

SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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Songs in the Night.

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.

"LIFE is so sweet, so sweet!"
The soft, inaudible song
Flows on with rhythmic beat
Within me the whole night long.
I sleep, but my heart awakes;
It glows with a hidden light
That into the darkness breaks;
He giveth me songs in the night.

Listen! "So sweet, so sweet!"
A dreaming bird on her nest
Half wakes with the bliss complete,
That thrills to a song in her breast.
O bird in the dark, I hear!
What care we for dark or for light?
The infinite Heart is near;
He giveth me songs in the night.

"Life is so sweet, so sweet!"
The night is alive with pain,
And why should my heart repeat
A summer night song's refrain?
"Life is so sweet, so strong!"
Frail as a flower instead!
"Life is so sweet, so long!"
Hush! for I mourn my dead.

"Life is but One. He was,
And is, and ever shall be.
He who is Word and Cause
Buildeth eternity."
Listen, my heart! Then death
And darkness are life and light!
He is the Life, the Breath,
Who giveth me songs in the night.

The Teacher's Task.

Yes, sculptor, touch the clay with skill;
Let lines of beauty curve and flow,
And shape the marble to thy will,
While soft-winged fancies come and go—
Till the stone, vanquished, yield the strife,
And some fair form awake to life,
Obedient to thy lectioning hand—
And thy name ring through all the land!

And, painter, wield the brush with care;
Give firm, true touches, one by one;
Toil patiently, nor know despair,
Open thy whole soul to the sun,
And give of love's serene repose,
Till the dull canvas gleams and glows
With truth and wealth of sentiment,
And thine own heart shall be content!

But, teacher, mould the tender mind
With daintier skill, with dearer art,
All cunning of the books combined
With wider wisdom of the heart,—
The subtle spell of eyes and voice,—
Till the roused faculties rejoice,
And the young powers bloom forth and bless
The world and thine own consciousness.

—♦♦♦—

Through the Waters.

WHEN thou passeth through the waters,
I will be with thee!
Sure and sweet and all-sufficient
Shall His presence be.

All God's billows overwhelmed Him
In the great Atoning day:
Now He only leads thee through them—
With thee all the way.