

Child-Nature.

BY WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

A man may be noble and great,
And a woman tender and pure,
But their knowledge, if deeper, is less divine
Than childhood's innocent lore.
Ah! why should we wonder at this?
For God on the little ones smiled.
And we often lose with the lapse of years
The flawless faith of a child.

A man may be gallant and gay,
And a woman joyous and bright,
But they seldom keep through the waning years
The passion of pure delight.
Ah! why should we wonder at this?
For God on the little ones smiled,
And a harmless lightning of laughter plays
Round the guileless lips of a child.

Then happy are those who cherish
Youth's hopes and its fleeting tears,
And some clear signs of their childhood keep
Through a circle of changeable years.
Ah! why should we wonder at this?
For God on the little ones smiled,
And the heads of the Wise Men bent above
The cradle that held a child!

Birds for Profit.

AN AVIARY FOR CANARY BIRDS.

An aviary for the raising of canary birds for profit can be easily prepared. If you have not a room in your house that can be used for the purpose of an aviary, have one built. Make it eight feet wide and sixteen feet long. Let it face the east, for the birds like the sunshine, and the afternoon sun is too hot for them. Have plenty of windows, but let them be on the south, east and north sides, and no two opposite, so as to admit a draft. Let all the windows and the one door be furnished with a screen, for most of the season you will want the windows and the door open.

Have built in the eastern end (the front of the building making one side of it) a cage made of screening. Let it be three feet wide, and extending across the entire width of the room, which is eight feet. Have this divided into two equal parts, making each three by four.

This division may be made of screening also. Have a door in each of these divisions, and the entire bottom furnished with a drawer to pull out, so as to be easily cleaned. These two large cages are for the reception of the young birds as soon as their sex is distinguished. Each of these cages will accommodate comfortably six dozen birds.

Get eight little tin buckets holding a pint each. Have the proper person cut five holes in each, the size of a quarter, and an inch from the bottom.

Have the edges of these holes bound, so the birds will be in no danger of hurting themselves. Three of these for seed and one for water in each apartment will be amply sufficient, and the birds will learn to use them properly without any trouble.

The old birds may be in cages, hanging on the walls of the room. Many advise turning them loose in a room furnished with trees, in which to build, and leaving them entirely to themselves. We tried this plan one season, and very much prefer caging them, as I have just described.

I agree with others that according to the former plan they breed faster, and that it is an economical way (the outlay for males being so

much less); but the females become anxious for another nest before the young ones are old enough to take care of themselves, and so partially neglect them, or leave them altogether. So, many die from starvation and want of attention.

You will doubtless raise some clear yellow birds. These, when about six weeks of age—that is, when they begin their first moult—can be colored red by a plenteous feed upon cayenne pepper. Use a teaspoonful of pure pepper to one egg. Feed the birds on this alone for about six weeks, unless it seems to disagree with them, in which case give a little seed.

These birds, when they have donned their new coat of feathers, will be crimson canaries.

All your canaries when moulting—and it occurs with the old birds in August and September, when they should be separated immediately from each other, and all expectation of raising any more birds that season be given up—should be fed, in addition to their regular feed, upon ripe mango peppers. They are very fond of them; it tones up the system and brightens the plumage. At this period they should be kept warm, and carefully excluded from drafts.

In September your birds are ready for market, if you choose to sell them then; but if you keep them until the first of December, they are then called birds in *full song*, and are worth at least one-half more. Write to some fanciers and learn what they will pay at both seasons, and judge for yourself whether it would be better to keep them until that time.

PONSONBY DE TOMKYN'S BEGINS TO ASSERT HIMSELF.—P. de T. (who has had a little too much—music): "Look here, M'ria! Blest if I can stand that foreign rowdy of yours any longer! He's always pitching into England, by George, where he makes all his money! He yawns and whistles, and picks his teeth, and looks at himself in the glass when ladies are talking to him. Doesn't care what he says before ladies! Look at 'em all fanning him, and licking his boots! Makes me sick!! Half a mind to kick him down stairs!!!" Mrs. P. de T.: "No, no! Hush, love! He's a genius! He plays the flageolet better than any man living! The princesses would never have been here to-night, but for him!!—and remember, Ponsonby, he plays to us for nothing!!!"—[Punch.

Three Wonderful Pillars.

A correspondent of the Pittsburgh-Dispatch says of this range of mountains:

At the head of Canton Canyon in the coast range of mountains, California, stand three tall pillars of rock almost as large as the Egyptian pyramids, and nearly exactly the same size and shape. Around these pillars are now camped more than 1,000 people, attracted there by three black-eyed Mexican women. The leader is the widow of the famous Mexican bandit, Joaquin Murietta. She has been there for twenty-five years, the other two not so long. They profess to see spirits as plainly as though they were in the flesh, and to hold conversation with them. When the spirits arrive, these women meet them, go through the form of shaking hands, kissing, and talk to them as to the living. The gist of their teaching is that the three rocks are hollow, and are really gorgeous temples, and

that in next month a potent padre will come from Mexico and open the doors of these temples to believers; that once inside each will possess his or her affinity regardless of previous marital relations. The sick are laid in front of the rocks and soon manifest signs of recovery. So many of the Mexicans, Portuguese and others in the valley have become infatuated with the new doctrine that most of the ranches are without the necessary help to tend the stock or make the crop.

The Death of the Flowers.

The wind flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden rod, and the asters in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland, glade and glen.
And now when comes the calm, mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home,
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees be still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill;
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

The Approach of Age.

The approach of age shows itself about the eyes. Lines come, faintly at first, then deeper, until the incipient crow's-feet are indicated, developed, and revealed. The woman who, looking in her glass, sees these fatal lines diverging from the outer corners of her eyes, knows that she has reached an era in her life. She recognizes it with a sigh if she be a vain, a lovely, or a worldly woman; with a smile, perhaps, if she has children in whom she can live her own youth over again. But we should never be seen on the lookout for crow's-feet or gray hairs. Looking for them is sure to bring them, for thinking about them brings them. Tears form a part of the language of the eye, which is eloquent enough when sparingly used, and which should be sparingly used for other reasons than that of adding to their mute eloquence. Tears are a disfiguring expression of emotion; and those who get in the habit of weeping over every small vexation do much to acquire a careworn, miserable expression, and are sure to look old before their time. Few women look pretty, or even interesting, in tears; though it has long been a pleasant fiction in poetry and romance to suppose that they do. Many women, some men, most children, make most disfiguring and distorting grimaces while crying; and the lady who thinks she can work upon a man's feelings by a liberal display of tears, should carefully study a becoming mode of producing them, before her looking-glass. Grimaces soften no heart; and tears, accompanied by the usual distortion, have a hardening effect, if not a visible one.

In a prettily written work, now probably out of print, purporting to be the story of the life of one of Milton's wives, the author makes the poet say of his wife's eyes after crying, that they resembled "the sun's clear shining after the rain,"—a very pretty natural object indeed; but, during the rain itself, the observer is not inclined to be complimentary.