

UNWEARABLE, TWO SHILLINGS

# The Lord's Prayer

WITH HYMNS  
AND  
ILLUSTRATIONS  
FOR

## LITTLE CHILDREN

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY:  
56, PATERNOSTER ROW, 65, ST. PAULS CHURCHYARD,  
AND 164, PICCADILLY.

ONE SHILLING



"OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN,  
HALLOWED BE THY NAME."

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GOD of glory, throned on high,  
Ruling all the starry sky,  
Wilt thou hear an infant cry,  
Our Father.

Hallowed be Thy name, O Lord,  
By the hosts of heaven adored !  
Soft we breathe the sacred word,  
Our Father.

Smile upon us while we pray,  
Grant Thy love from day to day,  
Teach us that we may obey,  
Our Father.

Still surround us with Thy care,  
Give us of Thy gifts a share,  
Keep our feet from every snare,  
Our Father.

Pardon us when we do wrong,  
Help us life's rough path along ;  
We are weak, but Thou art strong,  
Our Father.

Live we Thine this little space ;  
Then, made holy by Thy grace,  
Glad go home to see Thy face,  
Our Father.



Ada Mary Sesby with Mama's love Christmas 1872



Our Father which art in heaven,  
Hallowed be thy name.  
Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be  
done in earth, as it is in heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread.  
And forgive us our trespasses,  
as we forgive them that trespass  
against us And lead us not into  
temptation, but deliver us from evil.  
For thine is the Kingdom, and the  
power and the glory, for ever, Amen.

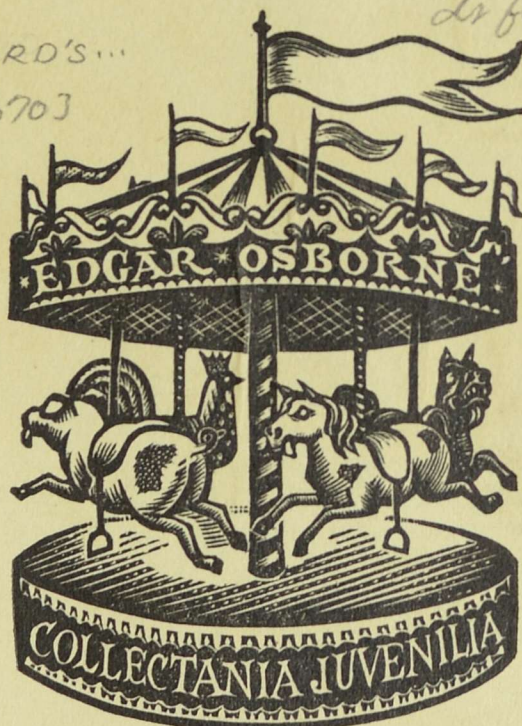






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LORD'S...  
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"THY KINGDOM COME, THY WILL BE DONE IN  
EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN."

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HOLY is the kingdom  
Where God reigns above !  
Sin can enter never  
His bright realms of love :  
Swift-winged angels ready,  
Waiting round His throne,  
Fly to do His bidding,  
When His will is known.

May the little children  
At his footstool wait ?  
May they offer service  
To a King so great ?  
How shall hearts so simple  
Know His holy will ?  
How shall wills so wayward  
His commands fulfil ?

If they ask for wisdom,  
God will make them wise !  
Little children's prayers  
He will not despise.  
For His loving purpose  
He delights to show ;  
And His grace bestowing,  
Gives the power to do.

Daily may we render  
Little loving deeds ;  
Speak the word of kindness,  
Wait on others' needs ;  
Ask the gentle Jesus,  
That we may be taught  
How to do God's pleasure  
As His children ought.















**"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD."**

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THE Sower plants the tiny seeds  
The dark ploughed earth below ;  
And God pours down the spring's soft showers  
That they may live and grow :  
And by and bye the tender green  
Peeps up the earthy clods between.

Then God gives balmy summer air,  
And beaming sunshine clear,  
To make the blade grow strong and tall,  
And ripen into ear ;  
And soon the ear is filled with corn,  
And yellow fields the land adorn.

The reaper cuts the golden grain  
In autumn's mellow days,  
And panting binds the nodding sheaves  
Beneath the fiery rays :  
And all the earth by God is fed,  
Who gives us thus our daily bread.

