

Canadian Missionary Link

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A WORLD'S HEARTACHE.

The great world's heart is aching, aching fiercely in the night;
And God alone can heal it, and God alone give light;
And the men to bear that message, and to speak the living word,
Are you and I, my brother, and the millions that have heard.

Can we close our eyes to duty? Can we fold our hands at ease,
While the gates of night stand open to the pathways of the seas?
Can we shut up our compassions? Can we leave our prayer unsaid
Till the lands which sin has blasted have been quickened from the dead?

We grovel among the trifles, and our spirits fret and toss,
While above us burns the vision of the Christ upon the Cross;
And the blood of Christ is streaming from His broken hands and side,
And the lips of Christ are saying, "Tell my brothers I have died."

O Voice of God, we hear Thee above the shocks of time,
Thine echoes roll around us, and the message is sublime;
No power of man shall thwart us, no stronghold shall dismay
When God commands obedience and love has had its way.

—Frederick George Scott.

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