

## SNOW BIRDS.

THESE welcome little visitors come to us from the frozen regions of the North just as the ground is being strowed with autumn leaves. Their migrations extend from the Arctic to the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, spreading over the whole breadth of the United States.

At first they are generally seen on the borders of woods, among falling and decayed leaves, in loose flocks of thirty or forty together, always taking to the trees when disturbed. But it is when the cold blasts of winter have swept down from the North, bringing with them the first snow clouds, that they collect about our houses and out-buildings, coming to our very door steps to glean the crumbs and get acquainted, skipping about as airily in the light snow as if a part and parcel of its feathery nature, and warbling now and then a low, sweet, plaintive song, or repeating a soft, whistling call-note to each other. They seem particularly sprightly and active just after a fresh fall of snow, and flit about from bush to bush with apparent delight, picking berries and seeds of various kinds of weeds, as represented by our artist, twittering and chirping all the while in a very happy, social, and confiding way. But when the weather begins to warm they retreat to the thickets and woods again, preferring shade to sunshine, and soon take themselves off to the North and the high ranges of mountains where they build their nests and rear their young, but not without leaving a pure, sweet influence behind them.

There must be something in the temperature of the blood or constitution of these tiny brown coats which unfits them for warmth and sunshine, for the country abounds with a great variety of food of which during their stay they appear to very fond. For my part I always liken these winter visitants to certain friends who are never drawn to you, in fact, you think little about them, when the air is full of summer, and the sky bends lovingly; it is not their nature to bask in the sunshine except of their own making. But when adverse winds blow, when clouds gather and the storm really bursts, after which you sit desolate and alone in the chill of winter, then these shadows attract them and they come to you like the snow-birds, flitting about you with healing touch, warbling their low, sweet melodies just attuned to the sobbing heart, drawing you out of your dreary self, lifting you up above the shadows. They are your winter friends; they are white-breasted snow-birds.

Now let me tell you a secret—a secret worth knowing. This looking forward to enjoyment does not pay. From what I know of it I would as soon chase butterflies for a living, or biddle moonshine for cloudy nights. The only true way to be happy, is to take the drops of happiness as God gives them to us every day of our lives. The boy must learn to be happy while he is plodding over his lessons; the apprentice, while he is learning his trade; the merchant, while he is making his fortune. If he fail to learn this art, he will be sure to miss his enjoyment when he gains what he has sighed for.

## EASTER IN JERUSALEM.

BY MISS LYDIA M. FINKELSTEIN.



ASTER is observed in various forms by the Christian world, but nowhere is the season more exciting than at Jerusalem. The Roman Catholic Church perform a ceremony of crucifying a life-sized image, which is borne on a large cross through the church, and, taking it off, they lay it in the tomb, amidst the weeping of the deluded pilgrims. But the Greek church does not recognize images. They perform their services by carrying large silk banners, bearing, painted on them, representations of the Crucifixion. Their great exciting day in Jerusalem is that of the Holy Fire. There is a tradition which says that once, centuries ago, fire was seen issuing from the tomb of Christ, and ever since then it breaks out every Saturday before Easter.

The city on that day is in great excitement. Thousands of pilgrims and spectators hurriedly wend their way through the crowded streets to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Almost every language is heard, and every style of feature, complexion, and attire may be studied in this motley assemblage. Every nook and corner of this great complex Church is filled with crowds, having hardly breath-room; for they are packed against each other like sardines. Galleries, windows, balconies, chapels, the rotunda—in fact, all standing-room is occupied. Boys and agile young men climb up the lofty pillars and cling to the capitals in a marvelous manner.

The domed chapel enclosing the tomb stands in the middle of the rotunda. A mass of pilgrims are pressed against its walls, totally encircling it, and a narrow space is kept clear between the pressing crowds on the other sides by Turkish soldiers, with bayonets, who stand against the multitude like a solid wall. This would-be lane is kept clear for the procession to pass through. All the lights in the church are put out, and every pilgrim carries a large packet of wax tapers, waiting to light them with the holy fire. Meanwhile the noise and confusion is terrible. Hundreds of young men, bare-legged and scantily clothed, rush, in the clear space, round and round the tomb, yelling, clapping their hands, and shouting in Arabic: "Oh! Jews! your feast is the devil's. Our feast is Christ's. He redeemed us with his blood. He bought us. To-day we are happy, and you Jews are miserable."

Jews are not allowed ever to enter the church of the Sepulchre, and would be driven out and beaten if one accidentally strayed into it; but on this Holy Fire Day the fanaticism of the so-called Christians is so great that a Jew would be torn to pieces if recognized there.

A great many gymnastic feats are performed by the young men, such as standing on each other's shoulders, sometimes four at a time, and then they thus run round the Sepulchre at a hazardous rate, shouting, yelling, and clapping their hands, some throwing their caps up in the air, while the women sing that peculiar Oriental

"Lu, lu, li!" in a very high key. The service commences by a grand procession of priests and choristers, gorgeously robed, some swinging golden censers, the incense rising in clouds of smoke; others bearing immense silk banners, with representations of the sufferings of our Lord. Following these are a procession of laymen, who are descendants of the oldest Greek families in the country. Each one bears his family banner, having painted on it representation of the Passion scenes. These banners have descended from family to family for generations, and some of them display real artistic taste; many of them are also elaborately embroidered in gold.

