

SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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The Cry of the Heathen.

BY GERTRUDE GARDINER.

Come to our aid and help us,
Give of your Gospel cheer.
Hasten, for life is fleeting,
Millions are dying each year.
There is that in our nature which rises,
And seeks the Divine alone;
But, alas we know nothing better
Than idols of wood and stone.

We pray their care and protection,
But no answering voices reply.
We weep with hopeless anguish.
When we see our loved ones die,
For we know not whether they journey
To a life of joy or pain;
And vainly we ask the question,
"Shall we see our loved again?"

We have heard of your God, who pities,
And comforts the sorrowing one,
Who takes away guilt's oppression,
And freely bids us come;
But how may we find your Saviour,
With none the way to show?
We stand in darkness and danger,
Knowing not where to go.

Such is the cry of the heathen,
The voice of their saddening need,
Which ever is pleading with us,
Stirring to word and deed.
We stand in the light of ages,
Grown brighter with flight of time,

Which has given us all that is dearest,
And o'er-shadowed by love divine.

We see the mighty achievements,
Won by the mind of man,
As the Christ reveals to the Human
Great Nature's wondrous plan.
We know of the love that guards us,
From unseen dangers and harm,
And keeps us safely sheltered,
Secure from sin's alarm.

We have stood in the thick of the battle,
By doubts and fears dismayed,
And have heard the voice of the Master,
"I am here, be not afraid."
We have stood by the loved and dying,
With joy and sorrow rife,
For the Christ whose presence gladdened
Is the Resurrection and Life.

But, alas, for the dwellers in darkness,
They know not the heavenly care,
The present is rayless and cheerless,
The future a black despair.
They know not the love of the Master,
Which yearns o'er his suffering lost,
Who are groping in gloom and sorrow,
Despairing and tempest-tossed.

'Tis ours to hear the glad tidings
Of mercy and pardon and love;
To tell of the Christ who has triumphed,
To point to the heaven above.
Co-workers with him in his vineyard,
Gathering the golden grain;
Showing our love by our service
To him, who for all was slain.
Millbrook, Ct.