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THE  
CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY  
AND  
SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD.

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Vol. I.]

JULY 1, 1841.

[No. 7

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**What have Children to do with Missions?**

DEAR CHILDREN,—This is a question not unfrequently put. It may be easily answered. Children have much to do with Missions. First, Because to Christian Missions many thousands of children owe their lives. To this they are indebted for their preservation from an early and cruel death. A few extracts from various Missionary writers will prove this.

At Pekin in China it is the custom for carts to go round the streets to pick up the bodies of such infants as have been thrown out during the night. In 1832 Mr. Gutzlaff, a Missionary in China, states, that it is a general custom to drown a large proportion of the girls as soon as they are born, and this is so common among the Chinese that it is done without any feeling, even in a laughing mood." In New Zealand also, before any Missionaries were stationed there, a universal custom existed of destroying most of the girls in infancy—the excuse was, that they were quite as much trouble to rear, and consumed just as much food as boys, yet when grown up they were not fit to go to war. In the Sandwich Islands when the Missionary first visited them, it was ascertained that two-thirds of the infants born perished by the hands of their own parents

before attaining the first or second year of their age. Sometimes they strangled their children, but more frequently buried them alive. Mr. Williams of the South Sea Islands writes :—“ I may say I never conversed with a woman belonging to the group of the Society Islands who had children before the introduction of Christianity, who had not destroyed several, some as many as ten. I was mentioning this one day to a brother Missionary, who expressed some doubts as to the extent of the evil—in the next room three native women, who were converts to Christianity were sitting, making European garments under Mrs. Williams’ direction. I proposed to ask these women, with whose former history I was unacquainted, what had been their practice in this respect. Addressing the first, I said to her, “ Friend, how many children have you destroyed? She was at first startled at the question, but when she found the reason for which it was put, she replied with a faltering voice, I have destroyed *nine*; the second, with eyes filled with tears, said, “ I have destroyed *seven* ;” the third informed us she had destroyed *five*. Thus three persons accidentally thrown together, had killed one and twenty children !” Does any one now ask what have children to do with Missions? Have not the thousands of little ones rescued, by Christian Missions, good reason to make the Missionary cause their own, and have not you, dear children, who are shuddering at such horrid cruelties, cause to rejoice that the Gospel of Jesus gives light to your native land, and His Missionaries have an abiding place among you.

But secondly, children have much to do with Missions, because it is to their happy influence, they owe almost all that renders life a blessing. Mr. Moffatt, in speaking of the Bushmen of South Africa, says, “ If a mother dies and leaves a little child not old enough to take care of itself, it is without any ceremony, buried alive with the corpse of

its mother." Those Bushmen take no care of their children, never correct them except in a fit of rage, and then they almost kill them by severe usage. In a quarrel between the father and mother the defeated party wreaks his or her vengeance on the child of the conqueror, which generally loses its life. There are instances of parents throwing their children to the hungry lion, who stands roaring before their cavern, refusing to depart before a peace offering is made to him. In general children cease to be the objects of a mother's care as soon as they are able to crawl about in the fields. In all countries where no Christian Missions have loosed the captive's chains, and set free the prisoners of sin, parents have the power of life and death over their children, they can do with them just as they please, they are as much their property as the bow and arrow, the tent and fishing-tackle, and considered quite as much at their disposal. In India a boy under sixteen cannot leave the idolatry of his father, and worship the true God--his father may use him as he likes, and make him do things he may think wicked, but no one may come to the succour of the poor boy. Little girls, even when they are allowed to live, suffer great privations, and never know what a happy childhood is. A poor mother once said she would rather kill her little girl, than see her suffer all she must do, if she was allowed to grow up. A gentleman in India once saved 100 little girls, who were kept to be sacrificed at a great feast. If he had not saved them, they would have been torn to pieces in the most shocking manner. Have children then nothing to do with Missions? Who are now indebted to Christian Missions? Are you, enjoying a cheerful happy childhood, delighting in the affections of fond parents, growing up under useful and pious instruction? Are there none to make you afraid? All this you owe, and much more, to the love giving influence of Christianity. And perhaps some are now prepared to ask, instead

of "What have children to do with Missions?" What can children do for Missions? This question will be answered at a future time.

