

## BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

### Catechisms.

Toronto: James Bain & Son.

The Messrs. Bain have published very neat and correct editions of the "Assembly's Shorter Catechism," with Scripture proofs; the same, without proofs; and the Rev. John Brown of Haddington's "Short Catechism for Young Children." Sabbath schools and families throughout the Church ought to be well supplied with them.

### Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine.

Rochester, N.Y.: James Vick.

The August number of "Vick's Magazine" will be in request by amateur and professional cultivators everywhere. It contains just the sort of information that they need, and that in large quantity and variety; for the items are all short. The present number is, like its predecessors, beautifully illustrated.

### On Discipline.

Philadelphia: Eldredge & Brother.

This volume is No. 4 of the series entitled "Manuals for Teachers," issued by the Messrs Eldredge. The subjects treated of in the three preceding volumes were, "The cultivation of the Senses," "The Cultivation of the Memory," and "The Use of Words." These we have already commended to the perusal of teachers—especially of young teachers—in this Province. Of the book now before us it is no small praise to say that it well fills the place in the series which its title demands. Without proper discipline there can be no teaching, worthy of the name; and in this little volume the inexperienced teacher will find, briefly but fully stated, just what he needs to know as to the art of securing proper order, attention, obedience, and good feeling in his school, with the underlying principles of that art—principles which could only have been reached through long experience and a thorough knowledge of human nature.

### The Fortnightly Review.

Toronto: Belfords, Clarke & Co.

The "Fortnightly" for July opens with a long and favourable biographical and literary critique of Cardinal Newman and his writings, by W. S. Lily. Right Hon. R. Lowe, M.P., furnishes an article entitled "A Simple Way out of the Indian Difficulty." The trouble is in monetary affairs. The standard of England is gold while that of India is silver. There occasionally occurs a fluctuation in the relative value of these two standards. This is almost sure to cause loss to one or other of the two countries, for, on account of necessary political arrangements, India pays to England a sum of no less than seventeen millions sterling a year, in gold or its equivalent, which in the standard of India may mean several thousands of dollars more, or less, than that amount, just as it may happen. This difference of standards is also a disturbing element in the general commerce carried on between the two countries. Mr. Lowe's "simple way" out of this difficulty is the introduction of a paper currency into India, to be sustained at par with gold by the right to require bullion for notes and notes for bullion in certain specified quantities. The next paper is from the pen of George Saintsbury, and gives an account of the life and writings of "Saint-Evremond," an early French literature. Then we have "The Progress of Heavy Artillery," by Lieut.-Colonel Lean; "Modern Parliaments," by Professor Pearson; "The Coloured Man in Australia," by John Wisker; "Agricultural Prospects," by the Earl of Airlie; "English County Asylums," by Hon. Francis Scott; "Some New Books," by Grant Allen; Home and Foreign Affairs.

### HOE-HANDLE MEDICINE.

On a bright, pleasant summer morning, a young man, with a silk muffler around his throat, and a woe-begone look in his pale face, plied the big knocker upon the doctor's dwelling. A lady answered the summons, and informed the applicant that the doctor was in his garden at work. To the garden the young man went, where he found the man of medicine engaged in hoeing his sweet corn.

"Well, sir,—and what is the matter?" the doctor asked, when the applicant had stated that he had come for medical advice and assistance.

"Well, doctor," with a lugubrious face, and a whin-

ing, moaning tone, "I feel poorly all through. My head has spells of aching; my appetite is poor; my food does not set well; and I am very weak. Really, I need help."

"Yes, I see. Let me look at your tongue. Ah! yes. Now your pulse."

The pulse was felt, and after due deliberation, said the doctor:

"Look you, young man, you do certainly need help. Now, see; I must attend an important case at ten o'clock, and I must have this corn hoed before I go. So, while I am gone to make up a prescription for you, do you take my hoe, and go on with my work here. You know how to use a hoe?"

"Yes, sir. My father was a farmer; but I haven't worked on a farm since he died."

"And you haven't worked much anywhere else, I take it," the doctor threw in, unpleasantly.

"No, sir; I am not obliged to."

"Very well. I'll warrant you the work here won't hurt you, so go on with it until I come back."

With that the doctor trudged off, and the young man went at the work of hoeing. He hoed to the end of the row, and there removed the light muffler from his neck. Then he went at it again. Half way down the second row he stopped and looked up, but no doctor was in sight. At the end of that row, as the absent one had not yet appeared he pulled off his coat.

The third row he hoed more slowly, stopping several times before the end was reached; but he finished it, and after a good rest, attacked the fourth row. There was but one more row after this, and the fancy seized him to have it done before the old fellow came back. It would be a surprise to him. The thought quickened his pulses, and gave him renewed vim. He had just completed the last hill of the last row when the doctor came back.

"Well, well, my young friend, how are you feeling now?"

The patient really had to consider. He had been looking to see what the physician had brought with him of medicine; but he had brought nothing. His hands were empty. "The work hasn't hurt you has it?"

"Oh, no, sir," his face glowing with the exercise.

