

# H Y M N S

ADAPTED TO THE COMPREHENSION

OF

YOUNG MINDS.

BY

ANNE HOULDITCH,

Authoress of "ELEN SEYMOUR, or The Bud and Flower;"  
"REALITY, or Life's Inner Circle," &c.

"Feed my Lambs."—JOHN xxi. 15.

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Second 32mo. Edition.

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LONDON:

W. YAPP, 70, WELBECK STREET,

CAVENDISH SQUARE. W.

EXETER: WILLIAM BALLE.

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ANNE SHEPHERD.\*

*Blackheath, May 14th, 1855.*

\*Formerly Anne Houlditch.

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## H Y M N I.

“Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou  
hast ordained praise.”—Matt. xxi. 16.

**G**LORY to Jesus, glory !  
Let little children sing,  
Who know the blessed story  
Of the eternal King ;  
How he came down from heaven above  
To save the people of his love.

A little child he came,  
For children to atone :  
Sing praises to his name,  
Who did so love his own,  
As to redeem them with his blood,  
And make them holy, just, and good.

Jesus, the Prince of Peace,  
Gives pardon, joy, and life ;  
Bids sin and sorrow cease,  
And puts an end to strife.  
Glory to God, and peace on earth,  
As sang the angels at his birth.

## HYMN II.

"Ye must be born again."—John iii. 7.

**D**OES not the word of God declare,  
That we are born in sin?  
And thus that little children are  
Unholy and unclean?

And how can God, the holy God,  
On sinful things look down?  
Sure we must feel his iron rod,  
And see his dreadful frown.

But stay, there is *One* blessed name,  
Which God himself has given,  
To save his children from their shame,  
And lead them up to heaven.

The name of Jesus is the one  
By which the sinner lives;  
God is well pleased in his Son,  
And for his sake forgives.

And Jesus sends his Spirit down,  
To form the soul afresh;  
He takes away the heart of stone,  
And gives the heart of flesh.

Thus, though by nature born in sin,  
Like other sons of men,  
God's children feel a change within,  
And they are born again.

So they become the sons of God,—  
*Behold the love bestow'd!*  
Wash'd in the water and the blood  
From Jesu's side which flow'd.

Let little children trust his love,  
And Christ will condescend  
To feed his feeble lambs and prove  
Their ever-faithful Friend.

## HYMN III.

"All flesh is as grass"—1 Pet. i. 24.

**T**HERE's not a little flower that blows,  
The daisy, lily, or the rose,  
But doth a sermon preach.  
Each blade of grass, each spreading tree,  
Has got a voice for you and me,  
And may some lesson teach.

See, in the morning, how they stand,  
So bright and fair upon the land,  
Perfuming all around ;  
See, in the evening of the day,  
Those flowers so sweet, and bright, and gay,  
Lie wither'd on the ground.

'Tis thus with all things here below ;  
So men and women come and go,  
And youths and children too.  
How many little babies die ;  
How many in their coffins lie,  
Not half so old as you !

Poor dying world ! and what becomes  
Of those within the silent tombs,  
Where we so soon must dwell ?  
The body sleeps among the dead,  
But, ah ! the spirit it is fled  
To heaven or to hell.

Oh, awful thought ! who would delay  
To seek salvation while they may  
Salvation yet obtain ?  
In Christ there's mercy, life, and grace,  
And none who seek his blessed face,  
Shall ever seek in vain.

## HYMN IV.

"Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures."—1 Cor. xv. 3.

**W**HY did the Son of God come down  
From the bright scenes of heavenly bliss;  
And lay aside his kingly crown,  
To visit such a world as this?

Why in a stable was he born,  
Who was the Lord of earth and sky?  
The object of reproach and scorn,  
Why did he suffer, weep, and sigh?

Why was he scourg'd and crucified,  
Who was so holy, kind, and good?  
Why did the soldiers pierce his side?  
Why flow'd the water, and the blood?

Why was he laid within the tomb?  
Among the dead why did he stay?  
Why did a mighty angel come,  
And roll the heavy stone away?

Why did he from the dead arise,  
The very self-same flesh and bone?  
And then ascend above the skies,  
To sit again upon his throne?

Because his heart was full of love;  
Because he pitied sinners so;  
This made him leave his throne above,  
And come and suffer here below.

His children from their sins to save,  
Affliction, grief, reproach, he bore;  
That they might life and glory have,  
With sorrows he was covered o'er.



To save *them* from eternal pains,  
*He* liv'd and died a man of woes ;  
 For them in glory now he reigns,  
 Triumphant over all his foes.

And though above the starry skies,  
 He sits the everlasting God,  
 He hears the praises, prayers, and cries,  
 Of children purchased with his blood.

## HYMN V.

" If ye love me, keep my commandments."—  
 John xiv. 15.

'TIS vain to say we love the Lord,  
 Unless we also love his word ;  
 And search the holy Scriptures through,  
 To find what God would have us do.

While we delight to live in sin,  
 How dwells the love of God within ?  
 That child is serving Satan still,  
 Who hates the Saviour's holy will.

The sins that crucified their Lord,  
 By God's dear children are abhorr'd ;  
 Too well they love his blessed name,  
 To put it to an open shame.

Let little children then who dare  
 To lie, or steal, or curse and swear,  
 Remember that their actions prove,  
 That God they neither fear, nor love.

## HYMN VI.

## MORNING HYMN FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

**D**EAR Jesus, thou hast safely kept  
Me through the hours of night ;  
And by thy care I've soundly slept  
Until the morning light.

How very good and kind thou art  
To such a little thing ?  
I want a loving, thankful heart,  
Thy praises, Lord, to sing.

Sweet Jesus, let me come to thee  
To learn to praise and pray ;  
O make me what I ought to be,  
Dear Lord, this very day.

By nature I am vain and proud,  
And passionate and wild ;  
Lord, wash me in thy precious blood,  
And take me for thy child.

## HYMN VII.

## EVENING HYMN FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

**D**EAR Lord, a little child appears  
Before thy blessed face,  
To tell thee all its wants and fears,  
And seek thy love and grace.

My heart is very full of sin,  
There's nothing in it good ;  
Give me a heart wash'd white and clean,  
In thy most precious blood.

Let me within thy tender arms  
Lie down, and take my sleep ;  
And Lord, from dangers, fears, and harms  
Thy tiny creature keep.

Dear Jesus, lay thy gentle hand  
Upon my little head ;  
And bless me as I humbly stand,  
Before I go to bed.

### HYMN VIII.

“There is none righteous, no not one.”—Rom. iii. 10.

THEY tell me that beyond the seas,  
In very distant lands,  
The people worship idols still,  
The work of human hands.

The children there were never told  
About the mighty God,  
Who made mankind, and all the earth,  
And spread the skies abroad.

They never heard of Jesus Christ,  
And all his dying love ;  
They fear not hell below, nor care  
For joys of heaven above.

Oh, what a wretched state is theirs!  
How sad no tongue can say !  
But am I wiser, let me ask,  
Or better off than they ?

