

He had often been with us, when translating; and I am not far from thinking that he died in the Lord Jesus. I have often seen him meditating on the Arabic Bible which Mr. Thomson presented to him before he left: but I suppose that he was too timid to make a public confession of his faith. A friend from the Colony, who visited us a short time ago, wrote to me respecting him:—Surih was in the habit of coming to my lodging nearly every evening, to read the Scriptures with me. He asked me repeatedly to take him to the Colony with me; and give him a little room in my house, that he might read with me. He expressed his earnest desire to be able to read the Scriptures in English; and, in answer to my repeated question, declared his belief that Jesus Christ was the Son of God.”

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## Poetry.

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### A MISSIONARY THOUGHT FOR CHILDREN.

I saw a little child at play  
Beside a glassy pool,  
When soft the dancing sunbeams lay  
Upon the waters cool.

I saw him cast a little stone  
Into the peaceful tide,  
And watch the wavelits, one by one,  
Spread circling far and wide,

I thought upon a purer wave,  
For all the nations given,  
The precious blood a Saviour gave,  
To make us meet for heaven.

Dear children, if your hearts you bring,  
Where those bright waters glide,  
As spreads each gently circling ring  
Upon that quiet tide;

So from each heart beneath that wave  
Sweet influence may spring,  
Some distant heart from death to save,  
Some soul to heaven to bring.

Far as the ocean's waves are spread,  
Far as earth's shores extend,  
So far that heart its love may shed,  
So far its prayers may send.