

SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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An Answered Prayer.

"O GIVE me a message of quiet."
I asked in my morning prayer;
"For the turbulent trouble within me
Is more than my heart can bear.
Around there is strife and discord,
And storms that do not cease,
And the whirl of the world is on me,—
Thou only canst give me peace."

I opened the old, old Bible,
And looked at a page of psalms
Till the wintry sea of my trouble
Was soothed by its summer calms;
For the words that have helped so many,
And that ages have made more dear,
Seemed new in their power to comfort,
As they brought me my word of cheer.

Like music of solemn singing
The words came down to me—
"The Lord is slow to anger,
And of mercy great is He;
Each generation praiseth
His works of long renown,
The Lord upholdeth all that fall,
And raiseth the bowed down."

That gave me the strength I wanted!
I knew that the Lord was nigh;
All that was making me sorry
Would be better by-and-by;
I had but to wait in patience,
And keep at my Father's side,
And nothing would really hurt me
Whatever might betide.

I found that when He gives quiet,
No other can trouble make;
Pardon and perfect safety
Lie in the path I take:
So, stronger to carry the burden,
I met my day of care,
For my heart was lightened and joyous
With the peace of an answered prayer.
—Marianne Farningham.

"Tell Jesus."

Go to Jesus, child of sorrow,
Kneel, and watch, and humbly pray;
Sin hath brought a darkened morrow
To thy brightly opened day.
Dry those fastly-flowing tears,
That no mortal eye doth see;
Throw aside all worldly fears,
Jesus died and bled for thee.

Ere the weary day is past,
And the evening shadows fall,
At the cross thy burdens cast,
Jesus will receive them all.
With the morning's earliest breath,
Bow the head and bend the knee;
From the toils of sin and death,
Jesus stands to set thee free.

When the day's long tasks are done,
And its cares and toils are o'er,
Count thy errors, one by one,
Then arise, and sin no more.
O'er the tide of human woe,
Beams the eastern star for thee;
Turn thy gaze from all below
To the cross of Calvary.