

To speed o'er land and sea,
 Heedless of toil and pain,
 Yet still the Church's plea
 Be sadly urged in vain?
 "Go forth." God bids you go!
 Your LORD commands your aid
 Go! by your promptness show
How God should be obey'd
 Ye knights of dauntless soul—
 Ye men of mighty mind—
 Go! bid the sick be whole;
 Go forth—the lost to find.
 "Go forth," ye best of heart,
 Lest thunderbolts be hurl'd
 To force you to depart
 And teach a dying world.
 Alike in east and west,
 Far south, and chilly north,
 The Church demands *the best*;
 O, let the *best* go forth!
 "Go forth." The truth declare;
 Oh, manfully contend!
 Your SAVIOUR'S way prepare;
 Pray ye your LORD to send
 More labourers for His Church—
 More priests her courts within—
 Earth's howling waste to search,
 And precious souls to win!
 "Go forth." Long years have run
 Their waning cycles through
 How little has been done,
 How much remains to do!
 When JESUS left the grave,
 Changing to joy our woe,
 One last command He gave—
 "Go forth!" Say, will you go?

FLOREAT ECCLESIA.

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