

SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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Home Mission Hymn.

BY MRS. HELEN E. TAYLOR.

FROM Western mountains gleaming,
White limned beneath the sun ;
From spreading plains o'erteeming
With beauty to be won ;
From prairie blooms that waver
In native dalliance free,
To Him our Christ and Saviour,
They're calling unto Thee.

From every crowded city
In penitence and fears
The fallen seek Thy pity
With agonizing tears ;
Oh, whisper sins forgiven
To her who, loving much,
The bonds of grief are riven
By Thy all-pitying touch.

From Eastern shore to Western
Roll on the tidal wave
Of grace, through Christ's redemption—
For Him our country save ;
Home Missionary leaders,
May ye His love control,
Like prophets old and pleaders,
To win each erring soul.

Then shall our valleys blooming,
Our mountains roll along,
And ocean's distant booming
Repeat the joyful song.
He comes, the Christ, Messiah,
In living tones to-day ;
Jew, Gentile, no denier,
All bow beneath His sway.

Toiling on for Jesus.

TOILING on for Jesus, though the way be long ;
Toiling on for Jesus, for He makes us strong ;
Toiling on for Jesus, though the path be drear ;
Toiling on for Jesus, for the end is near.

Sweet, how sweet, O Jesus, will Thy welcome
be— [for Me."
"Well done, faithful servant, all was done

Toiling on for Jesus, 'neath the noontide heat ;
Toiling on for Jesus, work for Him is sweet ;
Toiling on for Jesus, though the work be hard,
Toiling on for Jesus, great is our reward.
Sweet, how sweet, etc.

Toiling on for Jesus, though our work seem vain ;
Toiling on for Jesus, e'en amidst our pain ;
Toiling on for Jesus, though the way be lone,
Toiling on for Jesus, till His work is done.
Sweet, how sweet, etc.

Toiling on for Jesus, whom unseen we love,
Bringing many with us to His home above ;
Toiling on for Jesus, who hath toiled for us,
Leading lost ones homeward, serving Jesus thus.
Sweet, how sweet, etc.

Toiling on for Jesus, with our might and main,
Scattering by the wayside His own precious grain ;
Toiling on for Jesus, not for self at all,
Working in His vineyard, yielding Him our all.
Sweet, how sweet, etc.

Toiling on for Jesus, gathering in the corn,
Sweet will be the harvest, when home all is borne ;
Sweet, how sweet, O Jesus, will Thy welcome be—
"Well done, faithful servant, all was done for
Me."
Sweet, how sweet, etc.