

ample, I watched the noisy, sociable little birds, as they flitted around the eaves of the flat roofs.

Everywhere in Palestine we meet these pleasant companions. I do not think there are many musical birds in Palestine, especially the southern part. We rarely called each other's attention to any morning outburst of melody.

These little sparrows are not songsters in any sense. They keep up an endless chatter and twitter. That is what their name means. "Tzipkor" comes from a verb signifying to chirp. Sound answers to sense. They are without exception the most amusingly restless creatures in existence. The innumerable rush of them continued before the casement always in new combinations. They hopped, they jumped, they flew to another ridge on the roof, flew back again, nodded their heads, cleaned their wings, and kept doing so all the time.

They appeared so thoroughly satisfied, that no one could wonder the Psalmist chose them for his symbol of absolute religious content. The sparrow had "found a house for herself." No one considers these birds any nuisance. No one molests them. They build their nests everywhere close under the eaves of dwellings and mosques.

"EVEN THINE ALTARS."

When we were in Cairo we observed that the fine domes of the citadel mosque were almost crowded with nests. We are told that all the people of the East, Mussulman and Christian, considered them so harmless that it would be an act of cruelty and irreverence to drive them forth from even the houses of worship.

They thronged all the structure in Haram area. And one could not keep the familiar verses out of his mind. The Psalmist longed for the amiable tabernacles of God, and envied the satisfied peace of the birds who found nests where they could lay their young, "even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God."

It is not easy to understand how one of these busybodies can ever be "alone upon the housetop." But long residents in Syria told me that oftentimes when a sparrow loses her mate, she will sit perched away from all the rest, moody and sad, and mourn hour after hour over the bereavement. No one who has ever listened to the plaintive little chirp, will be at a loss to understand the ancient allusion:

"As on some lonely building's top
The sparrow tells her moan,
Far from the tents of joy and hope,
I sit and grieve alone."

FOUR FOR A CENT.

Our Lord must have spoken of the market value of the sparrows for food twice, for we find Matthew reporting that he rated them two for a farthing, and Luke five for two farthings. When things come to a miserable price like either of these, it matters little whether one is anywhere near accurate.

There is hardly any meat on the wiry little bones of these birds. Indeed, the way to deal with them is to cook them nearly whole and bite them in segments. They scoop them up at table in the East with a spoon as one would help to shrimps, and eat them, bones and all.

We saw at Beirut, great strings of them, plucked and trussed on a sharpened stick cut with a fork in it—almost exactly as boys bring in their chubs and dace after fishing in the country millbrooks. The price has

hardly varied in all these years; for a dozen of them could be bought for a couple of French sous—two cents.

So we reach the sense of the comfort in our Lord's words. Not one of these insignificant creatures falls to the ground "without your Father. Fear ye not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows."

FOWLERS AND SNARES.

Of course any attack with shot-guns would be ruinous to game of this size. They are taken only by nets, springs, traps, decoys, and bird-lime. In these there is nothing new and singular in Eastern ingenuity; they all are similar to our own. And the allusions to snares in the Bible, are not at all recondite or obscure. Bedouin boys are said to construct cages with falls, so as that the bird's weight springs a catch, and so takes him.

Bird-lime was new to me. A branching twig was cut, and set in the fork of a tree where the sparrows were wont to come. But this was first covered with a most sticky, glutinous substance. And then, when in flying by it a bird happened even to touch it with foot or wing, so tough would be the hold that the feeble little creature would not be able to disentangle the feathers. Every effort only rendered the matters worse and fixed the adhesion. Thus I have seen twenty on one branch or a half-dozen twigs. All the fowler had to do was to pluck them off afterwards, like so many chestnuts or plums.

I find no allusion plainly (in so many words) made to this method of snaring. I suppose all those figures as to one's soul escaping, "like a bird," would be in point. If a sparrow is able to wrest himself away, he would be frightened enough to be on his guard again, perhaps. Israel once "trembled like a bird out of Egypt."

I recalled at the time only one line from Shakespeare, picturing the entanglements of the spiritual life of man: "O limed soul, that, struggling to be free, art more engaged!"—*Christian Weekly*.

Loyalist Days.

*In Memory of the United Empire Loyalists.
Dedicated to their Descendants.*

This fine poem was read at the late U. E. Loyalist celebration at Toronto.

THE earliest ages claim immortal heroes.
Among the stars great conquerors' names
are found.

The hosts of Israel sing, "Arise, Jehovah,"
The dust they trod is consecrated ground.
Greece is one shrine of earth's anointed
warriors,

Our souls are with their self-devotion
thrilled;

A thought of Regulus lights up the grandeur
Which lingers round the city seven-hilled.

The last "Adieu" of Roland's silvery bugle
Is heard amid the snowy Pyrenees;
A voice floats from the rugged slopes of
Sempach

On every waft of mountain-hallowed
breeze.

The heavens bow with majesty of triumph,
The ocean winds those sounds of victory
keep.

The muffled drums of armaments are rolling,
The sea-kings hear the clarions of the deep.

O'er pathless cliffs and storm-embazoned
ramparts,

Above the flow of an impetuous tide,
The banners of rich sunset cloud saluted
The *fleur-de-lis*, the New World's virgin
bride.

The dawn mist hung around the plains of
Abraham,
The tears of war dropped swiftly, brightly
red;

When conquest left the death roll on the altar
The morning light its purest halo shed.

