

When shall more sons of noble sires,
 For Heathens, vow in sacrifice?
 And men, with Macedon's desires,
 Make willing gifts, not mean in price?

GREAT INSTITUTIONS, clothed in light,
 Benighted "peoples" see from far:
 How beauteous to angelic sight
 These philanthropic objects are!

There is a bond of *love* for man;
 A day of searching and award:—
 That day, by faithful service, can
 Be one of welcome and reward.

For magnanimity sublime,
 • We seek not first where warriors stood;
 But where Good Men, in barbarous clime,
 Proclaim the all-atoning Blood.

For vast results we gladly turn
 To brutal shore and wilderness,
 Where Tribes God's will docilely learn,
 And imitate His Holiness!

Hordes, who in love Divine believe,
 As happy Nations now we own;
 And we new benefits receive,
 For Commonwealth, and Church, and Throne.

THY Labourers sustain, increase,—
 Fields white to harvest may they see;
 When toils shall end, their death be peace,—
 Work done their high memorial be!

Thy "Witnesses" with faith endow,—
 The Churches with Paul's zeal inspire;
 Send down on each the Spirit now,—
 Create for all the tongues of fire.

Thine is the Kingdom, God of Love!—
 Our all, through Christ, we render Thee:—
 The song which bursts from ail above,
 Shall rise to heaven from land and sea!

J. SCOTT.