

And the foster-birds played their part so well,
 That soon the young cuckoo had chipp'd the shell:
 For, the silly birds! they could not see
 That their foster chick their plague would be!
 And so big; and saucy the cuckoo grew,
 That no peace at last in the nest they knew:
 He pecked and he hustled the old birds about:
 And as for the young ones, he jostled them out.
 Till at length they summoned their friends to their aid,
 Wren, robin and sparrow, not one delayed,
 And joining together, neighbor with neighbor,
 They drove out the cuckoo, with infinite labor.
 But the cuckoo was fledged, and laughed to see
 How they vainly traced him from tree to tree!
 They had nursed him so well, he was grown the stronger,
 And now he needed their help no longer!"

Mora!—to our purpose:

"Give no place, or power, or trust to one
 Who will make an ill use of what he has won,
 For when you have reared the cuckoo-guest,
 'Twill be hard to drive him out of the nest;
 And harder still, when away he's flown,
 To hunt down the cuckoo now fully grown."

Among the frequent and beautiful mysteries which we meet in the Bible, is this yearning of the soul after something which we call friend. It is the soul feeling after something without herself. We can't call it a mark of human weakness, because it is something which the Son of God himself felt. "All ye will forsake me this night, and leave me alone, and yet I am not alone, for the Father is with me." Can no nature be so exalted that it will not need some one to love and by him be loved again? Is this the reason why the arch-angel loves to minister to the feeblest child of the dust, and why the angels carried the spirit of Lazarus to Abraham's bosom, and why the angels of little children are spoken of as being in the presence of God—*i. e.* all created beings in heaven love even the little child in its feebleness?

And what is more wonderful still, the Infinite God himself manifests this same yearning of the heart. Three times he calls Abraham his "friend." More than once Christ calls his disciples "friends;" and does not this feeling, which probably runs through all creation, and which exists in the Godhead, account for the great fact, that God loved and redeemed this world? Does it not lie at the foundation of all that holds society together? It is as old as time, and probably as old as eternity. It is deeper even than the marriage relation. It was this that brought the Son of God from the bosom of the Father, that he might make and raise up friends whom he could love, and who would eternally love him.

We can't understand this, because *we* can't love two friends alike, and equally. Our natures are too limited. Not so with God. He can love uncounted friends, and thus out of all ages, and nations, and languages, he can gather friends—"a multitude which no man can number." They will all be friends. And how beautifully does the Gospel give us a friend to love—the Bridegroom of the heart, who has loved us and does love us, and will love us—to whom we may confide all our secrets, who will bear our burdens, share our sorrows, and comfort our griefs. Ah, yes! the soul yearns after a friend, and thus she will find one, and be with him, nearer and nearer to him forever. It is not such an emotion as exists between husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister. It is what we term friend—for the want of a better term; that which made Christ die for his own, and which makes them take joyfully the spoiling of their goods, and to "rejoice that they are accounted worthy to suffer for his name sake." And to eternity will this reciprocal affection grow and increase, and will bring us into communion with Christ, firm as the throne of God, permanent as eternity, and sweet as the waters which flow in the rivers of joy at God's right hand.—*Congregationalist.*