

that I may apprehend that for which also I was apprehended by Christ Jesus. Brethren, I count not myself yet to have apprehended ; but one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind and stretching forward to things which are before, I press on towards the goal unto the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

P. S. CAMPBELL.

SONG OF THE PEE-DEE-DEE.

A bird sat singing alone on a limb,
A sweet, little, plaintive, woodland hymn ;
And its bright eyes sparkled with glad delight,
As it plumed its pinions of grey and white.
" Pee-dee-dee ! 'tis a pleasant thing,
Here, midst the rustling leaves, to sing ;
With the blue sky above me so soft and clear,
And the murmuring rivulets singing near ;
With beautiful blossoms everywhere
Loading with perfume the balmy air ! "

And the gushing trill of the happy bird
Again the o'erhanging foliage stirred.

A sour-faced man with a gloomy eye
Chanced to be sauntering slowly by ;
And he paused as the music so soft and clear,
Of the blithe little warbler met his ear.
—He paused, looked up, but soon looked down,
And darker still grew his heavy frown :—
" I cannot imagine, indeed," quoth he,
" Why such noisy, troublesome things should be !
" I'd give a dollar to have my gun—
" I'd soon put a stop to his boisterous fun ! "

" Pee-dee-dee ! " sang the sweet-voiced bird,
" For your ear, good friend, I've a little word :—
There's a thorn in your breast ! there is gloom on
your brow,
And your spirit is darkened by shadows now.