

THE EDITOR

The editor who wills to please
Must humbly crawl upon his knees,
And kiss the hands that beat him;
Or, if he dare attempt to walk,
Must toe the mark that others chalk,
And cringe to all that meet him.

Says one, your subjects are too grave—
Too much morality you have
Too much about religion;
Give me some witch or wizard tales,
With slipshod ghosts, with fins and scales
Or feathers like a pigeon.

I love to read, another cries,
Those monstrous fashionable lies—
In other words, those novels,
Composed of kings and queens and lords,
Of border wars and Gothic hordes,
That used to live in novels.

No—no, cries one, we've had enough
Of such confounded love-sick stuff
To craze the fair creation;
Give us some recent foreign news,
Of Russians, Turks, the Greeks and Jews,
Or any other nation.

The man of drilled scholastic lore
Would like to see a little more
In scraps of Greek or Latin;
The merchants rather have the price
Of Southern indigo and rice,
Of Lumber, silk or satin.

Another cries, I want more fun,
A witty anecdote or pun,
A riddle or a fiddle;
Some long for missionary news,
And some—of worldly, carnal views—
Would rather hear a fiddle

The critic, too, of classic skill,
Must dip in gall his gander quill,
And scrawl against the paper;
Of all the literary fools,
Bred in our colleges and schools,
He cuts the silliest caper.

Another cries, I want to see
A jumbled up variety—
Variety in all things;
A miscellaneous hodge-podge print,
Composed— I only give the hint
Of multifarious small things.

I want some marriage news, says Miss,
It constitutes my highest bliss,
To hear of weddings plenty;
For in a time of general rain,
None suffer from a drought, 'tis plain,
At least not one in twenty.

I want to hear of deaths, says one,
Of people totally undone,
By losses, fire or fever;
Another answers, full as wise,
I'd rather have the fall and rise
Of racoon skins and beaver.

Some signify a secret wish
For now and then a savory dish
Of politics to suit them;
But here we rest at perfect ease,
For should they swear the moon was
cheese,
We never should dispute them.

Or grave or humorous, wild or tame,
Lofly or low, 'tis all the same,
Too haughty or too humble;
And every editorial wight
Has nought to do but what is right,
And let the grumbler grumble.

SOME AUTHENTIC AND HITHERTO
UNPUBLISHED FUNNIGRAMS.

Contributed to the Snowflake by Latta

Wanted—a parallel in meek delicacy—
by a young woman who, during the ex-
citing year of '73 abstained from reading
the papers, under a firm but mistaken idea
that the Pacific Scandal was a divorce
case!! (N. B.—Information respecting
that period of Canadian History thank-
fully received by said young woman who
is a resident of Ontario.)

The girl who ate oysters in 'Orgust' and
found that she did not like them, may

find a sympathiser in the person of our
'Help', meaning the young lady who does
the kitchen and fancy work, who, forming
an erroneous idea in regard to the origin
and orthography of "Sault Ste. Marie,"
wrongfully addressed a letter to her young
man resident in that romantic neighbor-
hood; Malkin MacCloud, Susan Mary,
Mishygun, Bost Offis.

On an occasion of public rejoicing in a
small town in the County of Bruce, Ont.,
an able-bodied and patriotic council man,
flushed with recent triumphs, in a mo-
ment of elation, bestowed upon himself
and his brother councillors the startling
appellation "this intelligent and privileged
corps-e!" Many are of opinion that he
meant *corps*, but the truth has never
been really ascertained, because no one
liked to inquire!

Comprehensive essay on the horse by a
small boy: "White, red, grey, sail, 4
feet, 1 tale, he can plough."

