

# SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for  
TEACHERS  
AND  
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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## Feed My Lambs.

"If ye love Me," said the Master,  
 "I ask of you a sign:  
 Gather the little children:  
 Go, feed these lambs of mine.

"To save their souls from dying,  
 My life I've freely given;  
 Yours be the task to lead them  
 Up to My own bright heaven."

"Master, Thou knowest all things,"  
 Our inmost hearts reply;

"Thou knowest that we love Thee,  
 That we for Thee would die."

Yet sad and lost they wander  
 O'er mountains dark and cold,  
 Hungering still for living bread—  
 These lambs Thou bad'st us fold.

Oh, the myriads of children  
 Who lift appealing hands  
 And famine-stricken faces  
 To these fair, Christian lands!

Far in the sunny tropics,  
 Far in the North-land cold,  
 They dwell by us unheeded—  
 Christ's lambs, outside the fold.

Lord, by the love we bear Thee,  
 Who died on Calvary.  
 Help us to hold more sacred  
 Thy precious legacy;—

Help us to bring the children  
 From every land to Thee;  
 And Thine shall be the kingdom,  
 Thine shall the glory be.

## Witnesses.

"I AM working alone, and no one heeds!"  
 Who says so, does not know;  
 There are clear eyes watching on every side,  
 And wherever our feet may go,  
 We are "compassed about with so great a  
 cloud,"  
 That if we could only see,  
 We could never think that our life is small,  
 Or that we may unnoticed be!

We seem to suffer and bear alone  
 Life's burdens and all its care;  
 And the sighs and prayers of the heavy heart  
 Vanish into the air;  
 But we do not suffer, or work alone,  
 And after a victory won,  
 Who knows how happy the hosts may be  
 Who whisper a soft "Well done!"

Oh, do not deem that it matters not  
 How you live your life below;  
 It matters much to the heedless crowd  
 That you see go to and fro;  
 For that is noble and high and good  
 Has an influence on the rest,  
 And the world is better for every one  
 Who is living at his best.

Oh, for a life without reproach,  
 For a heart of earnestness!  
 For self forgotten, for meanness slain,  
 For hands well used to bless!  
 God, raise us far from the little things,  
 And make us meet to be  
 Skilled workers here in the place we fill,  
 And servants unto Thee!

—Marianne Farningham.