

papers and close the blinds. The birdies are most all asleep ; once in a while a peep from some half-awake gray bird, but that is all.

Why have I written all this ? Just because it was in my heart to do so for some loved one who has given up all dear home ties and has gone with a message of love and peace to the ends of the earth. It is from *your* window and for your birthday I am writing, dearest. You will recall the days long gone, and perhaps on some homesick evening will take a wee comfort in these birthday greetings from the home nest.

MARY ELLEN HATCH.

" *Woodside,*" *Woodstock, Ont.* .