

APPEAL OF THE NATIONS FOR THE GOSPEL.

CHINESE.

Far, far to the East, where the tea plant grows,
Is the hut where my mother dwells,
Abused and beaten, and starved and scorned,
As the Christian traveller tells.
Her female babies for the want of food,
By her own fond hand must die;
But I have escaped, and with feet unbound,
Yet a Chinese maid am I.

Oh, Christian wife, how blest your lot
You may scarce, I think, divine,
Unless you compare your peace and joy
With the fate that must soon be mine!

EAST INDIA

I have stood amid India's jungle grass,
And heard the half-stifled scream
Of the helpless babe by its mother cast
On the breast of our sacred stream.
'Tis the will of our gods of wood and stone,
Who make only cruel laws,
And bid the half-frenzied mother throw
Her child to the crocodile's jaws.

I have left my home on the Ganges' bank,
And have crossed the encircling sea
To plead that the Christ who blessed the babes
Will set our poor India free.

JAPANESE.

I come from Japan and my island home
Shut in by the sapphire sea
Is better than India's coral strand,
Or the gloom of the banyan tree.
I have heard the tale of a risen Christ,
And my heart now burns to speak
To sin-bowed nations everywhere
And bid them the Christ-child seek.

Shall my own dear nation dwell in gloom,
And I in the Gospel's ray?
Nay, God forbid! it is twilight now
That shall grow to the fuller day.

TURK.

I have knelt on a gorgeous Turkish rug
Full-off at the sunset hour,
In one of Mohammed's sacred mosques,
And have feared the prophet's power;
For he poured our blood as a purple flood—
Not blood that will cleanse and save,
Like the pure life stream from a Saviour's
[side,

Which cleanseth both prince and slave
To Mecca we turn when our hearts are sore
And travel with penance meet.
Oh when shall we lay our burdens down
At a crucified Saviour's feet?

AFRICAN.

Away in the heart of that vast plateau
By Stanley and Livingstone trod,
I dwell on the bank of a noble lake,
And worship a heathen God;
But the one great fear that chills our blood
Is the Arab who deals in slaves,
For he bears away hundreds every year
To fill up untimely graves.

Our brows are dark, but we think and feel,
And we bleed 'neath a tyrant's stroke.
Oh when will the strong white nations come
To tear off the Arab yoke?

NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN.

Oh wild, free land, where my fathers roved,
I seek for a forest glade,
Where along with the wounded deer may
[crouch

The form of an Indian maid.
This smiling land, with its woods and streams,
Was the red man's birthright dear,
But the pale-face came, and my tale is told—
We now dwell as outcasts here.

Oh white man, when shall thy debt be paid,
Or when shall our hatred cease?
It shall never be till you bring your God
With the olive branch of peace.

ESKIMO.

I dwell in a far-off frigid clime,
And my house is a bank of snow,
While the night is bright with auroral light;
'Tis enough for an Eskimo.
We glide along in our sledges, drawn
By our faithful dogs or our deer,
And the fatal malaria's finger gaunt
Has no power to touch us here.

We feed on the flesh of the whale and seal,
For with frost 'tis a bitter strife;
Yet we hunger still till our souls be fed
With that manna, the Bread of Life

ALL IN CONCERT.

To you who dwell in a Christian land,
Made bright by the Gospel's ray,
We plead for a light that shall banish gloom
And drive our false gods away.
We moan and we weep, but the gods are
[dumb

As the pitiless skies above.
Oh take our wooden and marble gods,
And send us the God of love!

—Missionary Reporter.