

## "THE FIELDS ARE WHITE."

Lift up your eyes - behold the task to which  
The Master calls. Earth's fields the reap-  
ers wait,  
And lo! much golden grain is bending now;  
So low that fallen, soiled, and stained it lies  
Because no hand has gleaned! The harvests  
ripe  
Invite thy love, thy prayer thy toil. Before  
Thine eyes and near thine hand the burden-  
ed plains  
Are spread. Thy zeal for souls, thine earn-  
est zeal  
He asks, who loved and lived and bled and  
died  
Salvation to secure for thee and thine.  
The cost, so great, he freely paid; endured  
The cross; despised the shame: so deep  
the joy  
He found in pain the travail of his soul  
For sons of men—for thee!

And now he looks  
To thee, and with a voice so tender, sweet  
With truest love, he bids thee enter now  
The open gates to gather sheaves for him.  
Blood-purchased are these waiting fields and  
soiled  
His own with all the weight of crushing shame  
He bore for thee and the n.

Thy *hand* he needs  
To lift the grain, so soiled, defiled, and bruised  
By error's feet, from out the mire and clay  
Of cruel, hopeless, shameful, blighted sin.

Thy *heart* he needs, thy patient loyal heart,  
So strong with love, so wholly lost to self  
That for his sake no work of thine too hard  
Shall seem, no day of toil too long  
By light of which can still be seen one grain—  
One soul unsaved.

Thy *brain* he needs, to think  
And plain how best for him to speak and do,  
So not one grain be lost from careless search.  
For priceless is *one* soul to love divine  
Of Christ, our Lord, who died for you and  
them!

'Tis for the *one* he seeks, both night and day,  
With eager, anxious, throbbing heart; so glad  
To hold once more the grain "which once  
was lost,"

And from the seraph and cherubic choirs  
There rolls the deep, triumphant flood of  
praise—

As halleluiahs from the minstrel hosts,  
White robed and glory crowned, proclaim  
the joy  
Which fills the soul of heav'n when *one* is  
found!

Thy *wealth* he needs. 'Tis his, though lent  
to thee,

A little while to use for him. From thee  
He asks his own! As steward of his gold,  
'Tis thine with willing hand to open wide  
The doors, that from his stores, lend thee,  
may pour

His silver and his gold, the hire of those  
Who reap where thou dost not—the rightful  
hire

Now asked of thee, since thou, thyself, at  
home

In rest and ease and peace dost stay, and  
they

Thy place must fill; as 'neath the burning heat  
Of Afric's torrid sun and India's plains.

Or from the harvests dense of Chiu's fields  
They seek to reap for Christ the precious  
grain;

Or from the sea-girt isles the flowers sweet,  
For him who died thy soul to save, they cull.

Thy hand, thy heart, thy brain, thy wealth  
he needs

To-day! Thy hand to reap, thy heart to love,  
Thy brain to plan, thy wealth to cleave the  
way

Through forests dark and jungles deep, and  
o'er

The storm-tossed wave to sreed his mission  
band,

"His reapers," on to fields as yet unreaped—  
Where harvests rich lie waiting for their toil.

The day is *now*, the day in which for Christ  
All labor must be done. Too soon the night  
Comes on when toil must cease, and what  
is then

Ungleaned fore'er must lie ungleaned and  
lost!

—Selected.

"When Mrs. Ryland was dying she was  
in great darkness of soul. Her quaint hus-  
band, John Ryland, went to her bedside,  
and said to her, "You are going to heaven,  
my dear." "No," cried she, "I am going  
down to hell." "And what will you do  
when you get there? Do you think you  
will pray there?" She replied, "I am sure  
I shall pray as long as I exist." "Why  
then," said her husband, "if you pray in  
hell they will say, 'Here is praying Betty  
Ryland come here; we cannot have praying  
people here, turn her out.'" It is impossible  
for a praying soul to be lost; for a praying  
soul has a measure of faith, and faith saves.  
A praying heart is a token that for you there  
is day coming, and not night.

Ruskin says, "It is advisable that a man  
should know at least three things: First,  
where he is; secondly, where he is going;  
thirdly, what he had best do under the cir-  
cumstances.