

TWENTY-EIGHT  
**DIVINE SONGS,**

FOR  
**THE USE OF CHILDREN.**

---

BY I. WATTS, D.D.

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EDINBURGH:  
JAMES CLARKE & Co. HIGH STREET.  
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PRICE ONE PENNY.



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Out of the mouth of Babes and Sucklings thou  
hast perfected praise.—*Matt.* xxi. 16.

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# DIVINE SONGS.

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## I.—A GENERAL SONG OF PRAISE TO GOD.

- 1 How glorious is our heavenly King,  
Who reigns above the sky !  
How shall a child presume to sing  
His dreadful majesty ?
  
- 2 How great his power is none can tell,  
Nor think how large his grace ;  
Not man below, nor saints that dwell  
On high before his face :

- 3 Nor angels that stand round the Lord  
Can search his secret will ;  
But they perform his heavenly word,  
And sing his praises still.
- 4 Then let me join this holy train,  
And my first off'rings bring ;  
The eternal God will not disdain  
To hear an infant sing.
- 5 My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,  
And angels shall rejoice  
To hear their mighty Maker's praise  
Sound from a feeble voice.
- 

II.—PRAISE FOR CREATION AND  
PROVIDENCE.

- 1 I SING the almighty power of God,  
That made the mountains rise,  
That spread the flowing seas abroad,  
And built the lofty skies.
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordain'd  
The sun to rule the day ;  
The moon shines full at his command,  
And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,  
That fill'd the earth with food ;  
He form'd the creatures with his word,  
And then pronounc'd them good.

- 4 Lord, how thy wonders are display'd  
Where'er I turn mine eye !  
If I survey the ground I tread,  
Or gaze upon the sky.
- 5 There's not a plant or flower below  
But makes thy glories known ;  
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,  
By order from thy throne.
- 6 Creatures (as num'rous as they be)  
Are subject to thy care ;  
There's not a place where we can flee  
But God is present there.
- 7 In heaven he shines with beams of love,  
With wrath in hell beneath ;  
'Tis on his earth I stand or move,  
And 'tis his air I breathe.
- 8 His hand is my perpetual guard,  
He keeps me with his eye ;  
Why should I then forget the Lord,  
Who is for ever nigh ?

---

III.—PRAISE TO GOD FOR OUR REDEMPTION.

- 1 BLESS'D be the wisdom and the power,  
The justice and the grace,  
That joined in council to restore  
And save our ruin'd race.

Our father ate forbidden fruit,  
And from his glory fell ;  
And we, his children, thus were brought  
To death, and near to hell.

Bless'd be the Lord, that sent his Son  
To take our flesh and blood ;  
He for our lives gave up his own,  
To make our peace with God.

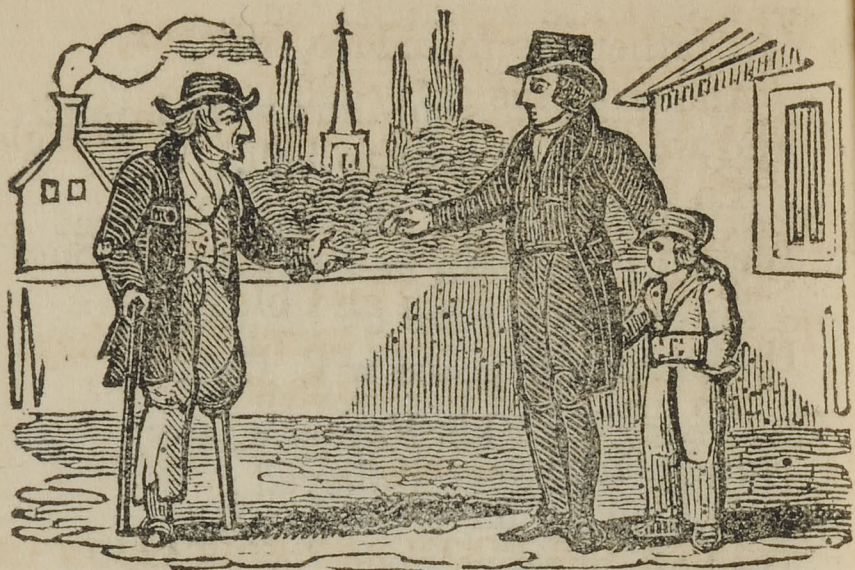
He honour'd all his Father's laws,  
Which we have disobey'd ;  
He bore our sins upon the cross,  
And our full ransom paid.

