

"Now I say, let's have a regular society for taking care of the birds. We'll elect a president, and have a meeting every week, and then every boy'll tell how many birds' nests he's found, and where they are, and whether they're all right or not. The president'll keep an account in a book of the number of nests that each boy has the care of, and when the summer's over, the boy that's had the most nests'll be the best fellow, and we'll elect him for our next president. What do you say? Let's take a vote."

Fred was a leader among the boys, and the vote was unanimous in favour of his plan. He was duly elected president, and the society entered at once upon its humane and civilizing work. Meetings were regularly held during the summer; birds' rights were carefully considered, and nothing was allowed to interfere with their life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness so far as could be prevented by the society, and any fair-minded person will acknowledge that such a society has a good deal of power.

Fred's hopes were more than realized in the success of his plan, and I am sure that he grew into a nobler and better man for putting his kind impulses into deeds. When I last saw him he was an earnest, influential minister of the Gospel, and had sixteen birds of different species in the parsonage. Listen to the bird's petition

With all my might I make request,
Dear boy, harm not my little nest;
O, do not try to peep therein,
Where he my little children
They'll scream with terror and surprise
If thou show'st them thy large brown-eyes.
The boy much longed the birds to see,
Yet slipping down, far off went he.
In peace the poor bird reached her nest,
And warmed her young with down, breast,
Then warbled forth her song of joy
To the kind-hearted, generous boy.

A Whaler at Kusai.

CAPTAIN J. WILLIS, of New Bedford, commander of the whaler *Bartholomew Gosnord*, in 1875 put into the harbour of Kusai, in distress. A wide leak below the water's edge made it necessary to beach the ship and "heel" her over, in order to get at the place and repair it. In earlier years, he would not have dared to enter the harbour at all. No less than three ships had been seized here by the natives, the crews massacred, and the vessels burnt. But the missionaries had been here. It had become a Christian island. "If they had been my own brothers," said the Captain, "they could not have treated me more kindly." The chief gave him the use of a large canoe-house. His people joined with the sailors in removing the goods, which lay exposed for several days, and then assisted in carrying them back, and stowing them in the hold. "Not a shoe-string was missing," said the grateful Captain, and on his return, he told his employers that the kindness of the natives had saved them \$10,000. And this was done without the offer of a cent of compensation. The owners declined to make any return, regarding it, doubtless, as a "streak of good luck." But the Captain, out of pure shame, sent them back a box of calicoes and cottons. Missions do pay, even if those who receive the benefit are not always the ones who support them.

FLIES spy out the wounds, bees the flowers, good men the merits, common men the faults.—*Hindoo*.

Smiting the Rock.

The stern old judge, in relentless mood,
Glanced at the two who before him stood—
She was bowed and haggard and old,
He was young and debent and bold—
Mother and son, and to gaze at the pair,
Their different attitudes, look and air,
One would believe, ere the truth were won
The mother convinced, and not the son.

There was the mother; the boy stood nigh
With a shameless look, and his head held high.
Age had come over her, sorrow and care;
These mattered but little so he was there,
A prop to her years and a light to her eyes,
And prize as only a mother can prize;
But what for him could a mother say,
Waiting his doom on a sentence day?

Her husband had died in his shame and sin;
And she a widow, her living to win,
Had toiled and struggled from morn till night,
Making with want a wearisome fight.
Bent over her work with resolute zeal,
Till she felt her old frame totter and reel,
Her weak limbs tremble, her eyes grow dim,
But she had her boy, and she toiled for him.

And he—he stood in the criminal dock,
With a heart as hard as a lumpy rock,
An impudent glance and a reckless air,
Braving the scorn of the gazers there,
Dipped in crime and uncompassed round
With proof of his guilt by captors found,
Ready to stand, as he pursued it, game,
Holding not crime, but penitence, shame.

Poured in a flood o'er the mother's cheek
The moaning prayers where the tongue
was weak,
And she sobbed through the mist of those
bitter tears
Only the child in his innocent years;
She remembered him pure as a child might
be,
The guilt of the present she could not see,
And for mercy her wistful looks made
prayer
To the stern old judge in his cushioned
chair.

"Woman," the old judge crabbedly said—
"Your boy is the neighbourhood's plague
and dread;
Of a gang of reprobates chosen chief,
An idler and rioter, ruffian and thief,
The jury did right, for the facts were plain;
Denial is idle, excuses are vain.
The sentence the court imposes is one'
—"Your honour," she cried, "he's my only
son."

The tipstave grinned at the words she
spoke,
And a ripple of fun through the court-room
broke;
But over the face of the culprit came
An angry look and a shadow of shame.
"Don't laugh at my mother!" loud cries
he;
"You've got me fast, and can deal with me;
But she's too good for your coward peers,
And I'll—" then his utterance choked with
tears.

The judge for a moment bent his head,
And looked at him keenly, and then he
said
"We suspend the sentence—the boy can
go."
And the words were tremulous, forced and
low,
"But say—" and he raised his finger then—
"Don't let them bring you hither again.
There is something good in you yet, I
know;
I'll give you a chance—make the most of
it—Go!"

The twain went forth, and the old judge
said
"I meant to have given him a year instead.
And perhaps 'tis a difficult thing to tell
If clemency here be ill or well.
But a rock was struck in that callous
heart,
From which a fountain of good may start;
For one on the ocean of crime long tossed,
Who loves his mother, is not quite lost."

