

sent by the Queen in cases of disaster and accident, but they cannot know how truly those calamities fall upon her own heart. As far as her life in the Highlands is concerned, she is now perhaps the best specimen we have of what the old Highland chieftain used to be, only that in her case we find the benefits of paternal government without its harsh severities. There is the same frank and hearty attachment to her dependants, the same intimate knowledge of each one of them, the same recognition of services.

EIGHTY YEARS IN ENGLAND.

The whole face of the country and of society has been changed by railroads, which were unknown in the early years of the century; so, too, was gas; and many persons, not very old either, can remember the tinder-box, which was in use before lucifers were invented. Great was the prosperity of farmers; but with bread at 2s. 6d. a quarter, a heavy tax on tea, and coals at 5s. a chaldron, it was a hard time for the poor. Meat, however, was cheaper than it is at present, beer was purer, and house-rent, of course, far lower. If the excitement of travel in those days was great, so also was its costliness, as well as danger from bad roads and highwaymen. People made their wills before leaving Scotland for London; rich people could go "post;" but poorer folk had to travel by public wagons; and, in 1802, it took a Londoner twenty-four hours to reach Tunbridge Wells by this conveyance. The age was cruel and it was coarse, and the sympathy now felt for every kind of suffering was comparatively unknown. Cock-fighting was a familiar amusement; so was bull-baiting; so was prize fighting. Men were impressed, without mercy, for the king's service—as cruel an action, in some instances, as it is possible to conceive. The pillory was a frequent punishment; and small must have been the street traffic when this machine was erected at Charing-cross and in the Haymarket. Whipping, also, was performed in public; and in 1800 a certain John Butler was whipped from White-chapel "to the farther end of Mile end town," a distance of two miles, for receiving some trusses of hay, knowing them to have been stolen. In 1810 there were 60,000 French prisoners in England; in the same year the old custom of driving a stake through the body of a suicide was still in vogue. Executions for the most trifling offences were as common in those days as in Sam Rogers' boyhood, when he saw a whole cartful of young girls on their way to be executed at Tyburn. Common, too, were duels; and, as Mr. Ashton observes, it is difficult to pick up a newspaper of the time and not find one recorded. On the whole, the "good old times" of eighty years since were not so good that we need wish them back.—*London Illustrated News.*

THE SCIENCE OF SILENCE.

I have read somewhere the following arrangement for avoiding family quarrels: "You see, sir," said an old man, speaking of a couple who lived in perfect harmony in his neighborhood, "they'd agreed between themselves that whenever he came home a little contrary and out of temper, he wore his hat on the back of his head, and then she never said a word; and if she came home a little cross and crooked, she threw her shawl over her left shoulder, and he never said a word." As it takes two to make a quarrel, either the husband or the wife might often prevent one by stepping out of the room at the nick of time; by endeavoring to divert attention and conversation from the burning question; by breathing an instantaneous prayer to God for calmness before making any reply; in a word, by learning to put in practice on certain occasions the science of silence. Robert Burton tells of a woman who, hearing one of her "gossips" complain of her husband's impatience, told her an excellent remedy for it. She gave her a glass of water, which, when he brawled, she should hold still in her mouth. She did so two or three times with great success, and at length, seeing her neighbor, she thanked her for it, and

asked to know the ingredients. She told her that it was "fair water," and nothing more; for it was not the water, but her silence which performed the cure.

He who has learned the science of silence may hide ignorance, and even acquire a reputation for knowledge and wisdom. A story is told of the painter Zeuxis, how he reproved a certain high-priest of Great Diana of the Ephesians, who discoursed of pictures in the artist's studio, with so reckless an audacity of ignorance, that the very lads who were grinding colors could not refrain from giggling, whereupon Zeuxis said to his eloquent friend: "As long as you kept from talking you were the admiration of these boys, who were all wonder at your rich attire and the number of your servants, but now that you have ventured to expatiate upon the arts of which you know nothing, they are laughing at you outright." Denouncing the rapid verbiage of shallow praters, Carlyle exclaims: "Even Triviality and Imbecility that can sit silent, how respectable are they in comparison!" It was said of one who was taken for a great man so long as he held his peace: "This man might have been a councillor of State till he spoke; but having spoken, not the beadle of a ward."

Lord Lytton tells the story of a groom married to a rich lady, and in constant trepidation of being ridiculed by the guests in his new home. An Oxford clergyman gave him this advice: "Wear a black coat, and hold your tongue." The groom was soon considered the most gentlemanly person in the country.—*The Quiver for June.*

GETTING READY FOR CHURCH.

