



You, whom He hath called and chosen His own witnesses to be, Will you tell your gracious Master

"Lord, we cannot speak for Thee?"
"Cannot!" though He suffered for you,
Died because He loved you so!

"Cannot!" though He has forgiven, Making scarlet white as snow!
"Cannot!" though "is grace abounding

Is your freely pro. .. ised aid!
"Cannot!" though He stands beside you,
Though He says, "Be not afraid!" Yes, we have a word, &c.

Some, perchance, while ye are dumb, Wait and weary for your message, Hoping you will bid them "come"; Never telling hidden sorrows, Lingering just outside the door, Longing for your hand to lead them Into rest for evermore. Yours may be the joy and honour His redeemed ones to bring, Jewels for the coronation Of your coming Lord and King.
Will you cast away the gladness
Thus your Master's joy to share,
All because a word for Jesus Seems too much for you to dare?

Yes, we have a word, &c.