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### MEMOIR OF ANNA.

From a book called "A Lamb gathered into the fold," or a "Memoir of little Anna," we abridge the following short account, for the sake of our *very young* readers:—

Anna was born in Dublin in the year 1830. When she was four months old, her parents sailed for Canada, and took her with them. The voyage was for some time safely made, but when they came near land, the ship struck on a rock and was wrecked. Little Anna, wrapped in a blanket, was taken on deck to await the watery grave which seemed opened to receive all on board. But God had mercy on them, and through his goodness they were all got safely to shore, on the barren coast of Newfoundland. This was a very sad event to Anna's parents, for it caused them great loss, yet God overruled it for good. Some tracts which they had taken with them, and which they left in that dreary island, have been made the means of converting many souls. Anna was very ill after the shipwreck. Her parents thought that God was going to take her, but it pleased him to spare her a little longer.

When she was three years old, they returned home.— She was at that time a very lively child, but even in her most playful moments, she became very quiet and attentive when family worship was engaged in—or holy subjects were conversed on. As soon as she could speak, she began to learn texts of Scripture from cards. A new one was learnt each morning, and the card was then fastened to a string, and hung round her neck during the rest of the day. This she always called her dear necklace, and every Sabbath she repeated all the texts she had committed to memory during the week.

Thus did this precious little one, from a child, learn the Holy Scriptures, "when she rose up, and when she lay down, when she walked by the way, and when she sat in the house," and the Lord by His Spirit made her thereby "wise unto salvation." How sweet would it be to see little children thus adorned, and not with foolish beads and silly finery. And most earnestly would we entreat little children to follow Anna's plan of carrying a portion of God's Word about with them during the day, asking God to bless it to them; and when they feel sinful thoughts, or evil tempers arising, or an inclination to do what is wrong, to make a practice of reading over their texts, recollecting, meanwhile that it is God Himself who is speaking to them. If they did so, they would not find Satan so often succeed in tempting them to sin. And there are few of our young readers, we hope, who have not kind parents, teachers; or other friends, who would willingly point out to them suitable passages of God's Word.

Anna delighted much in hymns. One particularly she loved. She had it hung over her bed—and it was repeated to her every morning and evening.

### ANNA'S HYMN.

Lord look upon a little child,  
By nature sinful, rude, and wild;  
Oh! lay thy gracious hands on me,  
And make me all I ought to be.

Make me thy child, a child of God,  
Wash'd in the Saviour's precious blood;  
And my whole heart from sin set free,  
A little vessel full of thee.

A star of early dawn, and bright,  
Shining within thy sacred light;  
A beam of grace to all around,  
A little spot of hallow'd ground.

O Jesus take me to thy breast,  
And bless me that I may be blest;  
Both when I wake, and when I sleep,  
Thy little lamb in safety keep.

## Sketches of Missions.

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### LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

(Continued from page 92.)

In the preceding sketch of this Society, some account was given of its commencement about 50 years ago, and of the great success God granted to the labours and prayers of his Missionaries in the South Sea Islands, the first place to which their attention was directed, and the same glad tidings might be told of many countries where these men of God have since sown and reaped abundant harvests. In India this society occupies a number of different stations, and employs 54 Missionaries with upwards of 300 assistants, each station having its Church or Chapel, School House, and in many cases Printing Presses. In the West Indies too they have formed various congregations, and possess from 50 to 60 Missionaries and assistants, and they have also been instrumental in redeeming from the bondage of sin, many of the captured sons of Africa. In the South of Africa the missions have been peculiarly blessed, and in our present sketch we will try to show something of the wonderful works of God among the tribes of Africa, whose condition before the Gospel was preached to them was the lowest to which mankind can sink. Here is a picture of the Bushmen of the interior of South Africa, before the story of peace was heard in their land. "They have neither house, nor shed, neither flocks, nor herds. In a bushy country they will dig a hole, and make the branches to meet over their heads, there the man, his wife, and a child or two, will lie together on a little grass in this hole not larger than an Ostrich's nest. When they have plenty of food, they do nothing but eat and sleep, dance and sing until their store is expended, when driven away by hunger, the man takes his spear and suspends his bow and quiver over his shoulder, while the woman frequently carries, in addition to an infant, a mat, an earth-

