly could he do ;
So on the earth God placed him, where
Clear was the sky, and warm the air.

And in that warm and lovely spot
He house and clothing needed not ;
Fruit suited best his infant state.
There grew the finest grape and date.

Great God, where'er I gaze or tread,
Thy mercies are about me spread ;
Though Adam was the first, I share
Like him, thy providential care.

CXVIII.

JESUS TAUGHT US HOW TO BEAR UN-
KINDNESS.

Forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any, even as Christ forgive you, so also do ye.—Col. iii. 13.

How soon doth strong resentment rise,
And passion sparkle in the eyes,
When unkind words or acts we feel
From those whom we have served with zeal.

And O, how bitter is the woe,
When those we love unkindness show ;
And acts of love requited are
By wounds almost too deep to bear.

But who on earth such wrongs have known ?
To whom was such unkindness shown,
As Thou, dear Jesus, Thou, who gave
Thyself, vile, unkind man to save ?

Forgiveness, pity, love combined,
Dwelt in the kind Redeemer's mind ;
To prove resentment dwelt not there,
He pray'd aloud, " O Father, spare."

Dear Saviour, help me, help, I pray,
Against resentment's powerful sway ;
And, when it rises, may it be
Subdued by thinking, Lord, of Thee.



CXIX.

THE BLESSING AND HONOUR OF SERV-
ING GOD IN YOUTH.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.—
Eccles. xii. 1.

WILT thou not, dear child, remember

Thy Creator in thy youth?

Wilt thou not thyself surrender

Unto Him in love and truth?

Only think how great the honour

Servant of the Lord to be!

Fear not to display his banner.

Think of Him,—He thinks of thee.

O remember thy Creator

Whil'st thou'rt healthful, young and free.

Let his word be thy dictater,

Whatsoever thy station be.

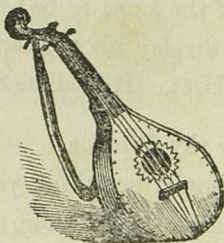
Care may turn my joy to sadness,

Grief may stamp'd be on thy brow,

Would'st thou in that grief have gladness,

Turn to thy Creator now.

O remember thy Creator,
Though the world may loudly call ;
Fear not to become a traitor
Unto it, but shun it all.
In its choicest bliss is sorrow ;
In its purest joys is snare ;
All may pass away to-morrow ;
Then for heaven, for heaven prepare.



CXX.

THE HAPPY CONDITION OF THE MERCIFUL.

Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.—
Matt. v. 7.

“How blessed are the merciful,”
The dear Redeemer said ;
For heavenly and earthly peace
Are round about them spread.
Nor sympathy in words alone
To the distress’d they show,
Their pity by their acts is shown
As far as means will go.

That little, hungry, ragged boy,
How wretched is his lot !
Where is the child that doth not feel
Thankful that such he’s not ?
And, though that little child may steal,
And do bad acts, and swear,
The child that’s merciful will feel
He must his pity share.

Be merciful ; for O, how soon,
 You, too, may mercy need ;
And ask in anguish for this boon,
 You cannot tell, indeed.
Be merciful and kind to all ;
 Then mercy will be given,
When you to God for mercy call,
 And ask your sins forgiven.



CXXI.

AN ADDRESS TO THE ANGELS.

Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.—Ps. ciii. 20.

ANGELS, angels, happy angels,
Happy in your blest employ,
Ye behold the great Jehovah
Day and night, with ceaseless joy.
Angels, angels, happy angels,
Nothing can your bliss destroy.

Angels, angels, happy angels,
Ye behold the Saviour's face;
Even in his blissful presence
Joys are yours no time can chase.
Angels, angels, happy angels,
Open to your tread all space.

Angels, angels, happy angels,
Ye excel in strength and power;
Swifter than the light ye travel,
Saints to aid in sorrow's hour.
Angels, angels, happy angels,
Guide me to your blissful bower..

Angels, angels, happy angels,
On the dying ye attend ;
May I in that awful hour
Find ye thus my soul befriend.
Angels, angels, happy angels,
With thy pleasure mine will blend.



CXXII.

THE SIN AND PUNISHMENT OF COVETOUSNESS.

Incline my heart unto thy testimonies, and not to covetousness.—Ps. cxix. 36.

“THOU shalt not covet,” God has said ;
But O, how oft’ the heart
Is, by this evil practice, led
To act a sinful part.

