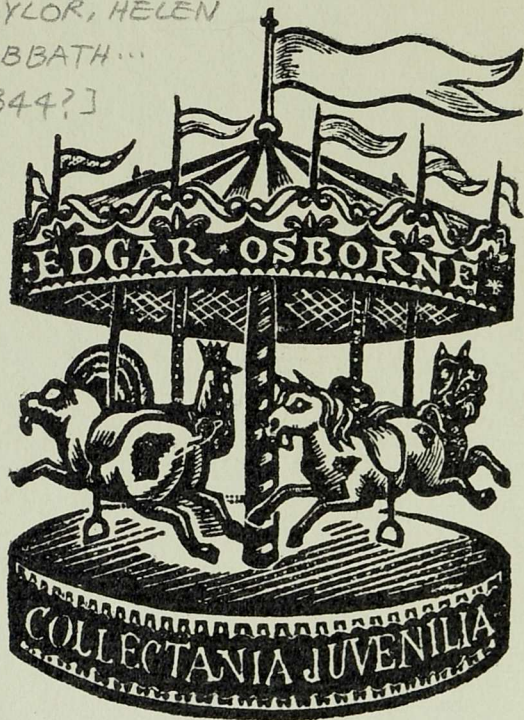


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TAYLOR, HELEN
SABBATH...
[1844?]



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SABBATH BELLS.

A SERIES OF

SIMPLE LAYS FOR CHRISTIAN CHILDREN.

By the Author of

"THE CHILD'S BOOK OF HOMILIES."

*By Helen Taylor
niece of Isaac Taylor of
Stanford Rivers*

LONDON:

EDWARDS AND HUGHES, AVE MARIA LANE;
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SABBATH BELLS.

I.

Little Preachers.

WE have no words with which to tell
The truths that others teach,
And scarcely one would hearken well
Unto our childish speech :—

Yet day by day, if we should try
To do the things we know,
The wisest that should pass us by,
Might wiser, holier, grow.

Our Saviour Christ, a lesson taught,
From lilies in the grass,*
From little birds, † that quick as thought,
Amongst the branches pass.

* ST. MATTHEW, ch. 6, v. 28-30. † ST. MATTHEW, ch. 6, v. 27.

A wise man, and a holy one,
 God's blessed word should preach ;
 But if by us His will be done,
 Some truth may children teach.

If when our neighbour does us wrong,
 An answer kind we make,
 And bear it patiently, and long,
 A lesson he may take.

And sinner thus from sinner learns
 Something that God has taught,
 And by a lamp that feebly burns,
 To holier light is brought.

II.

The Holy Book.

THE bee that busied is alway,
 When summer groweth golden,
 Hath honey stores for winter day,
 In waxen garners holden :

And pleasant is that meat, I know,
 As from the comb it droppeth,
 No sweeter food on earth below,
 The pang of hunger stoppeth.

Yet David said, Thy holy word
 Was sweeter than is honey ;
 Sweeter than honeycomb, O Lord,
 Built in the season sunny.*

Rubies and pearls are goodly things,
 So very fair and shining ;
 And round the heads of mighty kings
 The yellow gold is twining :

Yet rubies red, and pearls like snow,
 And gold like sunshine beaming,
 Give not the light, O Lord, we know,
 That from Thy word is streaming.†

Light, that may gush into the soul,
 Like a fair summer morning ;
 While countless sins, far off shall roll,
 Like clouds before the dawning.

* PSALM 119, v. 103. † PSALM 119, v. 72.—JOB, ch. 28, v. 18.

III.

The Easy Duke.

AND have they told thee, Christian child,
That it is hard to be
His servant, who so kindly smiled
On little ones like thee?

I know that dear and loving friends,
May sometimes ask a thing
So grievous, that our trouble sends
The tear-drops from their spring.

And Christian child, I will not say,
But Christ, our gracious Lord,
May speak to thee some after day,
What seems a grievous word.

For He may bid thee put apart
The things thou lovest well,
That in thy weak and worldly heart,
He may have room to dwell;

And he may ask thee to give up
 A proud, unbroken will,
 And this may be a bitter cup,
 That many a tear may fill :

And yet, beloved one, I know
 His burden is but small,
 His angels will beside thee go,
 And hold thee, lest thou fall.

IV.

The Holy Country.

