

SUNDAY SCHOOL BARRER

for

TEACHERS

AND

YOUNG PEOPLE.

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A Call to Work for the Master.

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LISTEN! the Master beseecheth,
 Calling each one by his name;
 His voice to each loving heart reacheth,
 Its cheerfullest service to claim.
 Go where the vineyard demandeth
 Vinedresser's nurture and care;
 Or go where the white harvest standeth,
 The joy of the reaper to share.

CHORUS.

Then work, brothers, work, let us slumber no longer,
 For God's call to labour grows stronger and stronger;
 The light of this life shall be darkened full soon,
 But the light of the better life resteth at noon.

Seek those of evil behaviour,
 Bid them their lives to amend,
 Go, point the lost world to the Saviour,
 And be to the friendless a friend.
 Still be the lone heart of anguish,
 Soothed by the pity of thine;
 By waysides, if wounded ones languish,
 Go, pour in the oil and the wine.

Work for the good that is nighest,
 Dream not of greatness afar;
 That glory is ever the highest
 Which shines upon men as they are.
 Work, though the world may defeat you,
 Heed not its slander and scorn;
 Nor weary till angels shall greet you
 With smiles through the gates of the morn.

Offer thy life on the altar,
 In the high purpose be strong;
 And if the tired spirit should falter,
 Then sweeten thy labour with song.
 What if the poor heart complaineth,
 Soon shall its wailing be o'er;
 For there in the rest that remaineth,
 It shall grieve and be weary no more.

The Betrayal.

JUDAS had gone to the High Priests and Pharisees, agitating them and hurrying them on with his own passionate precipitancy; and partly perhaps out of genuine terror of Him with whom he had to deal, partly to enhance his own importance, had got the leading Jews to furnish him with a motley band composed of their own servants, of the Temple watch with their officers, and even with a part at least of the Roman garrison from the Tower of Antonia, under the command of their tribune. They were going against One who was deserted and defenceless, yet the soldiers were armed with swords, and even the promiscuous throng had provided themselves with sticks. They were going to seize One who would make no attempt at flight or concealment, and the full moon shed its lustre on their unhallowed expedition; yet, lest He should escape them in some limestone grotto, or in the deep shade of the olives, they carried lanterns and torches in their hands. It is evident that they made their movements as noiseless and stealthy as possible; but at night a deep stillness hangs over an oriental city, and so large a throng could not move unnoticed. Already, as Jesus was awaking His sleepy disciples, His ears had caught in the distance the clank of swords, the tread of hurrying footsteps, the ill-suppressed tumult of an advancing crowd. He knew all that awaited Him; He knew that the quiet garden which He had loved, and where He had so often held happy intercourse with His disciples, was familiar to the traitor. Those unwonted and hostile sounds, that red glare of lamps and torches athwart the moonlit interspaces of the olive-yards, were enough to show that Judas had betrayed the secret of His retirement, and was even now at hand.

And even as Jesus spoke the traitor himself appeared. Overdoing his part—acting in the too-hurried impetuosity of a crime so hideous that he dared not pause to think—he pressed forward into the enclosure, and was in front of all the rest. "Comrade," said Jesus to him as he hurried forward, "the crime for which thou