What is the use of all I know  
Of God's most holy word,  
Unless my heart is changed and brought  
To know and love the Lord ?

If I delight in earthly things,  
 Instead of God alone,  
 I worship idols just as they  
 Who bow to wood and stone.

Since, then, I am no better born  
 Than other sons of men,  
 O grant that by thy Spirit, Lord,  
 I may be born again.

### HYMN IX.

“ We declare unto you glad tidings.”—Acts xiii. 32.

**H**ERE'S a message of love  
 Come down from above,  
 To invite little children to heaven :  
 In God's blessed book  
 Poor sinners may look,  
 And see how all sin is forgiven.

For there they may read  
 How Jesus did bleed,  
 And die for his dear little ones ;  
 How clean he first makes them,  
 And afterwards takes them,  
 To be his own daughters and sons.

And then when they die,  
 He takes them on high,  
 To be with him in heaven above ;  
 For so kind is his heart,  
 That he never will part  
 From a child that has tasted his love.

And, O ! what delight,  
 In heaven so bright,  
 To see the dear Saviour's face ;  
 On his beauty to gaze,  
 And sing to his praise,  
 For ever in that happy place.

## HYMN X.

“Fools make a mock at sin.”—Prov. xiv. 9.

**G**REAT God, 'tis written in thy book,  
 “Fools make a mock at sin ;”  
 These words of thine are light and truth,  
 And shew me what's within.

My conscience tells me, I the same  
 Have very often done ;  
 Smil'd at my own, and others sin,  
 And call'd it sport and fun.

Thus, like a fool, I've dared to love  
 What God doth most detest ;  
 And that which sinks the soul to hell,  
 Hath been my idle jest.

O Lord, the folly of my heart  
 Before thee open lies ;  
 Forgive my sin for Jesus' sake,  
 And make me truly wise.

## HYMN XI.

“The Lamb of God.”—John i. 29.

**T**HE Lamb of God ! O lovely words !  
 How tender and how meek !  
 The sweetest title of the Lord's,  
 A child can learn to speak.

What is so gentle and so mild,  
 So harmless as a lamb ?  
 Just such is Jesus to the child  
 Who loves his holy name.

A lamb is white and spotless too,  
 Its wool is soft and clean ;  
 The Lamb of God is pure as snow,  
 And undefiled from sin.

His blood can wash, and save from hell,  
 Poor little girls and boys ;  
 And make them fit in heaven to dwell,  
 In everlasting joys.

## HYMN XII.

### THE THUNDER.

**W**HY is my darling child afraid  
 At the loud noise the thunder made ?  
 Why do you shriek and tremble so ?  
 It is the voice of God you know.

Why do you turn your head away,  
 Rather than see the lightning play,  
 And put your hands before your eyes  
 At every flash that lights the skies ?

These are the arrows of the Lord,  
 Obedient to his will and word ;  
 He holds them in his mighty hand,  
 And swift they fly at his command.

'Tis sin that makes my child afraid,  
 And fills your little soul with dread ;  
 You do not feel your sins forgiven,  
 And therefore fear the God of heaven.

O could you lift your eyes above,  
 And see that God indeed is love,  
 And know him as your Father too,  
 You would not fear as now you do.

That blessed Jesus who was slain,  
 Is Lord of thunder, wind, and rain ;  
 Did you this loving Saviour know,  
 You would not shrink and tremble so.

## HYMN XIII.

## THE RAINBOW.

**C**OME, see how fast the weather clears,  
 The sun is shining now ;  
 And on the last dark cloud appears  
 A beauteous colour'd bow.

'Tis God who makes the storm to cease,  
 And sun to shine again ;  
 The rainbow is the sign of peace,  
 Between himself and men.

This lovely bow he stretches forth  
 And bends from shore to shore ;  
 His own fair token to the earth,  
 He'll bring a flood no more.

Just such a bow shines brightly round  
 The throne of God in heaven,  
 Which shows his mercy has no bound,  
 And speaks of sins forgiven.

## HYMN XIV.

"I am the true vine."—John xv. 1.

**W**HENEVER we happen to drink,  
 Or eat, of the fruit of the vine,  
 Of Jesus we always should think,  
 Whose love is far better than wine.

Very sweet is the grape to the mouth,  
 Exceedingly pleasant and good ;  
 But, oh, how much sweeter the truth,  
 That Jesus is spiritual food.

To the thirsty and hungry soul,  
 Christ is a delicious repast ;  
 It eats of his flesh, and is whole,  
 And sweet is the blood to its taste.

For so the dear Saviour hath said,  
 As you in the Bible may read,  
 "I am living and heavenly bread,  
 And drink to the thirsty indeed."

Lord, within us a longing create,  
 For thyself the true life-giving tree ;  
 And teach us to pray and to wait,  
 Till we find a full portion in thee.

## HYMN XV.

"The Lord hath sent me to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound."—Isaiah lxi. 1.

**L**ORD, hear a little prisoner's cry  
 Make haste to help me, or I die ;  
 Satan has bound me in his chains,  
 And keeps me for eternal pains.

He longs to thrust me down to hell,  
 Where wicked men and devils dwell ;  
 He says I cannot be thy child,  
 Because with sin I'm so defil'd.

But, blessed Jesus, hear my call,  
 For thou canst break my prison-wall :  
 One stroke of thine Almighty hand,  
 Would burst asunder every band.



I know that I am black as night,  
 But Lord, thy blood can wash me white ;  
 The stream which flowed from thy dear veins,  
 Can cleanse my soul from all its stains.

Hear then, O Lord, my feeble prayer,  
 And take me out of Satan's snare ;  
 Let me thy great salvation see,  
 And set thy little prisoner free.

### HYMN XVI.

"His mouth is most sweet."—Cant. v. 16.

**O** HOW sweet the mouth of Jesus !  
 All he says how wise and kind ;  
 Not a word but what must please us,  
 If we have a heavenly mind.

O how sweet to hear him blessing  
 Little children's early days ;  
 Then in truth and love addressing  
 Sinners old in evil ways.

O how sweet to hear him saying,  
 "Come ye weary, come to me ;"  
 Sweeter still to hear him praying  
 For his murderers on the tree.

O that I could now receive him,  
 As my Saviour, King, and Friend ;  
 Love him, trust him, and believe him,  
 And on him alone depend.

Jesus, hear me while beseeching  
 For a new and contrite heart !  
 Grant me, Lord, thy Spirit's teaching,  
 To reveal thee as thou art.

## HYMN XVII. -

“ By one man sin entered into the world.” - Rom. v. 12.

**N**O goodness, Lord, have I to boast,  
**N**O native worth at all ;  
 My goodness and my worth were lost  
 By Adam at the fall.

Thy righteous law he disobey'd,  
 A rebel he became ;  
 And as our father and our head,  
 On us entailed his shame.

Yes—from the sad and awful time  
 Of our first parents' sin,  
 Mankind of every name and clime,  
 Have ruin'd sinners been.

Soon as we draw our infant breath,  
 Our wretched state appears ;  
 Subject to pain, disease, and death,  
 A prey to griefs and fears.

