

SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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The Lord's Prayer.

BY S. J. W.

"Our Father which art in heaven,"
Through all the years of childhood's mirth and
glee,
An earthly father's love to me was given—
I never thought of Thee.

"Thy name be hallowed," every morn I said;
Yet spoke it often in a careless tone,
And started not, nor felt a guilty dread
Of Thee the Holy One.

"Thy kingdom come" I prayed, yet better loved
The rule of Satan and of sin than Thine.
"Thy will be done." Ah, Lord, I never moved
Except the will was mine.

"Give us our daily bread, our sins forgive,
As we to others act the pard'ning part."
My Lord, I marvel Thou didst let me live,
With malice in my heart.

"Save us from evil and temptation's power"
I said, "for, Lord, the power and glory's
Thine."

Yet, was sin vanquished for a single hour?
I called the glory *mine*.

Soon sorrow came, a heavy weight of woe,
From which I vainly struggled to be free:
No earthly hope was left me, Lord, and so
I cried for help to Thee.

I asked that Thou wouldst take the cloud away,
The cloud that would not let me see the sun;
But still 'twas dark, for still I could not say
"Thy will on earth be done."

"Let it be done on earth, as angel bands
In heaven fulfil it." Through long weary years
I wrestled on, with failing heart and hands,
With sighs and bitter tears.

In agony of soul I wept and prayed,
Yet never could I pray "Thy will be done,"
Until I willed, my Saviour, to be made
In every thing Thine own.

I laid my all at Thy dear bleeding feet,
And never wished to take the gift again.
Now I can rest and say with trust complete,
Amen! Amen!

I thank Thee, Lord, that now the words I say
Come from the fulness of a loving heart.
Help me through all my life to watch and pray,
And from Thee never part.

HAMILTON, ONT.

The Lotos-Eaters.

BY JAMES COMPER GRAY.

ONCE upon a time there lived, so Homer
tells us, an easy-going, good-natured peo-
ple along a part of the north coast of
Africa, in a district called Cyrenaica.
Subsisting, as they did, on the fruit of
the lotos-tree, the Greeks—in after times
identifying the old poet's plant—called
these dreaming folk, *Lotophagi*, or lotos-
eaters. The fruit they so much affected
grew on a small prickly shrub some two
or three feet high, and was about the size
of a wild plum, of a saffron colour and a
sweetish taste. So sweet and pleasant