

tors is that its victims "don't die in the house," but the man I refer to died, which shows that we can't always believe patent medicine and other "ads."

After a life of exposure to numberless perils, General Gordon has fallen a victim to the knife of a cowardly assassin in Khartoum, and his murder calls aloud for revenge, which will, doubtless, be meted out with no sparing hand on those who have caused it. That the British will, finally, teach the Mahdi and his followers such a lesson as will last them for some considerable time cannot be doubted, but this course of tuition is going to cost an enormous amount of money. The \$45,000,000 at which the cost of Wolseley's expedition was estimated, will be but a drop in the ocean, but the British people have been aroused to such a pitch of fury by the details concerning Gordon's death and the fiendish outrages on and massacre of defenceless females in Khartoum, that they are prepared to pay any sum that may be required.

The news of General Gordon's death will be received with almost universal regret, the only party to whom it will bear any comfort being that class of people who were so ready to prophecy that it must come to pass on account of Gladstone's dilatoriness and Wolseley's mismanagement and disregard of advice from such experienced men as Sir Samuel Baker and General Stevenson. The great mistake made by Gordon seems to have been the placing of any trust or faith in a people who were so utterly undeserving of confidence as the Arabs, a race so notoriously treacherous that it seems strange a man of Gordon's vast experience should ever have placed any trust in them at all.

The number of men (to judge from their letters to the papers on the subject of the Toronto detective force), who know just how to do the work of a detective, must be enormous. I am surprised that these men are content to hide their light under a bushel. Why don't they come boldly forward and practically show the detectives the proper way to catch criminals, instead of sitting down and writing a lot of complaints about the inefficiency of the force? It does look as if there were as many people cut out by nature—in their own minds—for detectives, as there are men who feel that they were born to be editors.

I see that a fund has been started by the *Irish Tribune*, published at Newcastle-on-Tyne, for the Irish people who have been thrown out of employment on account of the prejudice created by the dynamitards. Hundreds of innocent Irish men and women have been dismissed by their English employers in London, and thousands have been similarly treated throughout England. It seems to me as being rather unjust to fix upon a race the faults of a few individuals. Unjust or not, the poor Irish in England are having an uncommonly hard time of it just now.

It is related in the New York correspondence of the *Philadelphia Record*, that the Rev. Mr. Rainsford, who at one time officiated in St. James' Cathedral in this city, may be seen, any morning before sunrise, running round Stuyvesant Square in New York, followed by his curates, all togged out in regular athlete costume. This is Mr. Rainsford's way of keeping himself in that physical trim which enables him to perform so much excellent mental work, and if an early morning trot would ensure good sermons on the part of every clergyman who indulged in that exercise, I fancy

some Toronto congregations would not be loth to see their spiritual pastors scampering round the Queen's Park at about sunrise.

Grumblers and Grumbling.

A systematic history of grumblers, arranged into classes, general species and varieties in the manner adopted by learned systematists who thus arrange the productions of nature, animate and inanimate, would be a curious, perhaps an instructive work. There are some general distinctions, however. There are grumblers at everything:—These may be looked upon as the parties in whom the organ of discontentedness must be very fully developed; though candor compels us to state that, hitherto, phrenologists have not located any such organ, or, if they have done so, they have failed to acquaint us with its whereabouts in the human anatomy. Then there are partial grumblers: People who grumble at nature and people who grumble at art, either because the latter bears a strong resemblance to the former or because it does not. Then there is the positive grumbler who is aggrieved because something is, and there is the negative grumbler who complains because something is not. In short there is nothing done or not done that will not furnish food for grumblers of one genus or another.

But grumbling must not be looked upon as altogether a bad thing, for, like nearly everything else, it has a good and a bad side. For instance a man grumbles on the right side when he is dissatisfied at his own exertions in a good cause or in any undertaking having the welfare of his fellow-creatures as its object. He grumbles on the wrong side when he vents his spleen on the rest of the world because his appetite is poor or because he fails to rest comfortably at night on account of cold feet—either his own or his wife's!

