

SUNDAY SCHOOL BARRER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

Vol. XVIII.]

DECEMBER, 1884.

[No. 12.

In Gladness.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

OUT of our pain and struggle,
Up from our grief and dole,
We are swift to cry to the Healer
For the touch that makes us whole.
For the touch that makes us whole.
Swift with our passionate pleading
For the help of the King Divine,
One look of whose face can lighten
All trouble of yours and mine.

Alas ! we are not so ready,
In the day of our joy and crown,
With the palms and the fragrant incense
Laid at His altar down ;
And how it must grieve the Master
That His own are so slow to praise,
In the flush of their peace and gladness,
The goodness which brims the days.

Lord, for Thy waves of blessing,
Lord, for Thy breezes of balm,
For our hopes, our work, and our wages,
And the bliss of our household's calm,
For the gold of our garnered harvests,
For our ships that are sailing the sea,
For the human loves that sublime us,
Oh ! whom can we thank but Thee ?

Forgive that we weep like children,
At the shadow that comes for a night,
And are heedless again like children.
When gladness returns with the light.
Forgive that the earth-cares fret us,
And the burdens bind us down,
And still let us walk in the sunshine,
And not in the gloom of Thy frown.

Oh ! lift us, Lord, to the summits,
Whereon we may dwell with Thee !
Oh ! teach us how we may worship
The Saviour who sets us free ;
That so, in our joy and triumph,
As aye in our grief and dole,
We may go in our love to the Healer,
The touch of whose hand makes whole.

The Master's Questions.

HAVE ye looked for sheep in the desert,
For those who have lost their way ?
Have ye been in the wild waste places
Where the lost and wandering stray ?
Have ye trodden the lonely highway,
The foul and darksome street ?
It may be ye'd see in the gloaming
The prints of wounded feet.

Have ye folded home to your bosom
The trembling, neglected lamb,
And taught to the little lost one
The sound of the Shepherd's name ?
Have ye searched for the poor and needy,
With no clothing, no home, no bread ?
The Son of Man was among them,
He had nowhere to lay His head.

Have ye carried the living water
To the parched and thirsty soul ?
Have ye said to the sick and wounded,
" Christ Jesus makes thee whole ?"
Have ye told My fainting children
Of the strength of the Father's hand ?
Have ye guided the tottering footsteps
To the shore of the " Golden Land ?"

Have ye stood by the sad and weary
To smooth the pillow of death,
To comfort the sorrow-stricken,
And strengthen the feeble faith ?
And have ye felt, when the glory
Has streamed through the open door
And flitted across the shadows,
That I had been there before ?

—Selected.

A YOUNG lady, a Baptist missionary in Coahuila, Mexico, was recently invited by the Governor of the State to dance, and having conscientious scruples, declined. Some inquiry followed concerning the Baptists and their principles. The result was that the Governor became interested in the mission, and then made it a gift of property valued at \$140,000.