

JACOB FAITHFUL.

How to Repel an Attack of the "Blues"—Advice to Weather Growlers.

When one is seedy, dull and down in the mouth, it is better just to acknowledge the fact and throw pen, ink and paper to the winds. It is difficult to argue successfully with low spirits, but, at any rate, one can keep silence, though sometimes this even is not so easy a process as some imagine. Happy the man who has been born with a happy, equable temperament; who is never very low and never very high. But let him not take so much credit to himself, or thank God too often in a pitying, contemptuous way, that he is not cranky, cross and crabbed—not like this publican of adyspeptic. Perhaps that despised despoite with his abominable arrangement called a stomach is really doing more battle with the devil and all his works, though sometimes boorish if not even brutal than this good natured fellow, who is genial without effort, and good tempered by birth, not by either prayer or pertinacious effort.

Jacob rather persuades himself that he is not as a general thing, a bad sort of an old chap as things go. Quite the contrary. Yet true it is and of verity, that there are times when he almost takes a pleasure in saying nasty things, and when he is awfully inclined to drive his clinched fist against a half inch board. He has, however, always as much sense left in such cases as to whisper, "Jacob, Jacob, my boy, you need a blue pill. Your liver is out of order. You have been playing the mischief with your stomach. The sky is really not so dark as you fancy. That acquaintance did not cut you and you need not fume and vow that you will never speak to him again. He has not heard anything to your disadvantage and there is really no plot to ruin your reputation. You need not skulk up the back streets as if ashamed to face your fellows, Pahaw! they are not looking at you."

So far, it is well when one can go that length, and I have generally managed it, though occasionally it has been just as much as I could do. I have, as a general thing, come to the conclusion that when a man thinks every body is looking and laughing at him, it is about time he was getting home and taking very strong medicine. The misery is that when one is in that state he is very much as if he were drunk, persuaded that there is nothing the matter with him, and touchy to the very last degree. He would then insult and all but strike his own mother, though there is not a being on the face of the earth of whom he thinks more. Oh, Jacob knows a good deal of the secrets of that prison house, and all the advice he can give is to make the best of a bad bargain by living very simply, counting always a hundred before speaking if tempted to be cross. Not forgetting the blue pill. Going to bed at reasonable hours, and if the worst comes to the worst, trying to believe that after all, things are not so bad as they seem. Above all, my bilious friend, don't begin to tell your woes to other people. The most forbearing and sympathetic soon feel tired of hearing that you are the most sinful and miserable creature on the face of God's earth, and will very cordially at last acquiesce in the idea that you are, and very earnestly wish that you might soon go to your appropriate place.

You were an awfully foolish, wicked and unreconstructed boy? Well, be it so. But what is the use of quarreling continually about that? You might have been a great man had you only been diligent. Oh, well! Don't you know that a great number of

people are thinking the very same thing, and are mad at the idea of anybody infringing on their particular patent for growling.

The weather has been terrible, and JACOB has been as miserable as Carlyle's rusty coat-jack. But what of that? There is no use in making a fuss about the thing, or trying to have anybody as miserable as oneself. Why, bless your heart, I know people who think you do them a personal injury if you simply remark that it is a fine day, and who can on the shortest notice go into a general diet of cursing at the weather, morning, noon or night. They look as if they did well to be angry, and their whole face has become puckered, sour and shrunk up, chiefly by blaming the atmosphere, and holding an everlasting controversy with the east wind or the muddy roads. No, no. Burn your own smoke, and if you have nothing to say but that this is a dreadful life, a dreadful country, and dreadful weather, why don't say anything. If you hold your tongue you may be counted wise. If you only growl you will be thought a bear, if not a brute, and kicked and cuffed accordingly.

Now this long jeremiad and general advice giving has done JACOB good. He was rather in the blues, and his chin was getting wretchedly down on his breast. But advising others has done good, and Richard is himself again."

