

expected. This lack of a desire "to get on and be something," has paralyzed us not only in one thing, but it has paralyzed us in all. Man is made of "such stuff" that if he has enough to eat and to drink, and wherewithall to be clothed, he is willing to sit with folded hands shifting all other responsibility to the shoulders of any who are willing to take it. When Johnson received his pension he gave up writing and took to talking, which would have been valueless had there not been a Boswell. After Shakespeare made enough to live on Avon bank, no more Macbeths "murder Sleep," or Othellos "a round unvarnished tale deliver;" they, meaning Johnson and Shakespeare could not dig, and could not always beg or get anything if they did; they must write or die, so they wrote. No one can presume to question Shakespeare's transcendent genius, but we cannot help but see how necessity forced him on. Here there are so many ways of gaining a subsistence, and actual mental effort is so much more wearying than any other, that we turn to them and let our thoughts remain pent up, harnessing down our minds to the hum drum of everyday work, until like bandaged limbs that were once strong and beautiful, they become feeble and deformed.

No times, in England, have produced so many fine writers as those of the Rebellion and Revolution. Perhaps if some event should occur to stir our natures to their depths for a length of time, we might perhaps be able to learn that which is within us, and give expression to it; as it is, the only salve for our wounded pride is the unsubstantial yet consolatory thought "we could, if we would."

### TRIFLES.

WE often meet with the expression, "there are no such things as trifles;" in one sense this may be true, but in another sense equally untrue; there is little in life besides its trifles. The acorn is no less an acorn because it may one day be an oak; and a trifle is none the less a trifle because its consequences may be tremendous. Of all the wounds we ever received those which sank the most deeply and rankled the longest, were caused by the smallest, most trivial arrows. An unkind look or word, or gesture from

one whom we love, and who, perhaps, never thinks of it again gives more pain than much greater wrong. It is comparatively easy to forgive an unkindness, which is so great as to make its forgiveness seem a generous action; but those little slights, which perhaps, none notice but ourselves, it is hard to forget them. The smart of a thistle prick in the finger, is often harder to bear patiently than the pain of a wounded hand. Then there are the little cares and worries of every day, whose very littleness makes them cares and worries. A mosquito is a little insect, yet what is more exasperating than the incessant hum and persistent attacks of a single mosquito. But this is the dark side of the subject. If our bitterest sorrows are caused often by trifles, so also are our brightest joys. A little gift, whose only value lies in the love that prompted it, is a source of more real pleasure than the most costly present. The costly gift may be intended to call forth admiration of the givers' generosity, the small gift can only be a "token of love." Half the joy of life is caused by things so trifling, that we forget them, and only remember that we have been happy. Smiles and kind words, with the many other little courtesies of every day intercourse, are what make life pleasant. No trifles! Life is full of them, and their insignificance constitutes their pleasure or their pain.

THE people of one of our hill country townships were puzzled once by the appearance of a man with a fish basket over his shoulder and a stone-hammer, who went about trying every rock and talking to himself. He was in search of gold the people had no doubt, but the common conclusion was that he was "not very wise." He was, however, hospitably entertained and eagerly questioned. One of the farmers was sure he had coal on his farm, and the man of mystery was sure he had not. The dispute was waxing warm, when an old lady thought it wise to calm it a little, and in Galic advised the native disputant to cease disputing with a man who was evidently cracked. Sir William Logan, who was a Welshman, said nothing more, but when he got among friends at the next village told over the whole story with great glee.