

"OH, LET ME RING THE BELL."

A Missionary far away,
Beyond the Southern Sea,
Was sitting in his home one day
With Bible on his knee;

When suddenly he heard a rap
Upon the chamber-door,
And, opening, there stood a boy
Of some ten years or more.

He was a bright and happy child,
With cheeks of ruddy hue,
And eyes that 'neath their lashes smiled,
And glittered like the dew.

He held his little form erect
In boyish sturdiness,
But on his lip you could detect
Traces of gentleness.

"Dear sir," he said in native tongue,
"I do so want to know
If something for the house of God
You'd kindly let me do."

"What can you do, my little boy?"
The Missionary said,
And, as he spoke, he laid his hand
Upon the youthful head.

Then bashfully, as if afraid
His secret wish to tell,
The boy in eager accents said,
"Oh, let me ring the bell?"

"Oh, please to let me ring the bell
For our dear house of prayer;
I'm sure I'll ring it loud and well,
And I'll be always there!"

The Missionary kindly looked
Upon that upturned face,
Where hope and fear and wistfulness,
United, left their trace.