"I thought not. Let me feel your pulse again." He held the young man's wrist for a brief space, and then—

"It has worked to a charm. Now, sir, do you go home, and repeat this dose twice a day, every morning and every afternoon; do it faithfully, and be honest with your diet, don't use tobacco, and if that doesn't work a cure, come and let me know. My fee, sir, is one dollar."

"One—dollar?" gasped the astounded youth.

"That is all I charge when patients call at my door."

"But, sir, in mercy's name! what is it for? Where is your prescription? What have I taken of yours?"

"My prescription, my dear young friend, I gave you before I left you here with my hoe; the medicine you have been taking in my place—a health-giving potion which I should have enjoyed had I not given it up to you. And now, dear sir, I will tell you frankly, you are rusting out, literally tumbling to pieces for want of exercise of both body and mind. That is all, sir. You can follow my prescription and be cured, or you can take your own way."

The young man paid the dollar and went his way. Not then could he be cheerful; but afterwards, when he had allowed reason fair play, and had come to prove the life-saving and the new life-giving virtues of the doctor's prescription, he came and thanked him.

### SOME OF THE ADVANTAGES OF TACT.

Many people are so ignorant of all the *convenances* and proprieties of life that they have no other idea of tact than as a species of hypocrisy, and never fail, on opportunity, to characterize it as such. But to the mind capable of the least discrimination the two are as wide apart as are the North and South poles. For hypocrisy is the dumb show of lying, but tact is rather a method employed to avoid lying. Hypocrisy says: "There is no pit here," and skips gayly across; but tact, saying nothing at all about the pit, cries, "Ah, how pleasant it is in the other direction! let us go that way!" Hypocrisy never hesitates at a lie; tact never allows occasion for one.

Tact is, in fact, the great lubricator of life; it oils the machinery, smooths away trouble, looks far ahead,

perhaps, to see it, and turns things into another channel. But, however tact avoids the necessity of falsehood, it does not suppress the truth; it simply prevents reference to the facts; it has a sort of self-respect, which does not blazon its affairs abroad; it does not consider itself as using deceit when merely keeping its own business in its own breast.

Tact has, moreover, a way of surmounting difficulties that no other power has. Hypocrisy, so to say, burns its ships behind it; it puts its back against a lee and fights, but tact always keeps its retreat open, and always has forces in reserve. Tact seldom makes the assault; it never conquers; it wins without battle. "When we show any one that he is mistaken," Pascal declares, "our best course is to observe on what side he considers the subject—for his view of it is generally right *on this side*—and admit to him that he is right so far. He will be satisfied with this acknowledgment that he was not wrong in his judgment, but only inadvertent in not looking at the whole of the case." And tact never had a higher exposition. Yet tact is as different from cunning as it is again from falsehood. Cunning goes about seeking devious ways; it feeds on itself; it becomes a disease; it deceives itself and debases itself all the time that tact is moving on serenely in a loftier atmosphere: loftier, at any rate, since tact is at least the child of intellect, while cunning is often the offspring of mere idiocy.

There is nothing more useful in a family, as a cushion to every fall, a buffer to every blow, than this agreeable tact. It always knows the right thing to say, the exact thing to do; it knows how to lift the pleasant hand at the very moment for smoothing ruffled plumage; it knows, on debatable questions, how to put others into such good humour that it can carry its point; it turns conversations from dangerous approaches; it never sees what is best unseen; it does not answer to that which requires a scathing reply if heard at all; it remembers names and faces; it has the apropos anecdote; if it does not go out of the way to flatter, neither does it go out of the way to blame; where it cannot praise it is silent, and it never consents to mortify any.

Thus tact, it would appear, is as species of kindness; a dislike to wound as well as a desire to give pleasure; perhaps, also, a species of selfishness in its automatic shrinking from crying, quarreling, and discomfort of any kind.

Once in a while, when some great blunder is made that no tact ever quite repairs, we are led to wonder what the world would be without it. Somebody once said that without hope the world would be naught; for destitute of that, we should not perform the simplest operations of life; we should not go out of the door lest we should fall down; we should not lift our hand to our head lest we should remain there. Quite as badly off should we be without tact; all the flavour of life would be crude, as some undisguised acid; there would be a perpetual recoil among the atoms of family and social life as of oil and water; every roughness would rasp, every sharp thing would hit and hurt; peace, harmony, and enjoyment would be things of no existence. Certainly, it must be conceded that tact is to our nerves what beneficence is to our morals. It is, moreover, a thing easily cultivated; its presence is one of the sure signs of gentle breeding, and its absence always leads us to believe people sprung from clowns; for, save for the awkward exceptions already acknowledged to prove the rule, where people of culture and of gentle behaviour are to be found, there is tact to be found with them.—*Harper's Bazar*.

### THE DO-NOTHING CURSE.

"Curse ye Meroz," said the angel of the Lord (Judges v. 23).

What had Meroz done? Nothing.

Why, then, was Meroz to be cursed? Because Meroz did nothing.

What ought Meroz to have done? Come to the help of the Lord.

Could not the Lord do without Meroz? The Lord did do without Meroz.

Did the Lord, then, sustain any loss? No, but Meroz did.

Was Meroz, then, to be cursed? Yes, and that bitterly.

Is it right that a man should be cursed for doing nothing? Yes, when he ought to be doing something.—*Watchword*.