Behold him rising from the grave ;  
Behold him raised on high ;  
He pleads his merit there to save  
Transgressors doom'd to die.

There, on a glorious throne, he reigns,  
And, by his power divine,  
Redeems us from the slavish chains  
Of Satan and of sin.

Thence shall the Lord to judgment come,  
And with a sovereign voice  
Shall call and break up every tomb,  
While waking saints rejoice.

O may I then with joy appear  
Before the Judge's face ;  
And with the bless'd assembly there  
Sing his redeeming grace !



## IV.—SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL MERCIES.

- 1 **WHENE'ER** I take my walks abroad,  
How many poor I see !  
What shall I render to my God  
For all his gifts to me !
- 2 Not more than others I deserve,  
Yet God has given me more ;  
For I have food, whilst others starve,  
Or beg from door to door.
- 3 How many children in the street  
Half naked I behold !  
While I am cloth'd from head to feet,  
And cover'd from the cold !
- 4 While some poor wretches scarce can tell  
Where they may lay their head,  
I have a house wherein to dwell,  
And rest upon my bed.



While others early learn to swear,  
 And curse, and lie, and steal,  
 Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,  
 And do thy holy will.

Are these thy favours day by day,  
 To me above the rest?  
 Then let me love thee more than they,  
 And try to serve thee best.



V.—PRAISE FOR BIRTH AND EDUCATION IN  
 A CHRISTIAN LAND.

- 1 GREAT GOD! to thee my voice I raise,  
 To thee my youngest hours belong;  
 I would begin my hours with praise,  
 Till growing years improve the song.
- 2 'Tis to thy sov'reign grace I owe  
 That I was born on British ground,  
 Where streams of heavenly mercy flow,  
 And words of sweet salvation sound.
- 3 I would not change my native land,  
 For rich Peru, with all her gold;  
 A nobler prize lies in my hand,  
 Than East or Western Indies hold.
- 4 How do I pity those that dwell  
 Where ignorance and darkness reign!  
 They know no heaven, they fear no hell,  
 The endless joy, the endless pain!

- 5 Thy glorious promises, O Lord !  
 Kindle my hope and my desire ;  
 While all the preachers of thy word  
 Warn me to 'scape eternal fire.
- 6 Thy praise shall still employ my breath,  
 Since thou hast mark'd my way to  
 heaven ;  
 Nor will I run the road to death,  
 And waste the blessings thou hast given.
- 

## VI.—PRAISE FOR THE GOSPEL.

- 1 LORD, I ascribe it to thy grace,  
 And not to chance, as others do,  
 That I was born of Christian race,  
 And not a Heathen or a Jew.
- 2 What would the ancient Jewish kings  
 And Jewish prophets once have given,  
 Could they have heard those glorious  
 things [heaven !  
 Which Christ reveal'd and brought from
- 3 How glad the Heathens would have been,  
 That worshipp'd idols, wood and stone,  
 If they the Book of God had seen,  
 Or Jesus and his Gospel known !
- 4 Then if this Gospel I refuse,  
 How shall I e'er lift up mine eyes ?  
 For all the Gentiles and the Jews  
 Against me will in judgment rise.

## VII.—THE EXCELLENCY OF THE BIBLE.

- 1 GREAT GOD! with wonder and with praise  
On all thy works I look ;  
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,  
Shine brightest in thy Book.
- 2 The stars, that in their courses roll,  
Have much instruction given ;  
But thy good Word informs my soul  
How I may climb to heaven.
- 3 The fields provide me food, and show  
The goodness of the Lord ;  
But fruits of life and glory grow  
In thy most Holy Word.
- 4 Here are my choicest treasures hid  
Here my best comfort lies ;  
Here my desires are satisfied,  
And hence my hopes arise.
- 5 Lord, make me understand thy law,  
Show what my faults have been ;  
And from thy Gospel let me draw  
Pardon for all my sin.
- 6 Here would I learn how Christ has died  
To save my soul from hell ;  
Not all the books on earth beside  
Such heavenly wonders tell.
- 7 Then let me love my Bible more,  
And take a fresh delight  
By day to read thy wonders o'er,  
And meditate by night.



