

SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

VOLUME XVI.]

APRIL, 1882.

[No. 4.]

Who Shall Roll Away the Stone ?

BY G. W. MOON.

THAT which weeping ones were saying
Eighteen hundred years ago,
We, the same weak faith betraying,
Say in our sad hours of woe,
Looking at some trouble lying
In the dark and dread unknown,
We, too, often ask with sighing,
" Who shall roll away the stone ? "

Thus with care our spirits crushing,
When they might from care be free,
And, in joyous song out-gushing,
Rise in rapture, Lord, to Thee.
For, before the way was ended,
Oft we've had with joy to own,
Angels from heaven descended,
And have rolled away the stone.

Many a storm-cloud sweeping o'er us,
Never pours on us its rain ;
Many a grief we see before us,
Never comes to cause us pain.
Ofttimes in the feared " to-morrow "
Sunshine comes, the cloud has flown !
Ask not then in foolish sorrow,
" Who shall roll away the stone ? "

Burden not thy soul with sadness ;
Make a wiser, better choice ;
Drink the wine of life with gladness ;
God doth bid thee, man, " Rejoice."
In to-day's bright sunlight breaking,
Leave to-morrow's cares alone ;
Spoil not present joys by asking,
" Who shall roll away the stone ? "

Lessons of Easter.

BY SPITTA, TRANSLATED BY R. MASSIE.

SAY, my soul, what preparation
Makest thou for this high day,
When the God of thy salvation
Opened through the tomb a way ?
Dweldest thou with pure affection
On this proof of power and love ?
Doth thy Saviour's resurrection
Raise thy thoughts to things above ?

Hast thou, borne on Faith's strong pinion,
Risen with thy risen Lord ?
And, released from sin's dominion,
Into purer regions soared ?
Or, art thou, in spite of warning,
Dead in trespasses and sin ?
Hath to thee the purple morning
No true Easter ushered in ?

O, then, let not death o'ertake thee,
By the shades of night o'erspread ;
See ! thy Lord is come to wake thee,
He is risen from the dead.
While the time as yet allows thee,
Hear, the gracious Saviour cries ;
" Sleeper, from thy sloth arouse thee,
To new life at once arise."

See, with looks of tender pity,
He extends His wounded hands,
Bidding thee, with fond entreaty,
Shake off sin's entralling bands :
" Wait not for some future meetness,
Dread no punishment from Me ;
Rouse thyself, and taste the sweetness
Of the new life offered thee."