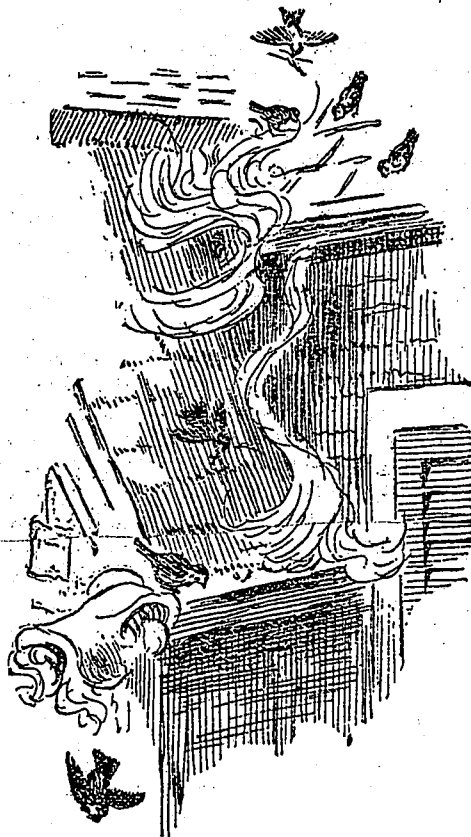


this continent. 'I have never yet been able,' says an expert observer, 'to trap suburban sparrows by any device whatever. Last spring as an experiment, I spread oats, untrapped, and unpoisoned, in my garden. The sparrows, fearing some plot, never touched an oat.'

HOW A NUISANCE MAY BE ABATED.

'One day a casual flock of snowbirds settled on the oats. The sparrows waited just long enough to make sure that these visitors were unharmed, then swept down on the grain and finished it.'

By a device like the old-fashioned pigeon-net the sparrow may, however, be trapped in quantities, and then mercifully killed, and, in some localities, used for food. Their nests, too, may be systematically destroyed; either method, followed without wantonness, is assuredly justifiable. Our native birds



ON THE ROOF.

may be aided also by stopping and preventing wild-land fires, by repressing predatory cast, and that scourge, the unlawful 'egg-collector,' and by protecting about cities the little owls, the sharp-shinned hawk and shrike. In addition to this there is no reason why our young men who are constantly shooting game should not wage constant war against these sparrows. They make as good eating as sand-birds.

Let me add that if our Agassiz Societies will concertedly ask the Division of Economic Ornithology, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D.C., the question: 'What shall we do to protect American birds from the English sparrow?' and then act in the right spirit on the answer returned to them, we may yet have all about us our dear native birds again.

FLETCHER OSGOOD.

The Astronomy Of Holiness.

Thou centre of all time and space,
Thou throne of law, thou fount of grace,
Thou meeting-point of heaven and earth,
Thou lightning-rod, 'neath skies wrath-riven,
Thou altar, where Christ died for me,
My soul salutes Thee—Calvary.
—Christian Ambassador.

Preserved Dates.

(Mary E. Q. Brush in 'Congregationalist'.)

The sleighing was poor and the old cutter went bumpety-bump over frozen ruts and wayside stones upon which the early morning frost still lay like soft, white plush. Delight was so busily engaged in thinking that she quite forgot the jolting, and as she sat there, her dark eyes sparkling, her round cheeks pinched a cherry red, her hair straying in little, fluttering curls from out the border of her white hood, she made such a pretty picture that the passers-by, in looking at her, never thought of the old, moth-eaten buffalo robe and the queer, clumsy cutter with the paint worn from its sides.

'January the seventh!' Delight had said that morning. 'A whole week of the new year gone! Maybe, seeing it's so late in the season, I can get a real nice diary very cheap; I should think they'd mark 'em down low, as they do everything else.'

But when, two hours later, Delight returned from town and entered the house, there was a look of dissatisfaction on her face. The diary she drew from her muff and tossed contemptuously into her little cherry desk was very inferior looking indeed.

'I suppose it was silly of me to think that maybe my thirty cents would buy a nice, white and gold diary with ribbon bows, hand-painted calendar and all that!' she exclaimed, sadly, as she removed her wraps and curled herself up in a comfortable, round ball in the big rocking-chair.

The house was very quiet. Grandma was upstairs taking her afternoon nap. It was not time yet for the children to be home from school.

