

SILENT AND NOISY PEOPLE.

When a number of good-humoured people are setting out bright and early in the morning, on some exhilarating expedition, it is pleasant to notice how lively and expansive they are. For the first hour they talk all at once, laughing their words rather than speaking them. But as the forenoon goes on, one after another drops gradually into comparative silence. It is not that they have ceased to enjoy the excursion and each other, but the first effervescence of the uncorked animal spirits of the morning has spent itself.

In a similar fashion, as we get on in life past the period of obstreperous youth, we incline to talk less and write less, especially on the topics which we have most at heart. The younger people notice this, and think it is because we are growing lukewarm on these matters. They deplore us, among themselves, as being "lost leaders," or lost followers, of this and the other fine cause. But they do not understand. The thought is deeper and stronger in us now, perhaps, than when it was visible at the surface, and made more noise. We are beginning to realize the uselessness of perpetually talking, that is all. If there is a thing to be said, we prefer to wait, and say it only when and where it will hit something or somebody.

Moreover, if the youngsters will observe us a little, they may see that we say a number of things—and pretty forcibly too—by simply taking them for granted. They might follow us around, A and B and C, and half a dozen more of us elders, and listen to our talk for a whole week without ever hearing from us a single arguer, or exhortation on the subject, say, of the "Intellectual Right of Women," or "The Rascality of the Thick-and-Thin Partisans," or "The Curse of the Ignorant Vote." But they would soon notice that what we quietly take for granted in our talk would furnish a number of tolerably strong creeds or platforms. They might come to the conclusion, too, that this quiet taking of certain things for granted by sensible and vigorous men and women is not to be despised, as a working force, in comparison with a whole parlour full of vociferous chatter.—*February Atlantic.*

THACKERAY ON MCCOSH.

From a paper on "President McCosh," of Princeton, in the *Midwinter Century*, accompanied by a frontispiece portrait, we quote as follows: "The public knows Doctor McCosh as the author of erudite and recondite philosophical treatises. It stands in no little awe of him as a defender of old-fashioned doctrines in the pulpit, in the press, and even in the hostile circles of the 'liberal' clubs. It pictures him as an intrepid explorer for benevolence, who traverses the wilderness of worldliness, and defies the sultry heats of indifference, to reach the hidden fountains of goodwill and make known their virtue to the world. Such a reputation is enviable enough, but it is not half of the whole, and an old pupil could not attempt a portrayal of the man without falling into something of the sentiment which his personal traits develop in all who come in contact with him. Even his polemic is imaginative, as will be admitted by all who are familiar with the style of his philosophical writings. When a candidate for the professorship of mental science in Queen's College, Belfast, some friends sent a copy of his first book, 'The Method of the Divine Government,' to Lord Clarendon. That eminently practical statesman has left on record that he spent the night in reading the book, and gave the appointment to its author on the following day. This was the occasion of those scornful lines of Master Molloy Moloney which Thackeray preserved for us:

"As I think of the insult that's done to this nation,
Red tears of reviling from me sayures I wash,
And uphold in this poem to the world's detestation
The sleeves that appointed Professor McCosh.

Is it thus that you pray me?
I think all your Queen's Universities bosh;
And if you've no negative professor to teach me
I seaworn to be learned by the Saxon McCosh."

MENTAL LOAFING.

It is considered a disgrace to be lazy. He who is too indolent to work for his own living becomes a byword and a reproach. But there is a very common form of laziness which is not always noticed; it is that of the mind. We first become conscious of it in our young days when we "don't feel like study." We dawdle over the book with our thoughts half asleep, and as a result give a fine exhibition of stupidity in the recitation room. It is true that disinclination to study sometimes grows out of fatigue and illness. The liver is responsible for some of it, but in the majority of cases it is pure laziness, as young people will discover if they will shake themselves up and go resolutely to work. This sort of indolence in youth is very dangerous, for it becomes a habit, and the mind grows rusty and dull in the very prime of life, when it should be at its best.

On the heels of this form of laziness comes another bad habit—that of intellectual loafing. What loafing is in the common sense we all know; it is hanging about with no definite aim or purpose, idling away the time without method and without profit. Well, there is mental loafing as well, and it is known in the dictionary as "reverie." It is a dreamy state of the mind, when the thoughts go wool-gathering. The fancy sails away into fantastic seas and revels in unreal things till the wits are fairly benumbed and unfitted for sober work. This habit, so common to young people, is fatal to mental growth; many a promising youth is ruined by over-indulgence in it. It wastes time and enfeebles the mental powers. It is really a form of laziness, and it should be sternly corrected at the very outset. The action of the mind should be kept under control. When the thoughts begin to wander, it is time to whip them into order. A resolute will will do it.

