

SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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The Faithful Teacher.

BY MARY L. W. TOWLE.

You have passed the shuttle forward and back
In the sunlight and the gloom,
With fingers deft you have woven the threads
In life's mysterious loom.

The fabrics your hands have patiently formed,
In woof and warp are as white
As chrismal vestments of lilies just oped
To the dawning of the light.

You have worked and prayed in season and out,
At rising and set of sun ; [the glass,
Your sands, which have rapidly slipped from
Have marked your service well done.

You have sought the sheep in the forest paths
And brought them back to the fold ;
The tired lambs you've borne in your arms
And sheltered them from the cold.

[prayed

At the touch of pain you have watched and
And soothed the suffering one,
From the midnight hour of agony
To the rising of the sun ;

With your tired body claiming the rest
Which you had not time to take,
You have lengthened your vigils night by night
In love, for the Master's sake.

[ways,

The waifs you have found on the great high-
The drift of the alleys and street,
Are so transformed by the touch of your hand
They are for the Master made meet.

The poor, unfortunate, helpless ones,
Who have fallen at your side,
You've harbored and pulled to the shore again
From out the engulfing tide.

You've cast the mantle of charity broad
O'er much that betokened ill ;
The cup that was mingled with bitterness
You've tried with love to refill.
You have chosen to suffer affliction,
To stand in the shadows and gloom ;
You were first at the cross in the morning
And last with your Lord at the tomb.

You turn away from the pageant and pomp,
From the glitter and the glare,
From the baubles and husks and empty parade
Of life's great Vanity Fair.

The honour that cometh from man you know
Hath no gold without alloy ;
The honour that cometh from God you pray
May be your perfected joy.

You have walked in the rugged, narrow way,
With travellers only a few ;
The Saviour you loved had passed on before,
The print of His footsteps you knew.

You have run the gauntlet of evil tongues
For the sake of Him who saith,
I will give you a harp and a crown of life,
If faithful found unto death.

[cious stones,

You have learned that the gold and the pre-
And prizes of the earth,
Compared with the gift of eternal life
Are of passing, transient worth.

[pomp,

You've turned your back on the world and its
On its paths so wide and broad,
In the straight and narrow way you have sought
The city of your God.

If this is the faithful record of years
Engraved in letters of light,
You have done what you could for the Master,
You have walked with Him in white.