Then comes the Patriarch of Jerusalem, an old man, with a long, white beard, and snowy locks hanging down his back. He is clad in pure white, flowing robes, and wears a jeweled crown on his head. Bishops, priests, and deacons follow, in their magnificent canonicals of purple and gold, and their long hair streams down their backs. In the Greek and Russian churches priests and monks cultivate the growth of their hair, and some of them have such beautiful, thick, long tresses as to rival any woman's. This grand procession goes around the tomb three times, solemnly chanting. Then the Patriarch stops before the entrance of the Sepulchre, and a bishop removes his crown, while two others lead him to the door, where he kneels for a second; then, rising, he crosses himself and enters alone, and the door is closed.

The thousands of exultant voices are hushed for a moment, and only prayers are uttered in whispers. Everybody is holding their bundle of tapers in readiness. Near the two apertures on each side of the tomb—one belonging to the American congregation and the other to the Greek—stand the shouting young men, with outstretched arms, holding the tapers. A clear, narrow passage is formed through this crowd, so that the first one obtaining the fire can rush out. This person is a priest, from Bethlehem, who stands with a large bunch of tapers near the aperture.

Suddenly a light shines out, followed by a shout from the vast assemblage and singing of the women, which seems to shake the whole stone building. The priest rushes madly through the crowd, waving his lighted torch over his head, and, mounting his horse, standing at the court door, hastily speeds off to Bethlehem. The pilgrims and worshippers seem frantic, as they dance, leap, and shout, rushing at headlong pace round and round. In a few moments the Holy Fire spreads from hand to hand, and the whole Church, from top to bottom, blazes with thousands of lights. Every corner and crevice is ablaze, and the yelling, screaming, shouting, ringing of the bells, and singing, is deafening. An artist wishing to paint a picture of Hell, would have a perfect illustration from one of the balconies overlooking this scene. The glaring flames; the clouds of smoke; the glittering gold on the robes of the priests; the gleam of the soldiers' bayonets, who were trying to keep order; the frantic yells of men, women, and children, clothed in almost every imaginable costume; people of all nations and colours, dancing and waving their lighted torches round their faces, as they firmly believe that it is pure light

from Heaven, make such a picture as cannot be seen anywhere else in the world. Hundreds rush out into the streets, wildly waving their lights, as they shout: "We are joyful to-day and the Jews are miserable."

To an inexperienced eye it would seem as if this excitement would never abate. The whole city seems in an uproar; but an hour after this a stranger coming into the city and Church would never dream that such an exciting scene had taken place, for the Church is now empty and a perfect calm rests everywhere. The streets are crowded with quiet people, and those young men who made the most noise are calmly attending to their business in their stores or quietly smoking.

At night the Church is again crowded and is brilliantly illuminated from top to bottom. Thousands of lights appear in the immense cut-glass chandeliers, which are suspended from roofs of the chapels, and cast quaint and weird reflections on the worshippers. At midnight, again the grand procession encircles the tomb three times; then the Patriarch, raising his jeweled sceptre, stands near the tomb door and sings, in a clear voice: "Christ is risen! Halleluia!" All those carrying banners strike the marble pavement several times with the ends of the poles and whirl them round, singing: "He is risen, indeed! Halleluia!" The bells ring, and then all proceed to kiss each other—men, women, and children—with the salutation: "Christ is risen!" No person can take offence at being kissed on Easter Day, for in the Greek and Russian Church it is permissible on that day and the succeeding week. Anywhere and at any time any one can go up and kiss whom he pleases, saying "Christ is risen!" and the party kissed must return the salutation, answering: "He is risen, indeed."

## CHARITY.

MEET her coming from the church  
And in the crowded thoroughfare,  
With downcast eyes, a modest mien,  
And tangled locks of sunny hair;  
With calm blue eyes that speak of truth,  
Full honest in their grave intent,  
A face where purity and youth  
Has left its stamp of sweet content.

With her, life is a goodly thing,  
Well spent in raising some poor heart,  
About whose home the sombre wing  
Of sin and sorrow finds a part.  
Her greatest pleasure is to-day,  
Where'er her wandering footsteps tread,  
Out of the worldly mire and clay  
To lift some creature near to God.

—Home Journal.

## GREAT DEEDS BY LITTLE MEN.

JOHN WESLEY was a small man; his brother Charles was a small man; Dr. Coke was a small man; yet these three little men did three big things.

John Wesley founded one of the largest Churches in Christendom.

Charles Wesley wrote seven thousand hymns, some of them the best hymns in the world.

Dr. Coke was the first Bishop of the Methodist Church in America, and was the great founder of modern missions.

We should never be easy in our own feelings, or satisfied with the management of affairs if we had reason to expect the contrary.