

constraineth thee to live no more to thyself,  
but to him that died for thee and rose again.

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**"Seek and ye shall find." Matthew  
vii. 7.**

The great calm sun was setting low, in the burnished West,  
And a soul was passing upwards to never-ending rest.  
But the noisy throng went surging down through the crowded street,  
While a spirit rose in silence, up to the judgment seat.

The flood of life flows onwards—what though a drop be spent?  
The mighty forest weeps not on the leaflet torn and rent,  
What though a bursting bubble breaks upon the tossing sea?  
The foaming ocean still is full, and green each leafy tree.

Yet gently spoke that spirit as music to the soul,  
And still above life's babbling din, I hear it softly roll;  
It comes as the mellow sunshine bursts through the cloudy day,  
When it heralds a brighter morrow, and drives the mists away.

"Seek Jesus in the day-time! you'll find him in the night,  
He'll come to lead your spirit home to yonder world of light.  
For now he stands beside my bed, and gently takes my hand,  
To guide me on in safety home to the better land."

"Yet often while I wandered down, through the vale of life,  
Was this heart laid low in sorrow—this soul in weary strife;  
I sought Him, but I found Him not, along the cheerless way,  
And I sank among the billows, and could but feebly pray."

"Oft with you crowd I mingled, and downwards passed along,  
But cared not for the tinsel toys that pleased the giddy throng;  
The light laugh of the merry heart smote strangely on my ear,  
My weary spirit knew no joy, because He was not near."

"And others viewed me strangely and saw my deep unrest,  
And sought to drive my cares away with many an idle jest,  
Even dearest friends who loved me most, could only hope each day.  
To see my darkness vanish, and my sorrows pass away."

"Oh! often through the darkness of many a weary night,  
My spirit wrestled till the dawn, and still I saw no light,  
And a thicker gloom lay on my soul, than Nature's darkest pall.  
He hid His face, I saw Him not, and darkness covered all!"

"Yet nightly through the silence, up rose my earnest cry  
Draw near me, oh, my father! look on me, or I die;  
An infant in this sombre gloom, I grope to find the way,  
In mercy lead me onwards, Lord, to everlasting day."

"Thus year by year in darkness, my weary life went by,  
But sickness came and death drew near—stand by me as I die.  
Yet though the day of life be spent, and the night of death be near,  
At length I've found Him whom I've sought—why should I further fear?"

"So seek Him in the day-time—you'll find Him in the night,  
He'll safely bring your spirit home to yonder world of light,  
For now He stands beside my bed, and gently takes my hand,  
To guide me on in safety, home to the better land."

"The sun has set in calmness, low in the burnished West,  
And the soul has mounted upwards to everlasting rest,  
But still the noisy throng go on, down through the crowded street,  
While the spirit mounts in silence, up to the judgment seat."

W. B. E. RIVER, SEPT. 1863.

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**Mission Voyaging in the South Seas.**

*(Concluded from last No.)*

Now you ought especially to notice this fact, that the cooking, washing, and fetching wood and water, for this large number of scholars, were done by the lads who had been with us in New Zealand, and by the boys whom they taught and worked with.—It would have been quite impossible to carry on the school without their assistance: and all this labour was voluntarily undertaken by them in their own island, in the sight of their own heathen countrymen idling about. Mr. Pritt had indeed to superintend the whole, and to do many things daily which in England do not usually form part of a clergyman's duty; but the native lads worked on from first to last with perfect regularity and good temper. Besides all this, they taught in the school, and went to the different parts of the island, taking their classes in the various villages. Some of them were made responsible for the boys brought from the adjacent islands, and young persons who only one or two years ago were themselves without any clothing or instruction, might be seen writing down the strange words in these new languages, and working up their vocabularies.

The change on this island of Mota is so great, that we contemplate it with a feeling hard to be described. The verse is perpetually in our minds: "Thine heart shall fear and be enlarged." Now men may walk where