

SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

VOL. XIX.]

MAY, 1885.

[No. 5.

The Dead Day.

I WATCHED beside the dying day,
I saw its colour fade away,
And slowly steal the ashen gray
O'er cheek and brow ;
I laid my dead in a peaceful tomb,
Above its head the roses bloom,
Why must it arise from the shadowy gloom
To haunt me now ?

The old light shines in tender eyes,
Like the glow in summer evening skies,
And the lips I loved from the grave arise
With the old smile still.
Tones whose music full well I know,
Quicken the blood in its onward flow,
And my heart responds, as in long ago,
With the old-time thrill.

But the vision fades, and the air grows chill ;
A cold white mist creeps over the hill ;
One moment the love-light lingers still,
Then in its stead

The darkness deepens ; the shrouding skies
Shut out all else from my straining eyes
Save the narrow space where starkly lies
The grave of my dead.

It can never return, and I will forget !
Ashes to ashes ! and yet—and yet—
The pain is soothed when my eyes are wet
With memory's tears ;
And this vision out of the vanished past,
With its warmth and grace, has a radiant cast
O'er my desolate path, whose light shall last
Through coming years.

The grave no more my dead shall hide,
For, still the same, yet glorified,
A gracious presence at my side
Shall ever be.

I walk in the light of a sunshine fled ;
With the echo of music my soul is fed,
And the golden dream of the day that is dead
Is more than all life to me.

Jerusalem from the North-West.

THIS is a view of Jerusalem which we have never before seen depicted. It shows the exceedingly rugged nature of the surrounding country—the deep ravines, the precipitous cliffs, the many windings of the pathways to the city. The long stretch of the walls, the Mosque of Omar, and the many minarets and towers, form one of the most thrilling scenes on earth. Small wonder that the armies of the Crusaders, as they came within sight of the holy city, fell on their knees, and that many of these soldiers of the cross burst into tears. But, though our feet may never stand within the walls of the earthly Jerusalem, thank God, we may all stand within the walls of the Jerusalem on high—the city of the Great King; the glorious dwelling-place of our God.

CORRECTION.—In Normal Class Work in January BANNER, page 5, left-hand column, for "I. Finite Mind in the Word," read "I. Finite Mind in the World." The printer's omission of the "1" completely destroyed the sense and the argument.—A. A.