VIII.—PRAISE TO GOD FOR LEARNING TO  
READ.

- 1 THE praises of my tongue  
I offer to the Lord,  
That I was taught and learn'd so young  
To read his Holy Word :
- 2 That I am brought to know  
The danger I was in,  
By nature, and by practice too,  
A wedded slave to sin :
- 3 That I am led to see  
I can do nothing well ;  
And whither shall a sinner flee  
To save himself from hell ?  
Dear Lord ! this Book of thine  
Informs where to go  
For grace to pardon all my sin,  
And make me holy too.

- 5 Here I can read and learn  
 How Christ, the Son of God,  
 Did undertake our great concern,—  
 Our ransom cost his blood.
- 6 And now he reigns above,  
 He sends his Spirit down  
 To show the wonders of his love,  
 And make his Gospel known.
- 7 O may that Spirit teach,  
 And make my heart receive [preach,  
 Those truths which all thy servants  
 And all thy saints believe !
- 8 Then shall I praise the Lord  
 In a more cheerful strain,  
 That I was taught to read his word,  
 And have not learn'd in vain.

## IX.—THE ALL-SEEING GOD.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God! thy piercing eye  
 Strikes through the shades of night,  
 And our most secret actions lie  
 All open to thy sight.
- 2 There's not a sin that we commit,  
 Nor wicked word we say,  
 But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ  
 Against the judgment-day.
- 3 And must the crimes that I have done  
 Be read and published there?  
 Be all exposed before thy Son,  
 While men and angels hear?

- 4 Lord, at thy feet asham'd I lie ;  
 Upward I dare not look ;  
 Pardon my sins before I die,  
 And blot them from thy book.
- 5 Remember all the dying pains  
 That my Redeemer felt,  
 And let his blood wash out my stains,  
 And answer for my guilt.
- 6 O may I now for ever fear  
 T' indulge a sinful thought,  
 Since the great God can see and hear,  
 And writes down every fault.



X.—SOLEMN THOUGHTS OF GOD AND  
 DEATH.

- 1 THERE is a God that reigns above,  
 Lord of the heav'ns, and earth, and seas  
 I fear his wrath, I ask his love,  
 And with my lips I sing his praise.

- There is a law which he has writ,  
 To teach us all what we must do;  
 My soul, to his commands submit,  
 For they are holy, just, and true.
- There is a gospel of rich grace,  
 Whence sinners all their comforts draw;  
 Lord, I repent, and seek thy face,  
 For I have often broke thy law.
- There is an hour when I must die,  
 Nor do I know how soon t'will come;  
 A thousand children, young as I,  
 Are call'd by death to hear their doom.
- 5 Let me improve the hours I have,  
 Before the day of grace is fled:  
 There's no repentance in the grave,  
 Nor pardon offer'd to the dead.
- 6 Just as a tree cut down, that fell  
 To north or southward, there it lies;  
 So man departs to heaven or hell,  
 Fix'd in the state wherein he dies.

---

 XI.—HEAVEN AND HELL.

- 1 THERE is beyond the sky  
 A heaven of joy and love,  
 And holy children, when they die,  
 Go to that world above.
- 2 There is a dreadful hell,  
 And everlasting pains;

Where sinners must with devils dwell,  
In darkness, fire, and chains.

3 Can such a wretch as I  
Escape this cursed end ?  
And may I hope, whene'er I die,  
I shall to heaven ascend ?

4 Then will I read and pray,  
While I have life and breath,  
Lest I should be cut off to-day,  
And sent t' eternal death.

---

XII.—ADVANTAGES OF EARLY RELIGION.

1 HAPPY the child whose tender years  
Receive instruction well ;  
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears  
The road that leads to hell.

