

LESSON LXXIX.

ON PRAYER.

I often *say* my prayers;
But do I ever *pray*,
Or do the wishes of my *heart*
Dictate the words I say?

'Tis useless to implore,
Unless I feel my need,—
Unless 'tis from a sense of want,
That all my prayers proceed.

I may as well kneel down,
And worship gods of stone,
As offer to the living God
A prayer of *words* alone.

For words without the heart,
The Lord will never hear;
Nor will he e'er that child regard,
Whose pray'rs are insincere.

Lord, teach me what I want,
And teach me how to pray;
Nor let me e'er implore thy grace,
Not feeling what I say.

Yet remember, you who read this, you are not to neglect your prayers—because you do not feel *inclined* to pray: but this little hymn is to show you the wickedness of pretending to *pray* to the great God, while you are thinking all the time