

Ko-a-Bak.

Ko-A-Bak was a young Chinaman who was brought to America by Rev. Dr. Dean. On the passage he had charge of the missionary's little daughter and became very fond of her. On their arrival the little girl was taken to her relations, and when the time of parting came, the poor man was full of sorrow. He shed many tears, and for many days could find nothing to interest him, even in the wonders of a strange land.

He had a yellow skin, and glossy, black hair hanging down his back in two long heavy braids tied with black ribbons, and reaching nearly to his feet. He was quite small and looked like a boy, although he was twenty-two years old. He wore a small round cap with a sort of knob on the top, and light, loose garments, of Chinese cut and style, and always carried a fan in his hand.

One day this Chinaman, with the missionary, visited a school of little children, and Dr. Dean told the children if they wished to ask his Chinese friend any questions they could, and he would act as interpreter. So one of the children said,—

“Have you any brothers and sisters?”

Ko-A-Bak replied, “Yes, I have several.”

“Are they Christians?” was the next question.

“They are not.”

“Have they Bibles?”

“They have not.”

Then one of the little boys stepped forward and presented Ko-A-Bak with a silver dollar. He smiled, looked at the money, and then at the child, and then at Dr. Dean, and finally shook his head, and gave the money back.

Dr. Dean asked him why he did so, and he said, “Because it is not right to take money from little children.”

Dr. Dean then explained that though the money was given by the children, it was with the consent and desire of their teachers and friends. Then he took the money and said, “I thank you very much. I will buy Testaments with it for my brothers and sisters, and if there is any

left it shall go to buy one for some other poor Chinaman.”

This warm-hearted Chinaman stayed in this country a little over a year, in which time he made many friends and formed many attachments; so that although he longed to see his own people again, and tell them of all he had seen and learned here, yet the parting was very painful.

There were services on board the vessel when they sailed, during which he buried his face in his hands, and when he raised his head his eyes were swollen with weeping. As he held his friends by the hand, amid tears and sobs, he said, in his broken English, “Meriky good, China good;” then clasping his hands and turning his eyes upward he added, “Home! Heaven!” by which they understood that he was thinking of the heavenly home where they would meet to part no more.—*Little Helpers.*

Voices Calling.

Hark! the voices loudly calling,

Wafted hither o'er the sea,

And in tones entreating, tender,

Even now they summon thee.

Calling ever, ever calling,

Hark! the message is to thee!

Heathen mothers bowing blindly,

Unto gods of wood and stone,

By their cries and tears they call thee

Now to make the Saviour known.

Little children, sad and sinning,

Bid them seek to be forgiven!

Tell them of the blessed Saviour,

Say he waits for them in Heaven.

Before the children in every Sabbath school, stand the children in heathen lands, stretching out eager hands and saying,
“Will you not give to us the word!”

See heathen nations lending

Before the God we love,

And thousand hearts ascending

In gratitude above:

While sinners, now confessing,

The gospel call obey,

And seek the Saviour's blessing,

A nation in a day.