

Pioneer Missionary Songs.



by the late
Mrs. Karl Kumm.



THE LATE . . .
MRS. KARL KUMM,
WITH HELMY AND
"LITTLE KARL" . . .

Pioneer ≡ Missionary Songs. ≡

BY THE LATE
MRS. KARL W. KUMM.



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*Special Music can be obtained from the Office
of the SUDAN UNITED MISSION.*

PREFACE.

THE writer of these touching "Missionary Songs," only wrote as she lived; and as she lived out what she wrote, she, "being dead, yet speaketh"; and her heart-stirring words will, we trust and believe, move many, whom her bodily voice could reach, to yield themselves and their earthly possessions to the call of the Lord—"Whom shall I call? and who will go for us?"—which still rings down the valley of time and yet touches so few. Our sister, now at rest in the "Paradise of God," was, while on earth, so entirely consecrated to the service of the Lord that she lived and moved, apparently, with but one grand idea—the Saviour's love must be made known among men. To this she devoted time, talents, and thought; and, then, when life itself was fast ebbing away, she refused to give heed to the claims of bodily weakness, and sacrificed all that she might make one more plea on behalf of the helpless and down-trodden heathen of the Congo—suffering to-day at the hands of professing Christians from Europe. Her words on "Our Slave State" will we trust appeal, with lasting effect, to the consciences of all who have any knowledge of the Congo State, with power to act on its behalf; and her "Pioneer Songs" on Missionary duties and opportunities cannot fail to stir the hearts of every true believer in Jesus Christ, and bring forth fruit to the glory of God. With deepest sympathy for those who have suffered irreparable loss by the departure of our sister Mrs. Kumm, and with earnest commendation of her recent Missionary Songs, I very thankfully accept the honour conferred upon me by her husband, Dr. Kumm, of calling attention to the value of these appeals to the Christian Church, and trust many may be led, in response thereto, to say—"Lord, here am I, send me."

H. W. WEBB-PEPLOE,

*Vicar of St. Paul's, Onslow Square, and
Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral.*

25, ONSLOW GARDENS, S.W.,
December 12th, 1907.

"OPEN THY MOUTH FOR THE DUMB;"

or the Home Call of **LUCY KUMM.**

BY MISS M. FITZGERALD.

"I am come to call thee HOME!"
Said our veiled Guest.
The terrible journey of life is done:
I will lead thee into rest!"

And we know by the Kingly mien
The royal word—
That the veiled Guest in the starlight dim
WAS CHRIST! THE LORD!

From "Ezekiel." By B. M.

It was August, 1906, at Northfield—(Moody's Northfield), and the big Annual Conference was in full swing. Up on the slopes of the "Highlands" the great auditorium was crowded morning, noon, and night. Behind it, winding amongst the rocks and undergrowth, a narrow path creeps upwards to the beautiful woods which crown the summit. Just on the verge of these woods stood, and stands still, a summer

bungalow, surrounded on three sides by birches, sycamores, and fir trees, with a broad verandah in front leading straight out on to the hill side, and commanding a magnificent view over the distant country.

Here in this cottage—an ideal resting place—she of whom we write, had come all unwitting—but by Divine guidance—to pass the LAST WEEKS of her eventful life ! In the hey-day of life and energy, with rare gifts, work that absorbed her whole being ; blest, too, as few women are in husband, children, and family ties, and with an ever-widening circle of interests and attached friends—she had yet come there TO DIE !

How little she dreamed it ! How little the devoted husband away in England at the Keswick Convention, who had left her in apparent health and spirits shortly before, could have forecast such an ending. Yet

THE KING'S MESSENGER WAS ALREADY
ON HIS WAY

as she sat yonder under the sycamore trees busy with that tireless pen that had laboured year in and year out for poor dark Africa ; while the

child voices of her two baby boys rung through the garden with merry shouts and chatter, and the August sunshine flooded the sweet valley of the Connecticut.

Yet it was from that quiet room overhead, only a few days later, she was to ascend to her Father! to enter the "grand calm of the Eternal world."

BUT NO ONE KNEW! Not even the doctor, called in for some unusual symptoms, suspected the truth. Yet daily the shadow crept nearer.

Twice had she spoken for the dark Sudan since the Conference gathered. Once in the great auditorium, once on "Round Top," where Dwight Moody's grave hallows the glorious outlook. Both addresses were of singular power. Of the first one, Dr. Mabie, who was present, writes: "This particular address delighted and astonished me beyond measure; it was so entirely *sui generis*. It moved on with dramatic and telling power, as she portrayed to us, with the aid of a map,

THE GREAT SUDAN AND CHRIST
KNOCKING AT THE DOOR OF HIS
CHURCH

to find who was willing to go and give the Gospel to that long-neglected land. It was a marvellous address, and one that will never be forgotten by anyone who heard it."

