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MISSIONARY HYMN.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand;
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand:
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile:
 In vain, with lavish kindness,
 The gifts of God are strewn;
 The heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high—
 Shall we, to men benighted,
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! oh, salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim;
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learnt Messiah's name.