

a vigorous constitution. Of any two young men starting on the race of life, one poor but healthy, and the other rich and effeminate, other things being equal, the chances for usefulness, honour, and a well remembered name, are manifold, in favour of the former. Every man of the least observation and reflection knows this to be an indisputable truth. Yet, in view of the fact that vigorous health is a better and safer fortune than stocks and bonds, how many in each hundred parents who read this article will lay it down and resolve: "I will do more to leave to my children a vigorous constitution?" Another element in the success of Lord Chief Justice Campbell was, that his employer, seeing his dull nature, but noticing at the same time that when he had anything to do he went at it promptly, and, with great painstaking, kept at it until the work was done, although painfully slow, he putted him on the shoulder, always spoke cheerfully to him, and, with considerate consistency, threw little jobs in the way, by which the heavy boy might earn a little money, and be stimulated to greater activities. How many a youth at school, how many an apprentice in the shop, how many a child in the family, has gone out in the night of a blighted life, who with humane encouragement, might have lived usefully and died famous, let the passionate teacher, master, and parent inquire, and do a little more patting on the shoulder!—*Hall's Journal of Health*—

THE TYRANT FLYCATCHER—This bird is one of the migratory visitors of the United States, and often bears the name of "King," as well as "Tyrant." According to Wilson, he does so from the extraordinary authority he assumes over all others during the time of breeding. So great is his affection for his mate, his young, and his nest, that, suspicious of every bird that approaches it, he violently attacks all intruders. In the month of May, June, and part of July, his life is one continued scenes of broils and battles, in which, however, he generally comes off conqueror. Strange to tell, hawks and crows, the bald eagle, and the great black eagle, all equally dread an encounter with him, who, as soon as he perceives any one of them approaching, launches into the air, mounts to a considerable height above him, darts down on his back, and sometimes fixes himself there, to the great annoyance of the assailed, who, if no convenient retreat or resting-place be near, strives, by various evolutions, to free himself from his merciless adversary. But the king bird is not easily disarmed. He teases the eagle incessantly, sweeps up on him from right to left, rises, that he may descend on his back with greater violence, all the while keeping up a shrill and rapid twittering, and continuing the attack, sometimes for more than an mile, till he is relieved by some other of his tribe equally eager for the fray.—*Cassell's Popular Natural History*.

ALL HAVE INFLUENCE.—No man stands alone in the world, but is influencing, for good or many of his fellow-creatures. "What can I do?" is an oft-repeated question, especially among those who fancy they are so low in social scale, or so poor in ability that their example can have no effect. "Billy Dawson," well-known Wesleyan preacher, was once preaching on "Influence," and at the close of his course, a farmer said to him, "Your remarks are very good, Mr. Dawson, but they seem to apply to me. I have no more influence than a farthing rushlight." "A farthing rushlight!" said the preacher, "why, a farthing rushlight may set fire to a haystack, afford a poor woman the light to read a chapter in her Bible, or, placed in the window of a cottage on a cold moor, may guide the weary, footsore, lost traveller to a place of rest and safety. And so it is with the moral world. A kind action, a word in season may effect a great change in the character of a man; and just as a small stone is capable of turning out of course the current of a stream; so the influence of the weakest of God's creatures may often effect the greatest of good. It should be remembered that because the man had no talent, it was no excuse for him when it was covered that he had buried it in a napkin.—*Jonathan*.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE ON CRINOLINE.—I think, alarming, peculiarly at this time, that the female ink-bottles are perpetually impressing us "woman's particular worth and zealousness," to see that the dress of woman is daily more and more unfitting them for "mission" or usefulness at all. It is equally unfitting for all poetic and all domestic purposes. A man is now a more handy and far less objectionable being in a sick room than a woman. Compelled by her dress, every woman is either shufflings or waddles; only a man can enter the floor of a sick room without shaking it. What is become of woman's light step—firm, light, quick step we have been asking! A nurse who rustles (I am speaking of a professional and unprofessional) is the horror of a patient, though perhaps he does not know why. The fidget of silk and crinoline, the clinking of keys, the creaking of stays and shoes will do a patient more harm than all the noises in the world will do him good. The noiseless step of woman, the noiseless dress of woman, are mere figures of speech in this day. Her skirts (and well if they do not tread down some piece of furniture) will at least be against every article in the room as she goes. Fortunate it is if her skirts do not catch and if the nurse does not give herself up to sacrifice, together with her patient, to be burned in her own petticoats. I wish the Registrar-General would tell us the exact number of deaths by burning occasioned by this absurd and