



DEAR LITTLE SON OF MINE

Dear little son of mine,
 I read the headlines of the post today
 And cold fear grips my soul
 And wells of grief o'erflow my heart
 Hatred and bloodshed, avarice and greed,
 Torpedo boats and deepsea mines,
 Gas-masks and warring wings,
 You were not born for these.

YOUR TASK AND MINE

My wee girl watched with troubled heart
 while I
 Prepared for the long journey which would
 put
 The ocean wide between us. Oft she said,
 "I, too, will go." To which I gave reply,
 "It is so very far to my country
 "I cannot take you there, dear little one."
 She climbed upon my knee and two
 brown arms
 Stole round my neck, the little tear stained
 face
 Upon my shoulder hid, a pleading voice
 Said, "Mother, I could go very, very far
 "If you would carry me, your little lamb."
 In vain her pleadings, but they linger
 still
 Within my heart. My small philosopher
 To me had voiced the pleading cry that
 comes
 From multitudes of other little ones
 In India's plain and jungle villages.
 I seem to hear them say to you and me,
 "Mother, we could go very, very far—
 "Out of the depths of ignorance and sin,
 "From superstition's bondage, even into
 "The glorious light and liberty of Jesus
 Christ—
 "If you would carry us."
 You who send,
 Take up the burden—love makes light the
 load—
 Make smooth the path that little feet may
 find
 The Great Physician with the healing touch
 And in His loving sheltering arms be bourne.



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GREETINGS TO THOSE WHO SEND

How beautiful upon the mountain tops
 Are the feet of those who go to tell afar
 Glad tidings of salvation. What of those
 who send?
 When storms break on the ocean shore, one
 man,
 Eager to save a shipwrecked soul, springs
 out
 And baffles with the wave; another, no less
 brave,
 Stands on the shore and holds a rope with
 steady hand
 To draw his comrade and the rescued one
 to land.
 Thus ye who send hold fast the ropes,
 Send out the songs of cheer, whisper the
 prayers
 That speed the messenger o'er the ocean
 wide
 To bring the rescued safe to heavenly ports.

Dear little man, tho' just a borrowed son,—
No blood of mine flows thru your veins,—
Your soft brown arms entwine my fairer neck
And whisper love, not hate.
Love that knows not nation, color, race or clan.
I clasp you close, praying that for you, my son,
And other mothers' sons, yea every mother's son,
There might be laughter, love and life,
Not hatred, warfare, death.

The cause is just, ah yes,
And for a righteous cause, I'd pray
That you, my son, might some day be so brave
You'd not hold life too dear to lay it down.
But even a just cause cannot take away the pang
Of empty arms, or dry the bitter tears
Of other little sons, as dear as you,
Who'll never know a father's love or tender care.—
War spares not mothers and their little sons.

Dear little son of mine, to me it seems
So just that there should always be for you
And other mother's sons, a happy babyhood,
A boyhood full of laughter and of song,
A chance to grow in wisdom and in stature,
Unoppressed by tyranny, a chance to live
Fulfilling manhoods destiny, to give the world
Whatever gift or talent may be yours,
Unshadowed by dark war clouds hovering round.

And so, for you dear little son of mine,
And every mother's son, I pray for peace.
Not just the peace purchased by shed blood
Or forced by might and power of arms. No, for you
I ask a greater, deeper Peace, the gift of One
Who came to teach men love and brotherhood.
I pray, "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done
On earth", by every nation, just to make the world
More safe for you, dear little son of mine.

STELLA L. DODD, M. D.

WAITING

Little brown mother of India land
Racked with the pains you have suffered
long,

We come to you; but oh, so slow
Is the oxen's tread as they plod along
Thru the jungle trails over sand and stones,
Then pause to rest neath the tamarind's
shade

From the burning heat of India's sun.
Little brown mother how long can you wait?
Will the wee life fluttering beneath your
breast

Hold on, or like the glimmering flame
Flicker and fail while the oxen rest,

Little brown mother of India land?

Little brown maiden of India land,
Burning with fever the long night thru,
Restless and tossing, imploring a drop
Of water withheld by a mother still bound
By dark superstition and countless fears.
Little brown maiden we come to you,
But the way is long and our lagging feet
Are weary with treading the twisting trails.
We, too, must rest neath the tamarind's
shade.

Can you bear still longer the burning thirst
Or will the tired heart flutter and fail,

Little brown maiden of India land?

Little brown baby of India land,
Wasting away like a fading flower
While the dear girl-mother who gave you
life

Herself grows wan from the dread white
plague.

Her tender croonings cannot avail
To keep your wee life from ebbing away.
Death travels so fast, while our weary feet
Tread so slowly the twisting trails
And the jungle paths to your far away home.
How long can you wait in hunger and pain
Till your life candle flickers to burn no more,
Little brown baby of India land?

Little brown mother and maiden and
babe

Waiting so long in India land
For the tender touch of the nail-pierced
hand

Of the Great Physician whose wondrous love
Would still the pain and whisper peace
To the sin-sick soul. But the twisting trails
Are long and rough; and oh, so slow
Are we in building the King's Highway
Thru the jungles wild and o'er burning
sands!

How long can you bear fever, hunger, and
pain

Little brown mother and maiden and babe
Waiting for Christ in India land?