

the flowering shrub. She will build her nest just there I know ; for I love to think the same birds come back to the old haunts. Do you know the old home ? I wonder if you miss some of the sweetest voices which belonged to dear ones who have taken their long flight to the Home-land, who used to listen and wait for your returning in the spring of the year.

I rest, and lifting my eyes I spy the ever present sparrow peeping down at me over the roof of the house, and his inquisitive nature is wondering what I am doing with a long black stick scratching away so fast. He wonders why I don't come out and take possession of the world, "It's easy enough," says he, "just turn others out and there you are."

"Earth's crammed with heaven," and with singing, if we only listen for the music. Even the hum of yon tiny humming bird is lending its note of the general melody. The thistle bird too, and the red-cap, as we called him long ago, the pee-wee and the skimming swallow, the thrush and cuckoo, each fills up a part that no other birdy can ; each loving note, each bit of brightness, each glorious song fulfilling some grand purpose. One needs the pen of a Shelley to tell of the wonders of these winged visitants, these wise little neighbors that have brought not a shadow of sorrow, but only joy and blessedness and many a lesson in love and patience and cheerfulness.

But I must speak of one other who thrills my heart with joy every time I hear his glorious singing.

With a shower of song and a flutter of wings."

"The bobolink on the hazel swings.

How the notes float down into the depths of one's heart and still its fevered beating, leaving a calm as a message from above might do. Dearest bird of all ! You fairly make me hold my breath as I watch you winging your way through the meadows, still showering your songs down upon us. Those two first notes of thine, no chance gave you those ; they came down from the source of all harmony, I'm sure. O blessed bird sing on. Pour the balm of your message into some tired heart to-day, and lift it to the author of your being.

But it grows late. The darkness falls. I must draw in my