

For a long time we rode in silence, Reuben looking as grim and lowering as his round, ruddy face permitted. At last he broke out, "Now, I say, blast Emily Warren's grandfather!"

"Ho, Reuben, my boy," I replied, putting my arm around him, "with all his millions, I'm heartily sorry for Mr. Hearn."

(To be continued.)

HUFFY PEOPLE.

One of the oddest things to witness, if not one of the most disagreeable to encounter, is the faculty some people have of taking offence when no offence is meant—taking "huff," as the phrase goes, with reason or without—making themselves and everyone else uncomfortable for nothing deeper than a mood or more than a fancy. Huffy people are to be met with of all ages and in every station, neither years nor condition bringing necessarily wisdom or unsuspiciousness. But we are bound to say that the larger proportion will be generally found among women, and chiefly among those who are of an uncertain social position, or who are unhappy in their circumstances, not to speak of their tempers. Huffiness, which seems to be self-assertion in what may be called the negative form, and which the possessors thereof, classify as a high spirit of sensitiveness, according as they are passionate or sullen, is in reality the product of self-distrust. The person who has self-respect and nothing to fear, who is of an assured social status, and happy private condition, is never apt to take offence. Many and great are the dangers of action with huffy people, and you are sure to flounder into the bog with them, while you are innocently thinking you are walking on the solidest expanse. The dangers of speech are just as manifold. The dangers of jesting are, above all, great. It may be laid down as an absolute rule which has no exception anywhere, that no huffy person can bear a joke good-humouredly, or take it as it is meant. If you attempt the very simplest form of chaffing, you will soon be made to find out your mistake, and not unfrequently the whole harmony of an evening has been set wrong because a thinskin, huffy person has taken a pleasant jest as a personal affront, and either blazed out or gloomed sullenly, according to his or her individual disposition, and the direction of the wind at the time.—*Household.*

"SURE THAT SOMEBODY HAS BEEN OUT."

"I am sure that somebody has been out this morning," said a little boy six years old. The first snow-storm of the winter had begun in the night, after he had gone to bed, and now he stood looking out of the window of his mother's room. It seemed quite strange to him to see everything covered with white; the garden, the trees, the fences, all of the same colour; and there stood old Leo, looking more like a polar bear than a kind, good-natured dog.

"Why are you sure that somebody has been out?" asked his mother. "Oh, because I am!" said he, "I see their footprints." "Couldn't the footprints have come of themselves?" "Why, no," said the little boy, laughing, and half-disposed to think his mother did not ask very wise questions. "And besides, mother, there are the tracks of a waggon." "But," said his mother, "couldn't the tracks have come of themselves?" "No, mother, I don't think anybody could have made them without a waggon. I am sure somebody has been out."

"You are right to be sure about it, my dear boy," said his mother. "There are things it is right to be sure about; and I wish you now to think about a great and important fact of which you may be sure. You may be sure that the Bible is true. We see good and holy lessons which it teaches. Wicked men would never have written such a good book, if they could have done so; and good men would not tell a lie, and say that it was God's Holy Word when it was not."

An argument not easily answered.

HUMAN DEPRAVITY.

Ministers, in their descriptions of the corruption of human nature, are sometimes supposed to be unduly severe. Read what the late Chief Justice Thompson, of Pennsylvania, said in relation to human depravity. "If those who preach had been lawyers previous to entering the ministry, they would know and say far more about the depravity of the human heart than they do. The whole doctrine of total depravity is the only thing that can explain the falsehoods, the dishonesties, the licentiousness, and the murders which are so rife in the world. Education, refinement, and even a high order of talent, cannot overcome the inclination to evil which exists in the heart, and has taken possession of the very fibres of our nature."

UNHAPPY MARRIAGES.

The truth is, that these too frequent "unhappy marriages" are the off-spring of ignorance, quite as much as actual sin or wrong. Fools, and especially vicious fools, have no right to get possession of an honest woman's life and soul, which they cannot comprehend, and the elevating influence of which they throw away, even more by stupidity than wilfulness. A woman, by her sex and character, has a claim to many things besides shelter, food and clothing. She is not less a woman for being wedded; and the man who is fit to be trusted with a good wife recoils at all which she implies, and shows himself perpetually chivalrous, sweet-spoken, considerate and deferential.

What right has a man to expect happiness in a household who brings no sunshine into it? What right has he to look for the graces and refinements of early love when he violates them by rough speech, ill manners, and the disregard of those little things upon which the self-respect of a wife is built and maintained? The cynic who rails at marriage is generally one and the same with the thoughtless egotist who flings into the presence of his wife careless, stubborn, and sour-tempered, though he never went to his fiancée except on his best behaviour.

