

## Our Contributors.

NOW LET US ALL TRY.

BY KNOXIAN.

"Happy New Year" is the phrase that has been on everybody's lips for the last few days. It is a nice, pleasant, suggestive thing to say, but, like many other phrases, it may mean a good deal or nothing. It may be a sincere, earnest wish that the person addressed may find 1891 a pleasant and prosperous one, or it may be as formal as "good-day." You often say "good-day" to a man when you have not the remotest idea of putting yourself about very much to make his day good, and you may easily say "Happy New Year" to a friend or neighbour without any serious intention of trying to make his year happy. What is the use in saying "Happy New Year" to everybody if you don't try to make anybody's year happy?

To make other people happy you must be fairly happy yourself, or at least seem to be. A fretful, sour, morose man can't make anybody happy. It is not in him to do it. He is not built for making people happy. A man of that kind should never be a minister, or doctor, or politician. A soured, complaining pastor is no good. His visits make a family feel bad. His soured disposition will be sure to crop out in his sermons. The Gospel and vinegar never go well together. No matter how much a minister is irritated and provoked he should try not to show it in the discharge of his duties, lest the Gospel suffer by his irritation. If he cannot smother his feelings and conceal his wounds he should pray for help or translation.

A morose, unhappy doctor should go out of the noble healing profession and try something else. His appearance in the sick room might not be enough to counteract the effects of arsenic, or strychnine, or Dr. Koch's new remedy, or any other drug of tremendous power, but it is quite enough to make many of his patients feel no better. A doctor who knows his business will try and look pleasant when he goes into a sick room, even if he feels worse than his patient, and he sometimes feels just that way.

There is no use in saying that a sour, snarling, complaining politician should retire. The people retire him whether he wishes to retire or not. They do the retiring business for him. All successful political leaders in free countries have to appear pleasant and cheerful. In his darkest days George Brown was always hopeful and bright. The great Senator could be driven out of Parliament, but his spirit could never be crushed. Death alone could do that. Gladstone is a marvel of cheerfulness and hopefulness. If he can outlive the wreck that Parnell has made he can stand more than any other man in the world. Sir John never complains. If the Old Man thought he could carry a close constituency by grumbling a little, possibly he might complain just a little as a matter of strategy, but no one knows better than he that close constituencies are not carried that way. So he comes up full of fun and fight, and his friends stand by him to the last. Mr. Mowat always seems cheerful and happy, and often a trifle gamesome. He knows the business of a Premier too well to whine in public. He has too much Scotch pride—Caithness pride at that—to show his wounds to public meetings or exhibit them in Parliament.

But where have we wandered to? Dr. Edgar is said to have told a student that his text might have the cholera and that his sermon would not be in the least danger of taking the disease, because there was no connection of any kind between them. Our proposition was that to make others happy you must feel fairly happy yourself, or at least seem to feel that way, and we have wandered off into the larger proposition that to obtain and retain influence over your fellow-men you must not be sour, morose and discontented. Well that is a good thing to say, even if we didn't set out to say it. Besides we claim some credit for knowing that we have wandered. We have seen preachers and public speakers wander thousands of miles from their point and they didn't know it. They wandered so far that they lost sight of their point and never came back to it. But our point is right here.

TO MAKE OTHER PEOPLE HAPPY YOU MUST BE FAIRLY HAPPY YOURSELF.

Discontent is contagious. As some people say, it is "catchin'." It is as "catchin'" as mumps, or measles, or smallpox. Nearly all bad things are "catchin'." If one man grumbles then two or three others are sure to begin. If one gets angry, somebody else is almost certain to lose his temper. If one person yawns at an evening party, two or three others are sure to yawn right away. If one person coughs in church or school, that one cough is always followed by an outburst of coughing. Now the good things are "catchin'" as well as the bad things. If a bright, magnetic man comes into a room, everybody brightens, and they have a good time. A really bright, plucky woman can brighten up a whole street or a back concession. She often does. One woman of that kind on a street is worth more than an electric lamp. She is worth more in a church than a five-hundred-dollar chandelier or a three-thousand-dollar organ. Were it not for bright, cheerful women there would perhaps be no Church.

