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# HYMNS

**Descriptive and Devotional.**

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.

2d.

343



*K. Hymns*  
**HYMNS** *Descriptive*

**DESCRIPTIVE AND DEVOTIONAL.**

**FOR THE**

**USE OF SCHOOLS.**

**BY THE**

**AUTHOR OF "HYMNS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN," ETC.**

**LONDON:**

**JOSEPH MASTERS, ALDERSGATE STREET,  
AND NEW BOND STREET.**

**MDCCLVIII.**



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# H Y M N S.

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## I.

### Morning Hymn.

ONCE again the radiant morning  
Life and light and gladness brings,  
In the bough the wild bird nestles,  
From the lea the lark upsprings ;  
Heavenly FATHER, look towards us,  
Let Thy holy angels guard us,  
With their shadowing wings.

Once again the golden sunshine  
Sets the cottage pane ablaze,  
Wakes the weary limb to labour  
And the lip to prayer and praise ;  
Gentle JESUS, do Thou hear us,  
All this busy day be near us,  
In our several ways.



Now the dew-fed sunlit blossoms  
 Ope in many a lowly place,  
 And the silver-crested dewdrops  
 Melt from off the meadow's face ;  
 HOLY SPIRIT, feed us ever  
 From the depths of the great river  
 Of Thy fathomless grace.

We once more to care and toiling,  
 Homes with many a blessing rife,  
 Works that weary, joys that tempt us,  
 Or perchance to pain and strife ;  
 FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT Holy,  
 Keep us faithful, keep us lowly,  
 Through this perilous life.

---

 II.

## Morning Hymn.

THE breaking sun comes back to bless  
 The earth from pole to pole,  
 So come, sweet Sun of Righteousness,  
 And shine into my soul.

A silver mist along the lawn  
 From every dewy sod,  
 Goes up to Heaven ; and so at dawn  
 I lift my thoughts to GOD.

I think how Thou didst wake, O LORD,  
 Before the break of day,  
 And seek the lonely mountain sward ;  
 So teach my lips to pray.

I think how Thou didst sleep and rise  
 So many nights and days,  
 A child obedient, holy, wise,  
 And perfect in Thy ways.

So teach me childhood's opening morn,  
 And every hour I live,  
 With meek obedience to adorn,  
 And fruits that faith can give.

The dawn of day, the dawn of life,  
 Were blest alike to Thee,  
 Thou know'st the danger, and the strife,  
 LORD, bless them both to me.

---

### III.

#### Evening Hymn.

'T WAS at evening when the voice of greeting,  
 And the tread died in the city street,  
 Through the closed doors JESUS came, and  
 show'd them  
 All His pierced hands and His wounded feet.

"Twas at evening when a purple glory  
 Wrapt the low hills of the Syrian land,  
 That He stood there in the midst, and whisper'd,  
 "Peace be to you," to that frighten'd band.

Evening cometh—grey along the mountain,  
 Quiet in the street, and down the lane,  
 With a golden edge upon the elm tree,  
 With a deeper shadow on the pane.

Evening cometh—down the western Heaven  
 The last streaks of sunset glory roll,  
 Let me hear Thy gentle voice, O SAVIOUR!  
 "Peace be to you," saying to my soul.

With what hearts of anguish and bereavement  
 Went the twelve unto that upper room,  
 Thinking on the One beloved departed,  
 Looking on a future full of gloom.

Of the Presence that they saw—but felt not  
 When He walk'd among them—in its power,  
 Yet He pass'd the closed door, and whisper'd,  
 "Peace be to you" at the evening hour.

With what thoughts of precious moments  
 wasted,  
 Seek I now the chamber of my heart,  
 Sweet communion that I might have tasted  
 Prayers wherein I took so cold a part.

All the day my SAVIOUR walked beside me,  
 And I knew not that He was so near.  
 Will He come at evening in to bless me,  
 "Peace be to you," whispering in my ear?

Yea, by those red wounds of love and sorrow,  
 In Thy pierc'd hands and Thy cloven side,  
 When my shrinking heart is telling over  
 All my sins to Thee at eventide;

When the twilight pales upon the window,  
 When the shadows lengthen on the lea,  
 Let me hear Thy gentle voice, O SAVIOUR,  
 "Peace be to you," saying unto me.

