

Too Much Hurry.

We of to-day live in a perfect frenzy of hurry; we can never go quickly enough; we are forever discovering short cuts to reform, improvement, and happiness in general, and straightway plunging headlong into them; and when one after the other proves to be an *impasse*, we hastily turn aside and look for a new one. There is poverty in the land—quick we rush to discover a means of making all men rich. Somebody or other offers to do it for us, if we will but give him so many thousands of pounds and our full confidence. "Quick, give him the money," is the cry, and a cry of indignation is raised against those who beg us to stay our hand and reflect. There is drunkenness—and we clamour to close all the public houses. We are far too impatient to live the life ourselves, and watch the gradual improvement of our race; we long to push them from behind, to goad them on in the path of virtue with Acts of Parliament.

And the same with our expressions of opinion—we rush in the wildest haste to deliver them, to administer praise or blame. If any man be accused, he is hoisted into the pillory and pelted, long before he has time to utter a word of defence; if any one please us, he is hailed as a hero, and loaded with honors and adulations, even before we know

exactly what it is that he has done—the result being that we are constantly making ourselves ridiculous; a result that matters the less in that we never really leave ourselves time to contemplate the ludicrous figure that we cut.

In our private life we are in no way better. We have never time to enjoy to-day, because we are always living in to-morrow; and when to-morrow comes it finds all our attention fixed on the day after. Too soon we rejoice; too soon we despond; and we are forever either in one extreme or the other. Too soon we pour out our complaints in the newspapers, too soon we bring accusations against our neighbors, too soon we try to push ourselves into the front ranks, even too soon do we wish to enjoy the fruits of the earth. The forced strawberry and the too early asparagus are typical of our hurrying appetite. How much more comfortable and pleasant a place the world would be if we were only content to hurry less and enjoy more.—*The Spectator* (London.)

Little Tommy was making a dreadful racket, playing that he was a locomotive letting off steam, ringing a bell, etc., etc. "Tommy," said his aunt, getting in front of him, "you must stop this noise." Tommy stood perfectly quiet for a minute, and then said: "The engineer is waiting for the old cow to get off the track."—*Exchange*.

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