

the enemy with all necessary self-possession and marvellous coolness. I could even "assist" or "go it alone" in case the commander ordered the firing to cease and all hands to "board" with cutlass and revolver the floating field of blood. Were I assaulted when the sun had gone down and the shades of evening danced upon the earth, I think I might manage to give the garroters a little hard work to do in case we came to a tussel. Yes, gentle reader, I am as brave as a lion. Its true, I have never yet in the whole course of my career in the world had an opportunity of distinguishing myself in any of the modes of warfare described above; but I think were I placed in a position where bravery of the more noble sort was required, I would not be found wanting. Perhaps I *am* a little like the individual known in ancient annals, who when kicked down stairs by an infuriated tradesman whom he had bored with so insignificant a trifle as a bill, stood upon the side-walk and rubbing the injured member of his frame with both hands, cried out "be careful sir, you may yet arouse the sleeping British Lion. There *is* a step beyond human endurance," and then seeing his debtor approach him with the evident intention of following up his advantage and thus cause a more copious use of rubefacients than was quite agreeable, moved off in a much perturbed frame of mind and a decidedly unpleasant state of moral feeling. Take my word for it, gentle reader, a braver man than myself does not exist. I have never been placed, it is true, in any of the trying positions I have stated; but I feel, in the quiet sanctuary of my own cheerful home, equal to almost any occasion.

We all have our weak spots. Achilles was invulnerable save in the heel. Samson's strength was gone when his beard no longer shadowed his face, and Charles Dickens tells us every man has a soft spot, and all that needs be done to find out precisely where it lies is to go round knocking at the door of his brains. and the required information will soon be forthcoming. Every one has a thousand times, when mingling with the human creatures of the earth, found out by a very little probing just where the exact degree of susceptibility is situated. Tradesmen or professional men too, will tell you how easily it is for a student of men to know his fellowmen, and how very rarely the mark is overstepped. Some men by their countenances indicate their whole being. The clerk in the store and the counting-room, if he be a close and careful observer of nature, can tell at a glance at his customer what sort of man he is. The stoic and the joker can readily be pointed out, and it is this particular observance of the people of the world that makes an employee really valuable to his employer. Some men enter an establishment for whom both the principals and the "hands" feel a most loathing contempt, and yet, they bow low and cringingly shower favour upon favour on these miserable specimens of humanity. Of course an object to be gained is in view, though it does seem to be a terrible lowering of self-respect, to honour a man solely because he has a super-abundance of the world's goods and chattels, and a mere modicum of those noble qualities which distinguish certain ones who have being among us. But I am, I fear, digressing somewhat. We are not