

Missionary ship? Have you got teachers?" And over-joyed they were to find it was indeed a Missionary ship. "These Friendly Islands, of all lands," says Mr Waterhouse, "need help. Had I teachers, they would receive them in every island. We want men fearless of death, for Christ's sake: men willing to be martyrs. The fields are ripening. 'Pray ye the Lord of the harvest, that he would send labourers into his harvest.'"

Poetry.

SILOAM'S SHADY RILL.

By cool Siloam's shady rill,
 How sweet the lilly grows!
 How sweet the breath beneath the hill
 Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo! such the child whose early feet
 The paths of peace have trod;
 Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
 Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill,
 The lily must decay;
 The rose that blooms beneath the hill
 Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
 Of man's maturer age,
 Will shake the soul with sorrows power,
 And stormy passion's rage.

O thou, whose infant feet were found
 Within thy Father's shrine!
 Whose years with changeless virtue crowned
 Were all alike divine!

Dependant on thy bounteous breath,
 We seek thy grace alone,
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
 To keep us still thine own.