REV. ch. 21 and 22.—1 ST. JOHN, ch. 3, v. 2.

I LOVE that holy scripture,
 Where I am truly told,
 About the Heavenly city,
 With walls of precious gold ;
 About the shining river,
 That goeth thro' the street,—
 The boughs of Life above it,
 With fruit and blossoms sweet ;

About the good and perfect,
 With crowns like yonder sun,
 Who won those shining garlands,
 Where children's feet may run.

This world is sometimes happy,
 With pleasant things I love ;
 But it must be far better,
 To dwell in Heaven above.

Not that the walls are golden,
 The gates are always bright ;
 Not that the river poureth
 Through every street its light ;

Not that a pleasant music
 From golden harps is stirred,
 And every sound is sweeter
 Than ear hath ever heard :

But there, shall never enter,
 The dark rude thoughts of sin,
 That here, are always watching,
 To come the heart within.

And there, we shall not find it,
 So very hard to be
 Gentle, and true, and patient,
 For we, the Lord shall see.

And so we shall grow like him,
 All holy things to love ;
 Oh! it must be far better
 To dwell in Heaven above !

V.

Courtesy.

“ Be courteous.”—1 ST. PETER, ch. 3, v. 8.

NOT only if we tell a lie—
 That hateful thing which brings us nigh
 The dreadful lake of grief and pain,
 Where always falls the fiery rain ;*

* PSALM xi., v. 6.

Not only if we disobey—
Though that is sin, the Scriptures say,
For which our sinful flesh should bleed,
And ravens of the valley feed ;*

Not only then, dark spirits sit
At home within, and make us fit
For darker worlds of pain and woe,
Where evil children surely go ;

For if in fretfulness we live,
And words unkind in answer give,
If peevish thoughts at work within,
Write on our face the sign of sin ;

If when we see another grieve,
Our pleasures we are slow to leave,
And do not do the thing we might,
To make his pain and sorrow light,

Unlike the lambs of Christ are we,
Although to Christ we bow the knee ;
Unlike the children good and meek,
Of whom the Saviour deigned to speak.

* PROVERBS, ch. xxx., v. 17.

VI.

A Child's Wish.

"Love is the fulfilling of the law."—ROM. ch. xiii, v. 10.

THAT thou hast loved me I know,
 Since from the happy sky
 Into this wicked world below,
 Thou camest, Lord, to die.

To die—that many a child like me
 Might have its sins forgiven,
 Be cleansed, and always live with thee,
 In thy bright holy Heaven.

Thou givest me a father kind,
 A mother, very dear,
 A safe, sweet home, where I may find
 Shelter from all I fear.

Yet am I sure thou hatest sin,
 It wrought thy death of pain ;
 How canst thou see my heart within,
 And bless a thing so vain ?

Make me, oh Saviour, every day,
 A better, holier child;
 In all I think, and do, and say,
 Simple, and true, and mild.

And make me every one to love,
 As thou hast loved me,
 That men may think of Heaven above,
 Whene'er thy child they see.

VII.

The Corn Field.

THE yellow fields are very fair,
 And blossoms bright and red,
 All full of sunshine, cluster where
 The corn stalk bends with bread.

Awhile, must both together grow,
 The corn and scarlet flowers,
 Until the sickle lays them low,
 In burning harvest hours.

The corn shall then in golden sheaves
Be garner'd carefully,
The weeds, so bright with flowers and leaves,
Be left to fade and die.

Saviour! a feeble plant I stand
In thy fair field below,
And waters from a better land
Pass always near, I know.

Good fruits and holy, mayst thou see
In me the summer long,
That I at last may garnered be
The full ripe corn among.

Not with the fruitless weeds be found,
That 'mid the corn stalks creep,
Till, with a fearful trumpet sound,
Thine angels come to reap.

ST. MATTHEW, ch. xiii, v. 24.

VIII.

Charity.

1 CORINTHIANS, ch. xiii.

I MAY have love, I may have praise,
Be thought a simple child, and meek,
Attentive be on holy days,
And seem to pray through all the week.

My words and acts may all be kind,
Cheerful my face the whole day long ;
Another's ear may never find
A word of falsehood on my tongue.

And this is wholesome, good, and true,
This for the fold of Christ is meet,
But this and more a child may do,
And yet be far from Jesus' feet.