"The Address on 'Round Top' was of like power, and on the same high plane," continues Dr. M., "but this I did not hear." From this time, it is interesting to remark, Lucy Kumm never spoke again in public. Those two addresses were the winding up of her long-continued pleading for the dark Sudan and for Africa.

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Words fail to express fully how the needs and woes of Africa were graven on her heart. From early girlhood it had been so, when taking up the pen her dear mother laid down, the girl Editor took upon her own shoulders the conduct of "Regions Beyond," and threw all her energies into pleading for the Congo. Marriage had of later years focussed her interests on the newly-opened field of the vaster Soudan, where Dr. Kumm had previously worked, and during his

long absence from England, when pioneering in Nigeria, it was her gifts of organizing, her brilliant pen, that sustained and widened the Missionary interest at home.

And since coming to Northfield a pamphlet on the "Rubber Atrocities" in the Belgian Free State had so seized upon her mind, that, unknown to husband or family, she had commenced a last book—a book that really cost her life—entitled,

"OUR SLAVE STATE."

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And so still under the trees of the bungalow the writing went on, though pain increased and strength failed. Vainly the doctor protested, and urged that special treatment should be tried and a removal to hospital surroundings.

"No ! I could not write there as I can here under the trees," was her answer ; and so the writing went on and the shadow drew nearer. Then a day came when she wrote in bed ; and finally the day when she threw down her pen, exclaiming, " There ! it is DONE now ! and they can do what they like."

But the concession came, alas ! TOO LATE !

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Up to this time no thought of danger had occurred to her. There was pain, of course—but that could be borne! The sufferings of the “Rubber” victims were far more important! Even when in succeeding days dangerous symptoms appeared, and fresh advice had to be summoned, she still was bright with hope, and her smiles were as ready as ever.

Then came a day when first she grasped the truth, that for her there would be no earthly future! that never again should she see home or country—that her darlings must pass into other care than their mother’s!

THAT HER LIFE WORK WAS ENDED!

It was THEN that faith rose triumphant—and that chamber of Death became to the last a “Chamber of Peace” and of hope full of glory. To each one who approached her bed she put the question, “DO YOU BELONG TO THE LORD?” In the doctor’s hand she placed her own New Testament; and the last conscious words, twice repeated, were the triumphant ones of old, “I know that my Redeemer liveth.”

So she crossed the river radiant and fearless, and met death WITH A SMILE!

It was on Sunday, the 12th of August, 1906, shortly after midnight (American time), that she went home. A wild thunderstorm was raging over Northfield, but away in her English home the sun was just rising, and involuntarily the words came to our lips :—

“ And when the sun in all his State
Illum'ed the Eastern skies,
She passed through glory's morning gate
And walked in Paradise.”

They laid her to rest in the village Cemetery, the little “ God's Acre ” of Northfield. Two of Dwight Moody's sons helped to bear the precious casket down the hill to the Mortuary (where, till her young husband could return from England, it was to rest), and though father, husband, brothers were all absent, the little procession did not lack fitting mourners such as she herself might have chosen.

Heading the line as it wound down the slope were Dr. Mabie, her much-loved fatherly friend, Dr. Torrey, of Chicago, and Campbell-Morgan, of London, with the Moody family, and many others. Ten days later, as they gathered round the open grave in the village Cemetery for the

simple committal service, the sun was just sinking to his rest ; and there, in the sacred calm and radiance of sunshine, they left her ! Left her in hope, "Waiting for the Morning of the Resurrection."

After the burden and heat of the day
The starry calm of night !
After the rough and toilsome way
Asleep ! in the robe of white.
"Till the day break and the shadows flee
away."



1. A Heart that Lived and Loved.

ANCIENT Syene ! Land of Love and Dreams,
Life holds no memory more dear than thou,
Stealing away the care-line from the brow,
Lifting the burden when it heaviest seems,
Shadowless beauty in thy radiance beams,
A sun that riseth—never dropping low—
A mighty music whereso'er I go,
Singing, still singing, on to life's extremes.

If 'mid the stress of long and laboured ways,
Shadows around me deepen into gloom,
If the dread fear of the engulfing tomb
Threatens the LOVE Thou gavest to erase,
Back to my spirit comes Thy steadfast word :
“ *Fear not—remember Me—thy prayer was heard.* ”

The Dayspring Song.

[Tune—"SPEED, BONNY BOAT."]

OVER the whole world, comrades,
Fling out the Light of God ;
Over the world and round the world,
Wherever man has trod !
Light for the dusk of the saddest lands,
Light for the gloom and the grey ;
Morning waits for the ends of the earth ;
Comrades, come away !
Carry the blessed Dayspring—
Jesu, the Saviour's light ;
Servants of God, as your Master trod,
Go to the lands of Night.

