

SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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The Hiding-Place.

BY MRS. M. L. DICKINSON.

I HAVE only to hasten and hide,
I have only to cling and abide;
I am safe whatever betide,
In the heart, in the heart of my God.

My weeping is changed to a song,
No sorrow comes near, and no wrong
Can enter a fortress so strong
As the heart, as the heart of my God.

When the cloud and the whirlwind sweep
by,

In the cleft of the rock I can lie;
The Rock that is higher than I
Is the heart, is the heart of my God.

What matter if sorrows assail,
What matter if mortal strength fail,
No tempest can ever prevail
'Gainst the strength in the heart of my God.

From the smittings of scorn that begin
In the soul scourged and hunted by sin,
There is healing and comfort within
The pitiful heart of my God.

A refuge divine from my fears,
From the strife of the turbulent years,
From anguish and mourning and tears,
Is the heart, is the heart of my God.

In this fortress, my soul, be thou still,
'Neath his blessed, omnipotent will;
Till his love, overflowing, shall fill
Thy life from the heart of thy God.

The After-Tillage of February.

WHEN the ground is hard, intractable, buried under snow-drifts, the above title may sound like a contradiction, and yet in the spiritual history of a Sunday-school, February is one of the most valuable months.

In January, we bring out the ploughs of repentance, and break up the souls hardened in sin. Is there no unbroken ground in February? Has every soul been confronted with the Spirit's earnest summons to a better life? There may be an abundance of after-ploughing for February.

In January, the sower goes up and down the opened furrows and scatters the seed of truth. Is there not some corner, some little nook in the school, where seed has not been cast?

The boy sitting next to you, the teacher, each Sunday, may have a heart that no seed has touched. O let patient hands in February go up and down the furrows and scatter anew the seed of life. Have faith in the after-sowing of February.

In January, there is earnest cultivation of all ground broken up and sown down to the truth. Night after night, the bell in the steeple may solemnly swing and call in sweet and serious tones all souls to the house of prayer and to a better life. There are quickening sermons from the pulpit, and in private what tender, watchful striving with souls? When February comes, the crisis hour may be more serious than in January. February has its birds of temptation, its scorching suns of opposition, its choking thorns of worldliness. These may arrest and destroy the good work once begun. After-cultivation will watch over the seed and care for any immature growth. Look after these February birds, these February sins, these February thorns. Watch, work, pray, wait. Let there be the after-tillage of February.—*S. S. Journal.*

JOHN G. WHITTIER, the poet, never drank a glass of grog, never smoked a cigar, never chewed tobacco, and never indulged in profanity.