

TELL THE TALE.

BY PASTOR J. CLARK, ANTIGOUISH, NOVA SCOTIA.

Tell the tale of Jesus' love
Tenderly and sweetly;
Like to one who fain would be
In its power completely.
'Tis a wondrous, wondrous theme!
Love o'er sin victorious!
'Tis the love of God's dear Son—
Let His praise be glorious.

Tell the tale of Jesus' love
Fresh from Truth's own pages;
All its hold on man it keeps
Through long-lasting ages.
While to you the passing years
More and more endear it,
Millions of the human race
Die and never hear it!

Tell the tale of Jesus' love
Where life's ills are thronging;
Nought like this in all the world
Meets the heart's deep longing:
Nought like this can cheer and bless
Sinful, dying mortals;
Nought like this can gild with light
Death's dark, gloomy portals.

Tell the tale of Jesus' love;
Think not, None will listen;
Soon, beneath its sacred spell,
Childhood's eyes will glisten.
Aye, and souls, perchance, e'en now,
Wonder why you never
Speak of Him whose name might bring
Life to them forever.

Tell the tale of Jesus' love,
Free from formal phrases;
Let each meaning word and look
Speak the Saviour's praises.
Heaven is listening! Wherefore wait?
Haste! for time is flying:
Speak as though you just had seen
Christ for sinners dying.

Tell the tale of Jesus' love;
Oh! 'tis worth the telling,
Where, amid the multitude,
Joyous strains are swelling;
Yes, and where one sorrowing soul,
Weary, bur'dened, lonely,
Has no friend to come between
Him and Jesus only.

Tell the tale of Jesus' love,
Fervent prayer upbreathing;
Plead as Christ would plead with men,
Tears with words enwrathing:
Plead as one whose gladdened heart
Thrills with Calvary's story;
Plead as one who longs to win
Souls for God and glory.

Tell the tale of Jesus' love
While the strength is given;
Glorious work on earth is this—
Pointing souls to heaven!
Tell this tale of love until
Soul from body sever;
Then, among the saints above,
Tell it out forever!