

## IF YOU WERE LITTLE AH LIN.

How would you like to be born a Chinese?

And live all your life in Peking?  
Instead of Jane, Julia, or Mary Louise,  
To be only little Ah Lin;  
To live in a house without comfort or light,

And sleep in a bed made of bricks,  
To work without ceasing from morning till night,

And eat all your food with chopsticks?

How would you like not to know how to read

And thought quite too stupid to learn;

For women, so all the sages agreed,  
With learning can have no concern;  
To grow up in ignorance never to know  
The pleasures a book may contain,  
To live without letters and have to forego  
The learning your brothers might gain?

How would you like to believe that a host

Of malevolent demons exist,  
Each trying to injure and harm you the most,

And that each must be bribed to desist;

To be just a heathen and offer your prayers

To idols that never can hear.

Nor help you to carry your burdens or cares,

Though your worship be true and sincere?

How would you like, if you were a Chinese,

And lived far away in Peking,  
If, instead of Jane, Julia, or Mary Louise,

You were only little Ah Lin;

To go to a mission school and to be taught

To worship the God who is true,

To read and to write, as every girl ought?

I think you would like it, don't you?

—Christian Meyer, in World Wide.

## THE GREAT GUEST COMES.

While the cobbler mused there passed  
pane,

A beggar drenched by the passing rain.  
He called him in from the stony street  
And gave him shoes for his bruised feet.

The beggar went and there came a crone,

Her face with wrinkles of sorrow sown.

A bundle of faggots bowed her back,  
And she was spent with the wrench and rack,

He gave her his loaf and steadied her load

As she took her way on the weary road.

Then to his door came a little child,  
Lost and afraid in the world so wild,  
In the big, dark world. Catching it up,  
He gave it the milk in the waiting cup,

And led it home to its mother's arms,  
Out of the way of the world's alarms.

The day went down in the crimson west

And with it the hope of the blessed Guest.

And Conrad sighed as the world turned gray:

"Why is it, Lord, that Your feet delay?"

Did you forget that this was the day?"  
Then soft in the silence a Voice he heard:

"Lift up your heart, for I kept my word.

Three times I came to your friendly door,

Three times my shadow was on your floor.

I was the beggar with bruised feet;

I was the woman you gave to eat;

I was the child on the homeless street."

—Tidings.