

Is it because there yet within us linger
 Traces of that deep harmony that thrilled
 The Universe, awaked by God's own finger,
 When love man's soul and all creation filled;
 Ere sin's harsh discord broke the anthem high
 Which, sung on earth, was echoed by the sky?

Is it the longing for those angel voices,
 Which erst were heard in Eden's virgin bowers
 With man conversing, while each glade rejoices
 In songs of birds and perfume of sweet flowers?
 Or higher still, communion with that God
 Who walked with man upon that stainless sod?

Is it some latent yearning for the glory
 Of that bright land where discord is unknown;
 Where countless harps will ring with one glad story,
 Above the sea of glass before the throne,
 Where never string shall break, or harsh note jar,
 But 'glory to the Lamb' resound afar?

Oh surely in that land of light and gladness
 An aching heart its music will not leave,
 Nor sounds of joy be mixed with notes of sadness,
 Nor thrilling bosoms wake again to grieve;
 No—the full soul shall feast without alloy
 On strains that never jar, and cannot cloy.

Through Heaven's broad arch the mighty chorus swelling
 Its floods of joy shall pour on sounding waves;
 Hearts filled with peace and love forever telling
 The grace and glory of the Lamb that saves—
 No longings linger there, nor discords fall
 From any harp—for Jesus tunes them all.

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

CHAPTER 11.

At the time of our arriving in London, the Great Exhibition was near its close. It had risen on the world all glorious from amidst clouds of doubt and dark forebodings, as to the influx of hostile foreigners, and the machinations of seditious and turbulent subjects. After the first week, little thought was there of anything but the splendor of the show, and the perfect success of the enterprise. All the nations of the earth had contributed specimens of their wealth, their progress in the arts, and their industrial resources; and the representatives of every people greeted one another kindly beneath the glass roof of the great World's Fair. So admirable was the police organization,