

great deal too much between friends, so let us say no more about it. Now, please do not thank me any more, either of you, or I shall have to run away without telling the best part of my story. I was called upon this morning, Mr. Neville, by an old parishioner of yours, who is almost a stranger to me. He told me, what I am sure it will cheer you to hear, that to your instrumentality, under God's blessing, he owed all his success in this life, as well as his hopes for the life that is to come. I wish you knew him, but he made me promise to conceal his name. Well, this unknown friend of yours had heard about Mrs. Neville's illness and other things, and being anxious in some way to show his gratitude to you, he determined to do it quietly, by calling upon me, and making some arrangement for paying your bill. I told him that matter was settled, whereat his disappointment was so evident that I took compassion on the poor fellow, and offered to find some means of conveying his gift, without betraying him, if he would entrust me with it. He gladly caught at the suggestion and pulled out three Bank of England notes for 5*l.* each, which I now have the pleasure of handing over to you," continued the kind old man, laughing vigorously in order to cover a certain tendency to the opposite extreme, which was becoming apparent.

"You will not refuse them, I hope, for it seems to me that God has sent them as a token of good for this New Year, coming as they do, with a testimony to the success of your work—which cannot fail to rejoice your heart," he added after a pause, and more gravely.

It would be useless for me to attempt to describe the feelings with which Mr. and Mrs. Neville listened. It is sufficient to say that neither of them will ever forget the lesson of that New Year's Day, nor cease to thank God for it. And if ever there falls across their path a shadow which tempts them to distrust the care of their Father in heaven, they have only to glance at a little, carefully-framed card, which hangs ever in Mr. Neville's study, and which they reckon as one of their greatest treasures, for the sermon which it preaches to them is never preached in vain. I need not tell my reader that the inscription upon that little card is this,

"I will trust, and not be afraid."

HAVE SMOKERS ANY RIGHTS?

As smokers—no; as men—yes. Smoking in itself is wrong. It is a violation of man's nature to consume tobacco in any shape, and it is only till he has passed through a mild species of martyrdom that he can persuade his frame to do anything but loathe the noxious weed. How can the smoker have rights in the performance of an act which is fundamentally wrong? Every man has a right to breathe as much pure air as he needs, and the smoker as a man possesses this right; but he arrogates to himself the privilege of polluting the air which others breathe, and if remonstrated with, asks, forsooth, if this is not a free land, in which a man can do as he likes? We rejoice that this is a free land, and that men are at liberty to do what pleases them, so long as they do not wrong anyone else. But what right has one man to throw impurity into a glass of water which another man intends to drink? Obviously none. By what line of argument, then, can it be proved that he has any right to pollute the air which others breathe? No one expects the strong arm of the law to be invoked to remedy the wrong done to the non-smoking portion of the public. Laws are but the embodiment of what people themselves regard as justice. Laws cannot rise above the popular idea of right. Thus, when people come to see that non-smokers have a right to pure air, of

which now they are continually being deprived by the dispersion of tobacco fumes, then there will be no need of a law to secure that right, for it will be observed without law. To wage war against tobacco, however, is the duty of every man or woman who has not only the health, but the advancement of humanity at heart. The smoker is essentially a selfish being, and the use of narcotics tends effectually to blunt his sensibilities, and render him less considerate of the rights of others. We want to encourage only such habits as tend to improve, enlighten, and raise the race. Tobacco is one of those fatal instruments which do much to nullify the unselfish and noble acts of many great and noble men, and to check the slowly progressing work of overpowering man's animal instincts by his spiritual nature.—*Herald of Health* (New York).

TAINÉ ON ENGLISH WOMEN.

Life is earnest, and all, even the young girls, know that they must prepare themselves for it. N., who comes to England every year, visits one of his old friends, a rich man, the father of a family. He says to N.:

"Things don't go to suit me; my daughter Jane is twenty-four, does not marry, often shuts herself up in the library, and is beginning to read big books."

"How large a dowry are you going to give her?"

"Two thousand pounds."

"And to your sons?"

"The eldest will have the estate, the second a mine which brings in two thousand a year."

