

HEATHENDOM'S HOPE FUTURE,

—THEREFORE—

WAIT THOU UPON THE LORD.

—Isa. 25:9.—

O zealous friend of missions and men!  
Thy questioning lines reveal  
A Martha's care for the Master's cause  
Not needful for thee to feel.

Your verse declares that heathendom wails,  
And eagerly 'pleads for light';  
While Christian prayer and denial fails  
To rescue their souls from blight.

You say, "They cry on misery's brink  
For succour within our power";  
'Yet twenty-nine hundred heathen sink  
Into Christless graves each hour'.

Are you more wise than the Father, who gave  
To justice his cherished Son?  
Or has the Lord of a conquered grave  
Abandoned his work undone?

Doth God depend on fallible men  
To publish 'The Only Name'?  
And, if they fail, can his love condemn  
The helpless to endless flame?

Hath He, who claims all silver and gold,  
Ordained that my scanty store  
Must win a soul for the upper fold  
Or sink it forevermore?

Hath He, before whose radiant face  
The heavens and earth shall flee,  
Consigned the fate of a blood-bought race  
To mortals like you and me?

Tell us, O Christ, who suffered such loss;  
Have billions of untaught slaves  
Been wrecked in sight of thy bloodstained cross  
And perished in hopeless graves?

Creeds answer—Yes! but reason cries—No!  
And reason and truth agree:  
No jot can fail of that word, I know,  
'I will draw all men unto me'!

When all are drawn by wooings of love  
And knowledge and duty blend,  
Then only they who rebellious prove  
Will merit a traitor's end.

God hasteth not: the centuries sweep  
All obstacles from his path.  
His gracious plan worketh wide and deep,  
While slow is his righteous wrath.

His glory yet shall cover the earth  
As waters o'erspread the sea:  
Each soul shall learn of the Saviour's worth  
And blood of atonement free.

'Good will to men'!—Blest echoes that thrill  
His 'first-fruits' with rapture grand—  
'Shall be to all', when on Zion's hill  
The 'Bridegroom' and the 'Bride' shall stand.

God works by means, or worketh alone,  
As serveth his purpose best;  
By finite hands makes his power known,  
Or showeth his arm undressed.

O brother mine! no longer repine,  
Nor question God's love and might.  
He sips the cup of a joy divine  
Who readeth the lesson right.

—George M. Bills.