

Our Young Folks.

Tit. Have you seen my kitty - Little Tit? Softest toy for far; Tell you what She's the prettiest kitty In the lot. I've hunted everywhere Low and high; For you see I've lost her, And shall cry When she takes to and me By-and-by. There's a ribbon round her neck, Dainty blue; If you call her softly She will mew. I'm so sad I don't know What to do. I shouldn't think she would Have left me so; Just as she'd begun to Play and grow. If you ever find her Not too know

Bad Books.

Bad books are to be shunned even more carefully than bad company. You may pass an hour with a bad person without receiving injury, but you cannot spend an hour in reading a bad book without injury. The celebrated John Ryland said, "It is perilous to read an impure book; you will never get it out of your faculties till you are dead. My imagination was tainted young, and I shall never get rid of the taint till I get to heaven."

Seventy Pairs of Hands.

The variety and number of needles made in these days are wonderful; the surgeon, harness-maker, book-binder, felt-worker, saddler, glover, embroiderer and house-wife, each wanting, needles of all shapes, and sizes, and lengths. And when you think that each needle has to pass through seventy pairs of hands before it is finished and ready for use, you see what pains is taken to reach excellence in a very small thing.

The Stinging Ring.

Two brothers went out to seek their fortunes. When they went to say good-bye to their father, he gave each of them a ring and said, "Wear this, and whenever you are entering into danger, the ring will sting you; but if you neglect the warning, the sting will grow dull in time and leave off stinging." The brothers went on their way along the dusty high-road. Presently the elder brother cried, "Look at that beautiful meadow, with long grass and patches of cowslips, and wild hyacinths too; we will rest there." They were getting over a style into the field, when the younger brother said, "Stop, my ring stings me." "So does mine," said the elder brother, "but I must and will have some cowslips."

What Parents Want of Schools.

One of our most distinguished teachers says that in the cases of two thousand or more boys who have passed under his care, no parent has ever forgiven him if he said, "Your boy is not quick or bright - but he is thoroughly pure, and true, and good. They did not forgive him for saying so, because they took it for granted that the goodness could be attained in an hour or so; but the brightness or quickness seemed of much larger importance. On the other hand, if the teacher said, "Your boy learns every lesson, and recites it well; he is at the head of his class, and will take any place he chooses at any school," nine parents, he says, out of ten are satisfied, though he should have to add, "I wish I was as sure that he was honest, pure, and unselfish. But in the truth, the other boys do not like him; and I am afraid there is something wrong." To that warning, he says, people reply, "Ah, well, I was a little wild myself when I was a boy. That will come all right in time." "Will come right," as if that were the one line of life which took care of itself, which needed no training; the truth being that this is the only thing which requires attention for its correction, if the work of it has not been eagerly and carefully done, and with prayer, wrought through.

Ministers would overtake their labors if they did not think it worth while to be born and spend ten thousand years in labor and contempt, to recover one soul.

We mount to heaven mostly on the ruins of our cherished schemes, finding our failures were successes.

Men, in their innovations, should follow the example of Time, which innovates gradually, but quietly, and by degrees; carefully to be perceived.

The true motive of our action, like the seed sown in the earth, is a daily concealed, but the puffed and hollow pretense is pompously placed in front for show.

It was a very witty remark of the present Pope, Pius IX., that the Rev. Dr. Pusey was like a church bell, which keeps on ringing to call men to church, but never goes into the church itself.

Witty sayings are as easily lost as the pearls slipping off a broken string; but a word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up into a flower.

It appears from the last returns that the aggregate income of our life assurance offices is more than 150 millions sterling that their total accumulated funds are over 118 millions, and that the assurances in force represent nearly 350 millions.

Mr. William Dunville has presented a valuable endowment in trust for ever to the Queen's College at Belfast. The endowment consists of two studentships, one for the encouragement of the mathematical and physical, and the other for that of natural sciences.

