

Editorial Scrap Book.

THE LICENSED LOOK.—The sergeant of the republic of letters says the *Glasgow Commonwealth* has been very successful among tailors, shoemakers, printers, and other trades; but he does not appear to have had any recruits from the whisky-shop. There seems to be so great an enmity between the barrel and the brain, that they cannot thrive together. Nature apparently has decreed, that he who lives by supplying others with the means of temporary madness, shall himself sink away down to the region of permanent stupidity. We are assured by one of our friends who has studied the subject minutely, that when a man with a countenance comely enough for the ordinary purposes of life, becomes a publican, the features gradually undergo a singular transformation, and ultimately assume what our informant calls the *Licensed Look*. Our friend says that this peculiar expression of the face is the unique result of the shrivelling of the mental, and the swelling of the masticatory region, combined with dull, lazy eyes, that are open indeed, but with nobody looking through them. He undertakes, with no other data than the smallness of the head and the width of the mouth, to tell how long a man has been in the "traffic." This problem he solves by the application of what he calls the theory of "inverse ratios," and he goes so far as to affirm that what with the widening of the oral orifice, and the contracting of the cranium, the spirit-dealers, before the close of the current geologic era, will degenerate into alligators! Our science is not so profound as to enable us to pronounce on the merits of so grave a theory. We may be permitted to remark, however, on the authority of the police, that the spirit-dealers, especially on Saturday nights, make a great many of our citizens into pigs. Now, since they turn other people into such ugly shapes, who knows what they may turn themselves into? It is certainly time for the licensed virtualisers to consider their "prospects." After this warning if they waken some fine morning and find themselves "all mouth and no benevolence," they have themselves to blame.

BURIED TALENTS.—Can any one doubt that there lies at this moment hidden in the bosom of religious society, and dormant for want of a fitting scope for exercise, an immense amount and variety of talent, which might have been elicited and trained under happier auspices, and triumphantly employed in the prosecution of Christian objects? Amongst the myriads of men and women whose hearts have been opened to welcome the message of God's love, that marvelously expansive principle both for the intellect and the will, ought there not to be, in conformity with all the known laws of our nature, an assortment of mental and moral power in the germ, capable, when unfolded and matured, of effecting, under God's blessing, the most stupendous results? Just imagine a mass of political organization of equal extent, set in motion, too, with unfailing regularity every week, one day of which was especially consecrated to its action, working on to an ultimate purpose from generation to generation, and calculate if you can the number and variety of modes of action it would by this time have systematized, the agencies it would have established, the instruments it would have called out and trained, the latent capabilities it would have

evoked, the efficient workmen of different pretensions it would have had at its command.

That the main purpose of the churches is spiritual, offers no explanation of the lack of a similar result amongst them. Instead of solving the mystery, this fact rather increases it. Think, for a moment, of the strong emotions the first exercise of spiritual faith in the Gospel usually awakens, the fresh instincts it quickens into life, the mental activity it excites, the gushing streams of warm benevolence it causes to flow, the wishes for others it inspires, and the abiding principle of well doing it implants. To what heroic enterprises might not these elements of power be led forth, and disciplined and invigorated! What materials are here for moral machinery, were they but properly appreciated and sedulously put together! Neglected, they soon shrivel up, and become unavailing, like every other talent for usefulness which is buried, instead of being employed for the Master's use.—*Miall's British Churches.*

A WALK IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.—Dr. Kane thus sketches a morning's walk in the regions of ice:—

"Now let us start out upon a walk, clothed in well-fashioned Arctic costume. The thermometer is, say 25 deg., not lower, and the wind blowing a royal breeze, but gently. Close the lips for the first minute or two, and admit the air suspiciously through nostril and mustache. Presently you breathe in a dry, pungent, but gracious and agreeable atmosphere. The beard, eye-brows, eye-lashes, and the downy pubescence of the ears, acquire a delicate, white, and perfectly enveloping cover of venerable hoar-frost. The mustache and under lip form pendulous beads of dangling ice. Put out your tongue, and it instantly freezes to this icy crust, and a rapid effort and some hand aid will be required to liberate it. The less you talk the better. Your chin has a trick of freezing to your upper jaw by the luting aid of your beard; even my eyes have often been so glued, as to show that even a wink may be unsafe. As you walk on, you find that the iron-work of your gun begins to penetrate through two coats of woolen mittens, with a sensation like hot water. But we have been supposing your back to the wind; and if you are a good Arcticised subject, a warm glow has already been followed by a profuse sweat. Now turn about and face the wind; what a devil of a change! how the atmospheres are wafted off! how penetratingly the cold trickles down your neck, and in at your pockets! Whew! a jack-knife heretofore, like Bob Sawyer's apple, "unpleasantly warm" in the breeches pocket, has changed to something as cold as ice and hot as fire: make your way back to the ship! I was once caught three miles off with a freshening wind, and at one time I feared that I would hardly see the brig again. Morton, who accompanied me, had his cheeks frozen, and I felt that lethargic numbness mentioned in the story books. I will tell you what this feels like, for I have been twice "caught out." Sleepiness is not the sensation. Have you ever received the shocks of a magneto-electric machine, and had the peculiar benumbing sensation of "can't let go," extending up to your elbow-joints? Deprive this of its paroxysmal character; subdue, but diffuse it over every part of the system, and you have the so called pleasurable feelings of incipient freezing. It seems even to extend to your brain. Its niteria is augmented; every thing about seems of a ponderous sort; and