

JUVENILE MISSIONARY HYMN.

LORD of this joyful day,
 To Thee we lift our eyes;
 O teach our youthful hearts to pray,
 And fill our lips with praise.

We thank Thee for Thy word,
 Which we both read and hear;
 For Sabbath-schools and House of God,
 In which we now appear.

Our teachers and dear friends,
 And pastor here we see;—
 Lord, grant that those in heathen lands
 May be as bless'd as we.

Millions of children there,
 Where death and darkness reign,
 Learn from no teacher's tender care
 The precious Saviour's name.

To them we gladly give
 These tokens of our love,
 That they may to Thy glory live,
 And dwell with Thee above.

Accept this tribute, Lord,
 We offer in Thy name;
 That all the world may hear Thy word,
 And glorify Thy Son.

Norwich.—Jubilee Service of the *Old Meeting Sunday-school Juvenile Missionary Society*. A most animating and encouraging service was lately held. Some idols, having been procured from the Mission-House, were exhibited. About 500 young friends to the Missionary cause attended. The meeting was opened by singing the Jubilee Hymn published in the *Juvenile Missionary Magazine*

for September, in which all seemed to join most heartily, after which the Treasurer engaged in prayer.

The Rev. Andrew Reed took the chair, and in a very interesting and impressive manner explained the Year of Jubilee and its joyfulness to the Jews, and then applied the subject to the case of the Heathen. Several of the teachers addressed the audience, and also two *Juvenile* speakers, who were heard with much pleasure. It was an *Exeter Hall Meeting in miniature*; every inch of standing-room was occupied by the youthful assembly, all eager and anxious to catch every word of the speakers, and testifying the interest they felt by enthusiastic applause.

THE WORLD'S JUBILEE.

A HYMN BY THE REV. DR. RAFFLES, OF LIVERPOOL, FOR
THE JUBILEE YEAR OF THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

TUNE—THE VESPER HYMN.

HARK! ten thousand thousand voices
Sing the song of Jubilee;
Earth, through all her tribes, rejoices,
Broke her long captivity!
Hail, Emmanuel! Great Deliverer!
Hail, Emmanuel! praise to Thee!
Now the theme, in pealing thunders,
Through the universe is rung,
Now, in gentler tones, the numbers
Of redeeming grace are sung.
Wider now, and louder rising,
Swells and soars th' enraptured strain;
Earth's unnumber'd tongues comprising,—
Hark! the Conqueror's praise again.
Hail, Emmanuel! Great Deliverer!
Stones shall speak, if we refrain.

Thus, while heart and pulse are beating,
 To His name let praise arise,
 Till, from earth, the soul, retreating,
 Joins the chorus of the skies.

Then, in loftier, sweeter numbers,
 We shall sing Emmanuel's praise;
 Freed from all that now encumbers,
 Nobler songs our voices raise.

Hail, Emmanuel! Great Deliverer!
 Live for ever in our lays!

While our crowns of glory casting
 At His feet, in rapture lost,
 We, in anthems everlasting,
 Mingle with th' angelic host.

But, till that great consummation,
 That bright Sabbath of mankind,—
 Till each distant tribe and nation
 Taste the bliss by God design'd,—
 Speed the Gospel!—let its tidings
 Gladden every human mind!
 Be its silver trumpet sounded,
 Let the joyous echoes roll,
 Till a sea of bliss unbounded
 Spreads o'er earth, from pole to pole!

Then shall come the Great Messiah,
 In Millennial glory crown'd;
 "Israel's hope," and "Earth's desire,"
 Now triumphant and renown'd;
 Hail, Messiah! Reign for ever!
 Heaven to earth reflects the sound;
 Heaven and earth, with all their regions,
 At His footstool prostrate fall;
 Heaven and earth, with all their legions,
 Crown Emmanuel, Lord of all!

PARENTAL GRATITUDE.

(*Imitation of the Chinese Story, page 148, Vol. I*).

SWEET was my babe, when in her mother's arms
 She smiled, responsive to her father's voice;
 And, lovely in her growing youthful charms,
 To gaze upon her made our hearts rejoice.
 Fondly, we thought her opening mind,
 Like spring-tide garden, would disclose
 New forms of graces; and on her reclined
 Our hope for peace midst years of age and woes.
 But, ah! disease produced an ugly flaw,
 Did spoil the beauty, and our bliss destroy;
 My own depravity again I saw,
 In this dear object of parental joy.
 I thought of death, the sure result of sin;
 I thought of hell, that direful place
 Of guilty spirits; and my soul within
 Was sad and broken, as I view'd her face.
 I sought by schools and kindly mates at play,
 By precept and example to arrest
 This sore distemper; but, alas! each day
 The tumour swell'd, my darling was unblest'd.
 What more remain'd? To Christ, in humble prayer,
 Bringing her case, I ventured to draw nigh:
 "O GREAT PHYSICIAN, mark a father's care;
 My daughter! save my daughter, ere she die.
 "Far art Thou come to heal the wounded soul;
 Thy hand can cure when mortal skill must cease,
 O make my sick, my dying daughter whole,
 And bid a troubled father go in peace."
 O bless the Lord! He took my PEARL and smiled;
 Dissolving, He re-form'd it for His own;
 And now, *without* a flaw, my gracious child
 Shines a meek jewel in her Saviour's crown.

J. K. F.