

Then to Him I'll tune my song,
Happy as the day is long;
This my joy shall ever be—
God Almighty cares for me.

—Miss D. A. Thrupp

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THE CHILDREN'S SAVIOUR.

How kind is the Saviour;
How great is His love,
To bless little children
He came from above;
He left holy angels
And their bright abode,
To dwell here with children
And teach them the road.

He wept in the garden,
And died on the tree
To open a fountain
For sinners like me;
His blood is that fountain
Which pardon bestows,
And cleanses the foulest
Wherever it flows.

He went back to glory,
But left us His Word,
Which oft from our teachers
And pastors we've heard.
He sends forth His spirit,
Our hearts to inflame
With joy in His service
And love to His name.

Oh, help us, blest Jesus,
More sweetly to praise
And walk in Thy footsteps
The rest of our days.
Then raise us, dear Saviour,
To taste of Thy love,
And praise Thee for ever
With children above.