

SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

VOLUME XVI]

MARCH, 1882.

[No. 3.

For the Master.

I SAT in the darkening twilight,
And thought of the day that was gone ;
The hours had been crowded with labour ;
But only a little was done.
My brushes and pencils were lying
Just where they had dropped from my hand ;
My easel was bright with the colours
Of blue sky and rich meadow land.
I'd taken great pains with that picture,
I worshipped that canvas and paint,
As the heathen worship the idol,
Or devotees kneel to a saint.

But then, as I sat in the twilight,
With the picture at last complete,
A voice seemed to say, "When the ransomed
Lay sheaves at the great Master's feet,
Would you dare to bring this poor canvas,
And whisper to him your great name ?
Who'll give you a welcome to glory,
Because of your coveted fame ?"
In sorrow I turned from my picture,
My cheeks burning hotly with shame ;
I never had thought of the Master,
I was simply toiling for fame.

But to-day as I sit in the twilight,
I hear but my Saviour's low voice ;
And pictures from life now before me
Will make me forever rejoice.
From pitfalls and snares of the tempter
I've rescued the thoughtless and wild,
I've heard from white lips a "God bless you !"
I've brightened the life of a child.
And now I can hear, if I listen,
These words, like a sweet melody,
"Whatever ye do for my children,
I count it as done unto me !"

Not Knowing.

I KNOW not what shall befall me ;
God hangs a mist o'er my eyes ;
And so at each step in my onward path
He makes new scenes to rise,
And every joy he sends me
Comes a strange and sweet surprise.

I see not a step before me
As I tread on another year,
But the past is still in God's keeping,
The future His mercy shall clear,
And what looks dark in the distance
May brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded future
Is less bitter than I think ;
The Lord may sweeten the waters
Before I stoop to drink ;
Or if Marah must be Marah,
He will stand beside the brink

Oh, restful, blissful ignorance,
'Tis blessed not to know ;
It keeps me so still in those arms
Which will not let me go,
And hushes my soul to rest
On the bosom that loves me so.

So I go on not knowing ;
I would not if I might ;
I would rather walk in the dark with God
Than go alone in the light.
I would rather walk with Him by faith
Than go alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials
Which the future may disclose,
Yet I never had a sorrow
But what the dear Lord chose ;
So I send the coming tears back
With the whispered words,—He knows.