

SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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Retrospection.

BY ANNIE SHIPTON.

He was better to me than all my hopes,
He was better than all my fears ;
He made a road of my broken works,
And a rainbow of my tears.
The billows that guarded my sea-girt path,
But carried my Lord on their crest ;
When I dwell on the days of my wilderness march,
I can lean on His love for the rest.

He emptied my hands of my treasured store,
And His covenant love revealed ;
There was not a wound in my aching heart
But the balm of His health had healed.
O, tender and true was the chastening sore,
In wisdom that taught and tried,
Till the soul that He sought was trusting in Him,
And nothing on earth beside.

He guided by paths that I could not see,
By ways that I have not known— [plain,
The crooked was straight, and the rough made
As I followed the Lord alone.
I praise Him still for the pleasant palms,
And the water-springs by the way ;
For the glowing pillar of flame by night,
And the sheltering cloud by day.

There is light for me on the trackless wild,
As the wonders of old I trace,
When the God of the whole earth went before
To search me a resting-place.
Has He changed for me ? Nay, He changes not ;
He will bring me by some new way,
Through fire and flood, and each crafty foe,
As safely as yesterday.

And if to the warfare He calls me forth,
He buckles my armour on ;
He greets me with smiles and a word of cheer
For battles His sword hath won.
He wipes my brow as I droop and faint,
He blessed my hand to toil ;
Faithful is He as He washes my feet
From the trace of each earthly soil.

Never a watch on the dreariest halt
But some promise of love endears ;
I read from the past that my future shall be
Far better than all my fears.
Like the golden pot of the wilderness bread,
Laid up with the blossoming rod ;
All safe in the Ark with the law of the Lord
Is the covenant care of my God.

Working for God.

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee ;
To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to Thee I tend ;
In all I do be Thou the way,
In all be Thou the end.

All may of Thee partake ;
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for Thy sake,
Greatness and worth from Thee.
If done to obey Thy laws,
E'en servile labours shine ;
Hallowed is toil if this the cause,
The meanest work, divine.