

is, a thou-sand voi-ces cry, The Mis-sion-a - ry Ship, The Mission-a - ry Ship, The Mis - sion-

- a - ry Ship, The Missionary Ship, - - - The Mis-sion - a-ry Ship.
 The Mission-ary Ship, - - -
 The Mis-sion-a ry Ship, The Mis - sion - a-ry Ship.

[For remainder of Verses see next page.]

THE MISSIONARY SHIP—*continued.*

II.

Whose is this noble vessel, pray?
Who built her, rigg'd her out so gay,
Stored her with purse and scrip?
The young around with joy exclaim,
" 'Tis ours; we bought her, call'd her name,
The Missionary Ship."

III.

What is her cargo? spices,—fruit?
No; 'tis *provision*, made to suit
The taste of ev'ry lip;
The word of God for cargo's theirs,—
Of Him who rules the sea that bears
The Missionary Ship.

IV.

Where is she bound for? to what land?
For India's coast or Afric's sand,
Did she her cable slip?
No; to the South Sea Isles she'll draw,
Where many will bless the day they saw
The Missionary Ship.

V.

Then hear our pray'r, that ev'ry friend
Of those who thus the Gospel send
May of its pleasures sip;
And never may her flag be furl'd
'Till all have hail'd, throughout the world,
The Missionary Ship.

. The above sprightly lines are intended for any cheerful little party during the Christmas holidays.

ARRIVAL OF THE "JOHN WILLIAMS" AT
THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

WE have at length the pleasure of announcing the safe arrival of the New Missionary Ship at the Cape of Good Hope. The following is an extract from a letter written by one of the passengers on board, just before landing at the Cape, intended as a "testimony to the delightful voyage, so far, of this celebrated Ship:"—

"I had high expectations, from her model, of her sailing qualities, which have been far exceeded by this trial. Indeed, she is the fastest vessel I have yet seen, passing in fine style everything she has come near, ship, barque, or brig, in all winds, from the gentlest breeze to a smart gale; in all methods of sailing, close-hauled or free. This affords satisfactory assurance, that, joined with the attention of our excellent captain and mates, the work assigned her will be accomplished in the shortest possible time.

"Our society on board has been *most agreeable*,—brotherly love invariably expressed by mutual kindness. Not a note of discord occurred to disturb the general harmony; while our various religious services and literary occupations, study of languages, essays, discussions, and lively conversations, have prevented the tediousness almost inseparable from a sea voyage.

"The health of our party has been good upon the whole, which is, no doubt, to be attributed very much to the regularity of our occupations and exercise. We have had two full services on the Sabbath-day, and a Missionary prayer-meeting on the first Monday in the month. We crossed the line July the 24th, when, instead of gratifying Neptune and his court with the usual ceremonies, we were invited to a lecture given by

Mr. Brown, upon 'The latest Discoveries of Astronomical Science,' including the 'Nebular Theory;' a splendid paper, certainly: he has since re-delivered it. In the evening Mr. Heath delivered a discourse from the words in the 89th Psalm—"The North and the South;" in which he noticed the physical peculiarities of both hemispheres, and the superiority of the former in its political, scientific, and religious states: it was an interesting address."

In a postscript the writer adds: "*Monday Morning, August the 26th.*—Safely arrived on Saturday evening. Very kindly received by Dr. Philip. All well. Post closes immediately."

The above cheering intelligence will create much joy in the minds of all young friends, and awaken, we trust, many devout thanksgivings.

We have some letters to our readers from Mr. Brown, which we must reserve for our January Number.

ODE TO THE "JOHN WILLIAMS."

Go, Heaven-sent barque, and plough the seas,
 Thy sheets all bending to the breeze,
 And teach the heathen lands.
 Thy dove-like streamer wide unfurl'd
 Shall make a dark benighted world
 To clap their joyful hands.

Go, publish to the Eastern climes,—
 Let China know how human crimes
 By Christ were borne away.
 Wide as the reign of sin hath spread,
 A soft celestial influence shed,
 And bring a sevenfold day.

Let Jacob's sons and daughters know,
He whom they crucified below
Is now enthroned in Heaven.
Say how He lived and died for them;
If they but touch His garment's hem,
Their crimes shall be forgiven.

Nor cease, till Babylon the great
Is smitten from her impious seat,
And banish'd from the earth;
When war shall cease, and peace ensue,
And all creation bloom anew,
Like Eden at its birth.

Then where the lily twined the thorn,
Budded, and bloom'd, and died forlorn,
Amid the horrid gloom,
There shall the Rose of Sharon shed
A glory through the gloomy glade,
And yield a rich perfume.

Where the old lion finds his lair,
And where the evening wolves repair,—
The bittern and the owl;
There faithful shepherds shall be seen
Leading their flocks to pastures green,
Nor hear the lion's howl.

And where the thorn and thistle grew,
Choice flow'rets bless the balmy dew,
And mingle with the breeze;
The monsters of the woods retire,
And thousand, thousand tongues conspire
To shout IMMANUEL'S praise!

PHILIP SOAL.