Carry the blessed Dayspring
South to the great Sudan ;
Through desert waste go forth with haste,
Herald the Son of Man.
The wee babe to its mother's heart,
The lost lamb to the fold,
And the weary world to the feet of Christ
As in the days of old.
As He was of yore, so now !
Lights of the world, be fleet !
Morning waits for the ends of the earth,
Bring the whole world to His feet.

[Tune—"THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."]

WE stand at the gates of a century new—

The God of the past is the God of to-morrow—

We look to His Word for the thing we should do ;

From what He hath done we our confidence borrow.

Never a tear or a shadow of fear,

As onward we press to the van from the rear,

Obeying Thy mandate we hasten to tell

Thy " So Great Salvation," O IMMANUEL !

To the hosts of the Lord rings the clarion call—

Arm—arm for the fight and go forth to the battle !

The nations are bound by the enemy's thrall ;

They lie down in darkness like dumb-driven cattle.

Yet is their cry, their least, low, helpless sigh,

An availing appeal to the Father on high.

Arise, irresistible armies of God,

Go break every yoke through the conquering Word !

In the purpose of God stands the triumph of Christ ;

The end is assured, for the word hath been spoken ;

His promise for yesterday's victory sufficed ;

It holds for to-day, and shall never be broken.

Forth then in faith, be thou faithful to death,

And expect the fulfilment of all that He saith.

Though against us should rise all the powers of hell,

We hail Thee world's victor, O IMMANUEL !

4.

To Arms!

[Tune—Adapted by SCHUMANN.]

To arms, sons and daughters of every Christian land ;
We hold marching orders, our Captain's clear command ;
Though legions of darkness His kingdom's course
oppose,

The Lord God of battles will frustrate His foes.

The Lord God of battles will frustrate His foes.

Our young men and maidens have caught the battle song ;
The mountains and oceans the mighty strains prolong ;
Through New World and Old World as with a single
voice—

“Forth, forth to the nations and bid them rejoice !
Forth, forth to the nations and bid them rejoice !”

Arise ! for Messiah is King o'er all the earth ;
Ring forth “to all people” the song of Bethlehem's birth ;
O'er uttermost lands of the heathen He must reign.
He liveth ; He sendeth ; He cometh again.
He liveth ; He sendeth ; He cometh again.

The Volunteers.

[Tune by JEAN SCHWARTZ.]

"OUR idols unregarding,
Stand helpless, cold, and dumb ;
Indifferent, unrewarding
The zeal with which we come.
Our prayer-flags unavailing
Are fluttering on the wind ;
None heeds their mute bewailing,
Or counts the prayer-wheel's grind."

Brothers, that call unheeded
Christ bids us answer now ;
Wherever He is needed
Thither He bids us go,
Over the mountains lonely,
Through wide tempestuous seas,
Hand in hand,
A praying band,
To win for Jesus
Every land,
We conquer on our knees.

"Writ wide across the pages
Of continents outspread,
The desert track for ages
Has whitened with our dead ;
Through weary years of travel
We seek the Prophet's tomb,
Nor find the Haj unravel
Life's mystery and gloom."

Brothers, the Lord of glory,
Who pilgrim pathways trod,
Bids us repeat His story—
Pilgrims who go to God.
Forth with His healing message—
Comfort and love and grace—
Hand in hand,
A pilgrim band,
To win for Jesus
Every land,
Until . . . we see His face.

“With neither hope nor healing
We perish, pass, and die ;
Oh, Christendom, unfeeling—
Where none attend our cry—
Is there no Holy Teacher?
Is there no saving Word?
No heaven-appointed preacher
Ready and sent by God ? ”

Ready? Yes, we are ready ;
Ready to hear the call
Sounding o'er land and ocean—
The voice of Jesus, the Lord of all.
Master, we'd make Thee Monarch,
King of all lands and years ;
Hand in hand,
A soldier band,
To win for God
The darkest land,
We're Jesus' volunteers.

Sailing? Yes, we are sailing ;
How could we choose to stay,
Charged with "so great salvation,"
For which the nations pray?
Ambassadors of Jesus,
Sharing His joy or tears,
Hand in hand,
A warrior band,
To win for God
The darkest land,
We're Jesus' volunteers.

(FOR HOME SUPPORTERS.)

Ready? Yes, we are ready ;
Ready to stay at home,
Sending our best and dearest
To make "Thy kingdom come;"
Ready to love and suffer
Through separating years ;
Hand in hand,
A praying band,
To win for God
The darkest land,
We're Jesus' volunteers.

“We do not well.”

[Tune by L. KUMM.]

WE do not well ;
This day is a day of joy !
Brethren, rise, tell,
This day is a day of joy !
If we tarry till the morrow
Evil cometh. Rise !
Herald in the lands of sorrow,
Jesus Christ !

