

I WANT TO WORK FOR JESUS.

A POEM READ AT THE UNION MEETING OF THE BRANT-FORD MISSION CIRCLES, JUNE 1892, BY MRS. J. C. YULE.

"I want to work for Jesus!"

'Twas a boy's young voice men heard;—
And ere the echo had died away,
Again all hearts were stirred
By the same sweet childlike utterance
Of another youthful voice;—
And the loving Master kindly gave
To each his young heart's choice.

So, when a little more than a score of years
Had passed o'er either head,
Afar, across the billowy deep,
Those young disciples sped;—
One for the green Pacific Isles
Where cannibals held sway;
And one for Africa's burning clime,—
Appointed the self-same day. (1)

One, after years of fruitful toil,
Died by th' assassin's hand;—
But hundred's led to Christ by him,
With him in glory stand;
And in those happy isles to-day
No heathen songs are heard;
But hymns of glad thanksgiving rise
For that martyred teacher's word.

The other toiled for long, long years,
In want and weariness,
In peril, and hunger, and many tears,
Sad Africa to bless:
He gave her letters, he gave her light,
He gave her God's dear word;
And won from the Pagan's death and night
Rich trophies for the Lord.

"I want to work for Jesus!"

'Twas a young girl's voice was heard;
And ere its utterance had died away,
Once more all hearts were stirred;
For yet another sweet girl voice
Responded in calm reply;—
"Goes thou, dear heart, to work for Christ?
Then so indeed will I!" (2)

And so America sent forth,
By the God of missions stirred,
Those two young lives to the far off East
Bearing His precious word;
And, leaning, each, on her loved one's arm,
They braved the treacherous main,
They went in the springtime of buoyant youth,
But one came never again!

She died, with her message of love untold
To the heathen she went to save;
But an inspiration to young and old.
Went forth from her far-off grave;
And men and women in lofty faith,
By her high example fired,
Followed; nor yet, "is it life or death,
To which we are sent?" inquired.

And that other,— the story is sad and long
Of her weary sorrowful years,
'Mid persecutions and cruel wrong,
And sickness, privation, and tears;
But the woman's love and the woman's trust
Never faltered or failed, till she
Fell asleep in Jesus, and went to rest
'Neath the boughs of the Hopia tree.

"I want to work for Jesus!"

In Mount Holyoke, not long ago (3)
Sighed a young girl-teacher as she sat

At eve in the sunset's glow;
None heard but Jesus; but that low sigh
Touched deeply His loving heart;
And, ere long to serve Him 'neath Persia's sky
He graciously set her apart.

And then, for sixteen weary years,
She taught, and labored, and prayed
For Persia's degraded women and girls,
Unwearied and undismayed;
And, when sick, and worn, to her native land,
She turned her at last to die,
Scores of redeemed ones clung to her hand,
And sobbed out their last good-bye.

"I want to work for Jesus!"

This voice was of our own; (4)
And from our College halls went forth
One now in glory known;
Went forth to labor in faith;—then die,
Yet dying, he grandly lives
In the men and women that Canada
To-day to the heathen gives!

And yet these workers over the sea,
From those dark idolatrous lands,
Are ever stretching imploringly
To us their suppliant hands;
And calling, calling, as long he called
"Help, help, for the years go by;
And while we are waiting your slow response,
Unsaved ones by thousands die!"

Long, long ago on Judean hills
Sang a wondrous Prophet-King,
And the grand fulfillment, this hour, fills
The world with wondering;
"God giveth the word"—he said, "and lo,
A mighty host they'll be—
The women—who'll carry the tidings blest,
Afar over land and sea!"

Dost ask what tidings?—the tidings blest—
Of a Saviour for all mankind;—
Of an open fountain where all who thirst,
The Water of Life may find;
Of life and immortality brought
To light by God's risen Son;
Of death abolished and sins forgiven
Thro' the blood of the Crucified One.

And woman, for whom that hymn, so long,
But a partial meaning held,
Has heard it at last, and her inmost heart
With a holy joy has thrilled;
And her hands are gathering mite by mite,
The littles that lie in her way,
To send her heralds to carry the news
Of her risen Lord to day.

"I want to work for Jesus!"

"And I," "and I," "and I;"
Oh, many are calling, calling thus,
And what is our reply?
Is it "go, my sister, God speed you, go,
And I'll pray and work for you here?"
Is it "go, and tell those sorrowing ones,
Of the Saviour we hold so dear?"

Is it "go, and I'll help you day by day
With all that I have to spare?
With my efforts and with my influence too,
With sympathy, love and prayer?"
If so, let the Master's gracious word
A holy incentive be:
'As ye have done for my perishing ones,
Even so have ye done for Me!"

(1) John Williams and Robert Moffat. (2) Mrs. Harriet Newell and Mrs. Ann H. Judson. (3) Miss Fidelia Fisk. (4) A. V. Timpany.