en pot, a number of ostrich egg-shells, and a few ragged skins bundled on her head or shoulders. They are utter strangers to cleanliness as they never wash their bodies. They enjoy no domestic happiness, and take little or no care of their children. Hard is the Bushman's lot, friendless, forsaken, an outcast from the world, greatly preferring the society of the wild beasts to that of civilized man." Such is a description of the degradation of one tribe, and with slight variations it is applicable to all; religion they had none. Their language had no word for God, the greatest person they knew was a sorcerer who they thought could make rain, but if the rain did not come, they often put him to death. Now mark the change which took place, after nearly 20 years, during which the missionaries were sowing in tears, the wilderness gave tokens of rejoicing. The natives now began to sow and plant, wheat, barley, peas, potatoes, carrots, onions; and fruit trees are seen adorning their little gardens; ploughs, harrows, spades all came into use, the sheep skins were thrown away and proper clothing was universally adopted. The schools were crowded, the chapel required soon to be enlarged, so eager was the desire to hear. A printing press was now obtained, and nothing could exceed the surprise of the natives, when they saw a white sheet disappear for a moment and come out covered with letters, one man got hold of a sheet with which he hastened into the village displaying it to every one and declaring the missionary had made it in a moment with a round black hammer and a shake of the arm.

It was not however until the love of Jesus had melted their hearts, that these savage tribes quitted their former wild ways. Many native converts have entered upon their rest, and many are now living, glorifying God by a walk and conversation becoming the Gospel. The following were the dying words of an aged Christian, "Yes, I know thee M———, my brother in the Lord, I am going, but thou wilt remain. Hold fast the word of the Lord, turn not from his ways, take a message to thy



wife, that she must use all diligence to ensure eternal life."

Of the very interesting Missions of this Society in the South Sea Islands, we hope shortly to give a more full account. The Society occupies 45 stations in these Islands, and numbers 39 Missionaries, and from 50 to 60 Assistants. The celebrated Mr. Williams, who was murdered at Erromanga, by the savage natives, was one of their most distinguished Missionaries. Great has been the success of these Missions, for God's Holy Spirit has been with the labourers. Much has been done, yet still there is much to do. May the time soon come when the glad tidings of Christ's salvation shall be preached throughout all these Isles of the Sea.



**The Scriptures are able to make Little Children  
Wise unto Salvation.**

There was a little girl about nine years old, connected with a school, who had been brought up from the age of three or four years, learning the Bible, and nothing else, as an instrument of religious instruction. She awoke one night at midnight, and called to her father, who was sleeping in an adjoining bed, "My father, will you get up and read to me?" He arose and said, "What shall I read, my dear?" "Oh, read me the 10th chapter of John, that sweet chapter, that tells about Jesus being a Shepherd, and loving his sheep." He read it to her. She then said, "My father, will you pray for me?" He knelt down and prayed for her. He thought there was some impression upon her mind, but hardly knew what it was. He had scarcely laid down to rest again, before the same sweet voice cried, "My father, won't you get up and read for me again?" "What shall I read to you, my dear?" "Oh, read me the 26th and 27th chapters of Matthew." "Why shall I read them, my child?" asked the father. "Oh, because they tell me of the sufferings of my dear

