

rent and universal; but universal error is practical truth, for in this acceptance, tobacco is a remedy for evils that lie deeper than its own, and, as a remedy, it will hold its place until those are removed. The poor savage from whom we derived *tobac* found in the weed some solace to his yearning vacuous mind, and killed wearisome lingering time. The type of the savage, slow in modern civilized life, still vacuous and indolent, finds *tobac* the time-killer; while the overworked man discovers in the same agent a quietus which his exhaustion, having once tasted, rarely forgets, but asks for again and again. Thus on two sides of human nature we see the source of the demand for tobacco, and until we can equalise labour and remove the call for an artificial necessity of an artificial life, tobacco will hold its place with this credit to itself, that bad as it is, it prevents the introduction of agents that would be infinitely worse."

After reading the above paragraph, it struck us forcibly that if it appeared necessary that we should write a tract against Tobacco it might become equally so to anathematize Pate de foie gras, big dinners, and cups of tea. Not wishing to decry half the luxuries in which we sometimes indulge, we think it a far simpler plan to go on enjoying such innocents pleasure which it suits us to partake of, and not frighten with threats of damnation, those who choose to enjoy luxuries in which we take no pleasure.

## MR. PERKINGTON'S DIARY.

**Monday, Oct. 17th.**—Awoke this morning feeling far from well, and thought it due to my family that I should send for a Doctor. He said I was ailing from over work. Stopped at home all day and Natty was very kind and affectionate, reading to me and helping to balance the household accounts for the quarter. Finding a large balance in my favour and considering the prosperous condition of my City business resolved to build a new house. Wife and girls delighted at the idea and already chatter about who shall be asked to the "house warming" ball. Early to bed feeling very ill and tired.

**Tuesday, Oct. 18th.**—Had promised to go on board the "Walk-weigh" blockade running steamer which was to make a trial trip up and down the harbour to-day. Feeling ill, peevish and irritable fulfilled my engagement, and though the Captain and many of his guests were charming and hospitable, the sight of that intolerable bore D—— on the deck of the ship convinced me that the trip would hardly be a pleasant one to me. I often think that some people are made to be bored, and to this class I feel sure I have all my life belonged. A bore I now feel convinced should be "shut up" at once, and why it never struck me, that that was the only way of getting rid of D—— I cannot imagine. Fixing himself upon me the moment I stepped on board the creature clung to me all the way to Sambre. The worm will turn at last and after D—— had pointed out to me the objects which I had seen every day of my life up and down the harbour he said—"The Lætic Asylum looks well from the Steamer does it not?" Here was an opening, and raising my voice I cried petulantly, you no doubt can tell from your personal experience how the Steamer would look from the Asylum. The bore was staggered and muttering "that's just what I was saying" turned on his heel and left me to myself. The girls went to an Archery meeting which they described as poor, probably because they did not win a prize, and had taken no pains during the season to secure one. Doxy shot a child in the eye for which I fear damages may be charged against me.

**Wednesday, Oct. 19th.**—Being to-day rather worse than on Monday, resolved to stay at home and solace myself with the literature of our daily press. Was astonished to observe that the prosperity of the mother country is on the decline, and that the wild beasts of the field already roam over the site of the Exhibition of 1851. I read this in the *Citizen*—"Another game keeper has been shot by poachers on a London Park." This remarkable fact I thought might be in some way connected, though how I did not know, with the statement in the *Journal* that "a shower of toads had lately fallen in the vicinity of England." Turning to the *Reporter* of the previous evening, I read a long account of the consecration of the new Chancel of St. Luke's by the Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia, which ceremony, indisposition had prevented me from attending. The movements of a dignitary styled "Register" however were very uninteresting for from his name I should have imagined him to be a book.

**Thursday, Oct. 20th.**—To-day I am nearly well again. Went with Mrs. Perkington to see Mr. Down's beasts, the girls would not go, being silly enough to condemn Natural History, without society, as "slow." My wife delights in the monkeys, and for my own part the rabbits appear to me the most interesting creatures. Mrs. Perkington how

ance a racoon for a cat, received a severe bite on the hands, and this made me the more anxious on my return, that the children should learn something of Natural History.

**Friday, Oct. 21st.**—Bought a site to-day for my new house and am determined that it shall eclipse all others in the city, in splendour. The women want a garden, but that is out of the question and as I told them, Granville street has for me more charms than any rural felicity, farm-yards, pigs and that sort of thing. In the heart of the city will I build my house, and I don't care a straw for health, exercise, or any of the new-fangled twaddle.—Let the girls walk to the country if they care for that kind of enjoyment,—I shall build my house close to my counting house.—The foundations will be begun on Monday.

