

into the Kingdom of Heaven. Harsh, therefore, as may seem this saying of Christ at the first look of it, it really links on to the prayer which he uttered on the cross, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." And if at a subsequent time, as is not improbable, some of these very Scribes and Pharisees accepted the

gospel, we may regard it as partly due to the fact that at this critical period Christ veiled his teaching under the parabolic form so that "hearing they might not understand."

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Poetry.

LITTLE BIRD DOST THOU NOT KNOW ?

Little bird dost thou not know
That my heart is full of woe ?
Is thy world so bright and clear
That thou singest all the year ?
Is thy bosom free from care ?
Can no sorrow harbor there ?
Is thy mate upon her nest
And her little ones at rest ?
Is thy life without an end ?
Hast thou never lost a friend ?
Never known the bitterness
Of an unassuaged distress ?
Birdie, thou art far too gay,
Singing, singing all the day—
Every day and all day long
Pouring forth thy bubbling song ?
Hast thou not some mournful lay
For sad souls who come this way ?
Oh, I fear me, birdie, much,
Thou dost never think of such.
Never hint of shadow lies
Under all thy sunlit skies.
As thy Maker formed thee, so
Livest thou, nor seek'st to know,
As the swift days rise and flee,
What the future holds for thee.
Singing when the daylight dawns,
Singing o'er the sunbright lawns,
Singing when the shadows run
To the setting of the sun,
Singing still in storm or calm
All thy life becomes a psalm.
Happy, happy, happy bird,
I have never seen nor heard
Note of truer life than thine ;
Let thy sweet voice gladden mine !

ROBERT MACDON GALL.