THE first book printed in Inverness was a Gaelic version of the Psalms, which bears date 1774.

GOLD AND SILVER.

Along her father's field they strayed,
All flecked with cowslips yellow,
A little dainty gold-haired maid,
A sturdy nine-year fellow.
And there love's course they two began,
(Ah, thorny path for treading!)
And vowed when they were maid and man
The town should see a wedding.
Their golden curls were blown and blent,
Though wafts of fragrance treading:
"And oh!" they murmured, well content,
"Twill be a golden wedding!"

"'Tis time," said he, "to claim her vow,"
And forth he went and found her;
But she was grown a beauty now,
And half the town was round her.
"I see," says he, "you don't want me!"
Though tears were ripe for shedding,
"I'm glad your eyes are good," says she—
Ah, where's that golden wedding?
He flung away, and left her there,
Such heart-sore tear-drops shedding.
And gossips cried, in blank despair,
"He's spoiled the rarest wedding!"

He sailed the seas, he beat the French,
Twoscore good years he tarried,
And then he thought, "That little wench—
I wonder if she's married?"
Next week a bluff old tar rolled past,
The gabled High Street treading,
And ancient gossips crowed, "At last
We're like to have the wedding!"
She'd waited for him forty years—
The gray their locks were treading;
And some with smiles, and some with tears,
Beheld their silver wedding.

—F. Langbridge, in *Good Words*.

THE CLASSES, MASSES AND THE CLASSES.

No one that I know of, except Lord Randolph Churchill, maintains that drink is a necessary of life. All responsible speakers and writers admit virtually that it is a luxury; and most responsible speakers and writers admit that it is a dangerous luxury. Indeed, its danger has been admitted for generations by our legislators, who, in countless enactments, have endeavoured to provide that its distribution shall only be in the hands of patriotic, prudent and godly men, who shall see that the luxury is consumed in the right form, in the right places, at the right time and by the right people, so that no harm may come to the public. About fifty years ago a movement arose among the working-men, having for its object to pledge one another to consume no longer this dangerous luxury. Those who adhered to this pledge soon found the great benefit which accrued to themselves and to their families from cutting off such a source of useless and indeed harmful expenditure. Their plan encountered, but survived, ridicule, opposition and even persecution, and those who adhered to it might truly have been called "the aristocracy of the working classes." Time went on—the "moral suasion" of those who had tasted the benefits of abstinence went on, clearer and clearer evidence of the evils of drinking went on, but something else went on at the same time, viz., the moral suasion of thousands and thousands of licensed drink-sellers, whose living depended on maintaining the existing system of dispensing the dangerous luxury, and who were paid for every glass which the public could be induced to consume; while the advocates of temperance could only give their advice at their own charges, and without the widespread official organization which, by virtue of the licensing system, spread its ramifications through the length and breadth of the land. The contest was indeed unequal, and the fact that the temperance advocates could, under the circumstances, make even an approach to "holding the field," has ever appeared to me to be one of the strongest proofs of the soundness of their cause. Gradually, but steadily and surely, it dawned on the minds of all those who longed to see a sober nation that their wish could never be realized so long as the State should be allowed to employ its hosts of "paid agents" to counteract in this practical and persistent manner all the efforts of those who are preaching abstinence to the people; thus from "the masses" arose the prohibition party, which Mr. John Morley lately described as the most moral and the most powerful political party which has existed since the days of the anti-slavery agitation.—*Sir Wilfrid Lawson, in the Nineteenth Century.*

BISMARCK WHEN ANGRY.

There is a lovely story in Count Beust's memoirs about Prince Bismarck, which deserves to be recalled just now when the great Chancellor's speech is still ringing in our ears. "What do you do," he asked Count Beust, "when you are angry and grieved? Don't you find it a relief to destroy something when you are angry? I was over there once," he pointed opposite, to where the Emperor lives, "and I flew into a rage. In going out I slammed the door and pulled out the key, which I took with me into Count Lehn-dorf's room and threw into the basin, which went into a thousand pieces. Count Lehn-dorf asked, 'Are you ill?' I was. That cured me." How natural this is, and how childlike! But what a blessing it would be if statesmen could always cure their anger by smashing a basin! Sometimes, like Lord Randolph, they smash a cabinet, or, like Mr. Chamberlain, a party. But even these modes of relief are innocent compared with the usual methods of emperors and kings, and of Demos himself, all of whom find war occasionally necessary as a vent for their spleen.

Mr. Moody will spend the rest of the winter in Chicago.

British and Foreign.

THE Boston City Mission Society has just held its seventeenth anniversary.

THE Rev. Joseph Cook has commenced his new course of lectures in Tremont Temple.

