



Devoted to the interests of the Missions, Circles and Bands of the Woman's Missionary Society, Methodist Church, Canada.

THE CRY OF THE NATIONS.

A RECITATION FOR FIVE YOUNG LADIES.

BY MRS. A. H. EATON.

1st. Young Lady, EUROPE.

I hear a cry from many a sunny land,
By soft seas washed and Southern breezes fann'd;
From cultured homes of philosophic pride,
Where Reason sits enthroned and deified.
Fair France unites with haughty Germany,
The echo comes from priest-bound Italy,
And where the crescent proudly gleams above
The precious symbol of a Saviour's love.
The world's great cry from out her bitter need,
"O send us light and truth—our gods indeed
Are blind and deaf—our souls cry out for Him
Whom all our rites and science make but dim."
O Christians! ye who hold the central light,
The Gospel's glad, good news—ye hear to-night,
A Macedonian cry from o'er the sea,
The old world lifts her hands imploringly.
Send forth the message of Eternal hope,
With error's strength and reason's pride to cope;
And Europe, ransomed from her two-fold thrall,
Shall crown our risen Saviour, Lord of all.

2nd. ASIA.

O listen! from a distant, darker land,
The cry rolls on, while weary millions stand
And offer up their vain appeals for aid
To gods who cannot succor—Infants laid
In sacrifice on Moloch altars—Fires
That blaze with human victims—dim desires
To appease the wrath of angry deities
While all the heart cries out for God in these.
And China, dark with superstition's night,
And fair Japan, with dawn of glimmering light,
And India, sparkling in old England's crown—
All Asia under darkest curse bows down
And sends her cry for God, and truth and light,
Here to your Christian church and hearts tonight.
Send forth your Gospel message pure and free,
O speed it, speed it over land and sea;
And Asia, ransomed from her cruel thrall,
Shall crown our risen Saviour, Lord of all.

3rd.

AFRICA.

Hark! from the latest called of nations—she
Called to the bitter cross of slavery;
From Egypt's sacred stream, from jungle wild
I hear the cry. The little heathen child
Untaught and savage, on the golden sands
Lifts to the unknown God his dusky hands.
The way is open—not for armed men
With Britain's flag to tramp through bog and fen—
But where the Christian traveller led the way,
Into the heart of blackness bringing day—
The Day-Star from on high—and Livingstone
Leaves to the church the work he left undone.
O Christians! in this land of Gospel light,
Will ye not claim your privilege to-night,
And send the truth to yonder heathen shore
With all its power to bless forevermore?
And Africa, redeemed from bitterest thrall,
Shall crown our risen Saviour, Lord of all.

4th.

AMERICA.

The cry rolls on. The Western wilds prolong
The sad refrain, the universal song.
The untaught Indian in his wigwam tent,
With suppliant knee to the great Spirit bent,
Breathes unto God the heart's unuttered prayer,
Light for the tribes who sit in darkness there!
O Church of God! a sacred trust and true
Our martyr missionary left to you
What time he laid his noble life work down
And rose thro' storm and death, to take his crown,
The Red Man, rightful owner of the soil,
Now dispossessed, thro' wrong and cruel spoil
Is ready for the Gospel's glorious light
To lift the shadows of his pagan night.
A noble host, a self-denying band,
MacDougal's followers in that Western land,
Ask for your prayers, your silver and your gold,
While they go forth the story to unfold
Of Him who died that man might never die.
Christians, arise, responsive to the cry,
And fair America, redeemed from thrall,
Shall crown our risen Saviour, Lord of all!

5th.

THE ISLANDS OF THE SEA.

From the far distant Islands of the Sea
They cry "We must not all forgotten be,
We want the world's great ransom." Evermore
I hear the cry around from shore to shore—
A sad appeal from misery extreme,