THE QUEBEC MAIL. When I speak of
the Quebec mail, you musn't run away
with the idea of a handsome, well hung
coach, with four spanking bays, and a
man on the box with ever so many capes
to his coat, and a guard behind with a
straight-brimmed hat, and a talent for
blowing the bugle. Imagine rather a
small sedan-chair, with the back painted
red and the royal arms depicted thereon,
drawn by two horses, tandem, in very in-
different harness, and driven by a Cana-
dian with a hooded grey coat, bound at
the waist with a red sash. The vehicle is
intended to hold four passengers, who sit
two and two, all facing the horses; the
driver stands on a foot-board in front.
Though Jenkin and myself are anything
but corpulent, and, indeed, would together
only make a respectable middle-aged man
if rolled into one, we found considerable
difficulty in wedging ourselves into the
back seat, and having done so, could not
move hand or foot except by mutual con-
sent. The reason for making these sleighs
so narrow and for driving them tandem is
that if wider they could not pass one an-
other on the track; and should you leave
this beaten track in the middle of the
road, your horse goes into the snow near-
ly up to his back. I have travelled many
doleful journeys as regards weather, roads,
and accomodation, but never one in which
the three combined in such a determined
manner to create the extreme of discomfort.
There was a snow-storm whistling through
the sleigh from end to end, so that the
front of each of our blanket-coats formed a
solid breast plate of ice, on which a tilter
might have splintered his lance; the road,
being much worn since the last fall of
snow, consisted of a succession of holes,
through which we floundered with such an
uneasy motion as very soon made me sick
as ever I was at sea in a gale. So we tra-
velled on, in a dozing state, unable to quite
wake up, but having a dreamy perception
that we were being snowed, and frozen,
and thumped, and shaken, till we stopped
to breakfast at an inn on the other side of
the Ottawa.—*Snow Pictures, in Fraser's
Magazine, 1859.*

HOW TO MAKE A FORTUNE.

Concluded from last month

But if it is to be yours, sincerity will
commence at once. Your Christian char-
acter is yet to form; and it is wisdom's
part to begin to-day. The visionary may
lie upon the beach and lounge away the
summer, picturing his Atlantis,—his Ely-
sium rising from the deep; but the man
who is really on the way to wealth is the

man who is driving his stakes, and run-
ning out his rampart, and rescuing from
the muddy tide a few rods of the sub-
merged surface. Be you that man. Be
you the man who begins to-day. Be you
the man who confesses, "At this moment
there dwelleth no good in me. My better
character is all to form; and if it ever
come into existence, it must be as a re-
prisal from the howling deep of ungodli-
ness, the troubled sea of sin. But I can
do all things through Christ strengthening
me. To His service and honor I devote
myself, and in His strength and name I
would at once go forth against my beset-
ting sins. And if He will kindly strength-
en me, I may hope to gain some ground
even before this evening's setting sun."
And armed with this mind, a few days of
prayerful watchfulness would do more
than years of barren speculation to cure
your faults, to confirm your faith, and to
improve your character.

It is to be feared that many persons forfeit
their opportunity, and fall short of everlast-
ing life, for want of these two things, pre-
cision and promptitude. Instead of doing
something definite, they are content with
vague generalities; and instead of doing
instantly what their hand finds to do, life
slips away in the daily intention to begin
to-morrow. To illustrate what we mean:
In his Second Epistle St. Peter says,
"Give diligence to make your calling and
election sure," or in one word, "Give dili-
gence to ensure salvation." And this
counsel is quite general; but in the paral-
lel context it is opened up into various
particulars, and the same Apostle, who in
the tenth verse says, "Give diligence to
make your calling and election sure," in
the fifth verse says, "Giving all diligence,
add to your faith, virtue; and to virtue,
knowledge; and to knowledge, temper-
ance; and to temperance, patience; and
to patience, godliness; and to godliness,
brotherly-kindness; and to brotherly-
kindness, charity; for if ye do these
things, ye shall never fall; and so an en-
trance shall be ministered unto you abun-
dantly into the everlasting kingdom of our
Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." And
you can easily understand the value of
these particulars. It is as if a father were
in one case saying to his son, "Try to earn
a competence;" and in the other, "Try
to add to this house a field; and to this
field a thousand pounds of funded money;
for if you do that you won't fall into ab-
solute penury; you will have a provision for
sickness or old age." It is as if one man
wrote on the first page of his New Year's
Journal, "This year I shall give diligence
to improve my mind;" and another wrote,
"This year, by giving diligence, I hope to
add to my knowledge of French the rud-
iments of Greek; and to the Greek Gram-
mar I hope to add the study of the New
Testament in the original tongue; and to
the study of the Greek Testament I hope
to add the perusal of Neander's History;
and to Neander I hope to add D'Aubigne.
Is it not evident that by giving a definite
aim this precision would give heart to dili-
gence, and is it not a more hopeful promise
than vast and high-sounding resolutions?

