

## THE YELLOW PEARL

out on the hillsides to die. Dear grandmother is a standing proof to me that the Christ means much more to the world than China's Confucius or Buddha. One day when she was seated in her rocking-chair I threw my arm around her and told her so. The dear old lady never seemed to accept my words as a personal compliment at all, but began, as once before, to sing in a low, quavering voice:

"Let every kindred every tribe  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To Him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown Him Lord of all."

THE END