

whether the way was clear and then close them slowly as it caught my eye upon it. But when the manufactured nectar came, and a drop was touched upon the point of its bill, it came to life very suddenly, and in a moment was on its legs drinking with eager gusto of the refreshing draught from a silver teaspoon. When satiated it refused to take any more, and sat perched with the coolest self-composure on my finger, and plumed itself quite as artistically as if on its favorite spray. I was enchanted with the bold, innocent confidence with which it turned up its keen black eyes to survey us, as much as to say, 'Well, good folks, who are you?' By the next day it would come from any part of either room, alight upon the side of a white china cup containing the mixture, and drink eagerly, with its long bill thrust into the very base. It would alight on my fingers and seem to talk with us endearingly in soft chirps." The writer afterward succeed in taming several of the same species. He gave them their liberty occasionally and they returned regularly. At the time for migration they left for the winter, but the next spring they sought their old quarters and accepted the delicious nectar kindly provided for them, and by degrees brought their mates."

THE VALUE OF A CENT.

It is an old saying that, "A pin a day is a great a year;" by which common expression some wise man has intended to teach thoughtless people the value of small savings. We shall endeavor to show the value of a somewhat higher article, though a much despized one—we mean a cent.

Cents, like minutes, are often thrown away, because people do not know what to do with them. Those who are not economists of time, (and all the great men on record have been so) take care of the minutes, for they know that a few minutes well applied, each day, will make hours in the course of a week, and days in the course of a year; and in the course of a long life will make enough of time, if well employed, in which a man, by perseverance, may have accomplished some work useful to his fellow-creatures, and honorable to himself.

Large fortunes, when gained honestly, are rarely acquired in any other way than by small savings at first, and savings can only be made by habits of industry and temperance. A saving man, therefore, while he is adding to

his general stock of wealth, is setting an example of those virtues on which the very existence and happiness of society depend. There are saving people who are misers, and have not one good quality for which we can like them. These are not the kind of people of whom we are speaking; but, we may remark, that a miser, though a disagreeable fellow while alive, is a very useful person when dead. He has been compared to a tree which while it is growing, can be applied to no use, but at last furnishes timber for houses and domestic utensils. But a miser is infinitely more useful than a spendthrift—a mere consumer and waster—who, after he has spent all his own money, tries to spend that of other people.

Suppose a young man just beginning to work for himself, could save but five cents a day—and we believe there are few that cannot do it. Who could not save this amount daily from his expenditures, without lessening his comforts? Yet this, with the accumulating interest, in the course of ten years, will amount to the sum of two hundred and thirty dollars, sixty-four cents; in twenty years, to six hundred and sixty-three dollars, fifty-eight cents; in thirty years, to one thousand three hundred and ninety-six dollars, sixty-seven cents; in forty years, to two thousand eight hundred and fifty-five dollars, forty-two cents; and in fifty years, to five thousand three hundred and fifty-four dollars, thirteen cents.

It will appear, from this mode of calculation, that the amount doubles in about ten years. Let the process be continued two hundred years, and the trifling sum of five cents each day will produce a total of one hundred and fifty millions of dollars; equal, perhaps, to all the banking capital in the United States.

Two ladies caught small-pox from wearing dresses which they had hired to go to a ball in London. One died, and the other brought suit against the proprietor of the costume shop. The latter argued that he did not rent the small-pox with the dresses. The lady took it without his permission. The case is still going on.

*—Owing to the mechanical derangements in our Printing Apartments, consequent on removal of our offices from Notre Dame street to Craig street, The Harp is behind time in publication this month. We are however enabled now, from increased facilities, to promise punctuality of issue in the future.