The fate is horrible which a pure and faithful girl may endure by encountering in him whom she weds, not mere actual cruelty or injury, but stupid incompetence to understand a woman's needs, dull forgetfulness of the daily graces of life, and obliviousness of the fact that while men have the world women have only their home. These growths of masculine ingratitude do not, indeed, often lead to visible catastrophe, nor grow into such absolute tyranny, but they equally tend that way. They drag down a wife's soul to the point where she must despair; they change the sublime meaning of marriage into vulgarity and weariness; they spoil the chance of that best and finest of all education which each man obtains who wins a reasonably good woman for his companion, and they cost more to a million households than money or repentance can ever put back.

A smooth sea never made a skillful mariner. Neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify a man for usefulness and happiness. The storms of adversity, like the storms of the ocean, arouse the faculties and excite the invention, prudence, skill, and fortitude of the voyager.

THE FATE OF A FAST YOUNG MAN.

"WRITTEN IN THE ILLINOIS STATE PRISON."

It's curious—isn't it, Billy?

The changes that twelve months may bring.

Last year I was at Saratoga,

As happy and rich as a king—

I was raking in pools on the races,

And feeling the waters with "ten,"

And sipping mint juleps by twilight;

And to-day I am here in the "Pen."

"What led me to do it? What always

Leads men to destruction and crime?

The prodigal son, whom you've read of,

Has altered somewhat in his time.

He spends his substance as freely

As the Biblical fellow of old.

But when it is gone he fancies

The husks will turn into gold.

Champagne, a box at the opera,

High steps while fortune is flush,

The passionate kiss of women

Whose cheeks have forgotten to blush—

The old, old story, Billy,

Of pleasures 'till end in tears—

The froth that foams for an hour,

The dregs that are tasted for years.

Last night, as I sat here and pondered

On the end of my evil ways,

I here rose like a phantom before me

The vision of boyhood days.

I thought of my old home, Billy,

Of the school-house that stood on the hill,

Of the brook that flowed through the meadow—

I can even hear its music still.

Again I thought of my mother,

Of the mother who taught me to pray,

Whose love was a precious treasure

That I heedlessly cast away.

I saw again in my visions

The fresh-lipped, careless boy,

To whom the future was boundless,

And the past but a mighty toy.

I thought of all this as I sat here,

Of my ruined and wasted life,

And the pangs of remorse were bitter—

They pierced my heart like a knife.

It takes some courage, Billy,

To laugh in the face of fate,

When the yearning ambitions of manhood

Are blasted at twenty-eight.

—*Julist, Ill., Republican.*

AN unusual event took place lately in St. James's Episcopal Church, Biddulph. A child of Mr. George Porter, of Clendohoye, having died, was interred in St. James's burial ground. Rev. Mr. McGahey, incumbent of the Church, being unwell, the service was conducted by Rev. Mr. Russell, Methodist minister, who not only officiated at the grave, but preached a funeral sermon in the Church.

THINK as little as possible about any good in yourself; turn your eyes resolutely from any view of your acquirements, your influence, your plan, your success, your following; above all, speak as little as possible about yourself. The inordinateness of our self-love makes speech about ourselves like the putting of a lighted torch to the dry wood which has been laid in order for burning. Nothing but duty should open our lips upon this dangerous theme, except it be in humble confession of our sinfulness before God. Again, be specially upon the watch against those little tricks by which the vain man seeks to bring round the conversation to himself, and gain the praise or notice which his thirsty ears drink in so greedily. Even if praise comes unsought, it is well, whilst men are uttering it, to guard yourself, by thinking of some secret cause for humbling yourself inwardly to God, thinking into what these pleasant accents would be changed if all that is known to God, and even to yourself, stood suddenly revealed to man. Place yourself often beneath the cross of Calvary; see that sight of love and sorrow; hear those words of wonder; look at the Eternal Son humbling Himself there for you, and at yourself, as you gaze fixedly on Him, whether he, whose only hope is in that cross of absolute self-sacrifice and self-abasement, can dare to cherish in himself one self-complacent action. Let the Master's words ring ever in your ears: "How can ye believe, who receive honour one of another, and seek not the honour that cometh from God only?"—*Bishop Wilberforce.*

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

WE believe that articles dealing very freely with Mr. Carlyle's "Reminiscences" and their author will appear in the Quarterly and Edinburgh Reviews.

THE Queen has been pleased to appoint the Earl of Aberdeen to be Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland for the present year.

THE New York "Herald" says: "The reports of the Japanese Postmaster-General show the remarkable success of the American and European post-office system adopted nine years ago by Japan."

THE congregation of Crown Court Church, London, of which Dr. John Cumming has for many years been minister, have resolved to present a call to the pastorate of the congregation to the Rev. Donald McLeod, at a stipend of 1,000 guineas, with a manse.

