

POCKET HYMN BOOK.

I.

On a Birth-day.

HEAVENLY Father, look on me,
Now my birth-day's come once more ;
Listen, while I pray to thee,
And with infant powers adore.

Once I was a baby weak,
Sleeping on my mother's knee ;
Then I could not walk or speak,
Yet thou did'st take care of me.

Now I run about and talk ;
Now I learn to read my book :
Through the fields I now can walk ;
On the pretty flow'rs can look.

Bless me, now I am a child ;
Bless this birth-day, Lord, to me :
Make me good, and wise, and mild ;
Make me all that I should be.

And, when I am grown a man,
Take me underneath thy care ;
Bless me, that I may be then
Fit to dwell where angels are.

The Tolling Bell.

OFt as the bell, with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let each one ask himself, "Am I
Prepar'd, should I be call'd, to die?"

Only this frail and fleeting breath
Preserves me from the jaws of death ;
Soon as it fails at once I'm gone,
And plung'd into a world unknown.

Then, leaving all I lov'd below,
To God's tribunal I must go ;
Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,
And fix my everlasting state.

But, could I bear to hear him say,
"Depart, accursed, far away !
With Satan, in the lowest hell,
Thou art for ever doom'd to dwell."

Lord Jesus! help me now to flee,
And seek my hope alone in thee :
Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,
Subdue my sin, and let me live.

Then, when the solemn bell I hear,
If sav'd from guilt, I need not fear ;
Nor would the thought distressing be,
"Perhaps it next may toll for me."

Rather, my spirit would rejoice ;
 And long, and wish, to hear thy voice ;
 Glad when it bids me earth resign,
 Secure of heaven, if thou art mine.

3.

On forgetting to pray.

“FORGET to pray !” that’s strange indeed,
 Have you no longer any need ?
 Are all your sins through Christ forgiven ?
 Has grace ensured your peace with heaven ?

“Forget to pray !” Have you no soul,
 By guilt diseas’d, to be made whole ?
 No heart that stoops at folly’s shrine,
 No secret evil to repine ?

“Forget to pray !” Yes, when the night
 Refuses to give way to light ;
 You may forget there is a God,
 Who sees you from his high abode.

“Forget to pray !” Not till you fear
 Your Saviour will not deign to hear ;
 He *loves* to hear the sinner’s moan,
 Then hasten to his gracious throne :

Hasten—and, with a contrite heart,
 Entreat that he will ne’er depart ;
 Your late forgetfulness deplore,
 And pray that you *forget no more*,

Jesus will not forget to hear,
 His pardoning grace is ever near ;
 Repenting souls are his delight,
 He sees their tears, and loves the sight.

Oh, think of heaven ! that glorious place,
 Reserv'd for all God's chosen race ;
 Embrace the promise while 'tis day,
 And never more "*Forget to pray.*"

4. —Part 1.

The Throne of Grace.

THROUGHOUT creation's vast expanse,
 Far as the mortal eye can glance ;
 There's not a spot in all that space
 So favor'd as "*the throne of grace.*"

Reader, if thou hast never felt
 The bliss of those who there have knelt ;
 O thither bend, with quicken'd pace,
 And fall before "*the throne of grace.*"

For there, if in thy mind renew'd,
 With faith, and hope, and love endued
 Thou shalt behold the smiling face
 Of Him who fills "*the throne of grace.*"

But if indeed renew'd thou art,
 No such advice I need impart ;
 Thou knowest well the sacred place,
 Which thou hast found "*the throne of grace.*"

For in that soul-transforming hour
Which rescued thee from Satan's pow'r ;
Thou didst begin thy heav'nward race
With pray'r before "the throne of grace :"

And thou with me canst witness bear,
That those who once have worshipp'd there,
Will day by day their steps retrace,
To supplicate "the throne of grace."

But art thou tempted to restrain
The voice of pray'r, as though 'twere vain ?
The vile suggestion from thee chase,
And hasten to "the throne of grace."

4.—Part 2.

The same.

Art thou so burden'd with a sense
Of inbred sin and guilt intense,
As to suppose thyself too base
To venture near "the throne of grace?"

Such fears no longer entertain,
Thou still art welcome,—go again ;
Be not dismay'd, the worse thy case,
The oftener seek "the throne of grace."

And ye who lately have begun
The way of God's commands to run,
All opportunities embrace
Of visiting "the throne of grace."

'Tis there the Mediator pleads,
 'Tis there the Spirit intercedes ;
 The holiest, happiest, safest place
 For mortals is "the throne of grace."

5.

Hymn for a Child.

O Lord ! while life and hope are young,
 And all are kind to me ;
 While strains of pleasure prompt my tongue
 Let me remember thee !

Where'er my wayward footsteps turn,
 Whate'er mine eyes may see,
 May I thy pow'r, thy love discern,
 And, Lord, remember thee !

And when to man's estate I grow,
 Though rich, though great I be,
 May all my feelings heav'nward flow,
 And I remember thee !

And oh ! when evil days shall fall,
 And health and comfort flee,
 'Midst sorrow's cloud and suff'ring's thrall,
 May I remember thee !

And thus, till life itself shall end,
 And I'm from sin set free,
 Creator ! Father ! Guardian ! Friend !
 May I remember thee !

“ Lord, to whom shall we go ? ”

WERE we to leave thy hallowed path,
 Lord, whither should we flee ;
 Or where such lasting comfort gain,
 As we have found in Thee.

Where such a teacher shall we find,
 As thou art, gracious Lord ;
 Or where such heav'nly knowledge gain,
 As in thy blessed word !

How oft our earthly friends depart
 In sorrow's mournful hour ;
 Or if they fain would succour us,
 How oft they lack the pow'r.

But thou wilt ne'er forsake the soul
 That loves to seek thy face ;
 Thy pow'r and wisdom cannot fail,
 And plenteous is thy grace.

A friend so worthy of our love
 We ne'er on earth shall see ;
 Blessed for ever is the man,
 Who finds a friend in Thee

But, as a Saviour, there are none
 Such matchless claims can boast ;
 For if we are not sav'd by Thee,
 We are for ever lost.

Thou hast the words of endless life,
 To Thee alone we flee ;
 O sanctify us by thy grace,
 And keep us near to Thee.

7.

Pardoning Grace.

O'ERWHELM'D with woe, and fill'd with grief
 To Calv'ry's Mount I flee ;
 There shall my spirit find relief,
 While gazing, Lord, on thee.

Ensnar'd by sin's delusive charm,
 The downward road I've trod ;
 And madly dar'd to raise my arm
 Against my maker God.

Thy love has spar'd a rebel worm,
 That has abus'd thy grace ;
 And did, with joy at his return,
 The prodigal embrace.

For love so great, so strange, so free,
 I would my future days
 Devote, with pleasure, all to thee,
 And spend them in thy praise.

And when to heav'n my soul shall rise,
 My joy shall be complete ;
 To sit and sing above the skies,
 Beneath my Saviour's feet.