

pointed her out to me as a partner. She accepted my offer, and we have been now married a short time, and are determined to devote our lives in the service of God, amongst our own countrymen. She has not only learned to say 'Lord, Lord!' but has felt the power of religion in her heart, which makes her willing to go with me to Africa. She loves the Saviour, and love to Him calls her to go to the perishing Heathen."

Such is the simple story of these young Africans. Every Christian bosom will swell with hope that they may find favour in the eyes of their heathen countrymen, and that the "barbarous people" may shew them no little kindness. As yet we know nothing of the success or failure of their Mission. We have heard of their safe arrival on the shores of Western Africa, and shall hope, ere long, to inform our readers, that a "wide and effectual door" is set before these honoured men and brethren; but meanwhile let us pray that Ethiopia may soon stretch out her hands to God,—
(*From the Jamaica Christian Instructor*).



THE VILLAGE FOUNTAIN.

ONE Sabbath noon, as I was passing through a village, I came to a nook in which were some rough stones, *nicely* placed over a little fountain. A small stone cistern received the drops of water that trickled from between the stones above. The benevolence of the Squire's lady had erected this accommodation for the villagers living around the spot. The water seemed "clear as crystal," and was sufficient for the wants of the neighbourhood. Ah! thought I, but there's another "Fountain,"

and there are other waters; and of *these* I hear the gracious Saviour saying, "I will give unto him that is athirst of the *fountain of the water of life freely.*" All *must* perish who partake *not* of these spiritual streams.

The children every day go to the *village* fountain, and carry away its waters. My dear young friends, *you know* there is "a Fountain opened for *Sin.*" By *that* stands the Missionary of the Cross, and to the dying Heathen he says, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." By *it* the Minister of the Gospel is found, saying, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." *There*, too, the Sabbath-school Teacher stands; and *he* says to his youthful charge, "Come." Have *you* said, "Give *me* to drink"? If *you* have tasted of the Fountain of life, I am sure you will be *very anxious* that these streams of saving mercy should flow through all the earth; for to *this* Fountain, not merely a village—not a city—but a *world*, may "Come," and be satisfied.

Will *you* not help to send these waters of life to every land? Ay—that you will; and because you *know* their value, I hear *you* say—

"Ho, ye that pant for living streams,

And pine away and die,

HERE you may quench your raging thirst

With springs that *never* dry."

But, should you be ignorant of the worth of these blessings, be ignorant of it no longer. Taste them *now*. "Come" to the Fountain to-day. Yes—"Come" now. For the Great Redeemer, from His high and glorious throne, is saying *now*, "Suffer LITTLE CHILDREN to come."—B. E.

Poetry.

CHRIST'S FOLD. A MISSIONARY HYMN.

(Written for the Juvenile Missionary Magazine).

“ Other sheep I have which are not of this fold: them also I must bring in.”—John, x. 16.

CHRIST hath His lambs in every land,
 And them He must bring in;
 Wide scatter'd is that unknown band
 In many realms of sin.
 What land so dark, that we can say,
 Retiring in despair,
 Christ's followers are not such as they,—
 No lambs of Christ are there.
 How many lambs in this dear isle
 Hath Christ brought by His grace;
 Yet who, that saw how fierce, how vile,
 Were all our ancient race,—
 Their cruel rites beneath the shade
 Of Druid planted trees,—
 Would think Christ's lambs could e'er be made
 From such fell beasts as these?
 Then sure no land so dark, but there
 Christ's love may be received;
 There Christ hath lambs; who need despair,
 Since Britain hath believed?
 Lord, we would lead them home to Thee,
 Where'er their lot be cast
 Till all Thy flock assembled be,
 Within Thy fold at last.

Homerton.

JAMES EDMESTON.

POLYNESIAN CHRISTIANS to the QUEEN
of the BRITISH ISLES.

O QUEEN! great Queen of Albion's distant waves!

If ever pity touched thy sentient breast,
List as we plead anear our martyrs' graves,
Nor scorn these sun-lit islets of the west.

Hark! the shrill clarion to the onslaught calls;
Hark! the hoarse cannon and the clash of arms!
'Tis—oh! it is, the brave, but ruthless Gauls,
That shake our peaceful vales with war's alarms.

What, though proud science light not yet our bowers,
What, though our coral reefs no muse enshrine,—
Thy faith, O Queen! thy hope and love are ours,
Thy God our God, and our Redeemer thine.

Lo! Williams sleeps beneath our sea-girt strand;
A blood-stain'd shroud enwraps the martyr's frame:
Blest pastor he! blest herald to our land!

And blest be they from whom such heralds came!
From *thy* fair realm, athwart the billowy flood,
The champions in the cause of truth first came!
We heard, we saw, we mused the word of God,
And doomed our monster idols to the flame.

Should Louis come to be thy honour'd guest,
Boast not of battles, or on land or sea;
Name *Him* who bled to give all nations rest,
And tell him, Queen Pomare *must* be free.

Speak to the Gaul, yet speak in friendly guise;
The Gaul, though fierce, is chivalrous and bland:
So may the power that sways o'er earth and skies,
Remove this blood-stained banner from our land.

Dear is thy isle, and dear thy royal love,
And dear that isle and love shall ever be.
We ask not vengeance: as the peaceful dove,
We would be harmless, but we *must* be free.

Shepton-Mallet, Somerset.
Sept. 16th, 1844.

S. S. WILSON.