

are we to infer that an honest, well learned man like you (here Jamie would grin from ear to ear) is to act foolishly because your 'necbors' do so too? Fie for shame, Jamie man, give up your hold of 'custom,' and act from the promptings of humanity and reason and science."

"But what am I to do," Jamie would say, "gin I try to tell them that, they'll say, 'gae awa,' Jamie, we maun e'en do as our forebears did afore us, and we'll do vera weel without your new-fangled notions.' There I am, Sir; I haena roon'h of words to battle it wi' them, and I maun e'en gie up the fecht. And, after a', where is the great guid o' acting frae the 'promiteen' of humanity and what else, when we can just do as our guid forebears did afore us?—peace be wi' them." Thus would Jamie Solecut argue and go on his way and act like his 'forebears,' because it was the "custom."

We have said that Jamie was not very "shiny." Nevertheless he was a little. He was possessed of a good sound judgment, quick understanding, and ready wit, easy to be persuaded, and tractable withal. This made him to be considered a superior man, at least far above mediocrity, and Jamie felt this, though, alas! he was an unchangeable friend of 'custom. He could be prevailed and softened down on any subject but this. He would do as his "forebears" did "afore" him, and he would not budge from their sapient deeds. Jamie went to the beer-shop, because it was the "custom." Jamie devoted one-half of his gains to it, because it was the "custom." Jamie did not send his children to school, because it was the "custom" not to send them till they became big, and then they did not much care for school or anything else. Jamie despised his wife because it was the "custom." He smoked, he snuffed, he chewed, because all three were the "custom." He came home drunk once a week to his poor anxious wife, because it was the "custom." He did not perform his promises to his customers, because that was nor the "custom." He told lies to them because it was, and ruined his own soul by so doing, for that was the "custom" too. And yet he knew as well as that he had a couple of eyes in his head that this was wrong, but yet he was a submissive slave to things that were the *custom*.

Jamie began to rise in trade, and prosper and grow rich, and sport a big house and a number of 'prentices, and a handsome shop—before the end of many years he was as comfortable as a tradesman could wish to be. Did he become a votary of Reason or Thought? No; still of "custom." It was new-year's eve, and Jamie Solecut resolved "to put out the auld and tak in the new" with a bit of a "eplore." As step 1st, he got drunk; 2nd, noisy; 3rd, outrageous; 4th, unconscious, till at last on the first day of another blessed year—forgetful of credit and reputation, home,

family, and friends,—he went about smashing windows, alarmed the peaceably disposed, broke three policemen's heads, half throttled the head bailie, jammed and barricaded the streets with casks, carts, &c.; in short, performed strange tricks, along with a crew of blackguard ragamuffins—and all because it was the "custom!" Next day found Jamie Solecut cool, in his right mind, and in the police office, from which he was brought and tried with some others, and found his pocket emptied of some five guineas, just merely because *that* was the "custom" too! He soon after lost his own custom, and became a ruined man. *That too was the custom.* Poor Jamie, have you enough of "custom" now? So I fear you have.

Yours truly,

G. M. R.

Puzzles for Pastime.

The answers to the enigmas in our June number are as follows:—

1.—1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

THE CADET.

2.—1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11

JOHN C. BECKET.

3.—1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17

THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW.

Turn to the June number, and the details will easily be made up.

We desire a poetic answer to the following original

CHARADE.

Sometimes I clearly truth convey

To the enquiring mind;

Sometimes I wholly lead astray,

And stupify mankind.

Ofttimes I have myself been wrong,

Yet claim to lead the right;

In vice and virtue firmly strong,

I love and hate the light.

For war and peace I both contend;

I social wrongs redress;

I'm used to begging; often lend;

But oft increase distress.

I've seen you laugh at what I said,

And cry most bitter tears;

The rich, the poor, the grave, the gay,

For me have hopes and fears.

I cannot tell you what I am,

Nor what I yet shall do;

But all freemen my praise proclaim;

While tyrants stand in awe.

SHEM.

The answers to enigmas, in June number, sent by A. Dutton, Royal Mount Section, C. of T., Montreal; John Canavan, Rainbow Section, No. 9, Cobourg; J. Barnard, Montreal, and Georgious, Montreal, are all correct,