

SUNDAY SCHOOL BARRER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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Overburdened About Much Serving.

CHRIST never asks of us such busy labor
As needs no time for *resting at his feet* ;
The waiting attitude of expectation.
He oftentimes counts a service most complete.

He sometimes wants our ear—our rapt attention.

That he some sweetest secret may impart ;
'Tis always in the time of deepest silence
That heart finds deepest fellowship with
heart.

We sometimes wonder why our [Lord doth
place us

Within a sphere so narrow, so obscure,
That nothing we call *work* can find an entrance
There's only room to suffer—to endure !

Well, God loves patience ! Souls that dwell
in stillness

Doing the *little things or resting quite*.
May just as perfectly fulfil their mission,
Be just as useful in their Father's sight,

As they who grapple with some giant evil
Clearing a path that every one may see !
Our Saviour cares for *cheerful acquiescence*,
Rather than for *busy ministry*.

And yet he does love service, where 'tis
given

By grateful love that clothes itself in deed ;
But work that's done beneath the scourge of
duty.

Be sure to such he gives but little heed.

Then seek to please him, whatso'er he bids
thee,

Whether to do, to suffer, to lie still !
'Twill matter little by what path he leads us,
If in it all we seek to do his will !

Sow the Seed.

Sow ye beside all waters,
Where the dew of heaven may fall ;
Ye shall reap if ye be not weary,
For the Spirit breathes o'er all.

Sow, 'though the thorns may wound thee,
One wore the thorns for thee ;
And though the cold world scorn thee,
Patient and hopeful be.

Sow ye beside all waters,
With a blessing and a prayer ;
Name Him whose hand upbraideth thee,
And sow thou everywhere.

Sow when the morning breaketh
In beauty o'er the land ;
And when the evening falleth,
Withhold not thou thine hand.

Sow, though the rock repel thee
In its cold and sterile pride ;
Some cleft there may be riven,
Where the little seed may hide.

Fear not, for some will flourish,
And, though the tares abound,
Like the willows by the waters
Will the scattered grain be found.