

Listen to their lofty song,
 As in melody it floats;
 Listen! 'mid that ransomed throng,
 Childhood blends its feeble notes.

If then when he sojourned here
 And if now he reigns above,
 "Little ones" are welcomed near
 By a Saviour's tender love :

Then may children, young as we,
 Still their lowly praises bring;
 Saviour! we would come to thee;
 Teach us *in our hearts* to sing

And to many a distant strand,
 Let the tuneful notes resound,
 Blessing every heathen land
 With the gospel's joyful sound.

Then tho' death our voice may still,
 When we sing on earth no more,
 We shall swell the notes which pea!
 Soft and full o'er Canaan's shore.

Sketches of Missions.

American Board for Foreign Missions.

This Society, a brief account of which is now to be given, is one to which God has manifested himself in a peculiar manner, as the deliverer and defender of his own people and his own work. The flames of persecution and tribulation often fiercely blazed but could not destroy—the waters rose high but they could not overflow. For this thing was of God and none might overthrow it. The commencement of this Society claims the particular attention of our young readers, for, it was to one, yet in early years, it owed its origin; it was a youthful hand that planted in America