"WHAT are you laughing at, my dear?" asked Mrs. Jones of her husband, who was chuckling over his morning paper. "Something I saw here," he replied, "but it's hardly funny enough for two."

Rev. Dr. Sutherland on Methodist Missions.

FROM the *Sherbrooke Gazette* we condense the following account of Dr. Sutherland's missionary address in that town:—

"There are often mighty results from small beginnings. St. Paul, being forbidden by the Holy Ghost to preach the Gospel in Asia, carried it to Macedonia. Read in the light of subsequent history, the ship that carried him was freighted also with the whole civilization, the culture, the light of Western Europe. There was something analogous to this in the history of their own Missionary Society. At its foundation in 1824 it had only two or three members—it now has four hundred and sixty employed in missionary work. Their field of operations comprised the Dominion of Canada, the Bermuda Islands, and the coast of the great Pacific. They had also established a mission in Japan. They were not alone, however; the other great Churches were each doing a noble work; but the territory was so vast that if they were to lay the foundations of Christianity broad and deep it would tax the energies of all. Besides their domestic missions, among the French and Indians, they had their foreign missions—to Bermuda and to Japan. And these would tax their energies to the utmost. They cost a good deal. The expenditure last year was \$160,000. Yet the average income of the domestic missionary was only \$500—sometimes only \$400.

The question sometimes came up, Did it (missionary effort) pay? Yes, it paid in various ways. *Missionary enterprise paid in its financial results better than any other enterprise in which men engaged.* And in proof of this he would state two or three facts. New Zealand was colonized a few years ago; and the Maori war there cost the British nation twenty-five millions sterling. Much more recently the Fiji Islands were presented to Great Britain and they cost—not a single shilling. She got that magnificent colony without the expenditure of a dollar. And whence the difference? Because to New Zealand she sent her soldiers first—to Fiji, her missionaries. It was a significant remark of a merchant who, when asked to establish a branch of his business in a heathen land, replied.—"Not yet; the missionaries have not been there long enough." Missionaries serve in a remarkable degree to develop the resources of a country. When Geo. Macdougall, visiting New York, told an American General that Canada never had a conflict with her Indians, the latter replied:—"Mr. Macdougall, you are on the right line. It has cost the American nation \$100,000 for every Indian that the American troops have shot down—the Indians altogether have cost the American nation five hundred millions of dollars." "And ours," Mr. Macdougall could reply, "have cost my government nothing." Yes, in our North-West the missionaries went first. It was part of the fixed policy of the H. B. Co. that in their dealings with Indians, violence should never be used; and wherever the missionaries went they told the Indians about the Queen—about English life, English soldiers; and thus it happened that when the soldiers went they were received kindly. We owe it largely to the efforts of the missionaries—as well of the Church of England, the Church of Rome, and the

Methodist Church—that we have now peaceable possession of that magnificent country. Within the past few days they had heard rumors of some difficulty with the Indians in the North-West; but they might rely upon it that if the treaties were carried out fairly there would be no trouble. The Indian had sterling qualities. The speaker here related an incident where an Indian in the North-West, although 300 miles from home, preferred to be discharged rather than work on Sunday. Would many white men risk the chance of being dismissed under such circumstances? There is something in the Indian worth looking after—worth saving. Christian Indians always carry their Bible with them when out hunting;—how many Christian white men do the like? The speaker here told of a chief whose son had been murdered by a companion. The murderer fled, but afterwards, at the intercession of friends, he was allowed by the chief to go back to the camp, but was warned to keep out of the chief's sight. The chief, returning to the camp one night, was overtaken by darkness, and while bivouacking, the account of our Lord's crucifixion was read, and His forgiveness of His enemies was commented on by the missionary present. On returning to the camp next morning they found it, according to previous arrangement, about to be removed, and one of the first persons the chief's eyes lighted on was the murderer of his son. He rode forward, and while the missionary was doubting—*anxious about the result of the meeting, the chief extended his hand to his enemy, with the words—*"You are forgiven. But had I met you last night your bones would have whitened the plain." A gospel that could transform a man like that was worth spreading throughout the world.

There was a great deal yet to be done. Some complained of the little doing; here, for instance, was a man who had been giving a dollar a year for the last five years, and yet the world was not half converted!—Perhaps he was only half converted himself. As the seeds of the banyan tree, blown into the crevices between the stones of some ancient temple, strike root, and, growing wherever they can find a little dust, burst stone from stone asunder, and in a few years crumble to ruin a building that has defied the ravages of centuries, so does the life of Christianity burst asunder the edifice of heathenism. Christianity was everywhere. Lady Brassey in a late book had said of Japan—"Those who want to see the last vestiges of heathenism here had better come soon." But, in truth, they were only playing at missions. They ought to extend their missions in the North-West and Japan. If every member of the Methodist Church were to give one cent a day to the mission fund, they could send a missionary to every band of Indians and to Japan;—Japan would be made Christian before the end of the century; and then there would be still as much left in the treasury as was now contributed to it. There was a light-house on the coast of England which bore the inscription—"To Give Light and to Save Life."—What a good motto for the Missionary Society! May God help it in its work.

To feel one's subject thoroughly, and to speak without fear, are the only rules of eloquence.—*Goldsmith*.