

want enough around us, without going abroad to look for them. This is a stock argument which has been used for hundreds of years to cover our indifference, our sloth, our greed of this world's goods, and we verily believe must have been invented for us by the Evil One. If we sit still till the halcyon time when vice and ignorance shall have disappeared from among ourselves, we will sit long. Had Paul waited at Jerusalem and Augustine in Italy, till they saw all the Jews and Romans good Christians and exemplary men and women, where would we have been to-day?" No, no, such an argument is a mere put off, and the conscience of every one who uses it tells him so. Let our prayers be sifted up in behalf of missions and missionary zeal. Let us pray with all our hearts for devoted workmen in this untouched portion of Christ's vineyard—for more life and greater liberality among the evangelical Churches, and as a proof of our own sincerity let us give ungrudgingly, for the Lord loveth a cheerful giver.

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For the "Record."

All day the fiery sun had swept  
On through the hazy sky,  
Where clouds in fire-tinged masses slept,  
A desert parched and dry.

The very air seemed palpable  
To sight as well as sense,  
So wearily its vapour fell  
In shadows strangely dense.

While through the d'm and gauzy haze  
The sun made crimson bars,  
And flecked the hot o'erarching maze  
With lurid yellow spars,

The frightened woods were all aflame  
With wasting wanton fire;  
On through the quivering boughs it came  
And climbed each greenwood spire,

Till melting in the ether wan  
It touched those heights with smoke,  
Where glistening on the rainbowed span  
The dreamy sunshine broke.

There heaven's rich light became subdued  
By earth's more sensual glare,  
The fire-hue met the day-god's flood,  
Staining the heavy air,

Till all within the firmament  
Wore the same crimson thrall,  
And fire, the master element,  
Was monarch over all.

With straining eyes and trembling heart  
The little children gazed,  
And with pale cheeks and lips apart  
The prayer of terror raised;

While old men trembled at the sight—  
God's judgment on the earth—  
For nature in this lurid light  
Seemed one great blazing hearth.

Where giant trees went down to dust,  
In ashes densely spread,  
Amid the grim and calcined crust  
The tomb-like embers shed.

Fiercer and mightier grew the flame  
Each gazer to appal,  
When like a heaven-born breath there came  
A moisture over all.

Volumes of angry smoke rolled up,  
Yet softer grew the sky,  
Pressing, as grapes within a cup,  
The clouds' intensity.

And lo! through that infuriate air,  
Those giant flames to quell,  
The glancing rain, God's angel there,  
In drops of blessing fell.

And earth assailed in vesture sweet,  
Greenly reposed once more,  
The blossoms danced with fairy feet  
Upon her velvet floor.

The bladed grass, the quivering leaf,  
Again in beauty shone,  
And through the glorious summer eve  
Rejoiced with pleasant tone.

Only the widowed forest wept,  
And sackcloth raiment wore,  
Where blackened tombstones record kept  
Of majesty—no more.

All else on wide creation's face  
In beauty laughed again,  
Quickened to loveliness and grace  
Beneath the blessed rain.

Halifax, 1861.

M. J. K.

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THE YOUNG MEN'S SCHEME.

In a former number we briefly directed the attention of our readers to this Scheme. We then declared our conviction, as we still continue to do, that it is emphatically *the scheme* of our Church in this Province, and that just in proportion to the support which it receives from our people must be our future usefulness and prosperity. We then endeavored to show that it is vain to expect an adequate supply of ministers from the Parent Church, that the number of Gaelic speaking students and probationers in Scotland is comparatively small, and owing to the social state of the