

appeared. The missionary tried to prove to him the folly of his worship, and to lead him to the knowledge of the true God, whose ear is always open to our cry, and whose presence may be always felt. The man seemed to feel deeply all he said; and the Missionary hopes it may be blest by God for good to his soul. All round the island there are openings for teachers; and Mr. Hunt begs earnestly, that the Society will send out more labourers.

Poetry.

HYMN FOR A MISSIONARY MEETING.

God of love—before thee now—
Help us all in love to bow;
As the dews on Hermon fall,
May thy blessing rest on all.

Let it soften every breast,
Hush ungentle thoughts to rest,
Till we feel ourselves to be,
Children of one family.

Children who can look above—
For a Heavenly Father's love;
Who shall meet, life's journey past,
In that Father's house at last.

But while thankfully we stand,
Round thy footstool, hand in hand,
Yet one humble, earnest plea,
Father, we would bring to thee.

Far across the ocean's wave,
Brethren, sisters too, we have,
But they have not heard of thee.
Wilt thou not *their* Father be?

Let them hear the Shepherd's voice,
And beneath his care rejoice;
And together let us come
To the fold,—“there yet is room.”