#### IV.

#### Evening Hymn.

THE crimson of the sunset sky,  
 The last gold lines of day,  
 Along the mountain's rosy verge  
 How fast they fade away!  
 O for the pearly gates of Heaven,  
 O for the golden floor;  
 O for the Sun of Righteousness  
 That setteth nevermore.

The lark that soar'd so high at dawn  
 On weary wing lies low,  
 The flowers so fragrant all day long  
 Are dead or folded now.

O for the songs that never cease  
 Where saints to angels call,  
 O for the tree of life that stands  
 By the pure river's fall.

O'er the dull ocean broods the night,  
 And all the strand is dark,  
 Save where a line of broken foam  
 Lies at low water mark.

O for the land that needs no light,  
 Where never night shall be ;  
 O for the quiet home in Heaven,  
 Where there is no more sea.

The highest hopes we cherish here,  
 How fast they tire and faint,  
 How many a spot defiles the robe  
 That wraps an earthly saint !

O for a heart that never sins,  
 O for a soul wash'd white ;  
 O for a voice to praise our King,  
 Nor weary day or night.

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## V.

## Advent Hymn.

HE is coming, He is coming,  
Not as once He came before,  
Wailing infant born in weakness  
On a lowly stable floor :

But upon His cloud of glory,  
In the crimson tinted sky,  
Where we see the golden sunrise,  
In the rosy distance lie.

He is coming, He is coming,  
Not in pain, and shame and woe,  
With the thorn-crown on His forehead,  
And the blood drops down below :

But with His gold crown upon Him,  
And the sceptre in His hand,  
And the dead all ranged before Him,  
Raised from fire and sea and land.

He is coming, He is coming,  
Not as once He wander'd through  
All the hostile land of Judah,  
With His followers poor and few :

But with all the holy angels  
 Waiting round His judgment-seat,  
 And those awful twelve Apostles  
 Sitting crownéd at His feet.

He is coming, He is coming,  
 Let His lowly first estate,  
 Let His tender love so teach us  
 That in faith and hope we wait,

Till in glory eastward burning,  
 Our redemption draweth near,  
 And we see the sign in Heaven  
 Of our Judge and SAVIOUR dear.

## VI.

## Christmas Hymn.

LONG years ago a little Child  
 Beneath a lowly roof was born,  
 While over Bethlehem there broke  
 Through wintry clouds the balmy morn.

It was the King of kings most high,  
 Who came to earth that winter's day,  
 It was our GOD Who took our flesh  
 And wailing in the manger lay.

No arméd guards were waiting near,  
 No princes knelt beside His bed ;  
 His virgin mother watch'd alone,  
 And all around the oxen fed.

No voice of earthly welcome hail'd  
 The birthday of that peasant boy,  
 And only simple shepherds heard  
 When angels sang their hymn of joy.

But O how many Christian hearts  
 For hope, for peace, for comfort sure,  
 Back to that birthday hour have flown,  
 And hung around that cradle poor !

Hope that what sinful man had lost,  
 In the GOD-Man is found again ;  
 Peace such as He alone could make,  
 And comfort that He knows our pain.

Most blessed thoughts of Christmas time  
 Come to us all, nor soon depart,  
 Sweet memories of that Christian Child  
 Be shrined in every Christian heart ;

Who on this cold unwilling world  
 Smiled from that lowly stable door,  
 Blest with His Presence homeliest things,  
 And sanctified the flesh He wore.



## VII.

**The Circumcision.**

**JESUS**, on Thine eighth day led,  
 Even then the Lamb that bled,  
 Circumcised that we might see  
 A redeeming infancy :  
 By those drops, the first red rains  
 Bursting from Thy bleeding veins,  
 Grant to us for Thy dear merit,  
 Circumcision of the spirit.

**JESUS**, on Thine eighth day hasting,  
 To Thy sorrow's bitter tasting ;  
 Not one golden moment's loss  
 From Thy cradle to Thy cross ;  
 Not one hour of daylight sun,  
 Wasted till Thy work was done ;  
**JESUS**, in this changeful clime  
 Teach us to redeem the time.

By the bitter woe, Thy cup,  
 On Thine eighth day filling up ;  
 By the blood the sharp knife under ;  
 By Thy saving name of wonder ;  
**JESUS**, grant us old and young,  
 Patience when the heart is wrung,  
 Giving all that **GOD** may claim,  
 Wearing well Thy worthy Name.

