

talk: "The peace that God gives his children does indeed pass all understanding." It seems strange that that little simple song should reach my heart, when sermons had been in vain, and even the tender pleadings of my parents had passed uncared for. You have led me to my Heavenly Father; how can I sufficiently thank you?"

Tears of joy many times prevented Fanny from reading the glad news. She could only fall on her knees and thank God from her heart that even that day at the dinner-party she had been able to do something for his glory. Years have passed. Wallace holds an important and responsible position, but is still keeping the treasure he found at that Christmas-party long ago, and is growing strong in all Christian virtues; while Fanny, still Fanny Ellis, is trying more than ever to do all she can to help others heavenward, and is still happy and contented, learning more and more the secret of a happy life:

"Just to let thy Father do
What he will:
Just to know that he is true,
And be still.
Just to follow hour by hour, as he leadeth:
Just to draw the moment's power, as it
needeth
Just to trust him, that is all!
Then thy day shall surely be
Peaceful whatso'er befall,
Bright and blessed, calm and free."

The Doxology.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE CIVIC ELECTION, 1887.

At a meeting, held in Shaftesbury Hall, immediately following the announcement of the election of W. H. Howland, Esq., as Mayor of Toronto, by a majority of 2,200 over his opponent, Mr. Blain, who had been brought out and supported by the liquor men of the city; just as Mr. Howland came on the platform, some one started the "Long Metre Doxology," and in a moment the whole audience, numbering between two and three thousand, were on their feet, joining in with a heartiness and good-will that showed their entire sympathy with the spirit and sentiment of the hymn. It was a scene long to be remembered by all who were present and had the pleasure of blending their voices in Bishop Ken's grand Doxology.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
The time, the place, the cause, the men;
The bitter strife of "wrong," to show
That "licensed sin" (by tongue and pen)
Had claim to rule; that honest Right
Must yield the lead to Mammoned Might.

"Praise God," yes praise him! How they sang!
They saw his hand, and owned his power;
With trustful hope, their voices rang,
With triumph, praising for this hour,—
This laurel on our city's brow,—
That God can trust Toronto now.

"Praise him all creatures here below,"
And flashing up before them came
A vision of the want and woe,
The weary sin and bitter shame,
That keeps his "creatures" all their days
From joining in their Maker's praise.

The demon Rum, with fostered power
And prestige, legalized by time,
Hath spread o'er all his cursed dower
Of pauperism, hate, and crime,
Till God forgotten—mortals sit
And love this demon of the pit.

"Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;"
Yes, earth and heaven blend songs to-
night;
In glad "new song" the seraphs boast:
"Toronto, true to God and Right;"
They sing with rapture, all abroad:
"Her sons and daughters honour God."

And other "harpers" join the strains,
And other voices shout the songs,
That thrill along the heavenly plains,
And our "Doxology" prolongs;
"Praise him," the ransomed fathers sing;
"Our worthy children tribute bring."

"Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;"
Faith saw the "day" when "God shall
reign,"

And schemes and schemers and the host
Of trucklers, who for sin and gain,
Would rob our homes of "virtue's" crown,
Before Omnipotence go down.

If all who own his name were true,
Then God could work, and sin would end;
The Right would stand in clearer view,
And truth and righteousness would blend
To make our city—by its worth—
The pride and glory of the earth.

—L. A. Morrison.

Toronto, Jan. 8th, 1887.

—Guardian.

How Bobolink Paid his Debt.

"He is going to put out the eyes of that poor little bird," said Henry Oliver to his sister Maria.

"Oh, how cruel and bad he is!" replied Maria.

The two children were playing in a balcony which overlooked the neighbouring area. For some days they had been interested in watching a poor little Bobolink which hung in a cage almost within their reach. The bird had been lately caught and was unused to captivity, therefore it did not sing, and the cruel boy who had caught it tried by various torments to compel his helpless little prisoner to do so. More than once a cat had sprung on the cage and, thrusting in its claws, had chased poor little Bobby from side to side. Then the bird had uttered shrill cries of distress. Thus John Roe had taken up the idea that fright and torture would compel the poor bird to sing.

Day after day Henry and Maria had watched him drive Bobby with a stick from perch to perch and all round the cage. They had seen him take a slender willow twig and try to whip the innocent captive, and their sympathies had been greatly roused. Now on this particular Saturday morning, being freed from the restraints of school, he was torturing poor Bobby.

"I have heard," said John Roe, "that they put out birds' eyes to make them sing, and I want to have the fun to-day."

"Oh, don't! don't do such a thing!" cried Henry and Maria in chorus from the balcony adjacent.

