

SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE

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Will My Work Abide?

"Every man's work shall be made manifest."—
1 Cor. iii. 13.

WILL my work abide, Lord Jesus,
When the testing-day shall come?
When I hear the echoing chorus
Of the joyous "Harvest Home,"
And I press to join the number
Of the blood-washed workers' throng,
Shall I be among the number
Who can join with joy that song?

Will my work abide, Lord Jesus,
When I stand before Thy throne,
And each secret thought and motive
Is revealed and fully known?
Shall I find what I had counted
As a holy sacrifice
Is e'en less than dust before Thee—
Worthless in Thy holy eyes?

When I pass the pearly portals,
And with rapture enter in
To the holy land of angels,
Freed at last from all my sin—
Shall I find my sheaves all vanished—
Burned to ashes in the flame,
Or passed safely through the furnace,
Bringing glory to Thy name?

Will my work abide, Lord Jesus?—
Shall this life-work be in vain?—
All my toil be worse than useless,
Less than worthless all my pain?
When I wait with eager longing
To behold the trophies won,
Shall I look in vain, Lord Jesus,
As I see that I have none?

Let my work abide, Lord Jesus,
For I ask not for reward:
All I ask is that my labour
Shall not be in vain, O Lord.
Thine, O Lord, shall be the glory,
Only let some fruits be seen;
And I ask no other guerdon;
Self no more shall come between.

—Fairlie Thornton.

There Remaineth a Rest.

BY MRS. HELEN E. BROWN.

"THERE remaineth a rest," said Simon, "but
now,
And here my work is set;
By day I must catch the fish for meat,
At night I must mend the net."
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"There remaineth a rest," sighed Martha,
"but oh,
How much have I now to do!
With household cares and varied toil,
I am wearied through and through."

"There is a rest," affirms John the beloved;
"I found it at the feast;"
When I followed close beside the Lord,
And leaned upon His breast."
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"There is," says Mary. "I entered in
When I sat at the Master's feet;
My sins forgiven, my heart made new,
My peace how full, how sweet!"

Poor toiling brother and sister, weighed down
With the cares of a busy life,
You need not wait till your life is done,
For the end of this cruel strife;

For the rest that remaineth is reached by those
Who believe and love their Lord;
Who cast their burdens at His feet,
And lean upon His Word.

There is rest in leaning, and rest in love;
There is rest in looking up;
Though the feet grow weary, the whole head sick,
There is rest in "the blessed hope."

We plan and struggle and toil for earth,
With selfish burdens prest; [then,
But when we have ceased from our own works,
Ah, then we have found our rest.

We have come to one Sabbath; we take of grace
The victory Christ has won;
Weary worker, believe, the blessing receive,
And heaven and rest are begun.