O how high is your vocation
Darkness to dispel ;
Break from off a trammelled nation
Falsehood's spell.
Heralds of so great salvation,
Go ?—Go !—and tell !
Heralds in the lands of sorrow,
Jesus Christ !

[Special Tune by L. KUMM.]

"GIVE them to eat." Nay, Lord, it cannot be!
Let them go home o'er darkening Galilee;
We need our little loaves and fishes small.
These multitudes? We cannot feed them all.

"Give them to eat." He saith not: "If ye can,"
Knowing He liveth; He the Son of Man.
"Give them to eat." He saith it still to-day.
He has the power. We have—to obey.

"Give them to eat." Still, Lord, this ancient word!
Nay, we could wish its mandate were unheard.
Our Churches, Lord, have such wide work to do;
Their loaves are scanty, and their fishes few.

Let us escape the burden of this care!
Gladly we gather to Thy house of prayer,
Gladly we would the nations to Thee call;
But—ask us not, O Lord, to feed them all.

"Give them to eat." Yea, we are generous, Lord;
Have offered much, obedient to Thy word—
True, millions still with thirst and hunger faint,
But we would fain ignore their soul-complaint.

Give us soft raiment, comfort, affluence, ease;
Give us fair churches, prayer and creeds that please,
What if the people die for lack of bread?
It is enough, O Lord, that we are fed.

Speakest thou thus—thou for whom Christ hath died?
Wilt thou leave Him and His unsatisfied?
Kneel at His feet, His pardon to implore;
Rise, yield thine all. Christ Jesus gives Thee more.

“Give them to eat.” He saith not: “If ye can,”
Knowing He liveth: He, the Son of man.
“Give them to eat.” He saith it still, to-day
He has the power. We have—to obey.



8 “Carest thou not that we perish.”

[Tune by L. KUMM.]

HARK! the dim notes that reach thine ear,
Wafted o'er hill and dale and sea,
Borne on the breeze so faint and clear,
Calling for Thee.

“Wild beats the storm with wind and wave,
Must threatening ruin be our lot?
Wilt Thou not rescue, help and save?
Carest Thou not?”

“Carest thou not?” The question rings
Fraught with despair, from lands forgot,
“We perish dark as soulless things,
Carest thou not?”

Heavy is life's long pain and fear,
Darker our unknown future, lot,
Is there no light afar or near?
Carest thou not?”

“ Carest thou not for souls undone—
Evil triumphant, good unsought?
Is all the ruin 'neath the sun
To thee as naught?
Vainly we seek one healing word;
Nor hope, nor love, nor light are brought;
Doth our distress leave thee unstirred?
Carest thou not? ”

O Christ of pity—long ago
This same appeal besought Thine ear—
“ Carest Thou not we perish ! ”—Lo,
Thou, Thou didst hear.
Thine answer was Thy love outpoured,
Thy being lavished, thy life laid down,
Teach us to share Thine answer, Lord,
Thy cross—Thy crown.



9 “ Far across the Trackless Desert.”

[Tune by H. G. GUINNESS.]

FAR across the trackless desert,
Far beyond the bright blue sea,
In the wide Sudan they're waiting,
Lost to light and liberty.
Jesus died for them as truly
As He died for all mankind;
Nought they know of His salvation,
Sin-sick, helpless, hopeless, blind.

Sokoto pleads darkened millions ;
Adamawa calls in vain,
Bornu, Gando, Nupe suffer
Sin and sorrow, death and pain.
Jesus died for them as truly
As He died for you and me.
None hath told them, not a whisper—
“Christ hath ransomed thine and thee.”

On the hour-dial of the ages
Dawning sunrise flings its ray,
Nations pressing through the shadows
Welcome in the longed-for Day.
Midnight Land, of lands the darkest,
Why remainest thou in gloom?
Mother, thou of many millions,
Chained to-day in death and doom !

Last and largest realm of shadow,
In the harvest of the Lord,
Who shall reap thy sheaves so precious
Who shall bring thy sons to God ?
Shall the Church neglectful linger,
Still refuse her Saviour's call.
Tho' she names Him Lord and Master,
“ King of kings and Lord of all ? ”

Haste, obey, for life is fleeting !
Haste, obey, for death draws nigh !
Rise, for swift thy chance recedeth—
Jesus Christ is passing by.
Jesus lives, and He has promised
Ethiopia too shall live,
Slave-born heathen hosts are waiting,
Waiting for thee, rise and give.

[Tune—Dutch Air, A.D. 1626.]

FROM millions of voices petitions ascending
Entreat the deaf ears of the idols in vain,
The people their flesh and their garments are rending,
No voice and no answer to pity their pain.

On us is the blame of their darkness and sorrow,
A message ungiven, a gospel denied,
False priesthoods, vain altars, vain images borrow
From Christian indifference their power and pride.

