

SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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The Master Wants Workers.

THE Master wants workers, his harvest is white,
His command, "Go ye forth," is to all;
Go work with a will and let not the dark night
On an ungathered harvest field fall.
The Master wants workers and calleth for you,
There's work for the weakest and smallest to do.

The Master wants workers, and that which is
right
He will give at the end of the day;
So thrust in the sickle and work with thy might,
If not gathered ripe grain will decay. } 370
The Master wants workers, then why will you
not
Begin now to serve Him? 'tis not a hard lot.

The Master wants workers, each service He
knows,
And not one is too small to record;
E'en he who a cup of cold water bestows
In His name shall not lose his reward.
The Master wants workers, oh, why still delay?
Begin in His service to labour to-day.

The Master wants workers, the night cometh
soon
When the weary shall rest from all care;
When those who have toiled through the heat
of the noon
Shall no longer its weariness bear.
The Master wants workers, think what he has
borne
That you might his crown of rejoicing adorn.

The Master wants workers, his harvest is great,
'Tis the world with its millions untaught;

'A multitude vast rushing on to their fate,
Knowing not what the Saviour has wrought.
The Master wants workers, a host of true men,
To lead them to Jesus from hill, plain and glen.
—F. J. Stevens.

He Liveth Long Who Liveth Well.

BY HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

He liveth long who liveth well!
All other life is short and vain;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long who liveth well!
All else is being flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Waste not thy being; back to Him,
Who freely gave it, freely give,
Else is that being but a dream,
'Tis but to *be*, and not to *live*.

Be wise, and use thy wisdom well;
Who wisdom *speaks* must *live* it too;
He is the wisest who can tell
How first he *lived*, then *spoke*, the true.

Be what thou seemest; live thy creed;
Hold up to earth the touch divine;
Be what thou prayest to be made;
Let the great Master's step be thine.

Fill up each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.