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THE STORMY PETREL.

The little web-footed bird shown in the picture is said to have obtained one of its many names after the Apostle Peter, from his well-known attempt to walk on the water, which his namesake does with far more confidence than he. Petrels, also known as stormy petrels, storm birds and Mother Carey's chickens, are more than half nocturnal in their habits, and greatly dis-

billows, which rise like mountains behind them. They tread the waters, ever on them, never in them—they rise and fall with the waves, go up the slopes and down the hollows, and when they see the wave about to break into a foaming mass of spray, bound into the air and clear it all.

But neither their beauty, their graceful motions nor the associations of their name can get rid of the abhorrence in which these

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He took her to one of the hospital wards, and brought her to a little crib, where, bound hand and foot, that it might not dash itself to pieces, lay a babe of seventeen months, in the agonies of delirium tremens.

After reaching home, she dared not tell the story until in black and white the facts were before her. So she wrote to Dr. Taylor (who gives so much of his time and strength to the benevolent institutions of that city).



ONE OF MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS.

like the glare of full sunshine. Thus it is that when black clouds and gloomy mists settle down on the ocean, they are most conspicuous, and are seen, now descending into the very depth of the hollow between two waves, now touching their highest foaming crests and flitting about with safety, and with the greatest delight feasting off the mollusca and other animals that the stormy, churning sea has brought to the surface. Nothing can exceed the gracefulness of their motions when on the water. Here they come dashing down the side of the big

little birds are held by sailors and sea-sick voyagers. From the frequency with which flocks of them are seen in stormy weather their presence has been construed into the sign of a storm. But this unenviable reputation makes them dreaded and therefore unmolested.

They are about five and three-quarter inches long, and thirteen and a half inches from tip to tip of wing, and their flight closely resembles that of a swallow. Many species of them are found in most parts of the temperate Atlantic and they are com-

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THE ADDER'S STING.

We were never more impressed with the terrible nature of the serpent which lies coiled in the cup, than in listening to the incident related by Mary A. Woodbridge.

That noble Christian physician, Dr. William Taylor, of Cincinnati, had told her a sad story of woman's degradation, and in closing, said, "But I can show you something vastly worse."

She received from an inmate of his dwelling a reply, in substance as follows: "It is not an uncommon thing for children of one year and upward to be brought to this hospital in delirium tremens. Mothers begin to give their children intoxicating drink at a very early age, which they increase as they go out for debauch or work, and so the little ones come to the hospital in this condition. The babe of whom you ask has probably lost its sight, but not its hearing, and the passion is ruling in death, for it opens its mouth to receive the alcoholic stimulant, as the bird in the nest to receive the food from its mother."—Selected.