

SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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The Garden of the King.

BY REV. WM. ALFRED GAY.

O THE blessedness of living
In the garden of the King !
When the air is full of fragrance,
And the birds their carols sing ;
When the flowers bloom in beauty,
And the fruit weighs down the vine ;
O, 'tis pleasure then to linger
Where the grape and ivy twine !

O, 'tis sad to see destruction
Sweep the garden of the King !
Crushing out the life and vigour
From the trembling form of Spring ;
Sad to see the branches broken,
And the trees in fragments strewn
In that fair and lovely Eden
Which the Gard'ner calls his own.

Would that we might see our mission
In the garden of the King,
Where the shadows of destruction
Float above the grave of Spring ;
Where the vines are bruised and broken,
And the flowers smile no more ;
O may we be now more faithful
Than we ever were before !

Binding up the bruised and bleeding,
Helping that which needs our care,
Till the fragrance of the flowers
Floats again upon the air ;
Lifting vines upon the trellis,
Forming bowers where birds may sing,
Bringing back the bloom and beauty
To the garden of the King.

Working where the wreck is greatest,
Toiling through the heat of day,
Heeding not the lengthening shadows
As they fall along the way ;
Waiting for the Master's advent ;
Knowing that the time draws nigh
When the King shall come in glory
From his regal throne on high.

O the blessedness of living
Where so much remains undone !
O the joy and peace in toiling
For our Father's only Son !
Watching, working, waiting, hoping ;
Yes, it is a blessed thing,
Carrying burdens for our Brother
In the garden of the King.

—Our Church Work.

The Great Physician.

O TENDER One, O Mighty One, who never sent
away
The sinner or the sufferer, Thou art the Same
to-day !
The Same in Love, the Same in Power, and Thou
art waiting still,
To heal the multitudes that come—yea, "who-
soever will !"

Oh, make us fervent in the quest, that we may
bring them in,
The weary and the wounded, and the sufferers
from sin ;
The stricken and the dying, let us seek them
for Thee,
And lay them at Thy glorious feet, that healed
they may be.