Gehazi saw his master turn
The costly things away
Of Naaman, the Syrian,
With feelings of dismay.

He coveted ; and then he lied,
And the rich presents gain’d ;
And for awhile was satisfied
With what he had obtain’d.

But very soon repentance came,
And with it suffering, too,
When he beheld with grief and shame
That he a leper grew.

I often feel my wishes rise
For something not my own ;
Some pretty thing, or something nice ;
Although it is not known.

O, may I be upon my guard,
And conscience ever heed,
Lest it in time become so hard,
That theft and lies succeed.



CXXIII.

THE SORROWFUL DISCIPLES.

Did not our hearts burn within us while He talked with us by the way, and while He opened unto us the scriptures.—Luke xxiv. 32.

As two disciples walking were,
Towards the close of day,
Their look and tone reveal'd that care
Upon their spirits lay.

“For why so sad in look and tone?”

A stranger kindly said.

They answer'd, “Is to you unknown
Jesus, our Friend, is dead?”

“We thought it his intent to raise

Our kingdom once again ;

We thought not He would end his days
By hands of wicked men.”

The stranger from the Bible show'd

That Jesus came from heaven,

To bear for man sin's heavy load,

That they might be forgiven.

And, having reach'd their humble home,
So great was their delight,
They begg'd He would no farther roam,
But tarry there that night.

And kindly He consented, too ;
But when He brake the bread,
They each their loved Messiah knew ;
And then He vanished.

Dear Jesus, may we love to talk
Of all thy kindness, too ;
Whene'er with friends we meet or walk,—
'Twill faith and love renew.

Our bosoms, then, with joy will burn ;
We shall such sweetness feel,
That we thy presence shall discern,
And have thy spirit's zeal.



CXXIV.

THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.

Jesus, therefore, being wearied with his journey, sat thus upon the well.—John iv. 5.

THE day was hot, the sun was high,
The Saviour walk'd alone,
Till, faint with heat, he weariedly
Sat down upon a stone.

O what kind thoughts possess'd his breast!
What human tongue can tell?
While, wearied, he sat down to rest
Upon that ancient well.

But, though so weary, though so warm,
The Saviour's holy mind
Its own repose and ease sought not;
O no, He was too kind.

A woman came; He talk'd with her;
Of sins he told her, too;
At which she was surprised to hear,
Though well she knew it true.

Away she to the city ran,
By strange emotions led,
And cried, "O come and see this man,
Who told me all I did."

Dear Saviour, may I imitate
Thy mercy and thy zeal;
And for the unconverted state
Of others make me feel.

Then, like the woman, I shall show
My faith with heart and voice;
That others may to Jesus go,
And make his ways their choice.



CXXV.

THE BIBLE GOD'S WILL TO US.

Thy word is very pure, therefore thy servant loveth it.—
Ps. cxix. 140.

MY Father, God, who dwell'st on high,
Who made me such, that I must die,
Where shall I learn that to pursue,
So as to live in glory, too?

When parents die, they leave a will;
And, their best wishes to fulfil,
Each dutious child will careful be;
O make me such a child to Thee.

The Bible is thy will; there shown
Is what may or may not be done;
And, if I it neglect to read,
Such conduct will be wrong, indeed.

To guide me through life's path 'tis given,
And to direct my way to heaven;
And what that heaven is, they know
The best, who love Thee best below.

The Saviour will a place prepare
For all those friends who love Him here ;
And, if while yet a child I die,
I shall this happiness enjoy.

No trouble, poverty, or care,
No weariness or sorrow there,
But an eternal weight of bliss ;
O what a precious will is this !



CXXVI.

THE GARDENS.

And their soul shall be as a watered garden, and they shall not sorrow any more at all.—Jer. xxxi. 12.

WHERE is the child that doth not love
In gardens, large or small, to rove ;
From whence refreshing odours rise,
And flowers salute and please the eyes.

Here recreations ever new,
And health, attend with rosy hue ;
And pure devotion here may be
Paid to the bounteous Deity.

In Eden's garden God came down,
And made Himself both heard and known
To Adam ; O what happy hours
Were those he spent in Eden's bowers.

Oft', too, when evening tide came on,
The dear Redeemer walk'd alone ;
Or with his chosen friends, in thee,
Thou garden of Gethsemene !

