



SNOWBIRDS.

THE SNOWBIRD.

In the rosy light trills the gay swallow,

The thrush in the roses below;

The meadow-lark sings in the meadow,

But the snowbird sings in the snow.

Ah me!

Chicadee!

The snowbird sings in the snow!

The blue martin trills in the gable,

The wren in the gourd below;

In the elm flutes the golden robin,

But the snowbird sings in the snow.

Ah me!

Chicadee!

The snowbird sings in the snow!

High wheels the gray wing of the osprey,

The wing of the sparrow drops low;

In the mist dips the wing of the robin,

And the snowbird's wing in the snow.

Ah me!

Chicadee!

The snowbird sings in the snow!

I love the high heart of the osprey,

The meek heart of the thrush, below,

The heart of the lark in the meadow,

And the snowbird's heart in the snow.

But dearest to me,

Chicadee! Chicadee!

Is that true little heart in the snow.

"WHAT WILL THEY SAY ABOUT IT?"

When Lewis Ormsby was one day urging his schoolmate, Fred Harmon, to become a Christian, Fred, who had a strong desire to be a better boy, said in reference to his playmates: "What will they say about it?"

"No matter what they say about it," replied Lewis. "Do as you think that you ought to do, and do not be influenced by fears of what others may think or say or do."

And Lewis was right. There are many who continue in wrong doing because they are afraid of what some one will say if they try to do right. How strange that they do not stop to consider what good people think of them while they keep on sinning! Why do they not ask: "What will my parents and friends think of me? What will God think of me?"

The true question is not, "What will people say about it?" but "What is right?" It is not always easy to do right; but it is always safe, and it is the only safe way; and as far as the difficulty of right doing is concerned, God always helps every one who tries in the right way. How can anything be really difficult when God helps?

Suppose we are laughed at for being Christians. Who is harmed by it? Those who laugh. It hurts them, but does not damage us. True, it is not pleasant to be ridiculed; but, for Christ's sake, we can endure it. Ridicule is but a slight thing compared to what many have suffered for Jesus.

IN CAPTIVITY.

Janie Lindsey had a fashion of "going by" with the girls after school, and staying—oh—ever so long! The worst of it was, she had been told again and again not to do so. She always made such good excuses.

"Oh, mamma," she would say, "I was so thirsty! I believe I should have fainted if I hadn't 'gone by' Annie's for a drink;" or, she would say, "Mamma, I just 'went by' Lucy's to see the loveliest of dresses, that she had made for her dolly," and so on, and so on.

Janie's mamma determined to break Janie of this bad habit.

"Janie," said her mamma, one Friday morning, "come straight home from school, I'll have something nice for you this afternoon."

"Yes, ma'am! As soon as school is out, just as sure as my name is Janie Lindsey, I'll fly home to my dear, sweet, good mamma;" and she kissed her mother good-bye, fully intending to do just as she said.

About four o'clock Janie came walking slowly home. "Mamma, I just went by Fannie Stout's to see her new little puppy. Oh, mamma, it's the nicest little white-haired poodle you ever saw; just as soft and downy and—mamma, I—I for-

got! Please forgive me for not coming straight home just this one time! I declare, mamma, I just declare that—"

"That will do, Janie! Come and eat your supper. Your father has been gone three hours, as he couldn't wait for you. He wanted us to go out to auntie's with him and eat some of her nice grapes, peaches and cream, and drive back by moonlight."

"Oh!" and Janie caught her breath. "But, mamma, it isn't supper time yet."

"I know it isn't; but my little daughter is out so much that I know she must be very tired. So, as I had to stay at home and wait for her I prepared an early supper of milk and bread for her, so that she could eat and go right to bed. Eat your supper."

Janie knew, from the tone of her mother's voice, that she was in earnest; so she ate her bread and milk without another word.

"Come, my dear," and Janie followed her mother up to her own dear little room, which had never seemed hateful before. "Here is your gown. Put it on; and, when you have prayed, get in bed. Now, I will close the door and nobody shall disturb you," and mamma was gone.

Well! Of all the funny things this was the funniest. Janie did not know whether to laugh or to cry, and she felt very much like doing both. At length she fell asleep, and dreamed that she was Joseph in prison, and that Pharaoh had just sent for her to tell him the meaning of his dream—when she awoke.

Janie got right out of bed and down on her knees, and was asking God so earnestly to help her obey her mother and come straight home from school that she didn't hear the door open and shut as her mother came in. She got into bed again, and then she saw her mother.

"Oh, mamma, I know what it means!" she exclaimed. "I'm in captivity. When the children of Israel disobeyed God, he let them go into captivity; and I've been so disobedient, mamma, that I'm in captivity suffering for it. But you are going to give me my freedom, aren't you?"

"Not to-day."

Janie raised half up in bed, and looked as if she couldn't believe what she had heard. "What, mamma!" she cried, "are you going to keep me in captivity sure enough?"

"Yes, dear, you must suffer for your disobedience."

Janie spent the whole day in captivity. Her mother sent up her meals, and at bed-time had another long talk with her. Janie was up bright and early the next morning, and was ready for Sunday-school in good time. From that day to this Janie has never "gone by" with one of the girls without her mother's permission.