

denied yourself to a few false, or at the best short-lived pleasures, and borne your cross for a time, if thereby ye gain the present joy the Christian only knows, if ye have that peace that lies like an unfathomed, untroubled deep under the surface waves of life, and have besides the assurance of being with Christ hereafter. For from the sacred joys of his life, of self-denial, from the peace that sustained him even on the cross, from the glory to which now he is exalted. From these as well as from his sorrows, the Saviour is calling on you to-day to deny yourself, to take up your cross, and follow him. Amen.

—o—

FOR THE MONTHLY RECORD.

Another home is darkened,  
For death has entered in,  
Another guest has harkened,  
"Come up thy rest to win."  
On earth a silent dwelling,  
Where waves of sorrow stir,  
In heaven an anthem swelling,  
A welcome home for her.

A child and husband keeping  
Their mournful vigil where  
A mother's heart is weeping  
Its grief away in prayer.  
The grasp to-day is tightened,  
Whose touch felt long ago,  
Her silver hair has whitened  
By sorrows' veil of snow.

There is darkness with the living,  
Wet eyes and drooping head,  
Love in its fulness giving,  
Sweet memories to the dead.  
There is joy where angels gather  
Around the rainbowed throne,  
In the household of the Father,  
For the child whose rest is won.

Where darkness never shadows,  
Where tears are wiped away,  
Where on the green, still meadows,  
The living waters play.  
No more a suppliant chainant,  
She stands a victor there,  
Hers is the glorious raiment,  
Which ransomed spirits wear.

While here she did not cumber,  
No loiterer in the shade,  
Foremost among the number,  
On whom the yoke was laid.  
The Master held the guerdon,  
Who by his people stands,  
She bore the noon-day burden,  
And worked with willing hands.

Through all earth's weary ~~winding~~ *winding*,  
Above the toil and strife,  
Though sometimes tears were blinding,  
She saw the crown of life.  
So worked with meek endeavour,  
And now where angels wait,  
It hinds her brow forever,  
Within the golden gate.

Why weep that she has entered,  
A little while before,  
There—where her love was centred,  
She rests forevermore.

Waiting for those who sorrow,  
While it is called to-day.  
Knowing that God's to-morrow  
Will meet them on the way.

Up while your hearts are yearning  
Over this silent dust.  
With lamps all trimmed and burning,  
With full and patient trest,  
Watch till the light grow clearer,  
The midnight hour is past,  
The bridegroom's step draws nearer,  
And ye shall meet at last.

HALIFAX, 1862.

M. J. K.

—o—

Missions in the Nineteenth Century.

BY DR. NORMAN MCLEOD.

At the commencement of this century, the whole Protestant missionary staff throughout the world amounted to ten societies only. Of these, however, two only had really entered the mission-field with any degree of vigour,—viz., the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign parts; and, above all, the Society of the Moravian Brethren. The Wesleyan, Baptist, London, and Church Missionary Societies, though nominally in existence, had hardly commenced their operations. There were, besides the above, two small societies on the Continent; two in Scotland; and not one in all America! How stands the case now? The Protestant Church instead of ten, has fifty-one societies; the great majority of which have each more labourers, and a greater income, than all the societies together of the Protestant Church previous to 1800!

If the last sixty years be divided into three equal periods, nine societies belong to the first, fifteen to the second, and twenty-four to the third.

The following facts, collected from statistics of the great missionary societies up to 1861, will afford—as far as mere dry figures can do—a general idea of the present strength of the mission army of the Protestant Church, with some of its results:—

There are now 22 missionary societies in Great Britain; 14 in North America; and 15 on the Continent of Europe; in all, 51. These employ, in round numbers, 12,000 agents, including ordained missionaries, (probably 2000) teachers, catechists, etc.; occupy 1269 stations; have 335,000 communicants from heathendom, 252,000 scholars; 460 students training for the ministry; and are supported by an income of £860,000 per annum.

The greatest results have been attained by England. Connected with her great societies there are nearly 7000 agents, 630 stations, 210,000 communicants, 208,000 scholars, with an annual income of £510,000.

But in order to enable our readers still more clearly to realize the advance which the