The feet of the pilgrims throng thick on the highway
Of mountain and desert and river and plain,
Where heart-weary millions cross country and ocean,
Benares and Mecca and heaven to gain.

O waken Thy Church to her sin and her duty;
Inspire our hearts with Thy passion and prayer,
Revealing in loss and in suffering, beauty,
The glory eternal Thy martyrs shall share.

O Thou who hast wrought for a world in its ruin,
A perfect salvation on Calvary's tree,
Transform Thou our lives by Thy Spirit's indwelling,
Speed forth Thine Evangel—the Life of the Free.

Shall we not go?

[Tune By L. K.]

UNTO the utmost parts of the earth
Ye shall be witnesses mine,
Not in your own strength send I you forth,
But in the Power Divine.

Hark ! He is calling ! Jesus our King
Sends us glad tidings to show,
Unto the uttermost parts of the earth,
Shall we not, shall we not go ?

Is there a Saviour ? Which is the way ?
Where can our spirits find peace ?
Sorrow and suffering sadden our day—
Would that existence might cease !
Hark ? they are calling ! Jesus' lost sheep,
Wandering in darkness and woe,
Forth with the answer,—wake from your sleep,
Haste, ye swift messengers. Go !

Still in its shadow waits the Sudan,
Dark, though redeemed by His grace,
In our Father's infinite plan
Africa's millions find place.
Without a preacher how shall they hear ?
We are the preachers. For Lo !
"Ye are the light of the world," saith the Lord,
Must we not, must we not go ?

Do not detain us, Jesus "hath need,"
Set us, His witnesses, free !
Parents and friends, do ye love Him indeed ?
Help us to answer His plea.
Yes, we will gladly spend and be spent,
Following Jesus below ;
Unto the uttermost parts of the earth,
Lord, we will go, we will go.

12 Hushed is the Midnight Hour.

[Tune—"HUSHED." By SIR A. SULLIVAN.]

HUSHED is the midnight hour
Of Earth's millennial dawning,
The nations in the shadows wait the promised Day,
O Light of all the world shine forth,
Illuminate a darkened earth.

Lighten Thy servants, Lord,
Who stand amid life's twilight,
With hearts of longing lifted, and with hands of prayer.
O Light of all the world shine in
Dispel our darkness, fear and sin.

Thou Light of all mankind,
Desire of all the nations,
Indwell, inspire Thy messengers as once of yore.
Send Thou us forth with quenchless zeal
To bring Thy Church her Lord's appeal.

O grant us Love like Thine
That hears the cry of sorrow
From heathendom ascending to the throne of God;
That spurns the call of ease and home
While Christ's lost sheep in darkness roam!

O grant us hearts like Thine,
Wide, tender, faithful, childlike,
That seek no more their own, but live to do Thy will!
The hearts that seek Thy Kingdom first,
Nor linger while the peoples thirst.

O grant us minds like Thine
That compassed all the nations,
That swept o'er land and sea and loved the least of all;
*Great things attempted for the Lord,
Expecting mighty things from God.*



13 **From the Land of Darkness.**

THE Summer is ended, the harvest is past,
Life's flood-tide is ebbing away.
Our souls in their yearning still hunger and fast,
Nor know of the Life and the Way.

"The Nations have perished thro' centuries long;
Our forefathers died, and we die.
We dream that the death-wail might turn into song,
Were hope ours.—But hopeless we lie.

"We talk of the darkness and shadow of night—
Oh, is there a dawning of Day?
Will ever a messenger lead us to Light
Eternal that fades not away?

"We grope in the darkness and feel after God,
Avenging and pitiless heaven!
This earth is a graveyard, no Saviour hath trod,
No message of Love hath been given.

"Oh, is there a message? A heavenly Word?
Why tarry the preachers so late?
'Come over and help us,' ye servants of God!
We hunger, we thirst, and we wait.'

Come Over.

Tune—Adapted.

THE sounds of earth I hear
 Loud beating on my ear
 With ever-present, close, insistent noise,
 Yet mid life's crowded ways
 Through busy nights and days
 I hear above them all a far-off voice—

CHORUS—

“Come over! Come over!”
 Through and through my heart 'tis sighing
“Come over, Come over,”
 Still it sounds across the sea,
“Come over! Come over!”
While you linger we are dying,”
 O Master, my Master,
 Thou in them art calling me.

Oh, far-off cry! Why should I roam
 At Thy behest thro' alien lands untrod,
 My heart would fain abide at home
 Yet seems to hear thro' thee the call of God.

Lo, standing here I count the cost,
 The suffering and the perils of the way.
 Tho' for His sake my life be lost,
 I hear my Master's summons and obey.

O Master, my Master!
Thro' the years Thy voice is calling;
O Master, my Master,
Still it comes to me to-day;
On the dawning Age 'tis falling—
O Master, my Master,
Let me listen and obey.

