

## Youths' Department

### THE BOY WHO CARRIED THE MESSAGE.

(During the Boxer rebellion in 1900, when missionaries and other foreigners were prisoners in Peking, and the outside world supposed all were slain, a Sunday-school boy, sheltered in the British Legation to save his life, was chosen to carry a message to our army at Tientsin, which brought rescue.)

When the century was dawning  
And of peace and hope we sang,  
Then in China old and hoary,  
Hate and bitterness upsprang.  
Thousands joined to drive the Chris-  
tians

Once and always from the land;  
And the cry, "Kill, kill, the Chris-  
tians!"  
Sudden rose on every hand.

You remember the strange story—  
What in old Peking befell  
When the gates shut in our workers,  
And all "foreigners" as well—  
And the world outside was sure,  
Such the silence and the dread,  
That the Christians had been conquer-  
ed

And were numbered with the dead.

But those living prisoners waited  
For the help that did not come;  
Waited for the sound of cannon  
And the beat of friendly drum.  
Had their friends forgotten? Was the  
World unmindful of their fate?  
Surely troops must soon relieve them,  
Soon, or help would be too late.

Could they send a pleading message?  
Eighty miles the word must go  
For in Tientsin were the soldiers  
While between was massed the foe.

Then a Chinese boy came forward—  
He would risk his life to save  
Those who taught him "Jesus' doc-  
trine,"  
Which to him such courage gave.

Silently the night closed round them;  
O'er the wall so high and grim.  
Cautiously the boy was lowered,  
Prayers and blessings following him.  
"Come to us soon or we must die."  
This the message that he bore,  
Written close on slip of paper  
Hidden in the garb he wore.

So he started on his journey.  
More than once the lad was caught,—  
Boxers searched him, beat him sorely,  
Tried to drown him but could not,  
For a hard Divine was leading  
Through the darkness, through the day;  
Guarding him who bore the message  
From the perils all the way.

Weary, faint, he reached the soldiers  
With the message,—that brave boy!  
And at length found one who read it  
With surprise and shout of joy;  
"Those we mourned as dead, are  
living!"

Through the ranks was borne the cry  
And like one man rose the soldiers  
Dangers ready to defy.

"On to Peking! to the rescue!"  
Not a moment then to waste;  
Through the cruel, hostile country  
Marched the men with eager haste,  
You remember how they levelled  
Walls and gates of old Peking—  
How they freed those "praying Chris-  
tians"

While the world was wondering.

But where'er you tell the story  
In a tone of pride and joy,  
Don't forget who bore the message,—  
That heroic Chinese boy!

—L. A. S. in Miss. Monthly.