

they may not. It matters little to him. But so soon as his hobby fails to give him new experiences or new knowledge, it ceases to be a hobby. It must give place to something else. The crank or faddist gets hold of one idea. He anticipates no enlargement or modification of his idea or fad. It is perfect and complete; it admits of no growth or improvement. He knows it all. It offers him nothing new. Of *itself* it is no company for him. He must buttonhole and bore everybody who does not dodge him. He harps away on his one idea until it becomes a monomania and people point to him, touch their heads and give a significant wink. A hobbyist, of course, may make the mistake of turning a good hobby into a very bad fad. Any useful thing may be abused. A good instance of a hobby being thus degraded is told in connection with the late Bayard Taylor, the writer and traveller. He was at some banquet and the conversation at his part of the table was very much impeded by a pedantic, old fellow who posed as a philologist who knew it all. He kept up a running fire of questions at those about him, asking if they knew the origin of this word or that. Of course they did not and he would tell them. But when he claimed to know the origin of every word in the language it was the last straw for Taylor. He turned on the man and asked if he knew the origin of that word "restaurant." "Why, of course, it is from the Latin '*restaurare*' to repair or restore." "Oh, no," said Bayard Taylor, "that was all right with the earlier authorities." "And pray what origin do the new authorities give it?" "*Res*, a thing—*Taurus*, a bull—a bully thing." That man's hobby had ceased to be an absorbing recreation. It had become a conceit and a fad.

It would seem to be a constant factor, and indeed a very necessary one in human nature, to use up a large part of its energy in the pursuit of enjoyment of some sort or other. And we see humanity deriving its pleasure from all manner of sources between the extremes where, on the one hand, the savage fiend derives his keenest enjoyment from the agonies of another creature, and on the other hand, where one's chiefest joy is found in being able to lessen the misery, and increase the comfort, well-being and happiness of another.

Dr. Munger, in speaking of the late O. W. Holmes, says: "There is scarcely anything the great mass of English-speaking people need so much as the proper kind of enjoyment or amusement. We are a sad race—thoughtful, brooding, severe. Our ancestors were born under cloudy skies, on the shores of rainy seas, and the clouds and mists enfold us still. If we break away from this inwrought sadness and go aimlessly after pleasure, which is an important part of the food of human nature, we are liable to bring up in sensuous excess." But in whatever form we take our pleasure,