"Give Miss Jane five thousand pounds." These words open the father's eyes, he gives the five thousand pounds. This year Miss Jane is married, and has a little child. She was cut out for a mother; it would be a pity to make of her a learned spinster in spectacles.

What I admire over here is the coolness, good sense and courage of the young girl who, seeing herself in a no-thoroughfare, changes her course without a murmur, and silently sets herself to study.

In none of the houses which I have visited, in London or in the country, have I found a newspaper devoted to the fashions. An English friend of mine, who has been in France, tells me that here a well-brought-up woman does not read such silly stuff. On the contrary, a special review, the *Englishwoman's Review*, contains, in the number which I am glancing over, letters on emigration to Australia, articles on public instruction in France, and other studies on subjects equally grave; no stories, or chit chat about the theatres, or fashion-plates. Everything is serious and weighty. Observe by contrast, in our country seats, the fashion papers, with coloured illustrations; pictures of the latest style of hat, explanations of a point of embroidery, little sentimental stories, sickly-sweet compliments to the lady readers, and, above all, the correspondence between the editress and the subscribers, on the last page,—the climax of grotesqueress and insipidity. It is shameful that a human mind can digest such food. Better have a badly-made dress than an empty head.

I copy the titles of a few articles, all written by women. Mary Carpenter, "Application of the principles of education to schools for the lower classes"; Florence Hill, "Present condition of the colony of Mettray"; Florence Nightingale, "Statistics of Hospitals"; Sarah Redmond, "American Slavery and its influence on Great Britain"; etc.

Most of these authoresses are unmarried. Many of them are the secretaries of active associations, of which the *Review* I have just quoted is the central organ. One of these associations furnishes women with work, another visits workhouses, another the sick. All these articles are instructive and useful. The habit of teaching classes, of visiting the poor, of conversing with men, discussion, study, the personal sight of facts, have borne their fruit; these women know how to observe and to reason; they go to the bottom of things, and understand the true principle of all improvement. "It is necessary, first of all," says Mary Carpenter, "to develop and guide the child's will, to enlist him as the chief soldier, as the most efficient of all co-operators, in the education which is given him."

One can be corrected and perfected only by one's self. Moral government must not be applied from without, but must spring from within.

Whoever has read English novels knows how accurately and correctly these authoresses describe character. Often a person who has lived in the country, in a small circle, occupied by domestic cares, finds herself forced to write a novel to earn her bread; and it is discovered that she knows the human heart better than a professional psychologist. To be well-informed, learned, useful, to arrive at convictions, to impart them to others, to employ one's power and employ them well,—that is something. You may laugh if you will, and say that these customs breed school ma'ans, she-pedants, blue-stockings, not women. Live it your own way; but compare with this the empty idleness of our country seats, the ennui of our ladies, the life of an old maid who peddles gossip, does crochet-work, and follows all the church services.

Besides, over here they are not all pedants. I know four or five ladies or young girls who are writers. They remain none the less graceful and natural. Most of the authoresses whom I have mentioned are, if I may trust the report of my friends, home-loving women, with very simple manners I have spoken of two who have genius. A great French artist, whose name I could cite, and who passed several days with each of them, did not know that they were talented. Not once did the cloven hoof of the author—the need of talking of himself and his works—become apparent during twenty hours of conversation.

M., having received an invitation to a country seat, found out that the mistress of the house knew more Greek than he. He excused himself and declined. Then she, for a joke, wrote him his English phrase of excuse in Greek. This Greek scholar is an elegant woman of the world. Moreover, she has nine daughters, two nurses, two governesses, a corresponding number of servants, a large house, frequent and numerous guests. In all this establishment, perfect order reigns. There is never any noise or jar; the machine seems to run itself.

Here are contrasts which may give us something to think about. In France we are too ready to believe that if a woman ceases to be a doll, she ceases to be a woman.—*Translated for the Woman's Journal, Boston, Mass.*

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

—Dean Stanley is to have a memorial, probably a bust, in St. Giles (Presbyterian) Cathedral, Edinburgh.

