

## OVER THE OCEAN.

Tune, "I am so glad that our Father in Heaven."

Over the ocean, from lands far away,  
Cometh the pleading of millions to-day :  
"Send us the light of the gospel we crave;  
Tell us of Jesus, the mighty to save !"

## CHORUS.

Hearken, O children ! hear the sad cry  
Coming to you, coming to you.  
Surely the Lord will help if you try  
Something for him to do.

Perishing children by thousands are there,  
Having no Sabbath, no Bible, or prayer :  
Fathers and mothers no Saviour have  
known,  
Bow'ing to idols of wood and of stone.

## CHORUS.

Hearken, O children ! hear the sad cry  
Coming to you, coming to you.  
Surely the Lord will help, if you try  
Something for him to do.

Gladly the children respond to the call,  
Bringing their offerings, something for all :  
Forming their Mission Bands, "workers  
with God,"  
Sending the news of salvation abroad.

## CHORUS.

Come, then, O children, hasten to be  
Earnest and true, earnest and true :  
Tell the poor lost ones over the sea,  
Jesus will save them, too.

*S. l.*

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Suffer the little children to come unto  
me and forbid them not for of such is the  
kingdom of Heaven.

Be not deceived, God is not mocked,  
for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he  
also reap.

Remember now thy Creator in the days  
of thy youth.

A LITTLE CHINESE GIRL DROWN-  
ING.

I read a story the other day which shows how much the people of China need to know about our Saviour and to learn to love each other. At one place on the shore there was a hospital where the windows looked out over the water. A little girl was playing in one of the rooms near the window and by some accident she fell out into the water.

There were a great many people in boats near by but not one of them stirred to help her. Pretty soon her father came running down to the water shouting:

"Save my child! Save my little girl!"

"How much will you give me to do it?" asked one.

"Twenty cash," said he in distress.

"It is not enough," said the man, "Do you suppose I am going to go so far as that for twenty cash?"

"I will give you all I have," said the father, "which is thirty cash. She is only a girl, you know."

"I know she is only a girl, and that is the reason I think you ought to give me more money. If it was a boy he might be of some use in the world; but what is a girl?"

While they were talking in this way the poor little girl sank and was drowned. No one lifted a finger to save her.

Do you know why such a thing as this could not happen in this country? Because we have a religion which teaches us to love each other and be kind to those who are in trouble. Don't you wish they had the same religion in China?

## MY BEST TEXT.

"Mother," said a little girl on coming home from the Sunday-school, "I want to ask you something."

"Well, dear, what is it?"

"Do you know which is my best text?"

"Tell me, my dear," replied the mother.

"Well, mother, you know that I am just seven years old, and my text has just seven words in it, and this is it: 'It is time to serve the Lord.'" (Hosea x. 12.)