

The Sunday School

The brightest line on memory's page
From childhood up to hoary age
Is that sweet-cheering hallowed spot
With sweetest recollections fraught,
Where first we learned life's sacred rule
In some heart-warming Sabbath School,
No fairer scene to mortals given,
No purer bliss on this side heaven,

Than where the young in love unite
And sing their songs of sweet delight.
Such as the Sunday School imparts
And leaves a blessing in our hearts.

The hymn of praise, the fervent prayer,
Assure our hearts that God is there,
And present in the lesson taught,
And in the information sought,
And speaking to us in his word
Our hearts cry out "it is the Lord."

How needful in our early youth
To store our minds with gospel truth,
And where could we such blessings find,
So suitable to heart and mind,
As in the Sunday School, where we
Unite in love and harmony?

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