

Poets and Others

So a couple of boxes I burned for a friend ;
And now, right here, my story will end.
But here is the dollar I'd like you to spend
For the Young People's work in Missions.

B. A.

My Missionary Hen

(THE HEN KNEW HER BUSINESS)

I stood on the balcony at twilight,
As the day was taking its flight,
And the night, serene and still,
Was falling on cottage, vale and hill.

And as the moon rose o'er the house-tops,
Beyond the King street school,
A flood of thought came o'er me
About your Missionary Rule.