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HEATHENDOM'S HOPE FUTURE,

—THEREFORE—

WAIT THOU UPON THE LORD.

—ISA. 25:9.—

O zealous friend of missions and men!
Thy questioning lines reveal
A Martha's care for the Master's cause
Not needful for thee to feel.

Your verse declares that heathendom wails,
And eagerly "pleads for light;"
While Christian prayer and denial fails
To rescue their souls from blight.

You say, "They cry on misery's brink
For succor within our power;"
"Yet twenty-nine hundred heathen sink
Into Christless graves each hour."

Are you more wise than the Father, who gave
To justice his cherished Son?
Or has the Lord of a conquered grave
Abandoned his work undone?

Doth God depend on fallible men
To publish "The Only Name?"
And, if they fail, can his love condemn
The helpless to endless flame?

Hath He, who claims all silver and gold,
Ordained that my scanty store
Must win a soul for the upper fold
Or sink it forevermore?

Hath He, before whose radiant face
The heavens and earth shall flee,
Consigned the fate of a blood-bought race
To mortals like you and me?

Tell us, O Christ, who suffered such loss;
Have billions of untaught slaves
Been wrecked in sight of thy bloodstained cross
And perished in hopeless graves?

Creeds answer—Yes! but reason cries—No!
And reason and truth agree:
No jot can fail of that word, I know,
“I will draw all men unto me!”

When all are drawn by wooings of love
And knowledge and duty blend,
Then only they who rebellious prove
Will merit a traitor's end.

God hasteth not: the centuries sweep
All obstacles from his path.
His gracious plan worketh wide and deep,
While slow is his righteous wrath.

His glory yet shall cover the earth
As waters o'erspread the sea:
Each soul shall learn of the Savior's worth
And blood of atonement free.

“Good will to men!”—Blest echoes that thrill
His “first-fruits” with rapture grand—
“Shall be to all,” when on Zion's hill
The “Bridegroom” and “Bride” shall stand.

God works by means, or worketh alone,
As serveth his purpose best;
By finite hands makes his power known,
Or showeth his arm undressed.

O brother mine! no longer repine,
Nor question God's love and might.
He sips the cup of a joy divine
Who readeth the lesson right.

GEORGE M. BILLS.

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