And worse than this, our hearts are far  
 From God, his will, and ways ;  
 Man with his Maker wages war,  
 And Satan's law obeys.

And thus we all had lived and died,  
 Eternally undone,  
 Had not the Father, from his side,  
 Sent down th' Almighty Son.

Jesus, the second Adam came,  
 And bled upon the tree ;  
 He took his children's sin and shame,  
 And died to set them free.

And when the Lord shall come again,  
He will his children own ;  
With him in glory they will reign,  
And share his royal throne.

## HYMN XVIII.

“ I am the good Shepherd.”—John x, 14.

**H**OW carefully the shepherds keep  
Their flocks within their sight :  
So Jesus watches o'er his sheep,  
And guards them day and night.

The shepherd numbers twice a day  
The flock beneath his care ;  
He knows if any go astray,  
Or sick or dying are.

So Jesus reckons one by one,  
And numbers all his sheep ;  
He knows if but a lamb is gone,  
For he doth never sleep.

The flocks of men are bought with gold,  
And grass is all their food ;  
The sheep and lambs of Jesus' fold  
Are purchased with his blood.

Their food is living and divine,  
Of heavenly things they eat ;  
The blood of Christ supplies them wine,  
His flesh affords them meat.

Dear Lord ! who would not wish to be  
One of that happy band,  
Who know thy voice, and follow thee,  
Led by thy gentle hand ?

## HYMN XIX.

“ My grace is sufficient for thee.”—2 Cor. xii. 9.

I SING the wonders grace can do—  
How it can change the heart;  
What mighty strength it will subdue,  
And mightier strength impart.

Grace makes the towers of pride to fall,  
And rage and hate relent;  
Grace turn'd a proud blaspheming *Saul*,  
Into a praying saint.

Grace gave him boldness to declare  
The truth in Jesus' name;  
'Twas grace that made him strong to bear  
Affliction, want, and shame.

Grace mov'd a *Matthew* willingly  
To leave his all for Christ;  
That little sentence “ Follow me,”  
From Jesus' lips sufficed.

Grace in *Zaccheus* gave away  
The half that he possess'd;  
And taught him four-fold to repay  
Whome'er he had oppress'd.

Grace found its way to *Peter's* breast,  
When Jesus turn'd and look'd;  
And bitter tears the sin confessed,  
Which dying love rebuk'd.

Grace made a timid *Joseph* bold,  
And *Nicodemus* too;  
Not half the wonders can be told,  
That grace divine will do.

## HYMN XX.

“All thy children shall be taught of the Lord.”—  
Isa. liv, 13.

**O** WHAT a happy race are they,  
Whom God hath taught to praise and pray,  
Whose hearts, and tongues with one accord,  
Unite to love, and bless the Lord.

While wicked children curse and swear,  
God's children bend the knee in prayer;  
And seek their heavenly Father's face,  
Who saves and keeps them by his grace.

The foolish child his time employs  
In idle sports and earthly joys;  
Just like a brute, or senseless clod,  
He neither thinks of death nor God.

Not so the child whom grace hath brought  
To learn of Jesus—he is taught  
To walk in wisdom's pleasant way,  
And serve the Lord from day to day.

His happy hours flow sweetly on;  
The Father loves his little son,  
And smiles upon the favour'd child,  
Whom Jesus' death has reconcil'd.

## HYMN XXI.

“Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation.”—  
Ps. xxxv. 8.

**I** HAVE read of the Saviour's love,  
And a wonderful love it must be;  
But did he come down from above,  
Out of love and compassion *for me?*

I have heard how he suffer'd and bled,  
 How he languish'd and died on the tree ;  
 But then is it anywhere said,  
 That he languish'd and suffered *for me* ?

I have been told of a heaven on high  
 Which the children of Jesus will see ;  
 But is there a place in the sky  
 Made ready and furnish'd *for me* ?

Oh, yes ! for his love is as wide,  
 And as deep as the fathomless sea ;  
 And love such as this will provide,  
 Even blessings eternal *for me* !

## HYMN XXII.

“Peace, be still.”—Mark iv. 39.

**J**ESUS who bade the tempest cease,  
 And calmed the raging sea,  
 Can in my bosom whisper “Peace,”  
 And say “Be still” to me.

My angry passions rise and swell,  
 Just like the stormy wind ;  
 And, Jesus thou alone canst quell  
 These tumults of the mind.

When wicked tempers stir within,  
 And vex my little soul,  
 Do thou great Conqueror of sin,  
 My rage and pride control.

Give me a spirit like thine own,  
 The spirit of the dove ;  
 And melt this stubborn heart of stone  
 By the soft flame of love.

## HYMN XXIII.

“ A bruised reed shall he not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench.”—Matt. xii. 20.

**I**S there a little sinner here,  
Who mourns because of sin;  
And sees with grief, and shame, and fear,  
How wicked he has been ?

Is there a little aching heart,  
Which does its vileness feel,  
And groans beneath that deadly smart,  
Which none but Christ can heal ?

Is there a little soul that pants  
To taste redeeming grace,  
And longs to pour out all its wants  
Before the Saviour's face.

Fear not, poor little trembling thing,  
With cruel scorn to meet :  
To Christ your sins and sorrows bring,  
And lay them at his feet.

He is a kind and gracious Lord—  
Love fills his gentle breast ;  
“ Come unto me,” is his own word,  
“ And I will give you rest.”

Think how he answered praying Paul,  
And sinking Peter too ;  
And so if you for mercy call,  
He'll hear and answer you.

## HYMN XXIV.

"They shall look on me whom they have pierced,  
and they shall mourn."—Zech. xii. 10.

**H**OW can I read that Christ was slain,  
And yet so dull and cold remain?  
As if it nothing was to me  
That Jesus hung upon the tree.

How can I think of all the woe  
He suffer'd when on earth below,  
And never shed a single tear,  
Or feel the slightest grief or fear?

How can I hear of sins forgiven,  
Of life and death, of hell and heaven,  
And never turn my thoughts within,  
To all my load of guilt and sin?

Surely I can't believe the word,  
Which tells the sorrows of the Lord,  
Or I should seek to have a place  
In his redeeming love and grace.

Jesus, thy precious blood alone  
Can soften this sad heart of stone,  
The stream that flow'd from thy dear side  
Would melt my unbelief and pride.

O let me know that blood was spilt  
To save my soul from sin and guilt;  
Show me thou hast so loved me,  
And this shall kindle love to thee.



## HYMN XXV.

## THE GARDEN OF THE LORD.

**C**HRI**S**T has a garden here below,  
Where pleasant fruits and spices grow :  
The trees and flowers therein that stand,  
Are planted by his gentle hand.

This may, perhaps, sound strange to you,  
But yet the Bible says 'tis true ;  
*God's children*, in his holy word,  
Are called the garden of the Lord.

By nature, rude and wild they're born,  
Just like the brier or the thorn ;  
But when they're in this garden put,  
They turn to trees producing fruit.

Jesus upon his garden shines,  
And props and rears his tender vines :  
His grace like gentle rain is shed  
On every little drooping head.

