

Or in English :—

Now hear me say, all ye good men,
The city clock hath just struck ten,
Take care of fire, put out your light,
Lest you some danger should invite.
Praise the Lord, all ye good men !

THE WOUNDED GREY BIRD.

BY JOHN MACDONALD.

I WATCHED a little grey bird
As it flew against a wall,
So stunned, so nearly lifeless,
I saw it helpless fall ;
It gave one gasp and closed its eyes,
It dropped its bruised head,
And all this in one moment,
I thought that it was dead.

Between my hands I held it,
And breathed upon its breast,
As something whispered to me
“ Now try and do your best.”
And soon I felt it struggling,
And then a kindling glow,
Which told the crisis over,
Told of the life's blood flow.

I placed it gently on my knee,
To catch the sun's warm rays,
So strange to see it fluttering,
For ended seemed its days.
It gathered strength each moment,
And then with new delight,
It left me to my musing,
And soon flew out of sight.

How oft in the great city,
Does many a brother fall,
Stunned like the little grey bird
That dashed against the wall.
And wounded bird and man must die,
We well can understand,
If some one out of loving heart
Reach not forth loving hand.

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