they never before were nearly so abundant—but that manhood is getting so far beyond the childhood of their race that they scorn to be happy any longer. A simple and joyous character can find no place for itself among the sage and sombre figures that would put his unsophisticated cheerfulness to shame. The entire system of man's affairs, as at present established, is built up purposely to exclude the careless and happy soul. It is the iron rule in our day to require an object and a purpose in life. It makes us all part of a complicated scheme of progress, which canonly result in our arrival at a colder and drearier region than we were born in. It insists upon everybody adding somewhat—a mite perhaps, but gained by incessant effort—to an accumulated pile of usefulness, of which the only use will be to burden our posterity with even heavier thoughts and more inordinate labors than our own. No life now wanders like an unfettered stream ; there is a mill-wheel for the tiniest rivulet to turn. We all go wrong by too strenuous a resolution to go right.—*Hawthorne.*

There is one law interwoven into the constitution of things which declares that force of mind and character must rule the world This truth glares out upon us from daily life, from history, from science, art, letters, and from all the agencies which influence conduct and opinion. The whole existing order of things is one vast monument to the supremacy of mind. The exterior appearance of human life is but the material embodiment, the substantial expression of thought, the hieroglyphic writing of the soul. The fixed facts of society, laws, institutions positive knowledge, were once ideas in the projector's brain—thoughts which have been forced into facts. The scouted hypothesis of the fifteenth century is the time-honored institution of the nineteenth ; the heresy of yesterday is the common place of to-day. We perceive, in every stage of this great movement, a spiritual power, to which we give the name of Genius. From the period when our present civilized races ran wild and naked in the woods, and dined and supped on each other, to the present time, the generality of mankind have been contented with things as they were. A small number have conceived of something better, or something new. From these come the motion and ferment of life ; to them we owe it that existence is not a bog but a stream. These are men of genius.

Mary Queen of Scots.—Mary Queen of Scots stands, in several respects, almost supreme among women. We need not dwell on her personal charms, which are known to have been incomparable. No one, perhaps, except the immovable Knox, was able to bear up against them. Her transcendent beauty was joined to the most bewitching manners, and few even of her bitterest ennemies could help doing homage to the mastery which she thus exerted over the hearts of men. But her mental gifts were still more remarkable. Acuteness, grasp, readiness, and fertility of resource were all characteristic of her intellect The subtlest statesman could not circumvent her. The most practised reasoners failed to get the better of her in discussion. Menace could not daunt, danger rather inspirited her. We have said that Knox was invulnerable to the graces of her person and the witchery of her manners ; but it is plain, even from his own reports of interviews which took place between them, that he was no match for her in argument. She seemed indeed born to rule the world ; and had her self-control been at all proportionate to her courage, her talent, and her beauty, she would in all probability have accomplished results in her day that must have had an enduring influence upon the destinies of Europe. But the strength of her passions ruined all Combined with her penetrating intellect and her noble physique there was an emotional nature as ardent as it was unscrupulous. It is when we take all these elements into consideration, and view her conduct in the light of them, that alone we have any chance of dispelling the almost enigmatic obscurity which has appeared so long to surround her history.

Do not ask favours.—If you want to be happy, never ask a favour. Give as many as you can, and if any are freely offered, it is not necessary to be too proud to take them ; but never ask a favour or stand waiting for any. Who ever asked a favour at the right time ? To be refused is a woeful stab to one's pride. It is even worse than to have a favour granted hesitatingly. We suppose that out of a hundred who petition for the least thing—if it be even an hour of time—ninety-nine wish, with burning cheeks and aching hearts, they had not done so Don't ask favours of your nearest friend. Do everything for yourself until you drop, and then if any one picks you up, let it be of his own free choice, not from any groan you utter. But while you can stand, be a soldier. Eat your own crust, rather than feast on another's dainty meals ; drink cold water rather than another's wine. The world is full of people asking favours, and people tire of giving them. Love or tenderness should never be put aside, when its full hands are stretching towards you ; but as few love, so few are tender ; a favour asked is apt to be a millstone around your neck, even if you gain the thing you want by the asking. As you cast your bread on the water, and it returns, so will the favours you ask, if unwillingly granted, come back to you when you least expect or desire. Favours conceded upon sollicitation are never repaid. They are most costly in the end than overdue usurer's bills.

Origin of Some Famous Legends.—Not among the different members of the great Aryan family only are the germs of many of our best known stories discoverable. They seem to belong to humanity. A lively American, Professor Fiske, of Harvard University, noticing how the "William Tell" legend (for it is a legend) and that of which the Welsh formerly brates the death of Gelert's faithful hound, and a good many others besides, are found everywhere, says : 'We must admit, then, that these fireside tales have been handed down from parent to child for more than a hundred generations ; that the primitive Aryan cottager, as he took his evening meal of yava, and sipped his fermented mead, listened with his children to the stories of 'Boots,' and 'Cinderella,' and the 'Master Thief,' in the days when the squat Laplander was still master of Europe, and the dark-skinned Sudra was as yet unmolested in the Punjab' True ; but may we not go further, and say that, finding these tales, or their counterparts, among Zulus, Mongols, Malays and red Indians, we must either pronounce them to be "innate ideas," or else hold that men had invented them in the old, old time when the differences between Aryans and non-Aryans had not yet grown up ? Sir H. Rawlinson seems to prove, from the earliest Assyrian remains, that, 'in the beginning," Hamite, Shemite, and Japhetian were all one—that even what afterwards became of the Aryan tongues were then "agglutinative," like the red Indian of to-day. Some one, too, has just "proved" that the old Peruvian was a kindred speech to the Sanscrit! No wonder, then, that the same stories are current all the world over.

Traits of a Gentleman.—Why does every traveller feel that an Arab is a gentleman, or that a Turk is a gentleman ? Because both the Turk and the Arab manifest perfect self possession, without a touch of self-assertion, have an air of command devoid of arrogance, are tranquil amid riot, and composed amid difficulty and disturbance. These qualities seem to us to spring from habits of command, and from an inherent sense of superiority, and the observation will apply with equal force to English gentlemen. A gentleman is a gentleman, and there's an end on't. He does not want to be anybody else, because he does not recognize any superior, save of the titular or disciplinary sort. Your vulgar person, or even your person who, without being vulgar, is not a gentleman, is conscious of his inferiority, and periodically labours to conceal or cloud it. There is no concealing it, and the attempt only exposes the fact more glaringly to view. This sort of person, too, is not calm, not self-possessed ; he is fussy, solicitous, domineered by circumstances instead of quietly settling down to a level with them. This by no means implies that a gentleman must not cope with circumstances when they are important enough to demand the exercise of his energies. But when he comes out of the battle, or the senate, or the hunting-field, no matter what he has gone through, he is composed and quiet once more. He never swaggers ; he never makes unnecessary apologies or explanations. He takes things as he finds them. Now and then no doubt the idiosyncrasies of genius will lend an exceptional fervour to the manner of a gentleman ; Lady Blessington was so unaware of this that she expressed herself surprised that Byron's manner in conversation was not as quiet as she would have expected from a person of his rank. The observation was at once stupid and snobbish. There is no cut-and-dry receipt for a gentleman ; but he is as unmistakable to those who know one, as the colour of a flower, or the scent of a leaf.