## VIII.

*The Epiphany.*

THE wise men to Thy cradle throne,  
 O Infant SAVIOUR, brought of old  
 The incense meet for GOD alone,  
 Sharp myrrh, and shining gold.

Shine on us too, sweet Eastern star,  
 Thine own baptiséd Gentile band,  
 Till we have found our LORD from far  
 An offering in our hand :

Till we have brought the fine gold rare  
 Of zeal that giveth all for love ;  
 Till we have pray'd the glowing prayer  
 Like incense from above ;

Till bitter tears our eyes have wet,  
 Because our wilful hearts would err ;  
 Worship, and love, and sorrow met,  
 Gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

All meet for Thee, our own adored,  
 Our suffering SAVIOUR, GOD and King,  
 Accept the gold and incense, LORD,  
 Accept the myrrh we bring.

---

## IX.

*The Presentation.*

SWEET offering, softer balm distilling  
 Than ever perfumed incense shed,  
 First born of GOD, His temple filling  
 With His own Presence dear, and dread :

Come to our hearts and make them holy,  
 Come fill each temple house of Thine,  
 Even as Thou cam'st an Infant lowly  
 Of old unto Thy FATHER'S shrine.

Sweet Lamb of GOD, our soul's salvation,  
 To Thee our offered hearts we bring ;  
 The perfectness of Thy oblation  
 Makes pure our sin-stain'd offering.

## X.

*Lent.*

"And Jesus put forth His hand and touched him,  
 saying, I will, be thou clean."—S. Matt. vii. 3.

THOU Who didst touch the leper foul,  
 And cleanse him with the word "I will,"  
 Have mercy on Thy sinful child,  
 Touch me too in Thy mercy mild,  
 My plague is fouler still.

He bore the brand upon his flesh,  
 Mine lieth deep and dark within,  
 Down in my heart where bad thoughts hide,  
 Where passion reigns, and wrath, and pride,  
 The leprosy of sin.

The leper felt his fearful doom,  
 But I am cold and slow to see  
 My strength how weak, my sins how great,  
 The misery of my lost estate,  
 And all my need of Thee.

'Tis Thou alone canst make me clean,  
 O Blessed SAVIOUR, if Thou wilt,  
 And 'tis Thy will, full well I know,  
 To wash me all as white as snow,  
 For this Thy blood was spilt.

I cannot feel Thy healing touch  
 I cannot see the river flow,  
 The cleansing water, and the blood,  
 But I can bring to that pure flood,  
 My load of sin and woe,

This deep corruption cleanse, O LORD,  
 Unseen, but open to Thy sight;  
 My sinful soul doth trembling stand,  
 O touch it with Thy bleeding hand,  
 And make the scarlet, white.

## XI.

## Good Friday.

LORD, when Thy cruel cross I see,  
 And ponder all Thy pain, and woe,  
 I think how hateful sin must be  
 That made my SAVIOUR suffer so.

I think what sins and faults of mine  
 Are little heeded day by day,  
 And O, what anguished hours were Thine,  
 To wash them all in blood away.

I've said so many angry words,  
 Such things forbidden loved to do,  
 And these were worse than Pilate's swords,  
 And sharp as nails that pierced Thee thro'.

I blame the maddened people's sin,  
 I blame the soldiers' cruel deed,  
 While all the time my heart within  
 Is doing that which made Thee bleed.

LORD, when in thought I come to stand  
 Beneath Thy cross, and see above  
 The thorn-crowned head, the piercèd hand,  
 And all the wounds of bleeding love;

Teach me to hate those sins accurst,  
 That asked such costly sacrifice,  
 That grieved Thee more than pain or thirst,  
 And darkened o'er Thy dying eyes.

And all my disobedient will,  
 And all my passions wild and free,  
 Each thought of pride, each act of ill,  
 Be nail'd unto Thy cross, with Thee.

---

## XII.

## Passion Week.

“Touched with the feeling of our infirmities.”

WHEN wounded sore the stricken soul  
 Lies bleeding and unbound,  
 One only hand—a pierced hand  
 Can salve the sinner's wound.