This may we do for praise and love,
And praise and love from men may gain ;
While God is looking from above,
And sees us selfish, proud, and vain.

Him must I love with all my might,
 Must love the creatures He has made,
 Or I am worthless in His sight,
 I do not as my Saviour bade.

Pride is the root of deed and thought,
 And pride is in the blossom fair ;
 All, in the sight of God is nought,
 For charity is wanting there.

IX.

The Children of Light.

WHO shall be children of the light,
 The blessed of the Lord,
 When men are in their Maker's sight,
 To hear his judgment word ?

The youngest child that day by day
 Watches the holy skies
 Waiting, until upon its way
 The Morning star arise.

The youngest child that hath not thought
In its own strength to go,
That in much lowliness hath sought
Our Father's will to know.

The child that learning more and more
Its need and feebleness,
Kneels always at the Heavenly door,
Its folly to confess.

The little one that week by week
Strives to be kind and true,
Asking of God the spirit meek,
That best His will may do.

These, shall be children of the Light,
To these, it shall be given,
Always to walk in raiment white
Amongst the founts of Heaven.

X.

“The Powers that be.”

ROM. ch. xiii, v. 1.

THE King of kings, O Lord, art thou !

All power is thine alone ;

Cherub and seraph meekly bow

Before the shining throne.

And as Thy will in Heaven is done,

Here, shall it be at last,

When in the kingdoms, every one,

Christ's cross is rooted fast.

Yet on that day we shall not look,

Till every lofty head

Bends to the truth, that from thy book,

Is by thy servants read.

The kings that rule, the priests that guide,

Our parents good and kind,

Thy message bring, unheard by pride,

To every lowly mind.

Therefore we heed appointed powers,
 Set in their place by Thee ;
 By Thee, although in sinful hours
 We do but dimly see.

And grievous tempers in us rise,
 And tempt to disobey ;
 And evil angels whisper lies
 To lead Thy flock astray.

XI.

The Peace of God.

A HAPPY world it is to thee,
 Because thy years are few ;
 Its glitter and its pageantry
 Thou thinkest very true.

Perhaps no well beloved face
 From thee is called away ;
 Hid in the silent burial place,
 Until the judgment day.

Perhaps no grievous pain has come,
Thine hours are hours of peace ;
And in thy warm and sheltered home
Fuel, nor bread may cease.

And so this world is very fair,
And thou art full of joy ;
Yet is it true that grief and care
Come fast on girl and boy.

Yes, there is sorrow on the earth,
However fair it seem,
That little children in their mirth
Will never stay to dream.

And yet, dear child, thou wilt believe,
When those who love thee tell
How elder eyes have had to grieve,
Where children gaily dwell.

And thou wilt patiently give heed,
While yet again I speak
Of comfort, that in hour of need
It would be late to seek.

If thou wilt love the things on high,
 In holy, happy heaven,
 Better than things that change and die
 Like leaves by whirlwinds driven ;

If now, a lamb of Christ thou art,
 In all thy little ways,
 Thou shalt have quiet in thy heart
 Thro' dark and evil days.

The peace of God shall on thee rest,
 And where thou goest, go,
 Till thou a blessing art, and blest
 In all thy steps below.

XII.

The Money Changers.

ST. MATTHEW, ch. xxi, v. 12-13.

WHEN to thy house, in other days,
 Thou camest suddenly,
 Lo ! in the place of prayer and praise
 Men stood to sell and buy.

And thou didst frown, all gracious Lord !
 Upon the work unblest,
 While many a loud and worldly word
 Rang thro' the House of rest.

Thou pouredst out the sinners' gold
 Upon the hallowed floor,
 And such as bought, and such as sold,
 Thou dravest from the door.

And did Thy wrath, O Lord, arise
 To bid their sin depart ?
 How will Thy pure and sinless eyes
 Look on my evil heart ?

For Thou hast said, our heart should be
 A holy house, and good ;
 A fairer dwelling place for thee
 Than gold and cedar wood.

Drive always from my heart away,
 The vain, the foolish thought ;
 Crowding the house, as in old day,
 Did such, as sold and bought.

XIII.

Cheerfulness.

THE daisies wakened cheerfully,
Joy went the birds among,
And one, up in the clear blue sky,
Did sing a happy song.

The brooks went bounding by, and leapt
The bright green meadows o'er,
The small fresh leaves that silence kept,
Were brighter than before.

