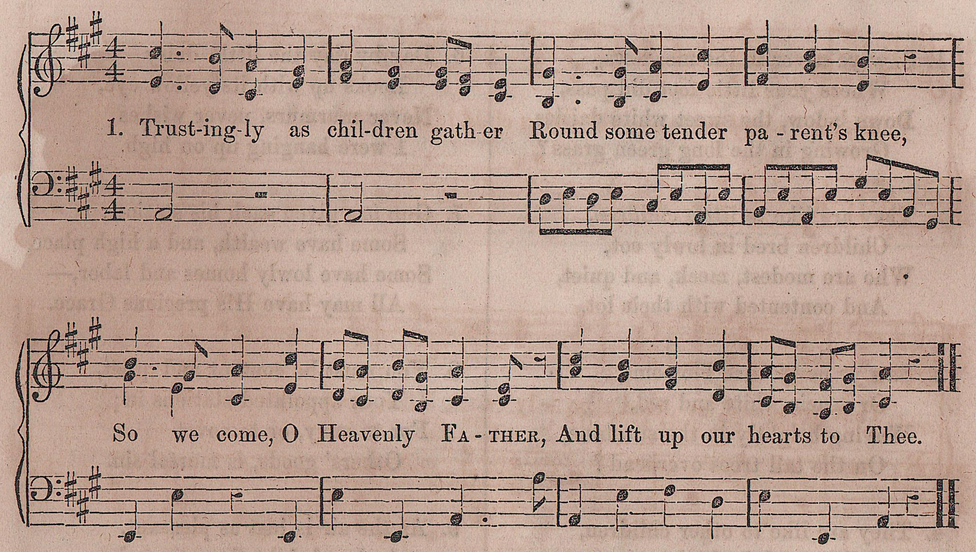
No. lxv. Trustingly as Children gather.



1. Trustingly as children gather
   Round some tender parent's knee,
   So we come, O Heavenly Father,
   And lift up our hearts to Thee.

2. We were made Thy sons and daughters,
   When the germ of life was given
   In the bright baptismal waters,
   And we rose the heirs of Heaven.

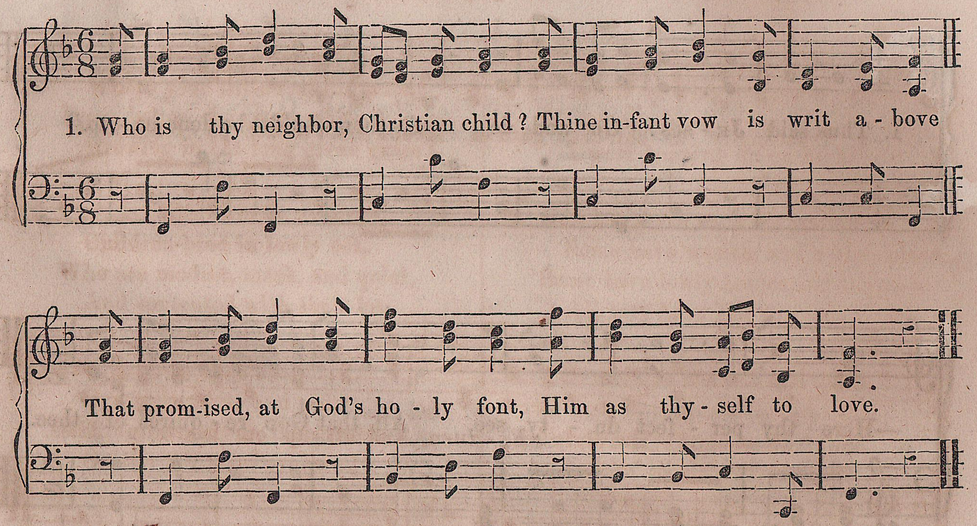
3. Though our erring feet could leave Thee,
   Back again Thy wanderers take;
   Though our wayward hearts could grieve Thee,
   Hear them for our Saviour's sake.

4. For his all-sufficient merit,
   Still, O Father, still forgive;
   Let our pardon'd souls inherit,
   Where Thy sons in glory live.

5. And by that dear Name parental,
   Bid our hearts within us burn
   With an earnest zeal, and gentle,
   With such love as children learn:

6. Or as Jesus loved Thee, rather,
   Perfect, pure, obedient love;
   In Whose faith we call Thee Father,
   And in Whom have rest above.

No. lxvi. Who is thy Neighbor, Christian Child?



1. Who is thy neighbor, Christian child?
   Thine infant vow is writ above
   That promised, at God's holy font,
   Him as thyself to love.

2. Who is he? All men, great or small,
   Who need thine aid, or claim thy fear,
   Thou hast a duty unto all,
   And all are neighbors dear.

3. Not only they who, loved and fond,
   Around thy lowly dwelling press;
   The cold, the distant, the unkind,
   Claim too thy kindliness.

4. He was a stranger to his hearth,
   He was his nation's deadly foe,
   Whom erst the good Samaritan
   Found bleeding, cold, and low.

5. He took the wounded stranger up,
   He kindly bound his bleeding frame;
   The Lord Christ says to each of you,
   "Go thou, and do the same."

6. The Priest turned to the other side,
   The Levite looked and passed him by
   Shall hearts baptized be found as cold
   To Christian sympathy?

7. Go thou, and love thy neighbor, too;
   On this our earth are none that live
   But they may work another's good,
   (Though small their power to give,)

8. With loving heart, with soothing tone,
   That raise the heart by sorrow riven,
   With cheering word, and helping hand,
   Unasked, but freely given.

9. Nor say, thou canst not reach to some,
   Too great, too high, too far away;
   One bond is for the rich and poor,
   And, Christian, thou canst pray.

10. In little drops the night-dews fall,
    They nurse tall tree and lovely flower;
    And lowly deeds bear precious fruits,
    And simple prayers have power.