

THE
MOTHER'S GIFT.

—♦♦♦♦—

BY A LADY.

YORK:
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FRONTISPIECE.

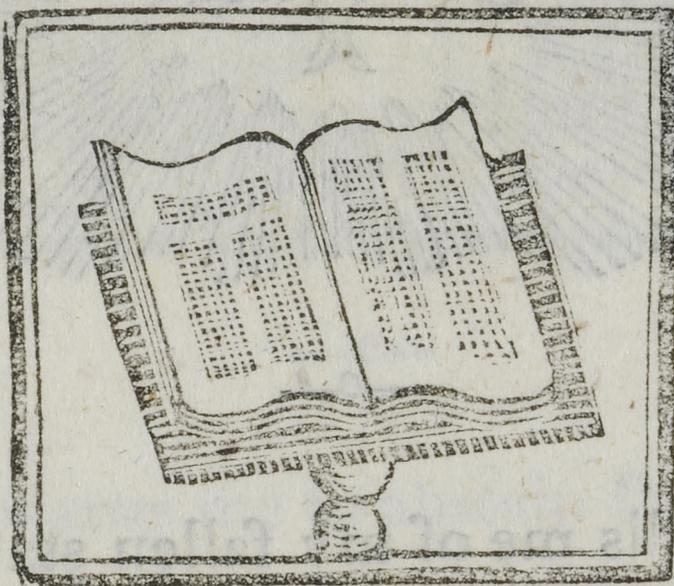
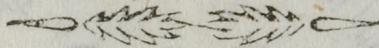


The Poor Old Man.

—0—

AH ! who is it totters along,
And leans on the top of his stick,
His wrinkles are many and long,
And his beard is grown silver and
thick.
No vigour enlivens his frame,
No cheerfulness beams in his eye ;
His limbs are enfeebled and lame,
And he seems to be going to die.

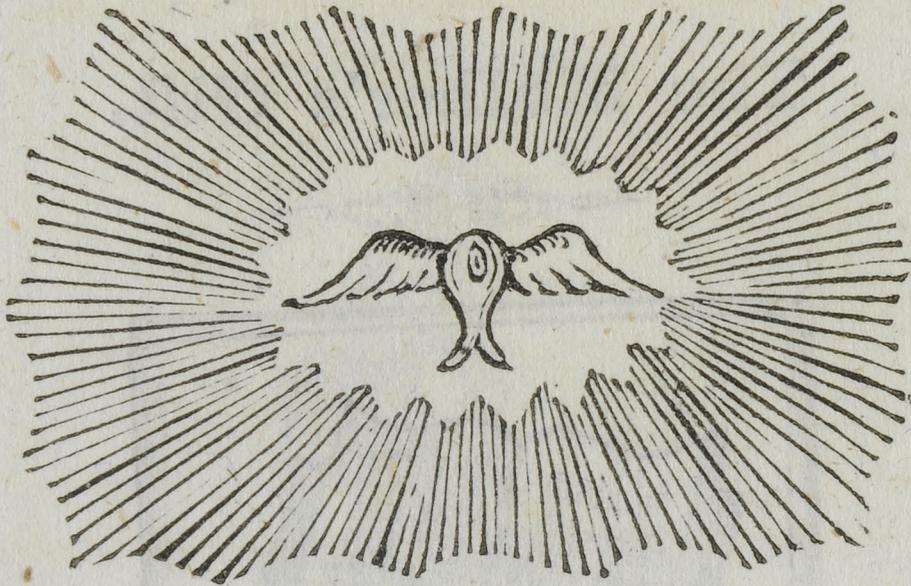
The Mother's Gift.



THE BIBLE.

What book ought I to love the best,
And on its truth securely rest,

The Bible.



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What tells me of my fallen state,
And how God can me new create,
The Bible.

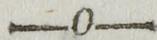
What points me to the Lamb of God,
To trust in his atoning blood,
The Bible.



—0—

What warns me to abstain from sin,
And tends to make me pure within,
The Bible.

What teaches to relieve the poor,
And med'cine for the sick procure,
The Bible.



What teaches me to love my foe,
And acts of kindness to him shew,
The Bible.

What tells me of that state of bliss,
Where I shall never do amiss,
The Bible.

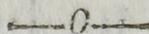
What can support my drooping head,
 When I am laid on my death-bed,
The Bible.



Creation.

*O Lord how manifold are thy works!
 In wisdom hast thou made them all.*

Psalms.



God made the sky that looks so blue,
 God made the grass so green,
 God made the flowers that smell so
 sweet,
 In pretty colours seen.



—0—

God made the sun that shines so bright,
 And gladdens all I see ;
 It comes to give us heat and light,
 How thankful should we be !

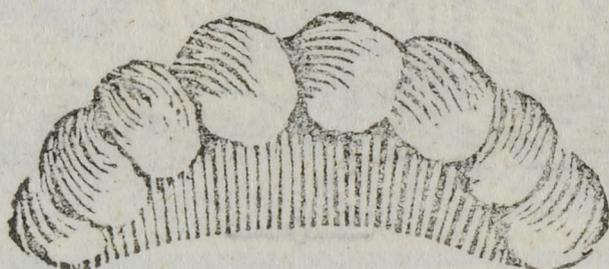
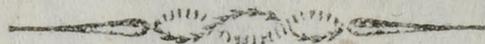
God made the pretty bird to fly,
 How sweetly has she sung ;
 And tho' she soars so very high,
 She won't forget her young.



God made the cow to give nice milk,
 The horse, for me to use ;
 I'll treat them kindly for his sake,
 Nor dare his gifts abuse.

God made the water for my drink,
 God made the fish to swim,
 God made the trees to bear nice fruit,
 Which does my taste so nicely suit ;
 O how should I love him !

Rising in the Morning.



—0—

Thrice welcome to my op'ning eyes
The morning beam, which bids me
rise

To all the joys of youth ;
For thy protection whilst I sleep,
O Lord my humble thanks accept,
And bless my lips with truth.



—o—

Like cheerful birds, as I begin
 This day, O keep my soul from sin—
 And all things shall be well.
 Thou gav'st me health, and clothes,
 and food,
 Preserve me innocent and good,
 'Till ev'ning curfew bell.

Going to Bed at Night.



—o—

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



—o—

My hours mispent 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 I may rise refresh'd,
To keep thy holy word.

Hymn for a Child.



— 0 —

The rose bud yet unblown, may lie
 Wither'd across the way ;
The lamb amidst the flock may die,
The grave unthought of may be nigh
 To children young as they.

Oh, let not one short day be past,
 Without a pardon sought :
 Many a day has proved the last,
 And suddently their lot been cast,
 Who little fear'd or thought.

Now, Saviour, bless me : then,
 whene'er

My life or death may be,
 There shall be left no cause for fear ;
 For, if remov'd from living here,
 A heav'n remains for me.

—0—

J. Kendrew, Printer, York.

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