

SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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My Captain.

Where art thou, O my Captain,
For I cannot see thy face?
"Yet am I here, have thou no fear;
Step in and fill thy place."

The coming battle, Captain,
What doth it mean to me?
"It meaneth naught 'till it be won,
For the end thou canst not see."

I would be brave, my Captain,
But fear oft proves a guest
"March on! think thou of duty;
Leave thou with me the rest."

I fain would halt, my Captain,
For the way has been full long.
"I march with thee—lift up thy voice,
And cheer thee with a song."

The way is rough, my Captain,
Hast thou no thought for me.
"Long ere yet thy feet were set,
I trod this road for thee."

But if I fail, my Captain,
And fall out on that day?
"The fight goes on, the battle won,
But thou art far away!"

The victory—O Captain,
The bitter fight is past;
Through the fiery rain of hell,
I saw thy face at last!

The watch is set, the camp-fires burn,
Weary, at last I rest.
O Captain of the souls of men,
Thy way alone is best!

—Emma M. Johnston, in the Philadelphia
Methodist.