

HYPOCRISY.

"It is not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face,
When discontent sits heavy at my heart."

—Addison.

It may be a startling revelation to hear that we are all hypocrites, and none the less startling to have the novel question as to whether "Hypocrisy is ever justifiable" propounded. The word hypocrisy is derived from the Greek, and literally signifies "to play upon the stage," and "hypocrite" is an actor—from this we have hypocrisy defined to be the "feigning to be what one is not," and "a concealment of true character." Shakespeare in less prosaic terms renders its meaning clear when he says:

"To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eyes, your
hand, your tongue;
Look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it."

It is nigh impossible to determine the innumerable forms hypocrisy assumes and what niceties of distinction are made to evade classification under this abhorrent title, and yet with all the artificial construction human ingenuity can contrive, how short do they fall? There is hypocrisy active and hypocrisy negative—if I may be allowed the distinction—the wilful misrepresentation—and the concealment—the one is as reprehensible as the other. All departures from the truth, equivocations and prevarications, whatever be their degree, must be comprised under one of these two divisions, and can be properly classed as acts of hypocrisy. Yet how vigorously would many protest against the application of this term to them, whose offences are limited to the excuses of society—the fashionable white lie—the "not at home" species. Præd, under this title, humourously, yet clearly, portrays this falsehood in his essay commencing "Not at home, said her ladyship's footman," with the usual air of nonchalance, which says "You know I am lying, but *n'importe*," and he continues in a sarcastic vein to treat of its usefulness.

The greatest evil-doer is not necessarily the one who commits the gravest crime, so, although the least assuming, the society hypocrite can be ranked among the worst of the species. No palliation or excuse can be offered for his lying, backbiting or evil gossip. He is suffered because he panders to the reverse side of our nature, his appreciation and reward are however but short-lived, for they are tempered by the fear that his hearer of to-day may furnish cause for his object of attack of to-morrow. With equal aversion can be classed the individual who seizes every opportunity to decry, or what is equally bad, to publish broadcast his sympathy with an unfortunate neighbour, who has encountered some reverse, and has afforded him an occasion too delicious to allow to pass unnoticed, yet in the ordinary acceptance of the term *he* is not a hypocrite, for he neither misrepresents nor conceals what he means. What is hypocrisy after all but the attempt to pose for what we are not, but what we would like others to consider we are, and what consequently must be worth feigning; or, as Rochefoucauld in his 227th Maxim puts it, "Hypocrisy is a sort of homage that vice pays to virtue."

Of all hypocrites, the *religious* stands pre-eminent, and constitutes the butt and centre of contempt and detestation. Nearly all the writers upon the banes of hypocrisy lay bare his case. Fuller tersely says: "Trust not him that seems a saint." Yet did we ever stop to consider that hypocrisy is, as oft perhaps forced upon a man, as it is willfully practiced by him. Sterne, in railing upon the hypocrite, implies that none but the merciful and compassionate have a title to wear the garb of religion, yet how long would human charity and generosity permit any, even possessing these qualities, to go unmolested and free from suspicions of hypocrisy. Be the individual at heart and soul as true, honest, and conscientious as he may, there are so many outside considerations, I speak not of mercenary matters, but of kindred, love and affection, that he is frequently rendered unable to practice or perhaps

even to avow his principles, and thus unwittingly and unwillingly brings himself within the pale of hypocrisy.

It is a difficult task, and one for which I would not be prepared to formulate a code of procedure. Among the most advanced, fearless and independent, it is but a question of debate to-day if it be proper to avow and impress one's principles upon others, despite the painful disenchantment which might follow in the dispersion of long and greatly cherished tenets, and the grief occasioned by the divergency of views. Bacon says: "No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth." but "the truth at any cost" is a more difficult problem to solve. The search for truth, whether in the arts, sciences, philosophy or religion, is being daily pressed with much vigour, and it appears absurd to suggest anything to obstruct its road. Yet there must be something wrong in a system which carries pain and distress in its progress, and which justifies us in stopping to consider, and when we do so, will we not find that the whole difficulty arises from the rate of speed adopted and the too rapid advances of thought. Any law which is beyond the average intellect and understanding will never be properly obeyed, and no matter what be the strength of the executive, will never be enforced. The great thinkers are comparatively few, the masses are slower to reason and comprehend, and cannot keep up with them; to enforce advanced views would give rise to friction, a state of affairs which history has frequently shown us to have developed into strife and bloodshed. This is equally applicable to all branches and spheres of human thought and action, but in religion is it specially prominent. Let us assume the case not of a nation, but of an individual. Man and woman brought up in the same religion marry. After a lapse of some years the wife continues to practice and maintain the religious tenets to which she has always been accustomed. The husband, in the exercise of his reasoning powers, conscientiously believes no longer in his former religious views, or perhaps in any religion at all. Their children are budding into boy and girlhood, the period of the greatest anxiety to parents. The wife and relatives, near and dear on both sides, are sorely grieved and pained at the husband's altered views. What should be his course? To avoid a semblance of hypocrisy he should openly avow and rejoice in his convictions, and attempt to convert his wife and relatives, and educate his children up to the same. But wife and relatives cannot and will not depart from their cherished faith and equally conscientious belief. These differences lead to all manner of unpleasantness, which may perchance be the means of further estrangement and marital difficulties. Should he, for the sake of peace, happiness and contentment, refrain from interfering with their, or even practising his own, convictions? And if he so did, could he be held amenable to the consequences of the vice of hypocrisy? Methinks "the truth-at-any-price" principle must be tempered with the words tolerance and forbearance. I cite the words of Tupper, whose Proverbial Philosophy abounds with lessons of this nature:—

