

Say, if our hearts are tuned to sing,
Is there a subject greater?
Harmony all its strains may bring;
Jesus's name is sweeter.

Jesus the source of music is,
His is the noblest passion;
Jesus's name is life and peace,
Happiness and salvation.
Jesus's name the dead can raise,
Show us our sins forgiven,
Fill us with all the light of grace,
Carry us up to heaven."

PEARL FISHING.

THE beautiful pearl, where does it come from? Down, down, beneath the waters. It is born in the bosom of an oyster; a dark and obscure home; but worth often has such homes: and worth, like pearls, is sought for, and comes to light, and finds its proper value by-and-by.

The Island of Ceylon is famous for its pearl fisheries. Let us visit one. There we find boats of from ten to fifteen tons burden, rigged with only one mast and sail, and with a crew of thirteen men and ten divers. Each boat has five diving stones, weighing from fifteen to twenty-five pounds. A kind of scaffolding is formed of oars and other pieces of wood, on each side of the boat, from which the diving tackle is hung; three stones on one side, and two on the other. The diver strips off his clothes, jumps into the water, takes hold of the rope which supports a stone, and puts one foot into a loop or stirrup on the top of the stone. After getting his balance, a basket, hanging from a rope is thrown to him, and in this he puts his other foot. Feeling himself ready, he grasps the rope in one hand and his nose with the other, to prevent the water from rushing in, and the ropes are left off. Down, down he sinks to the dark oyster-bed below. On touching the bottom, he takes his foot from