

the prophecies about the state of this world, when it shall be full of light and love, and all shall know the Lord, from the least unto the greatest.

3. I resolve to do what I can to hasten the time when this happy state shall be enjoyed.

4. I will, therefore, work for Christian Missions:—*First*, by prayer; *secondly*, by spreading knowledge; *thirdly*, by collecting money; and, *fourthly*, by trying to get others to join in this pleasant and useful labor.

If every girl and boy would form these resolutions, and act upon them, how much help might they give to missionary effort!—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine*.

### Jubilee Missionary Hymn.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

Arise and shine, your light is come,  
Fair islands of the west!  
Awake, and sing, once deaf and dumb,  
Now islands of the blest.

Shine, for the glory of the Lord  
Your coral reefs surrounds:  
Sing, for the trumpet of his word  
O'er all your ocean sounds.

Poor Africa! through thy waste sands,  
Where Calvary's fountain flows,  
Deserts become Immanuel's lands,  
And blossom like the rose.

India, beneath the chariot wheels  
Of Juggernaut o'erthrown,  
Thy heart a quickening Spirit feels,  
A pulse beats through the stone.

China! behold thy quaking wall,  
Foredoomed by Heaven's decree:  
A hand is writing on it—"Fall!"  
A voice goes forth—"Be Free!"

Ye Pagan Tribes! of every race,  
Clime, country, language, hue,  
Believe, obey, be saved by grace,  
The gospel speaks to you.

Father of lights! thy will be done,  
Here, as by saints above;  
Give earth's whole empire to thy Son,  
For He must reign in love.

Reign, till beneath his feet, all foes,  
Vanquished, for ever lie;  
And the last judgment's sentence close  
The Book of Prophecy.

### How to Teach Children.

The following suggestions of Rev Chas. Brooks, of Boston, accord with our notions of what constitutes the true mode of teaching the young:—

"If you find an error in the child's mind, follow it up till he is rid of it. If a word is spelled wrong, be sure that the class is right before it is dismissed. Repeat, and fix attention on the exact error, till it never can be committed again. \* \* \* One clear and distinct idea is worth a world of misty ones. Time is of no consequence in comparison with the object. Give the child possession of one clear, distinct truth, and it becomes to him a centre of light. In all your teaching—no matter what time it takes—never leave your pupil till you know he has in his mind your exact thought."

### Fine, Fine, Superfine!

Many years ago, the writer was at the Canal, on business, and heard "fine," "fine," "superfine," called out repeatedly by a person on the wharf, who was inspecting flour. Now, this is, during the season of open navigation, an almost "every day occurrence;" and has often been witnessed by many who will read these lines.

Notwithstanding its frequency, I was amused and interested, and, without being able to assign any reason for it, was induced particularly to notice the proceedings. A very large quantity of flour—many hundred barrels—were on end, ready for inspection. A great portion of it was in clean barrels, with flat, well dressed hoops, and stamped in red on the head with the name of the mill where it was ground, and the quality of the contents—"fine" or "superfine." But the result of the inspection did not always tally with the "brand" or *pretension* of the Miller. I observed that *often* the best looking barrels (although ostentatiously marked "*superfine*,"") contained "middling," "sour," and, sometimes "rejected" flour, while a small lot of about fifty barrels, in short ill-looking casks with round hickory or birch hoops with the bark on, and a little oval burnt brand—"fine" on one end of the barrel, in