



BIRD-NESTING.

## The Fallen Hero—Wendell Phillips.

BY M. L. WINSLOW.

Dead on his shield lies the hero  
That shield, which for threescore years  
Untarnished he bore in the conflict,  
Is sullied to day with tears.  
No more the warm heart's beating  
Gives hope to the poor and oppressed,  
And token of righteous purpose  
That evil shall be redressed.

Quenched is the pillar of fire  
Where lightnings of old played down;  
Hushed are the echoes of thunder  
That led God's armies on.  
Mute are the pale lips' warnings,  
Close are the eyes of the seer;  
Silent the accents of scolding  
That tyranny quailed to hear.

From voices of righted millions,  
From sufferers clothed and fed,  
Come up the sounds of wailing  
As incense around the dead;  
And peace and truth and justice,  
Fast bedded in righteous law,  
Their tribute bring to the prophetic  
Who, in the darkness, sat!

Come, all ye people, and mourn him!  
O nation, surround his bier!  
Great city, that once did scorn him,  
Drop here a repentant tear.  
Age, with its seventy winters,  
Already crowns his head,  
Ye poets, sages, and thinkers,  
Weave ye your crowns for the dead!

Yet deem not he heeds your plaudits  
Afar in that golden street, [worker!]  
Where "Well done, thou faithful  
To-day is exceeding sweet,  
As he claps in the hands of heroes  
Who toiled with him long below.  
Hands that from stains of place or pelf  
Are pure as the driven snow.

O God! we all are passing  
Where the many mansions be,  
Peopled with souls unnumbered  
As the waves of yonder sea;  
Grant us in right's fierce battles,  
Whose fields are round us spread,  
To sell our lives as dearly  
As did our light-crowned dead!

Boston, Feb. 4.

## Book Notices.

*My Musical Memories.* By H. R. Haweis. A book for all who love music, or would cultivate a taste for it. In fact, for a popular work on music, it would be difficult to name a book equal to this. The writer's critical tastes are supplemented by an infallible instinct as to what points are of interest to the greatest number of readers, and by an easy conversational style which engrosses one's attention before he is aware of it. The author is full of his subject, and his writing is evidently a work of love. Published in Funk & Wagnalls' (10 & 12 Dey St., N.Y.) Standard Library, No. 111. Paper, 25 cents. William Briggs, Toronto, sole agent for Canada.

Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls, the famous publishers of high-class books at a cheap rate, announce the following as forthcoming issues:

*The Clew of the Maze.* By Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon. Modern skepticism, and the way to meet it. This book is printed by us from advanced sheets sent by Mr. Spurgeon.

*Memoirs of David Brainerd,* missionary to the Indians, based on Jonathan Edwards and Sereno E. Dwight's *Memoirs of Brainerd*; with Essays on "The Spirit of Missions," and on "The Life and Character of Brainerd" Edited by J. M. Sherwood, D.D.

*The Little Christian* is a very beautiful four-page child's paper. Published by H. L. Hastings, 47 Cornhill, Boston, Mass. Twice a month. 25 cents a year, six for \$1.00. The paper, press-work, and engraving are first class. It is issued in the hope of displacing some of the dime novel and "blood and thunder" trash of the present day. We wish it success, and cordially agree with the following opinion of the Rev.

T. L. Cuyler, D.D., Brooklyn: "Preaching to children and making books and papers for children is not so easy as many people imagine. It is a peculiar gift, and it seems to me, after looking over the *Little Christian*, that you have the gift to interest and instruct the little folk at the same time. The spirit of the paper is admirable. God bless and prosper it!"

## Tales of Child Life.

We have received from the well-known London House of Frederick Warne & Co., the following series of admirable Sunday-school library books. They are all from the pen of the Rev. Silas K. Hocking, a faithful English pastor of much experience among the poor in Liverpool, Manchester, and other great centres. Some idea of the merits of these books may be inferred from the fact that during the last five years no less than 150,000 copies of them have been sold. They are mostly stories of the little waifs and strays of society. They are drawn from the life, and have a power and pathos that mere fiction cannot attain. They are handsomely printed and copiously illustrated. Some have over a score of engravings. They are elegantly bound in gilt and stamped cloth, and gilt-edged.

