

be the origin of the acts their effect is the same. Whether the evil coming from the devil, and the grace from God; or whether both are found in man's inner nature and in his outward circumstances the facts of human life and experience are the same.

But even those who may think this side of the question somewhat too strongly stated will hardly doubt the truth of the other. A man's behaviour not only makes what he is, it shows what he is. We mean, of course, his whole behaviour, not a part of it; his conduct and manners at home and abroad in the family, in business, in public life, in social intercourse; they must all be taken together if we would know the whole man; but so taken they reveal the whole man.

"Manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of noble nature and of loyal mind."

We might go farther and say that even the slight things of manners and conduct will often reveal the very principle of a man's life. You hear by accident of one or two acts of generosity performed by a man under peculiar circumstances, without his having the least intention that they should gain publicity or attract any notice; and you recognize the grandeur of a soul which produced such flowers and fruit. Or, again, you have forced upon your attention some instance of great baseness, and you cannot help seeing something utterly base in the character which produced it. It may not be altogether the action itself, bad as it is; but it reveals to you a possibility of badness which chills and repels you.

We will conclude this first instalment of our paper with a story in illustration of the relation of manner to inner character.

In a battle between the English and French a squadron of French cavalry charged an English regiment. As the young French officer, who led them, was about to attack the English leader, he observed that his opponent had but one arm with which he held his bridle. The Frenchman immediately desisted from his intention, saluted him courteously with his sword, and rode on. The story is not given here as bearing upon French manners. English officers have never been reckoned wanting in generosity and magnanimity. They are perhaps the bravest and gentlest of brave and gentle men in the world. The thing to be noted in this incident is, that such an action was not the mere result of natural training. That would hardly have asserted itself at such a moment. An act so ready or spontaneous speaks for the heart of the man who performed it; it comes out of a noble and generous disposition that would not stoop to take advantage of an unequal foe.

Besides all this, manner is a power in life—one of the greatest powers, perhaps, in the world. Some men (and perhaps more men) are found by their fellow men to be irresistible. If they make a request it is hardly possible to refuse them, even when a distinct purpose of refusal has been found. Even when we cannot agree with their opinions he wishes that he could. On the other hand,

there are men who will spoil the best of causes by their manner of advocating it. The moment you see them you have an instinctive desire to contradict them. Even when you agree with their opinions you almost wish you could disagree with them. There are few men who could not give, from their own observations, many illustrations of these statements.

People who are very determined to have their own way, and to assert their own opinions, often wonder that they don't succeed, and put it down to the obstinacy and stupidity of their neighbors, and envy and jealousy, and what not. They ought, in fact, to put it down to their own want of manners. The very qualities which they think, should achieve success, are an offence to others.

SOME ASPECTS OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

Seven o'clock one bright Monday morning in January found a Northerner, accustomed to Canadian winters, transported with a weary set of sea-sick passengers to the "vexed Bermoothes," or, more appropriately termed by visitors there, "the sunny isles of the sea." As I sat upon the bridge of the steamship, I wondered with Mark Twain, as new faces continually emerged from below, where we had stopped in our passage through the Gulf Stream to take on more travellers, but a moment's reflection that one's berth afforded the best place for contemplation on a three day's journey from New York to Hamilton, quite satisfied the writer with the consciousness of his own pleasure at having acquired "sea-legs" ere this trip. To awaken from a sound sleep, to gaze about and behold, on what the natives call a "pretty day," the marble-like, limestone houses, gleaming in the morning sun and fitly compared to the frosting on a cake, astonishes one who has just left behind a stormy northern winter. But my attention is called to a large pole run out from the dock, and my mind returns from the contemplation of the scene before me. Are we not going close to the wharf? No; the shallowness of the water prevents the nearer approach of the steamer, and two large timbers are run from the quay to the ship. A little acrobatic performance ensues;—a dusky son of the South, with a cross-bar, cautiously creeps out upon the pole and fastens each end of the former with a small piece of rope to the larger poles; deals are now placed upon this structure and the gangway formed after an interval of perhaps forty minutes.

Time is of no consequence, although the steamer has not been in before in two weeks, yet the excitement of its arrival merely attracts a small knot of spectators. A stray porter from the hotel, or some scarlet-coated soldier may show himself, but no impudent "cabby" or boisterous hotel-men are there to march triumphantly away with your luggage. What a paradise at last you think as you stroll quietly to your hostelry on the hill and perchance overhear the remark that "you look mighty sea-sick," while you are perhaps lifting your legs in your