Ring on, O Macedonian cry,
Resound from heart to heart and land to land,
Till every Christian voice reply
In consecration—"Our Lord's command."



15 **Master, if Thou art Calling.**

[Tune by CLARE KUMMER.]

"OH tarry here! Oh tarry here!"
Entreats the appealing voice,
"Afar from home, why shouldst thou roam,
Forsaking peaceful joys?
The availing plea of needs we see
Should surely move thy soul?
Why turn from these to cross the seas
With suffering as thy goal?"

"Forbear to rove afar from love
In realms of pagan night!
We need thee here, we hold thee dear,
To pain can ne'er be right,
Thus evermore soft tones implore
And move my heart to stay,
But I have heard a greater Word
That calls me far away."

CHORUS—

Master, if Thou art calling
I will not listen to other claims
Only the voice of *Jesus*
Shall be my guide for evermore.

Light on the Way.

ONWARD we glide across the ocean
Over the wide, blue ocean ;
Through the ever changing scenes and hours
Of our journey Thou art near.

Verily, 'tis Thy promise,
Steadfast and changeless promise,
Findeth fulfilment in Thy presence,
Jesus, ever now and here.

Still sendest Thine Evangel,
Glory of saint and angel,
Forth to the darkest lands afar
Where none who know Thee have trod.
Apostles still Thy work fulfil,
Led by the Spirit of God ;
By Thee sent forth to all the earth.

Where none who know Thee have trod.

*Nor fear to roam
Afar from home,
For Thou dost come.*

God Guard Thee.

[Tune by J. BLUMENTHAL.]

God guard thee, God guard thee,
Who goest with His message,
Goest for His sake.
The parting hour has come,
But Christ is with thee still.
Never forsaken, never alone,
Those who at Jesus' bidding have gone.
His guiding presence and His changeless care
Are with thee evermore and everywhere.

*Good-bye, Beloved, Good-bye, Beloved,
God keep thee by His grace!*

For Him we part
Whose love constrains our heart
The lost to gather to the Saviour's embrace.

God guard thee! God guard thee!
The oceans watch below thee
Stars watch overhead.
In alien lands, afar,
Thy God is with thee still.
Storm winds obey our Master's command,
Sheltered and safe thou'rt held in His hand.
Thou journeyest forth the work of Christ to share,
His light of life in darkest realms to bear.

*Good-bye, Beloved, Good-bye, Beloved!
God keep thee in His care*

Where'er He bids thee roam,
Thy God is still thy home;
*In every need, for evermore, everywhere
Good-bye! Good-bye!*

FAR, far over the sea
Voices are calling
"Captives who roam," with none to come
And set them free.

But our lives are full of ease,
And other voices please,
And happy lays attend our days,
And we scarcely hear their plea.

Far, far over the sea
Sufferers are calling;
Heathendom's pain appeals in vain,
'Tis naught to thee.

For the home-life is so sweet,
Where our loved ones we may greet,
And the distant call rings faint and small
By the claims we feel and see.

"Come, come over the sea!"
Jesus is calling—
"Will ye not watch one little hour
Alone with me?"

In His pierced hands and feet
Perfect love and sorrow meet,
And we bear His name, and own his claim,
But we shrink from agony.

Shall such cowardice be?
Rise! Rise and obey Him!
Shall we not yield Him all we are
And hope to be?

If we do belong to Christ
Let us keep with Him our tryst ;
And the loss and pain will all be gain
In the great Eternity.

Sailing over the sea
Sweet Christ may we follow,
Feeling no fear, for Thou art near,
And storms must flee.

Thou wilt guide us as we go
By a way we do not know ;
And will grant us each, some wanderers to reach,
And to bring them home to Thee.



19. **So I will not be Afraid.**

[Special Tune by L. K.]

I KNOW it will be better and better
All the journey home ;
I know that the Father has ordered
That the best shall be always to come.

CHORUS.

So I will not be afraid ;
Not any more at all ;
For Jesus Christ is with me here,
And He will do it all.

God my Father has promised
“ He will be our Guide ; ”
Will He perfect in love the pathway
And not for the pilgrim provide ?

20. Better, Better, and Better.

[Tune—Adapted.]

It was long ago I offered
My everything to Thee,
Resolved that Jesus Christ should choose
The path of life for me.
I made no reservation ;
Thou gavest me Thine all ;
Could I do less ? My highest gift
Is wretched, low, and small.

CHORUS.

Better, better, and better,
Prayeth my longing soul,
Make Thou the offering I bring to Thee,
Multiply, use Thou the whole.
Better, better, and better,
Daily I fain would be ;
Pure through Thy cleansing, Thy sanctification,
“ Meet,” oh, my Master, for Thee.