By the by, JACOB got the second letter from a "Subscriber." Pleased that she is pleased. It is as true as truth, women often make themselves far too cheap. If JACOB could only successfully counsel some foolish, thoughtless young things, how pleased he would be. It is little, however, he can do, and when he thinks of the talks he has overheard among mere girls on Yonge-st. and elsewhere, he almost despairs. Girls, if you want to be respected respect yourselves. So says your friend Jacob.

The Bible as a Book of Travels.

Much of the Bible really forms a book of travels. Journeys occupying a considerable space in the divine records. "Get the out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, into a land that I will show thee," was one of the first revealed commands after the catastrophe of the deluge, and the attempt to build the Tower of Babel. It was directed to Abram, who became the father of the faithful; and, obedient to the mandate, he departed at once. The following little picture of foreign travel stands at the head of numerous volumes, including some most popular in the present day: "So Abram departed, as the Lord had spoken unto him; and Lot went with him; and Abram was 75 years old when he departed out of Haran; and Abram took Sarai his wife, and Lot his brother's son, and all their substance that they had gathered, and the souls that they had gotten in Haran, and they went forth to go into the land of Canaan, and into the land of Canaan they came. And Abram passed through the land into the place of Sichem, unto the plain of Moreh." We can picture the patriarch, far advanced in life, dressed in primitive oriental costume, seated on the back of a patient camel, with his nephew and wife and other relations accompanying him in long retinue; the flocks and herds not far off with shepherds and drivers, all with their Lord and master pursuing a divinely directed journey to a distant land they had never seen before. There was enterprise in this original expedition, and curiosity and wonder must have stirred the bosom of this early explorer as he tracked his way over unknown lands, as his eye rested on plain, valley, and mountain, and as he drew nigh to the wooded hills of Northern Canaan, and paced the shores of the Lake of Galilee, and saw a fertile country spread out before him under the shadows of Ebal and Gerizim.

Our Scriptural Enigma.

FOR BIBLE STUDENTS.

NO MONEY REQUIRED. TRY YOUR SKILL.

NO. XLVII.

Nothing very particular is to be said of No. 44, and the answers it has called forth. Some have thought it easy even to trifling. Others so difficult that it is simply "horrid." We shall not say. Only the number of correct answers is limited. The Scriptural clocks seem rather in the ascendant at present. About them there has been some little mistake. We have given out only one in about three weeks, and yet all the answers come to us. This will be rectified. No. 44 then is correctly answered as follows:

1. Cessera, Acts xi. 34.
2. Abib, Exod. xii. 2; xiii. 4.
3. Image, Exod. xx. 4.
4. Nergal, 2 Kings, xvii. 30.

This makes, with the initials and finals, CAIN—ABEL.

The prizes this week go to the following, who will send, as usual, the 12 cents to Mr. Wilson and mention the volume of poems they wish. Don't send anything about these matters to us, nor anything about changes of address, &c.: Miss Maud Dolson, Chatham; George Adams, Belleville; George May, Au Sable Forks, N. Y. We think it will perhaps serve a good purpose to give our friends a holiday by-and-by, not only from competing for prizes, but from having the enigma altogether. It is not well in any case to have too much of any one thing, and while we have had many kind words about the enigma, yet we should be sorry if by its "continued coming" it should be in danger of "wearying any or many."

We do not pledge ourselves to give on every occasion a prize for the Scriptural clock, and we are less inclined than ever this week to do so in connection with the one on "Sing." There are so many so nearly of the same excellence that we could not single one for a prize, but shall only mention the names of those who have favored us with their work, giving them in what we regard the order of excellence, though of the correctness of our estimate we are not very sure.

W. C. Ferguson, London; Edith Nager, Ingersoll; Lily Young, Ingersoll; E. Mackay, Hamilton; E. M. Wiley, Kingston; T. E. G., 44 Pembroke St., Toronto; Ethel Rickaby, Orono; Lizzie Boyd, London; and Mamie Porter, Exeter.

We again ask friends to put the number of the Enigma on the outside. It saves a great deal of unnecessary labor. We repeat about the postage. In order to go for one cent up to four ounces of weight, there must be no letter enclosed; the envelope must be open and on the outside must be written "Printer's Copy." With these precautions there is no fear but all will reach safely, without challenge, on the one cent. At least if they don't, any one aggrieved can get the matter rectified by writing to the Postmaster General. No postmaster has a right to refuse such communications.

