

For ye promised truly
 In your infant days,
 To renounce him wholly,
 And forsake his ways.

Ye are new-born Christians,
 Ye must learn to fight
 With the bad within you,
 And to do the right.

Christ is your own Master,
 He is good and true,^a
 And His little children
 Must be holy too.

 6.

THE POMPS AND VANITY OF THIS WICKED WORLD.

At Nazareth in olden time,
 A peasant's cottage stood,
 Where Joseph the poor carpenter
 Toiled for his daily food.

An humble Virgin lived with him,
 Beneath that lowly shed,
 And there her son, our Saviour Christ,
 In poverty was bred.

He had no glory here on earth,
 No riches and no state;
 His Christian children must not care
 For being rich or great.

Fine clothes, fine houses, pretty things,
 That please our longing eyes,
 Would only make our hearts forget
 Our treasure in the skies.