

SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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Plenty to Do.

BY MRS. S. M. I. HENRY.

THERE'S plenty to do in this world of ours :
There are weeds to pluck from among its flowers :
There are fields to sow ; there are fields to reap,
And vineyards to set on the mountains steep ;
There are forests to plant, and forests to fell,
And homes to be builded on hill-side and dell.

There are fountains of sin and of sorrow to seal ;
There are fountains to open, the nations to heal ;
There are brave words to speak, and songs to be
sung ;

There are doors to be opened, and bells to be rung,
There's a conflict to wage with the armies of sin ;
There's a fortress to hold, and a fortress to win.

There's plenty to do all over the land—
Work crowding the brain, the heart, and the hand ;
There are millions to feed in the world's busy hive ;
There are railroads to build and engines to drive ;
There are pathways to mark over mountain and
lea ;
There are harps to be hung in the depths of the
sea.

There's plenty to do ; there are children to teach ;
An evangel of love and of mercy to preach ;
The fallen to lift, the proud to abase,
To bring right and wrong to their own fitting
place ;
There's an ensign to plant on the heights by the
sea ;
There's work for the million—for you and for me.

In Earnest.

NOT many years ago a man was swept down the current of Niagara and lodged on a little rock in the stream. For a joyful moment he might have thought himself saved. But then came the question how was he to be rescued. All the men in the vicinity were aroused to help him. Business was suspended all through the day. A life was in awful peril. Could they see a man perish before their eyes and not strain every nerve to help him ? Many plans were tried, but all proved fruitless. Meanwhile his strength was failing. He could not cling much longer to his slippery rock. A little raft was floated towards him again and again with a strong rope attached, but every time it was too far off. Finally it came quite near, and summoning all his energies he sprang towards it and *missed!* The cruel current swept him away before the eyes of hundreds who would have given a great sum to have saved him. And you and I would have been equally in earnest. Yet we see souls in far greater danger every hour, and it does not move us. When one is really in earnest for the salvation of sinners you call him an enthusiast. No one thought these men at Niagara besides themselves, though they allowed all their business to come to a standstill in their efforts to rescue him.

Said Rowland Hill to his people,
" When I first came here, I saw a gravel-