

through this child's exertions, or in answer to his prayers. We have laid this beautiful clay by the side of the remains of Henry Martyn, there to await the glorious resurrection.— Another Missionary has fallen, and who will fill his place?

H. J. VAN LENNEP.

Tocat, 27th November, 1856.

### HYMN.

Jesus our Lord! to Thee we call.  
Thou art our life, our hope, our all:  
And we have nowhere else to flee,  
No sanctuary, Lord, but Thee.

Whatever foes or fears betide,  
In Thy dear presence let us hide;  
And while we rest our souls on Thee,  
Do Thou our sanctuary be.

Quickly the day of light draws nigh,  
Or we may bow our heads and die;  
But, Oh! what joy this witness gives!  
Jesus, our sanctuary, lives.

He from the grave our dust will raise,  
We in the heavens shall sing His praise;  
And when in glory we appear,  
He'll be our sanctuary there

### LOOK TO THE COPY.

WHEN a boy is learning to write, his master either gives him a copy slip, or else writes the first line in the page for him. Now, I have often seen a boy write the next line with some care, looking at the letters he had to copy. But when he came to the third line, instead of looking at his copy, he looked only at his own writing just above. And what came of that? Why, he copied all his faults, and made more too, so that every line down the page was worse than the one before it! He never tried to make each line more like his copy.

So there are some boys who never try to improve, but just seem to copy their own faults, day after day, and so really grow worse, more idle, more disobedient, more careless. Instead of this, they should read their Bible, and see what the Saviour did; and try, by God's grace, to follow His example.