

Go, cheer our loved ones toiling
'Neath Micronesian skies ;
And where, from blue waves rolling,
Marquesan shores arise ;—

Till, 'mid the sunny highlands,
And o'er the valleys green,
Of all our tropic islands,
The dawn of light is seen ;
And news of grace surprising,
Glad tidings from afar,
Attend the glorious rising
Of this, our Morning Star.

The white waves curl before thee,
God shield thee on the deep ;
Their tireless vigils o'er thee,
May hovering angels keep.
Our blended prayers ascending,
Thine ocean-path shall mark ;
To God, each day, commending
Our consecrated bark.

MISSIONARY TIDINGS.

BOMBAY—TWO YOUNG DISCIPLES.

On the morning of last Sunday, March 1st, I had the happiness of admitting two young men into the visible Church of the Redeemer, by baptism. Damodhur Baboolza was one of these, and the other was the Mussulman whom I have alluded to in my late letters. His name is Abdoollah ; he is a native of Khandeish. Six months ago he came to us, desiring to receive instruction. As I was then in need of a servant, I took him into my service. During the period he has been with us, he has been diligently engaged in the study of the Word of God, receiving what direction and assistance we could give him. On the occasion of the baptism we had a tolerably large and very attentive congregation. After the usual questions regarding their knowledge of Christian truth, their belief in Christ and His doctrines, and their motives and resolutions, had been put to the candidates, before the holy ordinance was dispensed, Damodhur read a statement, a copy of which I have enclosed. May these young disciples