

THE
GOOD CHILD'S

Reward ;

IN A

SCRIPTURAL ALPHABET

OF

VERSES,

FOR CHILDREN ;

AND A

CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.

Price Two-pence.

a Apple



b Bull



c Cat



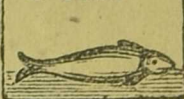
d Dog



e Egg



f Fish



g Goat



h Hog



j Judge



k King



l Lion



m Mouse



n Nag



o Owl



p Peacock



q Queen



r Robin



s Squirrel



t Top



v Vine



w Whale



x Xerxes



y Youth



z Zany



THE
GOOD CHILD'S
REWARD:

IN A

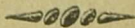
SCRIPTURAL ALPHABET

OF

VERSES,
FOR CHILDREN;

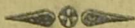
AND A

CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.



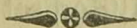
CHELMSFORD:

Printed and Sold by I. Marsden.

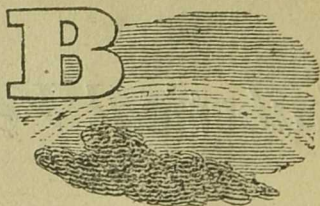


PRICE TWO-PENCE

Alphabetical Verses.



A, my dear, stands for angels,
Who sing before God,
The loud praises of Jesus,
Who bought us with blood.



B stands for the bow,
Which God set in the skies,
To teach all below,
That no flood should arise.

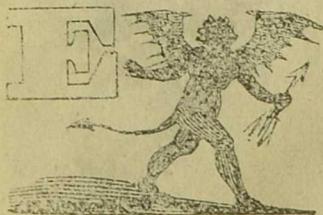


C stands for christian,
A glorious name !
Belonging to all men
That follow the Lamb.

D



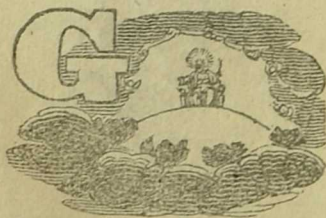
D stands for dunce,
 Which I hope you'll not be ;
 For then you for once
 Would a grief be to me.



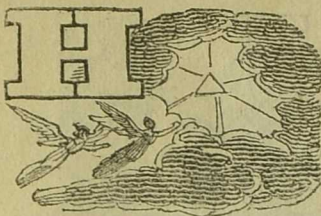
E stands for evil,
 For all that is wrong :
 It comes from the Devil,
 And is in old and young.



F stands for falshood,
 A most wicked thing ;
 It cannot do good,
 And ill it must bring.



G, my child, stands for God,
 Who made you and me ;
 With him all the good,
 Always happy shall be.



H stands for heaven,
 A most holy place,
 Where sinners forgiven
 Shall sing of God's grace.



I stands for Immanuel:
 Christ gained this name,
 By stooping to dwell
 In a weak mortal frame.



J, my dear, stands for Jesus,
 Whom I hope you'll love ;
 Then, should you e'er leave us,
 You'll see him above.



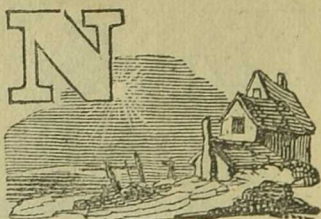
K stands for king.
 Christ is King of his saints ;
 To him they may bring
 All their troubles and wants.



L, my dear, stands for love,
 To your father and mother,
 The great God above,
 And each sister and brother.



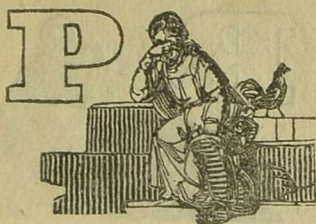
M stands for money,
 A most useful thing ;
 'Tis like bees, which bring honey,
 And also a sting.



N stands for noon,
 'Tis the midst of the day :
 Apply close, see how soon
 Sol has got half his way.



O stands for obstinate,
 What a sad name :
 It brings on us hate,
 And causes us shame.



P stands for penitence,
Which we ought to feel,
Whenever our conscience
Says we have done ill.



Q stands for question,
Which you should oft ask,
To gain information
Concerning your task.

R



R stands for righteousness:

But, alas! we have none,
Until the Lord Jesus,
Imparts us his own.