2 When we devote our youth to God,  
'Tis pleasing in his eyes ;  
A flower, when offer'd in the bud,  
Is no vain sacrifice.

3 'Tis easier work, if we begin  
To fear the Lord betimes ;  
While sinners, who grow old in sin,  
Are harden'd in their crimes.

4 'Twill save us from a thousand snares,  
To mind religion young ;  
Grace will preserve our following years,  
And make our virtue strong.



- 5 To thee, Almighty God! to thee  
 Our childhood we resign;  
 'Twill please us to look back and see  
 That our whole lives were thine.
- 6 Let the sweet work of prayer and praise  
 Employ my youngest breath;  
 This I'm prepared for longer days,  
 Or fit for early death.
- 

## XII.—THE DANGER OF DELAY.

- 1 WHY should I say, "'Tis yet too soon  
 To seek for heaven, or think of death?"  
 A flower may fade before 'tis noon,  
 And I this day may lose my breath.
- 2 If this rebellious heart of mine  
 Despise the gracious call of heaven,  
 I may be harden'd in my sin,  
 And never have repentance given.
- 3 What if the Lord grow wroth and swear,  
 While I refuse to read and pray,  
 That he'll refuse to lend an ear  
 To all my groans another day?
- 4 What if his dreadful anger burn,  
 While I refuse his offer'd grace,  
 And all his love to fury turn,  
 And strike me dead upon the place?
- 5 'Tis dangerous to provoke our God!  
 His power and vengeance none can tell;

- One stroke of his Almighty rod  
 Shall send young sinners down to hell
- 6 Then 'twill for ever be in vain  
 To cry for pardon and for grace,  
 To wish I had my time again,  
 Or hope to see my Maker's face.
- 

## XIV.—EXAMPLES OF EARLY PIETY.

- 1 WHAT bless'd examples do I find  
 Writ in the word of truth,  
 Of children that began to mind  
 Religion in their youth !
- 2 Jesus, who reigns above the sky,  
 And keeps the world in awe,  
 Was once a child as young as I,  
 And kept his Father's law.
- 3 At twelve years old he talk'd with men,  
 (The Jews all wond'ring stand,)  
 Yet he obeyed his mother then,  
 And came at her command.
- 4 Children a sweet Hosanna sung,  
 And bless'd their Saviour's name ;  
 They gave him honour with their tongue,  
 While scribes and priests blaspheme.
- 5 Samuel, the child, was wean'd and brought  
 To wait upon the Lord ;  
 Young Timothy betimes was taught  
 To know his Holy Word.

- 6 Then why should I so long delay  
What others learn'd so soon?  
I would not pass another day  
Without this work begun.
- 

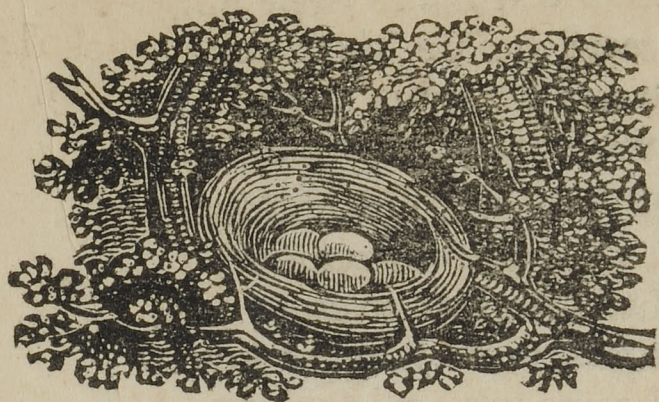
## XV.—AGAINST LYING.

- 1 O 'tis a lovely thing for youth  
To walk betimes in Wisdom's way;  
To fear a lie, to speak the truth,  
That we may trust to all they say!
- 2 But liars we can never trust,  
Though they should speak the thing  
that's true;  
And he that does one fault at first,  
And lies to hide it, makes it two.
- 3 Have we not known, nor heard, nor read,  
How God abhors deceit and wrong?  
How Ananias was struck dead,  
Caught with a lie upon his tongue?
- 4 So did his wife Sapphira die,  
When she came in and grew so bold,  
As to confirm the wicked lie  
That just before her husband told.
- 5 The Lord delights in them that speak  
The words of truth; but every liar  
Must have his portion in the lake  
That burns with brimstone and with  
fire.

