

the kind we can recommend to them, and all who can afford three shillings and sixpence will find it well expended. They can obtain it at that reduced rate, by addressing a letter to Rev. T. Keyworth, Aston, Wallingford, Berks.

“THE MISSIONARY SHIP, THE JOHN WILLIAMS,” published by Mr. SNOW, forms a very interesting little volume, which *all* our young friends will wish to possess, and which we trust all *will* obtain, through the kindness of those who love them. “Our own Library” will not be complete without it.

LITTLE EMMA'S CORNER.

Emma. Did you go to see the new ship, mama, before it sailed?

Mama. Yes, and your papa too, and Eliza,—all of us.

Emma. And was it a very nice ship? Did you like it?

Mama. We were all *delighted* with it. I almost wished to go out with the Missionaries myself, and to take you all with me.

Emma. Oh, mama! but *you* are not a Missionary.

Mama. I try to be, and we all ought to be Missionaries.

Emma. What, to leave our dear country, do you mean, and all our friends, and our cousins too, and to go abroad?

Mama. No, not, perhaps, to go abroad, unless Providence bids us go; but we should all try to be like Missionaries, and to do all the good we can to everybody.

Emma. Then, if we stay at home in our own country, can we be Missionaries?

Mama. Oh yes! if we try to teach people, and “make them wise unto salvation.”

Emma. Then, is that what the Home Missionary Society is for, that Dr. Matheson talked about when he came to see us a little while ago?

Mama. Exactly so; that Society sends good men into villages and other places, to teach the people there how they may be saved and made happy for ever.

Emma. Are there any more Societies like that?

Mama. Yes, there are Town Missions and City Missions. There the Missionaries go from house to house to talk with the people about the Saviour, and read the Scriptures to them, and persuade them to send their children to schools, and go to some place of worship themselves.

Emma. How happy it would be if everybody loved the Bible, and if all the little boys and girls went to school!

Mama. I was glad to see William trying to persuade those boys who were playing in the fields last Sunday to go to school.

Emma. Then William was a Missionary, I suppose. And did they go?

Mama. Some of them did, but the rest only laughed at him and kept on playing.

Emma. Then, I think they have not got such a good mama as I have to teach them better. But I want to hear a little more about the ship. Where is the "John Williams" now?

Mama. Well, let us consider, and look at the map. This is the beginning of August; so the ship has sailed about six weeks. Perhaps, she is just now two-thirds of the way to the Cape of Good Hope.

Emma. I'm so glad when papa prays in the morning for the ship and everybody on board.

Mama. I'll tell you, then, about some young people at Yarmouth. They held a Juvenile Missionary Meeting, and their friends put into their hands a printed copy of a little prayer which they might all use.

Emma. I wonder what it was.

Mama. Then, I'll read it to you, only a little altered, and I hope you will repeat it every day when you kneel down to pray.

Prayer for the Missionary Ship.

O LORD! we thank Thee that Thou hast given us the means and the heart to buy a Missionary Ship.

We now pray that Thou wouldst keep it and all on board under Thy care, and carry them to the poor heathen in safety.

Make the Missionaries very useful in teaching the people to love the Saviour. Give us also new hearts, and teach us to love Him too. And help us all to do something for Jesus Christ, either at home or abroad. We ask it in His name. Amen.



A MISSIONARY LESSON FOR THE YOUNG.

PART I.

A GRAIN of corn, an infant's hand
May plant upon an inch of land,
Whence twenty stalks should rise and yield
Enough to stock a little field.

The harvest of that field might then
Be multiplied to ten times ten,
Which, sown thrice more, would furnish bread,
Wherewith an army might be fed.

PART II.

A penny is a little thing,
Which e'en a poor man's child may fling
Into the treasury of heaven,
And make it worth as much as seven.

As seven! nay, worth its weight in gold,
And that increased a million-fold;
For, lo! *a penny tract*, if well
Applied, may save a soul from hell!

That soul can scarce be saved alone ;
 It must, it will, its bliss make known ;
 " Come," it will cry, " and you shall see
 What great things God hath done for me."

Hundreds that joyful sound may hear ;
 Hear with the heart as well as ear ;
 And these to thousands more proclaim
 Salvation in " the only Name."

That " only Name," above, below,
 Let Jews, and Turks, and Pagans know,
 Till every tongue and tribe shall call
 On Jesus Christ, as Lord of all.

PART III.

The " day of small things," God will not
 Despise ; the least are unforget.
 An orphan's off'ring, widow's mite,
 Are precious in their Maker's sight.

Children! who now hosannas raise,
 Out of whose mouths He perfects praise,
 Spare, from the little you possess,
 What God will own, accept, and bless ;

Till through the east, the south, the west,
 Gifts from the north will be so blest,
 That, in the end, earth's countless throngs
 Shall sing with us this song of songs :—

Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,
 Power, riches, honour to obtain
 Who loved, and washed us in His blood,
 And made us kings and priests to God !

JAMES MONTGOMERY: