

SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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Sowing and Reaping.

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

The broad dark fields are bare,
And seed-time waneth fast ;
Where are the laborers for the Lord ?
Speed ! ere the time be past.

Weeping he sows his seed
Over the barren ground,
Doubting if, at the harvest eve,
A single sheaf is found

The little blade appears
Beneath the gentle showers,
And wandering thoughts of future good
Delight his tedious hours.

The warm and gentle sun
Sends down his cheering rays,
And soon the sight of dawning fruit
Gladden his summer days.

The fields are rich with grain,
And all his doubts are gone,
As new and ripening grain appears
With each returning morn.

But now that gentle sun
Shines on with scorching heat,
And withered leaves and parched fruit
His noontide watches meet.

Saddened by wasted toil,
His weary days wear by,
And Faith forsakes him, as he sees
His blighted prospects die.

But see ! the breezes blow
Up in the tree-tops tall ;
And look ! the sky is overcast,
And mercy's raindrops fall.

The dry and withered grain
Lifts up its drooping heads,
And ere the summer sun has set,
He tears of gladness sheds.

Far down the harvest fields
Is heard the reapers' song,
As homeward, at the twilight' hour,
They bear the sheaves along.

But still broad fields are bare,
And seed-time waneth fast ;
Where are the laborers for the Lord ?
Speed ! ere the time be past.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., 1874.

R. W. K.

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A TEACHER need not be fluent of speech to be successful. Smooth talk is not the end and essence of teaching. Feeding hungry souls with heavenly food is more the teacher's mission. And he may do this without the musical tone, the rounded sentence, or the eloquent period. The rough hand may give bread to the needy. The faltering tongue may stammer forth the truth on which the soul may feed and grow strong. The nourishment is in the food, not in the hand that conveys it. We think this truth is too little kept in mind.—*S. S. Times.*