

life spent in piping and mourning by turns is hard. But the conviction has been forced upon me, and is growing, that the ministry, as to-day constituted, is a place where a man of independent thought, of untrammelled reasoning, of free spirit and free speech, cannot live. Those rough old methods of punishment—the prison and the cross—are out of date: but the more refined methods known to this day are just as effectual. For myself, I am decided. I will not shape my conduct or my speech to suit the changeful tempers of children; I will not bow down and worship a dull conventionality; I will hold myself free to think and to speak out any or all of my thoughts; I shall strive to live my own man's life, in so far as it does not interfere with even the weakness of others; I shall use my energies to the best ends and in the way by which I can accomplish most. While I can do that in the ministry, while I can keep my manhood, I hope to preach; for I love the work, I love to preach Christ and Him crucified. But, when I cannot do that, when I have to put myself where I am not free to think, and speak, and be a man—then, in the name of God and my own manhood, I will turn to something else where I can get my bread and keep my self-respect. It is not needful that I should live in ease and comfort; unpopularity is not of necessity the prelude to eternal punishment; what is called heterodoxy is not always a proof of the divine displeasure, and a man's life may well be blessed when the world has accounted it a failure.

But I want to say this with all the emphasis I can command: It is for you, the laity, to determine what the ministry shall be. My brothers and my sisters, make it great. Be free yourselves; be true yourselves; be constant; be thorough; have the faith which makes men strong, the love which makes men beautiful; let your manhood be moulded after the one great Pattern and Redeemer of us all, and you will greaten the ministry and the ministry will greaten you, and God shall count us as His children in whom wisdom is justified.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

SALES BY AUCTION.

Under its older English names of an *outrope*, an *outery*, or a *portsale*, there are numerous allusions to the auction in our early literature. So in the "Nomenclator" of Adrian Junius, 1585, "To make open sale or *portsale*, as they sell by the crier," &c. In "Cotgrave," 1611, we read, "*Vendre a l'encant*, to sell by *portsale* or *outrope*, Proverbe, *En un encant tiens la bouche coye*. Be not hasty to overbid another." "*Enchere*, any *portsale*, *outrope*, or bargaining wherein he that bids most is to carry it." Compare also Decker's "Dead Tearme," 1608, (cited by Nares) "As at a common *outrope*, when household stuff is to be sold, they cry, Who will give more?" As regards book auctions, the kind of auction in which a large section of your readers are most interested I find no book auction catalogues earlier than the Restoration. Here is one: "Catalogus Librorum Bibliothecæ Lazari Seaman, quorum auctio habebitur Londoni, &c., cura G. Cooper, 1676." Such catalogues of the seventeenth century are all now scarce; still a good number of them are known to exist. I only possess one myself, viz., that of the library of John Lloyd, Bishop of St. David's, sold by auction at Tom's Coffee-house, by John Bullard, 1698. * * * In my copy of Raymond's "History of England," folio, 1787, page 419, it is stated, among the remarkable occurrences in the reign of William III., "1700.—The first auction in England by Elisha Yale, Governor of Fort St. George, in the East Indies, who sold the goods he brought from thence in that manner."—*Notes and Queries*.

TAXES ON NATURE.

A Boston paper picks out a few impositions to which Americans submit, as follows:

"Niagara Falls is the grandest cataract in the world. Half of it belongs to the United States, yet it is not possible for an American citizen even to look at the falls unless he pays twenty-five cents. Watkins Glen, New York, is a wonderful chasm, wild and picturesque, but the free American citizen must pay fifty cents to enter it. It is hard to fence in Mount Washington, and it has not yet been accomplished, but as the fares are much higher than the mountains the free American citizen may think he can save money by walking to the top. He is mistaken. He will have to pay eighty cents to walk up. The Au Sable basin is gloomy and grand, but it costs the American citizen fifty cents to see it. The flume of the Fraconia notch is worth seeing—seventy cents worth. The whirlpool at Niagara is sad and sombre; at least it makes the American citizen feel so when he goes there with a party of ladies—fifty cents each. The falls of Montgomery are romantic, historical, and beautiful—twenty-five cents admission and fifty cents toll. If American speculators could only erect a wall along the sea-coast so that no one could see the ocean without paying a dollar, it is quite likely the free American citizen would go to see it without a murmur, and take his children, if they were allowed to go for half price."