—Sir John Lubbock says that "anthropoid apes" must give place to the ants. "When we consider the habits of ants," he says, "their social organization, their large communities, elaborate habitations, their roadways, their possession of domestic animals, and even in some cases of slaves, it must be admitted that they have a fair claim to rank next to man in the scale of intelligence."

—Rev. Walter Ching Young and Miss Ah Tim were married at San Francisco by Bishop Kip recently. Mr. Young is an Episcopal minister educated in the Eastern States and his bride is a cultivated young lady of Hong Kong. The wedding was the first fashionable Chinese affair of its kind in this country. The groom was dressed in clerical robes, and the bride in robes of Chinese cut, including a cloak-like dress of blue, lined with bright scarlet and trimmed with gold colour. The bride's hair was decked with artificial flowers of red and white.

—The Laps are rapidly decreasing in numbers. In 1858 the population of Lapland was estimated at 30,000, while it is now given by an officer of the Norwegian Government, as only 17,000. A recent traveller says the causes of the dwindling away of this peculiar race are the practice of polyandry, the excessive use of alcoholic spirits, the difficulty of obtaining sufficient reindeer moss in the winter to support the herds which supply them with food, clothing, etc., and lastly the fact that they are everywhere being supplanted by the Quakers, who are more industrious and intelligent.

—The production of tobacco last year in the United States amounted to about five hundred million pounds for every man, woman, and child in the whole country. Here is a good supply for the chewers, the smokers, and the sufferers.

—In the year 1856, on a given Sunday, the great city of London was canvassed in nearly every street and alley by six or seven thousand persons in an effort to bring more scholars into the Sabbath-school, and as the result some fifteen or twenty thousand were added to the attendance. It is found at the present time that there are about a quarter of a million children in that metropolis outside the Sunday-schools, and it is proposed to have a similar canvass in the year 1882. It is a great undertaking to secure such an army of canvassers, but it is believed that the effort will bring in a very large number of scholars. A similar scheme, well carried out in our American cities, would accomplish a great work in the same direction.

—It is a hopeful sign for Spain that a bishop and an archbishop thought it worth their while—rumour says that they acted under direct instructions from the Vatican, but this is by no means certain—to come down from their dioceses last week, and to attack the Government for its legislative reforms. These include changes in the marriage and educational laws; and though these reforms are not reported, and, indeed, as we understand it, are not yet fully formulated, they are undoubtedly in the direction of a larger liberty in education and at least the legalization of secular marriage. Senor Sagasta, the Spanish Prime Minister, declared his purpose to go on with the reforms undeterred by the opposition of the clergy; and even indicated that he did so with the royal approval. This was the more significant since one of the leading opposition bishops was the king's father confessor.

—The *Jewish Chronicle* contains a passage, in connection with the recent celebration of the solemnities of the Day of Atonement, that deserves to be noted:—"The drift of current events will no doubt invest this ceremony in the eyes of many with a new and striking significance. The Sultan of Turkey has notified his willingness to encourage Jewish colonization in his dominions, and there are thousands who, finding life intolerable in Russia, would gladly avail themselves of this gracious offer if only their Government would suffer them to emigrate. Who can say what a year may bring forth? Perhaps the strains which will be heard will actually come to proclaim, as they did of yore, a jubilee of freedom to the oppressed, calling the persecuted to return to the Holy Land—the whilom possession of their race."

—Dr. W. M. Taylor's Church, in New York, sends out every year over twenty boxes to home missionaries, each of them worth a hundred and fifty dollars, not counting books which cost twenty dollars at wholesale. Not long ago Dr. Taylor received a letter from a missionary, in reply to one asking what he most needed for the box, saying that he had saved twenty-one dollars for commentaries, and he wished for suggestions as to what to buy. Dr. Taylor told his people the next Sunday about it, and said that he wanted some one to offer to give fifty dollars to make up a complete set of commentaries. Four different people asked the privilege of giving that money. This church is not alone. Dr. Webb's church, in Boston, contributes more in money annually, we believe, to the treasury of the A. H. M. S. than any other in the Congregational connection, though, if the value of the boxes be added, probably the Broadway Tabernacle leads the list.—*N. Y. Independent*.