

*THE MASTER AND THE WORK.*

By J. L. H.

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ONE the service, one the Master—  
He appoints to each a task;  
Dost thou wonder what thy work is?  
Go to Him and ask.

Many paths, but one the vineyard  
None for self can rightly choose;  
But the heart of self most emptied  
Jesus loves to use!

Some to wait, and some to labour,  
All to serve the Master's will;  
Active some, and some in silence  
Suffer and lie still.

Here to bind and there to scatter,  
'Tis not much the world can see;  
If the Master smile upon thee,  
What is that to thee?

Thou art saved, but thousands round thee  
Heedless to destruction go;  
Watch for souls as those expecting  
Strict account to show.

Work! and faint not in well doing,  
Though in weariness you weep;  
Hope, her patient task fulfilling,  
In due time shall reap!

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