

SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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My Class for Jesus.

BY A TORONTO S. S. TEACHER.

My precious class for Jesus,
Who did so much for me :
Who paid the price which justice claimed
In hours of agony.
'Tis little, O my Saviour !
That my weak hand can give ;
Oh, let me win these thoughtless ones
To look to thee and live.

My whole dear class for Jesus !
Now in their youthful bloom ;
Ere shadows lie across their path,
Dull sickness and the tomb—
While life is in its morning,
And bright hopes cluster high,
May these immortal souls lay up
Their treasure in the sky.

My whole dear class for Jesus !
Oh, let not one be lost ;
When Calvary was the fearful sum
Their wondrous ransom cost.
One little step may sever
The parting veil away ;
And forms that now are glad and fair
To-morrow may be clay.

For Jesus ! Oh, for Jesus !
The time is fleeting fast ;
The holy Sabbaths hasten by,
Soon, soon will come the last—

Then, teachers, toil for Jesus,
As ne'er ye toiled before,
That each may bear a precious sheaf
To yonder shining shore.
—Guardian.

In His World.

BY BENJAMIN F. LEGGETT.

God is in his palace hall,
Let the earth be still ;
His sceptre over all,
He will work his will.
Puny kings of hoary wrong,
Laden with their gold,
Though they seem to prosper long,
Perish as of old.

Nations rise and nations fall,
Kingdoms pass away ;
Lo ! they crumble one and all,
God abides for aye.
Every form of ill shall pass
As a pebble hurled,
Or a shadow on the grass—
God is in his world !

He hath made it all complete
Through the seasons long,
And their pageant, passing sweet,
Move to grandest song.
Nature swells an anthem strain—
Bee and star imperaled,
Sing, O heart of man, again,
God is in his world !

—S. S. Journal.