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"My Times are in Thy Hands."

BY MRS. MARY BRADLEY.

I NEED not care
If days to come be dark or fair,
If the sweet summer brings delight,
Or bitter winter chills the air.

No thought of mine
Can penetrate the deep design
That forms afar, through bud and bloom,
The purple clusters of the vine.

I do not know
The subtle secret of the snow,
That hides away the violets
Till April teaches them to blow.

Enough for me
Their tender loveliness to see,
Assured that little things and large
Fulfil God's purpose equally.

How this is planned,
Or that, I may not understand;
I am content, my God, to know
That all my times are in Thy hands.

Whatever share
Of loss, or loneliness, or care
Falls to my lot, it cannot be
More than Thy will for me to bear.

And none the less,
Whatever sweet things come to bless
And gladden me, Thou art its source,
The sender of my happiness.

Add this to me,
With other gracious gifts so free,

That I may never turn my face
In any evil hour from Thee;

Nor on the sand
Of shifting faith and feeling stand;
But wake and sleep with equal trust,
Knowing my times are in Thy hands.

The Golden Gate at Jerusalem.

THE Golden Gate, in the eastern wall of the Temple enclosure, facing Gethsemane, is now walled up. It consists of a double portal spanned by two arches, richly ornamented. The interior of it is adorned with elegant and elaborate carving in Corinthian style. Some have supposed it to be the "Beautiful Gate" of the Temple, at which the lame man sat begging when Peter and John performed the healing wonder. It is walled up with stone on the outside, in consequence of Mohammedan tradition, that the Christians will again take possession of the city and that the conquering King will ride triumphantly through this gate.

Ascending to the summit of the wall one has a magnificent view of the Mount of Olives, Mount Scopus, the Hill of Offence, the Jericho Road, the Valley of Kedron, and the Garden of Gethsemane. Mohammed's Judgment Seat, a stone projecting on the outside wall, is within straddling distance, near by the Golden Gate. The whole surface of the ground is paved with flat tombstones, and this spot the Mohammedans believe will be the scene of the final Judgment; here Gabriel will sound his trumpet, and here the dead shall first rise. Hence they are very anxious to be buried on the slopes of the hill beneath the Golden Gate and adjacent walls.