South America, the State religion of which is Roman Catholic, has been compelled to adopt strong and stern measures in opposition to the encroachments of the Popish Hierarchy—measures equally as severe as those to which Germany has had to resort.

One very common error misleads the opinion of mankind universally; that authority is pleasant, submission painful. In the general course of human affairs the very reverse of this is nearer the truth. Command is anxiety; obedience, ease.

It may be some feel trifling to say that the first cigar a young man takes within his lips often provokes his first step in a career of vice. I grieve and tremble over every youth whom I see contracting this habit; it often leads to other and worse things.

Nothing more powerfully argues a life beyond the than the failure of ideals here. Earth gives us only fragments of humanity, fragments of heart, fragments of mind, fragments of charity, love and virtue, and instead of being a world, is only a handful of seeds out of which a full-blown world might grow, but has not yet grown.

A quick, earnest prayer from a heart that feels the need of present help, though expressed in but few words, brings an answer, whatever the posture may be; while a formal prayer on bended knees in the closet, in the social circle, or in the sanctuary, may fail to reach the ear of our Father and attract His notice.

When a Socrates is put to death, wisdom and truth seems to suffer; and when an Aristides is exiled, justice appears to be in disgrace. But virtue is its own reward, and depends not on the fluctuating opinions of mortals, nor on the breath of popular applause, which is often on the side of error, and entirely opposite to the real interests of its votaries.

Mr. Spurgeon recently complained that inconsiderate people sometimes put questions to him which it was very unpleasant to answer. The other day a gentleman asked him what the Tabernacle would do when he was dead. He answered this question with another, "Pray, sir, what will your wife do when you are dead?" His interrogator did not relish the suggestion, and changed the subject.

The Canon of Kildare writes as follows to the Church Times:—"As a Professor Smyth, who calls himself a Presbyterian minister, has been elected an M. P. for Derry, the long-voiced question will now be decided as to whether Presbyterian orders are held valid by our laws. If Professor Smyth is an M. P. he is not in Holy Orders; if he is in Holy Orders he is not an M. P."

Luther's portrait of a good preacher: He should be able to teach plainly and in order; he should have a good heart; he should have a good voice; he should have a good memory; he should know when to stop; he should be sure what he means to say, and should study diligently. He should be ready to speak body and life, good and glory, on its truth. He must suffer himself to be vexed and criticized by everybody.

Sometimes, when we are not quite as we should be, we are filled with fear on account of our soul's poverty. What a poor thing I am; how little grace I have; how weak in prayer; how slow in service; how frequently depressed; how easily tossed to and fro. How shall I hope to reach the end? Here is the answer to it:—"I shall be anointed with fresh oil."—a poor, but I shall receive my daily portion; I am weak, and I have no strength in reserve, but my strength is laid up in God.—Spurgeon.

Smoking is now so common among persons of unformed constitutions, says The Builder, that the ascertained facts of the effects of tobacco acquire a grave importance. In juvenile smoking constitutions and students, we may look for generations endowed with weaker brains and duller intellects in a continued series of degradation. Let those who would not have our bright lads degenerate into a race of dyspeptic ballards, warn them as they wish for the full exercise of that power to which is their greatest privilege and glory, as they hope for clear heads and unclouded brains, to resist the treacherous seductions of tobacco.

Three Bad Bargains.

Once a Sabbath-school teacher remarked that he who buys the truth makes a good bargain, and inquired if any scholar recollects an instance in Scripture of a bad bargain. "I do," replied a boy; "Eve made a bad bargain when she sold her birthright for a mess of pottage." A second said, "Judas made a bad bargain when he sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver." A third boy observed, "Our Lord tells us that he makes a bad bargain, who to gain the whole world, loses his own soul."

The Pruning Knife.

The pastor led the meeting that night as usual, and the Scripture which he read was the fifth chapter of the Gospel of John, beginning: "I am the true vine and my Father is the husbandman. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away; and every branch that beareth fruit he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit."

A Storm in the Teacup.

