

SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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Holy Spirit, Come.

BY LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON.

Methodist Magazine and Review for June.

This number completes the fifty-first volume of this Magazine. It has thus maintained a longer continuous existence than any other Canadian monthly. It has nine well illustrated articles, among them being, "Campaigning with Kitchener," "In Manxland," "A Day in Thrums," "Low Water Levels in Canada," "Field-Marshal Lord Roberts," and copious illustrations of the World's Progress. C. C. James, M.A., Deputy-Minister of Agriculture, contributes a very interesting and instructive paper on the "Problem of Race and Population in Canada." A triumphant vindication of Britain's policy in South Africa is presented by Geoffrey Drage, M.A., M.P., Chairman of the Imperial South African Association. A clever story of "The Uitlander's Ride," describes vividly the truculence and tyranny of the Boers. The clever Canadian story, "From the Hills of Algoma," is continued. Several articles of special Methodist interest are given, with summary of the Ecumenical Missionary Conference and General Conference of the M. E. Church, United States.

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The Sunday-school which has no Home Department may have pretty good head and hands, but is like Mephibosheth, the son of Jonathan, who was "lame on his feet."

At the feet of God I fall :
Holy Spirit, come !
For the Comforter I call :
Holy Spirit, come !
Dwell within me and abide ;
O'er my purposes preside ;
By thy Providence provide ;
Then shall faithless fear subside :
Holy Spirit, come.

Thou dost every hope fulfil :
Holy Spirit, come !
All things wait thy word and will :
Holy Spirit, come !
Teach me how to pray ; for I
Would on thee alone rely
For my spiritual supply—
Every grace by Christ brought nigh :
Holy Spirit, come.

Gentleness and Love thou art :
Holy Spirit, come !
Thou art holiness of heart :
Holy Spirit, come !
Sanctify my thought by thine ;
In my breast thyself enshrine ;
With my nature intertwine,
Till thy Purity is mine :
Holy Spirit, come.

Fain would I thy Fulness know :
Holy Spirit, come !
Into thy Perfection grow :
Holy Spirit, come !
Peace shall o'er my passions reign,
Righteousness shall wrath restrain,
Joy each drooping sense sustain,
When thou comest to remain :
Holy Spirit, come.
Toronto, Can.