

used to go into the thick bush and pray to God, and I used to say, 'O Jehovah, thou true God, have mercy upon us, and teach us to fear thee; do not let sickness befall our bodies, neither let death overtake us;' then," said she, "as I had nothing else to say about ourselves, I used to say, O Lord bless the bread-fruit, the bananas, the plantains, and all the trees; make them all grow, that they may bear food for us to eat." And she added, "They used to ask me to go with them to pray many times a day, until I was ashamed, because I had nothing more to say. I then went to a young man who lived with a Missionary, and asked him to teach me, and he did so; and as I obtained a little word from him, I used to go and pray it over in the company of my companions, and thus I continued to do until my knowledge became greater than it was at the beginning, and many of those who went with me to the bush could pray for themselves."

This woman and the young man from whom she had received so much aid were afterwards married, and they were so wise and good that the Missionaries thought that they would be very useful if they were sent to a distant island to teach the people there the way of salvation; and, after they had been set apart by prayer for this important work, they went forth, were received very kindly by the natives of Raivarai, and lived there many years, and were very useful. When the man's health began to fail, they returned home, and he is a very useful deacon in the church at Afareaitu on Eimeo.

My dear children, do not be ashamed to pray; and, should any children of your own age ask you to pray with them, do not deny them; do your best, and ask instruction from those who are wiser than yourselves, but especially from God, and, like this woman of whom I have been telling you, you may be called to do some important service for Jesus Christ.

WILLIAM HOWE, *from Tahiti.*

## JUBILEE HYMN.

Words written by J. BROWN.

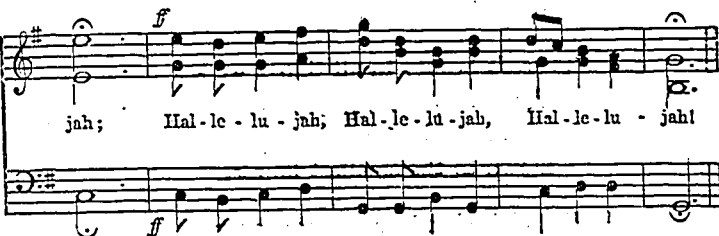
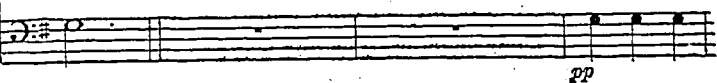
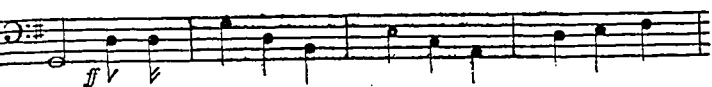
Music composed by GEO. TOLHURST, Organist,  
Week Street Chapel, Maidstone.

Hark! Hark! the glad sound, 'tis the trum-pet of Ju-bi-lee Pro-

claims to sin's cap-tives the vic-t'ry is won! Our Je-sus has

con-quer'd, the pris'n-ers are free, Let us cheer-ful-ly sing what his

mer-cy has done. Hal-le-lu-jah to him to whom all pow'r is



Bright, bright as the sun-beam that first gilds the mountain,  
May the light of the Gospel the Heathen befriend;  
And, led by the Spirit to sin's cleansing fountain,  
Let their praises in hallow'd devotion ascend.  
Hallelujah, &c.

All hail, great Redeemer! still subdue by thy word  
All the nations and kingdoms and tribes unto thee;  
Till the Church Universal, in sweetest accord,  
Shall cheerfully join in the chorus of Jubilee.  
Hallelujah, &c.

**“THE BEAUTY OF THE LORD.”**

*Psalm xxvii, 4.*

THERE 's beauty in the summer rose,  
 And in the lily bright ;  
 And beauteous is the star that glows  
 Throughout the silent night.

There 's beauty in the brook that flows  
 So quietly along ;  
 And in the little bird that knows  
 No sorrow in its song.

There 's beauty in the clouds that fling  
 Their shadows o'er our way ;  
 And in the gentle rain that brings  
 Refreshing to the day.

There 's beauty in all things we see  
 Form'd by Almighty power ;  
 From the majestic forest tree  
 Down to the smallest flower,

But oh ! what beauty doth appear  
 In God's beloved Son ;  
 Who meekly did our sorrows bear,  
 Although the sinless One !

Read, then, the history of his love,  
 It fills the sacred Word ;  
 And we shall see, with saints above,  
 “The beauty of the Lord.”

And may, ere long, the Gospel be  
 Preach'd through the earth abroad,  
 That every distant tribe may see  
 “The beauty of the Lord !”

W. B.