

Some years ago an English copy was presented at the palace, but it, of course, was of no practical value.

It is said that eleven thousand Christian women in China contributed their mites to this gift. It cost about \$1,200. Can we doubt that these Christian women are praying every day for the conversion of the Empress? Shall we not join them, for we know not what effect all this may have upon the great Chinese nation, but we do know that the "Gospel is the power of God unto salvation."

A beautiful address, written by a lady, accompanied the gift—one sentence of which reads: "We, Christians in your empire, constantly and fervently pray that your Highness and all the members of the Imperial Family may also gain possession of this secret of happiness to the individual, and prosperity to the nation, so that China may be behind no nation on the earth."

The Empress Dowager is a woman of strong character. She is wise and progressive. She has been regent for two Emperors, and would have done much more for her country if she had not been checked by the opposition of those who are known as the learned men among her subjects. She will no doubt turn over and, we trust, read the pages of her new book. Let us pray that the light of the Holy Spirit may shine upon them.

On the very day on which the gift was presented to his mother the Emperor sent an order to the Bible Society Depository for a copy for himself of the Old and New Testament, such as is used by the common people. It was sent by the hand of one of the high dignitaries of the court, to whom was also given other Christian books. So let us hope that a bright day is dawning for China!

Rev. Mr. Beach in "Life and Light for Woman," to whom we are indebted for a description of the gift as well as our facts, says, in speaking of the Testament: "It comes to the palace after some religious preparation. The stereopticon illustrations of the life of Christ, exhibited by one of our helpers at the residence of the present Empress, just previous to her marriage, created a deep impression upon her family; and at that time the New Testament, spread out daily before our Christian tailor, while he wrought on the imperial trousseau, is said to have been borrowed and read by some of her relatives. That "scatter-shadow-lamp" exhibition was doubtless one of the most remarkable events that had occurred in her home, and would be often talked of by the Empress elect. Now the explanation of the striking picture of Christ on the cross, which caused her grandmother to exclaim,

in tones of wonder and sorrow, "Why, why did they cause a good man to suffer so?" is in the palace, and can be read at leisure. Surely there is hope for China!

In the *Wesleyan*, a week or two ago, a "broken hearted mother" asked for the insertion of Robert Burdette's sad, but beautiful, little poem, "Alone." As so many of our missionary workers are now passing through the sorrows of bereavement, we also give it a place in our columns:

### ALONE.

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

Since she went home,—  
Longer the evening shadows linger here,  
The winter days fill so much of the year,  
And even summer winds are chill and drear,  
Since she went home.

Since she went home,—  
The robin's note has touched a minor strain,  
The old glad songs breathe out a sad refrain,  
And laughter sobs with bitter, hidden pain,  
Since she went home.

Since she went home,—  
How still the empty rooms her presence blessed;  
Untouched the pillow that her dear head pressed;  
My lonely heart hath nowhere for its rest,  
Since she went home.

Since she went home,—  
The long, long days have crept away like years;  
The sunlight has been dimmed with doubts and fears,  
And the dark nights have rained in lonely tears,  
Since she went home.

Mr. Burdette and our readers will forgive us when we say that sweet and sympathetic as these lines are, they seem to us to lack a suggestion of the comfort that God gives when He takes away our treasures, and we have felt inspired to supply the lack:

### NOT "ALONE."

"Since she went home"  
Earth-shadows catch the sunlight of the spheres,  
And oh, how small this little life appears!  
I measure time by God's eternal years,  
"Since she went home."

I list no more earth's voices manifold,  
I hear the song that never shall grow old,  
The harpers, harping with their harps of gold,  
"Since she went home."

Not empty is her vacant room or bed,  
I see an angel sitting at the head,  
And at the feet a form with wings outspread,  
"Since she went home."

O heart of mine, be still and know no fear,  
Earth fades away, and God's own Heaven draws near,  
The angels smile, and Christ, Himself, is here,  
"Since she went home."