

the means. And when the means are provided, there are pious men and women enough in America to come out, and to occupy the chief points in this vast field; and we have many native brethren, and their number is growing, to join us in this work.

Asia Minor is a land of ancient kingdoms, ancient civilization, knowledge, wealth, and glory. There, too, the Gospel was preached, churches planted, souls saved, long before any Protestant country had seen one Gospel ray. Asia Minor has a "past," and it has certainly also a "future." Its natural scenery is pleasing and grand by turns; its soil naturally rich, and prolific in every variety of productions. Rivers now neglected, like those in Turkey in Europe, connect the interior with the Black Sea, the Marmora, the Archipelago, and the Mediterranean. Notwithstanding all the disadvantages of the past, God has blest the preaching of the truth there, and more labourers are needed everywhere. Providentially, and almost without the aid of missionaries, the Gospel has found its way into the eastern mountains. Kurdistan waits for the law of God. *Score of villages* are ready to receive the Gospel; many *beg* for the privilege of professing Christ, and of being taught the way of salvation, desiring nothing but the friendly encouragement of those whose influences may screen them from brutal violence. A great chief formerly a Moslem, is actually himself preaching the Gospel to his own subjects. A half-independent *heathen tribe*, on the borders of the Black Sea, are desirous to see teachers come to them, to show them the right way. It will not do to publish details. But it may be said with confidence, that, if the Lord's people in America could see with their own eyes the *opportunities* now existing of evangelising Turkey, the *importance* of doing so, the *danger* of delay, and the *fatality* of it to our work already accomplished, the *feasibility* of the enterprise, and hence *our duty*, and *theirs* to do it,—they would, like those multitudes of ancient France, though in a better cause than those, exclaim, "God wills it! God wills it!"

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#### LIFE A NIGHT.

THE mellow lights that flushed the sky  
 At sunset are withdrawn,  
 This night will many a sleepless eye  
 Keep weary watch till dawn.  
 What though ten thousand worlds may there  
 In radiant circles run,  
 Night's brightest star may not compare  
 With Day's departed sun.  
 And time is but a night, soon gone,  
 A vigil kept by faith;  
 Our life a tent we pitch till dawn,  
 Within the shade of death.  
 Earth darkens heaven to earthly eyes;  
 Its glories seem so far,  
 That Faith must wait till morning rise,  
 To see them as they are.  
 Our way with mystery is beset,  
 And God's so dark appears,  
 That oft we struggle in a net  
 Of unbelieving fears.  
 Yet, Lord, we see Thee in the cloud  
 Whose folds we lift in vain,  
 And Thou wilt yet remove the shroud,  
 And make Thy dealings plain.  
 With trustful hearts we may look up,  
 And, through the hours of night,  
 Cast forth the anchor of our hope  
 And wish for morning light.

Rev. J. D. BURNS.