

Among our other winter-feathered friends are the ever-cheerful chickadee and the somewhat impatient but always interesting white-breasted nuthatch. The white-breast's brother, Master Red-breast, is not quite as hardy as his relative, but he may be found by winter-field wanderers all along the banks of the Ohio until the first touch of spring sends him northward. The nuthatches travel constantly up and down the trunks of trees, picking out from the bark crevices the eggs of the injurious insects that are lodged there. They are rather given to resenting the curiosity of human beings, and, though they will allow you to approach within a few feet of their tree breakfast tables, they will look at you a little indignantly and give vent to a querulous, 'quank, quank.'

The chickadee is another tree gleaner, but he prefers the limbs and the small branches to the great trunk. The chickadee preaches cheerfulness at all seasons. His note is little more than a lisp, but it is one of nature's most delightful sounds when it is heard in the bare winter woodland.

The chickadee wears a black cap, and sometimes in the bitter weather, when the little fellow is seen working his way through the branches with the cold wind muzzing up his feathers, the observer wishes that the bird's cap had little attachments that he might pull down to keep his ears warm.

No person who lives in the country, or even in the suburbs of the big cities, should be without a bird breakfast table. Our little feathered friends from the north, as well as those who stay with us throughout the entire year, often are compelled to go hungry in winter. There is always an abundance of food, but the trouble lies in the fact that the birds cannot always get at it. A rain, followed by severe freezing weather, will cover every exposed seed with a sheathing of ice that defies the stoutest bird-bill to crack. Then it is that the breakfast tables will be crowded with many kinds of hungry guests, who will not fail to whistle a word of thanks for your forethought in providing for their needs.

There is a world of entertainment to be had out of this simple little process of feeding the hungry. Twist up a piece of suet tightly in some wire netting, and hang it by a string to the limb of a tree. The chickadees, the nuthatches, the downy woodpeckers, the bluejays and other winter birds will light on the wire sides, and while swaying and tossing about, will pick the suet out from between the meshes of the wire, and will do it frequently much after the manner of a trapeze performer who hangs from a slender bar by his heels. If small holes are bored in English walnuts the little chickadees, the nuthatches and the golden-crowned kinglets will extract the sweet shell-enclosed morsels with a dexterity that is little short of marvellous. When the shells are picked up they will be found intact, though their interiors have been picked as clean as a whistle. If the walnuts are suspended by strings from the window sash the performance of the birds will be even more amusing, and it will be attended by a constant rat-a-tat-tat at the window pane as the hard shell is knocked backward and forward by the hungry diners. A board placed on the top of a pole or in

a tree and sprinkled with corn, canary and sunflowers seeds will attract jays, grosbeaks, goldfinches and even crows, though it is a brave crow who will venture to approach a dinner table where invited guests are the little creatures who all cordially detest the big fellow, whom they do not hesitate to denounce in season and out to have a character as black as his feathers.

(The pictures in this article are reproduced from 'Birds and Nature,' A. W. Mumford, Chicago.)

The Surrendered Will

(Friendly Greetings.)

It was a pitiful tale. Two days ago there had been a bright light in the eyes, though the face was drawn and haggard from pain and sleeplessness.

'The doctor is coming to-morrow, and then I shall know what to expect. They say he is very clever, and has cured lots of people much worse than me.'

The visitor had promised to call again in a few days and hear his report, though something in the poor woman's expression told all too plainly what the verdict would be.

And now the worst suspicions were confirmed.

'He says there is no hope. We told him we wanted to know the truth, or I think he would have kept it from us. He seemed so sorry to say it.'

And the sister who met her friend with these words put her apron to her eyes and burst into tears.

'It will be nothing but pain, getting worse and worse until it kills her,' she sobbed out.

The lady hastened upstairs to a room where, on a low bed, lay a woman, still youthful-looking, though terribly pale and worn. There was a despondent look on her face, and the smile with which she greeted her visitor was somewhat forced.

'It isn't the pain I mind,' she continued, after repeating over again her sister's words; 'it's leaving the little children that I feel so much. They are so young, and not very strong; but I have taken such care of them! And now I suppose I must die—and what will become of them?'

A look utterly dreary overspread her face. It seemed almost hopeless to try to utter words of cheer or encouragement. Only one thought suggested itself, and that was—God's power to make us willing to accept what it is His will to send us.

Lamely enough it was put before her; and the visit shortly ended in a sort of despair on both sides, in the matter either of giving or receiving sympathy.

The visitor went again; and a look of peace had taken the place of that utter desolation. Patience was doing her 'perfect work.' The pain had been very severe, and by its hard lesson the poor invalid was learning to loosen her hold on life.

'I cannot do anything for the children now, and the pain is almost more than I can bear,' she said. 'I hope God will soon take me home.'

But He would teach her 'greater things than these.'

'I want to be patient, and to leave it all in God's hands—to be willing either to go or to stay as He sees best.' And when that step was reached, all felt that she was 'not far from Home.'

And God did not long delay. He only left her till she had learned to say, without tears, even here, 'Thy will be done'—and then He took her to sing it 'upon a happier shore.'

It has been well said that 'God always takes possession of a surrendered will.' We have only just to yield ourselves to Him, to let go our own self-will, and we shall soon find that He is making it easy, to us to accept His purposes concerning us. The trouble may remain, but the distrustful feeling, which makes it so burdensome, is gone.

'Perfect through suffering.' We trace it even in that Divine Life which was once lived here on earth for us.

'If it is possible, let this cup pass from Me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt,' was the first submissive utterance from the blessed lips.

'If this cup may not pass away from Me, except I drink it, Thy will be done,' was the next step. 'The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?' was the triumphant climax to that glad surrender of heart and will.

In this life it is very much trusting in the dark. 'Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed'—and happy they who, not knowing, have submitted.

'Perfect peace' is a present blessing, while perfect knowledge is yet to come.

And as our Father takes the hand held out to Him in the dark, and leads us on by His own appointed paths, He whispers gently in our ear—

'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.'

The Jewish Sabbath.

(Dr. Burrell.)

The fault-finding Pharisees were so overscrupulous in their observance of the fourth commandment that they loaded it down with extra judicial rites and ceremonies, and so made it a 'weariness' and became therein its bondslaves. To show with what refined absurdities the Sabbath was encumbered, let us quote a little from some of their learned rabbinical writings: 'A horse may have a bridle but not a saddle on the Sabbath day; and he that leadeth him must not let the halter hang loose, lest he seem to carry somewhat of it.'—'The lame may use a staff, but the blind may not, because he can, if need be, go without it.'—'It is not permitted to throw more corn to the poultry than will serve the day, lest it grow by lying still and we be said to sow our grain upon the Sabbath.'—'It is not lawful to carry a fan, because to use it would be labor; neither shalt thou carry a handkerchief in thy pocket, nor allow a fowl to wear a piece of ribbon around its leg.'—'Thou shalt not lift a beast out of a pit; though if it be like to perish, thou mayest put straw under it until the morrow.'—'If a Jew upon his journey were overtaken by the Sabbath, he must set him down, though in the midst of a wood or in the storm, and there remain.' Thus they added so largely to the law, that they 'made it of none effect by their traditions.' The Sabbath had come to be no longer a day of holy rest and pleasure; it was a ceremonial scourge.

If you are suffering from a bad man's injustice, forgive him, lest there should be two bad men.—St. Augustine.