'I don't see why I was named Delight,' the young girl soliloquized. 'I'm sure there isn't much "delight" in my life! Delight Partridge is a queer combination, anyhow. Tom says it makes him think of a "game supper." No, there isn't much real delight in my life. Here am I, eighteen years old, with lots of cares that other girls don't have. It's four years since mother died, and they've been hard years, too. Sometimes I've been so discouraged! Yet it seems as though I'd done the best I could. I've watched over grandma, tried to make things comfortable for father, and then the children—my, haven't they been a care! Tom rough and noisy; Adele, teasing for this and that to wear; and the twins forever bursting off buttons!

'I don't know what I'd do if it weren't for the beautiful thoughts that come to me sometimes. There are nights when I am up in my room alone and can look out of the window and see the whole valley lying white and still; the dark blue sky bends very low then and heaven doesn't seem to be very far away; the moonlight shines down brightly, and all across the white snow are glittering pathways of silver. Then the first days in early spring, when the sunlight and warmth are so pleasing that it seems good to be alive. The trees down by the river wear a light green veil and the apple orchard is a huge pink and white bouquet.

'I wonder if grandma felt as I do when she was young—or old Mrs. Deacon Tait.' (Here a little gurgle of laughter ran down Delight's white throat.) 'Mrs. Tait showed me her diary one day. It ran something like this: "Dec. 1. Made four mince pies and two apple. Fixed a feather-tick. Dec. 2. Baked beans and had a boiled dinner and patched the deacon's overalls in the seat. Dec. 3. Deacon killed the hogs and I tried out the lard. Dec. 4. Made sausages and liverwurst."

'Who cares if she did? I don't care whether or not my descendants know just the date I "tried out lard," but I would like them to know of some beautiful day when I was happy and at peace with all things; when earth and sky—yes, and myself—were at their best. That's what I want a nice, big diary for—to put down my thoughts and feelings; and now to think of that miserable little book with two days on one page—O, dear!'

The clock chimed in with Delight's exclamation by striking the hour of four, and a few minutes later the children trooped in from school.

'I've got a new piece to speak next Friday,' said thirteen-year-old Tom, as he strutted out into the kitchen, his hands thrust in his pockets and his eyes fixed complacently on his legs (Tom had celebrated the new year by donning long trousers).

'What is your "piece"?' Delight asked.

'Kind of old-fashioned thing, but pretty good; I've got it about learned.' And, striking an attitude against the sink, Tom began:

'We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;

In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives

Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

And he whose heart beats the quickest, lives the longest;

Lives in one hour more than in years do some,

Whose fat blood sleeps as it slips along their veins.

Life is but a means unto an end; that end, Beginning, mean, and end to all things—God.

The dead have all the glory of the world.'

Delight paused midway in the kitchen, the red tea-caddy in her hand. Something in her nature thrilled responsively at the noble words. She pondered over them as she waited on the family at the table, pouring out the tea, spreading innumerable slices of bread and butter. Later in the evening, with a possible half-hour of her own, she was still thinking of Tom's 'piece' as she sat down by her desk and drew out her new little diary.

Tom, glancing up from his algebra, caught sight of the dingy gilt '1898.' 'New diary, eh? Little one, isn't it! But,' with a roguish twinkle in his eyes, 'I say, Delight, it's just big enough to have you put down one thing in it—my birthday! Next Thursday, no matter what the weather! I am to have a cake—cocoanut, with frosting a mile thick. I want a gold collar button, too, and a necktie and anything else that my loving relatives think of! Don't forget the date, the twelfth.'

Delight sat very quietly at her desk, but into her face came the glow of sudden inspiration. It was born of the grand words of Tom's 'piece,' followed by his own gay suggestion.

'I wanted to put myself into my diary,' she said, mentally, 'but it will be far better to put other folks in!'

She turned over the thin pages and drew a circle round the date of Tom's birthday, then followed on till she came to her father's, Feb. 1. The twins came in March; Adele, as Tom sometimes said, wickedly, 'came near being a fool, but, fortunately, not quite!' Her birthday was on April 2. Delight ran over the names of her various relatives. She was surprised to find out how few she remembered.

'I must find out every one!' she said, emphatically. 'Of course, I can't send them