

The morning bright, with rosy

light,

Has waked me up from sleep;

Father, I own Thy love alone

Thy little one doth keep.

All through the day I humbly

pray,

Be Thou my guard and guide;

My sins forgive, and let me live,

Blest Jesus, near Thy side.

O make Thy rest within my

breast,

Great Spirit of all grace;

Make me like Thee, then shall I be

Prepared to see Thy face.

To Father, Son,

And Spirit, One,

Great God Whom I adore,

All glory be,

My God, to Thee,

Both now, and evermore.

Amen.

25 "Therefore I say to you, do not worry about your life, what you will eat or what you will drink; nor about your body, what you will put on. Is not life more than food and the body more than clothing?"

26 Look at the birds of the air,

for they neither sow nor reap nor

gather into barns; yet your

heavenly Father feeds them. Are

you not of more value than they?

27 Which of you by worrying can

add one cubit to his stature?

28 "So why do you worry about

clothing? Consider the lilies of the

field, how they grow: they neither

toil nor spin;

29 and yet I say to you that

even Solomon in all his glory

was not arrayed like one of these.

Within a garden once there grew

A flower that seemed the very

pattern

Of all propriety; none knew

She was at heart a wandering

slattern.

The gardener old, with care and

pain,

Had trained her up as she should

grow,

Nor dreamed amid his labor vain

That rank rebellion lurked below.

A name sufficiently

high-sounding

He diligently sought for her,

Until he thought that "Rebounding

Elizabeth" he should prefer.

But when grown up the flower

began

To show the tastes within her

hidden;

At every chance quite wild she

ran,

In spite of being sternly chidden.

They told her beds for flowers were

best;

But daily greater grew her

failings;

Up to the fence she boldly pressed,

And stuck her head between the

palings.

Then to the street she struggled

through,

Tearing to rags her silken attire,

And all along the road she grew,

Regardless quite of dust and mire.

You'll find her now by country

ways,

A tattered tramp, though comely

yet,

With rosy cheek and saucy gaze,

And known to all as "Bouncing

Bet."

All things bright and beautiful,

All creatures great and small,

All things wise and wonderful,

The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,

Each little bird that sings,

He made their glowing colours,

He made their tiny wings.

The rich man in his castle,

The poor man at his gate,

God made them, high or lowly,

And ordered their estate.

The purple-headed mountain,

The river running by,

The sunset, and the morning,

That brightens up the sky;

The cold wind in the winter,

The pleasant summer sun,

The ripe fruits in the garden,

He made them every one.

The tall trees in the greenwood,

The meadows where we play,

The rushes by the water,

We gather every day;---

He gave us eyes to see them,

And lips that we might tell,

How great is God Almighty,

Who has made all things well.

As I wandered the forest,

The green leaves among,

I heard a Wild Flower

Singing a song.

'I slept in the earth

In the silent night,

I murmured my fears

And I felt delight.

'In the morning I went

As rosy as morn,

To seek for new joy;

But oh! met with scorn.'

Once in a golden hour

I cast to earth a seed.

Up there came a flower,

The people said, a weed.

To and fro they went

Thro' my garden bower,

And muttering discontent

Cursed me and my flower.

Then it grew so tall

It wore a crown of light,

But thieves from o'er the wall

Stole the seed by night.

Sow'd it far and wide

By every town and tower,

Till all the people cried,

'Splendid is the flower!'

Read my little fable:

He that runs may read.

Most can raise the flowers now,

For all have got the seed.

And some are pretty enough,

And some are poor indeed;

And now again the people

Call it but a weed.