

with his right hand, approaching, ducking his head, to meet his benefactress.

"My lady," began the old man, "I'm monstrously sorry that I made a mistake in the hour you told us to come to you; but I assure you it was a mistake."

"Never mind, Backstay; I thought your absence to arise from some mistake in the hour."

"It did, my lady; but I couldn't let you go without thankin' you; and hearing which way you had come, I made all the haste I could to overtake you. I'm greatly thankful for your kindness; and I do hope that when pay day comes you will get a large share of the prize money."

Clara smiled at the nautical comparison of the sailor, and replied,

"You are welcome to the little kindness I have shown to you, and I am delighted with your sense of gratitude."

"Little! my lady; you're 'Eavens Hangel sent to visit us with relief. It isn't gratitude brings me here, it's sheer duty, and Dick Backstay was never the man to run away from his duty."

"Well, Backstay, I choose to call it gratitude." As Clara spoke this last sentence she cast on the old seaman such a look of sympathy as melted all further opposition.

"My lady knows best," he replied; "and some day it may lay in my power to serve you."

There was such earnestness in the remark of the old man that his words fell on the ear of Clara in the solemn cadence of a prophet's voice. "How can he ever serve me; and will it ever become possible for him to do so?" she inquired of herself; but before this question had died out from her thought, a manly voice uttered in tones distinct and clear addressed her:

"Begging your pardon, Lady Chillington, but is it your misfortune to have lost this treasure?"

On hearing these words Clara quickly turned to see the speaker, and Charles Freeman, with his hat raised, stood before her in the pride of manhood, and holding in his fingers the lost pencil case.

"Thank you, sir, that article is mine," she replied. "How unfortunate in me to drop it. It is in itself but a trifle; yet to me it is priceless as being the remembrance of her." Clara could say no more; a tear stood in her eye, and a sudden emotion checked the power of utterance. Delivering the pencil case, Charles Freeman politely bowed, retired.

"She is as beautiful as she is good," he said to himself, as he again descended the hill.

Bidding the old sailor good-morning, Clara pursued the path leading to the Priory.

(To be continued.)

LANGUAGE, ITS ORIGIN, &c.

[A paper written for the C. L. S. of Belleville, by P. Denys.]

Among the sciences which have engaged modern research, comparative philology justly holds a primary rank. Not only has this branch of learning served the cultivation of classical literature, but it has also been a potent aid to the solution of ethnological and historical questions. Upon this, however, as upon mostly all scientific subjects, writers of various periods seem to have widely diverged. For instance, we see, in early times, Origen claiming for the Hebrew priority over all other languages. Later on, we have Grotius who struggles to prove that Dutch was the language spoken in Paradise. In our own day, we behold Max Müller learnedly propounding completely different theories and assuring us that "of the language of Adam we know nothing." It has been truly asserted that "language is the outward appearance of the intellect of nations." It is indeed through her poets, her orators, her historians, her savants that a nation raises for herself monuments imperishable in the fields of fame. Hence the study of the dead languages in order to an intimate acquaintance with the inspired Christian writers. In a similar way, have frequent inquiries into the analogies and relationship of language served high and useful purposes.

Language, from the latin *lingua*, the tongue, is, in its primary meaning, the expression in articulate sounds of the thoughts and emotions of the human mind. It is, therefore, by a figure of speech that bodily gesticulations as among deaf-mutes, are termed "language."

Coming to the origin of language, it can not, as some assert, have been the ingenious contrivance of man. The formation of an intelligent mode of communication presupposes reflexion, and if, as some philosophers hold "reflexion requires words" such an invention was previous to the existence of language, utterly impossible. Adapting the better view that "the thought must exist before being spoken" does not, however, lead to a solution. Language could not have been contrived by one individual, since the rest of mankind could not understand him; neither could it have been formed by many, which presupposes an agreement, and there can be no agreement without language. That, according to others, speech is the spontaneous result of man's constitution—the soul being adapted to the tongue as well as to every other part of the human structure—has not been satisfactorily demonstrated. Had language thus originated, why should such among the congenitally deaf as are possessed of intellect and vocal organs as perfect as our own be found incapable of giving articulate expression to what they feel. Were speech naturally inherent in man every human

being, from the moment that intellect dawns upon him, should be capable of verbally transmitting his ideas to others. Such, we find, is not the case. Children deprived of hearing from birth, with vocal organs in no way different from our own require year after year of laborious training before they can be made to articulate sounds, even imperfectly. Therefore, I cannot believe language to be natural to man further than that he has organs fitted for its use.

