

when her gentle sister mildly suggested a more considerate way of propounding her ideas than in full tilt to the opposer. "It is of no use, Mary, I will not call a spade a fork to please any one who may hold that opinion. A spade is a spade with me, and shall always say so, offend or please."

She had loved well, but not wisely, for her heart's hopes had centred upon one her lordly father did not consider had claims to an equality in wealth or position, so her plighted word was given to one who had to betake himself to that Elysium of the hope for riches (India) and await his portion, which was to be shared with the one from whom the bright suggestion came, and who had promised to follow when of age to carry out the bright project.

But both sisters were to walk alone through life—not here are these strange contradictions to be unravelled—well for those who can patiently await "What thou knowest not now thou shalt know hereafter," for before Barbara Fitzroy had seen the sweet pure crocus just unfolding in the warmer rays of spring, the hopeful future darkened and bitterness strewn its path, when she learned that Arnold Hartley had married a young girl he had met for the first time on board the ship that took him out.

Ever of an energetic, enthusiastic nature, she grew more intensely so. A proud scorn was shown to the world; not even to her sister, the only one from whom she had no reserve, was a word given expressive of her feelings. Mortification and wounded pride healed the sore, and woe betide anyone who had ventured even a look of sympathy. So the Hon. Miss Barbara Fitzroy found out she had a mission, and she prosecuted it with unflinching zeal, with untiring energy. But for her position she would have been proscribed to a leper field for carrying it on, and the force and common-sense of it would have failed of its purpose. She would have been vetoed as one of society's nuisances and unceremoniously hurled into oblivion. But such as she are sadly needed in this enlightened nineteenth century, though it requires more mental superiority than many attain to, or care so to do, if possessing the power. But, sure in her position, needing nothing at the hands of any, able to give from her abundance, with relatives and friends, titled and influential, and as numerous as blackberries on a bush, she had worked on her way, never sparing look or comment, but with one firm, unalterable determination to frown down all "shams," and to uphold good, old-fashioned realities.

(To be continued.)

### UPHILL WORK.

The act of engaging in labour may be uphill work at the outset of life; but the work itself which we do may become ever more arduous, if we are not content with quantity of effect, but aspire to perfection in quality. Those who are possessed by this ambition will find the whole of their life's journey lying uphill. There are for them no level plains on which to settle down to reap the reward of former toil. For them the shades of evening bring no relaxation of effort. Their expectations may be less unlimited as time goes on, and less of their strength will be wasted in vain endeavours to grasp at what is beyond their reach; but the upward strain will not be relaxed; it will only be economised, as experience takes the guidance of their steps. And with the life-long toil of ascent comes the life-long expansion of horizon; the journey which is all uphill must needs conduct the wayfarer to fresher air and serener solitudes; away from the crowd and the smoke, up to the heights from which what is mean and trivial falls out of sight, and the sounds of strife are hushed. A freshness more exquisite than the freshness of youth is reserved for some of the aged; but it can be attained only by a path which lies from first to last uphill.

Uphill work, both literally and figuratively, means work in two directions at once; literally, it is going forward while we raise our own weight; figuratively, it is doing things and learning how to do them at the same time; thus lifting ourselves on to a higher platform of moral or intellectual being. There is always in some senses an ascending slope before us, which we may scale if we will. But happily it does not rest with ourselves to decide whether the general tenor of our lives shall be that of laborious ascent or of gentle downward gliding. The force of gravitation need not be always regarded as a type of the depraved tendencies of the human heart. There is a time for all things, says the wise man, and if there is a time for learning, so is there, happily, a time for forgetting; and also a time for idly applying and enjoying what we have learnt. There is a time for scrambling upwards, and a time for lying on the grass in the valley; a time for climbing fruit-trees, and a time for letting the ripe fruit drop into our mouths. Even Christian, who was not the man to flinch from his share of climbing, found rest and refreshment in the Valley of Humiliation, and it would be a poor view of life which valued nothing that was not gained by the sweat of our brow. Let life tend ever so steadily upwards in its moral and spiritual aspects, and intellectual labour be ever so strenuously directed towards higher and higher levels of attainment, still there will be in the outward life pauses from all activity, and welcome and gentle relaxations of effort, when our wisdom is to sit still and receive the riches which flow into our souls from above. Hard work is no doubt a cure for many evils,

and the taste for it a most excellent one to acquire if we can; but not to be able to abstain from it for a time, not to have any idea of enjoyment without it, is a miserable slavery and blindness.

