

lo, islands as an atom He will take up. Have ye not known? have ye not heard? hath it not been told you from the foundations of the earth? The One sitting on the circle of the earth and its inhabitants are as grasshoppers; the One spreading like a veil the heavens, and He stretches them out like a tent to dwell in; the One bringing princes to nothing, and making the judges of the earth like emptiness. Lift up your eyes on high, and behold, who hath created these things and bringeth out their host by number: He calleth them all, by names, by the greatness of His might, for that He is strong in power, not one is missing. Hast thou not known, or heard that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? there is no searching of His understanding.

A. A. CAMERON.

OTTAWA.

Homeless.

BY MRS. J. C. YULE.

"Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head."

THOSE have their resting place; when eventide
Comes with chill dews and thick oppressive gloom,
In the moist, fragrant earth they each may hide,
Safe in the shelter of its peaceful home,
And free from all alarm may make its bed;
But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

These, too, the songful denizens of air,
When daylight dies in the slow-fading west,
All have their warm, sweet homes, and gently there
Through the dim hours may nestle in soft rest,
While round each wind-rocked couch are perfumes shed;
But Jesus had not where to lay His head.