

A NEW  
PICTURE-BOOK.



— 4 —

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How doth the little busy bee  
Improve each shining hour ;  
And gather honey all the day,  
From every opening flower :

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



These little girls have been taught to pray to God at night, before going to bed, as well as at other times, and that they should remember their Creator in the days of their youth. They have been taught also, to thank God for every mercy and blessing they enjoy, knowing that all blessings come from him.



Look at the men rowing that boat. They all pull together and mind what they are about, and they will soon reach the ship to which they are going. So when children learn their lessons well, and attend to what they are doing, they make rapid improvement. But if they are idle, and do not mind their books, they will never be wise.



There was once a little child who, for a long time, was so foolish as to be afraid to be alone; but one day he heard a person explain the text which says, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." Afterwards he did not fear being left by himself. God is everywhere.



Children die, though e'er so young ;  
Infants bid the world adieu :  
As my life may not be long,  
I would keep its end in view.

Heavenly Father, grant that I  
May the name of Jesus love ;  
That if shortly I should die,  
I may go to him above.



Why should you say, 't is yet too soon  
To seek for heaven, and think of  
death ?

The flower will fade before 't is noon,  
And you this day may lose your  
breath.

Then 't will 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.



Look at that beautiful prospect: you may see hills, dales, trees, houses, and all sorts of pleasant objects. But what is the best prospect upon the earth when compared with the happiness of heaven? What shall a man be profited, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?





As the little child relies  
On 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.

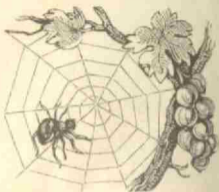


The gentle child that tries to please,  
That hates to quarrel, fret, and tease,  
And will not say an angry word,  
Does what is pleasing to the Lord.

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



Here is a ship. The good men who first preached the gospel in England came in a ship; our forefathers first came to this country, when inhabited by savage Indians, in ships; and of late years a great many good men have gone from England and America in ships, to preach the gospel to distant heathen nations who never heard of Christ the Saviour of sinners.



Do you know that you may learn something from the spider? See how patient and persevering it is: if its web is destroyed, it soon begins another, and will do so as long as it is able. The spider's web is easily destroyed: the Bible tells us that "the hope of the hypocrite shall be cut off," and that his "trust is like a spider's web." Job 8:14.



Give us an humble, active mind,  
From sloth and folly free ;  
Give us a cheerful heart, inclined  
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 heaven he descended,  
And became a child like thee.

Soft and easy is thy cradle ;  
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,  
For his birthplace 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 favor,  
That for sinners Christ should  
bleed!



What do I read my Bible for,  
But, Lord, to learn thy will?  
And shall I daily know thee more,  
And less obey thee still?

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.