

ove, our souls on fire, our faces glowing with his glory, and upon our brows, enscribed in characters more legible than words, — "Holiness unto the Lord."

"Not in the tombs we pine to dwell,
Not in the dark monastic cell,
By vows and grates confined;
Freely to all ourselves we give,
Constrain'd by Jesu's love to live
The servants of mankind.

"O let our faith and love abound?
O let our lives to all around
With purest lustre shine;
That all around, our works may see,
And give the glory, Lord, to thee,
The heavenly Light Divine."

For "Earnest Christianity."

THE VOICE OF THE PEBBLES.

BY THE REV. JAMES ROY, B.A.



IDEALLY outstretch the waters of the mighty sea,
While shadows flit across its varied green;
Winds fill the whitened sail, and bend the yielding tree;
Bright glints the sun from hurrying clouds between.

Slow roll the long-drawn waves upon the pebbly shore,
Beating their solemn bass-notes on the strand;
The pebbles, rounded to one model more and more,
Wail feebly, crushed 'neath Ocean's moulding hand.

Yet, is there no sweet music in the mingled tones
Of beating wave, and grinding pebbles' wail?
Sing they not low and tenderly of crushed hearts' groans
That mortals send to Heaven in plaintive tale?

Hear thou, my heart, the lessons of the pebbly shore:
"Heaven has a blessing in all griefs that are;
Though sorrow's waves sweep o'er us in the tempest's roar,
They mould us to one perfect character."