

## RECITATION FOR EIGHT GIRLS.

First Girl.

"O, the nations that in darkness  
Wait for light from far-off lands,  
How our hearts are yearning towards  
them,  
How we long to loose their bands."

Second Girl.

"We have friends so kind and tender,  
We have homes by love made bright;  
We have Christ for our Defender  
While they dwell in darkest night."

Third Girl.

"Can we help to bring them gladness,  
Those sad-hearted girls and boys,  
Can we chase away their sadness,  
Can we fill their lives with joys?  
With their woes their hearts are beating,  
And we long to set them free,  
Can we send our love and greeting  
To the children o'er the sea?"

Fourth Girl.

"It is ours to send the message  
To the lands beyond the sea,  
Ours to send the balm of healing  
To the souls in misery."

Fifth Girl.

"We would ask no higher service,  
Lord, that we might do for thee,  
Than the blessed word to carry  
To the lands beyond the sea."

Sixth Girl.

"Let us hasten; let us send them  
Glad good news; their hearts to win  
To the service of the Master,  
Who will cleanse their soul from sin."

Seventh Girl.

"Go, preach my gospel," Jesus said,  
"To every creature bear  
The Stream of Life, the Living Bread,  
And I will bless you there."

Eighth Girl.

"Lord, let us go, or let us send  
This word of truth abroad;  
Gladly our little will we lend  
That all may know our Lord."

## A LOVE SCENE.

It was the afternoon of a perfect September day that a weary business man left the city in the out-going train of the early morning. It had been years since he had visited the old familiar scenes of his boyhood. The ones nearest and dearest to him, who had once made that locality the most loved on earth, had long since passed into the skies. But a great longing to see the old place once more, the mountains and the valleys, the brooks, and the old trees, had decided him to leave his chair at the office desk empty for one day at least.

It was quite an event in his life. This man from the city was bounded on all sides by business interests. He had gained what for fifty years had been the one end and aim of his life—money. He had resolved to be a rich man, when he left the old home in his early manhood, and had kissed his mother good-by, as she stood in the door-way, in the cold, grey dawn of that day, so many, many years ago. He had gained what he had striven for in all those years. His energies and time had all been devoted to that one end.

He was not recognized by those who were at the station when he stepped off the train, and he got into a carriage which was waiting for passengers and directed the driver to take him over the old roads so familiar to his childish feet.

No one associated with him in business would have given him credit for any sentiment, for he was looked upon as hard, selfish and grasping—and he was judged with a just judgment.

But as he drove over the old roads, the scenes of early life, and the remembrance of the old home came over him with an overwhelming power. The father and mother kneeling, with their children around them in the early hour of the morning, asking God's help and blessing in the duties of the day, rose up before him like a beautiful picture. His children had never been gathered around their father and mother in such a way. There was a wealth of love in that dear home, and in those early days love was the greatest thing in all the world to him.