

Speak kindly to your children.
Play or talk with them a few moments after supper.
Interest yourself in your wife's employment. Encourage her when she is down-hearted. Be glad with her when she is happy.

Let her know, by words and actions, that she is appreciated and you made happier that she walks by your side. Don't wait to tell the world upon marble that which will be so grateful to her loving heart to hear from your lips. Share with her your good fortune as unselfishly as you do your ill.

Let her walk by your side, your honoured companion; your strong hand helping her over the rough places, and sustaining her when wearied, lest she faint by the way.

ORIGIN OF FAMILIAR SAYINGS.

If other persons share the curiosity I have had as to the origin of many familiar old sayings, they may like to have here the explanation of some such, which I found recently in an English book. The majority of these proverbial sayings are, I suppose, of old date, and came down to us from our English or Dutch forefathers. Here is the origin of the expression "tick," for credit, which I have always taken to be quite modern slang. It seems, on the contrary, that it is as old as the seventeenth century, and is corrupted from ticket, as a tradesman's bill was then commonly called. On tick, was on ticket.

"Humble pie," refers to the days when the English forests were stocked with deer, and venison was commonly seen on the tables of the wealthy.—The inferior or refuse portions of the deer, termed the "umbles," were generally apportioned to the poor, who made them into pie; hence "umple pie" became suggestive of poverty, and afterwards was applied to degradations of other kinds.

"A wild goose-chase" was a sort of racing, resembling the flying of wild geese, in which, after one horse had gotten the lead, the other was obliged to follow after. As the second horse generally exhausted himself in vain efforts to overtake the first, this mode of racing was finally discontinued.

The expression, "a feather in his cap," did not signify merely the right to decorate one's self with some token of success, but referred to an ancient custom among the people of Hungary, of which mention is made in the Lansdowne manuscripts in the British Museum. None but he who killed a Turk was permitted to adorn himself in this fashion, or to "show the number of his slain enemies by the number of feathers in his cappe." It occurs to me to question whether the similar phrase, to "plume himself," has not its source in the same tradition.

A "bakers dozen" was originally the devil's dozen, thirteen being the number of witches supposed to sit down together at their great meetings or sabbaths; hence the superstition about sitting thirteen at a table. The baker was an unpopular character, and became a substitute for the devil.

The explanation of the proverbial saying about "Hobson's choice" is given by Steel in the *Spectator*, No.—Hobson kept a livery stable, his stalls being ranged one behind another, counting from the door. Each customer was obliged to take the horse which happened to be in the stall nearest the door, this chance fashion of serving being thought to secure perfect impartiality.

ANECDOTE OF WEBSTER.

The amusing controversy and correspondence growing out of Secretary Marcy's court-dress circular when James Buchanan was minister to the court of St. James, described in an article on Buchanan in the January number of this Magazine, reminds a correspondent of an occurrence that took place at Marshfield in Mr. Webster's time.

Mr. Webster and Judge Duane Doty, then of Green Bay, Wisconsin, were warm friends, and the judge was at one time a visitor at Marshfield. Mr. Webster was very fond of fishing—the only out-door sport in which he indulged. While the judge was his guest it chanced that a fine day for this sport presented itself, of which Mr. W. was anxious to avail himself. He accordingly invited the judge to accompany him in this piscatory sport. The judge didn't want to go, and tried his best to get off, saying he would much prefer, with his consent, to pass that rainy day in Mr. W.'s library among his books and papers. Mr. W. wouldn't listen to him, said he could pass any and as many days in the library as he chose, but such a day as that for fishing might not occur again while they were at Marshfield. The judge, as a last resort, said that he really could not go, as it would spoil his clothes, that the handsome black suit he had on was his best, and all he had, and that to go fishing in it would spoil it. To meet this objection Mr. W. directed his servant George to go up-stairs and bring down the dress in which he was presented at court in England, which George did. As soon as he appeared with it Mr. W. said, "There, Doty, is a dress for you; put it on, and come as soon as you can, for we are losing valuable time."

The judge replied, "Surely, Mr. Webster, you are not in earnest in what you say—that you want me to go fishing in that elegant suit, and spoil it?"

"Yes, I am," he replied; "that is what it has been brought down for."

The judge still lingered, when Mr. W., to settle the matter, said to him: "Have no anxiety about injuring the dress, for to fish or hunt in it is the only way it can be made useful. Could I wear it in Washington, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, or even here? If I did, wouldn't everybody laugh at me?"

