

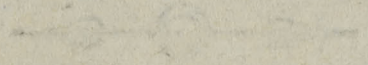
A NEW
PICTURE BOOK.



LONDON:

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THE HISTORY OF THE



LONDON:

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THE AUTHOR.



How doth the little busy bee
 Improve each shining hour ;
 And gather honey all the day,
 From ev'ry op'ning flower.

In works of labour, or of skill,
 I would be busy too ;
 For Satan finds some mischief still
 For idle hands to do.



I suppose this poor woman gets her living by selling fish ; perhaps her husband is a fisherman. Do you remember that most of the Apostles were fishermen ? Christ said to them, " I will make you fisher's of men."



There was once a little child who for a long time was so foolish as to be afraid to be alone ; but one day she heard a person explain the text, which says, “ The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them ! ” and afterwards she did not mind being left by herself. God is every where.



Say! are we soldiers of the cross,
 And followers of the lamb?
 And shall we dare disown his cause,
 Or blush to speak his name.

Are there no foes for us to face?
 Must we not stem the flood?
 O JESUS let us pray for grace,
 Our Saviour and our God.



Why should you say 'tis yet too soon
To seek for heav'n, and think of
death,
This flow'r will fade before 'tis noon,
And you this day may lose your
breath.

Then 'twill for ever be in vain
To cry for pardon and for grace,
To wish you had your time again,
Or hope to see the Saviour's face.



“ Thank God for my breakfast,”
 said little Miss Line,
 As she cheerfully rose from her
 stool,
 “ The clock, as I see, will shortly
 strike nine,
 And I must go quickly to school.
 Then taking her sampler, her bag,
 and her book,
 She put on her gloves, shawl,
 and hat,
 A heart-cheering kiss from each
 relative took,
 And nodded good bye to her cat.



As a little child relies
 On a strength beyond his own,
 Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
 Fears to stir a step alone.

Let me thus, O Lord, abide
 With thee, my father, guard, and
 guide.



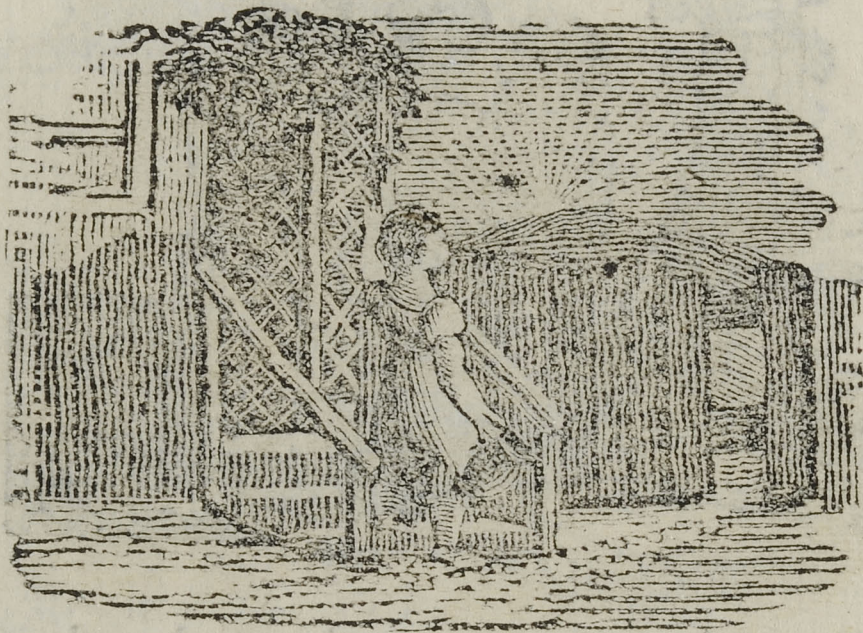
The gentle child that tries to please
 That hates to quarrel, fret and tease
 And will not say an angry word ;
 That child is pleasing to the Lord.

Great God, forgive, whenever we
 Forget thy word and disagree ;
 And grant that each of us may find
 The sweet delight of being kind.



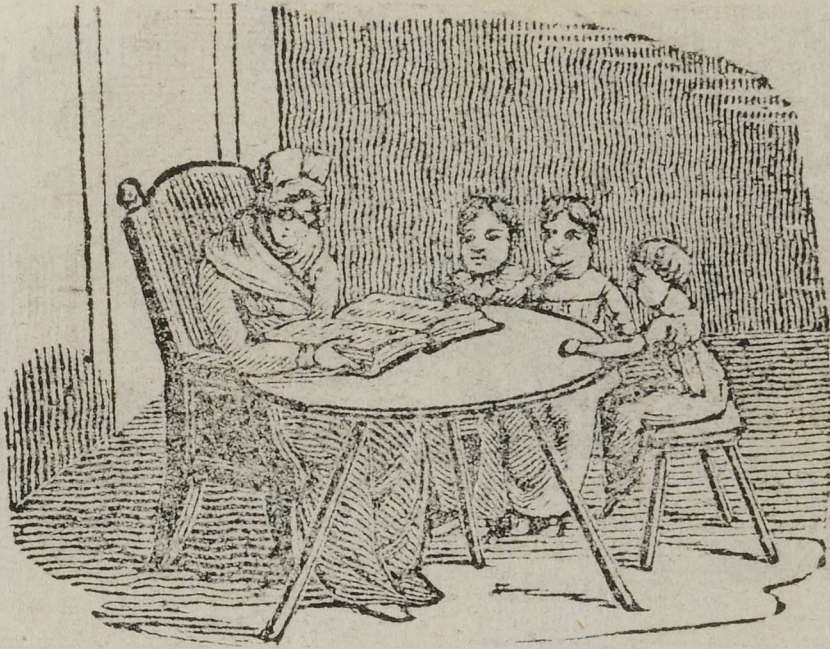
When I am not at the school,
 I ought to think of every rule,
 And be as good as when I'm there,
 Although no people may be near.

For out of heav'n God can see
 If I do wrong, where'er I be;
 So I should mind what's right, and
 pray
 To God to help me that I may.



My God who makes the sun to know
 His proper hour to rise ;
 And, to give light to all below,
 Does send him round the skies.

Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,
 Nor let my soul complain,
 That the young morning of my days
 Has all been spent in vain.



Give us an humble active mind
 From sloth and folly free ;
 Give us a cheerful heart, inclin'd
 To useful industry.

A faithful memory bestow
 With solid learning store,
 And still, O Lord, as more we know,
 Let us obey thee more.



How much better thou'rt attended
 Than the Son of God could be,
 When from heav'n he descended
 And became a child like thee.

Soft and easy is thy cradle,
 Coarse and hard the Saviour lay,
 When his birth-place was a stable,
 And his softest bed was hay.



What a mercy, what a treasure,
 I possess in thy dear word,
 There I read with holy pleasure
 Of the love of Christ, my Lord.

That dear word reveals the Saviour,
 Sinful children deeply need
 Oh ! what mercy, love, and favour,
 That for sinners Christ should
 bleed.

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