- 6 Then let me always watch my lips,  
Lest I be struck to death and hell ;  
Since God a book of reck'ning keeps  
For every lie that children tell.
- 

XVI.—AGAINST QUARRELLING AND  
FIGHTING.

- 1 LET dogs delight to bark and bite,  
For God hath made them so ;  
Let bears and lions growl and fight,  
For 'tis their nature too.
- 2 But children you should never let  
Such angry passions rise ;  
Your little hands were never made  
To tear each other's eyes.
- 3 Let love through all your actions run,  
And all your words be mild ;  
Live like the blessed Virgin's Son,  
That sweet and lovely Child.
- 4 His soul was gentle as a lamb ;  
And, as his stature grew,  
He grew in favour both with man  
And God his Father too.
- 5 Now Lord of all he reigns above ;  
And from his heavenly throne  
He sees what children dwell in love,  
And marks them for his own.



XVII.—LOVE BETWEEN BROTHERS AND  
SISTERS.

WHATEVER brawls disturb the street,  
There should be peace at home ;  
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet  
Quarrels should never come.

2 Birds in their little nests agree,  
And 'tis a shameful sight  
When children of one family  
Fall out, and chide and fight.

3 Hard names at first, and threat'ning  
words,  
That are but noisy breath,  
May grow to clubs and naked swords,  
To murder and to death.

4 The devil tempts one mother's son  
To rage against another ;  
So wicked Cain was hurried on  
Till he had kill'd his brother.

- 5 The wise will make their anger cool,  
 At least before 'tis night ;  
 But in the bosom of a fool  
 It burns till morning light.
- 6 Pardon, O Lord, our childish rage,  
 Our little brawls remove,  
 That, as we grow to riper age,  
 Our hearts may all be love.
- 

XVIII.—AGAINST SCOFFING AND CALLING  
 NAMES.

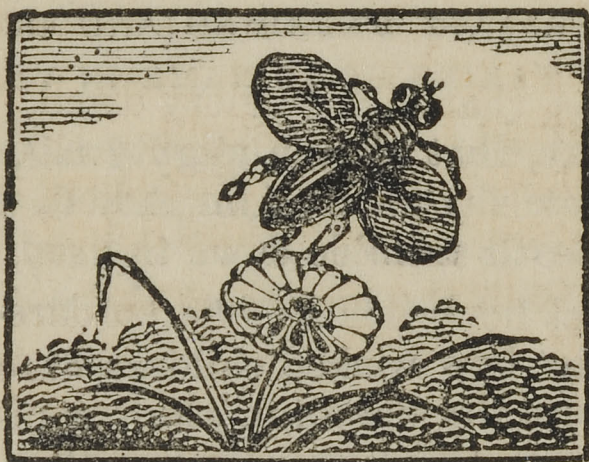
- 1 OUR tongues were made to bless the  
 Lord,  
 And not speak ill of men ;  
 While others give a railing word,  
 We must not rail again.
- 2 Cross words and angry names require  
 To be chastis'd at school ;  
 And he's in danger of hell fire  
 Who calls his brother fool.
- 3 But lips that dare be so profane,  
 To mock, and jeer, and scoff  
 At holy things, or holy men,  
 The Lord shall cut them off.
- 4 When children, in their wanton play,  
 Serv'd old Elisha so,  
 And bade the prophet go his way,  
 " Go up, thou bald-head, go !"

- 6 God quickly stopp'd their wicked breath,  
And sent two raging bears,  
That tore them limb from limb to death,  
With blood, and groans, and tears.
- 6 Great God ! how terrible art thou  
To sinners e'er so young !  
Grant me thy grace, and teach me how  
To tame and rule my tongue.
- 

XIX.—AGAINST SWEARING AND CURSING,  
AND TAKING GOD'S NAME IN VAIN.