I saw the starry daisies die,
The birds grew very still,
And paler sunbeams, slanted nigh
The trees upon the hill.

Cold winter ice the waters bound,
That so rejoicing went ;
But when the spring again came round,
Thro' all, a joy was sent.

So we ourselves must pine and fade,
Like flowers about us set ;
Yet the cold grave, where we are laid,
Our God will not forget.

We shall wake up, tho' laid so low,
Like daisies in the spring,
Much happier than we can be now,
The hymns of Heaven to sing.

Oh, should not I rejoice indeed,
Be very glad alway,
Since God so kindly taketh heed
Of me, by night and day.

Here, in this world so pleasant made,
And when His child is dead,
He will remember where are laid
The mould'ring heart and head.

XIV.

A Prayer.

CALLED of thy little flock to be,
Thy lambs, oh, Shepherd feed !
Sabbath and week-day, watch thou me,
And in green pastures lead.

Upon the peaceful Sabbath-day
When in thy house I kneel,
Teach Lord, my inmost heart to pray,
My inmost heart to feel.

For Thou, in times long gone, didst bow
The holy house within,
A little child, as I am now,
Only without a sin.

And when the Sabbath-day is sped,
And week-day mornings shine,
Then, let me ask for Living bread,
Lest flesh and spirit pine.

And when the night is at our door,
 Open the shining gate,
 Where saints and martyrs, gone before,
 Round Thee, in glory wait.

Though holy ones do service there,
 On earth, a child wast thou,
 And Thou wilt hearken to the prayer
 Of earthly children now.

XV.

The Idol's House.

I SEE a graven work of stone,
 An image strange and grim,—
 The idol's house is dark and lone,
 The woods around are dim.

And on the pavement, there is blood,
 The blood of living things;
 Yet, to the temple in the wood
 A child, its offering brings.

Mother and child are kneeling there
 With spices and with flowers,
 To stone, that cannot hear their prayer,
 Tho' it should last for hours.

Be thankful, English child that thou
 Art better taught than these ;
 That night and morning thou canst bow
 To God, who hears and sees.

And sorrow, for the little one
 In countries far away,
 Who goes, beneath the burning sun,
 To graven stone to pray.

XVI.

Daylight Work.

ST. JOHN, ch. ix, v. 4.

Now while is daylight, toil and care,
 Young lamb of Christ, thy journey thro'
 The grave is always near, and there,
 Will not be light, God's work to do.

And dost thou ask, what task is set,
 For thee, a weak and tender one,
 Faster, oh child, and faster yet,
 Thy feet the heavenly race must run.

And thou must watch, and thou must strive,
 For sin grows faster every hour;
 Watch, lest at heart it bud and thrive,
 And spread abroad its evil flower.

Yes, thou must watch and pray to God
 To give thee strength, to give thee grace,
 To tread the path thy Saviour trod,
 Or thou wilt slacken in thy pace.

Thus,—thro' the daylight, toil and care
 God's will to do, with all thy might,
 And then His grace will bless thee, where
 Thy little journey ends in night.

And afterwards, with many a saint,
 God shalt thou serve, with perfect love,
 And neither weary grow, nor faint,
 Working His will in worlds above.

XVII.

The Day of Revelation.

MUST every thing we would not tell
Be told, before the sun;
Dark things which have been hidden well,
That men have thought and done ?

Yes, Thou wilt bid them all be told,
Lord, in the day of fear,
While angels, on their wings of gold,
Are gathering round to hear.

A little anger now I dread,
What fearful wrath will be,
When all the living, all the dead,
Thy judgment throne shall see !

Then every one shall truly know,
The evil in the heart,
And some to fiery pain must go,
When thou shalt say, " Depart."

Oh, let me not to sin be bold,
 When none are watching by,
 The sin I would not should be told,
 When judgment draweth nigh.

XVIII.

Sufferings.

2 COR. ch. xi, v. 23—27.

THE prisoner's chain I have not worn,
 Watchings and fasts, I have not borne,
 I have not lacked my daily bread,
 No cruel scourge my blood has shed.

Over dark seas I have not gone,
 Scoffed at and hated, and alone—
 And scarce a look or word unkind,
 Has fretted yet my childish mind.