A short time since we called attention to a "beery" debate between the admirers of Bohn and Bass. Whether students while drinking in knowledge find alcohol an indispensable aid to digestion we are not prepared to say; but that they have set their backs against teetotalism is evident. Perhaps this may be accounted for from the fact that they have much yet to learn. The directors of the Scotch Temperance League, in the hope of bringing the students of Glasgow University to a decision on this point, undertook to give them a lesson on the subject of temperance. To this end they were invited to a tea meeting in the Albert Hall a few evenings since. The invitation was largely responded to, and the meeting was a decided success as far as the disposal of buns and tea was concerned. The students could swallow tea, but teetotalism they could not. When the temperance speeches commenced either the tea, the words of the speakers, or a thirst for excitement overcame them. They, or a section of them, became so uproarious as to render the election scenes mild gatherings.

Death of the Rev. William McClure, of Londonderry.

It is with feelings of the deepest sorrow that we have to announce the death of the Rev. William McClure, senior pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Londonderry, which occurred at his residence on Sabbath evening. The last time he appeared in public was on the 5th inst., at a meeting of the City Mission. On the next day the symptoms of a dangerous illness presented themselves. From these he somewhat recovered, but on Friday week had a relapse, and as already stated he entered his rest on Sabbath evening. William McClure was the son of a merchant of Belfast. It was his father's intention that he should follow mercantile pursuits, and to prepare him for this he placed him in the collegiate department of the Belfast Institution. Having resolved to enter the ministry, in 1819, before entering college for the third session, he was taken under the care of the Presbytery of Ballymena, and after a course of theology under Dr. Hanna, was licensed to preach the Gospel in February 1823. In 1825 he was ordained to the junior pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church, Londonderry. By the death of the Rev. George Hay, in 1837, Mr. McClure became senior minister, and had in succession as colleagues, Rev. Henry Wallace, now Professor Wallace, of Belfast; Rev. Dr. Smyth, now Professor of Theology in Magee College, and M.P. for the county of Londonderry; and the Rev. A. C. Murphy, now sole pastor. In 1834 he was chosen Moderator of the Synod of Ulster, and in 1847 was unanimously chosen to the Moderatorship of the General Assembly. In 1846, when the Colonial Mission was established, Mr. McClure was appointed convener, and in 1858, owing to the death of the Rev. Richard Hill, he was appointed a trustee of Magee College, and next to the interests of his congregation and of the Colonial Mission the affairs of the College engaged most of his thoughts. In 1869 he resigned the senior pastorate; but with the exception of the regular pulpit supply he attended to the other pastoral duties. Mr. McClure, as might be imagined, had little time for literary pursuits, and beyond the part he took in preparing "Presbyterianism Defended," and the "Plea for Presbyterianism" which were called forth by a series of "Sermons on the Church," by the Rev. A. Boyd, now Dean of Exeter, Mr. McClure published nothing beyond pamphlets, addresses, and sermons. In the demise of one who for so many years has been associated with every religious and benevolent society, Londonderry and the Irish Presbyterian Church have lost a tower of strength. On Wednesday the remains of the lamented gentleman were interred in the Church of Ease Burying-ground amidst every mark of respect.

High Railway Points.

The altitude of the highest point in the world where railways are now in operation is at Apizaco, on the Vera Cruz and Mexico railway, 7,478 feet above the level of the sea. The next highest is on the Central Pacific, in the Nevada range, 7,111 feet above the level of the sea. The third is at Arequipa, an important city in Peru, 7,000 feet above the level of the sea, and, under the Peruvian railway system, the work is to be continued, and is expected to reach double that altitude. It sets out, upon ascent, to pass to the west of the Eastern Cordilleras, and puts itself thus in connection with the famous lake of Titicaca and the entire Andino Bolivia, also with the great historic realm of the Incas, the ancient capital of Cuzco, and must reach a point at the breath-taking height of 14,000 feet above the level of the sea—less than 4,000 feet lower than the crater of Popocatepetl, and over 6,000 feet higher than the city of Mexico. The inspirations of our Peruvian neighbors are shown by these vast undertakings to be as grand as the traditional capture of their Incas, and as lofty as the sublime heights of their magnificent Cordilleras.—Selected.

