

## TALK II.—ADDITIONAL MATERIAL

MISSIONARY (glancing at mother as if for approval)—If it would not offend—

MOTHER (bowing politely)—Our humble home is yours to do as you will.

MISSIONARY—Does the song you speak of go this way, child? (Hums a verse of "Jesus Loves Me.")

DAUGHTER (clapping her hands, then stopping suddenly at a glance from the mother)—Oh, that is it. That is it.

MISSIONARY—It is a song we all love. Will you sing it after me? You can do it much better, of course, once you know the words, for my clumsy Canadian tongue does not so readily pronounce your beautiful language. Shall we begin?

(Sing verse and chorus, girl's voice always a line behind, missionary pausing after each line.)

Shu wa-re wo a-i-su  
Shu wa tsu-yo-ke-re-ha  
Wa-re yo-wa-kee to-mo  
O-so-re wa a-ra-ji.

Chorus—Wa-ga Shu I-e-su  
Wa-ga Shu I-e-su  
Wa-ga Shu I-e-su  
Wa-re wo a-i-su.

DAUGHTER—Oh, it is beautiful. More beautiful, even, than I thought. And who is it who loves us so?

MISSIONARY (again glancing at mother)—If I may be permitted—

MOTHER (shyly)—I, too, would like to know One whose love is so great. He cannot be a mere person. Is he a god? We have many gods in our temples, some of them fierce and terrible, others of kinder disposition, but none of them would love mere human beings such as we are.

MISSIONARY—The great God of all loves us far more than we can understand.

DAUGHTER—Oh, mother, may I make an offering to this wonderful god? Has he a wonderful temple in your fair Canada, most honorable guest?

MISSIONARY—He has a temple, has many temples, my child, but they are not all in Canada. He would have you make a temple for Him if you would.

DAUGHTER—A girl like me? I have very little money, and—I am afraid—

MISSIONARY—The temple He asks for is not built with money. All He asks is a place in the heart of each one who loves Him. It is because He dwells now in the hearts of so many girls and boys and men and women in my fair Canada, and in many other lands, that I am here to-day to tell you about Him. He has put His love into the hearts of the boys and girls of Canada so that they want to show their love for the boys and girls in Japan by sending some one to tell this wonderful story. I am one of the messengers their money has sent.

DAUGHTER—And you will tell the story to me? How wonderful! Oh, that I might thank the boys and girls in your land at once for this!

MISSIONARY—The boys and girls of Canada are so far away that they could not hear you, but the good Jesus, of whom we sang, is very near.

DAUGHTER—Is he, too, in Japan? Mother, why have we never heard of Him?

MOTHER (sadly)—I have heard of Him, daughter; but until to-day I did not know how great was His love. Your father—he will be very angry. He does not believe in the Jesus teaching, but we—you and I—will learn more, if our honorable guest will but come and tell us.

DAUGHTER—And we will thank those boys and girls in Canada, too, will we not, honorable mother? We can ask the gods to bless them.

MOTHER—Perhaps, if our guest will tell us how, we can ask the great God, of whom she speaks, to bless them.

MISSIONARY—I will. And we shall learn much more about Him. (Rises to leave). My visit has been a very happy one. May I come again? (Mother bows very low as guest departs, and little girl stands looking wistfully after her).