Saviour; I want to hear about them." When he had read them, she said, "My father, will you pray for me again?" The father, who began to be afraid lest she should be resting upon him, rather than on the arm of Christ, said, "My child, I am afraid you are trusting to your father to be your Saviour." "Oh, father! how can I? for is it not written, 'All we, like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way: but the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. The chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.'" That was the last sound the little girl uttered. She was immediately seized with croup, and in a few hours her spirit was in another world. Oh, how sweet was the departure! Her father said to a minister, as tears streamed down his cheeks. "I felt it to be God's solemn testimony, that I had done right in teaching my child the Bible alone.

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### A SABBATH SCHOLAR.

Mr. Moffatt the Missionary told the following anecdote about a person whom he met in South Africa, and who had formerly attended a Sabbath School.

"I remember," says Mr. Moffatt, "meeting with an individual in an hospital at Cape Town." He was a young man who had fallen from the mast-head and broken his leg, and was conveyed there. When I went and conversed with him about his soul, he returned answers that were like fiery darts. He cursed me, he told me 'to go about my business, he was not going to have any of my methodist humbug, he knew better,' and so on. I called on him again another Sabbath. I spoke, and spoke, and spoke, and by and by, I dropped an expression that touched some tender chord in his heart—it vibrated in his soul. He paused, he was silent, he gazed on me, and the tears ran from his eyes. I asked him the cause, he replied: what is a man profited if he

gain the whole world and lose his own soul?—the soul, the never-dying soul. What a thought! *Those were the words I heard from my Sunday School teacher.* That man kissed my hand, and adored and praised God for giving me grace to persevere, notwithstanding all his abusive language on a preceding day.”

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### THOU GOD SEEST ME.

BY A MISSIONARY.

The home of my childhood was in a delightful valley, between two lofty ranges of mountains; through the centre of this valley ran a beautiful stream called *Mad River*, so called from its sudden rise in a thaw, or in the time of rain, when it would often rage and foam, overflowing its banks, and sweeping away the labors of the husbandman. In an humble dwelling upon the borders of this stream I was taught to fear God, by pious parents. One thought was deeply impressed upon my mind—*God is every where, and can see me at all times.* This thought often held me back from doing wrong, when no mortal eye could see me.

One little incident of my life I will here relate for the benefit of every child, who is a reader of this interesting little work. The way to my school led across the river by a bridge; the river had frozen early in the season, and many school boys would cross the stream on the ice. My mother thought the ice was not safe, and told me decidedly not to cross it. The next morning, with another boy, I came to the crossing place. “Come J.,” said L. to me, “let us cross on the ice.” “No, I don’t want to go,” said I. “Why not! ah, I know you’re afraid of your mother! Never mind her whims—come along—I would’nt be such a coward.” O what a struggle I then had in my mind! I was ashamed to be called a coward—I knew the ice was strong, and I thought it was hard that my mother should tell me not to go. While this struggle was going on in my mind, my companion cried again, “Come along, your mother can’t see you, and I wont tell of it.” Then rose the thought which saved me. “Thou God seest me.” “L.,” said I, “if my mother *can’t* see me, God *can*—I

shan't go." So saying, I turned and went by the bridge to school—and that was a happy day. I went home at night feeling happy. I never was more glad to see my mother than that night.

Now, dear children, would you be happy, remember always to obey your parents. The disobedient child is always unhappy! And when your parents can't see you, remember that God can. Let the truth ever be impressed upon your mind, "*Thou God seest me.*"

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## Missionary Intelligence.

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### INDIA.

In the April number of the Record, our readers will recollect that we gave some account of Shreeput, the little Brahminical boy who last November was taken from the Protestant Missionaries at Bombay, by his heathen relations, who did all in their power to oblige him to turn Brahmin again. From a letter dated Bombay, 28th February, 1844, written by one of the Missionaries, we learn the following particulars.

