

A simple-hearted pious man seeing this done, exclaimed with a deep drawn sigh, "What if all these crowds of bees falling into flames of fire and brimstone had *souls!*?"

Dear young reader, stop and think! This world is like a great hive. It is stocked with a thousand millions of men, women, and children, possessed of never-dying souls?

Could our eye take in the whole world, and could we see what becomes of the souls of sinners when they die, O should we not see them falling into that lake that burneth with fire and brimstone? Rev. xx. 15. Could we hear their dreadful cry, as the horrible pit opens its mouth to receive them, it would (as a dear, pious girl once said) "make us shudder all over." Indeed, it is too awful for our thoughts to dwell upon; yet 'tis well to get our minds impressed with the solemn reality. Missionaries go to snatch perishing souls as brands from the burning. Blessed work! The work for which the Son of God came down from heaven, and agonized and died! Whenever we are tempted to slacken our efforts and prayers for sending forth and upholding Missionaries, let us think we hear *the cry of lost souls!* T. K.

OUR OWN LIBRARY.

"THE HEBREW MARTYRS" is a very valuable book for young people who are capable of thinking on the great subject of *steadfastness in religion*. We earnestly recommend it to be carefully read, and then put into "Our Own Library."

MISSIONARY HYMN.

GREAT God, enthroned in light,
 In majesty and power,
 Whom prostrate seraphs bright
 Unceasingly adore ;
 Assist poor worms of earth to raise
 A tribute to their Maker's praise.

Attune our tongues to sing,
 In sweet melodious strains,
 The praises of our King,
 Who Lord in glory reigns ;
 Till all shall own His sovereign sway,
 And cast their idol gods away.

How thankful should we be
 For what our eyes behold ;
 That Gospel-day we see,
 By prophets long foretold ;
 For which our fathers prayed and sighed,
 Though ere its glorious dawn they died.

Extend Thy kingdom, Lord,
 To earth's remotest bound,
 Till all shall hear Thy word,
 And bless the joyful sound ;
 And celebrate, in grateful songs,
 His praise, to whom all praise belongs.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

J. S.

 EARLY PIETY.

In its freshness bring the flower,
 While the dew upon it lies ;
 In the cool and fragrant hour
 Of the morning sacrifice.

FORSAKING ALL FOR CHRIST.

POMARE, the son of Mango, declined succeeding his father in the government, saying, "He had given his heart to Christ, and wished to devote his life to His service, as a Missionary to his brethren."

In Tu-tu-il-a's southern isle,
A chief rejects his crown,
"I've given," he said, "my heart to God,
I'll live to Him alone,—
Live but to spread His name abroad,
And make His Gospel known.

"An earthly throne 's of little worth,
It soon must pass from me;
But Jesus' throne for ever lasts,
His reign shall ever be,
O'er sea-girt isle and continent,
O'er all the land and sea.

"Jesus my soul adores and loves,
Jesus who died for me:
Jesus, that sweetest, dearest name;
Yes, I must live for Thee;
Serve while below, then rise to reign
With Thee eternally."

So, like Pomare, may we choose
Earth's grandeur to forego,
To live for Him who died to save
Our souls from endless woe;
Then, with Him, triumph o'er the grave,
And up to glory go!

C. T.

POETIC THOUGHTS ON THE LOVE OF GOD.

COULD oceans, rivers, springs, and lakes ;
All that the name of water takes,
 Beneath the expanded skies,
Be turned to ink of blackest hue ;
Add all the drops of morning dew,
 To make the wonder rise ;

A book as large, might we suppose,
Which thinnest paper could compose,
 As the whole earthly ball ;
Were every shrub and every tree,
And every blade of grass we see,
 A pen to write withal ;

Were all who ever lived on earth
Since nature first received her birth,
 Most skilful scribes to place
In clearest light, that wondrous love
Borne from the heart of God above,
 T'wards Adam's sinful race ;

Were each Methuselah in age ;
And every moment wrote a page,
 They 'd all be tired, and die.
The pens would every one wear out ;
The book be fill'd within, without ;
 The ink be drained quite dry.

And, then, to shew that love ; O, then ;
Angels above as well as men ;
 Archangels e'en would fail :
Nay, till eternity shall end,
A whole eternity they'd spend,
 Nor then have told the tale.