

THE FURLOUGHED MISSIONARY.

Ah! the homeland fields are bonny, and the woodlands lush and green,
With the white birch and the fir-tree and the elm—they call their queen.
I love them all and know not which one I love the best,
For I'm at home on furlough and there's home within my breast.

I've longed to see the straight pine on the snowy mountain tops;
I've longed to see the canyon, with its red and golden rocks;
But what I've wanted most of all was to see my mother's face,
And to sit with her at table in my old accustomed place.

And when I go to God's house and sit among the rest,
And sing "God Save Our King"—the tides surge in my breast.
For there's not a flag beneath the skies so glorious as our own;
There's not a country in the world like our dear, sweet home.

Ah, the India streets are dirty, and the India people queer;
But after all, they're just like us, and the Master holds them dear.
You ask if I am going back to face the guns again!
Like soldiers home on furlough, my only thought is when!

I'm going back to the trenches to get another shot.
I fight beside my Captain—if I fall it matters not.
So I'm going back to India and o'er the seas I'll fare,
My home is in the homeland, but my heart's out there.

—Selected and adapted.

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