

a humble looking man and a good specimen of a Christian. What did you think? Did you not think him one who, for Christ's sake, was not 'ashamed to beg,' nor too lazy to 'dig'? But little must be said in this strain for fear of sinning against taste. You may be aware of the fact that the world is now full of tasty people. Many good kind of folk otherwise, would not be seen with sunburnt hands for a great deal, and would not, for the world, wear a leathern girdle nor eat a locust.

Say what you think about poor heathen children. Do you pray for them? And do you pray for those who are sent to tell them of a Saviour's dying love? Will you pray for me and those with whom I go on this errand? We may be on the wide ocean, with our little vessel ploughing the blue waves, by the time you get this letter. Pray that the God of Missions may give us a prosperous voyage, and send His Spirit before us to make the dark-souled heathen willing to receive us and our message, and Him in whose name we go, viz., that of the Lord Jesus, the Chief Missionary.

Five of us go together in the Mission vessel called the *Dayspring*, viz., the Rev. D. Morrison and Mrs. Morrison, Rev. Mr. McCullagh (and "they say" another who, it is presumed, will be Mrs. McCullagh), and your humble correspondent. And now, my dear friends, it may be a long time before you hear from me again. Oceans wide may soon be spread out betwixt us, and billows high roll between us, but neither the broad expanse of waters, nor lapse of time, can divide us, nor separate us from Jesus and his love, and serve him. I trust, too, we can say with the Apostle John: "We love Him because He first loved us." In his love may we abide. May our sin-stained souls be washed in the crimson tide that flowed from His bleeding side, and be sanctified by His Spirit, then at length we shall come to that holy happy place called Heaven—

"Where we shall meet to part no more,
And still together be."

Yours in Jesus,

Halifax, N. S., Nov. 29th, 1863.

JAS. D. GORDON.

Poetry.

TRUST IN GOD.

Leave God to order all thy ways,
And hope in him whate'er betide;
Thou'lt find him in the evil days
Thy all-sufficient strength and guide;
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on a rock that nought can move.

What can these anxious cares avail—
These never ceasing moans and sighs?
What can it help us to bewail
Each painful moment as it flies?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.

Only thy restless heart keep still,
And wait in cheerful hope, content
To take whate'er his gracious will—
His all discerning love hath sent.
Doubt not; our inmost wants are known
To him who chose us for his own.

He knows when joyful hours are best;
He sends them when he sees it meet: