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The Awakening of Mr. Smith

A MISSIONARY PLAY

By

BERTHA J. CLEMANS

Price 25 Cents

Mr. Wealthy Smith is converted to believing in missions and contributes liberally—through a dream—portrayed in view of the audience. Natives of different countries appearing and presenting their great needs. A very impressive play in 3 acts easily staged.

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BY LEWIS L. HENRY

LEWIS L. HENRY, Publisher

14 West Washington Street

CHICAGO, ILL.

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THE BOOTBLACK DRILL, 15 cents. A novelty drill for several boys or girls representing bootblacks. It is a living picture from real life done in motion.

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THE TURK-EY DRILL, 15 cents. A nonsense comedy song-drill for boys or young men, a suggestion of Thanksgiving Day. The marching and manual are done to the tune "Co-ca-cha-lunk."

THE VESTAL VIRGINS, 15 cents. A spectacular taper-drill for girls—a Sybil and any number of virgins. Works out a classic theme with pretty effect. Interwoven are pose-studies, marching figures and a gallery of the Muses.

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The Awakening of Mr. Smith

ACT I.

Scene—Mr. and Mrs. Wealthy Smith, seated on veranda of their Palatial Home.

Time—Sunday, 2 P. M.

MRS. SMITH—

I thought the service excellent,
At church, this morning, dear;
A Missionary speech like that,
'Tis seldom one can hear.

MR. SMITH—

Now, wife, we'll not discuss at all,
This Missionaries' speech,
I don't believe in Foreign Work,
No matter how they preach.
The woman's voice was rough, and jarred,
Unpleasantly I'm sure,
It vexed my spirit sore indeed,
Her manner to endure.

MRS. SMITH—

Her voice was rough, and yet I thought,
How hard it must have been,
For, she spoke three times, Sabbath, last,
And just six times since then:
She traveled out in Wednesday's storm,
Although she's home to rest,
Her heart and soul are in the work,
That surely was a test.

MR. SMITH—

Oh! all they want is money, and
Mine stays right in this land;
Why, there are Heathen all about,
That need a helping hand,
The Russians, Japanese, and Slavs,
The Poles and Chinese, too,
Why don't you women help those here?
Now that's the work to do.

MRS. SMITH—

We want to start a Mission School,
That is one cherished plan,
Suppose you head the list, my dear,
Subscribe all that you can—
To aid the little ones at home,
To grow up strong and true,
O' we'll be glad if you will help,
I'll be so proud of you.

MR. SMITH—

Ah, hm! the fact is money's tight,
I'm poor at best this year,
Some day when I can well afford,
I'll aid your school, my dear,
You see our Limousine, and Yacht,
Are needing some repairs,
Indeed I'm quite concerned about—
Our financial affairs.

MRS. SMITH—

Miss Lovewell said that sacrifice,
Was always recompensed;
It seems to me that it is time,
That you and I commenced—
In memory of the children,
That we have laid away,
Let's start some self denial,
Begin it now, today:
We'll help the little Foreigners,
And they in turn will go—
Across the seas to Native lands,
The Gospel seed to sow.

MR. SMITH—(Rises and paces the veranda)

Well, well! We'll see about it wife,
We'll talk of it again,
The little girl would now be grown,
The boy a man have been:
I'll go into the Library,
And read the Sunday News,
Perhaps I may drop off into,
A quiet little snooze.

ACT II.

Scene—Mr. Smith seated in large Morris chair, in luxuriously appointed Library. He is facing large french windows, which are draped with filmy lace curtains, beyond which is the large veranda, he soon drops the Sunday Paper, and falls to sleep. In his dreams he sees a Native Missionary of India walking on the veranda, and hears a voice speaking.

NATIVE INDIA MISSIONARY—

O sleeper waken to the need,
Of those across the Sea,
Of bonded souls that must be freed—
By aid from you and me,
There thousands die that never heard,
Of Jesus and His love,
Without a chance to read His word,
Nor learn of Heaven above.
In sin and agony of life,
In evil, lust, they go,
As struggling on in daily strife,
For want of Christ to know:
O, sleeper waken to the call,
From o'er the Seas so blue,
And help to save us one and all,
This—India's cry to you.

As Native of India passes out, a young African enters veranda and speaks as he passes by.

AFRICAN—

And I come from another shore,
Where jungles wild and deep,
Are meeting one on every hand,
A trap for untrained feet:
In Africa my people roam,
Their call in pity heed—
“O send the Gospel light they moan—
The Blackman's soul's in need,”
O sleeper, dare you dream in ease,
And claim God's child to be,
While there are those across the Seas
That look for help from Thee?
These are responsibilities,
Made plain to you today;
You have the vast facilities,
So help us now we pray.

Enter a small Chinese Bible Woman.

O dreamer hear my people's plea,
From Chinese realms afar,
'Tis ringing o'er the Western Sea—
Where unsaved Millions are.
So few, so few, there are to tell,
Salvation's story sweet,
To bear the message where they dwell,
We must be swift of feet;
For Provinces are far apart,
And dangerous is the way,
But God doth strengthen every heart,
With courage for each day.
In Villages and Cities where,
We Bible Women go,
The people throng with anxious care,
The words of Christ to know.
Our Missionary Schools are few,
We need them everywhere,
This is a great work that we do,
In which you too, may share;
Unceasingly we teach and pray,
Our hope is in the youth,
As we endeavor day by day,
To point the way to truth,
For those who cannot come, we ask,
A "scholarship" to aid,
The teaching, is our happy task,
And not a burden laid,
For there is recompense so sweet,
These precious souls to win,
To lead them to the Master's feet,
To see them freed from sin.
The Idols made of wood and stone,
No comfort e'er can bring,
The saving grace of Christ alone,
Can make their sad hearts sing,
They wander on each passing year,
For lack of those to teach,
O Christian! now my pleading hear,
Help us these souls to reach.

