

GROWN WHITE WITH WAITING.

“DO you see this?” said a Brahmin to a missionary who had been speaking of Jesus, and he held up a long bunch of hair at the back of his head. “Do you see this? It is getting white now, is it not? It was as black as the crow’s wing once; and, sir, it has grown white with waiting for words like these!”

“Grown white with waiting for words like these!”

Oh, wonder no more that we rest not at ease,
Over whose heart-strings such words have
thrilled;
How, think you, can echoes like these be
stilled?

“Grown white with waiting!” O brothers all!
Is there for *you* in these words no call?
Stirs there no pulse in your inmost soul,
As by you these heart-waves of pleading roll?

“Grown white with waiting!” Oh, think how
soon
Must their voices be hushed! It is long past
noon,
And the Master calleth; oh, hear His voice,
And bid the waiting ones heart rejoice.