

SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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Lines Written in Deep Affliction.

BY G. W. T.

JESUS, Master ! hear me pray,
Now the same as yesterday ;
Ever waiting to be good,
Save the purchase of Thy blood.

Justice claims the full arrear
Of my every mis-spent year ;
Justice claims the talents' gain,
Which have in my napkin lain.

Jesus, Master ! Thou hast died,
All my guilt and shame to hide ;
All my secret faults to cleanse ;
All my gross and open sins.

Jesus ! if I still must go
Suffering with thy saints below ;
If life's troubles still must roll
O'er my faint and sinking soul ;—

Envy, malice, hatred, wrong,
Reeking honeyed from the tongue,
Falling on my stricken heart,
Causing many a tear to start.

Pitying Saviour ! Thou hast borne
Shame and spitting, hate and scorn,
Treach'rous Judas' traitor's kiss,
And the scornful soldier's hiss.

Jesus, Master ! hear me pray,
Now the same as yesterday ;
Save me from the strife of tongues,
And from treachery's cruel wrongs.

Jesus ! henceforth, all sublime,
Make me in Thy likeness shine ;
Inward, outward, in accord
With my meek and suffering Lord.

Then shall I in spirit be
Always even like to Thee ;
Always looking for Thy smile,
Pains and sufferings to beguile.

Then shall I exceeding glad,
In Thy blessed footsteps tread,
Looking for my great reward
In the kingdom of my Lord.

The Marks of the Lord Jesus.

BY EMMA F. WYMAN.

How can God's children murmur,
What ills can they complain,
If they are one with Jesus
In suffering and pain ?
Though want and care oppress us,
Though undeserved the blame,
Yet Christ has borne before us
The poverty and shame.

Though cherished friends desert thee,
O heart, be not dismayed !
He sealed thy grief in Judah,
Forsaken and betrayed.
His own, though weak and sinful,
Find shelter in His breast ;
His own, though bruised and weary,
In Him find peace and rest.