Do any children long to be  
Planted and water'd, Lord, by thee ?  
O let them hear thy loving calls,  
And come within thy garden walls.

Such children are the tender plants  
Of whom the Lord supplies the wants ;  
The little, thirsty, drooping flowers  
On whom he pours his choicest showers.

## HYMN XXVI.

“ The love of Christ which passeth knowledge.”—  
Eph. iii. 19.

O JESUS, how kind is thy love,  
To the child who thy gospel receives!  
Yes, Jesus is mild as the dove  
To the dear little soul that believes.

Then why do not children obey  
This Saviour so meek and so good,  
And get all their sins wash'd away  
In the rich flowing stream of his blood?—

Because they don't credit the word,  
Which speaks of Emmanuel's love ;  
Nor believe the report of the Lord,  
The report that comes down from above.

The *devils believe*, we are told,  
But children more harden'd than they,  
More stupid, more thoughtless, and bold,  
Refuse to believe and obey.

O Jesus, come down from thy throne,  
For able to conquer thou art,  
Break in pieces the iron and stone,  
And give the soft teachable heart.

## HYMN XXVII.

THE LORD'S DAY.

THIS is the day of glorious news,  
As well for Gentiles as for Jews ;  
The happy day on which 'twas said,  
The Lord is risen from the dead.

That blessed Jesus who was slain,  
This day arose to life again ;  
And on the earth once more appear'd,  
As many children may have heard.

Let all who love the Lord rejoice,  
And bless his name with cheerful voice.  
This day was made his praise to speak,  
The first and best of all the week.

## HYMN XXVIII.

“ I count all things but loss for the excellency of  
the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord.”—Phil. iii. 8.

**P**AUL, the Apostle, long ago  
Desir'd only Christ to know ;  
All other things he counted loss,  
Excepting Jesus and his cross.

Why did he love the cross so well ?  
Because it sav'd his soul from hell ;  
If Jesus had not bled thereon,  
Paul had for ever been undone.

And may a child as young as I  
To follow the Apostle try ?  
Can I resemble *holy Paul*,  
To whom thy cross was all in all ?

Yes, Lord, I only want to see  
Thy precious body pierc'd for me,  
And then, with Paul, I'll count as loss  
All things but Jesus and his cross.

## HYMN XXIX.

“What are these which are arrayed in white robes?  
and whence came they?—Rev. vii. 13.

**A**ROUND the throne of God in heaven,  
Thousands of children stand;  
Children, whose sins are all forgiven,  
A holy, happy, band,  
Singing glory, glory, glory.

In flowing robes of spotless white  
See every one array'd:  
Dwelling in everlasting light,  
And joys that never fade,  
Singing glory, glory, glory.

Once they were little things like you,  
And lived on earth below,  
And could not praise as now they do,  
The Lord who lov'd them so,  
Singing glory, glory, glory.

What brought them to that world above,  
That heaven so bright and fair,  
Were all is peace, and joy, and love?—  
How came those children there,  
Singing glory, glory, glory?

Because the Saviour shed his blood  
To wash away their sin;  
Bath'd in that precious purple flood,  
Behold them white and clean,  
Singing glory, glory, glory.

On earth they sought the Saviour's grace  
On earth they loved his name;  
So now they see his blessed face,  
And stand before the Lamb,  
Singing glory, glory, glory.

## HYMN XXX.

“Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no Physician there?”—Jer. viii. 22.

**J**ESUS is the great Physician  
 Of the sin-distempered soul;  
 Bad as may be our condition,  
 He can make us sound and whole:  
 Little children, will not you  
 Try what Jesus' skill can do?  
 How can we who have no money,  
 Go to Jesus for advice?  
 How can we buy wine and honey,  
 Balm and oil without a price?  
 No, alas! we can't afford  
 To have med'cine of the Lord.  
 You mistake, for Jesus freely  
 Gives his balm and oil away;  
 Jesus says he will not, really,  
 Even take the smallest pay;  
 Little children will not you  
 Try what Jesus' skill can do?

## HYMN XXXI.

“Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward. I would seek unto God, and unto God would I commit my cause.”—Job v. 7, 8.

**T**HOUGH I am but a child in years,  
 Yet still I feel and know  
 This world to be a vale of tears,  
 Where all must suffer woe.  
 I know already what is meant  
 By sadness, grief, and pain;  
 For I unhappy hours have spent,  
 And fear to spend again.

Then sickness, too! I have been ill,  
 And oh, it makes me sigh,  
 For every ache reminds me still  
 That I am born to die.

These thoughts arising in my mind,  
 Take all my joy away;  
 No pleasure in my toys I find,  
 And care not for my play.

I feel I want some better thing  
 To give me lasting ease;  
 Trifles no solid comfort bring,  
 Nor can for ever please.

Jesus, thou condescending King,  
 To thee I'll tell my wants;  
 Thou art thyself that better thing  
 For which my spirit pants.

O fix my heart on things above,  
 And bind it fast to thee;  
 And come and dwell by faith and love,  
 Henceforth, dear Lord, in me.

## HYMN XXXII.

“Wisdom is the principal thing.”—Prov. iv. 7.

WHAT are we in the Scriptures told  
 Is sweeter far than honey?  
 Better than silver or than gold,  
 Than houses, lands, or money?

Why *wisdom* far surpasses wealth,  
 And all the precious stones;  
 For to the soul she's life and health,  
 And marrow to the bones.

True wisdom shows the peaceful road,  
The sweet, the pleasant path,  
Which leads to life, and joy, and God,  
And saves from guilt and wrath.

True wisdom is to fear the Lord,  
And trust his pard'ning grace ;  
To do his will and love his word,  
And long to see his face.

The blessed Saviour, from his birth,  
Walked in this heavenly way ;  
And all the time he dwelt on earth  
He never went astray.

The way of life he plainly show'd,  
And mark'd it with his blood,  
That all his saints might find the road  
To glory and to God.

### HYMN XXXIII.

#### THE FAMILY OF GOD.

**G**OD has a family on earth  
Of daughters and of sons ;  
His Holy Spirit gave them birth,  
They are his little ones.

He watches over them for good,  
And hears their smallest cries :  
He gives them house, and clothes, and food,  
And all their wants supplies.

He knows their weak and tender frame,  
Pities their griefs and fears ;  
And calls them every one by name,  
And wipes away their tears.

And why does God such kindness show  
 To things so mean and base?  
 Why does he more on them bestow  
 Than others of their race?

'Tis all because that Jesus bled  
 For them upon the tree;  
 And dwelt awhile among the dead,  
 To set his children free.

To what the Lamb of God has done  
 They all their blessings owe;  
 'Tis for the sake of his dear Son  
 The Father loves them so.

Let children, then, redeemed and bought  
 With Jesus' precious blood,  
 Sing the sweet praise of him who brought  
 Such little ones to God.

### HYMN XXXIV.

"I have loved thee with an everlasting love."—  
 Jer. xxxi. 8.