So says the Apostle, not vaguely nor as
one beating the air, "Add to your faith
courage. You say that you believe in
Christ; confess him. And to courage add
knowledge, — a large acquaintance with
God's truth, a sound and enlightened
understanding. And to knowledge add
temperance, self mastery, superiority to
sensual delights, abstinence from evil.
And to temperance patience, — fortitude in
pain, forgiveness of injuries, meekness and
magnanimity. And to patience godliness,
— a devout and adoring spirit, — that frame
of mind to which God is the nearest Pres-
ence and a present God the chiefest Joy.
And to godliness brotherly-kindness, —
that new affection to which the Church is
the adopted family and to which the
friends of Christ are dear as brothers.
And to brotherly-kindness add charity,
that benevolence which has a helping hand
for every need and a sympathy for every
sorrow."

Those who live on a peradventure are
too likely to perish. You fancy that you
have hold of a rope which can draw you a
thousand feet, even to the top of this

precipice; but let us see if you have such
a hold as can lift you to the lowest ledge,
as can even raise you from the ground.
You hope that you have faith; that is,
you hope that you have such a grasp of
the Gospel as can draw you up to Heaven;
But let us see if you have such a grasp as
can lift you above one besetting sin, — as
can elevate you to the lowest platform of
Christian holiness. Test your faith in
Christ and evince your own sincerity by
keeping one of His commandments.

And brought to this simple test, is the
Lord Jesus to you so really living and so
present, — so dear and so divine that from
knowing the grief which the sins of others
gave Him and the delight which goodness
always yields Him, it is at least your oc-
casional effort to do such things as He
Himself and His loved disciples did, — at
least your frequent effort to resist and
vanquish evil? Are you giving such dili-
gence to make your calling and election
sure, as to be giving diligence to cultivate
any single attribute of the Christian char-
acter? the patience or the brotherly kind-
ness, the godliness or the charity? Or
with the red-cross ensign at the head of
the mast and the helm in the hand of pre-
sumption, are you yielding to the course
of this world and floating securely through
the fog, as if the course of this world would
not end in the engulfing eddy and drown
you in perdition, a manner of Christ but
no departer from iniquity, a sayer of
"Lord! Lord!" but no doer of the things
which the Saviour commands you?

And if there is danger in vague gener-
alities — if, in the concerns of the soul,
there is need for the same closeness of in-
quiry and minuteness of inspection which
we devote to the perishing interests of
time, and without which our most flatter-
ing hopes would only prove illusion and
disaster — there is wisdom in promptitude.
If, then, the misgiving crosses any mind,
"Mine is the Christian creed rather than
the Christian character," you have need of
instant diligence, lest, after all your pro-
fession, you fall at last, and miss in the
end an entrance into the kingdom of our
Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Tempta-
tions await you. Even whilst you are
reading this paper these temptations stand
round you; and as soon as you have laid
it down some of them will be sure to ac-
cost you, — temptations to anger, to dupli-
city, to dissipation, to indolence, to self-
display. But still nearer than these tempta-
tions is your omnipresent Lord and
Master. Before going farther would it
not be well to kneel down and cast your
self on His gracious protection; and, ad-
vancing in His name and strong in His re-
collected presence, you may find y-
ourself more than conqueror. Should He thus
perfect His strength in your weakness,
betwixt the actual work overtaken, and
the happiness diffused by courteous words,
kind looks, and friendly offices. He may
give you the comfort of a well-spent day,
and so inspire with fresh hope the prayers
and efforts of the morrow.

Or, should you tall short — should you
fail of your desire and endeavor, the very
disappointment may do you good, if it
leads you to add more devotion to your
diligence. There is an undevout diligence
which makes a man pert and self-conceit-
ed, and which gives him a laudible com-
placency, "I am rich, and increased in
goods," whilst the Saviour, who knows his
works, declares, "Thou art wretched, and
poor, and miserable;" and there is an or-
thodox indolence which, by high pitched
profession, tries to make up for defective
practice — a Sarban's self-deception which
has a name to live and is dead, and to
which the Saviour says, "Be watchful,
and strengthen the things which remain
that are ready to die; for I have not
found thy works perfect before God." But
that is the truly Christian tempera-
ment where the devotion is diligent and
the diligence is devout where, like
Symna, the man knows his poverty, but
where knowledge of that poverty sends
him to the Saviour, and that Saviour in
the very act of strengthening him says,
"I know thy poverty; but thou art rich."
The prayer which is the root and pre-
lude of action — the action which is the
Amen to prayer.