

Bright is the silver refined from the ore dark,
Rich is the gold in the quartz veins disperst,
Strong are the arm and the heart of the miner,—
Men, and a soul to be saved in the worst:
God is blasphemed, for they know not He loves them;
None doth restrain them from manifold vice.
Forth with the wisdom that's better than rubies!
Forth let us speed with the pearl of great price!

Forth with the truth of our holy religion,
Christ for our burden, and souls for our quest!
Till not a spot shall be strange to the message,
Throughout the width of the North and the West,—
Camp of the huntsman in forest's deep fastness,
Lodge of the Blackfeet, or hut of the Cree,
Home of the fresh-water fisher, or harbor
Whence the bold sealer puts out to the sea!

O'er all the land let the cross be uplifted!
O'er it the banner of love be unfurled!
Let us go forth with the lamp of the Gospel,
Forth for the spread of the Light of the World!
Cleft of the mountain, recess of the forest,
Labyrinth dark of the mine, let it search!
Forward, my brethren, the faith of our fathers!
Forth to the conflict for Christ and the Church!

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