It was long ago Thou tookest
The worthless gift I brought ;
What wondrous benediction
Thy mighty love hath wrought.
I dreamed of transformation,
Of freedom, service, scope ;
But, ah ! Thy real exceedeth far
The vision of my hope.

CHORUS.

Better, better, and better ;
 Saved by my Lord from sin,
Since the bright hour when Thy glorious power
 Accepted and gathered me in.
Better, better, and better,
 Learneth my wondering heart ;
Faint apprehending, the glory transcending,
 Which earth can but shadow in part.

And is there nothing greater
 That I may bring to Thee ?
No higher climb, while priceless time
 On earth is granted me ?
I long to serve Thee better,
 To glorify Thee more,
To fully prove Thy power ; oh, Love,
 Thine utmost to explore.

CHORUS.

Better, better, and better,
 Grant Thou my yearning prayer,
Even in life's real, to reach Jesus' ideal,
 Always and everywhere.
Better, better, and better,
 Dear Holy Spirit, Thou— [prevailing,
Thou, never failing, through weakness
 Canst perfect Thine instruments now.

Then welcome any future
 Thy God may choose for Thee,
Assured of this, through pain or bliss,
 The best is still to be.

Men lavish out their good wine,
And after bring the poor ;
He giveth first His good as worst,
Then better evermore.

CHORUS.

Better, better, and better,
Always the best to come ; [blessings
Father, Thou keepest the best of Thy
Till Thy children are safe at home.
Better, better, and better,
Always the best to come ; [blessings
Father, Thou keepest the best of Thy
Till Thy children are safe at home.



21. **Still as the Night.**

[Tune—"STILL WIE DIE NECHT," CARL BOHM.]

STILL as the night, deep as the sea,
Stretches the love of God ;
Strong as the light, and boundless and free,
Reigneth the love of Christ—the love of God ;
Jesus, Thy love to me.

Mighty as life, dateless as time,
Waiteth the love of God ;
For every race and land and clime
Waiteth the love of Christ—the love of God ;
Love He would show through thee.

[Tune by T. L. HATTON.]

FULL of praise they journeyed fourth,
 Messengers of Jesus, sent
 By the Lord of all the earth,
 For whose sake they gladly went.
 Surely they are praising still,
 Though the earth-bound deem their song
 'Mid the choir invisible
Hushed in silence—silence long . . .
Hushed in silence . . . silence long.

They had chosen Jesus' choice,
 Whether life or whether death ;
 What to them were earthly joys,
 Fleeting with their fleeting breath.
 Warriors girded for the fight,
 Prophets of the Eternal Word,
 They have passed into the light,
Left life's shadows, seen the Lord.
Left life's shadows . . . seen the Lord.

In the far-off waste Sudan,
 Age-long sphere of darkness 'thrall,
 They await the Son of Man ;
 Wait the resurrection call.
 They shall wake with triumph psalm
 Who now, like a child asleep,
 Quiet, fearless, free from harm,
Rest in silence, calm and deep.
Rest in silence . . . calm and deep.

23. **Fear not—only believe.**

[Special Tune by L. K.]

"BEHOLD!" saith the Lord, "I have given you power,
Beyond all the power of the enemies' might,
And nothing shall hurt you in temptation's hour,
For I am beside you who walk in the light."
Then, Lord, although mountains obstruct our pathway,
Though seas stretch before us we cannot divide,
We'll simply go forward, believing Thy promise
A path through the mountains and depths will provide.

CHORUS.

Fear not, only believe,
Jesus works miracles still ;
Fear not, only believe,
Jesus Christ can, and He will.

We stand in the midst of the thing Thou art doing ;
Give faith that our spirits may rise to Thy thought ;
Give courage with patience, though faint yet pursuing,
Yet following fully, we'd serve as we ought.
We know Thou art willing and waiting to show us
Thy wonder-accomplishing power to-day ;
Baptise us afresh with Thy Spirit and fire,
To realise Thy thought and receive what we pray.

CHORUS.

Fear not, only believe,
Jesus works miracles still ;
Fear not, only believe,
Jesus Christ can, and He will.

Praise to Thee.

[Special Tune by L. K.]

PRAISE to Thee I know not how to bring ;
Love like Thine transcendeth everything ;
Yet that love compels my soul to sing—

Glory be to Thee, Lord Jesus !

Praise to Thee for earth and sea and sky,
Sun and stars and shining hosts on high,
Steadfast seasons sweeping calmly by—

Glory be to Thee, Lord Jesus !

Praise to Thee for field and stream and flower,
Sunshine, mighty wind, and silent hour,
Mountain, forest wealth, and Nature's power—

Glory be to Thee, Lord Jesus !

Praise to Thee who callest us to share
Sacrifice Thy kingdom to prepare,
Work with Thee till all the earth declare—

Glory be to Thee, Lord Jesus !

