

It nought that one out of every three,
Of all the human race,
Should in China die, having never heard
The gospel of God's grace?
Canst thou shut thine ear to the awful sound,
The voice of thy brother's blood?
A million a month in China
Are dying without God!

O ye ambassadors for Christ,
Who hear your Lord's command,
"Go, go ye into all the world,"
Why linger in this land?
Say, do ye well to tarry
Where thousands preach the word;
While China's millions never yet
Its blessed sound have heard?
Should it still send up unheeded
The cry of your brother's blood?
A million a month in China
Are dying without God!

Oh, speak not of the noble few
Who the gospel sickle wield,
And reap some sheaves with weary hand
On the edge of its harvest field;
Far beyond their utmost power
Four hundred millions lie,
And a thousand preachers were all too few
To reach them ere they die!
But hear, oh! hear ye, for yourselves
The voice of your brother's blood!
A million a month in China
Are dying without God!

Four hundred millions! Lo, I see
The long procession pass;
It takes full three and twenty years!—
Yet scarce two hours, alas!
Our eye need gaze to count the saints
Amid that mighty host;
A few, so very few, the saved,
So numberless the lost!
O lost! ah does no righteous voice
Accuse us of their blood?
A million a month in China
Are dying without God!

Will these perish? Let the word
Of God (who cannot lie)
Be to this great question,
His solemn sole reply!
All those who sin beneath the law
Enslaved by that law shall be,
To sin besides, shall without law
Perish eternally.
Ye perishing neglected souls!
Are we guilty of your blood?

A million a month in China
Are dying without God!

They perish for their sins against
The light which God has given;
They need not perish! Christ has died,
The message sounds from heaven:
"He that believeth shall be saved,"
Faith cometh by the Word;
But how shall these believe on Him
Of whom they never heard?
And how without a preacher hear?
Our skirts are full of blood!
A million a month in China
Are dying without God!

Think not the heathen shall be saved!
'Tis a vain and guilty dream;
Idolaters shall never dwell
In the New Jerusalem!
But "without" that golden city,
Among the lost must be,
In the lake of the second death, whose flame
Burneth unquenchably!
Woe to the heathen and to those
Who are guilty of their blood!
A million a month in China
Are dying without God!

O watchman of God! thou seest
The sword of destruction come,
Why soundest thou not the warning
'Mid the hosts of heathendom?
God says, that if thou warnest not
The wicked at His command,
He shall perish—but his blood shall be
Required at thy hand!
Oh! cleanse thy hands from murder,
From the stain of thy brother's blood:
A million a month in China
Are dying without God!

Go, for the Saviour sends thee,
To call from the distant East
The idolaters for whom He died,
To His heavenly marriage feast.
The gospel that thou bearest
The power of God shall prove,
To triumph o'er the souls of men
By the omnipotence of love.
And remember, while thou lingerest,
The voice of thy brother's blood;
A million a month in China
Are dying without God!

And ye who cannot go, oh! help
With the wondrous weapon, prayer;
While ye uplift your hands at home,
The cross shall triumph there.