

so many labourers in England, but here in Syria we are so few. May God be with you and accompany you in all your undertakings, prospering the work of your hands, and may His blessing rest upon you always, and keep you from all dangers. *Amen.—Missing Link Mag.*

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The following lines have been sent to us by Mr. Rothwell, one of the Society's zealous and tried working colporteurs.

### THE FARMER AND THE COLPORTEUR.

1. "You're welcome, toilworn traveller ;  
    Sit down and rest a while ;  
The roads are bad and you have passed  
    O'er many a weary mile.  
Sit down and rest a while, and take  
    That burden off your back ;  
You've goodly wares, no doubt for sale ;  
    That seems a heavy pack."
2. "Yes, I've got wares to sell, my friend,  
    And you shall see my store ;  
One jewel in that pack outshines  
    The boasted Koh-i-noor.  
Golconda's diamonds, Oman's pearls,  
    The gold of famed Peru,  
All pale before the priceless gems  
    That I can bring to view."
3. "There lived a King, in times long past,  
    In far-off eastern lands.  
He heaped up gold in sums untold  
    And silver like the sands.  
No earthly King, before or since,  
    Such wealth his own could call ;  
But I've the jewel in that pack  
    He prized the most of all."
4. "The times are dangerous, good man,  
    We've those within our land,  
To rob you of this magic wealth,  
    Would hear a willing hand.  
The times are dangerous, I say,  
    No arms I see you bear ;  
In speaking of these precious gems  
    I pray take better care."
5. "Your caution's all in vain, kind sir,  
    I've got these wares to sell,  
And how can I find customers  
    Unless their worth I tell ?  
So as from house to house I pass,  
    You hear my constant cry :  
Ho friends ! Behold my priceless pearls,  
    Sell all things else and buy."