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Poetry.
For the Journal.
White Lilies.
A lily bud upon the lake
Half open at morning lay;
A traveler passing plucked and bore
The treasure rare away.
A bud upon the sea of life
As pure as lilies be—
What wonder that an angel bore
Our treasure up to Thee?
ESMA H. REBER.

Miscellany.
[From the Christian Union.]
Our Winter Birds.
"What, no winter birds!" I exclaimed in reply to my little friend, Molly Stebbins, who had just come in and declared to me, "she should not try walking again, though the doctor should order it twenty times, when there was nothing to see, no grass, no flowers, no birds."
"Oh," said I, "you are mistaken. Sit down here by my window, while I dress myself for a walk, and I will soon show you your error." I had a little artifice, I must own, in seating her by my delightful window, for the blistered tree that sent its branches out to within arm's length of the window pane, was to my certain knowledge, full of a flock of the lesser redpoll, arrived not less than half an hour previous.
So I said, "Molly, I want you to observe this tree that I take such pride in; though stripped of leaves, how beautiful is the network of branches, especially the upper ones, still hung with tassel, like seed vessels." I had hardly gone from the window when I heard a lively exclamation and a call, "Come here, cousin May, and tell me quickly what this darling little bit of a bird is called." "How does he look?" said I; not that I did not know perfectly well, but to entice her to observe minutely.
"Something like a sparrow," she replied; "but there is a beautiful crimson spot, like blood, on his head, and all his feathers look as if it were really blood that had trickled down and got smeared over them. Why, you dear little thing, prettier than any summer bird, one, two, five, eight, nine. I can count nine. What magic have you, cousin May, that brings them here, and do you often have such rare visitants?"
"Oh, no," said I, "this is the first time I have seen this bird this winter; they only come when it is extremely cold at the north, and then in large flocks. Wilson says that hundreds of them are offered for sale in the Philadelphia markets at this season. They remain with us till April, then retire to the far north for incubation. And as for magic, all the magic I use is to keep my eyes open to see when they do come. But if we are ready let us go up the street, towards the open field at the end."
"I can hardly tear myself away from this pretty sight," said she. "But, perhaps, you will show me something better."
The village of Flushing—thanks to its nurserymen—is plentifully adorned with evergreens, growing thickly in great fields, or standing by twos and threes, sometimes singly, in front of houses. As we passed close by some of these, I heard the faintest little chirp, and I called on Molly to listen. Surely, yes, two or three birds of some kind were there, and, as we strove to penetrate the thick gloom of the boughs, we saw the tree had several occupants. "Stand perfectly still, Molly," said I, "and we shall soon know what feathered creature is housed here." Presently out hopped a wee, olive-green bird, smaller than a wren, turned his bright eye on us, but, as we did not lift a finger or wink an eyelid, with great unconcern he hopped from bough to bough. Presently another appeared on the outer part of an upper branch. We stood a long while watching the busy creatures as they sought their food, consisting of the larvae of insects, uttering, from time to time, their faint chirps, indicative of perfect contentment.
"That," said I to Molly, as we walked on, "is the golden-crowned wren, called a wren, though he does not belong at all to the wren family.

