

my labours here, for, though importuned to remain longer, I could not do so, since it would have been at the risk of remaining there all winter, as the severe weather was now setting in.

We accordingly most reluctantly bade farewell to this interesting people, promising to do all we could to get them a minister, for whom they have offered to build a house, and for whose support they have already subscribed liberally.

Starting about midnight on Sabbath, we reached the Straits of Canso in time to take the steamer from Prince Edward's Island to Halifax, and reached our home in safety on the following Saturday. Never have we enjoyed a missionary tour more than this one, during which we travelled over a thousand miles, were absent six weeks, preached twenty-five times, and distributed a number of tracts; having enjoyed, by the blessing of God, most excellent health.

The Home Department.

For the Canadian Independent.

OCEAN VOICES.

Oh! the sea hath many a changeful tone,
And its thousand voices are all unknown;
Its whispering tones of music sweet,
When the wailing winds are all asleep,
And its song of rushing, raging might,
In the depth of the black and dreary night;
But the waves of the treacherous smiling deep
Their own dark wisdom and counsel keep.

I stood on the sands at the close of day,—
On the pebbly beach where the sea-shells lay,—
And heard the waves of the peaceful sea
Breaking in murmuring melody,
Singing that lulling, whispering song,
They sing to the rocks the bright day long.

The sun looked down from the western sky,
And he tinged the waves with a crimson dye;
The shimmering, sparkling, pearly spray,
He touched with a bright and trembling ray;
And even the sands and the breakers cold
He turned to masses of burnished gold.
Oh! all the face of the boundless sea
A vision of beauty seemed to me.

I stood on the sands in the lonely night,
In the rush and roar of the tempest's might,
And heard the waves of the angry sea
Breaking in scornful revelry,
Singing, with loud and vengeful breath,
The wild sea song of storm and death.

The lightning flashed in the troubled sky,
In the crests of the drifted clouds on high;
He touched the waves with an arrowy beam,
And the waters shone with a fiery gleam,