

SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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"How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord."

BY FAIRELIE THORNTON.

WHAT will you *do* for Jesus,
Oh, you for whom He bled ?
Will you do aught for Jesus,
Who suffered in your stead ?
To-day He asks your service,
Will you not heed the call ?
What will you do for Jesus ?
Will you not yield Him all !

What will you *give* for Jesus,
Who gave His life for thee ?
Will you not give your lifetime,
Though short that life may be ?
O can you spend in pleasure
That life redeemed by blood ?
To-day He asks his lawful right,
O will you grieve your God ?

What will you *say* for Jesus ?
Your lips are not your own,
And they must speak for Jesus
If they are His alone.
Must speak, though it may cost thee
Reproach, and shame, and loss ;
Fear not, trust him, and obey,
And take up thus the cross.

What can you *bear* for Jesus.
Who bore so much for thee ?
Can you bear ought for Jesus,
Or do you trials flee ?
Oh would'st thou be like Jesus,
Thou must not fear to bear
The cross which He shall give you,
Which He with you will share !

What will you *yield* to Jesus ?
Oh, fix to-day your choice,
And make a full surrender
Of heart, of hands, of voice !
Half-hearted, cold, and faithless,
He will not have you be ;
Yield, O yield yourself, your all,
To serve most willingly.

To-day *give all* to Jesus,
All—all you have to give ;
Why should you fear to trust him,
And dread His life to live ?
For the service is not hard,
Which full surrender needs :
'Tis but to *trust Christ fully,*
And follow where He leads.

The Sabbath School.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

GROUP after group are gathering, such as prest
Once to their Saviour's arms, and gently laid
Their cherub heads upon His shielding breast,
Though sterner souls the fond approach forbade ;
Group after group glide on with noiseless tread,
And round Jehovah's sacred altar meet,
Where holy thoughts in infant hearts are bred,
And holy words their ruby lips repeat,
Oft with a chasten'd glance, in modulation
sweet.
Yet some there are upon whose childish brow
Wan poverty has done the work of care ;
Look up, ye sad ones ! 'tis your Father's house
Beneath whose consecrated dome you are ;