



CHEWAWA, OREGON.

FRIDAY JANUARY 24, 1902.

**God Wants The Boys And Girls.**

God wants the boys, the merry, merry boys  
 The s-l-e-e boys, the funny boys;  
 The thoughtless boys;  
 God wants the boys with all their joys,  
 That he as god I may make them pure,  
 And teach them trials to endure;  
 His bones to save He'll have them be,  
 Fighting for truth and posity  
 God wants the boys.  
 God wants the happy-hearted girls,  
 The loving girls, the best of girls,  
 The word of girls;  
 God wants to make the girls his pearls,  
 And a reflect His Holy face,  
 And bring to mind His word of grace  
 That beautiful the world may be,  
 [And filled with love and purity.  
 God wants the girls.

—[89].

In the long ago Chemawa would be red upon to furnish a scrap, a sensation or a squabble on an average of once a week. That was in the days when politics cut some figure in the official appointments here than it does now. Since Mr. Peter has been superintendent of this growing institution there is no longer any strife or conflict there. His heart is in the work and certainly he is making a success of it.

—[90].

**A Bird's Love.**

A young Highlander, having set a horse trap in the woods, was delighted one morning to find a female song thrush entangled in it. He carried home his prize, put it into a handy, open braided basket, secured the lid with much string and many knots, and then hung the extemporized cage upon a nail near the open window.

In the afternoon the parish minister was called in by the boy's mother, who wished

him to persuade her son to set the captive free. While the gentleman was examining the bird through the basket, his attention was called to another thrush perched on a branch opposite the window.

"Yes," exclaimed the boy, "and it followed me home all the way from the woods."

It was the captive's mate, which, having faithfully followed his partner to her prison, had perched himself where he might see her, and overhear the sad, piteous notes that chirped his grief.

The minister hung the basket against the eave of the cottage, and the two retired to watch what would happen. In a few minutes the captive whistled a chirp to her mate's complaints. His joy was unbounded. Springing to the nearest spray of the tree, he thrilled out two or three exultant notes, and then alighted on the basket lid, through the hole in which the captive had thrust her head and neck. Then followed a touching scene. The male bird after billing and cooing with the captive, dressing her feathers and stroking his neck, all the while fluttering his wings, and crooning under a song of encouragement, suddenly assumed another attitude. Gathering up his wings, he erected himself and began to pull away at the edges of the hole in the basket's lid. The bird's ardent affection, and effort to release his mate, touched the minister, the mother, and even the boy.

"I'll set the bird free!" said he, in sympathetic tones, as he saw his mother wiping her eyes with her apron.

The basket was carried to the spot where the bird had been snared. The song thrush followed, sweeping occasionally close past the boy carrying the basket and chirping abrupt notes, as if assuring his mate that he was still near her. He never left her till she was set free. Then they both rose in the air, soaring on exultant wings together.