

For the breezes sadly stealing
O'er the head of many a fair,
Kiss with loving touch, and tender,
Misplaced birdlings nestling there,

Sighing stir the graceful plumage,
Once the egret mother's pride,
Ere to please the eye of fashion,
Helpless babes and parents died.

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Wonder you, when music peals forth,
And I list to songs of praise ;
Or sit down in silent worship,
On these bright Thanksgiving Days :

While the sunlight glancing downward
Through the windows, arched and high,
Flashes back from breast of oreole,
Touches hues that match the sky,

Lights the throat of some sweet warbler,
Once the minstrel of the wood ;
Plays mid slender waving pinions,
Egret's badge of motherhood ;

That from music grand and swelling,
Notes for which I long are gone ;
And those tones so sweet ascending,
Can't replace the absent song ?

That through silence deep and tender,
Starving nestling's cries I hear ;
Nature's glad Thanksgiving music
Turned to anguished notes of fear ?

Kneeling there, dear thoughtless maiden,
Thanking God for blessings known ;
Will thy Maker measure harshness
That unto his gifts is shown ?

Can he trust thy love fair matron,
When upon thy queenly head,
Voice and heart forever silenced,
Rests that birdling mother dead ?

Why this needless cruel slaughter ?
Why this sorrow, pain, and fear ?
Why these voices hushed for ever,
Which our Father loves to hear ?

Nothing can their work accomplish,
Naught to us their place supply ;
As the birds sing matins o'er us,
Soaring twix the earth and sky,

They are lending man true service,
Seeking that which would destroy
Golden harvests, that their murderers,
Thankless, view with pride and joy.

Seeds they sow on rocky ledges,
And the new born coral isle
Through their care becomes a garden,
Flashing back fair nature's smile.

Lend your aid dear mercy's children ;
Teach the thoughtless to be kind ;
Help to save sweet nature's warblers ;
Help convince our sisters blind,

That the bird has lost its beauty,
When, transplanted from the wood,
Lifeless, stiff, and all distorted,
It thus shames their womanhood,

Speed the day when man, God's offspring,
To all living creatures kind,
Sees the links, which bind creation
In one chain of love divine :

Then shall rise glad strains triumphant,
And as zephyrs past us float,
They will softly sing the tidings,
Nature's hymn lacks not one note.

CHARACTER.

While so much is being said and written about Christianity as a force in society, the worth of Christianity as a force in the life of the individual is not obscured. A new mysticism has arisen. The intimate relation of the regenerated soul to God, with the effects which it produces upon character, is the dominant thought of several recent writers who have been wide'y read and studied. Andrew Murray, F. B. Meyer, A. J. Gordon, J. R. Miller, and others who might be named, are types of a large class of religious leaders who insist that the Christian may, if he will, be delivered in large measure from the power of sin, and thus be free to cultivate close relations with the risen Christ. They make prominent the teaching of the Holy Spirit as set forth in the Bible, which is so little understood by the average Christian. They hold that if the Spirit be within the heart, reproducing there the character of Christ as Paul declares, there should be constant progress in the Christian life ; less susceptibility to temptation as the years go by ; greater knowledge of the Divine will, and more ready obedience to it ; so that the words "dead to sin but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord" may have a real meaning, not a mere theoretical interpretation. The doctrine of sanctification has indeed had some absurd constructions put upon it by people who pronounced themselves wholly free from sin, while their neighbors, one and all, were obliged to differ from