

Canadian Missionary Link

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That Story of Old.

"I think when I read that sweet story of old"
Of the little ones homeless to-day,
Who kneel by the roadside to whisper their prayers
On the Serbian hills far away.

They pillow their heads on the battle-torn ground
When the pale stars appear in the sky;
And murmur "good night" while the tears wet their cheeks
And only the big guns reply!

"I think when I read that sweet story of old"
Of the Master who gave the decree—
Offend one of these and 'twere better that you
Were drowned in the depths of the sea."

And how will the kingdoms make answer to Him
For the sorrow of each little one;
And how will they answer the cry of the world
When the fury of battle is done!

—Alma Pendexter Hayden—Sel.

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