

lish bank clerks," and the next time you write about it, leave out that apostrophe or you'll have the terrible Niven down upon you. For a man who speaks of "Christian injunctions" and "Christian-like language," Mr. Johnson's obscure threat of what Mr. Rothwell might expect from "some able bodied clerk" is unpleasantly associated with habitués of the Prize Ring! slightly brutal, Mr. Johnson! "where did you get it?" Your advice to your critic is superfluous: there need be no asking in such matters; he has the right to make and put on paper your or any one else's vapid remarks. As to the tailors' bills he compliments you rather than otherwise: not everyone tortures his brain about paying such bills; and the record of your brethren is honourable. The best letter on the subject is that of "Another Bank Clerk," who, however, is not quite right when he describes Mr. Johnson's effusion as "wholly wanting in force." Possibly the able-bodied business was overlooked and the aversion to pedestrianism on roofs. Probably "Another Bank Clerk" would admit that if the entrée of his kind into the best society spoils some very young ones, it saves many of them from evils that could not be mildly called spoiling. Bank officers should be better paid and the best doors should, and do open to them. If the youngsters are harmlessly spoilt in the salons of Sherbrooke street, better it should be so than have their ruin made easy in dishonourable abodes.

When F. H. T. said that the writer is "possessed of some Hibernian wit which renders him a better punster than critic," he was thought to have unconsciously accounted for Mr. Niven's success in the latter capacity until it came to mind that great critics have been great punsters and wits. F. H. T. should therefore explain the process by which the "Hibernian" is more favourable to punning than to criticism.

Saxon.

THE RARITY OF SUCCESS.

It is common to speak of a man who has not succeeded in life, as the expression is, as if non-success were the exception; as if it were a severe reflection upon him; as if it were an evidence of his falling below the average capacity. We resist with difficulty a feeling of contempt for such a man, particularly if we have failed of prosperity ourselves, since hard experience in our own case has a tendency, oddly enough, to render us uncharitable to others. We know, and can tell, with great volubility and detail, precisely why we so missed our destiny. Just as we were again and again on the point of accomplishing what we had long struggled for and richly deserved, some circumstance or circumstances that could not possibly have been foreseen prevented the fulfilment of our well-laid plans. This may be true—the less true it is the more disposed we are to believe it—but we are slow to think that our neighbour owes his defeat to any deterring circumstance. He failed through some fault of his own; we failed in spite of our ability. It is a striking distinction that when we merit best we fare worst, while our fellows merit worst when they fare best.

It is always easier to tell than to know why we do not succeed. The wonder is, all things considered, that so many succeed as do; and yet the many are very few, compared with all. We are perpetually hearing of the men who draw the prizes of life, though the public voice is silent concerning those who get the blanks, and they are always hundreds to one. Success of any kind is so extremely rare that the smallest success is a distinction. We are apt to chafe and fret in that we are less fortunate than those above us. But we might be tempered and contented if we were willing to look below. The poorest of us can borrow a wretched sort of consolation by remembering that there are thousands worse off than we. We are fond of repining because we have not succeeded, assuming that success is something absolute instead of relative. The success of one man is the failure of another, and so interchangeably. Indeed, our own aim is incessantly shifting; the height we wish to reach rises when we have reached it; we want still to do, whatever we have done. Thus the success of last year may be the failure of this; what we count success in youth seems but a sorry performance in middle age.

Do we ever quite succeed in our own estimation? Is not our success necessarily beyond anything we have accomplished? Is not success another name for the unattained and unattainable? Is not our success called such only by others? But, taking the word in its mere practical and rather vulgar meaning—the acquirement of a certain amount of property, there are very few who succeed. Perhaps everybody in this country vaguely hopes that he shall some day be rich, riches having no special significance excepting the relief from need of labour and accompanying ease of surroundings. After a number of years of grappling with the world, the majority of men find that all they can expect to do is to live, and they make no active effort for accumulation. Privately, at least they admit they have failed, having in mind acquaintances and friends in possession of houses, lots, bonds, and stocks not to be computed. Have they failed? Compared with the bondholders and stock owners, yes; compared with a host of others, no. If they have managed to keep out of debt, they have done better than the mass, for not one in fifty, it is said, quits the world financially even. Therefore, it may be asserted they have been successful. Inquire of the envied bondholders if they have succeeded, and

you will discover that they, too, are disappointed. Some one on whom they have fixed their eye has succeeded; but not they. The little they have scraped together amounts to nothing. They are no nearer contentment than those who simply make both ends meet; in all likelihood they are not so near, for they are ambitious and restless for further acquisition, while those are resigned to their condition.

