

SUNDAY SCHOOL BAZAR

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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My Work.

I could not do the work the reapers did,
Or bind the golden sheaves that thickly fell;
But I could follow by my Master's side,
And watch the marred face I loved so well.
Right in my path lay many a ripened ear,
Which I would stoop and gather joyfully;
I did not know the Master placed them there,
"Handfuls of purpose" that He left for me.

I could not cast the heavy fisher net;
I had not strength or wisdom for the task;
So on the sun-lit sands, with spray-drops wet,
I sat, and earnest prayers rose thick and fast.
I pleaded for the Master's blessing where
My brethren toiled upon the wide world sea;
Or ever that I knew his smile so fair
Came shedding all its radiance on me.

I could not join the glorious soldier band,
I never heard the ringing battle-cry;
The work allotted by the Master's hand
Kept me at home, while others went to die.
And yet, when victory crowned the struggle long,
And spoils were homeward brought both rich
and rare,
He let me help to chant the triumph song,
And bade me in the gold and jewels share.

Oh, Master dear, the tiniest work for Thee
Finds recompense beyond our highest thought;
And feeble hands that work but tremblingly,
The richest colors in the fabric wrought.
We are content to take what Thou shalt give,
To work or suffer as Thy choice shall be;
Forsaking what Thy wisdom bids us leave,
Glad in the thought that we are pleasing Thee!

—London Christian.

The Teacher.

I saw a teacher building slow,
Day after day as passed the years,
And saw a spirit temple grow
With fear, and hope, and often tears;
A mystic palace of the soul,
Where reigned a monarch half divine,
And love and light illumed the whole,
And made its hall with radiance shine.

I saw a teacher take a child,
Friendless, and weak, and all alone,
With tender years, but passions wild,
And work as on a priceless stone;
Out of the rude and shapeless thing,
With love, and toil, and patient care,
I saw her best ideal spring—
An image pure and passing fair.

Upon a canvas ne'er to fade
I saw her paint with matchless art,
Pictures that angels might have made
Upon a young and tender heart;
And growing deeper for the years,
And flowing brighter for the day;
They ripened for the radiant spheres,
Where beauty ne'er shall pass away.

Teacher! Farewell! For all thy care,
We long shall love thy cherished name;
For all thy toil we give a prayer,
For all thy love we give the same.
Farewell! Be thine the happy years,
And thine the hope, and faith, and trust;
That when the dawn of heaven appears,
Thy crown may shine with all the just.

—By Wm. Oland Bourne.