

## The Ministry of Intercession

There is no holy service  
Yet, of all blessed ministries,  
The ministry that cannot be  
Enduing mortal weakness  
The ministry of purest love  
That bids us meet at the Master's feet

God's ministers are many,  
Remembrancers that day and night  
While some are hushed in slumber,  
And thus the saintly number  
And thus the sacred courses  
The tide of grace By time or place

Oh, if our ears were opened  
The Intercession-chorus  
We should hear it soft up-welling  
Through evening's shadows swelling  
The sultry silence filling  
And the solemn starlight thrilling

We should hear it through the rushing  
And trace its gentle gushing  
We should hear it far up-floating  
And catch the golden noting  
And pine-robed heights would echo  
And the sunny plain Resound again

Who are the blessed ministers  
All who have learnt one language,  
All who have learnt the story  
And are longing for His glory  
All who have known the Father  
And know the might And love the light

Yet there are some who see not  
Who seldom pass the portals,  
Before the golden altar  
Who wait afar and falter,  
Will ye not join the blessed ranks  
Let intercession blend with thanks

There are little ones among them  
White robes of intercession  
First for the near and dear ones  
Then for the poor black children,  
The busy hands are folded,  
In simple love, To God above,

There are hands too often weary  
With God-entrusted duties,

But hath its secret bliss:  
Is one so dear as this?  
A wondering seraph's dower,  
With more than angel-power;  
Uncrossed by any fear,  
And keeps us very near.

For this His gracious will,  
This holy office fill.  
Some to fresh service wake,  
No change or chance can break.  
Are evermore fulfilled,  
Is never stayed or stilled.

To hear as angels do  
Arising full and true,  
In Morning's pearly light ;  
In grandly gathering might;  
Of noontide's thunderous glow,  
With ever-deepening flow.

Of the city's restless roar,  
O'er ocean's crystal floor:  
Beneath the Orient moon,  
From the busy Western noon;  
As the mystic chant up-floats,  
With the myriad-mingling notes.

Of this world-gathering band?  
Through each far-parted land ;  
Of Jesus' love and grace,  
To shine in every face.  
In Jesus Christ our Lord,  
Of the Spirit in the Word.

Their calling high and grand,  
And never boldly stand  
On the crimson-stained floor,  
And dare not hope for more.  
In their beautiful array?  
As ye minister to-day!

Child-ministers of prayer,  
Those tiny servants wear.  
Is that fair ministry,  
So far beyond the sea.  
As the little heart uplifts  
Its prayer for all good gifts.

With the business of the day,  
Who are toiling while they pray.

They bear the golden vials,  
Through all the daily trials,  
These hands, so tired, so faithful,  
And in the ministry of prayer

There are ministers unlettered,  
Yet mighty and unfettered  
Free of the heavenly storehouse!  
That opens all the fulness  
They bring the needs of others,  
For their one grand claim Is Jesus' name

There are noble Christian workers,  
The overcoming wrestlers  
Prevailing princes with their God,  
Who bring down showers of blessing  
The Prince of Darkness quailleth  
Their fervent prayer availeth

But in this temple service  
Arch-priests of intercession,  
The fulness of anointing  
The consecration of their God  
They bear the golden vials  
In quiet room Or wakeful gloom

To the Intercession-Priesthood  
When the strange dark gift of suffering  
For the holy hands uplifted  
Are truly Spirit-gifted  
The Lord of Blessing fills them  
An unseen store, Still more and more,

Not always with rejoicing  
For many a sigh is mingled  
Yet every tear bedewing  
May be its bright renewing  
But when the oil of gladness  
The heavenward blaze,

So the incense-cloud ascendeth  
A pillar reaching unto heaven  
For evermore the Angel  
In His Divine High Priesthood  
To wave the golden censer  
With Spirit-fire intenser,

And evermore the Father  
All-marvellous responses,  
The incense-cloud returning  
We in each drop discerning  
Transmuted into wealth unpriced,  
The glory all to Jesus Christ,

And the golden harps of praise  
Through all the dusty ways,  
With odours sweet are filled,  
And wonderfully skilled.

Not of Earth's great and wise,  
Their eagle-prayers arise.  
For they hold the master-key  
Of God's great treasury.  
And all things are their own,  
Before their Father's throne.

The men of faith and power,  
Of many a midnight hour;  
Who will not be denied,  
To swell the rising tide.  
At their triumphant way,  
To sap his subtle sway.

Are sealed and set apart  
Of undivided heart.  
On these is doubly shed,  
Is on each low-bowed head.  
With white and trembling hand;  
These ministers must stand,

Mysteriously ordained,  
This added gift hath gained.  
In suffering's longest hour  
With intercession-power.  
With His uncounted gold,  
Those trembling hands shall hold.

This ministry is wrought,  
With the sweet odours brought.  
The faith-fed altar fire  
To purer flame, and higher.  
God graciously outpoars,  
With blended praise, More mightily uproars.

As through calm, crystal air,  
Of wreathed faith and prayer.  
Of Intercession stands  
With fragrance-filled hands,  
Before His Father's throne,  
And incense all His own.

Sends radiantly down  
His ministers to crown;  
As golden blessing-showers,  
Some feeble prayer of ours,  
By Him who giveth thus  
The gladness all to us!