

## HOME MISSION HYMN.

BY S. B. HARTMAN, D.D.



O ye heralds of Salvation,  
Loud to dying men proclaim,  
The triumphant acclamation—  
"Peace on earth, good-will to men."  
Bear the tidings,  
Let them speed o'er hill and plain.

Hear ye not the cry ascending  
From dominions unsupplied—  
Regions North and West, extending  
O'er vast slopes and prairies wide;  
Teeming millions  
Call for help on every side.

Lo! what multitudes are lying  
Captives of Satanic might;  
Hosts within our borders dying,  
Sinking down to endless night;  
God of Mercy,  
Must they perish in our sight!

Should not we, whose Souls have tasted  
Gracious stores of living bread;  
Save the crumbs and fragments wasted,  
For the millions to be fed?  
With our tribute  
May Thy Kingdom Lord be spread.

Oh! for higher consecration  
Of our substance, and our all;  
To the cause of man's Salvation  
From the ruins of the fall.  
Blessed Jesus,  
May Thy people hear Thy call.

A FEW months ago, says *Awake*, we had a very uncommon visitor here in England—a Chinese lady. Only one had ever been here before, and she came with her husband, for our Queen's Jubilee.

What did this second one come for? And who was she? Her name is Mrs. A. Hok. Some years ago she gave up the worship of idols and worshipped the true God. Her husband, a rich Chinese gentleman, became a Christian too, and they both tried to teach their heathen relations about Jesus, and always made the missionaries welcome at their house.

When she was seen in England, many people asked her why she had come. This was the answer she gave.

"I have come from China, and come to England—for what business?"

"The road was here *very* difficult, sitting in a boat for so long. (It takes six weeks.) My servant and I are strangers. We raise our eyes and look on people's faces, but we can see no one that we know. All truly strange! I left my little boy, my husband, my mother—all this, for what purpose do you think?"

"It is only entirely for the sake of Christ's Gospel I have come.

"It is not for the sake of seeing a new place and new people, or any beautiful thing. We

have in China, new places, beautiful places. I have never seen *them* yet, so why should I come so far to see other places?"

"It is only to obey God's Holy Spirit that I have come. When the missionary lady suggested it, I knew God wanted me to follow Him, and that He would use me. So I trusted Him, and had no doubts nor any fear.

"He wanted me to do what? Not to amuse myself. Since I have been here, I have never once been out for my own amusement, but every day I have had some opportunity of speaking to people about the needs of Chinese women, and that is all my heart desires.

"Now I ask you to raise up hot hearts in yourselves and quickly help us.

"1st.—Will you go to China?"

"2nd.—If *you* cannot, will you help others to come?"

Our dear visitor went to many meetings in England and in Ireland, and everybody loved her. She used to be helped on to the platform by her Chinese maid, for she could walk very little on her tiny feet, and then she spoke to the people in Chinese, and a missionary lady listened to her, and turned what she said into English.

One day, Mrs. A. Hok got a letter, to tell her that her husband, whom she had left in China, was ill, and longing to see her. She set off at once to go back to him, but she was too late. Before she reached China he had already died.

Her grief was very great, but she trusts in God. One sentence she learned to say in English; it was this:—"Come over and help us; it is very important."

THE Chinese have some curious customs. They begin their books on the *last* page, and go backwards from right to left, and instead of writing across the page, as we do, they put their words under one another, as we put figures in an addition sum.

This is how they address a letter:—  
England,

London,

14 Moorgate Street,

Messrs. Gould and Sons.

When a Chinaman meets a friend, he does not shake hands with him, but he puts his own hands together and shakes them up and down.

A Chinese boy at school stands with his back to his teacher, when he says his lesson.

The Chinese whiten their boots instead of blacking them.

The Chinese wear white for mourning.

They do not allow their women to go about much; in fact, the ladies in rich houses are quite shut up, and if they ever have to go out, they are carried in a covered chair, so that they cannot see or be seen.