But Paul, the saint of Jesus, bore
 These grievous sufferings o'er and o'er,
 For many a weary year, and still,
 Did cheerfully, his Master's will.

Kind friends I have, and daily fare,
Light is the burden I can bear,
Yet a small pain will make me shrink,
And evil thoughts within me think.

A readier heart, oh, Saviour give
All pain to suffer while I live,
And thro' the grave, to follow thee,
However dark the path may be.

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# MISSIONARY HYMNS:

FOR THE USE OF CHILDREN.

BY

The Author of "Sabbath Bells,"

ETC. ETC.

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LONDON:

HAMILTON, ADAMS & CO., PATERNOSTER ROW;  
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ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

1846.



## MISSIONARY HYMNS.

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I.

**Joy.**

THERE is joy above the skies  
If a sinner, only one,  
Lifts to Thee, O Lord, his eyes,  
And Thy holy will is done.  
Earth and Heaven will happy be  
When all nations worship Thee!

If we live to see those days,  
Live to hear the holy songs,  
How will better hymns of praise  
Pass in music from our tongues!  
Happier children we shall be  
When Thy glory we shall see!

Now, like waters gushing up,  
Are the thankful thoughts we think,  
For the good and pleasant cup  
We have every day to drink!  
Happy Christian children we  
Every day Thy mercy see!

But the glory will be bright,  
Brighter than our words can show;  
When all kingdoms see the light,  
When all lands Thy goodness know!  
Earth and heaven will happy be  
When the heathen worship Thee!

## II.

## Sowers.

THEY have scattered good seed on the desolate hills,  
Where nor blossom, nor leaf, in the southern wind  
thrills;  
O'er the dark rolling waves have those husbandmen  
cross'd,  
And the word of their Master shall never be lost.



Where the song of the reaper hath never been heard,  
Where the sickle among the tall stalks hath not  
    stirred,  
It shall spring on the mountains and bloom on the  
    sands,  
Till the ears of the harvest shall drop from their  
    hands.

Where the soil is unkindly, the snow ever lies,  
It may slumber for years 'neath the chill winter skies;  
But the water of life through the wilderness goes,  
And the cold icy desert is glad with the rose.

Our eyes may not see it, our hearts may be cold,  
Yet the angels shall look on the harvest of gold,  
And the earth shall be fair as when summers began,  
And its fruit shall be pleasant to God and to man!

## III.

## Our Gifts.

AND do they bring their precious things,  
    To idols cold and dumb—  
Into Thine house, O King of kings!  
    How shall Thy children come?

The silver and the gold are nought—  
Before Thy holy eyes,  
Unless with these the heart is brought  
That, is Thy sacrifice.

A broken heart that asks Thy grace  
Only for Jesus' sake,  
Thou watchest in Thy holy place  
Its off'ring Thou wilt take.

If heathen children gladly give  
To stones their precious store;  
Children that in Thy presence live  
Should surely give Thee more.

## IV.

*Our Saviour's Gift.*

THERE is a happy land on high  
That needs no moon at night,  
No sun at noon-day in the sky,  
But everywhere is light.

Our Saviour left that land, we know,  
And put His crown aside,  
Dwelling some weary days below,  
And then in torture died.

To Him, the souls he came to save  
Were better worth than gold,  
A mighty price He gladly gave  
That never can be told.

Oh! if He left His happy heaven  
That we might know His will,  
How gladly should our all be given  
To preach His Gospel still!

v.

### The Jubilee.

CERTAINLY the time will come,  
As the sunrise in the morn,  
When no creature shall be dumb  
In the farthest islands born.  
Every ear will hear Thy word,  
Every tongue will praise Thee, Lord!

Certainly a day shall shine,  
Over hill-tops, far away,  
When all praises shall be Thine;  
That will be a happy day!  
When all ears have heard Thy word,  
When all tongues shall praise Thee, Lord!

Certainly that day shall be,  
Though in narrow graves we sleep,  
We shall waken up and see,  
We a Jubilee shall keep.  
Every tongue shall praise Thee, Lord,  
It is written in Thy word!

## VI.

“The smallest of all Seeds.”

A FEATHER'D seed that lifted is  
By a soft summer wind,  
On a bare rock, amidst the sea,  
A resting-place may find.



And years may come, and years may go,  
And few may tarry there  
To see how it has started up,  
Except the fowls of air.