"Like to know what business it is of yours," said John.

"Why do you wish to do it?" asked Henry, becoming cooler as he considered that he had indeed no right to interfere.

"I can't sell him unless he will sing," answered John.

"Oh, let us buy him—we will buy him," cried little Maria.

"The money is what I want," said John, "else I will put out his eyes."

"How much do you ask?" said Henry.

"Three dollars is the least I will take, and if I can't get that I will take out my spite on him. I won't have all my trouble for nothing."

"We will buy him," said little Maria, who had begun to cry.

"Hand over your money then," was John's answer.

"Wait a while on us," said Henry.

"Half an hour and no more, and if the money don't come, out the eyes goes." This was John's ultimatum.

Henry and Maria ran to find their mother. She had already noticed poor little Bobby and joined with the children in sympathy for him.

"You know, my dears," she said, "that we have some money put by for excursions. If you had rather save the bird you can do so. Take your choice. Had you rather go on the steamer and have a picnic dinner on the river bank, or would you prefer to have Bobby for a pet?"

"Oh, mamma," said Maria, "the sight would haunt me all the time. I would dream of it every night if I saw that poor little bird tortured and his eyes put out, and felt that we could have saved him and we had not done so."

"Let us buy him," said Henry, who felt as much as Maria, though he expressed himself more coolly.

"That is right, my dears," said the kind mamma. "I like to see you unselfish. I like to see you deny yourselves for the sake of others."

"We love poor little Bobby, too," said warm-hearted Maria.

"Here is the money," said Mrs. Oliver, placing three dollars in Henry's hand.

With delight the children ran back to complete their kindly purpose, and in a few minutes Bobby's cage was hung in the sunshine in an upper balcony to which no cat could gain access. And now the children's pleasure was to cater to his desires and to find for him whatever he liked. Chickweed, strawberries, lumps of sugar, and every other delicacy were given to him. Above all, he was left in peace. They even introduced into the cage a branch of a cherry-tree covered with leaves and fruit and large enough for Bobby to feel sheltered and at rest amid its foliage.

In a few days when the children came from school Bobby welcomed them with song; and, having once commenced, his cheerful voice was constantly heard, while their amusement was great to perceive that, whenever John Roe appeared in sight below, the bird uttered cries of anger and distress.

It so happened that across the area and into the rear balcony of a house opposite a bridge had been placed for the convenience of the children of the

two families. Frequently they crossed from one dwelling to the other and often they played and studied together. Bobby was an object of great interest to them all, and he soon came to know each one. Thus the summer months passed happily away and winter came.

About six months after the time when our story opens Henry was crossing on this bridge to visit his young friends in the house opposite. When half way over his foot slipped on the ice, he caught with his hands to a slight projecting edge, and there hung. None saw the accident but the bird, which Maria was feeding at the time. Instantly Bobby sounded his shrill notes of terror and distress. Maria looked round and saw the danger of her brother. She ran across to the spot where he hung, laid herself flat across the bridge, and held and supported his hands in hers. His situation was still perilous, for Maria's strength could not long have sustained him; but Bobby continued his notes of alarm, fluttering up and down in his cage and beating against the bars as though he could have flown to the rescue, until he thus attracted the attention of Mrs. Oliver, who was in the next room. She came in to look what was the matter and perceived the great danger to which both of her children were exposed.

"Hold on, Maria," she said. "Courage, Henry; I will call papa."

Mr. Oliver was just leaving the door, but happily she recalled him in time, and it was not difficult for him to reach the spot and lift Henry to the surface of the bridge and then return for Maria.

When the happy little family were gathered in the evening they discussed the service which Bobby had rendered.

"We can never be too thankful that we pitied his sorrowful captivity," said Mrs. Oliver.

"We loved him," said Maria, "and he has loved us."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

What War Has Done.

In the Napoleonic battles 6,000,000 men were killed; in "the thirty years' war," 12,000,000; under the wars of Sesostris, 15,000,000; in those of Justinian, 20,000,000; in the Jewish wars, 25,000,000; in the Crusades, 80,000,000; and in the Roman wars, 180,000,000. These are estimates, but probably less than the real truth. In all wars since time began 3,500,000,000 of men are supposed to have fallen. This number of men would engirdle the earth, counting ten to a rod, single file, forty-three abreast. What an awful sacrifice to the god of war! and how fearfully the hate of man against his fellows is illustrated by it! But soon—and let us thank God for it—the nations shall learn war no more.

Nothing is so reasonable and cheap as good manners.—*Don Quixote.*