

SUNDAY SCHOOL BARBER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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Inasmuch.

"If I had dwelt of old, a Jewish maiden,
In some Judean street,
Where Jesus walked and heard His word so laden
With comfort strangely sweet ;

"And seen the face where utmost pity blended
With each rebuke of wrong ;
I would have left my lattice, and descended,
And followed with the throng.

"If I had been the daughter, jewel-girdled,
Of some rich rabbi there,
Seeing the sick, blind, halt, my blood had curdled
At sight of such despair.

"And I had wrenched the sapphires from my fillet
Nor let one spark remain ;
Snatched up my gold, amid the crowd to spill it,
For pity of their pain.

"I would have flung abroad my doors before Him,
And in my joy have been
First on the threshold, eager to adore Him,
And crave His entrance in !"

Ah, would you so? Without a recognition
You passed Him yesterday ;
Jostled aside, unhelped, His mute petition,
And calmly went your way.

With warmth and comfort garmented and girdled,
Before your window-sill
Sweep heart-sick crowds—and if your blood is curdled,
You wear your jewels still.

You catch aside your robes, lest want should clutch them,
In its implorings wild ;
Or lest some woeful penitent might touch them,
And you be thus defiled.

O dreamers ! dreaming that your faith is keeping
All service free from blot,
Christ daily walks your streets, sick, suffering,
weeping,
And ye perceive Him not !

A Farce, or Worse.

WE might as well admit the fact that a good deal of our Sunday-school work is a farce, or worse. When a child is not made to study the lesson at home by the mother or father ; where it is allowed to read the answers from the printed page by the indolent teacher ; where the questions are asked with the lifeless, unintelligent drawl of an automaton ; where the lazy and nodding superintendent allows the school to run itself in indescribable noise and confusion, and one boy vies with another to see how badly he can behave ; where all this goes on Sunday after Sunday, unrestrained and unbuked—it is barely necessary to ask, Is not this a humbug and a farce? And yet, who will dare say that we have not some schools of this kind?—*Sunday-school Magazine.*

As the flower is gnawed by frost, so every human heart is gnawed by faithlessness. And as surely, as irrevocably, as the fruit bud falls before the east wind, so falls the power of the kindest human heart if you meet it with poison.
—*Ruskin.*