The river gleams with monumental marble,
While, foaming round the battle-crested
rock,

The regal waves, beneath the heights of
Queenston,

In every ripple write the name of Brock.
Has Laura Secord any living homage?

When strife's tornado burst upon our
shores,

Through lines of sentry and through Indian
forests

That soldier's wife her timely warning
bore.

Has history crowned the staunchly bold
defenders,

Who nobly braved the conflict's darkest
hour—

The men who for the heritage of Britons
Left brightening spheres of stately wealth
and power?

They fought, to live beneath the Old Flag's
shadow,

The scepter'd lions foremost sons were they,
Who halted not at breastworks formed of
bayonets,

Through gates of fire they held their
onward way.

The U. E. Loyalists were never vanquished,
Though many sleep in their blood-
sprinkled ground,

As true as steel, by battle lightnings tem-
pered,

As true as steel, they "unto death were
found."

Their swords were in their own brave keep-
ing buried,

Else from their scabbards they would leap
in flame

To hear the words by recreant statesmen
uttered,

Who would defile the Royalty of Fame.

The vast Dominion from each frontier sum-
mons

A mighty host with memories of the past;
The U. E. Loyalists unfold their banners,
And rouse the echoes with a trumpet blast.

Sons of the brave, remember your fore-
fathers,

Shine kindly words from every warrior
grave;

Shreds of the Union Jack, in battle cloven,
O'er hero dust your glorious records wave.

SOREL, QUE. —*M. Ethelind Kittson.*

The Fifty-Dollar Bill.

MRS. DEAN sat alone in her little kitchen. She never used her parlour. There was the extravagance of the extra fires to be considered; the fact that the best rag-carpet, woven by her own skillful hands, must not be worn out too recklessly; the dread possibility of sunshine fading out the chair covers. Mrs. Dean was an economist. She believed in making everything last as long as it possibly could. And so she made the kitchen her headquarters, and sat there knitting, with her feet comfortably balanced on the stone hearth, the sauce-pan of apples bubbling softly away at the back, and the sound of her husband's axe ringing from the back shed.

She was a little wrinkled-faced woman of fifty, with stiff ribbon bows in her cap, hair that seemed dried up instead of silvered, and keen blue eyes that twinkled as if they had discovered the secret of perpetual motion. To save money was her chief end and aim in life. The very mittens she was knitting were to be sold at the village store in exchange for tea, sugar, spices, and all such necessary groceries. "A penny saved is as good as a penny earned," was the golden rule by which she shaped her life.

"I am glad that I took that money out of the savings bank yesterday," said Mrs. Dean to herself, as the bright needles clicked merrily away. "People say it is not quite safe, and one can't be too careful. But then, again, there's danger of burglars—though, to be sure, no burglar," she added with a

complacent inward chuckle, "would ever think of looking in the folds of the old Clinkerville *Clarion* newspaper, in the wall pocket on the wall. It's the bureau drawers, and trunks, and the locked-up chests they aim for. A fifty-dollar bill—a clean, crisp, new fifty-dollar bill! And all the savings, too, out of the house money."

Just then there sounded a knock at the door, and in came old Dr. Bridgman, rubicund with the touch of the March wind.

"Good day, Mrs. Dean, good day!" said he. "No, thank you; I can't sit down. I'm a deal too busy for that. But I heard yesterday that you took fifty dollars out of the savings bank?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Dean her face hardening. "I did!"

"We are taking up a subscription to get little lame Dick Bodley a cart and donkey, so that he can go round peddling tinware," said the doctor. "It's pretty hard for one afflicted as he is to get along, and if you can help us a little"—

"But I can't," interposed Mrs. Dean, breathlessly. "The money was an investment."

"It's a deed of charity, Mrs. Dean," said the good old man, "to help old Dick Bodley."

"I dare say," said Mrs. Dean, a little irritably. "But I never pretended to be a charitable character."

The old doctor went away, and the next visitor was Helen Hurst, a rosy girl of eighteen.

"Excuse me for interrupting you, Mrs. Dean," said she, "but Larry Johnson was at the bank yesterday, and he tells me you drew out your money!"

"Was all creation there?" thought Mrs. Dean.

But she said nothing, only knit away until her needles seemed to glance and glitter like points of fire.

"I am trying to get a boarding place at Mrs. Swipes," added Helen coloring, "so as to be near the district school, where I am to teach this spring. But Mrs. Swipes requires payment in advance by the month, and unfortunately we have used up all our slender means in providing my outfit. A teacher, you know, must be dressed decently. But if you will kindly lend me ten dollars"—

"I never lend," said Mrs. Dean, curtly.

"I will be sure to pay it, when I receive my first quarter's salary," pleaded Helen.

"It's altogether against my principles," said Mrs. Dean, with her face as hard as if it had been carved out of hickory.

Helen Hurst crept out, feeling humiliated and disappointed beyond all expression.

Mrs. Dean chuckled at her own shrewdness; but she hardly had time to stir up the apples in the sauce-pan before Mrs. Graham entered with a little leather-covered memorandum book and pencil.

"I am looking for charitable people," said the equire's wife with a laugh.

"Then you've come to the wrong place," said Mrs. Dean frigidly.

"Poor Patrick O'Hara was killed yesterday in the machinery of the rolling mill," said Mrs. Graham, ignoring her neighbour's response. "He has left a wife and eight children totally destitute."

"And whose fault is that?" said Mrs. Dean.