



MISSIONARY AND HOTTENTOT

BY FRANK L STANTON

A WORLD at war, and the thunder-guns,
And never a river but reddened runs
To the storm-black sea where the secret foe
Hurls death to the ships from the depths below—
Waves of terror and winds of woe!
Glitter of steel in the hands of Hate,
Wolves of War that in darkness wait
On the wreck of a world made desolate!
And the Cross of Christ in the crimson thrall
With its holy shadow over all;
And far away on the heathen sod
Men with the Word of the living God
Pointing the dusky tribes of Night
To paths that lead to Stars of Light!

Said the Missionary to the Hottentot:
"Be Light thy guide and Love thy lot,
This breathing world God's garden spot!
Behold Love's broad and beauteous plan—
The holy Brotherhood of Man!
We are our brother's keepers—we,
From sunlit land to wave-high sea,
Spirits of hate to darkness hurled;
Love rules and reigns o'er all the world!"

Then the Hottentot—he caught the gleam
Of a wild drama in a dream;
He saw Earth's green fields splashed with red,
With never room to hide Love's head,
While women wailed, uncomforted,
And children—they of the Kingdom sweet,
Trampled under War's iron feet,
Houseless—homeless! grief-stricken lands
Lifting to Heaven imploring hands;
And he heard the whole creation sigh
As the ghosts of a million slain marched by,
Souls to the wild, brute battle given,
Uncalled of God, yet storming Heaven,
To wait where the worlds at last shall meet
Till the War Kings come to the Judgment Seat!

Said the Hottentot to the Missionary:
"Go preach to graves where your dead you bury!
Praise human love with all your art
Over your brother's bleeding heart!
Raise altars, seen from Heaven's high domes,
Over the ashes of ruined homes;
Preach brother-love, of light-born years,
To a war-rent world of blood and tears;
Or pray in battle's crimson rain
To bring these dead to life again!
You are your brother's keeper—you,
With light that shines the centuries through;
Your brother fares on War's wild quest—
His sword is at his brother's breast!
Save him from darkness of the fight—
Lift your lost brother to the Light!"

Said the Hottentot on his savage sod
As the souls of the slain went up to God!

