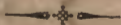


MARY'S
BOOK OF HYMNS.



(Fourth Series. No. 7.)



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HYMN BOOK.



INDUSTRIOUS WILLIAM.

In a cottage upon the heath wild,
That always was cleanly & nice,
Liv'd William, a good little child,
Who minded his parents advice.

'Tis true he lov'd marbles & kite,
And spin-top, & nine-pins, & ball,
But this I declare with delight,
His books he lov'd better than all.

In active and useful employ,
His youth glided gaily away ;
While rational pleasure and joy,
Attend his steps ev'ry day.

And now let us see him grow up;
 Cheerfulness dwells in his mind,
 Contentment doth sweeten his cup
 Still he is active and kind.

His wife for gay riches ne'er sigh'd.
 No princes so happy as she ;
 While William would sit by her
 side.
 With a smiling babe on his
 knee.

His garden well loaded with store,
 His cot by the side of the green,
 Where his woodbines crept o'er
 the door,
 And jessamines peep'd in be-
 tween.

These fill'd him with honest de-
 light.
 And rewarded him well for his
 toil;

He went to bed cheerful at night
And awoke in the morn with a
smile.

Nor knew he the feelings of dread
When infirmity brought him to
die;
While his children knelt by his
side.
And his dutiful sons closed his
eyes.

O then may I diligent be,
And as active as ever I can,
That I may be happy and free,
Like him when I grow up a
man.



GOING TO BED AT NIGHT.

Receive my body, pretty bed:
 Soft pillow, O receive my head,
 And thanks, my parents kind:
 Those comforts who for me provide,
 Their precepts still shall be my
 guide,
 Their love I'll keep in mind,

My hours mis-spent this day I rue,
 My good things done how very
 few!

Forgive my faults, O Lord,
 This night, if in thy grace I rest,
 To-morrow may I rise refresh'd,
 To keep thy holy word.

 THE POPPY.

High on a bright and sunny bed,
 A scarlet poppy grew;
 And up it held its staring head,
 And held it out to view.

He made your ears, & he can hear,
 When you think nobody is near;
 In every place by night or day,
 He watches all you do or say.

You thought, because you were
 alone,
 Your falsehood never could be
 known;
 But liars always are found out,
 Whatever ways they wind about;
 And always be afraid, my dear,
 To tell a lie, for God can hear.

I wish my dear, you'd always try,
 To act as shall not need a lie;
 And when you wish a thing to do,
 That has been once forbidden you,
 Remember that, nor never dare
 To disobey—for God is there!

Why should you fear to tell me
 true?
 Confess, and then I'll pardon you:

Tell me you're sorry, and will try
 To act the better by and by,
 And then, whate'er your crime
 has been,
 It won't be half so great a sin.

But cheerful, innocent, and gay,
 As passes by the smiling day,
 You'll never have to turn aside,
 From any one your faults to hide,
 Nor have a sigh, nor have a fear
 That either God, or I should hear.

READING.

And so you do not like to spell,
 Mary, my dear—O very well;
 'Tis dull and troublesome you say
 And you had rather be at play.

Then bring me all your books
 again;
 Nay Mary, why do you complain?

For as you do not choose to read,
 You shall not have your books,
 indeed.

So as you wish to be a dunce,
 Pray go fetch them me at once;
 For as you will not learn to spell,
 'Tis vain to think of reading well.

Don't you think you'll blush to
 own,
 When you are a woman grown.
 Without one good excuse to plead
 That you have never learnt to read?

O, dear mamma, (said Mary then)
 Do let me have my books again,
 I never more will fret, indeed,
 If you will let me learn to read.

He who made the sun and moon,
 The sky & stars, the earth & sea,



And holds them in his mighty
 hand,
 Has kindly given life to me.

A God so glorius and so strong,
 Who would ever dare offend?
 And who would not delight to
 please
 Such a Father—such a friend?

I must go to school to day,
 And if I should chance to meet,
 Idle children in the street,
 I will neither stop nor play.

If I study all the while,
 I shall get my lesson well;

Then I will go home and tell
Dear mamma, and make her smile.

A NAUGHTY BOY.



Once I heard a naughty boy
Talking saucy to his mother;
Oh, how sorry should I be,
Was that naughty boy my broth-
er.

I love my mamma too well
 To speak a saucy word to grieve
 And I hope I never shall (her;
 Tell a falsehood to deceive her.

GOOD CHILDREN.

What a pretty sight to see
 A little brother every day,
 As he travels to the school,
 Lead his sister in the way.

Travel on my little dears,
 Lovingly your hours employ,
 And lead each other to that way,
 Where children live in endless joy.

CONFESSION OF A CHILD.

Once I did a naughty thing,
 And laid the blame upon another;
 But, Oh! how dreadfully I felt,
 And how it grieved my tender
 mother.