when I come down next week to celebrate your birthday, I shall report progress. I have seen so much today. I am delighted. I think I shall recognize all these birds again, the Arctic snow bunting, the gold-crowned wren, the lesser red poll.
The next Wednesday brought my Molly as bright and sparkling as usual, indeed I thought her cheek had a wholesomer glow, and her eye a clearer light. She brought a basket on her arm which she set aside carefully. When I asked her what success had attended her plan, she replied, with great animation:
"Perfect success. Brother Will, in the most obliging way, searched the arket for me, and brought home a dozen snow buntings, no, not a dozen, eleven snow buntings and a bird I did not know, and in another lot, two other birds. Well, cousin May, here was a dilemma, for Bridget was so cross from not being able to get out her washing this week, that I dared not take them to the kitchen. I had determined Aunt Susan should have them cooked for her. Her appetite is so small, I think the leg of a fowl would satisfy it, so what could I do but pick off all their pretty feathers myself, and roast them on the oyster gridiron over the dining room fire; it would have done your heart good to see aunt eat them. She declared I was a most astonishing cook, and she ate every one of the eleven."
"Pretty well, for you," I replied, delighted. "And," said she, "I have a charming description of a charming description of that bird. He says, quoting from English ornithologists, 'They seem to make the countries within the Arctic circle their summer residence, from whence they overflow the more southern countries in amazing multitudes, at the setting-in of winter, in the frigid zone. In the winter of 1778-9, they came in such multitudes to Birsa, one of the Orkney Islands, as to cover the whole barony, yet, of all the numbers, hardly two agreed in color. Lapland, and perhaps Iceland, furnishes the north of Britain with the swarms that frequent these parts during winter as low as the Cheviot Hills. Their resting places, the Feroe Isles, Shetland and the Orkneys. The Highlands of Scotland in particular abound with them. Their flights are immense, and they mingle so closely together in the form of a ball that the fowlers make great havoc among them. In Lapland and Sweden, they are called bad weather birds; in Labrador the white bird; their plumage in the depth of winter is changed to nearly white."
"That is a charming description, Molly."
"Oh, yes! and to think that all those Arctic regions, which I had hitherto supposed to be the very acme of frozen desolation, are brimful of life; birds pairing and raising their young, in an abundance we can hardly imagine, and no doubt filling the air with tuneful songs. Truly, the Lord is wiser than we in our ignorance had thought."
"But what have you in your basket, Molly?"
"I call one a woodpecker," she replied, "one a crossbill, and the third, that was among the snow buntings, I cannot even guess at."
"You are right as to the first two, but the other, even I do not recognize; but we will get out our big book, 'DeKay,' and search till we find it."
Past the hawks and the owls, the woodpeckers and the sparrows, we searched till at last we found the picture that corresponded so exactly that we could not doubt we were right. Yes, it was the shore or horned lark, which Wilson calls the most beautiful of its family.
"But stay, Molly, while I go to superintend my Bridget's operations; you may look over and condense for me the accounts of this bird."
"Very well," said she, and while I was busy beating eggs and using flavoring extracts, and looking after the spicing and seasoning of things generally, that the dinner might not disgrace the occasion, she was looking over the authorities. When I came back she was very full of what she had read.
"Wilson," said she, "says this bird comes in great flocks, that fly in a scattered manner, and cover open commons and sandy plains, feeding on the seeds of weeds and larvae of insects; their call-note," he says, "is like that of the sky-lark, heard high in the air, and he is told that its song resembles that bird's."
"Andulon," says he, "found their nests in Labrador; a tall, gray tufted moss grows all over the granite rock that forms the foundation of that country, and on those tufts the shore lark builds in great numbers; their color being hardly distinguishable from the moss. Samuels says he has had their eggs sent him from Wisconsin and Illinois. But let us examine his colors to identify him again. Here is the faint yellow of the chin and throat; the pinkish brown of the back, streaked with dusky; the black crescentic patch below the eye; the broad fan-shaped patch of black on the breast; the slightly crested head—and here are the long black feathers above the eye, which, when erected, have the appearance of horns, whence the name. It must be a beautiful creature when seen in the open fields."
"But let us return to the cross-bill. This is a finely-colored specimen, a mixture of carmine and vermilion, dulled by an intermixture of other colors. Its bill is the most wonderful thing about it. The upper and lower mandible are curved and cross each other, looking deformed and useless. This bird inhabits the immense pine forests northward, and feeds on the seeds of the pine and hemlock; and its bill is an instrument marvelously well adapted by its Creator to open the bracts of the cone and take thence the seeds. But now for the woodpecker."
"He is in rather a dilapidated condition," said Molly, "but not so that we cannot learn his character. Some things are very marked about him, his great size, his crimson crest and the pure white on the under side of the wing feathers. What kind of a woodpecker do you call him?"
"This," said I, "is the pileated woodpecker, the largest of the kind that frequents our woods, and a fine one to introduce to you the whole class. Observe his strong bill, his barbed tongue and the hard sharp-pointed tail feathers which he sets hard against the trunks of trees to assist him in climbing. There is a still larger species which Wilson found in North Carolina, and he tells a most charming story of his capture of one and its efforts to escape, which I would read to you had I time."
The day slipped away most delightfully while we still searched our books and studied our birds. Meanwhile the dinner was done to a turn, and when my husband returned from the city we had our little feast, and we made a merry time of it.
As I parted with Molly at the door I could not help remarking "that her mysterious friend would be well pleased with her progress." She gave me an arch look, then a sigh, as she replied, "It will be a long while before he hears of it—he is in Germany."
When I returned to the dining room my husband's first remark was, "How Molly has brightened up; it really does one good to talk with so intelligent a girl."
Listen!
Do you wish to do something toward making your home happy? Do you desire that your brothers and sisters should be glad to have you with them, and that you should always be a welcome companion to your parents or your children? Do you want to have your society coveted everywhere and to feel, the while, that you are doing good as well as giving pleasure? Would you like to help people to think well and to have them serve their best thoughts for you? Would it please you to get all the good you can out of the people you know?
If so, learn to listen.
But first learn what listening is; for it is not merely the exercise of the sense of hearing. The stupidest of us all can keep ears open and mouth shut. To listen properly means to make other people talk properly. That is a social definition, if it is not a Websterian one. The good listener is a cause of talking in others, and by a proper exercise of this