**B**LEST be the everlasting love  
 That brought the Saviour from above  
 For ruin'd man to die!  
 Blest be the dear redeeming grace,  
 That raises up a chosen race  
 To dwell with Christ on high!

Blest be the love that writes in heaven  
 The name of every soul forgiven,  
 And sav'd by Jesus' death!  
 Blest be the love that gives to all  
 Whom Christ has ransom'd from the fall  
 The precious gift of faith!



Blest be the love that lasts for ever,  
 That neither death nor life can sever,  
 Nor height nor depth divide!  
 For Jesus calls by name his own,  
 They are his body, flesh, and bone,  
 His sister, friend, and bride.

Blest be the love that hears the cry,  
 Of children young and weak as I,  
 When mourning for their sin!  
 Blest be the love that makes the soul  
 Of poor *repentant* children whole,  
 And whispers peace within!

Blest be the love that stoops so low,  
 As to instruct such children how  
 To sing redeeming grace!  
 Blest be the love that never leaves  
 The happy child who once receives  
 In Jesus' heart a place!

### HYMN XXXV.

"A new heart also will I give to you."—  
 Ezek. xxxvi. 26.

O FOR a heart by grace subdued  
 To mourn its evil ways:  
 A heart that longs to be renewed,  
 The Saviour's name to praise.

O for a heart by Jesus taught  
 To hate the paths of sin;  
 A heart by God the Spirit brought  
 To Christ to make it clean.

O for a heart that deeply feels  
 The Father's chast'ning rod ;  
 Yet turns to kiss the hand that heals  
 The stroke with Jesus' blood !

O for a heart to praise the Lord  
 For all that he has done ;  
 To praise his name, his works, his word—  
 The Father, Spirit, Son !

### HYMN XXXVI.

“ God is love.”—1 John iv. 16.

**G**OD is love!—can this be true ?  
 Yes, the Bible says it is.  
 Children, let me ask of you,  
 Have you ever thought of this,  
 That God is love ?

God it was who sent his Son,  
 His only Son, to bleed and die  
 For sinners ruin'd and undone ;—  
 Aloud the wounds of Jesus cry  
 That God is love !

God delights to pardon sin,  
 Grace and mercy to bestow ;  
 Little children though unclean,  
 Come to him, and you shall know  
 That God is love !

Every poor repenting child,  
 His arms are open to receive ;  
*To such*, he says, with accents mild,  
 Little sinner, now believe  
 “ That God is love.”

## HYMN XXXVII.

"Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin."—Psalm li. 2.

**L**ORD JESUS, merciful and mild,  
 Look downwards from thy throne  
 Upon a sinful dying child,  
 And hear my feeble moan.

I am so very sick and weak,  
 So full of pain and grief,  
 That I can hardly think or speak,—  
 Lord, come to my relief.

I know thou could'st my body heal,  
 And cure me with a word;  
 But Lord, dear Lord! I want to feel  
 My soul to health restor'd.

O what a sinner I have been!  
 How very black I am!  
 O let thy blood wash out my sin,  
 Thou loving, dying Lamb.

Say my transgressions are forgiven,  
 And this shall give me peace;  
 Then take me to thyself and heaven  
 Where sin and sorrow cease.

## HYMN XXXVIII.

"Thou art a priest for ever."—Heb. vii. 17.

**I**S Jesus dead? No, he is gone  
 Above the shining skies,  
 To sit upon his Father's throne  
 And plead his sacrifice.

A priest must always to his God  
 Some costly offering bring;  
 So Christ in heaven presents his blood,  
 That ever precious thing.

His wounded hands the Saviour shows,  
 His feet and pierced side,  
 And pleads his groans and pangs for those  
 For whom he bled and died.

The Father smiles upon the Son,  
 Well pleas'd his wounds to see;  
 Owns the great work that Christ has done  
 And sets his children free.

Jesus, the Priest, for ever lives  
 To plead for souls above;  
 And God the Father still forgives,  
 For God, indeed, is love.

### HYMN XXXIX.

"Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just  
 for the unjust, that he might bring us to God."—  
 1 Pet. iii. 18.

**O** MERCY! how sweet is the sound  
 'To the prisoner appointed to die;  
 "O mercy! where may it be found?"  
 Don't you think the poor prisoner would cry?

But suppose that none answer his prayer,  
 And that pity and help there is none,  
 While the judge and the jury declare,  
 He must die for the crimes he has done.

Then trembling with shame and with fear,  
 'To the scaffold he next would be led;—  
 But suppose some kind friend to appear  
 Who should offer to die in his stead

Ah ! where shall we find such a friend,  
So loving, so noble, so true,  
Whose kindness should even extend  
To death, and to infamy too ?

Yet this is what Jesus has done,  
For sinners as wretched as we ;  
He came from his glorious throne,  
To set condemned criminals free.

To the prison and judgment he came,  
And stood in the prisoner's place ;  
From smiting, and spitting, and shame,  
He hid not his heavenly face.

He breath'd not a word of complaint,  
When by sinners to Calvary led—  
As a lamb to the slaughter he went,  
And died in the criminal's stead.

Now what is the lesson we learn  
From this story, so solemn and true ?  
For sure it must nearly concern  
Even poor little children like you.

O yes, for we're children of wrath,  
Tied and bound in the fetters of sin,  
Lying under just sentence of death,  
While conscience accuses within.

And no other Saviour but thou,  
Blessed Jesus our wants can relieve,  
Then help us to come to thee now,  
And thy finished salvation receive.

O show us the perfect release  
Thou hast purchas'd and seal'd with thy  
blood ;

O show us Thyself making peace  
Between the poor sinner and God.

## HYMN XL.

"This commandment have we from him, that he who loveth God love his brother also."—1 John iv. 21.

**H**OW can I tell if I belong  
To the dear family of God;  
Or whether I am of the throng  
Who boldly tread the downward road

Surely there is some mark or sign  
By which we may a Christian know;  
Some stamp, peculiar and divine,  
Which doth his holy calling show.

Oh yes! the Lord's dear children love  
The name of Christ, his word and cross  
Their thoughts are fix'd on him above,  
And all but him they count as loss.

While wicked children spend their days  
In foolish sports, and idle mirth;  
God's children love to pray and praise,  
And think of heaven instead of earth.

The wicked child with envy burns,  
And vents his malice, rage, and spite;  
The holy child from Jesus learns,  
In peace and mercy to delight.

Like harmless lambs, or gentle doves,  
God's children dwell with one another  
Each, as himself, his neighbour loves,  
And treats him as his friend and brother.

Then this shall be my rule and guide,  
With this I'll search my conscience through,  
"Do I love more than all beside,  
The Saviour and his people too?"

## HYMN XLI.

"I am the living bread which came down from heaven."—John xvi. 51.

**C**HRI**S**T is the heavenly living bread,  
On which God's family are fed;  
Faith is the mouth which eats this food,  
And feasts upon his flesh and blood.

This bread such nourishment supplies,  
The soul that eats it never dies;  
For whoso on the Lord believes,  
Eternal life at once receives.

