

SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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Is Your Lamp Burning?

SAY, is your lamp burning, my brother?
I pray you look quickly and see;
For if it were burning, then surely
Some beams would fall brightly on me.

Straight, straight is the road, but I falter
And often fall out by the way;
Then lift your lamp higher, my brother,
Lest I should make fatal delay.

There are many and many around you
Who follow wherever you go;
If you thought that they walked in a shadow,
Your lamp would burn higher, I know.

Upon the dark mountains they stumble;
They are bruised on the rocks, and they lie,
With their white pleading faces turned upward
To the clouds of the pitiful sky.

There is many a lamp that is lighted:
We behold them anear and afar;
But not many of them, my brother,
Shine steadily on like a star.

I think, were they trimmed night and morning,
They would never burn down or go out,
Though from the four quarters of heaven
The winds were all blowing about.

If once all the lamps that are lighted;
Should steadily blaze in a line,
Wide over the land and the ocean,
What a girdle of glory would shine!

How all the dark places would brighten;
How the mists would roll up and away!
How the earth would laugh out in her gladness
To hail the millennial day!

Follow Thou Me.

HAVE ye looked for sheep in the desert,
For those who have missed their way?
Have ye been in the wild waste places,
Where the lost and wandering stray?
Have ye trodden the lonely highway,
The foul and darksome street?
It may be ye'd see in the gloaming
The print of my wounded feet.

Have ye folded home to your bosom
The trembling, neglected lamb,
And taught to the little lost one
The sound of the Shepherd's name?
Have ye searched for the poor and needy,
With no clothing, no home, no bread?
The Son of Man was among them,
He had nowhere to lay His head!

Have ye carried the living water
To the parched and thirsty soul?
Have ye said to the sick and wounded,
"Christ Jesus make thee whole?"
Have ye told my fainting children
Of the strength of the Father's hand?
Have ye guided the tottering footsteps
To the shores of the "Golden Land"?

Have ye stood by the sad and weary,
To smooth the pillow of death,
To comfort the sorrow-stricken,
And strengthen the feeble faith?
And have ye felt, when the glory
Has streamed through the open door
And flitted across the shadows,
That I had been there before!

—N. Y. Observer.