Of language having been a pure gift of God to man, there can be little doubt. That "the whole earth was of one language and of one speech," as is certain from Genesis, is, I think, a powerful argument in favour of a revealed tongue. Were speech of human creation, not only would abstract ideas have, according to a certain theory, been, previous to its existence, unattainable, but, as exterior objects striking the senses produce reflexions and emotions almost as varied as the individuals, without Divine interference every man, in giving spontaneous utterance to his personal feelings, supposing it could be done—must have become an inventor, rendering *unite*, of speech, under those circumstances, totally impossible. This I will briefly illustrate, again making experience acquired among the speechless do service. Pantomime is the natural language of the deaf-mute, but every deaf-mute, before instruction, does not necessarily or naturally use the same sign to signify the same object. Taking for an example the "elephant," some will describe it in gestures "big, long nose," being struck with the peculiarity of the animal's trunk; others, amazed at its long tusks, will designate this creature by motioning "two big teeth coming out of its mouth"; whilst others again will remark the brute's immense head with the disparagingly small eyes. Now, how could there be a uniform sign indicative of the elephant, unless by convention. I conclude, therefore, that had men invented language, this oneness of speech which, according to scripture—and we must believe it—existed before the confusion of tongues, were an utter impossibility.

Whilst the claims of different languages to primacy have vehemently been urged by various writers, the question still remains undecided. Dr. Cumming, an English divine, pretends "that Hebrew is that magnificent mother-tongue from which all others are but distant and debilitated progenies." Leibnitz and Müller, however, thought differently; the latter contending that that language sprang of Babel.

It does not enter into the purpose of this paper to consider the reasons which led to countless diversities of speech; neither have I time sufficient to touch upon the affinity of languages. I must content myself with remarking that modern philologists have, after most and profound researches, divided all the spoken and dead languages of the world into three great families. 1st. The Aryan; 2nd. The Semitic; 3rd. The Turanian. The former of these would, according to Müller, be the first language that we know of, having for its birth-place some elevated table-land in Central Asia, and dating far beyond the reach of either history or tradition. The Aryan ranks highest in value from its including Sanscrit, which, in turn, "contains all the fundamental sounds of the European languages: Greek, Latin and the Celtic dialects."

The second group of languages include the Hebrew, Arabic, &c. The Aramæic, which embraced the Syriac and Chaldean, belongs to the Semitic family. It was the language spoken by Christ and His disciples.

The third and last comprises the Mongolic, the Malay, and Polynesian and various other branches. Time will not permit of our examining the comparative merits of French and English. This I may do at some future time. As nations rise and decay so also languages. Time was when Latin could be called the language of the polite world. Later on the French became more generally studied than any other language, and to-day, if we are to believe certain writers, the Anglo-Saxon race, with grasping spirit and love of conquest, military, commercial and literary, the United States with her twenty-five English speaking millions, and the influence of her institutions, will so extend the sphere of the English tongue that it must eventually supercede all other languages. Racine and Molière die! Shakespeare and Milton reign over their learned dust! This, for a Frenchman, is hard of credence. Yet, after reading of Rome and Greece, may not we anxiously ask if the experience of the past be not the mould of the future. P. B.

Belleville.

HEARTH AND HOME.

USEFUL LIFE.—Thousands of men are like a wax candle in an empty room, which some one has kindled and left there. It spends its whole life in burning itself out, and does good to none. Many a man commences and burns the wick of life, using it up, and throwing his light out upon nobody. He is a light to himself—that is all.

EXAMPLE.—Men may preach, and the world will listen; but profit comes by example. A parent inculcates gentleness in his children by many sound precepts; but they see him treat a dumb animal in a very harsh manner, and, in consequence, his instructions are worse than lost, for they are neither heeded nor respected. His example as a gentle and humane man would have been sufficient for his children without one word of command.

