

realms—these sluggards and triflers really seem to belong to another race, untouched by the inspirations that make life sublime. They have so little in common with true men, think so little and feel so little as true men think and feel, and that one almost hesitates to call them men. They burlesque the idea of a man, and whether most to pity or despise them it is difficult to determine.—*Dr. S. T. Spear in N. Y. Independent.*

AGREEING WITH EVERYBODY.

It is a source of pride to many people to feel that they "have not an enemy in the world;" and to the utterance of this bit of praise after their death, they look forward as to their noblest monument. An editor of an inoffensive American newspaper is said to have remarked: "I'm sure we ought to make money, for we never said anything against anybody." Mere amiability seemed to him the surest method of money-making; and to others it has seemed as certain a key to popularity, personal advancement, or even moral triumph. Even in school-day years one is sure to see some scholar striving to be liked by everybody, in consequence of a uniform treatment of all, good and bad alike; and all through the various stages of life the same unruffled, nerveless, sycophantic creature is ever to be found, in society, in politics, in business, in literature, in professional life.

In point of fact, it is utterly impossible for a man to agree with everybody, or to avoid making enemies, in some sense. If he has no opponents, it necessarily follows that he is either a hypocrite or a cipher. Some persons are so destitute of any real strength of character that no one cares what they think, and so no one takes the trouble to disagree with them. A person of strong convictions and sound moral sense must arouse opposition in a world not yet in a millennial condition. Such is the variety of tastes and opinions; such is the sincere difference of belief, even on the most fundamental subjects, such as the nature of God and the distinctions between right and wrong; such is the heterogeneous character of even the smallest social world, that no sincere person can avoid disagreement with a large number of those with whom he associates. If he seems always to agree with all, he is in the nature of things guilty of falsehood toward some. That constant courtesy which is always a duty need never be hypocritical. Servility and deceit are not courteous; they are in reality gross insults. He who professes agreement with opinions utterly divergent, practises deceit, throws a large share of his influence on the side of error, and weakens his own character. As George Eliot says, "his mind is furnished as hotels are, with everything for occasional and transient use."

It is evident that such a man must become more and more incapacitated for the performance of any sound reformatory work in the world. His moral force, and even his intellectual ability, becomes hopelessly weakened. He must be measured rather by the lowest level to which he sinks, than by the highest summit to which some more powerful spirit occasionally drags him. He is merely a member of society, which, according to the author just quoted, is "chiefly made up of human beings whose daily acts are all performed either in unreflecting obedience to custom and routine, or from immediate promptings of thought or feeling to execute an immediate purpose." Their immediate purpose is simply to be thought agreeable by the person with whom they have to do at the moment; and hence they have no kinship with the real helpers of the world, by whom every separate act is subordinated to a deliberate plan and a sound moral method.

Because we must deplorably fail if we attempt to agree with everybody, it by no means follows that we ought to show our independence by disagreeing with everybody. The perpetual cynic is as repulsive and injurious as the perpetual sycophant; for if the latter flatters the bad, the former denounces the good. The right method is to pursue a course of personal independence, remembering the old maxim which reminds us that Christ's service is true liberty. His is the only approbation we need. If we agree with him and

his laws, we must agree or disagree with men and measures just as they seem to us right or wrong. We should praise what we can, and blame what we must. If we are honest men, those who disagree with us will give us their respect, which is better than their liking. If we are dishonest, in order that we may say we have not an enemy in the world, we shall be likely to make good men our enemies, and to cause bad men to despise us.—*S. S. Times.*

"THE LAST SLEEP OF ARGYLE."

Such is the title of a painting by the late E. M. Ward, R.A. The subject is taken from the following anecdote of the Marquis of Argyle, who was beheaded on the 27th of May, 1661. A few hours before his execution, an intimate acquaintance who, from fear, had gone over to the persecuting party, called at the prison to see him. The jailer said that he could not admit him as the Marquis was then asleep. "He cannot be asleep so near his last hour," said the other. "Come, and see for yourself, then," answered the jailer, and taking him to his cell, he opened the door, and ushered him in. There—like Peter the night before his intended execution—Argyle, so soon to fall asleep in Jesus, lay sleeping as sweetly as ever babe slept in its mother's bosom. In great anguish of mind, the visitor went home and said to his family, "I have just seen a strange sight—Argyle sound asleep within a few hours of eternity. How different it is with me! From fear of man I have denied my Lord."

The painting referred to, is—excepting one or two slight defects—a very excellent one. It represents the Marquis asleep in a rude bed. Light comes in through a window at the head. The visitor stands at the foot gazing on him. Behind him is the jailer. The last named is in the shadow of the massy door. The light thus—according to a rule in historical painting—falls on the principal figures. In the background, through an open door, we see a table prepared for a meal. I may here remark that when Argyle's body was opened after death, it was found that the food which he had taken shortly before he suffered, was quite digested—a clear proof that the calmness which he showed in the closing scene was not merely outward.