Dissipation and the Death-rate.

We live longer than our forefathers did and we also begin to know very clearly the reasons why. We investigate and analyse, and every year arrive at more definite conclusions. Some interesting investigations have been made lately in France by Dr. Bertillon on the death-rate at different ages, under the various conditions of life—namely, (1) of very poor living, as in Fribourg; (2) of good living along with dissipation, as in Paris; and (3) of good living without dissipation, as in the Department of the Aube. The result shows that dissipation in the young from ten to twenty is more fatal than misery and want, and at other ages is fatal to an equal degree. They also show that both poor living and plenty, along with dissipation, are very fatal at all ages, compared with a regular life and plenty of food. The death-rate in the thousand was found to stand thus:—

Age	Poor-living	Dissipation	Well-living
5 to 10	11.7	11.2	5.7
10 to 15	9.76	9.97	5.01
15 to 20	8.55	9.24	5.15
20 to 30	13.55	12.09	6.62
30 to 40	13.1	12.23	6.76
40 to 50	17.25	16.37	8.44
50 to 60	23.75	26.62	14.40
60 and up's	79	76.1	60.7

How the Bullfinch is Taught to Sing.

In shape and size this bullfinch is somewhat like the sparrow in our city parks, but he has a very different head. The sparrow, you know, has a trim, quick little pate of his own. Not so the bullfinch. His is a clumsy affair—in fact, he has a sort of "bull" head and neck; so, you see, he is well named. Besides, his body is nearly as black as a coal, and his throat is as red as if the coal were on fire. He is not naturally a singer, nor is he half so clever as our American mocking-bird. In fact, he seems rather stupid, but he is willing to learn; and so it happens that if you persevere long enough you can teach him to sing a tune.

The Country people of Germany have found this out. There the peasants take great delight in training bullfinches. Their pupils, not being very bright, as I said before, are stupidly hopping about their cages, when suddenly they hear a tune played upon a violin. They prick up their ears—or would do so if they could—and begin to listen, quite unconscious that that very same violin has been playing that very same tune for about a week without their noticing it. But it is something to catch their attention. Day after day, for months, the patient teacher goes over and over the same tune to the listening birds until human listeners begin to wonder which will get crazy first, the bullfinch or the player. But by and by the birds begin to pick up the air, piping the simple parts at first, and taking up note after note until, at last, they know the whole thing by heart. Sometimes a rustic father spends half of his time all winter teaching one little patient bird, and the children look on with the greatest interest. Or a boy will undertake the task, and when he at last succeeds, his sisters look upon him as the most wonderful fellow in the world; and they cry in real earnest when the wonderful boy carries his pupil to town to be sold: for sold these bullfinches are sure to be as soon as they are taught, or else exhibited by their owners as street singers. Sometimes bird-teachers are known far and wide for their skill and success; and at Freiburg, in Baden, a small village on the outskirts of the Black Forest, bullfinch-training is practiced as a regular business. In such cases, a small hurdy hurdy or "bird organ" is used, as being less difficult and tiresome than the violin; and, instead of training one bird, they teach the same tune to a class of ten or a dozen.—R. E. Hale in St. Nicholas.

Blessed is he who learns to profit by his wants and infirmities, and who, in all the privation he endures, is still submissive to the will of God.

"Fraser's Magazine" for this month, speaking of certain "Select Reading Lessons," used by 28,000 Roman Catholic boys in Ireland, says:—"This fourth book is on the very principle of the Nationalist newspapers, which scrape together the abuse of England from all the journals of every country under the sun with the view of feeding the anti-English resentment of the Irish masses; it is, in fact, a first-rate school manual for Fenianism, because its most pungent extracts point to insurrection as the approved method of asserting Irish independence."