Let little children taste and try  
This bread which cometh from the sky;  
A sweet repast it will afford  
The new-born babies of the Lord.

## HYMN XLII.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."—Psalm cxvi. 15.

**W**HEN holy children die,  
And lay their bodies down,  
The blessed Saviour still is nigh,  
To guard and keep his own.

Within the peaceful tomb,  
He lulls his babes to rest;  
And soft the bed, and fair the room,  
That Christ the Lord hath blest.

In all his sleeping ones  
 The Saviour takes delight,  
 Their lifeless body, flesh, and bones,  
 Are precious in his sight.

For this same body must,  
 When Christ shall come, arise,  
 And leave its dwelling in the dust,  
 For mansions in the skies.

In robes of shining white  
 It then will be array'd;  
 To reign in glorious realms of light,  
 Where pleasures never fade.

### HYMN XLIII.

"I am the way, and the truth, and the life." —  
 John xiv. 6.

**D**O any ask the heavenly road,  
 The shining way that leads to God?  
 Then hear the blessed Jesus say,  
 "Believe on me, *I am the Way.*"

Do any wish the truth to learn,  
 The good from evil to discern;  
 To shun the tempter in their youth?  
 The Saviour says, "*I am the Truth.*"

Do any feel the plague of sin,  
 Satan and death at work within?  
 Jesus can quell the mortal strife,  
 For Jesus says, "*I am the Life.*"



## HYMN XLIV.

## THE BROAD AND THE NARROW WAY.

**T**HERE is a way that's very broad,  
'Tis call'd the way of sin ;  
We all by nature choose this road,  
And thousands walk therein.

Sinners, both men and women, tread  
This way, and love it well ;  
Nor will they stop, although it lead  
To misery, death, and hell.

How many children are there too,  
Who choose this dreadful road ;  
Boldly their wicked course pursue,  
Nor fear the wrath of God !

There is a little narrow way,  
Which is so very strait,  
That few, the Bible says, are they  
Who enter at the gate.

This is the blessed way that leads  
Direct to heaven above :  
Here the dear flock of Jesus feeds,  
And walks in peace and love.

His little lambs here safely rest,  
Secure from fears and harms,  
Leaving upon their Saviour's breast,  
Or carried in his arms.

Come all ye children, then, who long  
To taste such love as this ;  
Forsake the wretched, sinful throng,  
And choose the way of peace.

## HYMN XLV.

“Though I walk through the valley of the shadow  
of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me.”—  
Psalm xxiii. 4.

**D**EAR Jesus, make thy face to shine  
Upon my dying bed;  
And bless a little lamb of thine,  
For whom thy blood was shed.

I soon must die, I am so ill;  
Scarce can I speak or move;  
Make me resigned to all thy will,  
For all thy will is love.

There's nothing now for me to fear,  
Although I helpless am,  
For, Jesus, thou art ever near  
To guard thy little lamb.

My Jesus! 'tis thy gentle hand  
Supports my sinking head;  
While blessed angels round me stand  
To smooth my dying bed.

Jesus receives my parting breath,  
And keeps me safe from harms;  
And through the gloomy vale of death,  
I'm carried in his arms.

O how I long to die and go  
Up to that happy place  
Where dwells the Lord who lov'd me so,  
And sav'd me by his grace!

O how I long to see my King,  
And fall before his throne;  
And with the saints and angels sing,  
“Worthy the Lamb alone!”

## HYMN XLVI.

“This night thy soul shall be required of thee.”—  
Luke xii. 20.

**H**OW can I live from day to day  
Pleased only with my toys ?  
When I don't know how soon I may  
Be snatch'd by death's cold hand away  
From all my earthly joys

In trifles only I delight,  
Of these I never tire ;  
And yet, perhaps this very night  
My eyes may close upon the light,  
And God my soul require.

And then I must at once appear  
Before my Judge's face ;  
And fill'd with horror, shame, and fear,  
His dreadful righteous sentence hear,  
“Depart to thine own place.”

O Lord, to thee I lift my eyes,  
Before it be too late,  
Give me a heart that's truly wise,  
A heart all folly to despise,  
A heart all sin to hate.

Make me to know the Saviour's name,  
And trust his pard'ning grace ;  
Wash'd in the blood of that dear Lamb,  
My soul with joy, and not with shame,  
Should see its Maker's face.

## HYMN XLVII.

"Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come."—Heb. xiii. 14.

**T**HIS is a world of sin and care,  
Of sorrow it is full;  
Yet here the Saviour puts awhile,  
His little ones to school.

Though many hardships they endure,  
And suffer pain and grief,  
They have a heavenly Father who  
Affords them quick relief.

And then to think how very soon  
The happy time will come,  
When he will send and bring them hence,  
And take his children home.

Then everlasting joy begins,  
Their sorrows all are o'er;  
They'll never weep, nor grieve, nor thirst,  
Nor hunger any more.

Then they will meet their Saviour too,  
And see him face to face;  
And sing the wonders of his love,  
And dear redeeming grace.

Such are the joys in store for all  
The children of the Lord,  
The young disciples taught by him  
To love his name and word.

## HYMN XLVIII.

“Search the Scriptures.”—John v. 30.

**C**OME let us search God's holy word,  
And see what we can find  
About that loving, gracious Lord,  
The Saviour of mankind.

See there how humble was his birth,  
No bed but straw or hay ;  
Though he was Lord of all the earth,  
He in a manger lay.

So lowly was he at the first ;  
And as he older grew,  
Cold, hunger, weariness, and thirst,  
The Lord of glory knew.

But, poor and wretched as he seem'd  
His mighty actions show'd,  
Though little by the world esteem'd,  
He was the Son of God.

He heal'd the sick, and rais'd the dead,  
The deaf and blind he cur'd ;  
At his command the devils fled,  
The sea obey'd his word.

And when he was, by sinners' hands,  
Scourg'd, crucified, and slain,  
He brake asunder all their bands,  
And rose to life again.

Who would not love a Lord so kind,  
Or fear a God so great ?  
Whoever waits on him will find,  
'Tis not in vain to wait.

## HYMN XLIX.

“He that believeth on the Son of God, hath the witness in himself.”—1 John v. 10.

**A**ND was the Lord of glory slain?  
And was his blood by sinners shed?  
And did the Prince of Life remain  
Breathless, awhile, among the dead?

Yes, Jesus Christ th' eternal Son,  
Came down to take the sinner's place,  
Jesus, all glorious names in one,  
Died to redeem his chosen race.

He died to rescue fallen man,  
And bled for sinners here below;  
Dear children, tell me if you can,  
Do you this precious Saviour know?

For Jesus' sheep delight to hear  
Their loving Shepherd's gentle voice  
His lambs have an attentive ear,  
And in his sweet commands rejoice.

They follow where he leads the way,  
And in his footsteps seek to tread,  
They fear from him to go astray,  
Nor will by other hands be fed.

Now then, dear children, tell me true,  
Are you to this good Shepherd known,  
Is Jesus really feeding you,  
And are you following him alone?

## HYMN L.

“Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.”—Luke xviii. 16.

