

WHAT ARE THE CHILDREN SAYING?

I hear the voices of children
 Calling from over the seas :
 The wail of their pleading accents
 Comes borne upon every breeze.

And what are the children saying,
 Away in those heathen lands,
 As they plaintively lift their voices,
 And eagerly stretch their hands ?

" Oh, Buddha is cold and distant,
 He does not regard our tears ;
 We pray, but he never answers,
 We call, but he never hears.

" Oh, Brahma in all the Shasters
 No comforting word has given,
 No help in our earthly journey,
 No promise nor hope for heaven.

" Oh, vain is the Moslem Prophet,
 And bitter his creed of ' Fate,'
 It lightens no ill to tell us
 That Allah is only great.

" We have heard of a God whose mercy
 Is tenderer far than these ;
 We are told of a kinder Saviour
 By Sahibs from over the seas.

" They tell us that when you offer
 Your worship, He always hears :
 Our Brahma is deaf to pleadings,
 Our Buddha is blind to tears !

" We grope in the midst of darkness—
 With none who can guide aright !
 Oh, share with us, Christian children,
 A spark of your living light !"

This, this is the plaintive burden
 Borne hitherward on the breeze :
 These, these are the words they are saying,
 Those children beyond the seas !

—M. J. PRESTON, in *Children's Work*.

RUNAWAY BOB.

SOME years ago, in a manufacturing town in England, a young lady applied to the superintendent of a Sunday-school for a class. At his suggestion she gathered a class of poor boys. Among these, the worst and most unpromising boy was named Bob. The superintendent told these boys to come to his house during the week, and he would get them each a new suit of clothes. They came and got their clothes.

After two or three Sundays Bob was missing. The teacher went after him. She found that his new clothes were torn and dirty. She invited him back to school. He came. The superintendent gave him a second new suit. After attending once or twice, Bob's place was empty again. Once more the teacher sought him out. She found that the second suit of clothes had gone the same way as the first. She reported the case to the superintendent, saying she was utterly discouraged about Bob, and must give him up.

" Please, don't do that," said the superintendent ; " I can't but hope there is some thing good in Bob. Try him once more. I'll give him a third suit of clothes if he'll promise to attend regularly."

Bob did promise. He received his third suit of clothes. He did attend regularly after that. He got interested in the school. He became an earnest and persevering seeker after Jesus. He found him. He joined the church. He was made a teacher. He studied for the ministry ; and the end of the story is, that that discouraging boy—that dirty, ragged runaway Bob—became the Rev. Robert Morrison, the great missionary to China, who translated the Bible into the Chinese language, and so " opened the kingdom of heaven" to the teeming millions of that vast country.

He found the work too much for him, and asked his friends in England to send him out another missionary. When they got his letter they began at once to try to find a suitable young man to go out as a missionary to China and help Dr. Morrison.

After a while a young man from the country came and offered himself. He was an earnest Christian man, full of love to Jesus, and very anxious to be doing good. But he was poor. He had poor clothes on, and looked like a countryman, rough and unpolished. He came to the office of the Missionary Society, was introduced to the gentlemen of the Board, and had a long talk with them. They then asked him to call again in an hour or two and they would give him an answer. In talking the matter over after he was gone, they came to the conclusion that this young man would not do to go as a helper to Dr. Morrison.

When the young man was told this, his answer was, " Well, sir, if the gentlemen don't think me fit to be a missionary, I will go as a servant. I am willing to be a hewer of wood or a drawer of water, or do anything to help on the cause of my heavenly Master."

Here was humility indeed ! He was sent out as a servant ; but he soon got to be a missionary, and turned out to be the Rev. Dr. Milne, one of the best and greatest missionaries that ever went to any country.—*Children's Record of Church of Scotland.*