

now I have experienced him to be just such a Saviour as I wanted! I have often heard people undertake to tell of the excellency that was in Christ; but their tongues are too short to express the beauty and love that is contained in that lovely Jesus! I cannot tell my poor relations how lovely Christ is! I wonder my poor play-mates will choose that dreadful place which is called Hell, when here stands that beautiful person, Jesus, calling upon sinners, saying, 'Come away, sinners, to Heaven!'—Come, do come to my Saviour! Shut him out no longer, for there is room enough in Heaven for all you to be happy for evermore! It causes much joy, at times, that I delight to serve him; by the help of God, I mean to hold out to the end of my days!"

---

## Poetry.

---

### Hymn for a Juvenile Missionary Society.

Hark! a distant voice is calling,  
Mournfully it meets the ear;  
Louder still those accents falling,  
Fill each heart with thoughtful fear;  
Let us listen;  
Now the cry of grief is near.

'Tis the groan of spirits dying,  
Lost in sin's dark night they stray;  
'Tis the call of thousands crying  
"Ye who know the living way,  
Come and guide us,  
To the land of perfect day."

We would help them, O our Father!  
Thou hast bid us freely give,  
Wilt Thou not these wanderers gather?  
Shall not dying sinners live?  
Hear our pleading,  
And our past neglect forgive.

Let us send to every nation,  
News of life and light divine;  
And to spread the great salvation,  
Truly all our powers resign.  
Take the first fruits,  
Then our lives shall all be thine.