But to come back again to the point. How can we make ourselves fairly happy? Let one thing be distinctly understood. We can never do it by wishing and resolving to be happy. A man cannot take a dead lift on himself and make

himself happy. He might as well try to lift himself over a fence by pulling on his boot-straps. Happiness must be promoted by means. What are the means? Well, looking at the matter from the human side only, the first and most indispensable thing is to have

SOMETHING USEFUL TO DO.

An idle person can never be happy. An oyster lives an inactive life, and no doubt lives contentedly. The post-mortem usefulness of the bivalve is so great that we all hope his life is happy, though somewhat slow. But a man is not an oyster. Well would it be for the world if all men were as harmless and useful as the bivalve. A clam is no doubt happy though so far as we know no well-regulated clam ever exerts itself much. But a man is not a clam. A human being can never attain to the happiness of these animals without having something to do. Idle men are never happy, and they don't deserve to be. Idleness is a sin, and neither man nor woman who lives in sin need expect to live in happiness. We pity men that have to work, and boys that have to work, and women that have to keep house, and girls that have to do something. We should pity people that are idle. The most wretched of human beings are those who have nothing to do but enjoy themselves.

Having something useful to do is indispensable to happiness. Our happiness is greatly increased if

WE THOROUGHLY LIKE THE DOING

of the something we have to do. A man who loves his daily work is gloriously independent, because his work brings him a revenue of enjoyment. He does not depend on his surroundings for pleasure. The two questions so often asked: "How do you like the people?" and "How do you like the place?" mean little or nothing to him. To a certain extent he is independent of people and place, because each day's work brings enjoyment. This kind of enjoyment lazy mortals and ministers suffering from *inertia* never have.

Negatively, happiness is greatly promoted by

NEVER EXPECTING TOO MUCH

from anything or anybody. These people who are always expecting great things are always unhappy. The days will never be all bright. Every rose has a thorn somewhere near. The best of plans will sometimes miscarry. The best of men are only men. The best of women are not angels. They would be very little use if they were. A perfect man would be so lonesome down here that he could hardly live. Don't expect too much and you will not be disappointed so often.

A young man setting out in life with the idea that he is going to have his own way in this rough world may be a very interesting spectacle, but he may not go far until he regrets that his father did not teach him something better. A young woman who imagines that married life is all honeymoon and marriage tour may find out that she did not thoroughly understand the situation. Great expectations are none the worse for being tempered with a little common sense.

There is one thing more absolutely indispensable to happiness. You can never be happy yourself without trying to make some one else happy. Happiness and selfishness never exist together. God has put them asunder and you need not try to join them together. You can't do it.

For days we have been wishing each other a happy New Year; now let us try and make the year a happy one by doing something useful every day, by cultivating a liking for our work, by avoiding senseless and unreasonable expectations, by trying to make others happy, by minding our own business and doing our own duty as faithfully and efficiently as we can. Doing or trying to do these things, let us leave the rest with Him who knows what is best for us much better than we can ever know ourselves.

### SKETCHES OF TRAVEL IN EUROPE.

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CAMBRIDGE—(Continued).

Nearly opposite Emmanuel stands the fine old "Castle Inn," said to have been built in the year of Queen Elizabeth's death. And now we have seen as much of Cambridge as many a visitor sees, but, unless he walks in the direction of Newnham, where the Ladies' Colleges and Ridley and Selwyn Halls form a new academic quarter, he may miss seeing Queen's College, and the "backs" "of the colleges," as the delightful combination of foliage and architecture seen from the river is called. Queen's College was founded by the ill-fated Queen Margaret of Anjou in 1448. Sir John Wenlock laid the first stone of the chapel in April of that year. On it was inscribed in Latin: "The Lord shall be a refuge for the Lady Margaret, of which this stone is witness." This was a little before the second war between York and Lancaster, in which Sir John Wenlock was killed, King Henry VI. and his queen, the foundress, defeated and forced to fly to Scotland, and the king at length murdered. Yet Margaret's College did not suffer by her fall, for Queen Elizabeth Woodville, the wife of Edward IV., was so considerable a benefactress that she is now annually commemorated as a co-foundress of the college. Beyond an unhappy classical "improvement" of one of its courts, Queen's College has been as little altered as any college in Cambridge. The great wooden clock-turret