*His Father, or, A Mother's Legacy.* Pp. 346, with 26 illustrations. This is a touching story of a boy's devotion to a drunken father. The author says, "My aim has been to do good; to point out dangers and incite to goodness; to write a story that could be safely placed in the hands of any boy or girl, or in the library of any Sunday-school."

*Ivy: A Tale of Cottage Life.* Pp. 282. This is the story of a brave, strong, patient, true-hearted girl—a fisherman's motherless daughter. Her care of her little brother when her father's death leaves her alone in the world, and her heroic struggle with adversity, are well portrayed.

*Her Benny.* 16mo, illustrated, pp. 272. Benny and Nelly—the hero and heroine of this book—are poor children earning a living by selling matches. Being beaten one day by a cruel father, they run away from home. They are often near starvation, and Benny is once tempted to steal to get bread for his sister. Though Benny's heart is most broken by poor Nellie's death, he lives to be a good and successful man. It is a sound and wholesome story.

*Sea-Waif.* This story of the Cornish coast opens with a shipwreck, in which only one life, a little child, is saved. He falls to the tender care of a good woman, whose husband is a smuggler and wrecker. He has many adventures, and finally discovers he is the nephew of a rich gentleman living in Melbourne.

*Dick's Fairy, and other Stories.* Like all Mr. Hocking's previous stories, "Dick's Fairy," and the three briefer ones which follow it, are to be highly commended. They are based on facts illustrative of street life, and they show the elevating power of Christian principle and practice. "Dick's Fairy" is most thrilling, and gives a grand meaning to the promise, "A little child shall lead them." "That this book," says the author, "may contribute something towards the spread of that kingdom which is righteousness and peace is my chief desire."

*Alec Green* is another story of Cornish and sea-faring life—of peril and wreck—of adventure and incident. Will be a favourite with all boy-readers.

*Clips: A Story of Manchester Life. And Poor Mike: The Story of a Waif,* are two smaller books, pp. 87 and 83. They give touching sketches of life among the lowly, which cannot fail to enlarge the sympathies of youthful readers, and teach lessons of gentleness and truth.

## The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Birds.

BY M. M.

WHEN Fred Evans was a boy he lived in the country. I had almost said in the woods. Newspapers were not so common then as now, and I suppose he never even heard Mr. Bergh's name mentioned, so his "society" was an entirely original idea.

Fred had five brothers, some older, some younger than himself, and there was quite a number of small boys in the neighborhood besides. Such good times as they had in the woods and fields! Bird-nesting, squirrel-hunting, nutting—the year was full of delightful diversions.

Fred loved the woods and everything in them with all his heart, and the cruelty that was often shown the dear patient little birds hurt him more than he could say. He has often wished he could do something to prevent it, and one day as Spring was coming on, meditating and whittling, he thought it all out.

There was no use "preaching" to the youngsters, they would only laugh and go their own way; so Fred was wise in his generation, and caught them with guile. Some square pieces of white paste-board were procured, and neatly prepared for cards of invitation. They were printed in a round, boyish hand, and cost Fred a great deal of trouble:

"You are invited to come to a meeting to form a society, Saturday afternoon, at one o'clock. Be sure and come early."

Saturday came; so did all the boys in the neighbourhood, full of curiosity to learn the object of the "meeting." Fred had kept it a profound secret, even from his brothers.

Very properly, the exercises were opened with a speech. Fred was the speaker.

"I say, boys, we ought to have a society—a regular society, you know, with a president and all them things."

It wasn't a very long speech you will perceive, but Fred knew his audience better than some older orators do.

"Hurrah!" "Jolly!" "Good for you!" "Just the thing!" were some of the exclamations which showed Fred that he had the public ear.

"What's it to be called?" "What's it for?" were questions that speedily followed. Encouraged by the interest displayed, Fred plunged at once into the middle of things. "Well, boys, I go for the birds, and I don't care who knows it; and what's more, I don't believe there's a feller here mean enough to want to hurt one of the pretty little things if he only stops to think. They don't never do any body any harm, and I think the woods wouldn't be much 'count without 'em."

Joe Wilkins gave a prolonged whistle, but nobody minded him.