

faint nor be weary in the good work of the Lord. How little is all we can do for Christ. Alas! the poor people of Old Calabar show far more devotion to the service of Satan than we have yet learned to show to the service of our Lord and Saviour; and sacrifice far more in support of that heathenism, which is to them utter wretchedness, than we yet give to the Gospel, full of all happiness to us.

I am now about to return to Old Calabar. I shall soon be crossing the sea again in your little ship, and I have to request of you that you will beg God for a safe and comfortable voyage; that he who holds the winds in his fists, and the water of the ocean in the hollow of his hands, may give us smooth seas and favourable gales, to carry us onward in peace to the land which we seek. The mission ship being yours you must watch over its safety, and secure for it, by your prayers, the protection of God's almighty arm. "Ask, and it shall be given you."

After my return to Old Calabar, if God spare me, I shall likely send you a letter occasionally, through your little Magazine; and who knows but I may have the pleasure of bidding one or more of you welcome as missionaries in Old Calabar itself. At any rate, let us now work for God, knowing that in due season we shall reap if we faint not. I must now bid you farewell; and, praying that God may give you every blessing, I am, my dear young friends, in all affection yours,

H. GOLDIE.

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THE PALM-TREE.

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The trees of Scotland have solid timber. You can saw into planks the fir, the oak, the elm. But the trunk of the palm is a hollow pillar—so hollow

that it is sometimes used to make tubes for conveying water, just as we use pipes of lead or iron. And for this it answers all the better, because its wiry timber is so tough, that the white ants and other insects cannot nibble through it.

The trees of Scotland have branches—some of them, like the oak and the hawthorn, divide into noble arms or boughs, and these again are broken into beautiful twigs and sprays; whilst others of them, such as the larch, throw out from their sides stories of branches, like the successive stories of a Chinese pagoda. But the palm has no branches. It grows straight and unbroken as the pillar which supports the gallery of your church, only two or three times as tall; and then from its very top it throws out all round a parasol of leaves, very long and very strong. It was under the tent of a shady palm that Deborah sat and held her court, before there were any kings and queens in Israel.—Judges iv. 5.

The trees of Scotland have small leaves. Most of them are no larger than a leaf of this book. But a leaf or *frond* of the palm is very large.—There is a kind of it which grows in Ceylon, whose leaf is large enough to screen from the sun a score of children. Would it not be nice to see a whole class of Cingalese scholars sitting under the awning of a *talipot* leaf? But the palm mentioned in the Bible is the palm of Palestine—the date palm. Its leaf is not entire like the *talipot*, but split into ever so many leaflets, each of them like stiff sharp blades of grass, and making the whole look like a great green feather, ten or twelve feet long. Indeed, these enormous leaves look like branches, and are sometimes called "branches" in the Bible.—(John xii. 13). Very lovely is their appearance, as they sleep in the calm evening air, or toss their unfading verdure in the healthful wind—so lovely, that people learned to think of the palm as a happy