

SUNDAY SCHOOL BARRER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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"This I did for thee ; What dost thou for Me ?"

I GAVE my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
I gave My life for thee ;
What hast thou given for Me ?

I spent long years for thee
In weariness and woe,
That one eternity
Of joy thou mightest know.

I spent long years for thee :
Hast thou spent *one* for Me ?

My Father's house of light,
My rainbow-circled throne,
I left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone ;
I left it all for thee ;
Hast thou left aught for Me ?

I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell.
I suffered much for thee ;
What dost thou *bear* for Me ?

And I brought down to thee,
Down from My home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love ;
Great gifts I brought to thee :
What hast thou *brought* to Me ?

O let thy life be given,
Thy years for me be spent,
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blend :
Give thou *thyself* to Me,
And I will welcome thee !

Nothing to do.

"NOTHING TO DO !" in this world of ours,
Where weeds grow up with the fairest flowers ;
Where smiles have only a fitful play,
Where hearts are breaking every day !

"Nothing to do !" thou Christian soul,
Wrapping thee round in thy selfish stole ;
Off with the garments of sloth and sin,
Christ, thy Lord, hath a kingdom to win.

"Nothing to do !" there are prayers to lay
On the altar of incense day by day ;
There are foes to meet within and without,
There is error to conquer, strong and stout.

"Nothing to do !" There are minds to teach
The simplest form of Christian speech ;
There are hearts to lure with loving wile
From the grimest haunts of sin's defile.

"Nothing to do !" There are lambs to feed,
The precious hopes of the Church's need ;
Strength to be borne to the weak and faint,
Vigils to keep with the doubting saint.

"Nothing to do !" and thy Saviour said,
"Follow thou Me in the path I tread."
Lord, lend Thy help the journey through,
Lest, faint, we cry, "So much to do !"