- 1 ANGELS, that high in glory dwell,  
Adore thy name, Almighty God !  
And devils tremble down in hell,  
Beneath the terrors of thy rod.
- 2 And yet how wicked children dare  
Abuse thy dreadful, glorious name ;  
And when they're angry, how they swear,  
And curse their fellows, and blaspheme !
- 3 How will they stand before thy face  
Who treated thee with such disdain.  
Whilst thou shalt doom them to the place  
Of everlasting fire and pain ?
- 4 Then never shall one cooling drop  
To quench their burning tongues be  
given ;  
But I will praise thee here, and hope  
Thus to employ my tongue in heaven.

- 5 My heart shall be in pain to hear  
Wretches affront the Lord above ;  
'Tis that great God whose power I fear,  
That heavenly Father whom I love.
- 6 If my companions grow profane,  
I'll leave their friendship, when I hear  
Young sinners take thy name in vain,  
And learn to curse, and learn to swear.



## XX.—AGAINST IDLENESS AND MISCHIEF.

- 1 How doth the little busy bee  
Improve each shining hour,  
And gather honey all the day  
From every opening flower.
- 2 How skilfully she builds her cell !  
How neat she spreads the wax !  
And labours hard to store it well  
With the sweet food she makes.



- 3 In works of labour, or of skill,  
I would be busy too ;  
For Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do.
- 4 In books, or work, or healthful play,  
Let my first years be pass'd,  
That I may give for every day  
Some good account at last.
- 

## XXI.—AGAINST EVIL COMPANY.

- 1 WHY should I join with those in play  
In whom I've no delight,  
Who curse and swear, but never pray,  
Who call ill names and fight ?
- 2 I hate to hear a wanton song ;  
Their words offend my ears :  
I should not dare defile my tongue  
With language such as theirs.
- 3 Away from fools I'll turn my eyes,  
Nor with the scoffers go ;  
I would be walking with the wise,  
That wiser I may grow.
- 4 From one rude boy, that's used to mock  
Ten learn the wicked jest ;  
One sickly sheep infects the flock,  
And poisons all the rest.
- 5 My God, I hate to walk or dwell  
With sinful children here ;

Then let me not be sent to hell,  
Where none but sinners are.

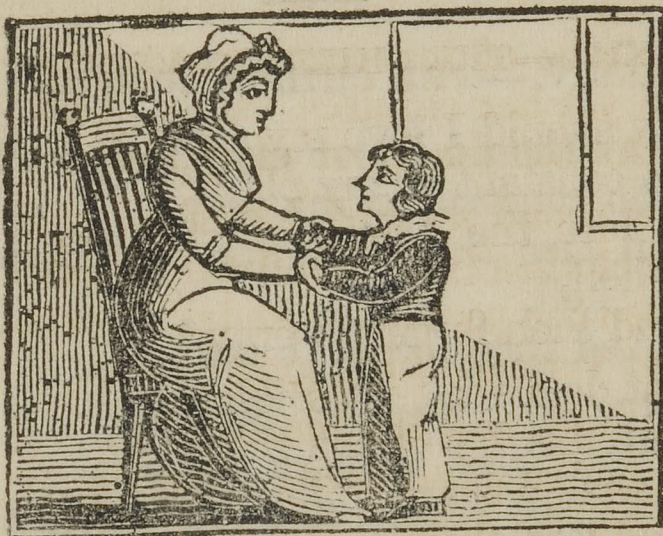
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XXII.—AGAINST PRIDE IN CLOTHES.

- 1 WHY should our garments, made to hide  
Our parents' shame, provoke our pride?  
The art of dress did ne'er begin  
Till Eve, our mother, learn'd to sin.
- 2 When first she put the covering on,  
Her robe of innocence was gone;  
And yet her children vainly boast  
In the sad marks of glory lost.
- 3 How proud we are! how fond to show  
Our clothes! and call them rich and new!  
When the poor sheep and silk worms wore  
That very clothing long before.
- 4 The tulip and the butterfly  
Appear in gayer coats than I;  
Let me be dress'd fine as I will,  
Flies, worms, and flowers excel me still.
- 5 Then will I set my heart to find  
Inward adornings of the mind;  
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,  
These are the robes of richest dress.
- 6 No more shall worms with me compare;  
This is the raiment angels wear;  
The Son of God, when here below,  
Put on this bless'd apparel too.

