

SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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"Come To Me, Lord."

BY REV. J. LAYCOCK.

Come to me in the watches of the night,
When visions weird and gloomy throng
the brain,
And drive away the phantoms that
affright—
The harbingers of pain.

Come to me when the nightmare of the
soul—
The enemy of good, would break my
rest,
The drama of perdition wide unroll,
To flood with fear my breast.

Come to me when the midnight curtains
fall,
When lightning gleams stream from
the Storm-God's eye,
And frowning shadows from the tem-
pest's pall
Drape earth and sea and sky.

Be near me when the darkest hour
comes down,
When murkiness and mist are in the
air,
And morn shall dawn without a scowl,
or frown,
The day come in most fair.

And, rising like a little child from rest,
Beside the unseen Father's knee I'll
kneel,
Pour forth the loving offerings of my
breast—
The gratitude I feel.

Be near me through the day as in the
night,
Guide me through all the mazes of
life's way
Be thou, O Lord, my shield, and with
thy might,
My foes hold in dismay.

And when the day is o'er again, I'll kneel
Where I have knelt ten thousand times
before,
In presence of the God who doth reveal
His mercy evermore.

Yea, in the quiet of life's closing day,
I'll breathe my soul into his tender
care,
Lie down to sleep while stars shine
through death's spray,
Breathing my evening prayer.
Gladstone, Man.

When there are two possible motives
for the conduct of another, it is not only
a more charitable, but probably a more
truthful, judgment to impute the better
motives.—Peloubet.