

Our Contributors.

TWO MEN WHO GAVE THOUSANDS PLEASURE AND PROFIT

BY KNOXIAN.

Lately there passed away two men who possessed in a marvellous degree the power of giving pleasure and profit to their fellow-men. The one was John B. Gough and the other David Kennedy. Each was a master in his own line. Gough was king of the platform: Kennedy was king of Scottish song and story. Both died in harness. Finishing a stirring climax with the appeal, "Young men, keep your record clean," Gough fell back upon the platform and in a short time the eloquent voice was still. Kennedy was making his farewell tour through Ontario. He was taken ill in Toronto, but with true Scottish pluck pushed on West and kept his engagements. Arriving in Stratford, a city he loved well, and in which he had many friends, dangerous symptoms appeared. In a few hours he passed quietly away, while trying with faltering voice to join his family in singing, "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me." Farewell, thou king of Scottish song, farewell. Thy voice was manly: thine heart was true. Thousands the world over brushed away the rising tear when they heard that thy voice was still. Peace to thine ashes. Blessings on thy memory Scotia's great singer, farewell.

At first blush it may not seem apparent why two such names as Gough and Kennedy should be united. It is not to be said here that they were alike in all or even in many particulars. They were strikingly alike in one respect. They had in a marvellous degree the power of profiting and at the same time pleasing their auditors. They had the power, too, of doing this for many years; and, what is more singular than all else, they pleased and profited their auditors by using very much the same material all these years, and it was as fresh and powerful and pathetic at the end of a quarter of a century as at the beginning. The tenth time you heard Gough tell a story it was as fresh as the first time. We heard him tell the same story three times in one week, and we were glad when we saw him working up to it the third time. We have heard some of his lectures half a dozen times, and they were as enjoyable the last time as the first. Who would say that he did not care to hear Gough lecture on "Orators and Oratory," or on "Circumstances," because he had heard it before? Having heard him once was a reason why most people wanted to hear him again.

It was exactly the same with Kennedy. His "Scots wha hae" never lost its power. "The March of the Cameron Men" never failed to stir the blood. The "Land o' the Leal" always started the tears. Nor did his stories ever become stale by the telling. The fine touches were always there and always touched. How many are there among one's brightest friends that can tell the same thing three times to the same people with undiminished interest on the part of the people. The first time it is good; the second time it is not so good, the third time it is stale. Kennedy could tell the same story a hundred times, and the hundredth time it would be as fresh as the first. Probably the reason was because Kennedy put his soul into it every time. Neither speech nor song can touch the heart of an auditor unless it first touches the heart of the speaker or singer. The thought that burns in one heart soon kindles other hearts.

Gough and Kennedy resembled each other in the vividness and permanency of the impressions they made. No man whose head was not made of wood ever forgot all that he heard Gough say in a lecture. Twenty odd years ago, we heard Gough give his course of lectures on the "Lights and Shadows of London Life." We hear him now. We see the carriages rolling along through Hyde Park, and see the Englishmen stop and uncover as her Majesty passes. We see the inside of the House of Commons, and can recognize Gladstone, Bright, Disraeli and others, from the word-picture Gough drew of them. We still see the London post office as he painted it; the crowd rushing up to the window to mail matter, as the time for closing draws near; the window coming down at the moment when a letter is half through, "and only the half that is in goes." We hear the Cockney and the Northumberland man talk, and see the street arabs steal.

Years ago we heard Kennedy sing four verses of the sixty-eighth psalm, beginning at the eighteenth verse.

Thou hast, O Lord, most glorious,
Ascended up on high.

"Warwick" was the tune. We hear him singing the first tune now. At the evening service he sang the second paraphrase to "Evan." We hear him still. Probably we may hear that psalm and paraphrase as sung by the Kennedy family among the last things we hear on earth. How is it that the sayings and the songs of some people make an indelible impression, whilst the same thing said or sung by another is not remembered? second? May there not be some subtle laws of expression that have not yet been discovered? Might not an exhaustive inquiry into this subject be as useful as killing extinct Satans, or exploding heresies two thousand years old? The man who never said anything anybody heard with pleasure, or remembered ten minutes, may always be relied on to say that he and everybody else speaks quite well enough. Those of us who have felt the tremendous difference there is between the same thing said by different men, don't think so.

How is it that there are so few speakers one can find it a real pleasure to hear? There is an increasing number of singers that one can listen to with profit and pleasure. We hear some every Sabbath we are at home. May the number increase a hundred-fold over all this country. But how many speakers has Ontario, at the bar, in parliament, or in the pulpit, that it is a genuine treat to hear? Many there are that one may hear with great profit. That is the main thing; let us be thankful for that. But unless all appearances are deceptive, we have struck a period when people like immensely well to take their profiting pleasantly. That seems to be a characteristic of our age. There is no sort of sense in quarrelling with this characteristic. It will not help the age for an ordinary man to curse it.