When sorrow swells the laden breast,  
 And tears of anguish flow,  
 One only heart—a broken heart  
 Can feel the sinner's woe.

When penitence has wept in vain  
 Over some foul dark spot,  
 One only stream, a stream of blood  
 Can wash away the blot.

'Tis JESUS' blood that washes white,  
 His hand that brings relief,  
 His heart that's touch'd with all our joys,  
 And feeleth for our grief.

Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O LORD,  
 Unseal that cleansing tide,  
 We have no shelter from our sin,●  
 But in Thy wounded side.

---

## XIII.

## Easter.

CHRIST is risen, let us run  
 Early to His empty place,  
 Entering in with Jonas' son,  
 See the cloth that wrapp'd His face,  
 And the linen folded fair,  
 In the silent sepulchre.

CHRIST is risen—let us go  
 Spice and ointment in our hand,  
 With the women bending low,  
 See the shining angels stand,  
 Hear them tell our wondering ear,  
 "He is risen, He is not here."

Let us wait, nor hasten home,  
 But with weeping Mary stay;  
 Haply CHRIST Himself will come,  
 Gently chide our hands away;  
 Saying, "Touch Me not, for I  
 Am not yet gone up on high."

On this happy Easter day,  
 Risen SAVIOUR, draw Thou near,  
 As through garden paths we stray,  
 Songs angelic in our ear.  
 We can never touch Thee now,  
 Save with faith's prevailing vow.

Meet us, LORD, in prayer and praise,  
 Gratitude for freedom bought,  
 Hope of resurrection days,  
 Joy for full redemption wrought,  
 And our whole life after be  
 Changed and born again in Thee.

---

 XIV.

*The Ascension.*

THE golden gates are lifted up,  
 The doors are open'd wide,  
 The King of Glory is gone in  
 Unto His FATHER'S side.

Thou art gone up before us, LORD,  
 To make for us a place,  
 That we may be where now Thou art,  
 And look upon GOD'S face.



And ever on our earthly path  
 A gleam of glory lies,  
 A light still breaks behind the cloud  
 That veil'd Thee from our eyes.

Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,  
 Let Thy dear grace be given,  
 That while we wander here below,  
 Our treasure be in Heaven.

That where Thou art at GOD's right Hand,  
 Our hope, our love may be,  
 Dwell Thou in us, that we may dwell  
 For evermore in Thee.

---

 XV.

## Whitsunday.

SPIRIT of GOD that moved of old  
 Upon the water's darkened face ;  
 Come when our faithless hearts are cold,  
 And stir them with an inward grace.

Thou that art power and peace combined,  
 All highest strength, all purest love,  
 The rushing of the mighty wind,  
 The brooding of the gentle dove ;

Unseal the well within our hearts  
 Whose fount in Heaven immortal springs,  
 Bid all our troublous fears depart,  
 And soothe us with Thy quiet wings.

Come give us still Thy powerful aid  
 And urge us on, and make us Thine,  
 Nor leave the hearts that once were made  
 Fit temples for Thy grace divine.

Nor let us quench Thy sevenfold light,  
 But still with softest breathings stir  
 Our wayward souls ; and lead us right,  
 O HOLY GHOST, the Comforter.

---

 XVI.

## Trinity Sunday.

GLORY be to GOD the FATHER,  
 To the SON and HOLY GHOST.  
 Let our swelling voices gather  
 Strains from yonder Heavenly host.

By the power divine that gave us  
 Life, and light, and joyous days,  
 And Thine own dear SON to save us,  
 GOD the FATHER, hear our praise.

By the form in human fashion,  
 Love, and tears, and bitter pain,  
 By Thy death, and by Thy passion,  
 GOD the SON, receive our strain.

By the gentle dove descending,  
 By each impulse pure and high,  
 Joy and peace and comfort blending,  
 GOD the SPIRIT, hear our cry.

Highest praise in earth and Heaven,  
 To the FATHER and the SON,  
 To the HOLY GHOST be given,  
 The Eternal Three in One.

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## XVII.

“I am the light of the world.”—S. John viii. 12.

LIGHT of the world that shines to bless,  
 With rays of love divine;  
 Sweet Sun of life, and righteousness,  
 Fair star of Jacob's line;

Shine on our darkness from above,  
 Make our cold hearts to glow;  
 Out of the fire of Thy strong love,  
 Let heat and brightness flow.

