VOLUME XVI.)

NOVEMBER, 1882.

[No. 11.

## Work On.

Work while the day is thine,
Work for the night is near,
Work that the light may shine,
Work is thy lowly sphere.
A gentle voice is calling thee:
"My brother, sister, work for Me."

Work in thy morning hours,
Work in thy simple way,
Work with thy budding powers,
Work in thine early day,
A gentle voice is calling thee:
"My brother, sister, work for Me."

Work in the din of life,
Work where'er duty calls,
Work in the battle strife,
Work where the soldier falls,
A gentle voice is calling thee:
"My brother, sister, work for Me."

Work when the hope is dead,
Work in the tide of woe,
Work when the eyes are red,
Work when the loved are low,
A gentle voice is calling thee:
"My brother, sister, work for Me."

Work when the hair is white,
Work with a heart resigned,
Work with a prospect bright,
Work with a cheerful mind,
A gentle voice is calling thee:
"My brother, sister, work for Me."

Work till the hands are down,
Work by the Master bless'd,
Work for the promised crown,
Work to the promised rest.
Tis Jesus' voice is calling thee:
"My brother, sister, work for Me."

## "Have you not a word for Jesus?"

A QUESTION FOR ALL WHO LOVE HIM.

Have you not a word for Jesus—not a word to say for Him?

He is listening through the chorus of the burning seraphim.

He is listening, does He hear you, speaking of the things of earth,

Only of its passing pleasure, selfish sorrow, empty mirth?

He has spoken words of blessing, pardon, peace, and love to you,

Glorious hopes and gracious comfort, strong and tender, sweet and true;

Does He hear you telling others something of H is leve untold.

Overflowings of thanksgiving for His mercies manifold?

Have you not a word for Jesus? Will the world

His praise proclaim?
Who shall speak if ye are silent? ye who know and love His name.

You, whom He hath called and chosen His own witnesses to be.

Will you tell your gracious Master, "Lord, we cannot speak for Thee?"