

ories of Old Friends," whose author is Caroline Fox.

A paper on "The Proper Use of Meeting Houses," was read by Marianna Hallock. A discussion on the subject followed, and the meeting closed with a silence. B.

Select Recitations for Literary Circles.

DEAD BIRDS AT EASTER.

It was an Easter Sunday, bright and calm,
And life, not death, was the glad theme
that day ;

The air was full of Spring's delicious balm,
The maple buds were dropping on the way
And one sweet leaf with flush of crimson on it
Fell on the dead birds of a woman's bonnet.

What say the bells at these good Easter
times ?

They tell of varquished death and risen life ;
Hush, then, O bells, your inconsistent chimes
You and the dull old world are hard at
strife ;

For surely when the crimson leaf falls on it
I saw dead birds upon a woman's bonnet !

What does it cost, this garniture of death ?
It costs the life which God alone can give ;
It costs dull silence where was music's breath ;
It costs dead joy that foolish pride may live.
Ah, life and joy and song, depend upon it,
Are costly trimmings for a woman's bonnet.

Oh ! who would stop the sweet pulse of a
lark,

That flutters in such ecstasy of bliss ?
Or lay a robin's bright breast cold and stark
For such a paltry recompense as this ?
Oh ! you who love your babies, think upon it,
Mothers are slaughtered just to trim your
bonnet !

Will Herod never cease to rule the land,
That we must slay sweet innocency so ?

Is joy so cheap, or happiness sure planned ?
Tell me, O friend, who art acquint with
woe,
Does thy sad heart proclaim no protest on it ?
Would'st thou slay happiness just for a bon-
net ?

And must God's choirs, that through His for-
ests rove,

Granting sweet matinees to high and low,
Must His own orchestra of field and grove,
Himself their leader, be disbanded so ?
Nay, nay, O God, proclaim Thy ban upon it,
Guard Thy dear birds from sport and greed and
bonnet !

Their fine spun hammocks, swinging in the
breeze,

Should be as safe as babies' cradles are ;
And no rude hand that tears them from the
trees,

Or dares a sweet bird's property to mar,
Deserves a woman's touch or kiss upon it,
Unless she wears dead birds upon her bonnet !

Dead birds ! and dead for gentle woman's
sake,

To feed awhile her vanity's poor breath !
And yet the foolish bells sweet clamor make,
And tell of One whose power hath varquished
death !

Ah ! Easter time has a reproach upon it,
While birds are slain too trim a woman's bon-
net !

—May Riley Smith, in our "Dumb Ani-
mals."

SOME THINGS THAT MAKE ME TIRED.

"Not when it is dangerous to tell the
truth will she lack a prophet, but only
when it is tiresome."

You are not to infer from my begin-
ning with this quotation that truth-tell-
ing is one of the things that make me
tired, unless, by truth-telling, we mean
proclaiming the truth as I see it, to
those who cannot or will not see what
I do, and who persist in believing
theories or advancing arguments that
have been killed—dead—more times
than any nine-lived cat. You have
doubtless heard of the man who tried
to get rid of a very live cat by poison,
by drowning, by chloroform, and how,
finally, all other means failing, he cut
off the cat's head, tied up the pieces in
a bag and threw it overboard. Imagine
the unutterable weariness that fell upon
that man's soul when, on arriving
home, he found that cat perambulating
the front steps, carrying its head in its
mouth ! Imagine that, and know how
the temperance man feels when he
slays a fallacy for the fortieth time.
He feels tired ; the fight becomes mon-
otonous, and presently truth loses her
prophet, not because there is danger in
the service, but because it is tiresome.

It makes me tired to hear the strong
young person say, "I never expect to
drink, but I'm not going to sign any