He had just then left Bombay for Benares, the most holy city in India, as is supposed, where it seems the Brahmins or Priests will do every thing in their power to make him forget the lessons of Christianity which he formerly learnt, by instructing him in Sanscrit learning, and setting before him the hope of obtaining honour as a Brahmin. On the other hand they think that by a pilgrimage to their holy city, and a course of bathing in their holy river the Ganges, he will be completely purified.

After Shreeput was taken from the Missionaries, they were never allowed to have any intercourse with him, and though his elder brother Narayan the convert, had opened up a private communication—he was never allowed to see him but once, for fifteen minutes. Poor little Shreeput or Dada as he is sometimes called, confes-

sed then that he loved Christ tenderly, and desired to be with Him, but sorely beset with temptation, he was induced, chiefly from sympathy with the bitter sorrow of his parents, to agree to their most urgent request, that he would express a wish to be received again into Caste. The anxiety of his friends, the Missionaries is not in the least abated—the result is in the hand of God,—“With him all things are possible, and the preservation of this “little one” unto His Kingdom of Grace on earth, and His Kingdom of Glory in Heaven, is one of these things.”

One good effect of this whole proceeding is, that it has loosened the power of Caste, which is one great step to the overthrow of the dreadful system of Hindooism.

If we hear farther accounts of Shreeput we shall communicate them to our readers, meantime, pray for him, that he may be kept from the great danger to which he is exposed, of *losing* his soul.

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### WEST INDIES.

GOOD WORK AT LONSDALE STATION.—There is a very interesting Missionary station at a place called LONSDALE, in Berbice, from which we have lately received some very cheering news. For some years the Missionaries were greatly discouraged by the extent to which drunkenness had spread amongst the people. It quite prevented the spread of the Gospel; but now the evil is overcome, and the people are quite reformed. At a meeting held a year ago amongst the negroes, the Missionary heard one of them bless God in his prayer, and say, “We give Dee tanks and praise, O Lord, dat de drunken no dere no more.” A year has passed since then, and still “the drunken is not there.” God’s work, too, in the conversion of souls, has also broken out very pleasingly, and great good is doing. One night when the Missionary was coming home, he saw lights in the chapel

and heard voices. It was not the usual meeting night, and he wondered what was to do, and on going in he saw the place full of people as if at school. They were divided into six classes, some with spelling books, and some with Bibles and Testaments. There were two very interesting classes of old negroes, some of them grey-headed. Two Sabbath school children were teaching them, and the old people paying great attention. The Missionary came near and listened to what was going on, and he was much amused to hear the children teaching them Watts' Catechism, and asking an old person the question, "Can you tell me, *child*, who made you?" and pleased to hear the simple answer, "The great God who made heaven and earth." I wonder how many of you are as anxious as these little negroes to do good to others. Every night since then, excepting Thursday and Saturday, on which the Missionary preaches, does this sort of meeting take place, and all round in every village, and on every estate, has one very like it been established.

The people, too, are much in prayer, and often before break of day, or at night after the sun has set, you might hear the sound of praise and prayer resounding from the bushes, or if walking down a village from many of the houses. Nor do they only pray for themselves. They were one time expecting the arrival of a Missionary, and one night, when they thought he would be at sea,—it was very stormy,—a good negro felt much about the Missionary, and, not being able to rest, he got up and prayed for his protection. The next morning he met his Missionary, and said, "Ah massa! de wind blow last night too bad,—I not able to sleep,—I tink very much on the minister you tell us was coming. I feel too sorry when I hear the wind blow so and think he was on the sea: So I rise and make a little prayer to our Father that the wind may blow softly, softly, and no harm come to the minister!"

You have in all this some lovely proofs of the good doing amongst them, and the love and zeal they show.

