

law of recuperation and repose—as different from the present methods of overwork and collapse as is the pleasant alternation of our day and night from that of the Arctic pole.

We are willing to recognize the fact that there may be seasons in which, by reason of unavoidable work, both body and mind may seek prolonged repose. But we think this need is not to be taken for granted as an annual call, and should be very occasional.

When the body and mind are properly fed and kept in working order, and recreation adjusted to work, and food to effort, day by day, little need is found for a dry dock, into which, at the returning voyage of each year, the shattered bulk must be hauled for repairs. And this is really the great lesson of human life, so far as our physical natures are concerned—day by day our daily bread and day by day our daily care. The maintenance of health is the adjustment of every part of one's self to every other part; an adjustment in which we have marvellously the help of nature, if only we come to understand ourselves and have our bodies under the control of our wills and the conscience. We must make the keeping of ourselves in health both a duty and a privilege. Health is so much a measure of our capacity for work, and work is so much the only thing we can do for human welfare and holy service that it behooves us to use this talent as not abusing it. If, for any reason, there is defect, or if, by accidental exposure, sickness befalls us, then not less are we to study the modes of accommodation. Many a painful eye is made worse because the owner insists upon finishing the reading or writing for which the organ is incapable. Many a bruise is converted into a lameness because the limb is not allowed the rest which is indicated. Thus life is jostled on, careless of wind or tide, until, again and again, the body must be set aside for repairs. Too often, in the process, the golden bowl is broken, or the chord snapped and the life which should have reached three-score and ten is ended at fifty. Let us, then, see how far, by daily regulation, we can avoid these long processes of repair, and so enjoy the daily routine and work of human life.—*Independent.*

SHEFFIELD WORTHIES.

The atmosphere of Sheffield is not favourable to the development of genius, but a few notable men have grown under the smoky skies whose fame has reached all English readers. Chantrey, the sculptor, was born within two or three miles of the town; Montgomery, the poet, spent most of his life in it; and Elliott, whose facile versification contributed as much to the repeal of the corn-laws as the most logical eloquence of prose, carried on a business within its precincts.

When he was a mere boy, and an unsuccessful one, having failed in London, the rock that breaks so many hearts, Montgomery saw an advertisement in a Sheffield newspaper which led to his engagement upon its staff. The paper was the *Register*, which was in disfavour with the government on account of its sympathy with the disaffection created in England by the French Revolution; and the embryo poet had not been long enough in an editorial chair to perceive what Dead Sea fruit its rewards are, when (the proprietor having fled) he was arrested on the charge of having written a seditious ballad, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment. Soon after his release his sense of humanity was touched and his indignation aroused by the violence of a military officer in quelling a disturbance, for a description of which he was again arrested, and imprisoned six months. But he survived these penalties and prospered. Under the name of the *Iris*, the *Register* became a great pecuniary success, and Montgomery died in April, 1854, at the age of eighty-three years, wealthy and honoured, after a residence in Sheffield of sixty-two years. A bronze statue upon a granite pedestal has been erected to his memory in the General Cemetery. His paper was published, and most of his poems were written in an old house in the Hartshead, which was recently occupied as a tavern, but now is used as offices. It is related that Howitt once called his attention to the number of authors whose homes had become public drinking-places, among others Burns, Scott's, Shelley's and Coleridge's at Nether Stowey. Montgomery laughed, but he lived to see his own sanctum become the resort of respectable old toppers.

Ebenezer Elliott, the "Corn-law Rhymers," entered the steel business in Sheffield with a capital of one hundred pounds, and after many struggles acquired a respectable fortune. His corn-law rhymes had an extraordinary success, and if his other works were not satisfactory in form they showed in some degree real inspiration.

Chantrey was a milk-boy in Sheffield, and when released from this occupation he was transferred to the scarcely more congenial shop of a grocer, and then apprenticed to a carver and gilder, with whom he remained only a short time. Afterwards he started out on his own account as a portrait painter, and modestly set forth his claims to patronage through an advertisement in Montgomery's paper, which stated that "he hoped to meet with the liberal sentiments of an impartial public." His advancement was rapid, and from a humble portrait painter he soon developed into a great sculptor. He was knighted by William the Fourth, and was buried in a suburb of Sheffield. Thomas Creswick, the landscape painter, was also a native of the town, as were Archbishop Secker, Sir Sterdale Bennett, and several other celebrities.—*William H. Riding, in Harper's Magazine for June.*

THE AGITATOR AND THE REFORMER.

