

keen, the race for life so swift, that the weak are hopelessly left behind in the struggle, and those who win do so at the terrible cost of ruined health. This is proved by the fact that while medical science has done wonders in either preventing or mitigating many forms of disease, yet nervous diseases and insanity are ever on the increase. This can only be explained on the principle that we are living too fast. To pay our dividends, not only our interest, but our physical capital are being expended. Every fibre of our being is strained to the uttermost, and not being built like the "wonderful one-hoss shay," we give way at the weakest spot, and our fall is great.

The wise man realizes this, and here the usefulness of the hobby comes in. It is necessary for a healthful, happy life, to have a plentiful supply of useful, interesting work, blended with a judicious modicum of well-spent leisure. So "unbending the bow of the mind," as Homer hath it, and enjoying what ought to be an *otium cum dignitate*, we pass into the autumn of our years with a light heart and a smile upon our faces, happy in the realization of a well-spent and useful life. This is the spirit that prompted Oliver Wendell Holmes, when asked how old he was, to reply, "I am eighty-four years young." This reply conveys a solemn truth, and we would do well to heed it.

Many of the foremost men of the day, those most active in serving mankind, are yet men of spare moments. A life of great activity is not incompatible with a useful leisure.

Leisure does not imply idleness. With many men leisure is only a change of occupation, yet none the less does it relax the mind and give it the needed time for recuperation. Indeed, many men are hardly less active in their relaxation than in their work. Thus it is that Gladstone, in the midst of active political work, could find time to translate the Odes of Horace, write "The impregnable rock of Holy Scripture," and break many a lance in the field of controversy. Balfour could spare time from the perennial Home Rule question to write the "Foundations of Belief," one of the most philosophical works of the age. Lord Salisbury, in the throes of a political campaign, could address the British Association for the Advancement of Science upon the tendencies and possibilities of modern scientific research.

Not unfrequently has it happened that through their hobbies and their pastimes men have become famous, when they might have been comparatively unknown had they confined themselves to their serious vocations.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was a physician in active practice, and left his mark upon the medical world. His work as a teacher at Harvard was so arduous, that when asked what chair he occupied at the Uni-

versity, he replied with his characteristic smile, that "instead of a chair it is a whole settee." Yet by most people he will be remembered as the "autocrat" and the writer of "The Chambered Nautilus." Sir John Lubbock, though a banker, is chiefly known to fame as a delightful writer on Natural History.

Sir Seymour Haden, a surgeon, is perhaps better known as the president of the Royal Society of Painter-etchers.

To go further back, many of the great men in the world of letters had some business or profession.

Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio were diplomatists; Chaucer was a courtier, an ambassador and a custom house officer; Rabelais was a physician; Schiller a surgeon; Charles Lamb was a clerk in the East India House; Macaulay was Secretary for War when he wrote the "Lays of Ancient Rome." Grote, the historian of Greece, was a banker. Nieburh, the historian, was a bank director, and found time to master Arabic, Russian, and some of the Slavonic languages. Galileo and Galvani, famous names in the realms of physics, were physicians.

Of the older writers none is more delightful than quaint old Isaac Walton. A prosperous linen draper in Chancery Lane, it was his greatest pastime to hasten away into the country, and by the banks of the Lea or the Dove, angle in hand, lure his scaly prey from their cool retreats, and muse withal upon the beauties of the world about him. A true naturalist at heart was this man of business, and in his "Compleat Angler" he gives us many delightful pictures of rural scenes, clothed in quaint but always charming language. Truly, his book is a monument of pure, refined English, "a well of English undefiled." I venture to quote the following verses to illustrate his love of natural scenes and his style of diction:

THE ANGLER'S WISH.

I in these flowery meads would be;
These crystal streams should solace me;
To whose harmonious bubbling noise
I wish my angle would rejoice,
Sit here, and see the turtle-dove
Court his chaste mate to acts of love,

Or, on that bank, feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty; please my mind,
To see sweet dewdrops kiss those flowers,
And, then wash'd off by April showers;
Hear my Keweenaw sing a song;
There, see a blackbird feed her young,

Or a laverock build her nest;
Here, give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low-pitch'd thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love;
Thus free from lawns and the noise
Of princes' courts I would rejoice;

Or with my Bryan and a book,
Latter long days near Shawford brook;