

"TO OBEY IS BETTER THAN SACRIFICE."

WHAT wouldst thou do? His praises sing,
To Him in gladsome worship bring
Earth's purest lays—earth's sweetest songs
To Whom all harmony belongs.

What wouldst thou do? Go, speak His name,
His wondrous love and grace proclaim;
Till hundreds, thousands, prostrate fall,
And own Him Saviour, Lord of all.

What wouldst thou do? Go, work for Him
In fevered haunt, or alley dim;
Succour the poor, support the faint,
And cheer each sick and suffering saint.

What wouldst thou do? Go forth and fight,
Strong in His strength, His power my might;
Victorious then, my trophies lay
Down at His feet at close of day.

What wouldst thou do? Die for His sake
Who died for me; Oh! let Him take
My life, my all, and let me be,
My Saviour, always, all for Thee.

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He asks not these. He saith, "Obey
My voice and sit at home to-day;
I have a task for thee to learn,
If thou a meed of praise wouldst earn."

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"Stay here, sit still, do nought for Thee,
My heart, that bounded forth so free,
Is now like some poor caged bird,
Since I Thy grave command have heard."