Great social and political movements which end either in peaceful or in violent revolution develop two wholly distinct sets of leaders. First come the agitators and fanatics, crying in the wilderness, and cursing alike the oppressors and the Gallios, who "care for none of those things." By their appeals and their invective, by their sufferings and their martyrdom, these early pioneers, if their cause be just, sooner or later arouse the slumbering conscience of the world about them; and when this is thoroughly accomplished their work

is really done. The great task then passes to other hands; for although the true fanatic may be able to call the people from their tents, he cannot organize them. He is, as a rule, incapable of leadership, or, in other words, of dealing with his fellow-men. He would not be what he is if this were not so; for men of that type must be, in the nature of things, different from the mass of their fellow-beings. They must have the solitary temperament in some form or other, for they are obliged to endure mental or moral, if not social, isolation; they must be imbued with the spirit of the mediæval ascetic, utterly given over to one idea, emotional and unreasonable. Such men have played great parts at all epochs, and are no doubt essential to the progress of the human race. In modern times, however, all great reforms are carried by organization and combination; and this is precisely what extreme and violent agitators, who appear as the precursors of great moral movements, are unable to compass. Yet though the forces are marshalled and the battle is won by others, the extremists who first raised their voices against vested abuses frequently have a compensation in the fact that if they live for some years after the triumph of their cause they are often regarded not only as the champions of a once despised but now successful principle, but as the men who bore that principle to victory. Mankind love the striking and picturesque, and when they see among them some individual who in earlier days sustained a great cause in the midst of persecution and obloquy, and who now rests from his labours with all the world on his side, they are dazzled by the contrast; and not content with awarding him the praise which is rightfully his due, they give him credit for much that he did not do, and for achievements wholly alien to men of that type. Time, which sets all things, even remedies this injustice. In history the agitator finds his proper place; and while he obtains the high commendation which he really deserves, he is no longer burdened with praise which injures because it is misplaced and inappropriate.—*Henry Grant Cabot, in May Atlantic.*

MORNING DEW.

When germs were quickening in the mould,
And sap was rich and leaves were young,
Deep in the fragrant wood a lute,
As old as Time, was newly strung.

Some swift, divine, invisible hand,
From fret to fret, tried all the chords,
Until a tune, supremely sweet,
Was set to immemorial words.

And then the wild bird sought its mate;
The lusty bee a-booming came;
The maple, filled with racy pangs,
Let go their buds' imprisoned flame;

A dreamy mystery veiled the sun;
Keen perfumes stole through glade and grove,
And all the founts of Nature burst
With sudden babbling streams of love!

Ah! passion, pure as morning dew,
And fresh as breath of mint and thyme!
Impulse of spring, to new and true!
Essence of innocence and prime!

I bowed my head and stilled my breath
(For it was May and I was young),
While to a tune supremely sweet
Those immemorial words were sung.

Independent.

THE CAPITAL OF THE WORLD.

London has been, since the conquest, the real centre of government, of the thought, the growth, the culture, and the life of the nation. No other city in Europe has kept that prerogative unbroken for eight centuries until our own day. At the very utmost, Paris has possessed it for not more than four centuries, and in an incomplete manner for at least half of these four. The capitals of Prussia, Austria, Russia, and Spain are merely the artificial work of recent ages, and the capitals of Italy and Greece are mere antiquarian revivals. England was centralized earlier than any other European nation, and thus the congeries of towns that we now call London has formed, from the early days of our monarchy, the essential seat of government, the military headquarters, the permanent home of the law, the connecting link between England and the Continent, and one of the great centres of the commerce of Europe. Hence it has come about that the life of England has been concentrated on the banks of the Thames more completely and for a longer period than the life of any great nation has been concentrated in any single modern city. When we add to that fact the happy circumstance that at least down to the memory of living men London retained a more complete series of public monuments, a more varied set of local associations, more noble buildings bound up with the memory of more great events and more great men than any single city in Europe, (except, perhaps, Rome itself,) we come to the conclusion that London is a city unsurpassed in historic interest.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

GOOD ARCHITECTURE.

One general rule, moreover, may be laid down to guide our criticism. This is the rule—that, as a work of architecture is both very conspicuous and very long-lived, its aim should be "to satisfy and not to startle." The fact that a building is "striking" is often held to prove it fine. But the best buildings are those which, whether striking or no—often not, perhaps, at least in modern work—will seem better and better as the days go by; will not grow oppressive or aggressive or impertinent, or tame, flat, and uninteresting, in proportion as they grow familiar.—*May Century.*

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

THE State of Georgia has ninety-three counties under prohibition.

