

CUMBERED WITH MUCH SERVING.

Christ never asks of us such busy labor
As leaves no time for resting at his feet;
This waiting attitude of expectation
He oft'times counts a service most complete.

He sometimes wants our ear, our rapt attention,
That he some sweetest secret may impart;
'Tis always in the time of deepest silence
That heart finds deepest fellowship with heart.

We sometimes wonder why the Lord has placed us
Within a place so narrow, so obscure,
That nothing we call work can find an entrance;
There's only room to suffer – to endure.

Well, God loves patience; souls that dwell in stillness,
Doing the little things, or resting quite,
May just as perfectly fulfill their mission,
Be just as useful in the Father's sight,

As they who grapple with some giant evil,
Clearing a part that every eye may see;
Our Saviour cares for cheerful acquiescence
Rather than for a busy ministry.

And yet he does love service, where 'tis given
By grateful love that clothes itself in deed;
But work that's done beneath the scourge of duty

Be sure to such he gives but little heed.

Then seek to please him, whatsoe'r he bids thee,
Whether to do, to suffer, to lie still;
'Twill matter little by what path he leads us,
If in it all we sought to do his will.

– Selected.