LITERARY WAGES, ITALY, 1752.

But few servants have ever been so badly paid as those who served the god in those days in Italy. Fifteen pence, English, was the price of a volume of 200 pages at Venice; Gozzi's poetical "Gazzetta" was sold for 5 sous—prices which show only too unmistakably that the authors could have received little or nothing for the manuscripts. Two-pence half-penny was the recognized price of a sonnet. And, considering the quality of the wares, the poets, even

at that rate, would seem to have been better paid than the translators. Goldoni received 30s. for one of his plays *a soggetto*, (that is, those whose subject, characters and plot only were furnished to the dramatist, the dialogue being left to the actors,) and from £15 to £20 for his written dramas; from which data Gozzi calculates that each verse was worth something less than each stitch of a cobbler. Passeroni, one of Parini's earliest friends, was so poor that Sterne, when he saw him at Milan, surprised at the evidently miserable condition of his circumstances, and saying, "Why, you must have made ever so much by your 'Cicerone,'" was answered that the poem had not repaid the expenses of printing. It is true that the "Cicerone" had made its author a member of the "Transformati," of the "Arcadians," of the "Fluttuanti," of the "Agiati," of the "Infecondi," and of many more academies in different cities of the peninsula. There was abundance of praise, but no scraps of pudding.—*Bel-gravia*.

ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

[Suggested by the fact that a young lady at the North London Collegiate School has recently, at the mathematical examination, obtained honours equivalent to a Senior Optime at Cambridge.]

I'm glad Reformers who arrange
Their plans t' improve the nation,
Have tried to make a thorough change
In female education.

I don't see why a girl should waste
Her time in bagatelles,—
In making toys of cards and paste,
Or quizzing other belles;

But why not like her brothers try
Her head at mathematics,
Or natural philosophy,
And dive in hydrostatics.

For if to folly she's inclined,
And clever folks despise,
In algebra she'll quickly find
The value of the Y's (wise).

Or should her back too crooked grow,
And from the straight line swerve,
She'll cure it better should she know
Th' equation of the curve.

And if, when married, her new lord
Should at her rudely swear,
She'll put her Euclid on the board,
And quickly make things square.

Should she for country town forsake,
And feed her feathery bipeds;
She with their eggs will puddings make,
In *parallelopipeds*.

Some silly girls to amuse their mind,
Will knit and make silk purses,
But she to classic joys inclined
Will scribble Latin verses;

And how delightful 'tis to write
What cunning aunts can't spell,
In Latin *billet-doux* indite,
In Greek her love-thoughts tell.

And if the workings of her heart
Too much for words should prove,
In Sappho's page her eyes may smart,
Or Ovid's art of love.

Or throwing such wild strains aside,
Geometry may tame
Her raging passion, soothe her pride,
Her wandering thoughts reclaim.

And then in *hyperbolic* praise,
Should men her great perfections quote,
She'll know, whatever hopes they raise,
She's but perfection's *asymptote*.*

T. G. Margary.

* In mathematics, the *asymptote* to an *hyperbola* is a straight line continually approaching the curve, but which if produced for ever will never reach it.

THE humorous columns of our American exchanges are frequently very tediously wiredrawn; the following from the Syracuse Journal however is a "happy thought":—

"Summer is over and the 'embers' of the year are about all that is left to us."

A FRIEND in England sends the following item:—

I strolled into the Dulwich Picture Gallery the other day, and enjoyed the quietude greatly. While looking at the portrait of Mrs. Moodey, by Gainsborough, a portly dame, accompanied by her equally portly husband, came up. "Well, I never!" exclaimed the lady, "if there isn't a portrait of Mrs. Moody. Who'd have thought it? But," she continued, looking suspiciously at the attendant, "where's Mrs. Sankey?"