

THE CANARY BIRD.

A little girl named Caroline had a charming Canary bird. The little creature sang from early morning until evening; it was a very beautiful bird, of a bright yellow, with a black head. Caroline gave it seeds and green vegetables, and, at times, a piece of sugar, and every day fresh and pure water.

But all at once the little bird began to droop; and one morning, as Caroline came to bring it water, it lay dead in its cage.

The little girl raised loud lamentations over the beloved bird, and wept bitterly. But the child's mother went and purchased another, with colors still more beautiful, and which sang as sweetly as the former one, and placed it in the cage.

But the little girl wept still more when she saw the new bird.

Then the mother wondered greatly, and said, "My dear child, why dost thou still weep? why art thou so very sad? Thy tears will not call the dead bird back to life again, and here thou hast another equally beautiful."

"Thou the child said, "Ah, dear mother, I have acted unkindly toward the little creature, and I have not done all for it that I could and ought to have done."

"Dear Lina," answered the mother, "thou hast tended it very carefully."

"Ah, no!" replied the child. "A short time before its death, I did not bring it a piece of sugar which you gave me for it, but ate it myself." Thus spoke the little girl with a heavy heart.

But the mother did not smile at her complaints, for she recognized and revered the sacred voice of nature in the heart of the child.

"Alas!" she said, "what must be the feelings of an ungrateful child, when it stands by the grave of its parents!"—*Youth's Cabinet.*

THE LOST ONE FOUND.

A little fellow, between seven and eight years old, son of Mr George Hussey, of Fall-River, (Mass.) left home on Saturday afternoon without the knowledge of his parents. Attracted by the music which accompanied a New Bedford Fire Company, he followed the company to the railroad, and when the cars started, at half-past five o'clock, took the track, and travelled to Taunton, (a distance of 12 miles,) where he was found near the depot between eleven and twelve o'clock, by Mr. Morse, keeper of the jail, and kindly taken care of by him and his family until Monday morning, when he was put on board the cars for Fall River. His feet were somewhat the worse for wear, but the little fellow was himself in good spirits, and said if they had put him on the "trail," he could have found the way home. He was missed by his mother soon after he left the house, and search was made immediately by her for him. Very soon the alarm was given by the crier. A diligent search was made during the

night. On the following morning (Sunday) the water was drawn off from the ponds, and the stream was searched. After church, a citizens' meeting was held in Market Hall, and numerous companies started in fresh pursuit. On Monday morning another meeting was held. It had been agreed that, should any person find him, the Methodist bell should be rung. While the people were collecting in the hall, the bell struck up a merry peal—the last one had arrived in the morning train of cars, and was restored to his deeply afflicted parents! The scene was a touching one, more easily imagined than described. Hundreds, at the welcome sound of the bell, flocked to witness the return of the little runaway to the arms of his affectionate parents.



DIFFERENT LENGTH OF THE FINGERS.

The difference in the length of the fingers serves a thousand purposes, adapting the hand and fingers, as in holding a rod, a switch, a sword, a hammer, a pen or pencil, engraving tools, &c., in all which a secure hold and freedom of motion are admirably combined. Nothing is more remarkable, as forming a part of the prospective designs to prepare an instrument fitted for the various uses of the human hand, than the manner in which the delicate and moving apparatus of the palm and fingers is guarded. The power with which the hand grasps, as when a sailor lays hold to raise his body to the rigging, would be great for the texture of mere tendons, nerves, and vessels; they would be crushed, were not every part that bears the pressure defended with a cushion of fat, as elastic as that in the foot of the horse and the camel. To add to this purely passive defence, there is a muscle which runs across the palm and more especially supports the cushion on the inner edge. It is the muscle which, raising the edge of the palm, adapts it to lave water, forming the cud of Diogenes.

THE BEAR & THE TEA-KETTLE.

The bears of Kamtschatka live chiefly on fish, which they procure for themselves from the rivers. A few years since the fish became scarce. Emboldened by famine and consequent hunger, the bears, instead of retiring to their dens, wandered about, and sometimes entered the villages. On

a certain occasion one of them found the outer gate of a house open, and entered in, and the gate accidentally closed after him. The woman of the house had just placed a large tea-kettle full of boiling water in the court. Bruin smelt of it, but it burned his nose. Provoked at the pain, he vented all his fury on the tea-kettle. He folded his arms round it—pressed it with his whole strength against his breast, to crush it; but this, of course, only burned him the more. The horrible growling which the rage and pain forced from the poor beast now brought the neighbours to the spot; and Bruin, by a few shots, was put out of his misery. To this day, however, when anybody injures himself by his own violence, the people of the village call him like "the bear with the kettle."

N. B.—Passionate children, this is for you. When your little hearts kindle into a blaze, and you kick and strike at things by which you are hurt, pause and remember the bear of Kamtschatka!

CHILD'S MORNING AND EVENING HYMNS.

MORNING.

Jesus, kind Shepherd of the sheep,
Thy little lamb in safety keep;
Guard me this day from every ill,
And with thy grace my spirit fill.

Teach me to love Thee, O my Lord;
Help me to read thy holy Word;
May the first sounds my lips can raise,
Be sounds of joy, and prayer, and praise.

EVENING.

Jesus, underneath thy care,
Let me sweetly sink to rest;
Hear my simple evening prayer—
May thy little child be blessed!

I thank Thee for my happy home,
And all that thou hast given;
O make my infant heart thine own,
And train thy child for heaven.

(London) *Evang. Mag.*

PERSEVERANCE AND INDUSTRY.

An Eastern paper, in an article on the subject of perseverance and industry, says:—

"A few years ago, Luther Severance, Horace Greeley, and James Harper were bringing water by the pail full to wash type in a printing office. They were knocked about by the older boys; but they did not sit down and weep, and declare they would run away from their employers. No—they stuck to their business year after year till they became of age. Where are they now? Severance is in Congress, Greeley is Editor of the New York *Tribune*, one of the leading political papers of the day, and Harper is at the head of the largest publishing establishment in America, and was elected Mayor of the city of New York two years ago by an overwhelming majority. So much for energy and industry."

Religion must be our business, then it will be our delight.