

SUNDAY SCHOOL BARRER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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Answer to Prayer.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

"Oh, give me a message of quiet,"
I asked in my morning prayer,
"For the turbulent trouble within me
Is more than my heart can bear,
Around there is strife and discord,
And the storms that do not cease,
And the whirl of the world is on me—
Thou only canst give me peace."

I opened the old, old Bible,
And looked at a page of psalms,
Till the wintry sea of my trouble
Was smoothed by its summer calms,
For the words that have helped so many,
And the ages have seemed more dear,
Seemed new in their power to comfort
As they brought me my word of cheer.

Like music of solemn singing
These words came down to me—

"The Lord is slow to anger,
And of mercy great is He ;
Each generation praiseth
His work of long renown,
The Lord upholdeth all that fall,
And raiseth the bowed down."

That gave me the strength I wanted !
I knew that the Lord was nigh ;
All that was making me sorry
Would be better by and by ;
I had but to wait in patience,
And keep at my Father's side,
And nothing would really hurt me
Whatever might betide.

Now and Afterward.

BY FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Now, the sorrowing and the weeping,
Working hard and waiting long,
Afterward, the golden reaping,
Harvest home and grateful song.

Now, the pruning, sharp, unsparing ;
Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot !
Afterward the plenteous bearing
Of the Master's pleasant fruit.

Now, the plunge, the briny burden,
Blind, faint gropings in the sea ;
Afterward, the pearly guerdon
That shall make the diver free.

Now, the long and toilsome duty,
Stone by stone to carve and bring ;
Afterward, the perfect beauty
Of the palace of the King.

Now, the tuning and the tension,
Wailing minors, discord strong ;
Afterward, the grand ascension
Of the Alleluia song.

Now, the spirit conflict-riven,
Wounded heart, unequal strife ;
Afterward, the triumph given,
And the victor's crown of life.

Now, the training, strange and lowly,
Unexplained and tedious now ;
Afterward, the service holy,
And the Master's "Enter thou !"