

SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

VOLUME XV.]

JULY, 1881.

[No. 7.

Robert Raikes.

BY FRANCIS TUCKER.

No mail-clad knight or lettered sage,
No peerless wonder of his age ;
Plain yeoman in a country town,
Good, pure, and kind, his sole renown—
Save that some marked his visage mild
Grow radiant when he met a child.

A child to him was treasure-trove,
A waif, a stray, from heaven above ;
A coin defaced, no image true,
But waiting to be stamped anew ;
A precious wreck from stormy seas,
A promise of infinities !

"Gather the children" was his cry,
"Gather, and mould, and mend ! O why
Give up to sloth, and vice, and crime
The fairest product of the time !
Enough that men should prove defiled,
But save the infant ! save the child !

"Is there no Friend for such as they !
No Guide to lead in wisdom's way !
No Shepherd for such little sheep,
With skill to care, and love to keep !—
The hands that once on Calvary bled
First rested on an infant's head !

"Copy the Master ! catch the fire !
Let His own love your souls inspire ;
On His own day the wand'ers bring
To learn the praises of their King ;
And found, in furtherance of His rule,
That blessed thing—a Sunday-school !"

He spoke ! the Master heard and blessed ;
From north to south, from east to west,
The message runs ; and lo ! it wakes
The Church to learn of Robert Raikes :
And coronets and crowns grow dim,
Grand yeoman ! when we think of him.

Myriads of teachers speak his fame ;
Millions of scholars bless his name ;
No seas, no shores can bound the bliss
Which grace has wrought through work like his
While all he asks is this record—
A LOVING FOLLOWER OF HIS LORD !

Fi. ding of Moses.

'MID perfume sweet of spice, at eve's first blush,
Fair, as the tint upon the op'ning rose
'Mid the green leaves that round about it close,
Proud Pharaoh's daughter with the maids of Cush
Walked by the river's bank at eve's sweet hush—
When from the Nile a sudden cry arose
As of an infant waking from repose.
More loudly did its fitful wailings rush
In mellowed accents that the waters shaped
To move the Princess ; as, with pitying eye,
She looked upon the babe, and lo, it wept.
Its flowing tears awaked her sympathy—
And Moses lives, the Prophet of our God,
Like unto Him that in the winepress trod !

We find a branch of healing
Near every bitter spring—
A whispered promise stealing
On every broken string.