The judge was compelled to answer affirmatively to the question.

"Well, then," he said, "pray what is it good for but to go fishing in?"

This settled the matter. The judge put on the dress, and went fishing in Mr. W.'s court suit, and saved his own. Thus, you see, Mr. Webster, with his well-known will-

ness to oblige, had no objection to appear before England's Queen in the dress prescribed; and what a good use he made of it after his return home!—*Editor's Drawer in Harper's Magazine for April.*

LITTLE FEET.

Two little feet so small that both may nestle
In one caressing hand,
Two tender feet upon the border
Of life's mysterious land.

Dimpled and soft, and pink as peach-tree blossoms
In April's fragrant days;
How can they walk among the briery tangles
Edging the world's rough ways?

These white-rose feet along the doubtful future
Must bear a woman's load;
Alas! since woman has the heaviest burden,
And walks the hardest road!

Love for a while will make the pain before them
All dainty, smooth and fair—
Will cut away the brambles, letting only
The roses blossom there.

But when the mother's watchful eyes are shrouded
Away from the sight of men,
And these dear feet are left without her guiding,
Who shall direct them then?

Will they go stumbling blindly in the darkness
Of Sorrow's tearful shades,
Or find the upland slopes of peace and beauty,
Whose sunlight never fades?

How shall it be with her, the tender stranger,
Fair-faced and gentle-eyed,
Before whose unstained feet the world's rude highway
Stretches so strange and wide?

Ah! who may read the future? For our darling
We crave all blessings sweet,
And pray that He who feeds the crying ravens
Will guide our baby's feet.

DOCTORS IN ENGLAND.

Professor Huxley, in the *Nineteenth Century*, gives a lively account of how doctors were manufactured in England some forty years ago, and the state of things is not much better in some quarters even at this late day. Here is an extract from Prof. Huxley's article:

It was possible for a young man to come to London to spend two years and six months of the time of his compulsory three years "walking the hospitals" in idleness or worse; he could then, by putting himself in the hands of a judicious "grinder" for the remaining six months, pass triumphantly through the ordeal of one hour's *viva voce* examination, which was all that was absolutely necessary to enable him to be turned loose upon the public, like Death on the pale horse, "conquering and to conquer," with the full sanction of the law as a "qualified practitioner."

It is difficult to imagine, at present, such a state of things, still more difficult to depict the consequences of it, because they would appear like a gross and malignant caricature; but it may be said that there was never a system, or want of system, which was better calculated to ruin the students who came under it, or to degrade the profession as a whole. My memory goes back to a time when models from whom the Bob Sawyer of the "Pickwick Papers" might have been drawn were anything but rare. . . . I remember a story was current in my young days of a great court physician who was travelling with a friend, like himself, bound on a visit to a country house. The friend fell down in an apoplectic fit, and the story ran that the physician refused to bleed him because it was contrary to professional etiquette for a physician to perform that operation. Whether the friend died or whether he got better because he was not bled, I do not remember; but the moral of the story is the same. On the other hand, when a famous surgeon, irritated by the pretensions of the physicians, was asked whether he meant to bring up his son to his own calling, "No," he said, "he is such a fool. I mean to make a physician of him."

SCOTLAND'S "DREARY SABBATHS."

The reproach of narrowness, austerity and gloom, is one that has often been levelled at the religious life of Scotland; and latterly, perhaps, we have heard it more frequently on account of the false witness on the subject that has been borne by sentimental Scotsmen of the Broad school who, especially in novels, have given pictures of Scottish piety that answered to nothing in real life, or which at least brought into undue prominence the characteristics of abnormal individuals as if they were typical of the whole nation. "Those of us," says Dr. King, of Canada, "who have been born and brought up by the banks of the Tweed, or the Forth, or under the shadow of the Grampians, have been pitted for the dreary Sabbaths we are supposed to have spent, and for the innocent pleasures from which we were debarred. We, who have nothing but gratitude to cherish for the influences which were around our childhood and youth, can only wonder at the commiseration so unnecessarily bestowed." These are words which thousands of Scotsmen can echo as truly expressive of their own experience.

A WRITER in the *Ober Times* says eighty years have elapsed since an execution has taken place in the Highlands, and asks: "Could the angels themselves have a much better character than this?"

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

THERE are twenty-eight blind clergymen in the Church of England.

THE Students' Temperance Association, Belfast College, has now a membership of 102.

THE new editor of the *Times*, Mr. Buckle, is the son of a clergyman at Weston-super-Mare.

