

## A MISSIONARY BOY.

## I.

"A mighty crowd had gathered, in a busy Yorkshire town,  
To hear of Buddha's power broken and his temples overthrown,  
Through the preaching of the Gospel by the missionary bold  
Who with heart of yearning love had God's wondrous story told.

## II.

The speaker was a missionary whose heart bled for India's woes,  
With flashing eye his fire-tipped words fell like a giant's blows.  
He spake till hearts like flinty rocks did melt at his appeal.  
Face to face with death he oft had stood, his faithfulness to seal.

## III.

As the holy man sat down amid the deafening applause,  
Men prayed and gave more freely to the missionary cause,  
And some whose springs of sympathy had well nigh ceased  
to flow,  
Together with the young, now offered up the consecration vow.

## IV.

When the service had concluded and the audience turned for  
home,  
The speaker saw a struggling lad, and his kindly voice said  
"come,"  
"For I see my bonnie laddie that you've something good to say,"  
And the bright-eyed little fellow to the platform made his way.

## V.

There stood the bright-eyed laddie, a rich glow upon his face,  
With a look of honest triumph that a Conqueror's might grace,  
In the pew he'd fought his battle, now he wears the Victor's  
crown  
For to God he gave his treasure—it was his all—his very own.

## VI.

It was but a bag of marbles that the little fellow drew  
From out his breeches pocket to the missionary's view,  
But each *ally* was a treasure, more precious far than gold,  
And that bag contained a greater prize than poet e'er had told.

## VII.

It was the laddie's fortune, source of his daily joy,  
It was his dream at bed time, and did daily thoughts employ,  
No sailor better loved his ship, nor scholar wisdom's lore,  
For that soiled and homely marble bag, held all his earthly  
store.

## VIII.

He gave his all—no *law* was left—the very best he gave,  
His martyr soul of all his wealth one *ally* did not crave.  
He gave the very best—his all—and God's servant knew full  
well  
This meant *surrender of himself*, and the tale he vowed to tell,

## IX.

Both far and near, at home, abroad, in lands beyond the sea,  
"That British boys have still the stuff that makes them great  
and free,"  
"That reverent love for God, will make the heart as true and  
brave  
As ever hero of the past has shown on land or wave."

## X.

No time was lost—a few nights more—down in the sturdy  
north  
That missionary stood, the same true story to tell forth  
"Of Buddha's power broken—both priest and devotee  
Forsake the heathen worship, and to Jesus bow the knee."

## XI.

He spake with mighty unction, for in secret, earnest prayer  
He had asked for God's equipment, His message to declare,  
And as he spake, such quickening, came from God to one and all  
That conscience bowed, and the hardest heart said "yes" to  
the earnest call.

## XII.

Then the box went round and they promptly gave from out  
their secret store,  
And the stewards' hearts gave thanks to God as they counted  
the money o'er.

The givers rejoiced, each heart was glad, as they found it  
blessedly true  
That the way to be happy and glad of heart is "To love as I  
have loved you."

## XIII.

When all at once the missionary on the platform took his stand,  
And midst the pause in God's own house, he held high in his  
hand  
The humble little marble bag, which till now had been forgot,  
And in simple tones he told them how the marble bag he got.

## XIV.

Then came a power—a softening power, that swept o'er all  
the place,  
The sturdy shook, voices grew thick, and tears gemmed many  
a face,  
A cry was heard through all the place, from heart to heart it ran,  
From seats below, to seats above, it rolled as from one man.

## XV.

"Collect again," the crowd replied "Another collection make,  
Bring round the boxes a second time, and our *freewill* offerings  
take,"  
Whilst one man forth to the platform went, and wrote in his  
big check book  
His name for one hundred sovereigns, midst a joy that God's  
house shook."

WALLACE GIBSON.

## LETTER FROM REV. MR. KIRBY.

Dear Children of the Palm Branch:

I thought I would have plenty of time to write  
when I changed circuits, but, dear me, there's lots of  
work wherever I go.

However, I must find time to drop a line to Palm  
Branch children, for I do feel they are my friends; and  
now I come to think of it, the Bible says: "He that  
would have friends must show himself friendly;" (where  
does the Bible say anything like that?), and in order to  
retain your friendship I must be friendly towards you.

But, there, I am wandering away from my text  
again; I do believe its true, as I have read somewhere,  
that some preachers take a text and do with it as chil-  
dren do with a gate, get on it and swing backwards and  
forwards, and never get anywhere—but, and this is  
what I would like to do—some preachers take a text  
and it is also like a gate, but it opens into a glorious  
garden. Well, I forgot to tell you my text, but it was  
this: "And he opened the Letter"—but you must  
find it in the Bible. Well here's the letter:—

Dear papa

You can put a 100 for me to the mission fun here it is  
please papa do take it you can put it in that other fun  
if you like to

Please take it

Answer soon

No stops, no capitals, no nothing, except the 100  
which means \$1. It was only a little bit of a girl who  
wrote it, and she didn't know anything about punctua-  
tion or anything else in the writing line, but she had a  
\$1, and she had the desire to give it to the "mission  
fun."

This little girl's father was a minister, and talking  
to his wife, he said: "Well, now, I don't like to go to  
conference with the funds down below last year, but  
what can I do?"