Some persons never get ready for any good thing until it is a little too late, and then the opportunity is lost. Sometimes the influence of that loss is felt in eternity. Much carelessness concerning the neglect of Church duties comes of bad management. In a well ordered home what can be and should be attended to on Saturday night will not be left until Sabbath morning. Secular work and secular indulgence are wholly unnecessary on the Lord's day. A real spiritual and joyous Christian will not tolerate either at such a time. Many persons neglect God's house and set a bad example in the home and out of it by attending to Saturday's work on Sabbath morning, or by late hours on the night previous for indulgence' sake, or by other mismanagement which not only makes them too late for church, but entirely unfits them for Christian worship. It is lamentable! In the home, the morning of the Lord's day will not always be kept free from such hurtful intrusion without effect. But if the wife has the sympathy and help of the husband, and the husband the sympathy and help of the wife, and if both love the Lord and reverence His house, the effort will be made, and thereby brightness and blessing will be given to the whole day. When weary mothers can so arrange without neglect of home duties to get to God's house, it is a shame for those of fewer cares to neglect the sanctuary, because of carelessness, indulgence or mismanagement. What is the sacrifice sometimes required in arranging for Sunday worship, compared with one hour in the house of God on the Lord's Day? The busy wife, the toiling husband who is faithful to the house of God, is helped through all the week, but who neglects this holy shrine from careless indifference, evil indulgence or mismanagement puts a strange hindrance in the way of home life, and is treasuring up a memory that will inflict unutterable pain upon the soul in eternity. Your Church privileges are going, and soon the blessed hour of worship will summon you to the sanctuary no more. It will be too late then to get ready, of no avail to mourn the careless indulgence, lack of inclination and mismanagement you willingly allowed to prevent you from getting ready here.—*M. Rhodes, D.D.*

—The Earl of Granville pronounces the passage in the Prayer-Book beginning: "Therefore with angels and archangels," etc., as the finest in English prose.

THE SONG OF BIRDS.

To a certain extent we may take the sounds uttered by birds and animals as an index to their emotional condition. If you hear a man humming an air as he walks along, you conclude either that he is a lunatic or that he is happy. Spontaneous song, whether of birds, animals or man, is possible only when the singer is cheerful. A pianist may of deliberate purpose play a set piece, but he will never successfully improvise when he is miserable. The song of our hedge warblers, though it of course contains inherited elements, is essentially an improvisation; it is by no means necessary to their existence or their perpetuation. Developed at first as an adjunct to sexual selection, it has been extended as the highest exponent of pleasure of all kinds. It begins each year in the breeding season, but it is by no means confined to that season. Our woods and fields are vocal all the summer, and until late in November. In some species there appears to be a partial silence in the month of August, but the song breaks out again in harvest time, to be continued until the winter. It therefore has no exclusive, or even principal connection with the pairing time; rather it is a welcome to the time of roaming; the skylark pours forth its song to the rising sun, while the bittern, with his hoarse cry, welcomes the approach of night. The song is the appropriate expression of the joys of freedom, and the first result of captivity is the cessation of its strains.

THE NEED OF THE CHURCH FOR VOLUNTEER WORKERS.

One want in the Church and in the world to-day is the need of workers who mingle, or at some time have mingled, fully in the every-day concerns of life.

Very few religious teachers, who have never been in common life used to all kinds of men, have versatility enough to meet all the needs of every-day men and women. Those who, out of busy lives, give a few hours weekly to mission work of whatever kind, bring to bear upon those among whom they labor, a very fresh and intelligent sympathy. Others, who are engaged continuously in visiting the sinful, the sorrowful, the sick, often become worn and depressed. All honour to those who thus devote themselves entirely to this work; but if all Christians took their share, these might have the rest which is their right, the rest of change of work. We have seen workers so jaded that, while their hearts have been as full of love to the Lord as ever, they have dreaded to make their accustomed calls, body and mind being unable to bear the strain any longer. Then again we have heard words like these: "Oh, that I had time to earn my living and visit the people as well; then I should not feel that they thought I was working for pay."

—If we pray for any earthly blessing we must pray for it solely "if it be God's will, if it be our highest good!" but for all the best things we may pray without misgiving, without reservation, certain that if we ask God will grant them, for what we desire we ask, and what we ask we aim at, and what we aim at we shall attain. No man ever yet asked to be, as the days pass by, more and more noble, and sweet, and pure, and heavenly minded, no man ever yet prayed that the evil spirits of hatred, and pride, and passion, and worldliness might be cast out of his soul, without his petition being granted to the letter.—*F. W. Fa rar.*

—Now are you right down sure that you are saved from covetousness—"from the world, and all covetous desires of the same?" Can you point to anything you have lately done or sacrificed for humanity or God's cause? How about hospitality—do you grudge the pittance it cost you.—*Harvester.*

—Make not a bosom friend of melancholy, sad soul; he will be sure to aggravate thy adversity and lessen thy prosperity. He always goes heavily loaded; and thou must bear half.—*Fenelon.*