

respect for the Hebrew, he caused him to ride in the second chariot, and issued a proclamation, that all his people should bow the knee before him.

Thus Jacob's favourite son, despised and hated by his brethren—sold by them into a strange land—there kept for a time as a slave—then cruelly cast into prison as a felon—is now exalted to a high and dignified position, made ruler over all the land of Egypt. He 'bore the yoke in his youth,' and bearing it manfully, he had in due time a rich reward.

W. C.

Leave the Ship this Tide, or you are Lost.

In the great storm which swept the new England coast, December 29, 1853, the ship *Lowell* was driven ashore at Race Point—one of twenty foundering vessels on that beach. The keeper of the lighthouse went between the breaking billows and extending his arms, called to the mariners to fall into them.

He thus conveyed ashore, one by one, amid the cold spray of the wrathful waters, all excepting the mate of the ship. He poor man was *crazy*.—The horrors of the scene had turned his brain, and he walked the deck with an air of command. The brave deliverer of his comrades went to the vessel's side and through the roar of the surges, shouted, "Leave the ship this tide, or you are lost!" The maniac smiled and continued his promenade on the reeling deck. The last call was heard disregarded. Soon the bark went to peices, and the solitary mariner perished.

How strikingly does this fact illustrate the experience of many a sinner. In a time of revival, or on some occasion of usual anxiety and effort for the salvation of an individual, does God's Spirit thus speak to the soul. The last invitation comes to the lingering member of a household, or of a social circle, almost all of whom have been gathered into

the embrace of redeeming love: "Leave your perilous place of fancied security, this tide in your eternal destiny, or you perish." God sees it, friends *fear* such a result. But the sinner only pauses, smiles again, and is stranded for eternity.

In these times of refreshing to Zion, let men beware how they cling to the wreck of a fallen world, and refuse the extended arms of mercy, lest they be withdrawn for ever.

From a Burman Missionary to the Sunday-Schools.

Dear children, when assembling
In classes bright with love,
And the gushing soul is trembling
To mount on wings above—
When smiles and tears are blending
In joy o'er sins forgiven,
And heart with heart is sending
Sweet chorals up to heaven?

O then can ye be weary
Of the long-heard heathen cry?
And missions now so dreary
Ye'll let the heathen die?
Forget their pagod mountains?
Their idol-covered plains?
Their templed shades and fountains,
Where Buddha proudly reigns?

No; by those Burman brothers
For light so wildly crying—
By their degraded mothers,
Forsaken, crushed, and dying—
By all the souls that languish
Round India's bloody fanes,
Hear ye their groans, their anguish—
Haste, break their fearful chains!

Ah, think of sorrows bleeding—
Of thorns, and Calvary—
Of Christ in anguish pleading
For thee, dear youth, for thee.
Oh, never tire of labor,
While souls in error pine;
On, work till every neighbor
Forsakes the idol-shrine.

Yes; little sons and daughters
Can each one lend a ray,
To hush earth's nighted waters,
And speed the stream of day.
Roll on then Jesus' story,
Obey his heavenly rules;
And may ye meet in glory,
Ye blessed Sunday-schools.

Newton, Centre, Mass.