BARONESS ANNE MARSHALL BARTLETT BURDITT-COUTTS has leased the revenues of her St. Alban's estate, valued at \$100,000 per annum, to her husband for ninety-nine years, with provision that he will not marry after her demise. He will not need to marry again.

THE company appointed for the revision of the Authorized Version of the Old Testament finished their 68th session on Friday, April 1st, at the Jerusalem Chamber. The first revision of Proverbs was completed, and that of Ecclesiastes carried as far as chap. vii., verse 6.

A DESPATCH from Vienna reports that the police have seized a series of letters and other documents written by Herr Mann, editor of the London "Freiheit," and other socialists. It is said these papers prove that Vienna has been selected by the German Socialists as the centre of their agitation.

SO extensively is the adulteration of tea now carried on in China, that Mr. Medhurst, the British Consul at Shanghai, recently wrote that 53,000 lbs. of willow leaves were in course of manipulation at one port alone, to be mixed with tea for shipment at the rate of from 10 to 20 per cent.

THE "Jewish World" writes: "One of the most ancient Jewish coins known has recently been found among the Hebrew antiquities in the British Museum. Dr. Ginsburg, in a speech at the last quarterly conference of the Palestine Exploration Fund, thus refers to it: 'Only a few days ago a gentleman engaged in the British Museum, taking casts of coins, brought to me a coin which has been in the Museum for years. On this coin we have, as far as I can decipher, Jehu in his carriage. There he is and the name Jehu in the old Hebrew characters exactly resembling the letters on the Moabite stone, only in fact more perfectly written. You will find Jehu consisting of three letters. On the right-hand side is *Yeh* and *He*, and on the left-hand side of the figure is the vowel *Uau*, making Jehu. Then you have the chariot; and I have the authority of the gentleman at the head of the numismatic department of the British Museum for saying that it is the only winged chariot that has ever been discovered on any coin. Putting the date at the very latest, the period of the coin would be about 400 years before Christ.'

AMONG the landed proprietors of Great Britain are several Cabinet officers, and ex-Cabinet officers. Mr. Gladstone owns nearly 7,000 acres in Flint and Lancashire. The Duke of Argyll owns 175,000 acres, with a rental of more than £50,000; Lord Hartington's father 200,000 acres and £180,000 a year; Lord Spencer 27,000 acres, £46,000 a year; Lord Kimberly 11,000 acres and £25,000 a year; Lord Newtonbrook 10,000 acres and £12,000 a year; Mr. Dodson 3,000 and £3,500. Lord Huntly, who has just enrolled himself in the ranks of the administration, is lord of 90,000 acres and £27,000 pounds a year. The late Cabinet represented the land by a more formidable array of figures, the Duke of Richmond having the largest number of acres, viz., 286,000, and the Duke of Northumberland the heaviest rent roll, £176,000. Mr. W. H. Smith is already a landed proprietor to the extent of nearly 7,000 acres and £10,500 a year. Then there were in the Cabinet three heirs apparent or presumptive to large estates—John Manners, Lord Sandon and Colonel Stanley. These three gentlemen may be said to have sat in the Cabinet with 150,000 acres and £280,000 a year among them. Lord Beaconsfield owned less than 2,000 acres, and was actually in receipt of a Cabinet pension.

THE New York "Independent" compiles the following tables from the various year-books for 1880, of the denominations represented:

	Communicants.	Gain.
Presbyterian Church (North)...	578,671	4,185
Presbyterian Church (South)...	120,028	3,279
United Presbyterian Church...	82,119	1,327
Cumberland Presbyterian Ch.	111,863	5,869
Ass. Ref. Synod of South...	6,686	686
Ref. Pres. Church (Synod)...	10,473 loss	2
Ref. Pres. Church Gen. Synod.	5,808	100
Methodist Episcopal Church...	1,742,922	42,620
Lutheran Church...	700,418	10,223
Baptists...	2,296,327	163,285
Freewill Baptists...	78,012	341
Protestant Episcopal Church...	345,842	20,046
Reformed (German) Church...	155,857	4,096
Reformed (Dutch) Church...	80,208 loss	20
Evangelical Association...	112,197	2,435
United Brethren in Christ.....	157,835	3,039
	5,584,457	264,299

According to this table the net gain of communicants in sixteen denominations for the past year was 264,293. The "Independent" adds: "The increase in the Protestant population of the country in the year covered by these statistics was about 1,200,000, while the increase of communicants is 275,000, or nearly one in four. That is, with all the assaults of vice and unbelief, the Christian Church, as represented by the Evangelical Protestant denominations, is making rapid and substantial gain."