May these heathen never put us to shame!—*Children's Missionary Newspaper.*

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*Cruelty to which Children of the Heathens are exposed.*

On our return from Latakoo, (says Mr. Campbell), we saw a child, about eight years old, standing in the middle of the street, weeping and almost a skeleton. We inquired respecting its disease, when the woman told us the child was well enough, but that want of food had brought it into that condition; the father, being poor, was gone to the westward to seek food. No one present seemed to possess the least feeling for this forsaken, starving child; they said, laughing, that we might take the child with us, if we pleased. I was certain the sight of this little girl in the streets of London would have excited pity in the hearts of thousands. We took her to our waggons, desiring the people to inform her mother, when she returned, where she might find her. When some meat was given to the child, she devoured it with the voracity of a tiger.

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The Rev. Mr. Williams, a missionary at one of the South Sea Islands, in giving an account of the cruelties which once abounded there, says:—Their human sacrifices were really horrid. A young chief, with whom I am conversing on the subject, informs me, that men, women, and children were offered up. He states, that the custom was to bore holes through the ears of the children, suspend several of them on a string, and then tie them up in the trees at the *morai* (or place of sacrifice.) All the bodies remained on the trees until they dropped off, and were eaten by the pigs, dogs, and birds of prey. In other instances the children were knocked down violently, and if not killed, a string was run through their ears, or tied round their necks, after which they were cast into the sea, and pulled backward and for-

wards until life was extinct, when they were carried to the morai.

He further adds:—There are other cruel customs besides these. Children were murdered, when not intended for sacrifice, some before their birth, others afterwards; mothers stamped upon the necks of their infants, or strangled them with their hands. If a man were a chief, and the woman of mean origin, the latter must kill so many children before she can be raised to his level; and, on the other hand, if the man was a common man, and the woman a chief woman, according to the degrees of distinction were the number of children destroyed. A woman resides near to us who had eleven children, every one of whom, there is reason to believe, were destroyed.

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At the time the spasmodic *cholera* was raging at Madras, a boy belonging to the Missionary free-school there, went up to one of the Missionaries, and said, “Sir, I have got a cure for the *cholera*.” Have you; what is it? returned the Missionary. “The ninety-first Psalm,” answered the Boy, and then began and repeated the whole Psalm correctly.

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A boy, called Abraham, not yet four years old, was not only remarkably patient and resigned during his last illness, but his conversation proved an abiding blessing to his father, who happened then to be in an unhappy state of mind. On the day before he died, he asked him, “Father, do you love me?” The father replied, “Yes, I do.” Upon repeating his question, he received the same answer. “But then,” added he, “do you love our Saviour?” “No,” replied the father, “I am just now very poor and miserable.” “Ah!” said the child, “if you do not love our Saviour, you cannot love me as you ought!”

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Another child, though very ill, whenever it heard the



bell ring, begged its parents to carry it into the chapel; and when they sometimes replied, you are ill, lie down and rest; it used to say, "No; first we will go to the Chapel, and there hear the words of our Saviour; then I will lie down." Filled with love to Jesus, this poor child remained cheerful and resigned, till its soul took flight.

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## Poetry.

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### THE CHILD COMING TO JESUS.

Suffer me to come to Jesus,  
 Mother, dear, forbid me not;  
 By his blood from hell he frees us;  
 Make us fair, without a spot.

Suffer me, my earthly father,  
 At his pierced feet to fall;  
 Why forbid me? help me, rather;  
 Jesus is my all in all.

Suffer me to run unto him;  
 Gentle sisters, come with me:  
 Oh that all I love but knew him,  
 Then my home a heaven would be.

Loving playmates, gay and smiling,  
 Bid me not forsake the cross;  
 Hard to bear is your reviling,  
 Yet for Jesus all is dross.

Yes, though all the world may chide me,  
 Father, mother, sister, friend—  
 Jesus never will forbid me!  
 Jesus loves me to the end!

Gentle Shepherd, on thy shoulder  
 Carry me, a sinful lamb;  
 Give me faith, and make me bolder,  
 Till with thee in heaven I am.