

must be some such little House of God as they have worshipped in in their own land, they must hurry on to find it.

And they press on in spite of fatigue, the strange sweet bell tolling again and again. Not for some time do they realise that it is only a bird-call, not the call to prayer.

The first conviction that the cry is but that of a bird brings disappointment with it, but the traveller soon finds that the sound suggests many a comforting and refreshing thought. If the House of God be not in the wilds, surely God Himself is there—He who gave the ringing tone to this bird-voice. And if He cares for and endows the bird with His gifts, what will He not do for the creature who is of more value than many birds?

Such thoughts as these come to us happily clothed in graceful verse, by one who loved the pleasant sounds of earth so well, that we think he will find rare joys in the melodies of the Better Land to which he has been called. We give the lines here:—

THE BELL-BIRD.

Through the green aisles of the forest, faintly
pealing through the air,
Comes the tolling of the bell-bird, like the
wonted call of prayer;
Minding us amid the wildwood of our home
beyond the seas,
Of the cherished hopes of childhood, and its
sunny memories.

Not in vain, oh little stranger, soundest thou
that sabbath chime,
Come to the weary ranger, like a dream of
olden time;
Bringing in that distant region, as it murmurs
thro' the sky,
Thoughts of England's old religion, and the
faith that cannot die.

We may wander through the forest, spread
our sails from shore to shore,
Traverse hill and vale and mountain, and the
ocean wild and hoar;
But where'er our footsteps lead us, still a wit-
ness may there be,
With a gentle impulse guiding, Lord, our souls
to heaven and Thee!

W. R. HALL JORDAN.

Love Strong as Death.

IT is related that during the recent terrible storms at Kansas, America, which wrought so much ruin to life and property, a little girl was found almost buried under a falling house. As people were with difficulty trying to rescue her, she pointed to a little boy who lay near her, like herself caught by the timbers and unable to move, and said feebly, 'Save him first; he is only five years old. He ought to be saved first.' She herself was only eight or nine; yet this dear child, in mortal peril, was able to keep fast hold of the royal law of love.

How often have we heard, alas, of a common danger bringing out into dark relief all the savage selfishness of human nature! In an alarm of fire people will often throw down

and suffocate each other in the mad struggle for the stairs or door; or if a boat is upset, the desperate clutch of some will drag others down to death. Life is dear to us, and should be dear, but it should not be the dearest thing of all.

It has been well said that it is from Satan the saying comes, 'Skin for skin; yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life.' Our Divine Master has taught us that the surest way to find life is to lose it in a right and holy cause. And this little girl, who had lived so few years herself, and yet thought of another's right to life as greater than her own, even when she lay cruelly bruised and almost suffocated under a heap of ruins, surely gives us a beautiful example of love and self-denial.