The most exquisite pleasure which we ever take in the work of our own hands or brains is probably derived from some rapid achievement wrought without conscious effort in some direction in which we have lately been working hard. After making a series of labourious studies, with perhaps little apparent result, we suddenly find ourselves rendering an impression, either in words or in colour, with an unstudied felicity which has gone far beyond the result of all our former labour, and perhaps by means of which we can give no complete account. Such moments are like those in which, after a long steep climb in the shadow up the jutting shoulder of a mountain, we suddenly turn a corner, and find ourselves face to face with the whole expanse of the western heavens.—*Saturday Review*.

### THINGS IN GENERAL.

#### DETECTOR FOR BASE COIN.

Professor Roberts, the chemist to the Mint, has applied a modification of the telephone for the purpose of detecting light and base coins by means of electricity. It appears that equal and similar volumes of various metals and alloys have each a different effect on an electric current flowing round a coil of wire. As might be inferred, if two equally strong rapidly intermittent currents are flowing in two coils connected by a wire, their balance may be upset by putting a bit of metal in one of the coils, and a telephone can easily be made to indicate the disturbance thus created by the intruder. But if an exact duplicate of the piece of metal be put into the other coil, the balance of the currents will be restored and the tell-tale telephone silenced. The practical application of this experiment in connection with coin-testing is plain and simple. Let a newly-minted sovereign be always kept at hand for testing purposes. If this is placed within one of the coils and the suspected coin inserted with the other, one of two things will at once occur—either the telephone will cease to "speak" if the last inserted coin is perfectly correct as to weight and fineness, and therefore good, or it will continue to sound, in which case it is clear the coin cannot be in composition and weight the same as the test coin, as it proves itself incapable of balancing it as a disturber of the induction currents.

#### A STRANGER IN AMERICA.

Nothing surprised me more than to see the parks of New York, abutting Broadway, without a fence around the greensward. A million unresting feet passed by them, and none trampled on the delicate grass—while, in England, Board Schools put up a prison wall around them, so that poor children cannot see a flower-girl go by in the streets; and the back windows of the houses of mechanics in Lambeth remain blocked up, whereby no inmate can look on a green tree in the Palace grounds. In Florence, in Northampton, where the Holyoke mountain looks on the ever-winding Connecticut River, as elsewhere, there are thousands of mansions to be seen without a rail around their lawns. Acres of plantations lie unenclosed between the beautiful houses, where a crowd of wanderers might rest unchallenged, and watch mountain, river, and sky. In England, if an indigent wanderer sat down on house-ground or wayside, the probability is a policeman would come and look at him—the farmer would come and demand what he wanted, and the relieving officer would suggest to him that he had better pass on to his own parish. Every man in America feels as though he owns the country, because the charm of recognised equality and the golden chances of ownership have entered his mind. He is proud of the statues and the public buildings. The great rivers, the trackless prairies, the regal mountains, all seem his. In America there is no American, and the people are kings, and they know it. I had not landed on the American shores an hour before I became aware that I was in a new nation, animated by a new life which I had never seen.—*Nineteenth Century*.

#### ANTIQUITY OF GLOVES.

As Xenophon, in his "Cyropædia," mentions that on one occasion Cyrus went without his gloves, there are good grounds for believing that the ancient Persians were not ignorant of their use, and it is known that both Greeks and Romans sometimes wore them. The period when gloves were first used in England, however, is likely to be of more interest to our readers; and this could not have been much before the time of Ethelred II., when five pairs made a considerable part of the duty paid by some German merchants to that king for the protection of their trade. In the reign of Richard and John gloves were worn by the higher classes, sometimes short and sometimes to the elbow, jewelled on the backs and embroidered at the tops. Our ancestors closely connected gloves with chivalry, both in love and war; and the custom of throwing down the glove was equivalent to a challenge; the person defied signifying his acceptance of it by taking up his opponent's glove and throwing down his own. Biting the gloves meant, on the Border, a pledge of mortal revenge, and a story is told of a gentleman of Teviotdale who, after a hard drinking bout,