

the house, he always came back again. It was his custom to take his station in the door-yard in front of the house, and, if any well-dressed person came through the yard to the house, the eagle would sit still, and make no objections; but if a ragged person came into the door-yard, he would fly at him, seizing his clothes with one claw, and holding on to the grass with the other. In this way, he would make him a prisoner. The owner of the house was often called upon to release people who had been captured by this eagle. It is a curious fact, that the bird never attacked people, however ragged they might be, if they approached the house by the back door. It was only when they attempted to enter through the front door that he assailed them. He had some other curious habits, as, for instance, instead of going out every day in order to get his breakfast, dinner, and supper, his custom was, about once a week, to make a hearty meal, which lasted him six or seven days. His common food was the king bird. He would sometimes catch ten of these birds, in the course of a few hours. The eagle must have been very dexterous to have done it, by the way, for the king bird is surprisingly quick in his motions, and does not make any thing of the task of catching bees by wholesale, as they are going into their hive. I watched one last summer for half an hour, as he was making his breakfast at the expense of the bees belonging to the friend at whose house I was visiting; and it amused me not a little, although I could not help pitying the poor bees, to see the dexterity with which he made prisoners of the little fellows.—*Woodworth's Stories about Birds.*

#### A CHILD'S PRAYER.

A drunkard who had run through his property, returned home one night to his unfortunate home. He entered his empty hall, anguish was gnawing at his heart-strings, and language was inadequate to express his agony as he entered his wife's apartment, and there beheld the victim of his appetite, his lovely wife and charming child. Morose and sullen, he seated himself without a word, he could not speak, he could not look upon them. The sorrowing mother said to the little angel by her side, 'Come, my child, it is time to go to bed;' and that little babe, as was her wont, knelt by her mother's lap, and gazing wistfully into the face of her suf-

fering parent, like a piece of chiselled statuary, slowly repeated her nightly orison; and when she had finished, the child, but four years of age, said to her mother, 'dear ma, may I offer up one more prayer?' 'Yes, yes, my sweet pet, pray.' And she lifted up her tiny hands, closed her eyes, and prayed: 'O God! spare, oh spare my papa!' That prayer was wafted with electric rapidity to the throne of God. It was heard—it was heard on earth. The responsive 'Amen,' burst from the father's lips, and his heart of stone became a heart of flesh. Wife and child were both clasped to his bosom, and in penitence he said: 'My child, you have saved your father from the grave of a drunkard. I'll sign the pledge.'

THE BEE.—That within so small a body should be contained apparatus for converting the 'virtuous sweets' which it collects into one kind of nourishment for itself, another for the common brood, a third for the royal glue for its carpentry, wax for its cells, poison for its enemies, honey for its master, with a proboscis almost as long as the body itself, microscopic in its several parts, telescopic in its mode of action, with a sting so infinitely sharp that, were it magnified by the same glass which makes a needle's point seem a quarter of an inch, it would yet itself be invisible, and this, too, a hollow tube—that all these varied operations and contrivances should be inclosed within half an inch of length, and two grains of matter, while in the same 'small room' the large heart of at least thirty distinct insects is contained—is surely enough to crush all thoughts of atheism and materialism.—*Quarterly Review.*

BE PUNCTUAL.—The listless, irregular, unpunctual man, though often good natured, and pleasing, and kind, and inoffensive, is, nevertheless the mere plaything of society, a mere means of amusement, often wanted, but little valued; he is generally left behind in the race of human life, daily laboring under disadvantages which result from his habits, and the rest of mankind, if they do not condemn or despise him, yet make him the object of their wayward pity.

A smooth sea never made a skilful mariner. Neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify man for usefulness or happiness. The storms of adversity, like the storms of the ocean rouse the faculties and excite the invention, prudence, skill and fortitude of the voyager.