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THE COMING OF HIS FEET.

In the crimson of the morning, in the whiteness of the noon,
In the amber glories of the day's retreat,
In the midnight robed in darkness, in the gleaming of the moon,
I listen for the coming of His feet.

I have heard His weary footsteps on the sands of Galilee,
On the Temple's marble pavement, on the street,
Worn with weight of sorrow, faltering up the steps of Calvary;
The sound of the coming of His feet.

Down the mystic aisles of splendor, from betwixt the cherubim,
Through the wandering throng, with motion strong and fleet,
Sounds His victor tread approaching with a music far and dim,
The music of the coming of His feet.

Sandaled not with shoon of silver, girded not with woven gold,
Weighted not with shimmering gems and odors sweet,
But white winged and robed in glory in the tabor light of old,
The glory of the coming of His feet.

He is coming! O my spirit, with His everlasting peace,
With His blessedness immortal and complete.
He is coming! O my spirit, and His coming brings release,
So I listen for the coming of His feet!

—Home and Foreign Field.

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