Praise to Thee whose mighty power sends forth
Thine apostles into all the earth,
Bringing darkest lands to heavenly birth—

Glory be to Thee, Lord Jesus !

Confidence.

[Tune—"STILLE NACHT."]

JESUS, I know
All things below
Thy good will
Must fulfil.

Thou, my Master, directest my way,
Orderest everything day by day ;
Mine inheritance choose Thou,
Here and hereafter for me.

Jesus, Thy love
Still I must prove ;
Tho' my heart
Knows but part
Fathomless ocean with never a shore ;
Still I wonder, receive, and explore ;
Deep, ineffable, endless
Love of my Master to me.

Jesus, Thou'rt near,
Now, even here ;
Thy design
Worketh mine.
All I long for Thy love doth prepare ;
Passing dreaming, hoping, and prayer ;
Mighty God ! in Thy purpose
Heaven is given to me.

I Seek a Song.

I SEEK a song to praise Thee,
Creator of all good,
To tell the grace that passes praise,
Nor can be understood.
But words are poor and feeble,
And music fails to show
That which transcends all thought, and ends
All fear, and heals all woe.

I seek a song to praise Thee
But find none adequate,
For Thou beyond my highest thought
Art tender, good, and great.

I seek a song to praise Thee,
Oh Love that died for sin,
Whose sacrifice won Paradise,
And bids all enter in.
Oh, Love that bore our cross and wore
The thorns that fit our brow—
O piercé hands, whose dear commands
Give Heaven here and now.

I seek a song to praise Thee,
Director of my way,
The choice of mine that maketh Thine
More than I hope or pray.
Fain would I tell the wisdom
That leadeth through the night ;
Th' unfailing power in darkest hour
To guide, and guide aright.

O lips that fail and falter,
O tongue that cannot speak,
O soaring thought, still falling short,
O language dumb and weak.
Earth's brightest dream holds but a gleam
Of the eternal Light ;
The path love trod leads up to God :
Thou—Thou art Infinite.

27. **Light of the World be Mine.**

[Tune—"THURINGER VOLKSLIED."]

LIGHT of the World be mine !
Into my darkness shine ;
Love, joy, and power divine,
 Radiate through me !
Cause me to see Thy face,
Till I reflect Thy grace,
Life-giving, healing rays,
 Priceless and free.

Light of the Nations ! Still
Darkness shrouds vale and hill,
Nor doth Thy Church fulfil
 Thy bidding yet.
O'er heathen lands afar
Sin reigns, and wrong and war ;
Arise, O Morning Star,
 Never to set !

O Light of every man,
We bring Thee all we can—
Thine eyes alone shall scan
 Our offering's worth.
Eternal Light outpoured,
Transfuse our beings, Lord !
Shine Thou through us abroad,
 To all the earth.

28. My Saviour leads me to the Light.

[Tune by permission of G. GROSSMITH.]

I TREAD where all the saints have trodden
Who walk by faith and not by sight ;
And One is with me in the darkness,
My Saviour leads me to the light.

CHORUS.

My Saviour leads me to the light,
He makes the wrong to work for right ;
And "good, acceptable, and perfect"
Is the Will that leads me to the light.

When all I love are sundered from me,
No longed-for form shall bless my sight ;
But One unseen is ever near me ;
My Saviour leads me to the light.

I have no wealth or earthly prospect
My Lord was poor as I am, quite ;
He walked with God for his companion
The poor man's pathway to the Light.

I may not fear the unknown to-morrow,
For faith with fear must ever fight ;
And through the worst that can befall me,
My Lord still leadeth into Light.

There is no "worst" while I have Jesus,
His goodness puts my fear to flight ;
It is not very far to Heaven,
I'll soon be standing in His sight.

CHORUS.

I'll soon be standing in His sight
Who makes the wrong to work for right,
For "good, acceptable and perfect"
Is the will that leadeth to the Light.

Pilgrim Song.

O LORD, we do not understand
As yet the fulness of Thy ways ;
But, Pilgrims to Immanuel's land,
At every step we'd sing Thy praise.
The path is often lost to sight,
But faith in darkness still can see ;
We know Thy choice is ever right,
And gladly leave the choice to Thee.

We bless Thee for all trials past,
For trials taught us trust and prayer :
We bless Thee for our present cross,
And for all future need and care :
We know Thy loveliest gifts are sent
Sometimes by messengers of pain,
Thy harvest needs not only sun
But also frost and snow and rain.

If most in times of greatest need
Our longing prayer is fully heard,
Then would we claim Thy answer now,
And stay our fainting hearts on God ;
To do Thy will is our desire,
To serve Thy Kingdom our intent ;
What matter, desert, flood, or fire,
If we but walk where Jesus went.



Sudan United Mission.



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