

# SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for  
TEACHERS  
AND  
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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## Hoping and Waiting.

Lam. iii. 26.

BY DAISY EARLE.

It was a Sabbath evening,  
My Sabbath work was done,  
\* \* \* \* \*  
But I wept in silent sorrow,  
For my heart was very sore.

I had told, the "old, story,"  
To my precious class that day;  
I had striven hard to win them,  
From the error of their way;  
I spoke of Jesus' glory,  
I spoke of Jesus' love,  
But, alas! their eyes were holden,  
Though I tried to rend the veil—  
To them, the "old, old story,"  
Was a tedious, twice-told tale.

Strong in faith, in Jesus' promise,  
I had wrestled hard, and prayed,  
Till it seemed as if the answer,  
Could not longer be delayed;  
Waiting for the Spirit's blessing,  
Months, aye years had passed me o'er,  
So I wept in anguish bitter,  
For my heart was very sore.

Softly fell the evening sunshine,  
Athwart each dusky nook;

Lighting up the well-worn edges,  
Of the dear familiar Book.  
And I raised it from the table.  
And sought, nor sought in vain,  
From its sacred page, a promise,  
Just made for me, to gain.

"As the rain and snow from heaven  
Return not unemployed—  
So my changeless word shall never,  
Turn again unto me void.  
It shall prosper where I send it,  
And my purpose shall fulfil,  
From my mouth it goes forth mighty  
To accomplish what I will."

Not, perhaps, as I had wished it,  
Swinging wide each bolted gate,  
E'er I learned for God's salvation,  
Both to hope and quiet wait.  
I'd been groaning 'neath a burden  
The Lord alone could bear—  
This was the way He taught me  
To cast on Him my care.

Then I knelt down in the darkness,  
For the light had faded quite,  
And I prayed to Him who seeth,  
In the darkness, as the light;  
And I told Him all my sorrow,  
And spoke sweetly with Him there;—  
Then I arose up calm and strengthened,  
For I knew He heard my prayer,