A CHEERFUL HUSBAND.—A word to girls,

Beware of the man who does not know enough about cheerfulness to understand its value in daily life. Such a man would improve the first opportunity to grind the cheerfulness out of his home, to frighten a sunbeam into a shadow, and then wonder what is the matter. Such is no better than no husband at all. When you want a husband go find somebody else—somebody who will give you at least some chance to be happy far into the life beyond the honeymoon.

SYMPATHY.—Sympathy and benevolence constitute those finer feelings of the soul, which at once support and adorn human nature. What is it that guards our helpless infancy, and instructs our childhood, but sympathy? What is it that performs all the kind offices of friendship, in riper years, but sympathy? What is it that consoles us in our last moments, and defends our characters when dead, but sympathy? A person without sympathy, and living only for himself, is the basest and most odious of characters.

EXERCISE.—There is a powerful reason for preferring a preponderance of intellectual over muscular exercises in all conditions of life, healthy or otherwise. The mind, unlike the body, is capable of apparently unlimited development during the whole extent of life, while its influence over the body is, even in ordinary subjects, at least as great as the converse influence of the body. With the highly-cultured it seems to be much greater; and this is probably the reason why brain-workers generally attain to a greater age than others.

HAPPY HOMES.—How careful should mothers be to make their homes sunny, joyous, bright, and attractive; for on them is built the great fabric of the years to come. The long chain of life-experience and lifetime memories begins there, and thought retravels the path so often, lingering here and there by the way, living over and over again the sunny springtime memories. Mothers too should instil into every member of their families not only a love for truth, honour, and virtue, but also love for temperance, correct living, and all the health commandments which are needful to a healthful life.

GOOD MANNERS.—The advantage of good manners to the private individual who happens to possess them are very often overlooked; and the success of a man in life is wrongly attributed to luck when it should have been ascribed simply to his affability and politeness. A hundred anecdotes have been related which prove the fallacy of the common idea, and show how men have been "made" by manners; but perhaps not any of them exceeds in interest that of two notable English characters—Raleigh, whose cloak is familiar to every child-reader of history, and Marlborough, whose tremendous victories might never have enriched our military annals had he not first earned court favour and promotion by his consummate address.

HOME FRIENDSHIPS.—If we cultivate home friendships with the same assiduity that we give to those outside, they will yield us even richer and fairer returns. There is no friendship so pure and beautiful in its nature, so rich and full in its power of blessing, or so singularly rare in its occurrence, as that between parents and their grown-up sons and daughters. Where the parental and filial instincts are supplemented by that higher and more spiritual affection that binds together minds in intellectual communion and souls in heartfelt sympathy, few deeper or more delightful friendships can be imagined. The guardian and dependent gradually lose themselves in the dear companion and true friend of later life; and youth becomes wiser and age brighter, and both nobler and happier, in this loving and abiding union.

CHANGE.—There are in existence two periods when we shrink from any great vicissitude—early youth and old age. In the middle of life, we are indifferent to change; for we have discovered that nothing is, in the end, so good or so bad as it first appeared. We know, moreover, how to accommodate ourselves to circumstances; and enough of exertion is still left in us to cope with the event. But age is heart-weary and tempest-torn; it is the crumbling cenotaph of fear and hope! Wherefore should there be turmoil for the few and evening hours, when all they covet is repose? They see their shadow fall upon the grave—and need but to be at rest beneath! Youth is not less averse to change; but that it is from exaggeration of its consequences—for all seems to the young so important and so fatal. They are timid, because they know not what they fear; hopeful, because they know not what they expect. Despite their gaiety or confidence, they yet dread the first plunge into life's unfathomed deep.

THE WANT OF SELF-CONFIDENCE.—There are some who never seem to believe themselves capable of anything; they see others press forward to attempt and achieve, and shrink back into a desponding inactivity. Having no faith in themselves, they undertake nothing and effect nothing. If they are convicted of some fault or bad habit, they have so little hope of being able to cure it that they scarcely make an effort. If some avenue of usefulness and honor opens up before them, they draw back, almost sure that they should not succeed, and decline to enter. If some duty presses urgently upon their conscience, they try to quiet its promptings by pleading inability. Thus their lives pass away in uselessness, their faculties do not develop or their characters improve, their abilities are wasted, they dwindle into insignificance, and all this, not for lack of power, but for the

want of a confidence and courage that would set that power into good practical working order.

