

Marked by the Sun of perfect love,
Shining unchangeably above.

Just when Thou wilt!—no choice for me!
Life is a gift to use for Thee;
Death is a hushed and glorious tryst,
With Thee, my King, my Saviour, Christ!

HAVE YOU NOT A WORD FOR JESUS?

“O Lord, open Thou my lips; and my mouth shall show forth
Thy praise.”—PSALM 51:15.

HAVE you not a word for Jesus? not a word to say for Him?
He is listening through the chorus of the burning seraphim!
HE IS LISTENING; does He hear you speaking of the things of earth,
Only of its passing pleasure, selfish sorrow, empty mirth?
He has spoken words of blessing, pardon, peace, and love to you,
Glorious hopes and gracious comfort, strong and tender, sweet and true;
Does He hear you telling others something of His love untold,
Overflowing of thanksgiving for His mercies manifold?

Have you not a word for Jesus? Will the world His praise proclaim?
Who shall speak if ye are silent? ye who know and love His name.
You, whom He hath called and chosen His own witnesses to be,
Will you tell your gracious Master, “Lord, we cannot speak for Thee”?
“Cannot!” though He suffered for you, died because He loved you so!
“Cannot!” though He has forgiven, making scarlet white as snow!
“Cannot!” though His grace abounding is your freely promised aid!
“Cannot!” though HE stands beside you, though HE says, “Be not afraid!”

Have you not a word for Jesus? Some, perchance, while ye are dumb,
Wait and weary for your message, hoping *you* will bid them “come”;
Never telling hidden sorrows, lingering just outside the door,
Longing for *your* hand to lead them into rest for evermore.
Yours may be the joy and honour His redeemèd ones to bring,
Jewels for the coronation of your coming Lord and King.
Will you cast away the gladness thus your Master’s joy to share,
All because a word for Jesus seems too much for you to dare?

What shall be our word for Jesus? Master, give it day by day;
Ever as the need arises, teach Thy children what to say.
Give us holy love and patience; grant us deep humility,
That of self we may be emptied, and our hearts be full of Thee;
Give us zeal and faith and fervour, make us winning, make us wise,
Single-hearted, strong and fearless,—Thou hast called us, we will rise!
Let the might of Thy good Spirit go with every loving word;
And by hearts prepared and opened be our message always heard!

Yes, we have a word for Jesus! Living echoes we will be
 Of Thine own sweet words of blessing, of Thy gracious "Come to Me."
 Jesus, Master! yes, we love Thee, and to prove our love, would lay
 Fruit of lips which Thou wilt open, at Thy blessed feet to-day.
 Many an effort it may cost us, many a heart-beat, many a fear,
 But Thou knowest, and wilt strengthen, and Thy help is always near.
 Give us grace to follow fully, vanquishing our faithless shame,
 Feebly it may be, but truly, witnessing for Thy dear Name.

Yes, we have a word for Jesus! we will bravely speak for Thee,
 And Thy bold and faithful soldiers, Saviour, we would henceforth be:
 In Thy name set up our banners, while Thine own shall wave above,
 With Thy crimson Name of Mercy, and Thy golden Name of Love.
 Help us lovingly to labour, looking for Thy present smile,
 Looking for Thy promised blessing, through the brightening "little while."
 Words for Thee in weakness spoken, Thou wilt here accept and own,
 And confess them in Thy glory, when we see Thee on Thy throne.

OUR COMMISSION.

"And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come."

—REVELATION 22:17.

YE who hear the blessed call
 Of the Spirit and the Bride,
 Hear the Master's word to all,
 Your commission and your guide—
 "And let him that heareth say,
 Come," to all yet far away.

"Come!" alike to age and youth;
 Tell them of our Friend above,
 Of His beauty and His truth,
 Preciousness and grace and love;
 Tell them what you know is true,
 Tell them what He is to you.

"Come!" to those who never heard
 Why the Saviour's blood was shed;
 Bear to them the message-word
 That can quicken from the dead;
 Tell them Jesus "died for all,"
 Tell them of His loving call.

"Come!" to those who do not care
 For the Saviour's precious death,
 Having not a thought to spare
 For the gracious words He saith:
 Ere the shadows gather deep,
 Rouse them from their fatal sleep.

"Come!" to those who, while they hear,
 Linger, hardly knowing why;
 Tell them that the Lord is near,
 Tell them Jesus passes by.
 Call them *now*; oh, do not wait,
 Lest to-morrow be too late!

"Come!" to those who wander far,
 Seeking, never finding, rest;
 Point them to the Morning Star;
 Show them how they may be blest
 With the love that cannot cease,
 Joyful hope and perfect peace.