Yet day by day, and year by year,  
It grows—it scatters seed,  
Till many a tree is dropping fruit  
A multitude to feed.

One Holy Book, a child may send,  
Where it was never read,  
And who shall say how far and wide  
The blessed truth may spread.

## VII.

*Eastern Fruits and Flowers.*

THEIR flowers and their fruits drink the sunshine  
of day,  
Till the clouds in the west are not gorgeous as they;  
And the pearl and the coral are gleaned from the  
sands,  
Where the proud waters roll on those far Eastern  
lands.

We taste of their fruits, and we look on their flowers,  
And their strange fragrant trees shed their leaves in  
our bowers.

Their fairly wrought vestments about us we fold,  
And our cities are rich with their gems and their gold.

But we think not the while, how the spirits of men  
May be fierce as the leopard that glares from his den—  
May be false as the serpent that hideth his coil  
Where the spice-dropping branches o'ershadow the  
soil.

Their skies are unclouded, but dark is their mind;  
In the hearts of the heathen no sunbeam hath shined.  
Oh! give for their fruits, for their gems and their gold,  
The Word that is better than treasures untold.

#### VIII.

#### Morning.

I RISE up in the morning,  
My heart within me gay,  
And thank Thee for the sunshine,  
O God, who madest day!

How many a little heathen,  
At sunrise starting up,  
Has never asked Thy blessing  
Upon his daily cup!

Silent and deaf are always  
His gods of wood and stone;  
Oh, how should children love Thee,  
Where Thou art truly known!

We know Thee, we must serve Thee  
With all our heart to-day,  
And all night, in the darkness,  
Thou wilt beside us stay.

## IX.

## Evening.

WE see the sun go down at night  
Behind our English hills,  
The golden sun that makes so bright  
The meadows and the rills.

On flow'ry lands beyond the sea,  
I know that he will shine;  
They cannot half so happy be  
As this sweet home of mine.

For children play beneath the trees,  
Amongst their forests dim,  
Who never try our God to please—  
They never hear of Him!

But if they read His Holy Word,  
And knew how He is kind,  
Those little ones might serve their Lord  
With heart, and soul, and mind.

## X.

## A Sunday Hymn.

It is, indeed, a quiet day  
In every Christian home,  
All troubles seem so far away  
That in the week-days come.



The sunshine looks a brighter thing  
That rests upon the flowers;  
The blessings of our God and King  
Quite fill this land of ours.

Yet while our towns so quiet are,  
And men from labour stay,  
The little child, in lands afar,  
Goes forth to toil or play;

And sits not down to hear how God  
Who made the world so fair,  
The birds and flowers, and bright green sod,  
Is near him everywhere.

## XI.

## ANOTHER.

It is the pleasantest of days  
When yonder sun is flinging  
The Sabbath light, where hymns of praise  
We little ones are singing.

It is on earth the happiest place,  
Where grey-haired men are praying;  
And children, with a quiet face,  
The words of peace are saying.

And yet the Sabbath light must fall  
On scatter'd huts and lowly;  
Where heathen are not glad at all,  
They know not it is holy.

How glad, how thankful, I should be,  
When first the day is dawning,  
For all that has been read to me  
About the Sabbath morning!

## XII.

*Summer.*

THE sun is burning in the sky,  
The flowers are almost dead,  
And not a wind is passing by,  
And not a rain-drop shed.

The little brooks are dried away,  
The leaves are parch'd and brown;  
Where roses opened on the spray,  
The buds are hanging down.

If we so wish a cloud would dim  
This golden summer day;  
How fierce a sun must look on him  
Who treads an Eastern way;

And yet the servants of our Lord  
To Eastern lands are gone;  
Through burning days to preach His word,  
Till all the truth is known.

## XIII.

*Winter.*

THE blue ice lies upon the floods,  
The snow upon the boughs;  
And through and through the leafless woods  
The north wind howling goes.

If we have raiment many a fold,  
We shiver by the hearth,  
And yet there is more grievous cold  
Afar upon the earth.

In dreary countries, leagues away,  
Where snow is never gone,—  
God's faithful servants, worn and grey,  
Have tarried years alone.

Oh, let us kneel and fold our hands,  
And pray to God above;  
For those who teach in cheerless lands  
Our blessed Saviour's love!

