

BE PATIENT, BRETHREN

We sometimes wonder why our Lord doth place us
 Within a sphere 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 restful quite,
May just as perfectly fulfil this mission;
 Be just as useful in the Father's sight,

As they grapple with some great evil,
 Clearing a path that every eye may see,
Our Savior cares for cheerful acquiescence
 As much as for a busy ministry.

And yet he does love service—where it is 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.

Christ never asks of us such heavy labor
 As leaves no time for resting at his feet;
The waiting attitude of expectation—
 He oftentimes 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 stillness
 That heart finds deepest fellowship with heart.

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

— J. C. Lardent

(Suggested by Brother Wayne Bradbury, Paradise Calif., found on Reprint page 4468.)