THE Roman Catholic clergy no longer oppose cremation, which is becoming very common in Italy.

IN the Highland asylums, according to Dr. Clouston, softening of the brain is practically unknown.

MR. B. WHITWORTH, M.P., himself a life abstainer, estimates that there are now five million abstainers in the United Kingdom.

THE plans of the great exhibition to take place at Antwerp next year has been decided upon, and the work will begin next month.

PREACHING is optional with the Russian clergy, and there are thousands of priests who for years neither write nor deliver a single sermon.

THE electric lights on the high masts at Los Angeles, Cal., can be distinctly seen from the Island of San Clemente, eighty miles out at sea.

A LADY in Bermondsey has bequeathed \$150,000 for church purposes, the primary object being to increase the stipends of seven incumbents.

RUSSIA, with a population of over a hundred millions, has eighty-five bishops, 100,000 clergymen, 27,000 monks and nuns, and 41,058 churches.

THE lower house of the Prussian diet has rejected by 209 votes to 152 a motion for the repeal of the law discounting the salaries of Catholic priests.

THE prominent Ritualist, Rev. A. H. Mackonochie is in bad health, and has been ordered by his medical advisers to take three months' complete rest.

MISS FANNY GAY, the oldest member of the church at the Metropolitan tabernacle, lately celebrated her ninety-fourth birthday. She joined the church in 1807.

IN the established Presbytery of Glasgow, there has been an increase of 6,445 in the membership, making the number now on the congregational rolls, 60,134.

THE Empress of Austria is not only about to become an authoress, like Queen Victoria, but has purchased type and a press, in order that she might print her own literary productions.

A BEAUTIFUL stained-glass window has been erected in Belmont Church, Belfast, in memory of the late Jas. Alex. Henderson, formerly proprietor of the *Belfast News-Letter*.

THE *tablet* asserts that Roman Catholics have increased in England and Scotland during the present reign about three times as fast as the population—a statement more easily made than proved.

DR. DONALD MACLEOD, Glasgow, having alluded to the victory of the British in the Soudan, requested his congregation, before dismissing them on Sabbath afternoon, to sing the National anthem.

DR. PHIN's ideal minister should begin his work in a country parish, spend the best of his days in a town or city charge, and then retire to a comfortable country parish for the remainder of his life.

EACH student of the Divinity Hall of Glasgow University was presented with a copy of Dr. Warnock's "Modern Missions and Culture." The society is to raise \$1,000 for the Maumthum Mission.

OF 600 Russian periodicals, only forty are dedicated to the cause of religion. Of this number twenty-six are merely official diocesan gazettes. Thus there remain only fourteen religious periodicals of any importance.

BISHOP WORDSWORTH, of St. Andrew's, preached in St. Andrew's College Church lately. This is said to be the first instance of a bishop of a Scottish Episcopal Church occupying a pulpit of the Church of Scotland.

THE newspaper columns headed "Born," "Married," and "Died," have been variously paraphrased in the West. One paper has it "Hatched, Matched and Despatched," and another "Buds, Blossoms, and Cypress."

THE new Bishop of Chester, Dr. William Stubbs was born in 1825, and took priest's orders in 1850. In 1866 he succeeded Mr. Goldwin Smith in the chair of modern history at Oxford. He is an honorary LL.D. of Edinburgh.

AT a tea meeting of the men of H.M.S. *Orestes*, held at Hong Kong, Admiral Willes declared drunkenness to be the cause of nearly all the crimes in the navy, and concluded by proposing the health of the men in a flowing bowl of tea.

DR. MCGREGOR, of St. Cuthbert's, opened the new church at Callander on Sabbath week, with an eloquent discourse on Isaiah lxi. 11. He expressed the hope that the Scottish Church would soon adopt a modified liturgy.

A JEALOUS husband, slapped a man's face in a Providence street car because the man's eyes had been staring at his wife's face. The car stopped a block further on, and a little girl entered and led the man away. He was totally blind.

A LARGE and enthusiastic meeting of Welshmen favourable to Mr. Dillwyn's dis-establishment motion has been held in Manchester. Mr. Stuart Rendal, M.P., as a churchman declared that the reform was pressing needed in the interests of the Church itself.

A STRANGE sect called the Baabys has arisen and is rapidly growing in Persia, who profess a religion which is a curious amalgam of Christianity, Mohamedanism, and Pantheism. One of the special commands of Beha is to be friendly with Christians and to read their books.