It is astonishing the small proportion of the successful to the unsuccessful in any and every walk of life. Of a thousand who study law and are admitted to the Bar, the majority are driven from the profession by want of practice; a hundred, perhaps earn a scanty living, twenty gain pecuniary independence, five get some reputation, one or two become distinguished. Among the young men authorized to write M. D. after their names, how many take any rank as physicians? Hardly one in seventy, and of these, comfortable competency and wide reputation come not to five. Clergymen of real ability are exceedingly scarce, and even these frequently suffer from lack of appreciation. Unless chance favour, they may deliver clever sermons down to an old age, from country pulpits, and not an echo of their cleverness reach the sources that chronicle fame. Nevertheless, theological seminaries are full of students, and liberal donations are constantly being made for their support.

Literature would seem to be a satire on the highest talent. Only men of genius are certain to be acknowledged, if the geniuses and their friends are to be credited. Every year hundreds of the eminently gifted spring up in every quarter of the land, and out of them the new poets, philosophers, historians and novelists are to issue. But time speeds on, and the authors that were expected are clamorously called for. They have mysteriously melted away. Either their fiery souls have consumed them, or, disgusted with the stupidity of a sordid public, they have turned their attention to selling boots and shoes, or to advertising wandering minstrel troupes. The brightest lights that are to be, of journalism are everlastingly being snuffed out. Men who are to introduce a fresh order of things, who, in their immaturity, are capable of teaching veterans of the guild, measure themselves against pen and ink, and lo! their florid promises are unredeemed, and, in sober sooth, are irredeemable. In mercantile circles, in financial walks, the same prophecy of excellence remains unverified.

The unsuccessful can always console themselves with the knowledge that they are in an immense majority. Where nearly the whole world falls, is it not invidious to succeed? No man, whatever his qualities, can be confident of success, which frequently comes from causes beyond control. Undeniably, all of us, if the question be left to us, deserve to succeed; and to deserve success is vastly better than to gain success, which, when we miss it, is very apt to be accidental.—*N. Y. Times.*

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

The letter of "U. S." in last week's issue touches on a feature of Montreal domestic economy or rather a form of Montreal charity, which we agree with our correspondent in strongly condemning is, the practice of giving away broken bread and meats to beggars. If these things were always given while in a fit state for wholesome food we would not object; although it is well known that beggars are not generally real objects of charity; but we do not call it charity when odds and ends of different dishes are huddled together with stale crusts and tendered in a nasty heap which must be disgusting even to a beggar. When we think one is really in want of food we should present it in a palatable form. In a properly managed house nothing need go to waste; dry crusts, broken meat bones, and cold vegetables can all be done over into palatable and wholesome food. In good cooking nothing can be in more constant demand than fine dry bread crumbs, and these should always be made from the broken bread, by placing it in a cool oven and allowing it to remain until perfectly crisp, then rolling it out on the baking slab until quite fine, and putting it away in bottles, or as some prefer tying it up in paper bags. These bread crumbs are much better and handier than those made from the new loaf, and yet many cooks must always have new bread to make the dressing for fish, or fowl, although the unprepared loaf can never be made into sufficiently fine crumbs, and they are never dry enough for frying cutlets or fish. Fine dry bread crumbs can be used in countless ways. They make puddings, griddle-cakes and muffins; they are much nicer than cracker crumbs for frying oysters; they are very good as thickening for several kinds of family soups—one can scarcely cook a nice meal without requiring them for some dish, and yet we allow our servants to let the broken bread lie around till it is stale or musty and then insult some poor creature by offering it to her. It is no wonder we so often see heaps of crusts and bones left bare by the melting snows of spring, but let us not blame the poor beggar, who is obliged to empty her overburdened basket and trudge on in hopes of getting something that her children can eat. Of what use can these dry crusts be to her? She has no cutlets to fry, no fowl to dress, no milk and eggs to make savory puddings: when she asks us for bread we might as well give her a stone. Let us not call this charity, but rather sinful waste and careless cruelty. For surely when a poor creature begs food it is cruel to offer it in a form which