FAILURE.—The large proportion of failure in business and the professions is often used as an argument against the wisdom of young men attempting to be independent. But it is no argument at all. Most of the failures result from defects in the men, not in what they have undertaken. They have been imprudent, dishonest, careless, extravagant, over-ambitious, and therefore they have met with disaster. If they have not, if they have conducted their affairs intelligently and properly, they will be pretty certain to be so sustained and helped as to be able to go on again; and the next time circumstances over which they have no control will not, in all probability, declare against them. Out of failure not traceable to dishonourable dealing, incapacity, or recklessness, prosperity may, and often does, spring, for a new trial is generally accorded to him who has worked faithfully, and not abused public or private trust. Honest failure is not calamity; it excites sympathy and insures timely aid, for the most part, finally resulting in justification of, and advantage to, the man who has failed.

BEAUTY.—Life, long and happy, to English beauty! Despite all that has been, or ever will be said of its fragility, its danger, its destruction, it is a blessed thing to look upon and live amongst. Talk of its fading! it never fades; it is but transformed from face to face. The bud comes forth as the blossom is perfected; and the bud bursts into blossom but to hide the falling leaves, fragrant amid the decay of the parent flower. Then the beauties of our country are so varied. The peasant girl, gilded with pearl-like modesty; and the courtly maiden, set, as her birth-right, in a golden circlet, the intellectual face beaming intelligence; and the English matron, proud as Cornelia of her living jewels. Nor is the perfection of English beauty confined to any class. In summer time you meet it everywhere—by the hedge-row, in the streets, in the markets, at the opera, where, tiers on tiers, hundreds upon hundreds of lovely faces glitter and gleam, smile and weep; and then you wonder whence they come, and bless your fortune that they so congregate to harmonize the sign in sweet accordance with the ear.

LITERARY.

MR. CRAIK, the husband of Dinah Maria Mulock, is a partner in the firm of Macmillan & Co., London.

MR. FROUDE, the historian, has received from Madeira the melancholy intelligence that his son had suddenly died in South Africa, where the deceased gentleman was engaged in farming pursuits.

MR. ARTHUR GILMAN, of Cambridge, Mass., has nearly ready a book called "Shakespeare's Morals," a collection of extracts of the poet's chief utterances on the great question of morality and life.

It is said that *Punch* is to have a new editor.—Mr. F. C. Burnand—in place of Mr. Tom Taylor. Mr. Burnand is the author of the dramatic criticisms in *Punch*, which are witty as well as good.

BRET HARTE is said not to be indolent, but he is slow, and we are told that he was accustomed to labour over a paragraph for hours. It was as much as his friends Robson and Barrett could do to keep him at work on the "Two Men of Sandy Bar."

THE author of the most extraordinary poem of the age, "The Light of Asia," is Mr. Edwin Arnold, a London journalist. He is nearly 50 years of age, and a scholar of great attainments. It is said that the poem was written at intervals during his cessation from daily labour.

HERBERT SPENCER is a delicate-looking man, with a fringe of beard around his throat in the style of Horace Greeley. He is nearly sixty years old, and has never made much money, having been at times pinched by poverty. He has gone to Egypt to complete his recovery to health.

MR. GEORGE STEWART, jr., author of "Canada under the Administration of the Earl of Dufferin," "History of the St. John's Fire," "Evenings in the Library," &c., has been honoured with election to the International Literary Society of Paris, of which Victor Hugo is President, and whose membership embraces such names as Tennyson, Longfellow, Bancroft, Beaconsfield, Gladstone, Emerson, Castelar, and others. Mr. Stewart is the first Canadian to enjoy this honour.

MR. DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI, the poet, lives a most secluded and retired life; he rarely goes into society, and even his brother does not venture to bring visitors to his studio. It is since the death of Mrs. Rossetti, a beautiful and sweet-natured woman, that this habit of reserve has grown upon the husband she left to regret her. When she died, Rossetti was so wretched that he felt his own intellectual life was at an end, and in her grave he buried all the sonnets he had written, and which, by the way, were addressed to her. His friends, resolved that the poems should not be lost, opened the grave and rescued them; and after a time revealing to the poet that they were in existence, persuaded him to print them.

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