

White lilies twined around the standing corn ;
Rich orchards laden with delicious store ;
Beneath the surface, beds of golden ore ;
Cedars and shrubs in wondrous order grew,
Alike tenacious of the early dew.
Here birds, well fledged, dwelt safely in their nest ;
No bird of prey could on the branches rest.
Among the myrtles cooed the turtle doves,
Inhaling odours from the spicy groves ;
Their spotless purity, their piercing eye
And speed, announce them nobles of the sky ;
Swift as a ray of light they pass the spheres,
Nor lose their plumage through ten thousand years.
Soft zephyrs whisper'd all along the vale ;
The willow here forgot her weeping tale.
Here grew the famous plant of great "renown ;"
And bays and laurels weave the royal crown ;
That crown befits *his* head whom angels call,
The Friend of man and Lord of all.
The birds sang praises to his glorious name,
And heaven and earth resounded with his fame.
The cedars shouted with a voice divine,
More loud than giants when refresh'd with wine.
Ten thousand infant tongues to aid the song
Their voices sweetly mingled with the throng.
Sin, death, and hell, far off affrighted fled.
A herald sounded,—death itself was dead.
Immortal day burst forth, and glories rose ;
Heaven only could such majesty disclose.
Through all my powers a hallow'd pleasure stole ;
The lovely scene transported all my soul.
To God, the Guide and Guardian of my days,
I pour'd, submissive, these my humble lays.
Nor did He seem offended with my song ;
But bade me all my life His praise prolong.

PHILIP SOAL.

THE ORPHANS.

THERE were six of them—five boys and one girl. They had a nice home and many comforts, yet had *that* home a cheerless look. The *father* was not there. After the little ones had left the room, their mother told us, “As I was one day crying, little Tom said to me, ‘Mother, what are you crying for? *Do not you want the Lord to be your Father?*’” What a touching question! And what a mercy it is that children are taught to direct their desires to that God,

“Who reigns above the sky”—

and who says, “Wilt thou not from this time cry unto *Me*, ‘My *Father!* *Thou* art the guide of my Youth?’” But there are not only orphan children; there are also,

ORPHAN SPIRITS;—

souls without God. When God made man, He made him like Himself—*holy*. And because he was holy, he was happy. But man dared to sin and the result was, man lost both the image and the favour of God. He no longer sought to commune *with* God. He was afraid to *see* God, and tried to hide himself “amongst the trees of the garden.” From that dismal hour he became an *orphan spirit*. And, in all ages since, mankind have, by nature, *not wanted the Lord to be their Father*. They have sought to be happy without Him. But this *cannot* be. Without a share in His love they *must* be *friendless* indeed. So that sin has made the world in which we live an

ORPHAN WORLD.

Mankind were made to be the sons and the daughters of the Most High. But now the aged and the young, the prince and the peasant, the taught and the *untaught*, all classes in all climes, are gone astray from God. They do not desire Him to be their Father. Yet towards *them* He has thoughts of mercy. For "God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved." *How* is our *orphan race* to become members "of the household of faith?" By the knowledge of the great truths of the Gospel. The glad tidings are to be spread through every land. To convey these words of life, "Missions to the Heathen" are founded. And to the young, the friends of Missions look for future and nobler support.

My young friends, do you enjoy the guidance of the "All Wise" as the Father of your spirit?

If such is your happy state, you do not wish to enjoy it alone. You will wish all to share it too. The waves of the sea and the winds of heaven bear along the loud cry of orphan spirits from distant shores—"Come over and teach us." At home, many Christian friends appeal to you. "Saints in light" survey you. Angels in glory look upon you. Think of lost souls, in the realms of woe; they seem to say—"Oh! think on orphan spirits. Try to *save an orphan world*."

British youths! whose honour it is to pray—"Our Father who art in heaven:"—"Thy kingdom come:"—can you,—will you, resist the appeal?

B. E.

**LETTERS to the CONTRIBUTORS for the
PURCHASE of the "JOHN WILLIAMS."**

LETTER No. 5, FROM REV. J. C. BROWN.

