

THE PILGRIM'S MISSION.

A HYMN FOR THE NEW YEAR.

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Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Listen! the Master be-seecheth, Calling each one by his name; His voice to each living heart
2. Seek those of evil be-haviour, Bid them their lives to a-mend; Go, point the lost world to the
3. Work, tho' the en-e-mies' laughter, Over the valleys may sweep, For God's patient workers here-
4. Work for the good that is highest; Dream not of greatness a-far; That glory is ev-er the
5. Of-fer thy life on the altar; In the high purpose be strong; And if the tir'd spirit should

reacheth, Its cheer-ful-rest ser-vice to claim. Go where the vineyard de-mand-eth
 a-Saviour, And be to the friendless a friend. Still be the lone heart of anguish
 aft-er Shall laugh when the en-e-mies weep. Ev-er on Je-sus re-li-ant,
 highest, Which shines up-on men as they are. Work, tho' the world would de-feat you;
 fal-ter, Then sweeten thy la-bour with song. What, if the poor heart complain-eth,

Vine-dressers' nurture and care; Or go where the white harvest standeth, The joy of the reaper to share.
 South'd by the pit-y of time; By waysides, if wound'd ones languish, Go poor in the oil and the wine.
 Press on your chivalrous way—The mightiest Paillistine gi-ant His Davids are chartered to slay.
 Heed not its slander and scorn; Nor weary till angels shall greet you With snites thro' the gates of the morn.
 Soon shall its waiting be o'er; For there, in the rest which remaineth, It shall grieve and be weary no more

Chorus.

Then work, brothers, work! let us slumber no longer, For God's call to labour grows stronger and stronger. The

light of this life shall be darken'd full soon, But the light of the bet-ter life resteth at-oooa.