

volence of every friend of missions, in language of the same import as the call of Macedonia,—  
“ We want to know the grand God.”

“ Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Shall we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation! oh, salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till each remotest nation  
Has learn'd Messiah's name.  
Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole;  
Till o'er our ransomed nature,  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator!  
In bliss returns to reign.”

BISHOP OF CALCUTTA.

The 5th.—Sunday. The wind has blown hard all day, so as to permit, from the rolling of the ship, of my only reading the Morning and Evening Prayers, for divine worship. I know that God, who made heaven, earth, and seas, is not confined to forms of prayer, however excellent, any more than to temples made with hands. But as a formulary, how full and comprehensive is that of the Church of Eng-