It may be said that the disposition to grumble is inherited by every true-born Briton and it depends, in a great measure, on the general direction which is given to the youthful British mind, whether its owner will exercise his prerogative in a right or a wrong way. But, though it is universally admitted that the British people are more addicted to grumbling than any nation under the canopy of heaven, it is, doubtful as it may seem, by strict adherence to the maxim "Grumble and get on" that the British nation has become the foremost in the world. Grumbling has the effect of keeping the system of things alive and is at once, in part at least, the foundation and defence of British prosperity.

By keeping up the excitement of society, grumbling is useful, as, unless the attention of those in whose power it lies to remedy certain defects, were not called to those defects, the remedy might never be applied.

It is well known that the best sailors in the navy and the most efficient soldiers in the army are those who grumble the most, though we do not say that their efficiency would not be equally great were they to refrain from grumbling. But if it be "the nature of the beast" to grumble, why, by all means, let him grumble, as long as he keeps within decent bounds. If the sailor or the soldier were not grumbling, they might be doing something else far more reprehensible, and they merely grumble because it is their nature so to do and they mean no harm by it, though certainly they do sometimes indulge their natural proclivity for most trivial causes. We have actually heard a grizzled old veteran in the army, when asked at meal time by the officer of the day whether he had any com-

plaint to make as to the rations served out, and finding he had no real cause for complaint, grumble because his mess had not as much "thick of the coffee" as another: by "thick of the coffee" meaning "grounds!" Surely that was grounds for complaint, with a vengeance!

The maxim "Grumble and get on" is not altogether a bad one provided that the grumbler does get on, but it must be admitted that some grumblers merely act up to the former half of that maxim and neglect the latter.

Fearing that our readers, if this article be continued to greater length, may feel disposed to avail themselves of the privilege of the Briton alluded to, and grumble at our prolixity, we bring these remarks to a close by saying that though the grumbler is often an almost intolerable nuisance he is frequently productive of good results, and should, therefore, to a certain extent, be tolerated.

What is a Mahdi?

Mahdi, or mabadi, as D'Herbelot spells it, is an ancient title in the Moslem world which at first signified simply director of the faithful. But in the course of Moslem history, and especially Moslem history in Africa, it came to have another signification related to an accepted prophecy of Mohammed. It necessarily refers to the African part of Arabic history. By this secondary significance of the word the mahadi is a certain ancient leader come again. His appearance is the "second advent" of a prophet who lived in the old days, and who in all the meantime has been with the immortals. Mohammed, the twelfth imam, and the twelfth in descent from Ali, is the real original. He is the mahadi who comes again every now and then. He was hidden from the world at an early age and communed only with his disciples through his lifetime, and finally did not die but "went up" with the fixed intention of returning to revive the glories of Moslem. As in the Christian theory, and even in the history of several monarchies, this legend of a prince who is to return has afforded a favorite pretext for no end of impostors, so it did in Islam. The most famous of these in past ages was Abulcassem Mohammed Ben Abdallah, the founder of the Fatimite dynasty in Africa. Mohammed had prophesied that in three hundred years the sun would rise in the west, and as Abulcassem's glory was in 296 of the hejira, it was held that the prophecy referred to him, and since then the idea of the Mahadi has commonly had relation to a revival of the glories of Islam in that western world of Moslemism, the provinces of Africa held by the Arabs.

Proverbs of Affection

Hot love is soon cold. Faults are thick where love is thin. Where pride begins love ceases. Love and a cough won't hide. Sweet is the love that meets return. The heart's letter is read in the eyes. Love and lordship make no fellowship. Love lies in cottages as well as in courts. The remedy for love is—land between. Kind confidence begets confidence, and love begets love. Absence sharpens love, presence strengthens it. Love can hope where reason would despair. In the husband, wisdom; in the wife, gentleness. Nothing is more tender, nothing more violent, than love. The science of love is the philosophy of the heart. Love cannot be bought or sold; its only price is love. Solid love whose root is virtue can no more die than virtue itself. All truest love is consecrated by the Divine Love.