It never fades, it ne'er grows old,  
 Nor fears the rain, nor moth, nor mold ;  
 It takes no spot, but still refines ;  
 The more 'tis worn, the more it shines.

- 8 In this on earth should I appear,  
 Then go to heaven and wear it there,  
 God will approve it in his sight ;  
 'Tis his own work, and his delight.



XXIII.—OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

- 1 LET children that would fear the Lord  
 Hear what their teachers say ;  
 With rev'ence meet their parent's word,  
 And with delight obey.
- 2 Have we not heard what dreadful plagues  
 Are threaten'd by the Lord,  
 To him that breaks his father's law,  
 Or mocks his mother's word ?

- 3 What heavy guilt upon him lies !  
How cursed is his name !  
The ravens shall peck out his eyes,  
And eagles eat the same.
- 4 But those who worship God, and give  
Their parents honour due,  
Here on this earth they long shall live,  
And live hereafter too.
- 

## XXIV.—THE CHILD'S COMPLAINT.

- 1 WHY should I love my sport so well,  
So constant at my play,  
And lose the thoughts of heaven and  
hell,  
And then forget to pray ?
- 2 What do I read my Bible for,  
But, Lord, to learn thy will ?  
And shall I learn to know thee more,  
And less obey thee still ?
- 3 How senseless is my heart and wild !  
How vain are all my thoughts !  
Pity the weakness of a child,  
And pardon all my faults.
- 4 Make me thy heavenly voice to hear,  
And let me love to pray,  
Since God will lend a gracious ear  
To what a child can say.

## XXV.—A MORNING SONG.

- 1 My God, who makes the sun to know  
His proper hour to rise,  
And, to give light to all below,  
Dost send him round the skies.
- 2 When from the chambers of the east  
His morning race begins,  
He never tires, nor stops to rest,  
But round the world he shines.
- 3 So, like the sun, would I fulfil  
The business of the day ;  
Begin my work betimes, and still  
March on my heavenly way.
- 4 Give me, O Lord, thine early grace ;  
Nor let my soul complain,  
That the young morning of my days  
Has all been spent in vain.



## XXVI.—AN EVENING SONG.

- 1 And now another day is gone,  
I'll sing my Maker's praise ;

- My comforts every hour make known  
His providence and grace.
- 2 But how my childhood runs to waste !  
My sins, how great their sum !  
Lord, give me pardon for the past,  
And strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep ;  
Let angels guard my head,  
And through the hours of darkness keep  
Their watch around my bed.
- 4 With cheerful heart I close my eyes,  
Since thou wilt not remove ;  
And in the morning let me rise,  
Rejoicing in thy love.
- 

## XXVII.—FOR THE LORD'S DAY MORNING.

- 1 THIS is the day when Christ arose,  
So early from the dead ;  
Why should I keep my eyelids close,  
And waste my hours in bed ?
- 2 This is the day when Jesus broke  
The powers of death and hell ;  
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,  
And love my sins so well ?
- 3 To-day with pleasure Christians meet  
To pray and hear thy Word,  
And I will go with cheerful feet,  
To learn thy will, O Lord !

- 4 I'll leave my sport to read and pray,  
And so prepare for heaven ;  
O may I love this blessed day  
The best of all the seven !
- 

## XXVIII.—FOR THE LORD'S DAY EVENING.

- 1 LORD, how delightful 'tis to see  
A whole assembly worship thee !  
At once they sing, at once they pray,  
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.
- 2 I have been there, and still would go,  
'Tis like a little heaven below ;  
Nor all my pleasures, nor my play,  
Shall tempt me to forget this day.
- 3 O write upon my mem'ry, Lord,  
The text and doctrines of thy word,  
That I may break thy laws no more,  
But love thee better than before.
- 4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine,  
Fill up this foolish heart of mine,  
That, hoping pardon through his blood,  
I may lie down, and wake with God.

THE END.



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