

**SONG-BIRDS "TAMED" BY NATURAL MAGIC.**—Now, let me show you the power of "Natural Magic" when practiced at the breakfast-table. It is here you will find that you possess the key to your bird's heart. Invite him regularly as your guest, and bid him hearty welcome. "Dicky" must be—shall be—one of our "Happy Family." So place him on the table every morning. Let us imagine—the morning sacrifice duly paid, and all comfortably seated around the well-spread table with smiling faces—that we are about to take our grand lesson in bird-ming. Open the door, or doors of your little friend's dwelling. Let him see he is invited to a "free." Have ready on the table-cloth some little delicacy in which he delights, such as a rig of ripe groundsel or flowery chickweed, a morsel of egg, or a bit of spongecake—above all, his bath. His little majesty will note that you are doing, and readily resolve in his own mind the meaning of everything he beholds. If he has been long neglected and treated with indifference, he may not, perhaps, realize the first morning all you expect from him. Such a thing as this would be unnatural: would it not? He will most probably alight on the edge of the open door, look out, survey all that is going forward, and return to his old quarters. The rest of the day he will devote to thinking matters over. That birds do think I am quite prepared to prove. Next morning again invite your pet or pets: again open their doors, again read before them some tempting luxury. Mark the result, and let it be decisive evidence that birds have very retentive memories, as well as deeply affectionate hearts. Looking up archly, your little friend will now, perhaps, leisurely descend from their seat, hop along the table, help themselves to some tit-bit, and stare you boldly eye, saucily, in the face. They will then show their "consequence," by coquettishly approaching close to your tea-cup, and may be, with extended wing, give you battle. A week will accomplish all this, and very much more.—*William id.*

**A VERY OLD LADY.**—Among the visitors to an agricultural show recently held at Skipton, Lancashire, was, says the *Manchester Examiner*, a lady who attracted considerable attention. The dame in question was a poor woman named Mary Walker, who was born on the 2nd of January, 1759 (the year Wolfe was killed), and consequently 101 years of age. George II. died in England at the time of her birth, and lived through the reigns of George II., III., IV., and William IV., to the 23rd year of Majesty Queen Victoria. The youngest of sons, himself a man "getting in years," as remarked, drew the ancient dame on a low wheeled carriage. She conversed readily with those around her, and on our expressing pride at her age, she exclaimed, "Oh! I'm done yet."

**THE MOVING GLACIERS.**—In 1837 Hugo ran up the cabin at the base of a rock which divides Finster Aar from the Lauter-Aar tributaries. During in 1830, he found that it had sailed

down the frozen stream to a distance of about 330 feet. Six years afterwards this nomadic mansion had advanced upwards of 2,400 feet; and when Agassiz fell in with it, in 1841, greatly to his surprise he discovered that it had performed a journey of 4,400 feet since its erection. There it was, as sound and well preserved after its lonely travels as if it had been kept under a glass case all the while. In 1787, De Saussure left a ladder on the Glacier du Geant. In 1830 it was found embedded in the Mer de Glace, having traveled the intervening distance at the rate of 375 feet per annum.—*British Quarterly Review.*

**THE GREAT WESTERN PLAINS OF AMERICA.**—These occupy a longitudinal parallelogram, nearly one thousand miles wide, extending from the Texan to the Arctic coast, and from the Rocky Mountains to the western border of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, and Iowa, an area equal to the surface of twenty-four States between the Mississippi and the Atlantic, without a single abrupt mountain, timbered space, desert or lake. There is no timber on this area, and single trees are scarce. The soil is not silicious or sandy, but a fine calcareous mould. The country is thickly clad with grasses, edible and nutritious, through the year, and swarms with animal life. The climate is comparatively rainless; the rivers which abound, and which all run from west to east, serve, like the Nile, to irrigate rather than drain the neighboring surface. From their dimensions and position they may yet be the pasture field of the world, and upon them pastoral agriculture may yet become a separate department of national industry.

**VEGETATION.**—For what infinite wonderfulness there is in this vegetation, considered, as indeed it is, the means by which the earth becomes the companion of man—his friend and his teacher! In the conditions which we have traced in its rocks, there could only be seen preparation for his existence; the characters which enable him to live on it safely, and to work with it easily—in all these it has been inanimate and passive; but vegetation is to it as an imperfect soul, given to meet the soul of man. The earth in its depths must remain dead and cold, incapable except of slow crystalline change; but at its surface, which human beings look upon and deal with, it ministers to them through a veil of strange intermediate being, which breathes, but has no voice; moves, but cannot leave its appointed place; passes through life without consciousness, to death without bitterness; wears the beauty of youth without its passion; and declines to the weakness of age, without its regret.—*Modern Painters; by John Ruskin.*

**GOLD AND AGRICULTURE IN AUSTRALIA.**—There is one remarkable feature in the history of the gold-discoveries of Australia which distinguishes it from other events of a similar nature. It is this—after the first excitement had in some measure subsided, the colonists, for the most part, at once settled down again to the ordinary pursuits of life. Agriculture in particular—the most important industry to a young and rising