For No. XLVII please take the following:—

TRIPLE ACROSTIC FROM INITIALS, MEDIALS AND FINALS.

My first was shepherd, poet, king,
Who to my second food did bring,
And in my last for joy did sing.

1. Behold the champion on the plain,
His mighty strength is all in vain,—
What is he now, that he is slain?
2. Say what the word which joyful rings,
As he in triumph song now sings
His praises to the King of Kings.
3. By this, one might the prophet heard,
And brought the king this faithful word,—
To build his house thy son preferred.

4. Behold one in the dewy eve,
His chosen wife with joy receive,
So bravely prompt her home to leave.

5. Ah! mourn each soul their earliest sin,
The name by which death entered in,
The name which did our woes begin.

For a clock take FORGIVE.

EDITOR OF ENIGMA COLUMN.

Some Wise Hints.

Sydney Smith had a keen appreciation of the value of good cheer and pleasant manners when he said: "Nothing contributes more certainly to the animal spirits than benevolence. Servants and common people are always about you; make moderate attempts to please everybody and the effort will insensibly lead you to a more happy state of mind. Pleasure is very reflective, and if you give it, you will feel it. The pleasure you give by kindness of manner returns to you, and often with compound interest. The receipt for cheerfulness is not to have one motive only in the day for living, but a number of little motives; a man who, from the time he rises till bedtime conducts himself like a gentleman, who throws some little condescension into his manner to inferiors, and who is always contriving to soften the distance between himself and the poor and ignorant, is always improving his animal spirits and adding to his happiness. I recommend light as a great improver of animal spirits. How is it possible to be happy with two tallow candles ill-snuffed? You may be virtuous and well and good, but two candles will not do for animal spirits. Every night the room in which I sit is lighted up like a town after a great naval victory, and in this cerous galaxy and with a blazing fire it is scarcely possible to be low spirited—a thousand pleasing images spring up in the mind—and I can see the little blue demons scampering off like parish boys pursued by the beadle."

One Hundred and Twenty Miles on Steerback.

Oxen can be readily trained to be governed by a bridle and to carry a rider. When a boy we had an ox broken thus as well as a horse. This was of course done for the novelty of it, as there are plenty of saddle horses on the farm. The Fort Worth (Texas) Gazette gives the following: "An old gentleman named Jones rode from Oak Grove, fifteen miles from here, to a neighborhood forty-five miles south of here, on Wednesday, to notify his daughter that her mother was dangerously ill. He did not ride a wild and untamed horse of the pampas, nor ride in a chariot, but mounting the hurricane deck of a two-year-old steer made the trip of sixty miles in sixteen hours. He started on his return this morning before the sun was up, his daughter accompanying him, riding a pony, while the old gentleman contented himself with his faithful bovine. The party arrived at Fort Worth at seven o'clock last night, and after some simple refreshments and a little rest proceeded on their way, intending to make the remainder of the journey by midnight, thus accomplishing 120 miles in forty-eight hours on steerback; a feat never before performed."—*St. Louis Republican.*

Everyday Politeness.

It is astonishing how many people there are in the world who do not know intuitively what common politeness dictates; but still more astonishing how many there are who, knowing what it dictates, do not seem to reflect that in discarding the rules of politeness they indirectly sacrifice themselves by ignoring rules deduced for the comfort of all from the experience of mankind; for the purpose, first of all, to prevent mankind; for the purpose, first of all, to prevent mankind's trampling on each other's toes, and then, in the higher grade, to make their pathway through life pleasant. Trifles, it is said, make up the sum of life; but, paradoxically nothing is, therefore, a trifle that goes to make up a sum which, for the most favored of mortals, may indeed be in excess of his deserts, but which is for any one never absolutely great. It is only by making the fund of comfort a great tenting that men, women, and children can secure the full amount of whatever life has in it of possible enjoyment.