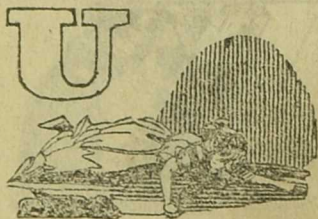
S



S stands for salvation,
By Jesus it came;
May every nation
Soon sing his sweet name.



T stands for time,
 And its value few know :
 Labour well in your prime,
 For your youth will soon go.



U stands for unguarded,
 Which too many are ;
 And with pain are rewarded,
 For want of more care.



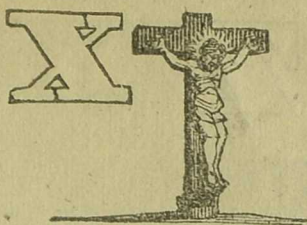
V stands for vanity :

Should you be vain,
It will fill me with pity,
And put me to pain.

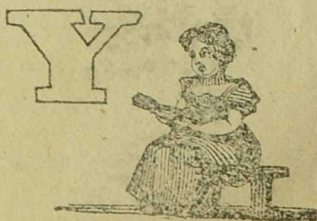


W stands for wicked,

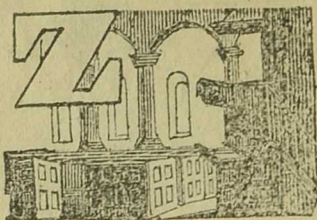
Which if you should be,
You then must be whipped,
And that would grieve me.



X stands for the cross,
 On which Christ died in pain ;
 How great was his loss !
 But still greater our gain.



Y stands for the young,
 Such as you are, my dear,
 Who should keep a still tongue,
 And be willing to hear.



Z stands for Zion,
Which we ought to love;
For its King we rely on,
To take us above.



CHRISTMAS ANTHEM,

*On the Condescension, Love, and Sufferings
of our Saviour.*

1 THIS is the day that Christ the Lord
Descended from his regal throne ;
The day that the eternal Word
Took our vile nature to his own.

Come, let us lift our voices high,
Let lively faith assist our praise ;
That we may reach the lofty sky,
And to his throne our voices raise.

Such was the love of Christ our Lord,
He joyful left his Father's throne,
To do his will, to preach his word,
And make his grace to mortals known.

When justice would have struck us dead,
And hurl'd us from the face of God,
Jesus came forward in our stead,
And paid our ransom with his blood.

He left the dazzling hosts above,
Forsook the blissful courts of heav'n,
Assum'd our form,---such was his love !
And died, that we might be forgiv'n.

How wond'rous, thus to condescend ;
 A Saviour in a manger born !
 Men slighted thus their heav'nly friend,
 His love met but neglect and scorn.

No stately mansion was prepar'd,
 The holy Stranger to receive ;
 But few there were that for him car'd,
 But few his doctrines did believe.

For when, in his advanced years,
 He of his mission them appris'd,
 He warn'd them of their guilt with tears,
 But wept " rejected and despis'd."

The little warblers of the sky,
 Had each a warm and well-built nest,
 Where from all danger they could fly ;
 But Jesus had no place of rest.

The num'rous beasts, by nature's care,
 Had each a den, or mossy bed ;
 A harder lot did Jesus share,
 " He had not where to lay his head."

No canopy was rais'd, to shield
 His head from the cold dews of night ;
 No dwelling but the open field, [right.
 No wealth, tho' all things were his.

On Olivet, when dark and bleak,
 He wrestled fervently with heav'n,
 In groans he to our God did speak,
 And ask'd that we might be forgiv'n.

Gethsemane saw him bow'd down
 Before his angry Father, God ;
 In agony to see him frown, [blood."
 The Saviour "sweat great drops of

"A man of sorrows" he became,
 For us acquainted well with grief,
 Was cover'd with contempt and shame,
 And no man fled to his relief.

See, from the Roman soldier's scourge,
 His lacerated body bleed :
 Satan stands by, the stripes to urge,
 And prompt a far more awful deed.

Behold the dreadful thorny crown,
 Encircles his dear head around ;
 Life's crimson liquid trickles down,
 From ev'ry deep and smarting wound.

See him now in the judgment hall,
 Mock'd and insulted by his foes.
 How like a lamb he bears it all ;
 For us he feels these heavy woes