**J**ESUS, behold a little band  
Of children at thy feet:  
Before thee, Lord, we humbly stand,  
Thy favour to entreat.

Poor little sinful things we are,  
The Bible tells us so;  
But thou canst see us from afar  
And bless us here below.

There's nothing we can say or do,  
Thy favour, Lord, to win,  
Thou, only, caust our hearts renew,  
And wash us from our sin.

And yet we do not feel afraid  
As near we draw to thee,  
Because thy gracious lips have said,  
Let children come to me.

Man would deny the infant's claim,  
And rudely cast us out,  
But Jesus, he is still the same,  
And says, “Forbid them not.”

## HYMN LI.

*Dialogue between a Child and his Soul.*

CHILD.

**C**OME, my soul, I should like to inquire of you  
The name of the place we are travelling to;  
I know we are on the eternity road,  
But, pray, does it lead to the city of God?

## SOUL.

I am glad you have ask'd, for I really forgot,  
To inquire, or think if it does so or not;  
But it is not too late, as we have not gone far,  
To learn in what part of the country we are.

## CHILD.

But, ah! my poor soul, you don't yet understand  
The day is far spent, and the night is at hand;  
And this road, though so wide and so smooth it  
appears,  
May yet be infested with lions and bears.

## SOUL.

From what you observe of the width of the road,  
I fear it can't lead to the city of God;  
For I've heard of that city some people relate,  
The way is quite narrow as well as the gate.

## CHILD.

Alas! my poor soul, we are lost and undone!  
We know not our way, and the night's coming on;  
By darkness surrounded we cannot go back,  
And destruction awaits the pursuing our track.

## SOUL.

Too late I perceive all you say to be true;  
But ah! my companion, what now can we do?  
Like poor silly sheep we have both gone astray,  
And some ravenous creature will make us his prey.

## CHILD.

Stay an instant my soul, I've just recollected  
A certain small book we have both much neglected;  
The Bible, 'tis call'd, and in this we may meet  
With a light for our path, and a lamp for our feet.



## SOUL.

O yes! I have heard of that excellent guide  
 To the city where God and his children reside ;  
 Then let us no longer lament and despair,  
 But read it, and search it, with faith and with prayer.

## HYMN LII.

“I saw the dead, small and great, stand before  
 God.”—Rev. xx. 12.

**J**ESUS, who once was scourg'd and slain,  
 Whose blood by sinners' hands was shed,  
 Will very shortly come again  
 To be the Judge of quick and dead.

Then you and I, and every one,  
 Must stand before his awful throne,  
 And all that wicked souls have done  
 Be openly declar'd and known.

Children who now, by lies and art,  
 Conceal their faults from parents' sight,  
 Will find that God, who sees the heart,  
 Can bring their secret sins to light.

Their evil thoughts, and words, and ways,  
 Will then lie all exposed and bare  
 Before the face of him who says,  
 That wicked souls he will not spare.

Children who *now* despise the name  
 Of Christ, nor do his grace desire,  
 Will find him *then* devouring flame,  
 And know him as consuming fire.

Jesus, the Lamb to all his saints,  
 The Lion is to all his foes;  
 He'll then be deaf to their complaints,  
 And doom them to eternal woes.

O may these awful words of truth  
 Sink deep in many a thoughtless mind,  
 That thousands in their early youth  
 May pardon seek, and pardon find.

### HYMN LIII.

“If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.”—1 John ii. 15.

DEAR little children, tell me why  
 You love your toys and plays so well,  
 Do you not know that you must die,  
 And go to heaven or to hell?

Dear little children, lift your eyes  
 Above these trifles of the earth;  
 And raise them up beyond the skies  
 To God the Lord who gave you birth.

Dear little children, think of this—  
 Unless you know and love that Lord,  
 You'll never see that place of bliss  
 Call'd heaven in his most holy word.

Dear little children, think again,  
 That you are full of sin and guilt;  
 Then think, for *children* Christ was slain,  
 For *infant souls* his blood was spilt.

Dear little children, look within—  
 Let each one search and ask his heart,  
 “Am I deliver'd from my sin?  
 “In Jesus' love have I a part?”

## HYMN LIV.

The goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance."—  
Rom. ii. 4.

**W**HEN I some naughty thing have done,  
And dar'd my parents disobey,  
Rather than meet my father's frown,  
I'd hasten far another way.

His just rebukes I dread to hear,  
His anger fills me with alarms,  
I daren't before his face appear,  
Nor seek for refuge in his arms.

But only let his lips pronounce  
*Forgiveness*, in sweet accents mild,  
My stubborn heart relents at once,  
And I am a repenting child.

His arms are then my hiding place,  
Where I can tell him all my pain,  
The greatness of my fault confess,  
And say I'll not do so again.

Just thus it is 'twixt God and me—  
My conscience tells me I have sinn'd,  
And while his frowning looks I see,  
Hard is my heart, and dark my mind.

But, O ! if he would smile and say,  
"Freely my child I thee forgive,  
Why then I could repent and pray,  
And for my sin and folly grieve.

## HYMN LV.

THE KINGDOM OF SATAN.

O'ER wicked children Satan reigns,  
 He rules them with an iron rod ;  
 And keeps their wretched souls in chains,  
 Afar from heaven, and peace, and God.

While they remain beneath his power,  
 The law of sin they must obey ;  
 Worship the tyrant every hour,  
 And do his pleasure night and day.

No blessed rays of heavenly light  
 Break in upon their darken'd mind ;  
 The prince of darkness blinds their sight,  
 Lest they the way of truth should find.

Nor does their wretched bondage cease  
 When to the grave their bodies go ;  
 For as they hated truth and peace,  
 So truth and peace they'll never know.

Oh, who the wrath of God could bear  
 For ever in the flames of hell !  
 Who could, in darkness and despair,  
 With wicked souls and devils dwell !

## HYMN LVI.

THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST.

SEE, where the gentle Jesus reigns  
 In holy children's souls ;  
 There the sweet law of *love* constrains,  
 And *grace* alone controls.

He lays no yoke nor harsh command  
On any little one ;  
But only makes this dear demand,  
“ Give me thine heart, my son.”

The blessed light of truth divine,  
He doth to each impart,  
And pours the Gospel oil and wine  
On every wounded heart.

Jesus, the gracious king of saints,  
How mild are all his ways !  
He hears his children's prayers and plaints,  
And loves their notes of praise.

Through life he guides them by his word ;  
And when they come to die,  
Loosens the little silver cord,  
And lets the spirit fly.

Then on the wings of love they rise,  
By angels borne along,  
Till, far above the starry skies,  
They join the heavenly throng.

There they behold the Saviour's face,  
The Lamb who died for them ;  
And sing the wondrous love and grace  
Which did their souls redeem.

And there they dwell for evermore,  
Before Emmanuel's throne ;  
And love, and worship, and adore,  
The holy Three in One.

## HYMN LVII.

"By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God."—Eph. ii. 8.

**E**TERNAL Spirit! heavenly flame!  
 Descend from thine abode  
 And in the Saviour's blessed name,  
 Reveal the love of God.