*On Board the "John Williams," Lat. 1° 20';
W. Long. 21° 41'. 24th July, 1844.*

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

SHORTLY after the date of my last letter, we were one day delighted to see a vessel coming towards us in the opposite direction, or, as the sailors describe it, "on a different tack." All rushed on deck. It passed so near, that our captain was enabled, with his large speaking trumpet, to tell her captain, in answer to his questions, who we were and where we were going. She was a vessel from Dundee. I think her name was "The Fergus." We were both sailing very quickly, and in contrary directions, so that our interview was very short, lasting scarcely a minute; but we all felt the better for having seen the vessel and her crew, after having seen no new faces for many weeks. We enjoyed the interview the more, because the captain and crew of the vessel were *our countrymen*; and those of us who were from the north were especially delighted to hear her captain, as he approached our vessel, call out, with a broad Scotch accent, "Whar are ye gan?" I now pass from this to another subject, upon which I wish to write to you:—

In the diagram which accompanied my third letter you may have observed a straight line passing through the Torrid Zone, and marked H. That is called the Equator. There, the days and nights are nearly equal in length throughout the whole year. That line is only to be seen on maps and globes; for there is no such line in reality on the earth; but, as the corresponding part on the earth's surface is the same distance from

the North Pole and from the South Pole, it is supposed to divide the earth into two equal portions. For a long time, sailors have been accustomed to celebrate the crossing of this spot by their ships with a number of frolics too silly to describe in your magazine.

Last night, about twelve o'clock, we crossed this imaginary line which divides the northern from the southern hemisphere, seven weeks after our embarkation at London; six weeks after leaving Gravesend; and thirty-seven days after leaving Deal, which is considered a *fair*, if not a *speedy*, passage. It was not considered proper to permit the usual observances on such an occasion; but the sailors have to-day had a holiday, no work being required of them, except what was necessary for the steering of the ship. The captain requested Mr. Heath and me to prepare and deliver addresses or lectures on some useful subject. As the only alteration in the aspect of what we now see is in the *appearance of the heavens* through the stars and constellations on which we had gazed from infancy sinking in the north, and others, which we had previously seen only in the southern horizon, now occupying the zenith, (or that region of the heavens which is immediately above us), I was induced to select as my theme the discoveries of modern astronomy; and Mr. Heath delivered an address in the evening on the different aspects of the two hemispheres, in regard to geographical features and population, religion, history, and spirit of enterprise, concluding with some conscience-searching remarks regarding conversion, suggested by the expression "*crossing the line.*"

These discourses were delivered on deck, and they were attended by the crew, as well as by the passengers. I have not heard of any dissatisfaction on the part of the sailors, and the cabin company seemed to find en-

joyment in the arrangements made by the captain, which, to say the least, secured a more rational method of marking our progress than that which is usually adopted.

It may, perhaps, be interesting to you to know what my feelings were on first seeing the altered appearance of the heavens, to which I have referred. The change of course was gradual; but a succession of cloudy evenings prevented me from observing it; but, going on deck one clear evening, I was struck with the aspect of the skies. There was a glorious galaxy, but not one constellation with which I was familiar could be traced. It was a sabbath evening; the weather was calm and peaceful; the engagements of the day and all the circumstances of our position favoured contemplation, and after supper I felt strongly impelled to re-visit the deck to gaze and muse. I was alone; the steersman and the mate alone were near me; dim imaginings of the formation of suns, and systems, and firmaments flitted before my mind; the present was lost in those imaginings of the past; I felt as if alone with God; I felt as if with Him at that time "when as yet He had not made the earth, nor the fields, nor the habitable world; when He prepared the heavens; when He set a compass upon the face of the deep; when He gave to the sea His decree, that the waters should not pass His commandments." I then thought of the creation of all things out of nothing, and then of the dissolution of all things, when the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up. "Seeing," my dear children, "that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of

God, wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat? Nevertheless we, according to His promise, look for a new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. Wherefore, beloved, seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent that ye may be found of Him in peace, without spot, and blameless."

OUR OWN LIBRARY.

OUR elder young friends and Sunday-school teachers may read with great benefit an excellent "Memoir of the late Mrs. Mundy," wife of the Rev. G. Mundy, Missionary at Chinsurah, East Indies. Mr. Mundy is now in England for the benefit of his health, and has done well in drawing up so useful an account of so excellent and devoted a woman. It should have a place in every Sunday-school library.

OUR DECEMBER NUMBER.

Of the Magazine has, we fear, troubled many of our young friends. They have been disappointed that it cost a penny, though it contains double the quantity of any other number. They have got the first six numbers at a halfpenny each; and we hope our "grown-up" friends will enable all such to obtain the December number, by giving them the extra halfpenny, so as to make the volume complete. They may then be bound up in one neat little volume, or a nice little case might be made for them of card-paper, open at top, and lettered outside. We shall *not* publish a penny number again.