The natural sun while night's dark wings,  
 Grow brighter as they fly;  
 Out of his golden chamber springs,  
 And climbs the kindling sky.

He gladdens every human breast,  
 He brightens every flower;  
 But he must sink into the west,  
 At his appointed hour.

We have a sun that sets no more,  
 Still from His burning heart,  
 Centre of light, and love, there pour  
 The rays that ne'er depart :

The rays that on our darkness shine,  
 Out of night making day;  
 Till every heart is as a shrine,  
 Where the lamp burns alway.

O lead us, warm us, Heavenly light,  
 Dear Sun, gild Thou our dark;  
 Nor let us wander in the night,  
 Led by some wandering spark.

But shine upon us bright and clear,  
 Show us the narrow way,  
 Through clouds of sin, and depths of fear  
 Unto the perfect day.

---

## XVIII.

"OUR FATHER."—S. Matt. vi. 9.

TRUSTINGLY as children gather  
 Round some tender parent's knee,  
 So we come, O Heavenly FATHER,  
 And lift up our hearts to Thee.

We were made Thy sons and daughters,  
 When the germ of life was given  
 With the bright baptismal waters,  
 And we rose the heirs of Heaven.

Though our erring feet could leave Thee,  
 Back again Thy wanderers take ;  
 Though our wayward hearts could grieve Thee,  
 Hear them for our brother's sake.

For His all-sufficient merit,  
 Still, O FATHER, still forgive ;  
 Let our pardon'd souls inherit,  
 Where Thy sons in glory live.

And by that dear Name parental,  
 Bid our hearts within us burn  
 With an earnest zeal, and gentle,  
 With such love as children learn :

Or as JESUS loved Thee, rather,  
 Perfect, pure, obedient love ;  
 In Whose faith we call Thee FATHER,  
 And in Whom have rest above.

## XIX.

“I am the Good Shepherd.”—S. John x. 11.

As a shepherd in that far-off land,  
 Where the valley sides are green and steep  
 Where the grey rocks by the torrent stand,  
 Calleth gently to his wandering sheep :

So where green the Heavenly pasture lies,  
 Where the living water floweth free,  
 Stands my gentle SAVIOUR, and He cries,  
 “I am the Good Shepherd, follow Me.”

He that spared not His sweet life to give  
 For the wandering sheep that loved to roam ;  
 But in pity died that they might live,  
 And with pierced hands bore them gently  
 home :

Evermore He calleth to His own.

Let me rise and go with willing feet,  
 Let me know that voice as I am known,  
 Tender voice so solemn, sad, and sweet.

Sad, for from a broken heart it breaks ;  
 Tender, for it comes from dying love ;  
 Solemn, for it is a GOD that speaks ;  
 Yet so sweet our inmost hearts to move.

Bid me wander in those pastures fair,  
 Lead me where those living waters flow.  
 None can pluck me from my shepherd's care,  
 If but once His gentle voice I know.

---

## XX.

“Strangers and pilgrims on the earth.”—Heb. xi. 13.

WE have no home on earth below,  
 And time is short, and Heaven is near;  
 O, that our hearts were weaned so,  
 That we could live like strangers here:

Like pilgrims that have paused an hour,  
 To rest upon some foreign strand;  
 Like banish'd men that love to pour  
 The praises of their Fatherland.

Bright are the flowers that GOD has lent  
 To bloom beneath the traveller's tread;  
 And beautiful the starry tent  
 He spreadeth o'er the pilgrim's head.

But in the land that's far away,  
 There needs no light of sun or moon;  
 And flowers that never know decay,  
 Along its starless shores are strewn.

Then let us live as pilgrims live,  
 With girded loins and wakeful eye;  
 And Thou, O LORD, Thy graces give,  
 And help us to our homes on high.

---

## XXI.

"It is I, be not afraid."—S. John vi. 20.

FROM all the low green hills that crown  
 The waters of that inland sea,  
 The loosen'd winds rush'd madly down,  
 And swept the lake of Galilee.

A little boat was labouring sore,  
 While darker still the dark night grew;  
 And the sea rose from shore to shore,  
 By reason of the wind that blew.