I want that precious gift of faith,  
 By which God's children live;  
 The faith which saves from second death,  
 And which is thine to give.

I want to see th' eternal Son  
 Expiring on the tree;  
 And hear him say, "Dear little one,  
 "My blood was shed for thee."

I want to hear my Father's voice  
 Command my soul to rise  
 Above its sorrows, and rejoice  
 In Christ its sacrifice.

So should I bless th' eternal Three,  
 The everlasting One,  
 Who did to save my soul agree,  
 Ere time was yet begun.

## HYMN LVIII.

"There are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one."—1 John v. 7.

**G**LORY to God the Father give,  
 Who sent his Son to die,  
 That children young as I might live,  
 And reign with Christ on high.

Glory to God the Son, who came  
 A man of woes to be;  
 And bare his children's sin and shame,  
 Upon the accursed tree.

Glory to God the Holy Ghost,  
 Who melts the frozen heart;  
 And doth to sinners, blind and lost,  
 The light of truth impart.

Now to the great eternal THREE,  
 The everlasting ONE,  
 All equal honours ever be  
 By saints and angels done.

## HYMN LIX.

### THE WEDDING GARMENT.

**W**HEN in the morning I put on  
 My wonted daily dress,  
 This should remind me of the robe  
 Of Jesus' righteousness.

For if the body can't endure  
 Unclothed to go abroad,  
 How shall the naked soul appear  
 In presence of its God?

All stain'd and spotted as it is  
 With sins of scarlet dye,  
 It every moment stands expos'd  
 Before its Maker's eye.

No leper in the days of old  
 Was half so hateful seen;—  
 Lord, give me grace to loathe myself,  
 And cry, "unclean, unclean!"

Grant me my poverty to know,  
 And come to thee for dress,  
 Contented with no other robe  
 Than Jesus' righteousness.

For with this wedding garment on,  
 Which all thy children wear,  
 At the blest marriage of the Lamb,  
 I should with joy appear.

### HYMN LX.

"The conscience."—Romans ii. 14, 15.

**W**HAT is that thing within my breast  
 Which speaks with voice so strong;  
 That judges all I say and do,  
 And tells me right from wrong?

It is the *conscience*, and the Lord  
 Has there his law imprest,  
 To be a witness for himself,  
 In every human breast.

The light of conscience may be quench'd  
 Its warning voice be still'd;  
 It may be sear'd and stupified,  
 But never can be kill'd.

This is "the worm that dieth not"  
 Within the wicked soul,  
 But still the guilty bosom gnaws,  
 While ages onward roll.

And I—what answer can I make  
 To this accusing thing?  
 How shall I heal its fiery smart;  
 Or take away its sting?



The blood of Christ by faith receiv'd  
 The certain cure applies,  
 Because whate'er the law demands  
 This ransom satisfies.

Saviour of all who bring to thee  
 Their poverty and sin,  
 Sprinkle thy blood upon my heart,  
 And make my conscience clean.

Give me that perfect love of thee,  
 Which guilty dread removes;  
 And grant that holy child-like fear,  
 Which thy adoption proves.

## HYMN LXI.

### THE LAW OF CHRIST.

**O**H! that the Saviour's heavenly law  
 My constant rule might be,  
 "To do to others as I would  
 "That they should do to me."

No vexing speech, nor act unkind,  
 Would then from me proceed,  
 But love and gentleness direct,  
 My every word and deed.

I should not seek to raise myself  
 And others to abase,  
 But rather this, my happy choice,  
 To take the lowest place.

And how shall I, a sinful child,  
 To pride and wrath inclined,  
 Subdue my nature and attain  
 This lovely gracious mind?

Oh ! blessed Jesus unto thee  
 Alone for grace I seek,  
 Who wast on earth the lowly One,  
 The gentle and the meek.

Be thou my teacher, and my guide,  
 So shall my practice be,  
 To do to others as I would,  
 That they should do to me.

## HYMN LXII.

“Beware of covetousness.”—Luke xii. 15.

**W**HY should I covet earthly things,  
 Which God has not bestow'd,  
 Since he supplies my daily need  
 Of raiment and of food.

If gold and silver I have none,  
 Yet Jesus lives and reigns ;  
 That blessed Lord once pierced with nails  
 Now heaven and earth sustains.

He is the Sovereign Lord of all  
 In land, or sea, or sky ;  
 He clothes the lilies, and he feeds  
 The ravens when they cry.

Jesus himself was once a child  
 Of young and tender frame,  
 He therefore knows what children feel,  
 For he has felt the same.

The love that brought him down to save  
A guilty, ruin'd race,  
Will every needful thing supply  
To such as seek his face.

Oh ! that I then might trust his love,  
His wisdom and his pow'r ;  
And tell him all my little wants,  
In every trying hour.

### HYMN LXIII.

“ The world passeth away.”—1 John ii. 17.

**I**T was the time of spring,  
The loveliest of the year,  
When tuneful birds begin to sing,  
And opening flowers appear.

Within a peaceful wood  
Of stately trees and tall,  
A noble oak majestic stood,  
The goodliest of them all.

A bird, which long had sought  
A place to set her nest,  
Beheld, and in her wisdom thought,  
This lofty tree the best.

A bough, both strong and high,  
She for her building chose,  
Where no rude hand or curious eye  
Could hinder her repose.

And there her airy seat,  
With toil and skill she made,  
And when the fabric was complete,  
Four polish'd eggs she laid.

But ah! unhappy she,  
Her joys how quickly gone!  
The woodman, who had mark'd the tree,  
Now came to cut it down.

'Twas vain for help to call,  
No friendly aid appear'd,  
And stately tree, and nest and all,  
One common ruin shar'd.

This little tale conveys  
A lesson to the ear  
Of such as seek to dwell at ease,  
And have their treasure here.

For earth with all its show  
Is but a thing of clay,  
Decaying every moment now,  
And soon to pass away.

Then grant us, Lord, at once,  
To fly the snares of sin;  
This present evil world renounce,  
A better world to win.

Instruct us how to rise,  
And find our rest in thee,  
For if in heaven our treasure lies,  
In heaven our heart will be.

## HYMN LXIV.

"A father of the fatherless."—Psalm lxxviii. 5.

**I** ONCE had a mother who smil'd  
On my infantine hours of play,  
Who call'd me her own darling child,  
And kiss'd all my sorrows away.

I once had a father whose look  
Beam'd delight as he gaz'd upon me ;  
While my head he would tenderly stroke,  
As prattling I sat on his knee.

But my father and mother are gone—  
On earth I shan't see them again ;  
They have left me, an orphan alone,  
In this wide wicked world to remain.

But let me not say I'm alone,  
Tho' left in a desolate wild,  
Since God from the height of his throne  
Looks down on the fatherless child.

He gave up his own belov'd Son  
For poor little children to die ;  
And surely, since this he has done,  
All else he will freely supply.

Oh! may I then ever be led,  
To trust in his infinite love ;  
And tho' father and mother be dead,  
I shall still have a Father above.

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