

THE TRADESMAN'S NEW HYMN.



WHEN Nature in a voice of pain,
Speaks of want and woe,
The voice is heard—but heard in vain,
As our misfortunes show.

For many weeks we work have sought,
But work we can't procure,
Sad distress has been our lot,
To go from door to door.

How does the wretched parent feel,
When children cry for bread,
How keen the pain of sorrow then,
They surely must be fed.

Look then on us in our distress,
Nor think us much to blame,
In God alone we put our trust,
For poverty's no shame.

May want upon you never frown,
Nor in your dwelling come ;
May Heaven pour its blessing down,
On every friendly soul.

Lord, give us grace, that we may be,
Closely united unto thee ;
On thee we call, for Thou alone hast power,
To raise us friends in this distressing hour.

Thou Lord, can make the meanest soul,
An object of thy care,
Regard the feelings of my heart,
And hear the Tradesman's prayer.

FRIENDS,—It is with feelings of the deepest regret that we are at present compelled, for the support of ourselves and families, to offer you these few but simple verses to your notice, trusting that you will be pleased to purchase this paper, it being the only means left us at present, to support the tender thread of our existence and to keep us and our families from the utter starvation which at present surrounds us.

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The Saviour died upon the cross,
My sins and grief to bear,
For his sake, Lord, turn not away,
But hear a sinner's prayer.

My lot seem'd hard, but 'twas ordained,
My faithfulness to prove,
The child was taken far from home,
To learn a Saviour's love.

In darkness long my soul remained,
A rebel bold was I,
But love subdued my stubborn heart,
And proved that God was nigh.

And if thy Son has made me free,
Then I am free indeed ;
My soul is rescued from its chain,
For this did Jesus bleed.

Lord, send Thy Word to that far land,
Where my poor brethren dwell,
Teach them the way, the truth, the life,
That saves from death and hell.

Oh that my father and mother dear,
Might there thy mercy see,
Tell what Christ has done for them,
What he has done for me.

Lord Jesus thou hast shed thy blood,
For thousands such as me,
Many despise poor Tradesmen's lot,
But to thy cross I flee.

