

ends which the quicker brain of his hearer has leaped to long before him; and it is not pleasant writing with the feeling that all that is said is obvious the moment it is mentioned. But though, as we said, all be obvious, all is not familiar; and it is no waste of time and space to call attention to facts which are indeed too common to us to be familiar and with which familiarity is of great importance. Peace to most people recognize the effect of the war; but not a great many will grasp it as a whole, and see how the politics of Kingdoms and ministers are made public in new and strange ways, how old systems have died out.

The old order changeth yielding place to new,  
And God fulfils himself in many ways;

How political boundaries of Nations are made plain, or altered or contracted, or expanded; how historical memories which have been the theme of Poets, Historians, Essayists, Orators, without number and evoked freshly, how the commerce and trade of the world are affected, how stocks rise and fall, and fortunes are made or lost; how the securities of Nations, the Consols, the bonds, the rentes, are depreciated; how all through the world, in all its various affairs, from the House of Rothschild to the stall of the tart woman at the corner, from the Palace of the Prince to the hut of the peasant, this war will work its will, and we can no more escape from its effects than we can rid ourselves of the burthen of air on our shoulders or escape from death. The Schoolmaster in disguise teaches us these lessons, and will continue to teach them; and it might be very beneficial if the Teachers who are thus taught should give a little of what they thus daily receive to the children who are under their care.

HALIFAX.

#### PRACTICAL PHILANTHROPY.

*Mr. Editor*.—It is to be feared that much misunderstanding exists upon the nature of true philanthropy. And this is all the more to be regretted when the charge may be brought home, as it sometimes is, not only to the youth of our communities, but to those who have been their teachers. The great fact that it is both the privilege and duty of every one to practise it, seems often indeed to be forgotten on all sides. If, then, through the pages of your JOURNAL, a few thoughts may be suggested by way of remembrance, more especially to those who are moulding the minds and characters of the young, the attempt may not perhaps be altogether in vain.

Philanthropy, in the true sense of the word,—the sense in which it becomes really practical,—I would define as simply this:—A love dwelling deep in the heart, and flowing out like a well-spring whenever it meets with a fellow creature in need. It is a principle not abstract, theoretic, and general, but concrete, personal, effective.

The idea that most people have of philanthropists is, that they must necessarily be a few eminent and peculiar personages, standing out in high relief on the page of history,—men born, like poets, to their destiny, whose office is to cure human ills on the stage of a continent, and having for audience an admiring world. But is this idea a correct one? I think, Sir, that you will agree with me in saying decidedly, it is not. Most precious as are those loftiest eminences of practical love, pointing heavenward in sight of the nations, alone they would not very widely leave their mark on the misery of mankind. The bulk of the work, after all, must be done by the thousands, and ten thousands of smaller philanthropists, who perhaps are never heard of half a mile from home. It must, moreover, be an active, practical system operating from within, not one adopted from without. It is only when it becomes a law in our hearts, that it comes easy and comes always like a stream from its fountain. If genuine, it will do good as it has opportunity,—good alike to the wretch who can make no return, and the personage who could herald your praise throughout the nation.

We may not have the power for practical philanthropy which Buxton wielded in Parliament and Chalmers in the pulpit, but we must remember that every one has the power that God has given him, and he who uses one talent well, is soon rewarded with another. It is not by standing and looking wistfully to the great opportunities of great men, that we shall do good to our age and country. Rather let us adopt Wellington's famous word at the crisis of Waterloo—if it be apocryphal, it is so good that it ought to have been genuine—"Up, Guards, and at them." This is the way to win a battle. There lie the black, dense, imposing masses of the foe,—the sins and sufferings of humanity. Let us plunge into the nearest flank of the cloud-like host, and lay about us heartily—every man his own philanthropist. It is probable that our stroke will smite down some enemies, and set some wretched captives free; but at the lowest and the worst, the effort will be healthful exercise for our own spiritual life.

Doubtless we should take advantage of plans, and the support of large combinations, just as one drop joins with others, when there is a mill-wheel to be driven; but we must at the same time have always in heart and in hand, a personal philanthropy, as every drop of the stream is always obedient to its organic laws.