## XIV.

**The Ganges.**

AFAR a mighty river  
Is shining in the sun;  
And there the old men gather,  
The little children run.



Not for the thirst they suffer,  
The sparkling drops they drink;  
Not that their limbs are parching,  
They stoop upon the brink.

They think that mighty river  
Will wash the sin away,  
That else so black and evil  
Deep in their hearts would stay.

A little babe in England  
Would know their toil is vain,  
Only the blood of Jesus  
Can wash the heart from stain.

## XV.

## Heathen Offerings.

A MIGHTY crowd to cold deaf stone  
Have bowed them down to pray,  
And round about its gilded throne  
They sprinkle blossoms gay.

They scatter there of precious things  
The fairest and the best;  
And like the palaces of kings  
That idol's place is dressed.

But if amongst that mighty crowd,  
The aged and the young,  
A voice should teach, how Jesus bowed,  
How on the cross He hung,

And died in pain that men might live  
In perfect joy with Him;  
The brightest gold their hands could give  
Would worthless seem, and dim.

## XVI.

**Little Builders.**

THE coral insect buildeth well  
Far down beneath the sea:  
Chamber on chamber, cell on cell,  
In after days shall be.

The work shall through the waters burst  
Like walls about a town,  
From small foundations that at first  
A child might trample down.

Then who shall say, but little hands  
That little off'rings bring;  
May houses build in Eastern lands  
For God our Heavenly King;

May dwellings build for Thee, O Lord,  
In hearts like mountain stone;  
When these shall hear the Holy Word  
In Christian countries known!

## XVII.

*The Gospels.*

THE Gospels teach how Christ, our Lord,  
Was once a holy child;  
And so, in every thought and word,  
I would be pure and mild.

And yet, though all His blessed life  
Is writ before mine eyes,  
How often vanity and strife  
In my weak heart arise.

Then what must little children be  
Who are not in His fold;  
And of His great humility  
Have never once been told?

Oh! if those little ones could know  
How Christ on earth was seen,  
It might be they would holier grow  
Than I have ever been.

## XVIII.

*Ships.*

I SEE the ships upon the sea,  
That noiselessly go by,  
As white upon the waters blue,  
As doves in yonder sky.



And men are glad the ships to watch  
That bring them goodly things;  
Silver and gold, and raiment soft,  
Beneath their broad white wings.

But I should like to look upon  
The ship that goes afar,  
With Christ our Saviour's messengers,  
Where heathen children are,

With holy books, that they may read  
How kind our Lord has been;  
For such a ship I think must be  
The fairest ever seen.

## XIX.

## Gibing.

If only what we do not need  
With cheerful hand we give,  
That messengers of God may speed  
Where heathen children live.

Our gifts indeed may ope the door  
Of some dark Indian home;  
And, like the daylight on the floor,  
The truth of God may come.

And yet such gifts are scant and mean,  
Though bright and counted gold,  
For while our ready hands are seen,  
Our hearts are dead and cold.

A little child may give much more  
Than many a crowned king,  
If all the choicest of his store  
With all his heart he bring.

XX.

### Children's Offerings.

FATHER! the little offerings take  
Poured out by children's hands,  
Good seed, that for our Saviour's sake,  
May spring in heathen lands.

We have no strength the ground to plough;  
A little seed we give,  
And if Thou bless it, it will grow,  
That hungry souls may live.

Thy servants bear the seed away—  
The heathen lands they till—  
And fainting men with bread, one day,  
Their eager hands shall fill.

How sad, if any Christian child  
Should cast away the bread  
They bear across the billows wild,  
That others may be fed.

## XXI.

*The Heathen.*

THEIR skins are very dark indeed,  
Their faces, not like ours;  
So blossoms from an English mead,  
Look strange by Indian flowers.

Yet the same life that is in me  
Lights up their foreign eyes—  
That something, which we cannot see,  
That never, never dies.

The spirit, that must one day go  
In a bright home to dwell;  
Or a dread prison full of woe,  
How dark, no tongue can tell.

Along one straight and narrow way,  
A soul to heaven is brought,  
We see it plainly, every day,  
But when will they be taught?

## XXII.

**Dangers.**

IN mighty woods, beyond the seas,  
What fearful creatures prow!—  
At night amongst the tall old trees—  
Men hear their dreadful howl.



