

SENDING THE GOSPEL TO THE
CHINESE.

BY MRS IDA C. FORD.

Children, stop and listen to me.
I've a story to relate
Of a little Chinese maiden
Who has passed the "pearly gate,"
And has gained her home in heaven,
Where the happy angels dwell ;
And has seen the blessed Saviour
Whom she loved on earth so well.
Let me tell you how it happened
That this little heathen child
Came to know there is a heaven,
And a Saviour meek and mild ;
How she learned that Jesus loved her
In her ignorance and gloom,
And came to earth that she might share
With him his heavenly home.

In a village 'mid the mountains
Of a favored Christian land,
See a group of dear young people
Gathered in a mission band.
As they talk about the tidings
Coming from over the wave ;
Of the work that's been accomplished,
And Christ's Mighty power to save ;
Of the millions yet in darkness,
And the victories to be won,
Of the help that must be given,
Lest their duty be undone, --
Rises one among their number,
Fair and bright, and young in years,
With her face aglow with fervor,
And her eyes suffused with tears,
Saying : " I will go and help them :
I'll obey Christ's last command,
And will do the work he bids me.
Will you help me, Mission Band ?"
Then a solemn silence folds them
In its influence deep and still,
As they feel that God has called her
To fulfill his holy will ;
And their thoughts are lifted heavenward

To the throne of grace in prayer,
As this dear one is commended
To the Father's loving care.

Eager hearts responded quickly,
Willing hands their offerings made ;
Even little children coming
Sweetly, glad'y, to her aid,
Saying : " Let us send them Bibles,
From our banks our pennies take ;
We will give them to our sister,
Every one for Jesus' sake."
So, 'mid earnest prayers and blessings,
Left she home and kindred all ;
Left them willingly and gladly
To obey the Master's call.

Once again the picture changes :
And 'neath China's sunny skies
We behold our sweet young sister
With the love light in her eyes,
And that "peace that passeth knowledge"
Shining in her face so fair ;
And we *know* that God is blessing
All her faithful labor there.
Little dusky forms around her,
Little faces dark and wild.
Listen as she gently tells them
Of the Saviour, once a child, --
Tells them all the wondrous story
Of his birth, his life, his love,
And the home of endless glory
He's prepared for them above.
And the little hearts, made ready
To receive the story old,
One by one are safely gathered
In the gentle Shepherd's fold.

Thus it was, it happened, children,
That this little heathen child
Came to know of God in Heaven,
And the Saviour meek and mild ;
Thus she found her "mansion" ready
In the fair and happy land,
Through the faithful earnest efforts
Of one little mission band.

—King's Messenger