Father ! the " bread of life " we crave,  
By which our spirits live ;  
Thou knowest all our daily need,  
And Thou dost daily give :  
Provide in Thine unfailing love  
This bread that cometh from above !











“AND FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES, AS WE  
FORGIVE THEM THAT TRESPASS AGAINST US.”

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WHEN little friends impatiently  
Each other chide,  
Sad tears of sorrow quick we see,  
The fruit of pride ;  
For angry words too frequently  
Young hearts divide.

Oh ! happy they who smitten turn  
The other cheek ;  
Who, hearing voices loud and stern,  
Can softly speak ;  
Who of the gentle Saviour learn,  
Lowly and meek.

And happy they who quick bestow  
Love's kiss again ;  
Who wipe the bitter tears that flow,  
And ease the pain !  
Joy in their hearts like flowers shall grow,  
Sweet after rain.

As we forgive, we humbly pray  
Forgiven to be :  
Oh ! Heavenly Father, day by day  
We come to Thee,  
And ask through Christ, who is the way,  
Thy pardon free !







Elizabeth Shaw  
14 South Parade  
Grantham







"LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION, BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL."

---

FAIR was Eden's garden,

Fruitful every tree ;

Green its bowers and sweet its flowers ;

Birds of song its groves among

Made glad melody.

And the shining river,

Through the midst which rolled,

Like a way for angels lay,

Flowing bright in sunny light,

Towards the land of gold.

Happy they who dwell there,

In God's image pure !

Sinless they His word obey—

Glad rejoice to hear His voice,

Of his favour sure.

Dark was Eden's garden !

In an evil day,

Bringing shame, the tempter came,

Hiding death with lying breath,

While he sought to slay.

As to Eve in Eden

Satan spake with guile,

To the young, with ready tongue

Whispering low, speaks he now,

Luring by his smile.

Is there aught forbidden,

Soft he asks them, Why ?

Bids them see, nor hindered be,

Fruit so sweet ; then bids them eat ;

Says they shall not die.

Eve unsafe in Eden,

All unsafe are we !

Father, save—Thy help we crave ;—

By Thy side we would abide,

From the tempter free.

From his power delivered ;

From the evil led !

Cleansed from sin—renewed within—

By Thy Spirit, through His merit,

Who to save us bled !



















“FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM, THE POWER, AND  
THE GLORY, FOR EVER AND EVER.” AMEN.

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THE kingdom is Thine, our Father!

The earth and the heavens above ;  
Thou rulest o’er all in Thy greatness,  
Thou carest for all in Thy love.

And thine is the power, our Father !

The sun hath its brightness from Thee ;  
The stars in their course Thou dost order,  
The work of Thy framing are we.

The glory is thine, our Father !

We children Thy goodness would sing ;  
The angels adore Thee in heaven,  
And we our glad praises would bring.

For ever and ever Thy kingdom

In beauty and strength shall endure ;  
For ever and ever Thy purpose  
Remaineth unshaken and sure !

Join all in the chorus of gladness ;

Amen, let our voices loud ring ;  
All praise to our Father in heaven,  
The mighty, most merciful King !



## H Y M N.

Of old, a little maiden lay  
Still in death's silent sleep ;  
The Saviour took her by the hand,  
And broke her slumber deep :  
Oh ! now may He whose touch gives life  
Stand every child beside,  
And wake us from the death of sin,  
For He for us hath died !

Of old, the mothers closely pressed  
The gentle Saviour round :  
And in His arms the little ones  
A rest and blessing found.  
So now may we to Jesus go ;  
We shall not be denied :  
“ Forbid them not,” we hear Him say,  
And He for us hath died.

Of old, when to Jerusalem  
He came the uncrownéd King,  
The eager children thronging made  
The temple echoes ring ;  
The palm-branch at his feet they cast,  
Hosanna loud they cried.  
Hosanna *we* to Jesus sing,  
For He for us hath died.

The heavenly Jerusalem,  
His home, we hope to see ;  
Where He hath entered King of Kings,  
And Lord of Lords to be ;  
That city of unfading light,  
Where every tear is dried :  
There may we worship at His feet,  
For He for us hath died.