MONSIGNOR CAPEL has been addressing the cadets at West Point.

NEAL DOW has converted Petroleum V. Nasby to the prohibition creed.

THE degree of D.C.L. has been conferred by Oxford university on the archbishop of Canterbury.

MR. FRANCIS W. NEWMAN has a new work in preparation to be called "Christianity in its Cradle."

FOUR young ladies acted as pall-bearers at the funeral of one of their schoolmates in Caernarvon, Penn.

HENRY M. STANLEY has succeeded in establishing a chain of international stations across the African continent.

In the British House of Commons, the motion for the second reading of the Channel Tunnel bill was rejected, 222 to 84.

GUV. ROBINSON has signed the bill to prevent life insurance companies from discriminating against coloured people.

THE Pope has summoned the Irish bishops to assemble in Rome next autumn to consult upon Irish ecclesiastical and general affairs.

THE Duke of Marlborough has petitioned the Court of Chancery for a permit to sell the pictures and books in Blenheim House.

A MAN eighty-nine years old has been received on probation into the Congregational Church in Granby, Mass., and was baptized.

THE agitation in eastern Roumelia for union with Bulgaria is increasing. Proclamations have been issued calling upon the people to take arms.

THE Rev. Donald M'Caig, of Muckairn, is said to have definitely decided to come forward as a candidate for Argyleshire at the next election.

SIX Spanish refugees, convicted of having had relations with rebels in Spain, have been arrested in France and conveyed to the Swiss frontier.

MR. CAINE, M.P., when a commercial traveller in North Wales, was the only total abstainer on the journey; but now there are 400 enrolled in those parts.

It is claimed that the Missouri Botanical Gardens near St. Louis have a complete collection of living specimens of all the plants mentioned in the Bible.

TUESDAY, May 27th, has been appointed by the National Women's Christian Temperance Union a day of prayer for the country in view of the coming Presidential election.

It has been agreed by the authorities in Paris to purchase an estate in Algeria for use as an agricultural school for 200 indigent children. The probable cost of the estate is \$240,000.

In the trial of Krazewski and Hentch at Leipzig a report was read showing that a Polish society has existed in Paris since 1864 to effect, if possible, the independence of Poland.

THE Methodist and Independent ministers of Ripon have publicly complained because they were not allowed by the police to join in the procession at the funeral of the late bishop of Ripon.

THE Vatican has just granted permission to a publishing house at Pina to photograph and reproduce the portraits of the Popes in the very interesting "Chronologia Summorum Romanorum Pontificum."

MR. ROBERT CARTER, the head of the eminent Presbyterian firm of publishers in New York, has been exactly fifty years in business in that city, having opened his bookshop there on 1st April, 1834.

GERMANY produces yearly more new books than any other country. Recent returns declare the number brought out in 1883 as 14,802, while Great Britain produced 6,145, and the United States only 3,481.

A VOTE of want of confidence having been earned against the pastor of Princess Street Chapel, Northampton, it is proposed to found a Nonconformist Union Church, at which all who oppose Mr. Bradlaugh may worship together.

AN effort is being made by President Batolph, of St. Michael's College, the owner of the property, to raise \$6,000 to restore and preserve the San Miguel Church, in Santa Fe, New Mexico, which is over three centuries old.

DR. SOMERVILLE gave his lecture on "The Bible for the World" to a crowded audience, presided over by the lord provost, in the music hall at Aberdeen. His strong statement of the orthodox view of inspiration was loudly applauded.

THE death of the Duke of Beccles leaves Mr. Gladstone the last survivor of the Cabinet of Sir Robert Peel. In spite of their subsequent political estrangement, the Duke and Mr. Gladstone always remained on the most friendly terms.

THERE were forty-two coloured delegates at the Methodist General Conference, one Hindu, Ram Chandra Bose, one Eurasian, and missionaries from India, China and Italy. The coloured men made a fine appearance, some of them being able and interesting speakers.

THE committees in the present Methodist Conference in Philadelphia are said by the *Christian Advocate* to be doing the hardest labour of their lives. After mentioning some of the arduous duties, the editor adds: "All this with bad air, outside conversation, and table temptations."

THE manager of the Madrid *Progreso* was arrested for publishing an article on tyranny, which was considered by the ministry as an incitement to civil war. The culprit laughing in his sleeve, refused to divulge the name of the writer, and was sent to prison, where he would probably be now had not the Government suddenly discovered that the article in question was an extract from Macaulay.