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FROM "GOD OF THE OPEN AIR," BY HENRY N DYKE.

"But One, but One,—ah, child most dear,
And perfect image of the Love Unseen,—
Walked every day in pastures green,
And all his life the quiet waters by,
Reading their beauty with a tranquil eye.
To him the desert was a place prepared
For weary hearts to rest;
The hillside was a temple blest;
The grassy vale a banquet-room
Where he could feed and comfort many a guest.

He watched the shepherd bring
His flock at sundown to the welcome fold,
The fisherman at daylight fling
His net across the waters gray and cold,
And all day long the patient reaper swing
His curving sickle through the harvest-gold.
So through the foot-path way he trod,
Drawing the air of heaven in every breath;
And in the evening sacrifice of death
Beneath the open sky he gave his soul to God.
Him will I trust, and for my Master take;
Him will I follow, and for His dear sake,
God of the open air,
To Thee I make my prayer.

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