A MEMOIR of the late Dr. Wilkes, of Montreal, is to be prepared by Dr. J. Munro Gibson, of London.

PROFESSOR FLINT has been lecturing on Socialism to the Edinburgh United Trades Council in the Tron Church.

ALBERT HOUCH has sued Henry Ward Beecher for damages in violating a contract to lecture in Lebanon, Pennsylvania.

DR. SCHOOLER, Dean of the Iowa School of Physicians and Surgeons, has been arrested, on a charge of complicity in a grave robbery.

SEVERAL of the victims of the Haymarket massacre are still suffering from the injuries received at the hands of the Chicago anarchists.

THE last report of the Associated Charities of Boston says that during 1886 they had on duty 869 visitors, who visited 1,981 families.

ANTOINETTE RUBENSTEIN has just been elected corresponding member of the Brussels Academy of Sciences; he will occupy the seat left vacant by Abbe Liszt.

A GRANDSON of the celebrated German ambassador, Baron Bunsen, has been married in St. Giles, Edinburgh, to a daughter of Sir Alexander Kinloch of Gilmerton.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR OF WALES has completed his twenty-third year, but is still one of the least-known members of the royal family. He seldom appears in public.

THE estate of the late Helen Hunt Jackson, the authoress, has been appraised at \$12,000. It consists of government and railroad bonds, and interests in copyrights in her books.

SUITS have been brought against several wealthy residents of Toledo, O., who are charged with making false returns in their taxes, the amount reaching in three cases over \$1,000,000.

THE entire framework of the main building which is being erected in London for the coming American Exhibition is of steel rails, such as are used in the construction of railways.

THE late Mr. Francis Fry, the chocolate manufacturer, has left his collection of Bibles and Testaments to his son, Mr. Theodore Fry, M.P. The value of his estate is upward of \$400,000.

BARON DE JOEST, of Paris, noted all his life for his cruel treatment of all men and animals he came in contact with, has left his whole estate of \$500,000 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

MR. P. B. SMOLLETT, of Bunhill, a descendant of the novelist, has presented a silver service of communion plate to Alexandria Church as a memorial of his late brother Alexander who was an elder in the parish for fifty years.

A COPY of "The Treasury of the Scottish Covenant," by Rev. John C. Johnston, Dunoon, has been presented to each professor and student at the hall by a lady who takes a deep interest in the literature of the covenanters.

MR. SCRYMGEOUR has given a notice of overture from Glasgow Free Church Presbytery asking the Assembly to open communications with the other Presbyterian Churches in regard to co-operation in home and foreign mission work.

BISHOP NEVILLE of Dunedin, and some of his clergy are not at one as to the propriety of maintaining religion by carnivals, theatrical amusements, lotteries and dances. He longs for some less objectionable methods of church support.

THE Rev. John Watt, in reporting to Glasgow Presbytery that preaching by students extensively prevails, said he hoped the time was not far distant when the students would themselves feel that it was an act of indecency for any of them to appear in a pulpit.

THE longest telegraphic circuit ever worked was from New Westminster to London on the opening of that station on the Pacific coast of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. But it required only four minutes for its transmission the whole distance—7,000 miles.

BAHU SAGOR DUTT, a wealthy Indian who lately died at Calcutta, left an estate valued at thirty lacs of rupees, or \$5,000,000, of which he bequeathed twelve, or \$1,200,000, to establish and maintain an almshouse, hospital and school for the benefit of the native community.

N. O. NELSON, a prominent manufacturer of St. Louis, Mo., who has had nearly a year's experience in profit-sharing with his men, expresses the opinion that it is decidedly the best plan for the prevention of strikes, and for the maintenance of good feeling between employer and employed.

MR. CHARLES M. PRATT gave \$100,000 to have the Adelphi Academy in Brooklyn enlarged. When the plans were completed it was found that \$100,000 was not sufficient. Mr. Pratt has just added \$60,000 more to his gift, which will be quite sufficient to carry out the desired educational improvements.

WORK among the poorest is not always the poorest work, either in itself or in its results. It is a notable fact that from Rev. John Riddell's Bible class in the Wynds Church, Glasgow, sixteen have been ordained to the ministry, among whom were the late Rev. Robert M'Growther, of Maybole, and the late Dr. Black, of Livingstonia.

THE Rev. James Beattie, the author of "The Church of Scotland during the Commonwealth," has died at Cupar Fife, in his ninety-first year. A native of Inverkeilor, he was for twenty-six years pastor of the Original Secession Church at Balmullo, Fifeshire. At the union in 1852 with the Free Church, Mr. Beattie retired from his charge. He was highly respected, and has acted for about thirty years as an elder at Cupar.