

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XXI.

TORONTO, JUNE 16, 1906.

No. 12.

SAVIOUR, LIKE
A SHEPHERD
LEAD US.

Saviour, like a Shep-
herd lead us,
Much we need thy
tend'rst care;
In thy pleasant pas-
tures feed us,
For our use thy
fields prepare:

Blessed Jesus, blessed
Jesus,
Thou hast bought
us, thine we are.
Blessed Jesus, blessed
Jesus,
Thou hast bought
us, thine we are.

We are thine, do thou
befriend us,
Be the guardian of
our way;
Keep thy flock, from
sin defend us,
Seek us when we
go astray:

Blessed Jesus, blessed
Jesus,
Hear, oh, hear us,
when we pray.
Blessed Jesus, blessed
Jesus,
Hear, oh, hear us,
when we pray.

Thou hast promised
to receive us,
Poor and sinful
though we be;
Thou hast mercy to
relieve us,
Grace to cleanse,
and power to
free:

Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to thee.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to thee.

Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;



"SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD LEAD US."

Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill:

Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

HIS LITTLE
ONES.

BY LLEWELLYN A.
MORRISON.

Suffer the little
children to come unto
me.—Jesus.

Hail the glad mes-
sage:—the child-
ren may come
Into the joy and
delight of His
home!

Know all the bright-
ness his bless-

ings impart;

And live in the boun-
tiful life of his
heart.

Every bright babe is
a gem of his
own,

Lent from the light
of his luminous
throne,

Sent from the sources
of being above.

A seal of his match-
less, omnipotent
love.

Germ of divinity,
flashed into
flame—

Born of humanity
only in name;

Fashioned—it may
be—and formed
from the clod.

Yet bearing the spirit
and image of
God.

Growth, in his
growth, is the
measure of grace,

No one the limit may compass or trace;
Wide as immensity's realms unsought,
And high as the reach of Eternity's
thought.

Every sweet baby—or low-born or high—
Is heir to an infinite world in the sky;