

who gathers teeth for nothing, so long as he may give you a Bible into the bargain!"

The German Reformed Messenger has the following on the statistics of the German Reformed Church: "Synods, 2; classes, 25; ministers, 421; congregations, 1122; members, 100,691; communion during the year, 87,361; baptisms, 11,894; confirmations, 5635; received on certificate, 1549; excommunicated, 151; dismissed, 468; deaths, 4330; Sabbath-schools, 941.

Poetry.

HEAVEN.

BY BERNARD DE MOLAIX.

The holy city, new Jerusalem.—Rev. xxi. 2.

Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is there.
And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.

O happy retribution,
Short toil, eternal rest!
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest:
And peace, for war is needless,
And calm, for storm is past,
And goal from finished labour,
And anchorage at last.

There God, my King and portion,
In fulness of His grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.
There all the halls of Zion
For aye shall be complete;
And in the land of beauty
All things of beauty meet.

For thee, O dear, dear country,
My eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

O one, O only mansion,
O paradise of joy,
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy!
Thy ageless walls are radiant
With precious stones unpriced;
Thy saints build up its fabric,
The corner-stone is Christ.

I know not, O, I know not,
What social joys are there,
What radiance of glory,

What light beyond compare!
And when I fain would sing them,
My spirit fails and faints;
And vainly tries to image
The assembly of the saints.

They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song;
And bright with many an angel,
And many a martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The light is aye serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David,
And there, from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they, beneath their Leader,
Who conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

Jerusalem, the glorious,
The joy of the elect,
O! dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect;
Ev'n now by faith I see thee,
Ev'n now thy walls discern;
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive and pant and yearn.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
O land that knows no sorrow!
O state that fears no strife!
O princely bowers! O land of flowers!
O realm and home of life!

Fireside Reading.

PROVIDENTIAL RECOMPENSE.

The Rev. William Lawrence, of Mount Zion, now in this country, has sent to us the following notices, illustrative of the doctrine of providential recompense, as connected with the support and the extension of the gospel. It may not be safe for us, in the absence of inspired interpreters of the ways of God—a privilege which the Old Testament Church enjoyed—to say decidedly in regard to an event, 'That is the finger of God;' but as it is the duty of his people to 'mark the operations of his hands,' and as we believe the doctrine of recompense, as explained in the *Record* for Oct., to be taught in the Bible, we are persuaded that though in this, as in many other things, we 'must walk by faith,' and not by sight,' yet that if we observe carefully the events which happen to ourselves and to others, we shall see coincidences, both in the way of