'Twas in a garden Adam made
Himself a sinner, and thus laid
Open the door of death and hell,
Which we have since deserved so well.

But O, Gethsemene, in thee
Jesus sustain'd such agony
As almost crush'd his mental frame.
To strengthen him an angel came.

Gethsemene and Eden, too,
Bring pain and pleasure both to view ;
But heaven, the garden of the Lord,
What language can its bliss record !

Dear child, would you that garden see,
If you a plant in it would be,
Go now to God,—by faith and prayer,—
And he will soon receive you there.

There everything to charm the mind,
With sweet society, you'll find,
And all without one taint of sin.
When will such happiness begin ?

CXXVII.

FOR THE DAY COMMONLY CALLED GOOD
FRIDAY.

And it was the third hour, and they crucified Him.—

Matt. xv. 25.

COME, children, think upon this day,

What sufferings Jesus bore ;

Think in what agony He lay,

Whilst thorns his temples tore.

But it was not the body's pain

Which made Him cry to God ;

No, but the punishment of sin

Which was the heavy load.

God treated Him as though He were

A sinner, such as you ;

He gave Him up, sin's curse to bear,

And from Him quite withdrew.

But, when his soul had thus been made

An offering for sin,

" 'Tis finish'd," the Redeemer said,

" Sinners may pardon win."

He suffer'd, in the sinner's stead,
Sin's anguish and disgrace ;
And now no little child need dread
To see its Maker's face.

Go little child to Jesus, go,
Grace will your steps attend ;
God loved his Son, the Saviour, so,
That He will be your Friend.



CXXVIII.

THE SIN AND PUNISHMENT OF SAUL.

Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken
than the fat of rams.—1 Sam. xv. 22.

WHEN Saul was humble, God was pleased
To make him Judah's king ;
But soon he show'd a mind diseased
With pride, that hidden thing.

The counsels of his pious friend,
Good Samuel, he despised ;
And dared th' Almighty God offend,
By offering sacrifice.

In vain he tried to cast the blame
Upon the people's head ;
The prophet, with an eye of flame,
Saw the deceit, and said,—

“Doth God the blood of beasts prefer
Unto obedience? no ;
And, since to cast Him off you dare,
He turns from you also.”

Left by the Prophet, and by God,
Saul still more wicked grew ;
More boldly still sin's path he trod,
Until himself he slew.

O may I fear those friends to grieve
Who my soul's welfare seek ;
Receive their counsels cheerfully ;
Reproofs with temper meek.

And O, great Spirit, guard my heart
From pride and jealousy ;
Lest I, like Saul, from Thee depart,
And Thou depart from me.



CXXIX.

CHILDREN CALLED TO OBEDIENCE.

Obey my voice and I will be your God, and ye shall be my people.—Jer. vii. 23.

“OBEY my voice,” saith God,
“Ye children, while you’re young ;
For in your hearts the seeds of sin
Already hath upsprung.

“Obey my voice,” saith God,
“Though Satan saith, ‘don’t mind ;’
And an ensnaring world suggest
My laws too strict you’ll find.

“Obey the voice,” saith God,
“Of Me, your greatest Friend ;
The world and Satan will deceive
If you their voice attend.

“Obey my voice,” saith God,
“If you would happy be ;
But if you do not, pain and woe
Attend you endlessly.

"Obey my voice," saith God,
"And I will be your Guide
Through life's perplexing, sorrowing state,
And will with you abide.

"Children, obey my voice,
Now, or you, perhaps, will never;
Obey, and then your happy souls
Shall dwell with Me for ever."



CXXX.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

Then said Jesus unto him, go and do thou likewise.—
Luke x. 37.

A POOR man, travelling alone
Along the road one day,
Was stabb'd and robb'd by wicked men,
And almost dead he lay.

But soon a priest that way came by
Who saw his wounded state,
But only on him cast an eye,
Then left him to his fate.

A Levite, too, the man beheld,
He, too, pass'd on his way,
Although the office which he held
Commanded him to stay.

A third came by, who saw the man,
And though he was a Jew,
Himself a poor Samaritan,
Yet right resolved to do.

He dress'd his wounds, and gave him wine
To strengthen and to cheer ;
And took him to the nearest inn,
To have all needful care.

Thus spake the Saviour, thus He, too,
Improved the mournful tale ;
Like the Samaritan, act you
To all when woes assail.



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