Next there passes in review an American Negro Boy—speaking—

I represent the homeland where,
 'mid tropic Southern scenes,
My Brothers toil with earnest care,
 And strive with all their means—
To rise above conditions that
 Exist in this fair land;
With brawn and muscle to combat
 The world with untrained hand;
For prejudices interlace,
 And bind my people still;
Yet not in vain my trodden race—
 Are struggling with a will;
While hardships in our path seem rife,
 Our work is just begun;
Some have achieved success in life,
 A few have honors won.
This homeland that is dear to you,
 Ah! Dreamer, harken now!
If what you say is really true,
 Then I can tell you how—
That you may help to usher in,
 The dawn of brighter days;
Give us a chance that we may win,
 Life's nobler, better ways.
We need equipment, lands and tools,
 That we may educate,
Our Negro youth in training schools,
 Where they may graduate;
Then forth as Citizens of worth,
 To labor with a might,
That we may fill our niche on Earth,
 And dare to do the right.
Ah! Dreamer, I have tarried long,
 The Negro's cause to plead,
'Tis in your power to help right wrong,
 O Christian! now give heed.

Enters an American Indian—

Ah, why come I to ask an alms,
 O White-man now to you—
Stand here and plead with outstretched palms,

Meekly for favors sue?
I, who can claim an ancestry,
Throughout the ages past,
My people of this fair country,
Roved first these regions vast.
The White-man calmly claimed our land,
With austere manner drove,
We fought with all our strength of hand,
In battles fierce we strove:
Then when our need was very great,
And we were in despair,
The Christian Churches heard our fate,
And sent us aid and care:
Kind Missionaries came to tell,
The story sweet and old,
Of Christ, who came to Earth to dwell,
And lead men to the fold—
Life to my people now is sweet,
Still sad we sometimes grow,
For, there are Indians that we meet,
Of Jesus do not know.
O, Dreamer, hear the Indians cry,
And send us help I pray,
In happy Hunting Ground on high,
You'll have reward some day.

As the Indian passes, a group enters, composed of a Russian, Slavonian, Pole, Spaniard, and other Immigrants; also several little ragged American children, mingle in the pathetic scene. Silently they pass and repass in review.

ACT III.

Scene—Mr. Smith awakens. Presses call bell for attendant.
Enter Maid—

MR. SMITH—

Tell Mrs. Smith, if she is free,
I wish to speak with her,
That I am in the Library,
Where we may now confer.

Maid bows and delivers message.

Enter Mrs. Smith—Mr. Smith rises, places chair for Mrs. Smith, and then paces back and forth excitedly.

MR. SMITH—

Well, wife, I've something strange to tell,

So I have sent for you,
A weird experience befell
To me, and stirs me through;
I came to rest awhile and read,
To drive my care away,
Then—this thing happened—ah, indeed!
I'll not forget this day.
I've surely had a Vision here,
Perhaps, I only dreamed,
However it is now quite clear,
Things are not what they seemed.
I've had a visitation from
Far India, if you please—
An African, did also come,
And then a small Chinese.
Of their necessity they told,
With voices sad and low,
Yes, I have heard it oft of old,
But did not fully know;
I surely have been blinded long,
Erratic if you choose,
I now admit I have been wrong
'Tis time to change my views:
And so I'm quite resolved to do,
Some Missionary work,
The years will now be all too few,
No longer must I shirk;
The duty's long been plain to you,
And I have hindered, dear,
To my convictions, I'll be true,
Of that you need not fear.
The days of Miracles are past,
Is the prevailing thought,
But I'm convinced they're not elapsed,
Since God this vision wrought.

MRS. SMITH—rises and looks up into Mr. Smith's face—

“God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform,”
Heaven's Sun-beams gently fall today,
Our hearts to thrill and warm.

MR. SMITH—

And once again I heard a call,

I looked and saw a youth,,
A Negro, lean, and gaunt, and tall,
All tattered and uncouth:
And then an Indian, bright of eye,
Who scathingly denounced
The White-man, and with piteous cry,
His people's need announced—
Then silently he walked away,
While from afar I heard,
The footfall of a vast array,
Who came, but said no word,
Their eyes accusingly did scan,
My luxury and ease;
I felt condemned, an humbled man,
My selfish life must cease.
Among that motley throng—
Were little urchins frail,
Who looked with eyes that pleaded long,
From faces thin and pale,
The immigrants appealing stood,
So ignorant of our life,
To earn a wage and livelihood—
Amid commercial strife,
There was a Russian, and a Pole,
A Spaniard and a Slav,
Who thought America the goal,
Where they a chance might have.
Oh! It is borne upon me now,
That we our wealth must spend,
For God has truly shown me how,
His poor on us depend:
We'll plan to spread His Kingdom here,
Because of Her we had,
Across the waters help and cheer,
In memory of the lad;
I know and feel that God will bless,
Has blessed me here today,
Why wife! I'm happier I'll confess,
Than I've been for many a day.

Mrs. Smith rises—places her hand on her husband's shoulder, while he encircles her waist.

Close by singing a Missionary Song by the entire cast.

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