Recalls an Incident in the Editor's Youth. Reading in this nineteenth century how Capt. Phelan was enticed into an office in New York, and stabbed by a false friend while he was asking after his (Phelan's) health, recalls another stabbing affray which occurred 4,000 years ago, and was written up by the reporter of that time as follows: "and when Abner was returned to Hebron, Joab took him aside in the gate to speak with him quietly, and smote him there under the fifth rib that he died."

BRIEF NOTE OF PEOPLE OF NOTE.

Wachtel, the famous tenor, has lost his voice and left the stage.

Andrew Jackson's last words were, "Be good children and we will all meet in Heaven."

Prof. Jaeger, of Vienna, the celebrated oculist died recently at the age of seventy-seven years.

Mr. John C. Eno lives at Quebec in an expensive way, but is not received into any society there.

The wealthiest United States Senator at present, Mr. Philo T. Sawyer, never made a speech in the Senate.

Professor Huxley's health at Naples is by no means satisfactory, and he is compelled to live in absolute seclusion.

Joseph Hayden, the composer, was the god-father of Fanny Elssler's sister Teresa, who became themorganatic wife of Prince Adelbert of Prussia.

At a recent dinner of the Leather Trade in Boston Mr. Howells was an honored guest, and was introduced as the son of the Nestor of the leather trade.

Secretary McCulloch is a large, squarely built man, loose-jointed, with thin, sandy gray hair, a high, broad forehead, shrewd small gray eyes, and a most kindly expression.

Emma Thursby cancelled all her engagements in Germany, England, France and Italy, and returned to this country in November, in order to be with her sick sister Alice, who has just died.

Mr. Moody, the evangelist, went home to Northfield, Mass., to celebrate his mother's eightieth birthday anniversary, which occurred on Thursday last. He is presently going to Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska.

Mrs. Fawcett, the widow of the late British Postmaster-General, is a sister of the Misses Rhoda and Agnes Garrett, who have won prominence as house decorators. She is now going to live with Agnes, Rhoda being dead.

Madame Basile Migneault, the grandmother of Albany, died and was buried in Montreal recently, the mass being sung by her nephew, Father Laccenese. Her maiden name was Rachel McCallough, and she was born in New York.

The Rothschild family have bought the old homestead in Frankfurt, together with the adjoining house, and after setting them back to conform to the new street line, they will fill them with the Rothschild relics, and make them the headquarters of the administration of the Rothschild Asylum.

At a recent state occasion in Washington the coat of the German Minister, Baron von Alvensleben, was entirely covered with bullion, except for a part of the sleeve. He wore the red sash of a German order also, and fourteen other decorations, each with its colored ribbon; crosses and stars of gold, silver, and iron, jewelled, enamelled, and engraved, the decorations extending to the ribbon of his sword hilt, and ending only at the last button on the back of his coat, where hung the gold key of a court chamberlain.

Success in Life.

It is a great mistake to measure a man's success by the wealth he accumulates. Some of the most unsuccessful men in the world, as men, have been and are the wealthiest. Socially and morally they were and are miserable failures. Rich men are rarely happy. They are so occupied with their possessions that they have no time to enjoy life. When they are not striving to get more they are troubled with fears of losing what they have, so they are ill at ease at all times. He who has reasonably good health, a clear conscience, and a disposition to enjoy life is the successful man. Therefore in choosing a profession or business the opportunities it affords for amassing wealth should not be the features considered. Is it respectable, healthful, pleasant, can it be made profitable to the world at large, and is it favorable to intellectual and moral growth? The avocation of life that yields these is all that can be asked, all that is necessary. Some men are so constituted, however, that they spit silver spoons out of their mouths as fast as they are put in. These are doomed to failure, and the only possible use they can be put to is posing as horrible examples and friendly warnings for those coming behind.