

"until we be endued with power from on high." Then shall young men from city and country flock to our divinity halls, and vie with each other for the honor of being heralds of the Cross.

"O Spirit of the living God !
In all Thy plentitude of grace,
* * * * *
Baptize the nations, far and nigh
The triumphs of the Cross record ;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord."

Montreal.

COLBORNE HEINE.

WAITING FOR THE DAWN.

God hath wrought the pearly dew-drop in the shadow of the night,
And the dew-drop knoweth nothing of the coming morn and light.
Darkened is the sky above it, dark the silent world below ;
What its purpose ?—Can it tell you ? Why its beauty ?—Who may know ?
Morning cometh in its glory, breaketh light on earth and skies,
Flashing down a loving message where the tiny dew-drops lies ;
And the dew-drop, undelaying, leaves the flower it made so fair,
Joins the halo-zone of vapor, floating in the radiant air.
Here the human soul is fashioned like pellucid drops of dew ;
Many years are some in forming, others perfected in few.
All are waiting, few expecting, some are hoping, many fear ;
None may say when day-break cometh, whether distant still or near.
For the Father only knoweth when the curtain shall be drawn
From the portals of the morning, and eternal glory dawn.
As the dew-drop flieth sky-ward with the rising of the sun,
So the spirit seeketh heaven, summoned by the Holy One
From its earthly home and kindred, to the promised land of rest,
There to sing seraphic anthems with the spirits of the blest.

ROBERT McDUGALL.

Presbyterian College.