

Unrest.

"Our heart is restless till it rest in Thee"—St. Augustine

THERE'S a strange, wild wail around, a wail of wild unrest,
A mourning in the music, with echoes unconfessed,
And a mocking twitter here and there, with small notes shrill and thin,
And deep low shuddering groans that rise from caves of gloom within

And still the weary wail crosses the harmonies of God,
And still the wailers wander through His fair lands rich and broad;
Grave thought-explorers swell the cry of doubt and nameless pain,
And careless feet among the flowers trip to the dismal strain.

They may wander as they will in the hopeless search for truth,
They may squander in the quest all the freshness of their youth,
They may wrestle with the nightmares of sin's unresting sleep,
They may cast a futile plummet in the heart's unfathomed deep.

But they wait and wail and wander in vain, and still in vain,
Though they glory in the dimness and are proud of every pain;
For a life of Titan struggle is but one sublime mistake,
While the spell-dream is upon them, and they can not, will not wake.

Awake, O thou that sleepest! The Deliverer is near,
Arise, go forth to meet him! Bow down, for He is here!
Ye shall count your true existence from this first and blessed tryal,
For He waiteth to reveal Himself, the very God in Christ.

For the soul is never satisfied, the life is incomplete,
And the symphonies of sorrow find no cadence calm and sweet,
And the earth-lights never lead us beyond the shadows grim,
And the lone heart never resteth till it findeth rest in Him. —Frances Ridley Havergal.

The Peril of a Sparrow, and How He Was Saved.

BY UNCLE JOHN.

EVERY boy knows how the English sparrows, first brought over from their native country to eat up the caterpillars and measuring worms which were eating the leaves from the park-trees in New York city, have spread into the towns and cities of Canada as well. Why they do not go more into country places I cannot tell; perhaps it is because they think, like our tramps and loafers, that they can get an easier living in the towns than country. Like those shiftless people, I am sure, that in inclement weather they must sometimes suffer very much from their choice.

But then, I am sure that one sparrow is of more value, many ways, than many loafers. They destroy many injurious insects; they pick up a great deal from the streets which would become offensive; and their company makes every place, every house-top and tree, very lively. I must give them credit for doing that much for me.

The place where I have made the home of my old age is quaint but comfortable. It is an old double house, altered to accommodate a family for which only one of the former smaller tenements of which, under one roof, it was composed, would be too small. With two or three new doors out through, one partition knocked out, and a stairway moved from one place to another, it furnishes us with fourteen rooms

(some of them very small, 'tis true), and sundry passage-ways, closets, and other conveniences. The plan of the labyrinth of rooms is now so odd, that I have given our cottage an odd name, namely, *Ramble Lodge*. But then it is very cozy and comfortable.

The sparrows, of which we have more than our proportion, increase the interest and pleasantness of our homely dwelling. The reason why we have more sparrows than many other people is this: (1) We keep a horse, and the hay and horse-feed in general, together with the refuse of the house, furnishes them a great deal of food; (2) I always keep more than a dozen fowls, which I purposely furnish with a variety and range of food from time to time, some of which is small enough for sparrows, of which they dispute the possession with the hens. Once, when, for a time, I fed a mixture of very small grains, the sparrows came down upon us in such numbers as to become a nuisance, and my good wife, who is a very tidy housekeeper, entered a strong protest. By furnishing less food of a kind they could avail themselves of, a part of them flew elsewhere. We have still, however, enough left to make our premises very lively. Two old covered eave troughs, now no longer used, being displaced by metal pipes, are taken possession of—a shelter in stormy weather and in winter, or as a breeding-place in summer. Since St. Valentine's day there has been a world of chatter connected with love-making, house-furnishing, and nest-building, in the sparrow community. This would be even more pleasant if they had not fought away another family, which had prior possession and a kind of pre-emption right of the premises: I refer to the swallows, who, though a very urbane sort of bird, have been forced to pack off to the country, and to build their houses under the eaves of barns, while they sun and air themselves, when off work, on the fences and telegraph wires. In the towns we must be content with the sparrows. Just in front of the southern window of the room where I often write, in a sheltered corner, are two peach-trees, which have grown very tall and bushy. We manured them so much they bear no fruit, but have all grown to wood. In the place of peaches we have to accept the shade, and to use them as curtains to the windows. The sparrows, however, have made a perch of them. They are a pretty object for the eye to rest upon, and their chatter is very lively at most times. But now to my story.

