

kind physician watched by the sick beds of my dear ones as one after another they were gathered home. Will you then murmur that our father gives me the privilege of repaying a few of these many loans from Dr. Herbert?"

The children were delighted that ministers were to come, though they could not resist grumbling a little that their pastor should send them those they did not know.

At length one arrived. "I don't like Mr. Simpson, Harry," said Emma, "he does not seem like our ministers a bit." The same idea was conveyed by Eliza to her mother. "Why cannot all clergymen be polished men. Mr. Simpson is young, yet he has such rough manners, mama, I can hardly treat him politely."

The hour of evening worship arrived, and as the other guest had not come, Mr. Simpson led their devotions. How fervently he prayed for that fatherless family, and pleaded the promises as one who would not be denied.

"Oh! my dear Mother," said Eliza, as soon as he had retired, "surely God will hear that prayer, Harry will be a Christian, a missionary."

"Mother, do you hear that murmur, she exclaimed an hour afterwards, as she was adjusting the invalid's pillow for the night."

"It is the minister at prayer, I think," was the reply:

It was midnight, when the daughter again arose and still heard the murmur, she *must know* what it was, and taking the taper in her hand, she noiselessly ascended the stairs, she stood by the door—yes it was so, the rough unpolished minister was wrestling with Jacob's God for blessings on *their family*—on *their Pastor—their Church*.

Mr. Simpson noticed, the next morning, an increased cordiality in the manners of Mrs. Herbert's family, but he did not know how often faith was intergrated in the widow's heart by a reference to that night of prayer, his example stimulated the daughter in her practice of secret devotion; nor did he see, what may be seen written in the margin of Eliza Herbert's Bible, opposite the passage. "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained strangers unawares."

Proved true, July 18.

POETRY,

MISSIONARY HYMN.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

O joyful, every nation!
Hail the day with sacred mirth,
When the trumpet of salvation
Sounds the Jubilee of earth,
And creation
Travails with the world's new birth.

Then the north, in darkness shrouded,
Jacob's rising star shall bless;
And the eastern morn, unclouded,
Bring the Sun of Righteousness,
Cheering, healing,
Sin sick souls in heart's distress.

Then her swarthy sons and daughters,
Afric to the Cross shall bring;
And the angel of the waters
Hear the torrid islands sing
"Hallelujah!"
Till the whole Pacific ring.

O thou everlasting Father,
Give the kingdom to thy Son!
He hath died that he might gather
All God's children into one;
For the travel
Of his soul, let this be done.

Yes it must be:—Thou hast spoken,
And the covenant shall last;
Though the arch of heaven were broken,
And the earth's foundations cast
Down the abysses,
Yet thy word, O God! stands fast.

On thy holy hill of Zion,
Hast thou not ordain'd his seat?
Now, as Judah's conquering lion,
Lay all foes beneath his feet,
Till his armies
In eternal triumph meet.

We have join'd their marching legions;
Where our fathers fought, we fight;
Slavery's cane lands, Brahma's regions,
Are exulting at the sight;
Freedom, freedom
Comes with Gospel life and light!

All the languages of Babel
Weapons for this warfare yield;
And with these we well are able,
By the Spirit's aid, to wield,
In the battle,
Truth's sharp sword and faith's strong shield

Thus through fifty years victorious,
Thou hast led our brethren on;
Arm them now for deeds more glorious,
Till the latest field is won;
And all people,
Bow the knee and kiss the Son.

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MONTREAL.

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