**“ COMMENTARY ” on the Scriptures in Penny Numbers ; “ PORTABLE COMMENTARY ; ”
“ DOMESTIC BIBLE. ”**

PUBLISHED BY ARNOLD, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

THE beginning of this century was characterised by the commencement of a glorious Society, which designed nothing less than to place a copy of the Scriptures in the hands of every member of the human family, man, woman, and child. The present part of the century is being characterised by two other great efforts of immense value, and closely associated with the design already mentioned. The first, to provide the sacred volume at the lowest possible cost ; and the second to provide “commentaries,” sound and useful in interpretation, and yet so cheap in price as to be within the reach of our Bible classes, and Sunday-school teachers.

Honour to the memory of such men as Joseph Hughes and John Owen, for their labours in the “Bible Society,”—to such men as Thompson and Campbell, for securing “reduced prices ;” Cobbin and Kitto, for “Commentary and Illustration ;” and to Knight, Bagster, Snow, Arnold, and others, as enterprising “publishers,” sympathising with the spirit and the demands of the age.

The commentaries named at the head of this article deserve the highest commendation. They will prove sources of incalculable benefit to the community. Every intelligent youth should possess the “Portable,” (or the same in Penny Numbers), and every family the “Domestic Bible,” in cheap three-penny numbers. They are works that will accelerate the happy day when “all shall know the Lord.”

HOME INTELLIGENCE.

LETTER No. 1.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

No doubt you have all heard of a very beautiful part of England, called Devonshire, where there are many high mountains, green valleys, shady lanes, and winding rivers; all of which make it a very lovely and charming spot. We sometimes think, when standing on one of our lofty hills, and gazing upon the fairy-like scene beneath us, what must *Eden* have been before *sin* brought the dark cloud to overshadow it, the strong wind and pelting storm to crush its sweet flowers, and proud and wicked thoughts into the heart of man, which made him look down upon its beauty with an angry and discontented spirit! But I cannot tell you now about our blue waters and sunny skies, because I have seen something far lovelier there; even amidst the cold and dreary days of winter. You can, perhaps, guess what this is? "A Children's Missionary Meeting." You are right.

Fifty years ago such a thing was not thought about; but now we are not only celebrating the formation of the London Missionary Society, but we are commencing another "new thing." And some of you will live to keep a jubilee of the *children's* Missionary Meetings, as well as the centenary of the parent institution. We had never had a juvenile missionary meeting before, and our dear children looked very happy, and smiled very sweetly, when they met together on the 4th of February. Our minister presided, and we opened the meeting by singing the pretty little hymn at page 45 of your Magazine, sung at Dudley on a similar occasion.

It would take up too much room to tell you *all* that

was said and done on this joyous occasion. Two kind ministers from the neighbourhood came, and talked very suitably to us, and told interesting tales about Mr. Williams, and Mr. Moffat, and others. One said he had a nephew whom Mr. Williams took upon his knee, when he was last in England, and talked to in a way that he will never, *never* forget. I trust that he, who was then a little boy, has learnt to love the same blessed Saviour that our dear martyred Missionary loved so well; and said the same gentleman, as he looked round upon the children, "Some of you will live to see another Jubilee of the Missionary Society,—the centenary, or one hundredth year of its existence; and who knows," said he, with peculiar emphasis, "some of you may be *Missionaries yourselves?*" How many a teacher's heart responded to the thought, and formed it into a prayer! Another young minister said, "This is a beautiful sight!—this is a beautiful sight!—a *children's* Missionary Meeting!—worth coming many miles to see!" Yes, dear children, and we thought so too! More beautiful than any other sight in all our lovely Devonshire. Our minister read some very striking facts from Mr. Pritchard's little book, and then we sang the hymn "I think when I read that sweet story of old." At the close of the Meeting, each child was given a little book and a bun. Now, was not this a very happy Meeting? It was an hour many will remember as long as they live. I ought to tell you, that our Sabbath-school children have collected nearly £5 for the Jubilee Fund, and they helped, with you, to purchase the Missionary Ship. Dear young friends, it is an honour to do something for Jesus Christ. But never forget, when you help to send the Gospel to the heathen, that you have sinful hearts yourselves, which *must be changed*, or you will never become happy like the angels in heaven.

KATE.