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A Soul

A living soul, how priceless!
Its value is untold.
Invisible, immortal,
Worth more than purest gold.
And oh, the souls are countless
Upon life's busy way
Who know not Christ, our Saviour,
Who never stop to pray.
They rush toward sin's gay glitter,
Its glaring, garish light
These souls of men are marching
To everlasting night.

Oh go ye into all the world,
Is His divine command.
I hear His voice so tender,
I see His loving hand
Outstretched in power and blessing
The fallen ones to raise.
Then may we do His bidding
Through all our earthly days;
And when the sheaves are gathered
Before his throne that day,
May there be souls most precious
Whom we have shown the way.

...Bertha Prince Vander Ark