"The Last Sleep of Argyle" is interesting on several accounts, apart from its merits as a work of art. It is so to Canadians. He, whose last sleep on earth it represents, was one of the ancestors of our Governor-General. Truly, it is a high honour to the Marquis of Lorne that on the roll of "the noble army of martyrs"—among whom are so many of Scotia's sons and daughters—the name of Argyle is found more than once. May he walk in the footsteps of his martyred ancestors, in so far as they walked in those of Christ. Most appropriate to him is the counsel in Voltaire's tragedy of *Zaire*:

"—songe du sang qui coule dans tes veines,
C'est le sang de martyrs."

("Think on the blood that flows in thy veins,
'Tis martyrs' blood.")

It is interesting to Presbyterians, yea to every lover of civil and religious liberty. Worthy to be had in reverence is the blue banner of the Covenant. With few exceptions, the Covenanters—notwithstanding their seeming gloominess, stubbornness, and harshness—were all noble men. Those of them who were also noblemen, have bestowed ten thousand times more glory on their titles than they have received from them. The Covenanters helped greatly to plant the tree of civil and religious freedom of whose pleasant fruit we now eat. Gratitude should, therefore, make us deal gently with them wherein they erred. In justice to them we should—as far as we can do so—in imagination, place ourselves in their circumstances. We should always act on this principle in judging the sayings and doings of our fellow beings. The subject of this paper is one of eight pictures which the artist painted for the British House of Commons. It adorns the corridor of that building. Pleasing it is to see one so highly honoured, who was sent by his enemies out of the world, because in their opinion "he was not fit to live." In one sense, this was true of him. He

was one "of whom the world was not worthy." The death of the artist—which took place towards the close of last year was a very sad one. He died by his own hand, it is said while in a state of insanity, the effect of bodily illness from which he had only partly recovered.—*Canada Presbyterian.*

ELEGANCE OF HOME.

I never saw a garment too fine for a man or maid; there never was a chair too good for a cobbler or a cooper, or a king to sit in; never a house too fine to shelter the human head. These elements about us, the glorious sky, the imperial sun, are not too good for the human race. Elegance fits man. But we do not value these tools for the housekeeping a little more than they are worth, and sometimes mortgage a house for the mahogany we would bring into it? I had rather eat my dinner off the head of a barrel, or dress after the fashion of John the Baptist in the wilderness; or sit on a block all my life, than consume all myself before I got to a home, and take so much pains with the outside that the inside was as hollow as an empty nut. Beauty is a great thing, but beauty of garment, house and furniture are tawdry ornaments compared with domestic love. All the elegance in the world will not make a home, and I would give more for a spoonful of real hearty love than for whole shiploads of furniture, and all the gorgeousness that all the upholsterers in the world could gather.—*Dr. Holmes.*

OATMEAL.

Oatmeal, now found on almost every gentleman's table, was a few years ago used exclusively by the Scotch and the Irish. Dr. Johnson, who in his hatred of the Scotch, lost no opportunity of saying a bitter word against them, defined oats as in Scotland food for Scotchmen, but in England food for horses.

"Yes," answered an indignant Scotchman, "where can you find such men as in Scotland, or such horses as in England?"

We have heard of a shrewd old Scotch mother, who used to make her family eat their oatmeal first, saying, "The bairn who eats the most porritch, will get the most meat after it." But the bairn who gained the prize always found himself too full to enjoy the meat.

It is mentioned in a most charming book, "The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay," that Carlyle, catching sight of Macaulay's face in repose, remarked, "Well, any one can see that you are an honest, good sort of a fellow, made out of oatmeal."

If oatmeal can make such men as Walter Scott, Dr. Chalmers, and Lord Macaulay, we may well heap high the porritch dish, and bribe our children to eat it. One thing we do know, that it is far better for the blood and brain than cake, confections, and the score of delicacies on which many pale little pets are fed by their foolishly fond mothers.

"The Queen's Own," a regiment of almost giants, recruited from the Scottish Highlands, are, as Carlyle said of Macaulay, "made of oatmeal." So boys who want height, and breadth and muscle, and girls who want rosy cheeks and physical vigor, should turn from hot bread and other indigestibles, to this food for Scotchmen and horses.—*Youth's Companion.*

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

He is no true friend who has nothing but compliments and praise for you.

He who gives up the smallest part of a secret has the rest no longer in his power.

Time never impairs the value of noble thoughts. They are indestructible.

We ought rather to act than to gaze—however brilliant the heavens may be.

Aim to an independence, solid, however small; no man can be happy, or even honest, without it.

True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others as you would love to be treated.

Nature is graceful; and affectation, with all art, can never produce anything half so pleasing.