"I say not compromise the right.
I would not have thee countenance the wrong,
But hear with charitable heart the reasons of an honest
judgment;
For thou also hast erred, and knowest not when thou art
most right,
Nor whether to-morrow's wisdom may not prove thee simple
to-day.
Perchance thou art chiding in another what once thou wast
thyself;
Perchance thou sharply reprovest what thou wilt be here-
after.

All progress, to be beneficial and lasting, must be gradual. A man may find himself in advance of his day. Is he not fulfilling his duty by contributing to that progress in such measure as not to inflict pain upon others? For this tolerance is too oft lost sight of, by those from whom it should be most forthcoming, and it should be remembered, as Tupper further says:—

"There is no similitude in nature that owneth not also to a
difference,
Yea, no two berries are alike, though twins upon one stem.

No drop in the ocean, no pebble on the beach, no leaf in
the forest hath its counterpart.
No mind in its dwelling of mortality, no spirit in the world
unseen.
And, therefore, since capacity and essence differ alike with
accident,
None but a bigot partisan will hope for impossible unity."

The old adage says: "The truth is mighty and will prevail." *Prevail* implies time, and were this couple to display a mutual forbearance, would either of them be guilty of hypocrisy, and if they were, would such hypocrisy not be justifiable?

Montreal.

NEM.



Green turtle soup, as preparatory to an elaborate dinner, is a mistake and an injustice.

There is a place in Pennsylvania which is called Economy, but it is not a summer resort.

The question whether brides should be required to obey, as well as to love and cherish, in the marriage ceremony, is not worth discussion. They won't do it.

Giving for missions is a tender subject to some people. "What I give," said a Hardshell, "is nothing to nobody." "I fully believe you," said his interlocutor.

Magnetist: Yes, waiter, I'm a magnetist. Would you like to see me tip the table? Waiter: No, sah; but if it is all the same to you, sah, yer n:ight "tip de waiter," sah.

"Do you think I'm a simpleton, sir?" thundered a fiery Scotch laird to his new footman. "Ye see, sir," replied the canny Scot, "I'm n' lang here, and I dinna ken yet."

A clergyman met a man declaiming against foreign missions. "Why doesn't the church look after the heathen at home?" "We do," said the clergyman, quietly, and gave the man a tract.

The proper study of mankind—"What is man?" sighed Haroun Alraschid. "To-day," says an American paper, "he is here and to-morrow he is in Canada, and the next day nobody knows where in thunder he is."

Foreigners generally speak with a foreign accent, says a Texas paper. A carpenter with a broad-ax-sent. A writer of plays with a four or five acts-sent. An Indian with a little ax-sent (tomahawk). And a butcher with a meat-ax-sent.

Parson—I am astonished, sir, to hear a man with three married daughters say that "marriage is a failure."

Citizen—Well, sir, when you have three families beside your own to support, you will learn that marriage is positive bankruptcy.

Small Boy No. 1 (to small boy No. 2, who is strutting around with his hands in his pockets)—Come over and play with me, Johnny.

"Can't."

"Go ask your mother if you can't."

"Can't ask her; she is out somewhere looking for me."

"I don't say marriage is a failure," said Adam, candidly, as he sat down on a log just outside the Garden of Eden and looked hungrily at the fruit on the other side of the wall, "but if I had remained single, this wouldn't have happened."

Twenty-five cents for a bed marks the top notch of lodging house society. Houses that charge much put on all the airs of a hotel. A 7-cent lodging house clerk refers to his customers as "de bums;" at 10 cents they are spoken of as "the lodgers;" 15-cent houses refer to their "patrons;" the manager of a 25-cent house speaks of his "guests."

There was a man who had a clock,
His name was Matthew Meares,
He wound it nicely every day
For many, many years:
At last his precious timepiece proved
An eight-day clock to be,
And a madder man than Mr. Meares
I would not wish to see.

"Hasn't the baker sent any bread for supper, Elfreda?" inquired Mr. Magruder, as he surveyed the table.

"I told him not to bring any this evening, Callithumpian," responded the young wife, sweetly. "I have baked a loaf myself. It will be brought on in a moment—what are you doing, Callithumpian?"

"I am putting a prop under the table leaf," said the young husband, with forced calmness.

"Smith is a mighty mean man, I say," exclaimed Blenkins, warmly.

"Why, what has Smith ever done to you?" asked Blenkins, surprised.

"Bet me \$10 I couldn't hit a barn door with a revolver at five paces," said Blenkins, angrily. "Taunted me into taking him up. Got me to put up the money. Measured off the five paces in presence of a lot of witnesses. Gave me a revolver loaded—and then set the barn door up edge-wise."