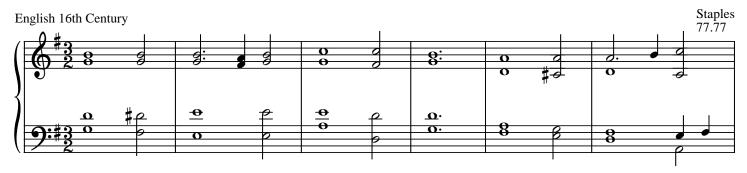
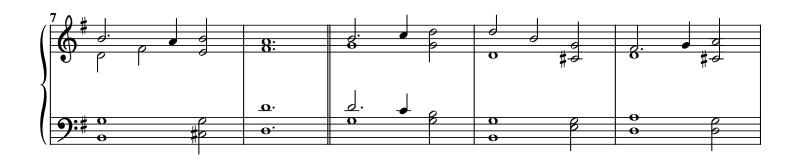
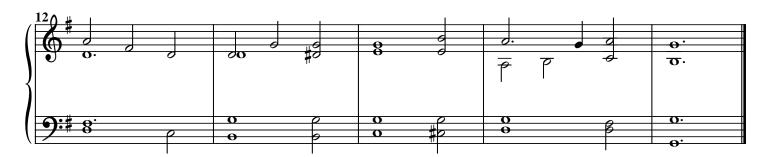
Once again, dear Lord, we pray







Once again, dear Lord, we pray For the children far away, Who have never even heard Name of Jesus, sweetest word.

Little lips that Thou hast made, 'Neath the far off temple's shade Give to gods of wood and stone Praise that should be all Thine own.

Little hands, whose wondrous skill Thou hast given to do Thy will, Offerings bring, and serve with fear Gods that cannot see or hear.

Teach them, O Thou heav'nly King, All their gifts and praise to bring To Thy Son, Who died to prove Thy forgiving, saving love.

Mary Jane Wilcox