

SUNDAY SCHOOL BARRER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

Vol. 39

MAY, 1905

No. 5

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The Inner Vision.

BY MRS. EMILY J. BUGBEE.

"Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law."—Psa. 119. 13.

Make clear mine inner vision, Lord,
To see the glories of thy word ;
The clustering jewels, bright and fair,
That lie in hidden richness there.

Put cloud and shadow far away,
And lead me to thy perfect day ;
Let the clear sun shine inward far
Beyond the gleam of moon and star.

Mine outer vision thou hast taught
To see the grandeur of thy thought
In this fair world, thy hand hath laid
In mingled scenes of light and shade.

My heart seems worshipful and true
When skies above are bright and blue ;
When round me breathes the balmy air
And fair flowers blossom everywhere.

And so when whirlwinds shake the world,
And fearful thunder-bolts are hurled,
My soul, with sense exultant, springs
Up toward the hidden source of things.

But there are times, when faith grows
dim

And upward swells no triumph hymn,
When all is bare and commonplace
Without the hidden inward grace.

The soul in silence folds her wing,
She cannot soar, and will not sing ;
But dumbly through her prison bars
Beholds the ever-mocking stars.

Lone hours of doubt and dire dismay,
When groping blindly for the way ;
Thy love seems shrouded out of sight
In thickest folds of brooding night.

My hidden eyes do not behold
The wondrous things thy laws unfold ;
A sealed book to sealed eyes
Till open in truth's glad surprise.

Oh, may the inner light increase
That guides me to the wells of peace,
And shows me depths before unknown,
And pathways leading near the throne.

Till evermore my soul may sing,
Nor fold in doubt her weary wing,
Till she hath gained some certain height
Beyond the shadows of the night.