Where broad bright flowers are opened wide  
They see large serpents creep;  
And often by the river-side,  
The crocodile asleep.

And yet amongst those fearful things  
God's servants may be found,  
Teaching how once the King of kings  
With platted thorns was crowned,

How on the hill, the cross was set,  
How Christ was tortured there,  
And while they teach, they quite forget  
The pains they have to bear.

## XXIII.

**Other Days.**

OUR land is glad and pleasant now,  
But once it was not so,  
For all its children bow'd them down  
To evil gods we know.

Till far across the deep dark seas  
Our God His servants sent,  
To preach among the gloomy trees,  
Where men to worship went.

And many a day, and many a year,  
Brought light into the land,  
Till now within His holy house,  
To hear God's word we stand.

Oh! when we think about the sin  
Done in our country then,  
Kind thoughts of pity we should have  
About all heathen men.

## XXIV.

## Death.

My sister, I had once to leave  
Far down, beneath the ground,  
And yet I know I need not grieve,  
She will be surely found.

And now she is not dark and cold,  
Shut in that narrow grave,  
Where men have heaped the heavy mould,  
And the long grasses wave.

How sad must heathen children be  
If one amongst them die,  
Because they have not heard, like me,  
Of waking in the sky!

Oh, how I should be glad to tell,  
If I could see them weep,  
That all who love our Saviour well  
Will only sweetly sleep!

## XXV.

*Sickness.*

If for an hour, my cheek should fade,  
Kind eyes would look on me,  
Kind words of comfort would be said,  
Kind faces I should see.

It would be sad with pain to moan  
In pleasant Indian isles,  
Where half my speech would scarce be known,  
And strange would be the smiles.

And yet I know that Christian men  
In those bright islands dwell,  
And kindred cannot hearken when  
A sorrow they would tell.

How mild and patient I should be,  
And every sickness bear,  
And give my little cheerfully  
For those who suffer there.

## XXVI.

“There was no more Sea.”

YES, they are leagues and leagues away,  
The sea is dark between,  
But we shall meet them all one day,  
Whom yet we have not seen.



Yes, we shall meet when men shall stand  
Before our Master's throne;  
The sheep and goats on either hand,  
That now are scarcely known.

Perhaps, some heathen children then  
Will greet us with a smile,  
Who learn'd the truth from Christian men,  
Sent from our Christian isle.

And we may enter, hand in hand,  
With them the golden door,  
That opens on the goodly land,  
Where shall be sea no more.

## XXVII.

**Home.**

AND shall we dwell together,  
As children dwell at home,  
And every one be happy,  
And not a sorrow come?

Dark people from the islands,  
Far scattered o'er the sea;  
Pale men, from icy deserts  
Too cold for flower or tree?

Yes, all shall dwell together  
That once were far apart—  
All who have served the Saviour  
With hand and tongue and heart.

Yes, all shall dwell together,  
As children dwell at home,  
And then we shall be happy,  
God's kingdom will be come.

## XXVIII.

**The Last Day of the Year.**

“Quickly by my days are swept,  
Hour by hour, and year by year.  
I have cried aloud and wept,  
They have none returned to hear:  
Gone afar like wither'd leaves,”  
Hearken how the old man grieves!

Not a day will hear our call,  
Fair with joy, or dark with sin,  
Fast they go; and night may fall  
While our crowns are yet to win—  
Royal crowns in yonder land,  
Bright in many an angel's hand.

Yet all sunbeams that are shed  
Light us further on our way,  
Upward, where the holy dead,  
Never watch a fading day,  
If our Master's work is done  
Now beneath the shining sun.

Many a heathen, year by year,  
Watches daylight fading fast,  
Waits the long last night in fear,  
Weeps that life so soon is past.  
None have told him of the crown,  
Given when the sun goes down.

## XXIX.

## “Hosanna in the Highest.”

O, let us all be glad and sing,  
Like angels in the sky,  
With all our hearts to God our king—  
Hosanna! let us cry!

He placed us in this happy land,  
Like blossoms in the sun—  
Like open blossoms we should stand,  
Rejoicing every one.

But while we praise Him, let us pray  
For countries dark and sad,  
That they may hear the word one day,  
Which makes our land so glad.

That heathen men may bend their knees  
To one great Name alone,  
And idols, hewed from forest trees,  
To moles and bats be thrown.

THE END.