## Extracts.

## HYMNS.

A hymn should be brief. I protested last month against the curtailment of hymns and wherever a hymn, like the one I then cited, is framed on a definite plan, it must suffer from abridgement. I am bound to say however, that a very long hymn, which, like some of Paul Gerhardt's, flows on till it has outgrown its strength, from lack of purpose and concentration on the part of the author, is also a great evil. Many of the German hymns in Mr. Mercer's book, though curtailed, are still too long for our congregations to use. The Medival Church, I need not say, constantly abridged long hymns; and with proper precaution we may improve some of our own by this process. The verses which have disappeared from Charles Wesley's Christmas Hymn, which any one may now see in the "Book of Praise" (34), are better away. Another fine hymn of his, "Soldiers of Christ, arise," has gained by compression, though it is frequently too closely printed. Indeed, Charles Wesley would scruple to abridge his own hymns in preparing the present Wesleyan Hymn-book. Watts, too, bracketed in his own hymns such verses as he thought might be conveniently omitted; and in general, where the object of curtailment is to increase the clearness and vigour of a hymn, it may be safely attempted. Eight four-line stanzas, or thirty-two lines, may be taken as a limit which it is not desirable a hymn should exceed. Even this implies quick singing, which, thought generally to be encouraged, is not of course applicable to every hymn and tune. Lastly,—to go back to Augustine—we are to remember that a hymn is *cum cantu*, it is to be sung; and therefore it must be adapted to music. The metre, therefore, ought not to be too complex, or greatly varied. The rhythm ought not to be ragged, nor the diction bald and prosaic. We cannot always expect real poetry, even in a good hymn; but we have a right to expect words that lend themselves well to the simple and solemn music which alone is fit for congregational worship. Moreover, certain metres are adapted to certain subjects. The stately march of our long metre suits well the dignity of the Ambrosian hymn; but it is not so well fitted for jubilant words. For these by far the best metre would be some form of Trochaic, particularly 8-7, with four, six, or eight lines to the verse. Again, a lengthy hymn in short metre, or a penitential hymn in what is called 14th, would be almost intolerable.—*Churchman's Family Magazine.*

## PHOTO SCULPTURE.

The name of this new art is "Photosculture;" its inventor is M. François Willeme, a young sculptor in Paris, and its object is to render photographically subject to the revolution of busts or statues, from living models, in clay, plaster, wood, stone, or metal; the photograph furnishing the accurate resemblance, and a mechanical appliance transferring the flat portraits on the photographic plates to the solid clay or plaster. About three years have elapsed since the first notice of this invention was published, and at that time it was received with ridicule, and its inventor regarded as a dreamer. Since then, however, it has been so far perfected and rendered practicable that an association, established in Paris under the name of the "Societe Generale de Photo-Sculpture de France," has been successfully working the process for some months past, and buildings have been erected and arrangements made for carrying it out upon an extensive scale. At the atelier of the "Societe" any one can obtain an accurate bust of himself for the comparatively small cost of a guinea, and with no more trouble to himself than is required to produce an ordinary photograph. The current mania for public companies has led to the formation of an "International Photosculture Company," for purchasing and working the patent in this country; so we may hope ere long to see a photosculture establishment in London; and, as some curiosity has been excited by the appearance of the advertisements of this company in the columns of our newspapers, as well as by the very beautiful specimens of the art that have been shown at scientific soirees and exhibitions, we will endeavour to give as intelligible a resume as we can of the process by which these specimens are produced.

The sitter to the photo-sculptor is placed exactly in the centre of a circular chamber surmounted by a glass dome, posed upon a circular platform marked round its circumference with twenty-four equal divisions. Around the wall of the chamber are ranged twenty-four photographic cameras, each pointing to the sitter, and each corresponding to one of the numbers of the divisions on the circular platform. These cameras, duly furnished with photographic plates, are all uncovered at the same instant, and twenty-four pictures of the sitter are taken, representing his contour as seen from each of the positions occupied by the cameras. The plates being removed from the cameras, and developed and fixed in the usual manner, the photographic department of the process is finished, and the sitter's attendance is no more required.

The next portion of the process is mechanical, and is dependent upon an ingenious instrument known as the pantograph, and used extensively