valuable and too scarce gift makes the diffident say what they think and the verbose think what they say. For the greatest talkers are careful when they find they have a good listener. They know that they may not often be so fortunate, and they talk their best. The adept at listening may sometimes hear more prosing than he likes; but if he be skillful, this will not often happen. When it is impossible to get anything interesting or useful out of a man, he need be listened to no longer. Every one of sense will agree to that. But it is astonishing how many good things some very unpromising persons will say if they be properly and conscientiously listened to.
To be sure, it is very hard for some persons to listen. They have a gift for talking, and they like to exercise it. But these are the very persons who should do a great deal of listening. They know what a luxury it is to talk, and they should give their families and friends a chance to learn the art. Besides, like farmers, they will often find much advantage in a rotation of crops. A season of listening is often a most excellent preparative for a season of talk.—Independent.

A County without a Dram-Shop.

A correspondent of the Evening Post writes this from Caldwell, Ohio:

"I have two items that may interest friends of the temperance reform. This (Noble) county is the only one of having not a single dram-shop. The enforcement of the Adair Liquor Law closed all our whiskey shops two years ago. The criminal law against the sale of liquors was fearlessly enforced, and multitudes of sellers were fined and imprisoned. Simultaneously wives of drunkards brought suits for thousands of dollars against the dram-sellers, and gained immense sums. Thus did we eradicate the liquor nuisance. No man dare open a 'rum hole' in our county. He would be fined, imprisoned, and mulcted in thousands of dollars damage beside. Our jail has been absolutely tenanted for two years, our criminal courts have not had a criminal of any sort to prosecute, and pauperism and insanity are almost unknown. Our new railroad—the Marietta and Pittsburg, finished from Marietta, Ohio, to Cambridge, Ohio a distance of fifty-nine miles, running through twenty towns—has not a single dram-shop along its entire line. The officers will not permit any such nuisance, and the result is that in two years not a life has been lost on that road from any accident!"

WHAT would you advise a poor sinner to do who knows he has a rebellious, wicked, ungrateful, unfeeling heart, but does not feel it, and can neither believe, love, nor obey?

Do the best you can. God is not "an austere man." No one can be in the sad state of mind described by our correspondent who has a right notion of God. But the remedy is not in thinking about God, nor in trying to feel. Find some Christian work and do it, help somebody, relieve somebody—exercise yourself in some way. Let your feelings take care of themselves. It is too much looking in that has done the mischief. "Look upward and not downwards, outward and not inward, forward and not backward, and lend a hand."—Christian Union.

Journalism in Turkey.

A despatch from Constantinople says that the Levant Herald has been suspended for two months on account of publishing satirical articles concerning the insufficient arrangements for supplying water to the inhabitants of that city. We are in doubt as to the peculiar views entertained by the Turkish government in respect to water, but clearly the old maxim that "cleanliness is next to godliness" does not obtain at the court of the Sultan. It is possible that for state reasons water is not thought to be a wholesome drink, although perhaps it is unaccountable to assume that these reasons are chiefly personal. Whatever may be the reason, the fact still remains that it is not profitable to be known as an advocate of an abundant supply of water in the city of Constantinople.

We happen to know, however, that there is great need of more water in that city. A friend who was recently there says that the hotels are filthy beyond account, and that the private and business parts of the town, so far as he could learn, were in as bad a condition.