'Twixt sea and sky a darken'd speck,  
 She drifts along the stormy deep;  
 No SAVIOUR on her wave-wash'd deck,  
 Lies pillow'd now in quiet sleep.

But who is this that walks the storm,  
 With even step, and calm, firm eye?  
 They tremble as His awful form,  
 On the wild waters draweth nigh.



"Tis I," He saith, "Be not afraid."

Then fast the storm clouds fled away ;  
And still as flowers in summer glade,  
Around His feet the foam-wreaths lay.

O SAVIOUR, when on life's dark lake  
The waves are roaring darkly round ;  
When conscience bids the spirit quake,  
And sin, and grief, and pain abound ;

Stand Thou upon the stormy shore,  
Walk Thou along the uneasy wave ;  
Say to me, Sinner, fear no more,  
For I am drawing nigh to save.

Draw nigh, O LORD, reach forth Thine hand,  
Come up into the ship with me :  
So shall I soon be at the land,  
The heavenly land where I would be.

---

~~XXII.~~

2) "Jesus saith unto her, Give Me to drink." —

THE noonday's sun from Ebal's crest  
On Shechem's valley fell ;  
A weary Man sat down to rest,  
Alone by Jacob's well.

The woman with her pitcher bied,  
 Down to the deep well's brink :  
 She little thought Who sat beside,  
 And ask'd her for a drink.

She little dream'd what lips were those  
 That made that poor request :  
 Lips whence the living water flows,  
 Wherewith all hearts are blest.

O, often to our hearths and homes,  
 When least we know or think,  
 Athirst, and weary, JESUS comes,  
 And bids us give Him drink.

He asks us by some daily care,  
 Some claim of common life,  
 Some heart that hath a grief to share,  
 Some work with kindness rife.

Make haste, and hear thy SAVIOUR's call,  
 Let love and pity plead ;  
 Make haste, and let thy pitcher fall,  
 And do the tender deed.

So from the depths of love divine  
 The streams of grace shall pour ;  
 Wash that sin-wearied soul of thine,  
 And let thee thirst no more.

*From "Hymns Descriptive  
 and Devotional"*

## XXIII.

## Funeral Hymn.

SAVIOUR, our human hearts are darkened,  
 With shadows from the land of death ;  
 Although our outward ears have hearken'd,  
 And known that thus the Spirit saith :

Blest are the dead, in JESUS dying,  
 From grief and labour resting well :  
 They hear no more the voice of crying,  
 They fear no more for death, or hell.

Thou, Who didst wake the little maiden,  
 Thou, Who didst raise the four days dead,  
 Thou, Who that mother sorrow-laden,  
 Didst gently bid be comforted ;

Thou, by the Eternal Spirit quicken'd,  
 Who didst Thy Body's shrine uprear,  
 Why should our human hearts be sicken'd  
 In the cold silent churchyard here ?

O, by that little blossom lifted  
 In Thy dear hand to second spring ;  
 O, by those dust-dimm'd eyelids gifted,  
 To see the light, a pleasant thing ;

O, by that look so strong and tender,  
 Cast on the widow's only son ;  
 And by Thy resurrection splendour,  
 The darkness of the grave is done.

The dead in CHRIST but wear a fetter,  
 Our full redemption shall make fall ;  
 Their souls with Thee, which is far better,  
 Their bodies waiting for Thy call.

---

XXIV.

" Praise the LORD, O my soul."—Ps. civ. 1.

WE lift our song with one accord,  
 Do Thou lift up our hearts, O LORD ;  
 And let Thine angels heav'nward bear  
 The incense of our praise and prayer.

We praise Thee, LORD of all the earth,  
 For love and joy, for light and mirth ;  
 For every charm of sense and sight,  
 And blessings boundless as Thy might ;

For golden suns that rise and sink  
 Behind the hills' empurpled brink ;  
 For flowers that paint the summer shade,  
 And rivers roaming down the glade.

But more we praise the love that gave  
 Thine own dear SON to seek and save;  
 For joy all other joys excelling,  
 For purest light, and life indwelling :

For Him the spotless lily flower,  
 The rose that bloom'd in Sharon's bower,  
 The sun that never leaves our heaven,  
 The waters for our healing given.

We wait like tuned harps, O LORD,  
 Be Thine the hand to sweep the chord;  
 And draw a note from every soul,  
 And bid the music heavenward roll.




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