On Good Friday morning one of my sparrows fell into a snare from which he could not extricate himself. You will remember it was a snowy morning, and I had gone to the front of the house to see whether the snow did not require to be removed from the sidewalk, when a young man drew my attention to a great concourse of sparrows at one corner, which seemed to be trying in vain to rescue one of their number from a perilous position. He had, apparently, been trying to enter the eave-trough, above described, through a hole which had once been an opening to a spout, with a considerable bit of string, which he had intended some way to utilize in the construction of his nest; but one end of it had got fastened around the head of a nail, or in a crack in the wood, while the other end had become wound around his neck. Leaving the hole

with the expectation, probably, of making a free flight after more materials, he had become suspended by the neck, like a culprit who had been hanged for a felony. Nor could he help himself in any possible way, not being able to regain his footing anywhere. There he swung to and fro like the pendulum of a clock, and though he fluttered and fluttered, his strength every moment was becoming less. His little feathered associates gathered around, and made cries of alarm, pecking and pecking till they became discouraged, and gave it up. A deliverer of greater powers and intelligence must interpose, or poor birdie was lost. I addressed myself to the rescue: first I had Katie, the housemaid, hand me out the step-ladder. That was too short to allow me to reach the bird, which was dangling full twenty feet or more from the ground. I then bethought me of the pitch-fork, by one prong of which I hoped to undo the tie at one end or other; but even that was too short; besides, it was hard to keep my position on the top of the ladder. I was in danger of slipping off, without any rope to fetch me up. The little captive fluttered less as his strength became exhausted, and I began to fear, as life seemed to be ebbing out, that he would die upon my hands, when I bethought me of that long piece of fish-pole, which was kept for beating carpets withal. Presto, I ran and found it, returned and mounted the ladder once more, and found I could now reach the bird, and began poking and poking in hopes of detaching one or other end of the string; neither of which I could do, but was momentarily in danger of getting a tumble myself.

I now gave up hopes of saving the bird alive; but thought his death was only a question of time—and that his nest must remain unfinished—that his mate must mourn in early widowhood,—and the happy little house-keeping establishment, which I had hoped to see grow up under my eye, must come to nought. Shall I confess the sad determination to which I came? It was to save him from a lingering death by killing him myself! With that view, I began to beat him with the end of the pole, when, O joy! though I must have hurt him somewhat, down he came, and lay panting under one of the shrubs in the flower garden. But he was not dead; for when I went to seize him in my hand, I was glad to see that he could fly. I allowed him to rejoin his mate; and I expect their house-keeping operations have been resumed, and their family-raising prospects are not blasted.

Dear children, for whom I record this little incident, we see in this occurrence an illustration of the events of which Good Friday, the anniversary of the Saviour's death, should remind us. We, like the bird, were imperilled, and in danger of a dreadful death. We could not save ourselves; and neither men nor even angels could help us. It required a nature superior to ours to retrieve our disaster. But, as a human being, with superior strength and resources, rescued the bird, so the God-man, the Lord Jesus Christ—

"Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and, O amazing love!
He flew to our relief.

"Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled;
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead."

I almost hazarded my safety in striving to rescue my little feathered friend; but He laid down His life that we might live. And His resurrection brought life and immortality to light by the Gospel.

May we all lay hold upon that life and enjoy it forever! Amen.

How to be Nobody.

It is easy to be nobody, and we will tell you how to do it. Go to the drinking saloon to spend your leisure time. You need not drink much now: just a little beer or some other drink. In the meantime play dominoes, checkers, or something else to kill time, so that you will be sure not to read any useful books. If you read anything, let it be the dime novel of the day; thus go on keeping your stomach full and your head empty, and yourself playing time-killing games, and in a few years you will be nobody, unless you should turn out a drunkard or a professional gambler, either of which is worse than nobody. There are any number of young men hanging about saloons just ready to graduate and be nobodies.—*Watchman*.

It's no Worth the Warsle for't.

In the following moralizing, by George Paulin, we hear the world-old echo of Solomon's complaint, "Vanity of vanities! all is vanity."

It's no worth the warsle * for't.
A' ye'll get on earth,
Gin ye hae na walth aboon
Mair than warl's worth.

It's no worth a body's while,
Coortin' fame and glitter,
It only makes the aftercome
Unco black and bitter.

It's no worth the fisher's heuk,
Fishin' here for pleasure,
Gin ye canna' coont aboon,
Freend an' hame an' treasure.

The Queen of Home.

WHEN you think of a queen you think of a plain woman who sat opposite your father at the table, or walked with him down the path of life arm in arm—sometimes to the thanksgiving banquet, sometimes to the grave, but always side by side, soothing your little sorrows and adjusting your little quarrels, listening to your evening prayer, toiling with the needle or at the spinning-wheel, and on cold nights tucking you up snug and warm. And then on that dark day when she lay a-dying, putting those thin hands that had toiled for you so long, putting them together in a dying prayer commending you to that God in whom she had taught you to trust. Oh, she was the queen—she was the queen. You can not think of her now without having the deepest emotions of your soul stirred, and you feel as if you could cry as though you were now sitting in infancy on her lap, and if you could call her back to speak your name with the tenderness with which she once spoke, you would be willing now to throw yourself on that sod that covers her grave, crying, "Mother, mother!" Ah! she was the queen. Your father knew it. She was the queen, but the queen in disguise. The world did not recognize it.—*Dr. Talmage, in Sunday Magazine*.

* Wrestle.