

solitary and alone, and finds not this Divine presence! He may be a king on his throne, a despotic ruler in his office, a monarch in his store, a tyrant in his workshop, but here he is so dwarfed, made so small, if he have any soul at all, he is humbled

and made reverent at this marvellous manifestation of superior power, might, and greatness.

"Few are the spots so deathly still,
So wrapt in deep eternal gloom;
No sound is heard of sylvan rill,
A voiceless silence seems to fill
The air around this rocky tomb."

THE BIRDS OF THE CROSS.

BY PASTOR FELIX.

While in His agony the Saviour hung,
Three wandering birds alighted on His cross,
"Styrk ham! Styrk ham!" the foremost cried,
"Strengthen our Saviour in this crushing woe."
It was the Stork; and ever since that hour
Of strength and blessing hath that bird been named.

Then cried the second, circling in distress,—
"Sval ham! Sval ham! Sval ham!" Yet again
"Refresh Him! 'Tis our suffering Saviour dear!
Behold Him dying!" 'Twas the Swallow spake:
And ever since that hour the sons of men
Look on the Swallow with a loving eye.

The Turtle-dove came fluttering when she saw
Our suffering Lord's distress, and softly cried:
"Kyrie! Oh Kyrie! Oh, my dying Lord!"
And dear the Turtle-dove is to our heart.
The Crossbill came and made a loud lament,
Twisting his beak to pluck the nails away;
And well that bird for ever shall loved.

Then darkly swept, upon ill-omen'd wing,
One crying,—"*Puen ham! Puen ham!*" harsh and long;
"Punish and torture Him, who hangs accursed!
That Arch-deceiver bleeding on the tree!"
Then off he flew; and ever since that hour,
The Lapwing flies, a crying, evil bird,
Low over earth upon a halting wing.

Be comforted, ye sympathetic souls,
Who to the pained your consolation bring,
And to the hurt your healing! Joy to you,
Ye cheerful souls, who scatter wide your cheer
Ye pitying ones, be pitied in your woe;
Ye loving ones, be loved;—for ever dear
The generous spirit is to errant man.

But woe to you, bird of the doleful cry!
And woe to you, scornful and saturnine,
Vindictive and incriminative soul,
Who makest thyself Judge, and criest blame!
For thou art loved by neither God nor Man,
Nor findest mercy where thou hast not shown.