Opportunities, alas! abound; the raw material of philanthropy is plentiful. Within our reach there is some person or some family,

drawn by vice or poverty or both down towards the gulph, like a boat on the rapids above Niagara. By all means let us rush in, and wrap the line of human love around those that are ready to perish. We must speak to men for God, and to God for men; and if we are tempted to despond, we have but to remember the word Divine—"Love one another, as I have loved you."

#### OF THOUGHT WITHOUT LANGUAGE.

BY GEORGE S. DURLEIGH.

IN a former article I offered a few hints aiming to show that language, in its comprehensive sense, was an exponent of power, and the measure of a soul was everywhere, its ability to express itself in some form or other, by word or sign. But soul can only speak to soul; to be understood there must be a common language, the nerves and motions of a common nature. The moaning of the wind will give the same mental impression as the moaning of a sufferer, but the mind refuses to be moved because it does not find the chord of sympathy; or, if by a play of the imagination, it does shape some tortured spirit in the hollow air, its pain is the genuine confession of relationship.

Words, though beyond computation graphic and vital, for purposes of expression, are far from necessary to thought, though the methods of that thought are inconceivable to a mind not endowed with them. Has it ever occurred to you, thoughtful reader, to imagine what must be the form of wordless thought?—in what fashion a mind that has never learned a language will hold and combine its ideas.

We are so accustomed to that automatic play of association, by which a name carries with it the image of a thing, and a word is always the symbol of some idea that we are scarcely conscious of any thinking which is not in verbal language. A misty veil of undefined expression so hovers about the very inception of our ideas, that we are apt to pronounce the thought unformed, till the words that express it are brought into some ordered coherence. And yet, if one may trust what is so evanescent, in his own mental operations, he will often discover that what seems to be the laborious evolution of a theme, is only the slow embodiment in words of a picture set clear and vivid by an instantaneous impression on the mind.

When our consciousness is awakened by any telegraphic signal of the senses, the idea so aroused hurries to catch up some word or phrase with which to clothe itself, like a timid bather surprised on the margin of a pool. You lift the eye, and behold a tree, a house, or a river, and unconsciously the mind utters to itself, the name of the object. Or you see some unknown thing, whose image, just as vivid in your mind, has yet no name to express it, and words to imply that fact arise immediately, "What is it?" "I know not what that may be."

Picture to yourself the image which an idea must take in the mind of a deaf mute who never heard nor uttered an intelligible sound, nor learned its silent symbol. That he has ideas, quick, varied, and intense, you see by a glance in that speaking face and that earnest, asking eye, which always seem in their half-sad expression, to mark the efforts of a soul to grasp the inutterable, the yearning of a fettered spirit for the freedom of clear utterance to ease its nameless hunger. How that face lights up at a smile of loving recognition: how that eye flashes with indignation at what seems to the imprisoned soul a wrong or outrage. How the keen, silent questioner looks into your face for the secret of its mobility, for what it means, and by what power we who are blessed with some strange *other* faculty than theirs, can draw one another, excite laughter and tears, and a thousand actions, all mysteriously moved, all wonderful to that poor, fettered soul, all strange and fantastic as the revels of the northern lights.

To enter the sphere of that ineffable consciousness for an hour, would interest me more than to visit the palaces of all the crowned heads in Europe. To know precisely how, to him who is deprived of one of our finest senses, and one of our noblest faculties, this complex universe of mind and matter stands related, and to feel by what strange methods the remaining faculties of such a mind translate the facts of being which belong to the lost one, into their own language, would be well worth a momentary loss of one's identity.

A blind man attempting to express his notion of scarlet, said it resembled the sound of a trumpet, and he did not intend by it the slang that there was anything "stunning" in the color. We are constantly reminded of the impressions of one sense by the operations of another. To my ear the bass note in music is what a dull black is to the eye, and behind both organs they give the same mental emotion. The reverberations of deep thunder seem like boulders with worn angles, with profiles blunt and irregular, as if drawn by the jerking pencil of the lightning; and one who never had the pleasure of seeing stars from a blow on the head, may get a tolerably correct idea of that kind of galaxy by snuffing at a bottle of volatile salts! Language is full of the mental effort to report the impressions of one sense by the symbols of another. We say that an apple is sweet, that a rose is sweet, a face is sweet, a strain of music is sweet, and love is sweet, not to mention the saccharine reaction of the "Uses of adversity."