

# SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for  
TEACHERS  
AND  
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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## The Tapestry Worker.

BY MARGARET SCOTT MACRITCHIE.

“ CARRY me out, my brethren ;  
For I can work no more.  
Carry me out to meet Him—  
My Master at the door !  
The sun is slowly setting,  
And the old man's eyes are dim,  
And the task He gave is finished ;  
Carry me out to Him !

“ The task He gave is finished ;  
I mind when it began,  
How joyously and swiftly  
The busy moments ran ;  
In arduour for His service,  
Methought I wrought so well,  
That e'en His own appointments  
I should at last excel.

“ But through my vain ambition  
There fell the hand divine,  
That quietly effaced it—  
My dearly-loved design.  
And while I sore lamented  
For beauty swept away,  
' *More beauty hath obedience,*  
I heard the Master say.

“ Then I was still, my brethren,  
And turned to toil anew,  
Leaving to Him the guidance,  
Whose plans are sure and true ;  
And though to trace His pattern  
At times I vainly tried,  
My heart found rest remembering  
*He sees the other side.*

“ I sat behind the canvas,  
I saw no beauty grow,  
I held His own directions—  
Enough for me to know ;  
Many had wider portions  
Of clearer, brighter hue,  
But the old man in the corner  
The Master needeth too.

“ And if no gain nor glory  
Shine out from this my weft,  
Still, He will not be angry—  
I did the task He left.  
And now that I am helpless,  
And weary is my frame,  
My brethren, in the distance  
I hear Him call my name.”

They bore the old man gently  
Forth from the working-room,  
Forth from the ended labour,  
Forth from the silent loom.  
And down a voice came floating,  
A voice serenely blest,

“ O good and faithful servant,  
Enter thou into rest !

“ Long, long in patient duty  
Thy yearning soul was tried,  
Open thine eyes to beauty  
Upon the other side !  
Behind the canvas toiling,  
Thou didst not dream of this,  
That every shadow-tangle  
Wrought out eternal bliss ;

“ And every thread mysterious  
Into the pattern given,  
Was weaving rich perfection  
Of love and life in heaven.  
Now rise thou to the glory  
By lowly hearts possessed,  
Who but fulfil My bidding,  
And leave to Me the rest !”