

having chaffed Sarah Bernhardt or hobnobbed with Mrs. Langtry or Mrs. Cornwallis West, need not prate of their charity, but should rather confess to the pettiest, if not to the meanest, of motives.—*English Paper.*

NO SLEEPY HOLLOW NOW-A-DAYS.

There is no success in common life, without industry. To have the character for it is the passport to favour; and to practise it gives, daily, additional power and worth. In the struggle for life on every side, laziness is left behind at the starting. Competition demands application and diligence, if we would not be beaten. Men stand too thick on the ground, and the strong out-grow the weak. Dutch shopkeeping will not do, now, even in Holland; the feather-bed and long pipe in the parlour, and lazy parley before getting up are a tradition. There are no Sleepy Hollows in modern commerce; hardly any in modern life. A little honey has to be gathered from many flowers. Industry saves the moments; acts with full knowledge; gives its heart to its work; keeps its eyes and ears open; is always rather too soon than too late. It meets opportunity as it comes; Idleness follows it. It is thoughtful of all that goes to its aim, and never misses through thinking on other things.—*Exchange.*

A PESSIMIST ON BOOKS.

It is the case with literature as with life: wherever we turn we come upon the incorrigible mob of human kind, whose name is legion, swarming everywhere, damaging everything, as flies in Summer. Hence the multiplicity of bad books, those exuberant weeds of literature which choke the true corn. Such books rob the public of time, money, and attention, which ought properly to belong to good literature and noble aims, and they are written with the view merely to make money or occupation. They are, therefore, not merely useless, but injurious. Nine-tenths of our current literature has no other end but to inveigle a dollar or two out of the public pocket, for which purpose author, publisher, and printer are leagued together. A more pernicious, subtler, and bolder piece of trickery is that by which penny-a-liners (*Brodschreiber*,) and scribblers succeed in destroying good taste and real culture. * * * Hence the paramount importance of acquiring the art not to read; in other words, if not reading such books as occupy the public mind, or even those which make a noise in the world, and reach several editions in their first and last years of existence. We should recollect that he who writes for fools finds an enormous audience, and we should devote the ever scant leisure of our circumscribed existence to the master spirits of all ages and nations, those who tower over humanity, and whom the voice of Fame proclaims; only such writers cultivate and instruct us. Of bad books we can never read too little; of the good, never too much. The bad are intellectual poison, and undermine the understanding. Because people insist on reading not the best books written for all time, but the newest contemporary literature, writers of the day remain in the narrow circle of the same perpetually revolving ideas, and the age continues to wallow in its own mire.—*Schopenhauer.*

An exchange says that "Dr. Morgan Dix, of Trinity Protestant Episcopal Church, New York, in his 'Manual of the Christian Life,' warns Churchmen not to attend the places of worship of the denominations of sects. 'Go not at all,' he says, 'neither to hear preaching, out of curiosity, nor to oblige friends. Keep to *The Church* alone. You have naught to do with those without the Church, but to pray for them and treat them with kindness.' That is, leave the world outside the Protestant Episcopal Church to perish." If this be true, it is a flagrant disregard of the clear teachings of the Bible. Christians are enjoined to "be courteous." But this is offensively discourteous.

In an autobiographic speech not long since Mr. Spurgeon gave some interesting facts about his life. Among others, he said he well remembered a little old woman, poorly dressed, coming into the vestry some years ago at a time of great straits, which not a soul in the world knew, not even a deacon of the church; and she said to him, in the most strange way: "Thus saith the Lord, behold I have commanded a widow woman there to sustain thee." She put down £50 on the table, vanished, and he had never seen her since. He never knew her name even, and never should, perhaps, until the Day of Judgment. He supposes she would be in heaven now; it was some years ago, and she was very old then. Things had happened so, and his impression was that they would occur again.

The London (Eng.) *City Press* also believes that Sir John A. Macdonald was in that city on July 12, and in its issue of that day has the following anecdote of our Premier:—

"A story of the Canadian Prime Minister, Sir John A. Macdonald, who has recently arrived in town. Two Englishmen who were at Montreal attended a State ball. Upon arriving at the Governor-General's house they at first saw no one of whom to enquire the hour at which to order carriages. After a time some one in evening dress appeared, and one Briton somewhat brusquely asked, 'I say, at what time shall I order my carriage?' The person addressed replied that he did not know. Later in the evening the Englishmen were astonished and horrified to see this person talking and chatting with Lady Dufferin, and they arrived at the conclusion that they had made a grievous mistake. To make amends they made themselves agreeable to him, and suggested that they should all three drive back to town together. Upon the way cigars were produced and the time passed pleasantly, the stranger being apparently well acquainted with the government of the colony. Said one of the Englishmen, 'I suppose, Sir, you are connected with the Government?' 'Well,' said Sir John, 'I just happen to be the Prime Minister.'"

THE TURNERELLI WREATH.

Why does poor Turnerelli sigh,
And hang his head an' a' that?
Although Lord B—— has passed him by
He has the wreath for a' that,
For a' that an' a' that,
His toils obscure an' a' that,
The laurel's but the workman's stamp,
The wreath's o' gowd for a' that.

—*English paper.*

A CITY LYRIC.

My home is the city; to and fro,
I wander o'er it from day to day,
Hearing its myriad pulses play,
Watching its life-waves ebb and flow,
Little I see, and little I know
Of rustling woods or flowery fields;
On the sights and sounds that the city yields,
My heart and my fancy feed and grow.

Out from my casement, narrow and high,
When the summer morn in the east is low,
Over the long streets, row on row,
I love to look with a dreaming eye;
While half of them still in black shadow lie,
And half of them shine like burnished gold,
And only the wreathing smoke outrolled
From the tall chimneys streaks the sky.

Then I think how soon the clangorous beat
Of bells will call to their tasks again,
The thousands who labour with hand or brain;
And I wonder how many the call will meet
In hope and courage, or patience sweet,
Glad hymns silently singing within;
How many with weights of sorrow or sin
Heavily hanging on hands or feet.

Moving on with the moving throng—
A single drop in the roaring stream—
Electrical currents of sympathy seem
To dart through my view as I hurry along;
Something I feel of the strange wild thrill
The soldier knows in the maddening crush
Of rank on rank as they onward rush,
Heedless of bullet or bristling steel.

Leisurely strolling at close of day,
When duty is done, and the mind is free,
Each passing face is a problem to me;
Stolid or eager, grave or gay,
Young and blooming, or aged and gray;
Solving it right, or solving it wrong,
Pleasantly musing, I saunter along,
Giving to fancy her wilful way.

This one I know by his cheerful air,
And the smiles on his lips that go and come,
Sees before him the light of home,
And loved ones waiting to welcome him there;
This one I know by the cloud of care
That darkens deep on his wrinkled brow,
Has gambled and lost, and is planning the how
Of a luckier move the account to square.

A piano's soft and silvery din
Comes tinkling merrily out on the air,
And I paint to myself a maiden fair
Playfully touching the keys within;
I give her an eye to the stars akin
When eve hath deepened the bright sky blue,
A cheek of the delicate wild-rose hue,
And a smile that a lover would die to win.

Here at this window are sitting a pair—
Father and mother—for shining between
The head of a little girl is seen,
With a hand of each on her golden hair;
Visions before me float in the air
Of the might have been, and the might yet be,