

SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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The Noisy Seven.

(John iv. 37.)

I WONDER if he remembers,
That good old man in heaven,
The class in the hillside school-house,
Known as "The Noisy Seven"?

I wonder if he remembers
How restless we used to be,
Or thinks we forget the lesson
Of Christ and Gethsemane?

I wish I could tell that story
As he used to tell it then;
I'm sure that with Heaven's blessing
I could reach the hearts of men.

That voice so touchingly tender
Comes down to me through the years,
A pathos which seem to mingle
His own with the Saviour's tears.

I often wish I could tell him,
Though we caused him so much pain
By our thoughtless, boyish frolic,
His lessons were not in vain.

I'd like to tell him how Harry,
The merriest of all,
From the bloody field of Shiloh
Went home at the Master's call.

I'd like to tell him how Stephen,
So brimming with mirth and fun,
Now tells the heathen of China
The tale of the crucified One.

I'd like to tell him how Joseph
And Philip and Jack and Jay
Are honoured among the churches,
The foremost men of their day.

I'd like, yes, I'd like to tell him
What his lessons did for me,
And how I'm trying to follow
That Christ of Gethsemane.

Perhaps he knows it already,
For Harry has told, maybe,
That we all are coming—coming
Through Christ of Gethsemane.

How many besides I know not
Will gather at last in heaven,
The fruit of that faithful sowing,
But the sheaves are surely seven.

—Rev. George F. Hunting.

Childhood's Ideals.

WE grudge children their ideals. There are the much-abused Sunday-school books, which many good people unite to condemn. They are bad enough, many of them; but that which is made the special object of abuse in them, that they describe unnaturally perfect boys and girls, is not necessarily a fault. If the perfect children they describe are only healthy, and not sickly, in their virtue, they just meet, and cultivate that belief in the possibility of perfection which is instructive in a child's heart, and which in a man's is so often, so soon, buried deep under the accumulated conviction of the reality of sin. The present tendency of those who write children's books is to describe not the perfect child, but the children as they are. The old-fashioned way was truer to the child's idealizing nature. For the first feature of a child's religion will be this, which we cannot ignore, that a child will come to God far oftener, and far closer, from love of the good than from hatred of the evil.—Phillips Brooks.