A GOOD WORK FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY,
1845.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

You have been for some time thinking, and speaking, and hearing of the Jubilee Year. It has made you happy, not because it has freed you from slavery, but because you have heard that multitudes of the Heathen have been freed from slavery—that worst slavery, the slavery of sin and the bondage of Satan. Where are they now? Free as the birds of the air, and happy as the angels, they are now around the throne of God. Oh! if you could see them but for one moment in that golden light; if you could but for one moment listen to the sound of their harps of gold,—that sweet music which it is not given to the ear of man to hear; and if ever your hearts could be made to glow but for one moment with the full thought of all their happiness, you would be the friends of Missions as long as you live. Strange and lively thoughts would seize upon your young hearts, as you looked upon them, now so bright, so beautiful, so glorious; and knew that not fifty years ago they were poor negro slaves, or neglected Hottentots and Bushmen, or savage South Sea Islanders, or idolatrous Hindoos. And you would say within your heart, “Oh! if I may but live to help only one poor Heathen to rise up to such glory, I shall have lived to do a great work,—I shall not have lived in vain.” This is just how we wish you to feel and to act.

We, therefore, invite you, on the first day of the

New Year, to raise a fund for the *education of the young* in India, and in all our Mission stations. Our hearts are still refreshed by thinking how nobly you helped us in the purchase of the Missionary Ship. It is even a greater work which we ask you now to do. The soul of each child in our schools is like a ship—and more than a ship. It is already launched upon the stream of Time, and is daily floating on to the ocean of Eternity. Very precious is its lading,—of more worth than all the world. Many are the rocks and quicksands on which it may be wrecked ; and glorious is the harbour into which, if it sail safely, it will at last come ; and we know not to how many minds each one of these children, even like your own ship, may bear the words of mercy and of life, if it be only richly freighted with the knowledge of God and of Christ Jesus our Lord. It is, then, as if we asked you to fit out tens of thousands of Mission ships, when we ask you to help us to teach the children of India, and China, and Africa, and all the world.

Does it not seem to you that it is very natural for us to put this work into your hands,—very natural that we should ask the *Christian children* to help us to teach the *heathen children* ? I think you might do this work every year ; I think you might take the education of the children into your own hands, and look upon it as your own work, and resolve every year to send to the Directors enough to enable them to carry on all the schools of the Society. What a delightful thing that would be ! Think about it, and talk about it.

Meanwhile you will make this Jubilee effort,

and I trust it will be a good *beginning*. Perhaps you ask, "How much do you want?" As much as ever you can get. Thousands and thousands of children in India alone remain untaught, because we are not able to give them schools. The parents are quite willing to send them; the children would be quite glad to come. They are asking on all hands for schools—more schools; but we cannot give them more schools, unless you can get larger funds for us; and, if you do not, the poor heathen children must remain still in heathen darkness, learning long or barren lists of the names of false gods that never lived, committing to memory book after book, of which they do not know the meaning of a single word, or filling their minds with idle and wicked tales, that can only injure and destroy them, when they might be learning

——— the sweet story of old,
When Jesus was seen among men;

and so have their hearts made holy, and their minds wise, and become fitted to serve God. Especially let the little girls think of this; that, if the Missionaries do not teach them, not one of all the poor Hindoo girls will ever be taught even their own miserable heathen learning. No Hindoo thinks of teaching his daughter. He takes a pride in having his boy taught; but he never thinks of teaching his girl. The poor girl! She is left to be a mere slave in the family; to eat, and drink, and work, and sleep, and die: but as for learning, no one ever thinks of giving her that; and so her mind is left like the barren desert, and the waste howling wilderness, where

nothing that is beautiful ever grows, and where the traveller looks in vain even for one green spot. Ah! dear children,—the daughters of England, whom so many teach, for whom so many write and pray,—will you not pity the poor Hindoo girls whom no one teaches, into whose hand no book of wisdom is ever placed, and for whom their father and mother never offer prayers. Will you not help the Missionary to teach them? for if he do not, no one will, and they will sink down into the grave, and perish untaught; and there, in that dark world, their sad hearts will say, “Ah! I have perished and am miserable, for no one thought of me. I was a poor Hindoo girl, and no one sent a teacher to teach me.”

On New Year's Day, then, dear children, help us with all your hearts, that we may be able to teach the words of life to the tens of thousands of children who in India, and in all the world, are perishing because they know not God. We tell you our wishes now, a month beforehand, that you may be all getting ready by New Year's Day.

W. H. D.

Tickets for the purpose of collecting Contributions may be obtained by Ministers, Teachers, and others, at the Mission House, Blomfield Street.

PRAYING IN SECRET.

THE Saviour charged his disciples not to make any vain show of their religion. They were not to seek praise from men. When they prayed, they were to do so in secret, and that would prove their sincerity. The following little anecdote will shew what this means:—

There is a lad, about nine years of age, in a Sunday-school in a small town in the country. His name is James. He is a very active, lively youth. He is in the habit of praying, and prays for others as well as for himself, and not only for his friends, but for little boys and girls that hate him, if there are such. Nor does he forget to pray for the Heathen. Never! One day he went to visit his grandmama, who lives four miles distant from his home; but he did not forget God, his greatest and best friend. When night came his grandmama went with him, to see him comfortably and safely in bed, and then left him. The room was dark, but he had no fear about that. Soon afterwards, however, his grandmama heard, as she thought, some noise in the room where little James was; so she hastened towards it very quietly, and listened at the door; and the sound she heard was this: little James had got out of the bed, and was on his knees, praying to his God. He was thanking God for bringing him safely through his journey; and he also remembered his grandmama, and his parents, and all his friends; and, what was very pleasing indeed to his grandmama, he was praying for Missionaries, that they might be preserved from the dangers they might meet with. On the evening of his leaving his grandmama, she again listened; and just as she reached the door, James was on his knees, and the first words she heard were, "Merciful Father, do in mercy keep my dear grandmama, in her old days, and may she have a place at Thy right hand in Heaven; and keep me, O God, in my journey home, and make me a good