

221-5-6

Northern Messenger

VOLUME XLIV. No. 16

MONTREAL, APRIL 16, 1909.

40 Cts.

Post-Paid

'The "Messenger" is far superior to anything I know of for the Sunday School.'—W. Ruddy, Toronto, Ont.

W. Bronscombe 330 09

A Herald.

(Emma A. Lente, in the 'Zion's Herald'.)

'Why don't you sing, Mr. Bluebird?' asked the alert little Sparrow.

'I can't sing! I'm perfectly miserable. Just look at all this ice and snow, and feel that cutting, cruel wind. Sing, indeed!'

'I know the weather's very uncomfortable, but if you'll only give us a song—just one

some of those zero days. Such great snow-drifts, and fierce winds, and so little food!

—oh, how I would sing! But, as you know, I can only chirp—just two or three notes over and over.'

'I won't sing a note until I feel better!' said the stubborn little Bluebird; 'and if you feel like chirping on such a dismal day as this, why, you may, Mr. Sparrow!'

'The people over in that house are very tired of hearing me; some other voice would be a pleasant change. They've had a hard



sweet song of yours—things will brighten up a whole lot,' said the coaxing Sparrow.

'Small good my poor little voice would do to help matters; and any way I believe it is frozen in my throat with this terrible weather.'

'Oh, this isn't so very bad! My, if you'd seen some of the storms we've had up here this winter! And even the sunshine was icy

Why, I nearly lost heart myself more than once, and I'm no coward.'

'No, you seem very brave indeed, but I'm not. If I found any worse weather than this is, I should surely die!' said the disconsolate little Bluebird.

'Perhaps you would. I know you are quite delicate, although your voice is strong, and so very sweet; and if I had it I would sing

time this winter, and they're about discouraged. Some have been sick, and all have been lonesome. You might cheer them very much with a spring carol, if—if you would only make an effort!'

'I can't. I'm homesick and need cheering myself.'

'Well, I really must be going,' said the Sparrow. 'This is my busy day; but I shall be listening in case you change your mind and give us a song.'

But the dismayed and sulky Bluebird fluffed his feathers more closely around his feet, and sat silent on the leafless old apple-tree.

At last the house-door opened, and a man came outside. He swept the snow from the steps, looked up at the gray sky, and, shiver-