

SUNDAY SCHOOL BARRER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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Cheer for God's Workers.

BY LIZZIE T. LARKIN.

"Why was this waste of ointment made,"

MASTER divine, of aught we do for Thee
Can it be ever truly said: "'Tis lost,"
E'en though our eyes on earth should never see
The thing for which we've toiled at so much
cost?

Though it be ours to sow for many years,
While others gather in the golden grain,
Shall we look upward through our falling tears
And say: "Our labour surely is in vain!"

Is all this "waste," this toil, these many cares,
These ceaseless longings for poor wandering
sheep,

These midnight vigils filled with yearning prayers
While those for whom I plead are lost in sleep?
This weariness of heart and brain and limb
That sometimes seems to earth to weigh me
down,

Tell me, is this unnoticed all by Him
Who wore for me on earth a thorny crown?

Nothing is ever lost that's done for Him;
Others may say, indignant; "Why this
waste?"

Look upward! though thine eyes with tears be
dim,

"He that beleveth, he shall not make haste.
One day is with the Lord as thousand years;
Seed thou hast sown, though trampled in the
dust

Shall spring and blossom, watered by thy tears,
When thou hast long been gathered with the
just.

And God's eternal ages are for thee,
Time for rich b'ossoming and fruitage rare;
Bridge o'er this "little while," and joyful see
By faith's clear vision, what awaits thee there.
For "those who sow in tears shall reap in joy,"
And thou shalt see, at last, thy ripened grain
In those fair realms, where, bliss without alloy,
Thou'lt join in Heaven's triumphant victor
strain.

The Sabbath-school.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

GROUP after group are gathering, such as press'd
Once to their Saviour's arms, and gently laid
Their cherub heads upon His shielding breast,
Though sterner souls the fond approach forbade;

Group after group glide on with noiseless tread,
And round Jehovah's sacred altar meet,
Where holy thoughts in infant hearts are bred,
And holy words their ruby lips repeat.
Oft with a chastened glance, in modulation
sweet.

Yet some there are upon whose childish brows
Wan poverty hath done the work of care;
Look up, ye sad ones! 'tis your Father's house
Beneath whose consecrated dome you are;
More gorgeous robes ye see, and trappings rare,
And watch the gaudier forms that gaily rove,
And deem, perchance, mistaken as you are,
The "coat of many colours" proves His love
Whose sign is in the heart, and whose reward
above.