

ceremonious, if his own notions of propriety are correct. Some of our habits which we regard as good, or at least as harmless, would be most offensive to the inhabitants of some other countries. Some of their ways would be equally objectionable to ourselves. No one who respects himself, no one who respects others, will lightly depart from the customs of the society in which he lives. A man who regards with disdain the prevailing customs of his country is, if possible, more foolish than one who is always in a state of alarm lest he should have not known and adopted the latest fashions.

We have said that courtesy must be genuine, its foundation must be truth. But we must add that it cannot be brought to perfection without self-restraint and self-control. Perhaps there are few things which require so much taste as the hitting of the happy mean between liberty and restraint in word and in deed. There are some men who never open their mouths on the subject of their fellow-men, or of the esteem in which they hold them. They blame no one. They are solemnly silent if any are found fault with; but they are equally silent if others are praised. If they have no censure to inflict, neither do they indulge in commendation. They are not the most interesting of men.

Yet the fault which lies in the opposite direction is greater; the fault of those who not only utter every thought that arises in their mind, and usually such people's thoughts are of the least possible value, but think as recklessly as they speak. There is, no doubt, a great charm in an open, frank, unconstrained manner. There is a great charm in an out-spoken man. But there must be limits and restraints imposed on speech. There is a certain reserve which is good, nay, which is necessary, if men are to be endurable. And it is the same with action as with speech. The man who errs on the side of self-control errs on the safe side. What we call *abandon* needs the finest taste to prevent its being offensive.

But we must come to an end, although it is difficult when there is so much to say; and we must repeat what we have already said, as the most important in this whole consideration, that the great rule for all behaviour is genuine kindness of heart, unselfish considerateness for others; that humble, gentle, kindly spirit which is productive of a true and not a servile deference and thoughtfulness towards the opinions, the feelings and the interests of our neighbours and associates. True kindness is true courtesy. You cannot have genuine courtesy without it; you will hardly ever miss courtesy where that is present. The language of kindness is one which all understand; high and low, rich and poor, the most cultivated and the most unlettered. It is a good rule also which says to a man, "Seem what you are, and be what you wish to seem." The man who is *good and genuine* will seldom go far wrong in behaviour.

A NIGHT'S FISHING OFF THE LIZARD.

The day was glorious, life in the air, life in the water, life, if one may so speak, in every curve and outline of the bold coast. The sky a deep warm blue, such a sky as must ever awaken in the mind of him who gazes upon it a feeling of calm and repose, a feeling only intensified by the steady sailing of the great fleecy clouds in the upper air-currents. The water reflecting in even warmer tints the glories of the sky, stretched far as the eye could see to southward. For leagues beyond the Lizard and the Tol Pen, the British channel fading off to the horizon, calm and unruffled in the distance. Between those mighty headlands roller after roller chasing each other up Mount's Bay, past the Logan, past beautiful Lamorna on the one hand, by Kynance, Gunwalloe, Port Leven on the other, breaking on St. Michael's Mount, or plunging against the sea wall at Penzance, and deluging with spray the unwary loungers on the promenade. All along the shore where the waters shoaled, wild horses dancing, tossing their white manes silver in the sunbeams, careering over some hidden sand bank, running mimic races with each other, starting, plunging, outrunning their very selves, spreading and being lost in the surrounding waters. It was one of Cornwall's pet spring days.

For perhaps a fortnight a strong souwester had been very constantly blowing, raising a heavy sea, and preventing the fishermen from putting out, although mackerel were in abundance. It had now apparently blown itself out. A brisk fishing breeze had sprung up from the south, the sea had rapidly fallen, and in anticipation of a heavy "catch" all was bustle and excitement about the boats, and by noon the entire fishing fleet had started from Penzance bound for the Lizard.

We had a splendid run, and accepted the invitation of the captain or skipper of the boats to "come and see for myself how the mackerel were caught"—making some eight knots an hour; two new boats were in the fleet, they had been launched about a fortnight before; this was their trial trip, and so each skipper believing that his own boat, under favourable conditions, could show as fast a pair of heels as any of the rest, did his very utmost. Our goal lay off the Lizard, some twenty miles from Penzance as the crow flies, for here fish were believed to be in greatest numbers, the prize, the most likely berth for the man who being first up was there to occupy it and so all raced; we were not first, perhaps we should have been but for the wind, which did not favour us as it did others; nor were we last, far from it, and after four exciting hours, lowering all sail except a small mizzen. We lay to about five miles south of the Lizard. It was early evening, the nets would not be "shot" till sundown, thus there remained some hours to while away. The crew, seven all told, the skipper John, the boy his son, and five men occupied themselves in various ways, turned in, looked after details in their gear,