is a modern addition; but the rest of the old red-brick courts with their quaint passages under the low-browed brick arcades of the cloister, the "president's gallery," with its overhanging oriels and beautiful garden-front, and the gate-tower, with its rich lierne vault, the only one of its kind in Cambridge, have hardly been touched, except for necessary repairs. The hall has been somewhat overloaded with colour in the course of a recent restoration. Over the Fellows' table, in the place of honour, hangs a fine painting of Queen Elizabeth Woodville; and white and red roses on the walls remind us of the lines of Gray. From the cloister a complicated wooden bridge leads across the river, which here is almost overarched by trees in summer-time, into a maze of shady walks upon what was once an island. From this we gain the best view of the red gables of the river-front reflected on the still water below, and can obtain a glimpse of the quaint oriels which overlook the president's garden. A little lower down the river one of the finest views in Cambridge may be seen from King's Bridge, looking over the great lawn which slopes from the college down to the river. In front is Clare, with its curious broken-backed bridge, and the avenue leading up to it. To the left are the tall elm trees which skirt the road, and form a clump in the meadow, and on the right is the west end of King's Chapel and Gibbs' noble classical building of white Portland stone. On the water will probably be seen undergraduates in boats, some rowing, some pretending to read, most of them smoking, and all more or less consciously enjoying the most enjoyable scene in Cambridge.

HOBSON'S CONDUIT.

A very pleasing feature in Cambridge is the stream of clear water which runs down each side of the two principal streets. These are due to the liberality of old Hobson, the carrier, with whom originated the proverb of "Hobson's choice, that or none." Hobson, according to local tradition, kept a livery-stable, and always insisted on his customers taking the horse which stood next the door, instead of choosing an animal for themselves. Besides the "runs," as the watercourses are locally termed, Hobson built the conduit which bears his name, which originally stood in the market place, but was taken down in 1856, and removed to its present position at the end of the little canal on the Trumpington Road, by which the "runs" and the present conduit are supplied with water! Hobson died on January 1, 1631, and though he had attained the patriarchal age of eighty-six, his death was popularly attributed to his being obliged to discontinue his journeys to London while the plague was raging in Cambridge. Milton alludes to this in the two humorous epitaphs he wrote upon him; one commencing:—

Here lieth one who did most truly prove,  
That he could never die while he could move.

Whether he "rows," "rides," or "reads," or is contented to "exist beautifully," there comes a time to every undergraduate when he must take his degree. This may be accomplished in various ways, according to individual idiosyncrasies. Every undergraduate must pass the previous examination or "Little Go," after which he is free to decide whether he will "go out" in "honours," or "poll" as the mere "pass" degree is termed. If he aspires to honours he chooses his "tripsos," as the various examinations in mathematics, classics, law, theology, natural and moral science are called; if he is content with an "ordinary degree" he must pass an examination known as "the general," after which he must pass a second examination in some special subject. In the general course of things degrees are conferred in

THE SENATE HOUSE

in the May term, at a congregation or meeting of the university authorities in the Senate House. On these occasions the galleries are thronged with undergraduates, who enliven the proceedings by singing choruses, cheering and groaning at political and local celebrities, and occasionally throwing coppers upon the crowd of spectators and officials below.

Those who are to take their degrees stand in a mass near the entrance, dressed in white ties, with the white-furred bachelor's hood slung for the first time over their shoulders, and seeming not to know whether to look proud or ashamed of themselves. Now the vice-chancellor, preceded by two bedells with silver maces, walks up a lane formed in the crowd. He retires to a door at the upper end of the room, from which he presently emerges dressed in a red gown and takes his seat in the chair on the dais. The two Proctors stand beside him and read something in a low, mumbling tone, occasionally touching their caps. They are really transacting the business of the university by reading the "graces," or motions to be passed by the Senate; but, as their proceedings are entirely in dumb show, they excite a spirit of irreverence in the galleries, who relieve their feelings by cheering for "Little Red Riding Hood"—in allusion to the vice-chancellor's red robes; for "the anxious bed-makers" who until lately used to attend to "hood" the newly-made B.A.'s, and who still expect a fee for doing so, for "the ladies in blue," the "university boat," and for anything or anybody else which may strike their fancy. They also keep up a constant clamour of "cap," "cap," "cap," directed at any unlucky wight below who may have forgotten to remove his cap, for caps are on these occasions only worn by university and college officials.

Should any of the "graces" be opposed, the Esquire Bedell calls out "ad scrutinium," and the opponents range themselves on the left of the vice-chancellor, where they sit until the Proctors have taken their votes and those of the sup-