Missionary Hymn.

Nay, tell me not of dangers dire,
That lie in duty's path;
A Warrior of the Cross can feel
No fear of human wrath;
Where'ere the Prince of Darkness holds,
His earthly reign abhorred,
Sword of the Spirit, thee I draw,
And battle for the Lord.

I go, I go, to break the chains,
That bind the ~~[illegible]~~ mind,
And give the freedom that I feel,
To all of humankind;
But O, I wear no burnished steel,
And seek no gory field;
My weapon is the Word of God,
His promise is my shield.

And thus equipped, why need I fear,
Tho' hosts around me rise;
There is a power in Gospel Truth,
No heathen can despise;
And he who boldly fights with <u>that</u>,
Will thro' more perils wade,
Than the vain Warrior, trusting to
His bright Damascus blade.

No blasts by land or sea, can shake
The purpose of my soul;
The tempest of a thousand winds
May sweep from pole to pole,
Yet still serene, and fixed in faith,
All fear of death I scorn,
I know it is my Father's work;-
He's with me in the storm.

Then let me go where duty calls,
Where gratitude demands,
Bearing the Banner of the Lord,
To dark and distant lands;
And if the high and holy cause,
Require my early fall,
A recreant he, who would not die,
For Him that died for all.