Years ago, an esteemed citizen of Dundas told us that he always liked to serve on juries when the late William Hume Blake was on circuit. So charming was Mr. Blake's eloquence that our friend—a most intelligent man—was willing to sit on a board and breathe courthouse air to hear him plead! How many men are there at the Ontario bar to-day that anybody would make that sacrifice to hear?

Well indeed it is for us that truth can be conveyed in tones that are the reverse of pleasant. Much good may be done in a manner that does not please—yes sometimes in a manner that offends. Still the fact remains that the judicious mingling of profit and pleasure of the right kind is a good thing. Thanks for every man that gives us profit and pleasure combined.

CO-ORDINATE CAUSES IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF MIND.

BY F. C.

II.—FRIENDSHIP.

Wherein does friendship differ from love? Friendship is the outcome of love, and a particular form of it, or friendship, is the mutual intimacy which arises between two who love one another; but the one does in several respects differ from the other. Love seizes upon us suddenly without giving warning, and our disposition or our weakness favours the surprise. One look, one glance from the fair, fixes and determines us. Friendship, on the contrary, is a long time in forming; it is of slow growth, through many trials and months of familiarity. How much wit, good nature, indulgence, how many good offices and civilities are required among friends to accomplish in some years what a lovely face does in a minute! Besides, while it may exist in different degrees in all, love is one in its character, one in its operations. In all love breathes the same sentiment, and speaks the same language. It is the endless source of new gratifications, nor amid the varied relations of life can we find the same amount or the same high degree of happiness. Spenser speaks of each kind with such justice, and attributes the highest praise to friendship.

Hard is the doubt and difficult to deem,
When all three kinds of love together meet;
And do disport the heart with power extreme,
Whether shall weigh the balance down; to wit,
The deep affection unto kindred sweet,
Or raging fire of love to womankind,
Or zeal of friends, combined by virtues, meet;
But, of them all, the bond of virtuous mind,
Methinks, the gentle heart should most assured bind,

Again, some separate friendship from love, and say the former is superior to the latter, but in our opinion love, as it ought to be, combines all the purity and strength of friendship with all the tenderness and ardour peculiar to itself. In short it is friendship, with several additional elements, concentrated on one object! What a cold world this would be without the benignant influence of love! It affords solace to our bleeding hearts and heightens our joy. It makes flowers spring up in our path, though it cannot uproot the thorns.

But happy they! the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes and their beings blend.
'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace; but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love;
Where friendship full exerts its softest power,
Perfect esteem, enlivened by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundless confidence; for naught but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.

Friendship cannot, indeed, exist apart from love any more than there can be light and heat without the sun; or, friendship is truly the extension of love, which wells up in the inner and outer life of man under various aspects. The first aspect of love which we note is the friendship between husband and wife. No condition of mind is so exquisitely tender as that which arises out of being united together by the silken ties of genuine love. When this passion gains the ascendant in the heart, the feelings are wrought into a fine sensibility which nothing can produce but the contact of two minds in unselfish attachment.

This passion toward each other, when once well fixed, enters into the very constitution of the mind and the offices of kindness flow as easily and silently as the blood in the veins. The exchange of looks touches the heart with pleasure, the furtive glance of the eye enkindles the affections into a fine glow, the tones of the voice are music to the ear and gladness to the inmost soul, and everything about the beloved object has a something which charms the lover. He is all ear, he is all eye, and his or her heart is accessible at every point, or ten thousand avenues lead to the seat of their affections; and when this affection is enjoyed in the most sublime degree, they sweeten each other's existence into supreme happiness. If the one is in sorrow, the other doubles his or her kindness and caresses; if surrounded by company, they wish them all gone that they may be at freedom for dalliance—not that they cannot enjoy society—they, of all others, are best able to extract the sweets of social relation, or to feast on the entertainments of friendship—but still they find greater delight in the softness and endearments of conjugal love.

They lov'd; but such their guileless passion was,
As in the dawn of time informed the heart
Of Innocence and undissembling Truth.
'Twas friendship, heightened by the mutual wish;
Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,
Beamed from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer self;
Supremely happy in the awakening power
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,
Still in harmonious intercourse they lived
The rural day, and talked the flowing heart,
Or sighed and look'd unutterable things.

No friendship can be compared with the friendship formed between a man and woman whose hearts are knitted in virtuous love. Brothers and sisters regard each other as different from themselves, and as having separate interests; but husband and wife are "one flesh" and have only one interest. Their susceptibilities wrap themselves around each other's mind, or interweave themselves into each other's feelings—they grow into one inseparable existence. Their mutual affection may lose its buoyancy, but it will gain in strength; it may lose its transports, but it will settle down into constant ardour.

For natural affection soon doth cease;
And quench'd is with Cupid's greater flame;
But faithful friendship doth them both surpass,
And them with mastering discipline doth tame
Through thoughts aspiring to eternal fame.
For, as the soul doth rule the earthly mass,
And the service of the body frame,
So love of soul doth love of body pass,
No less than perfect gold surmounts the meanest brass.

As viewed in the light of experience in the matter, as well as in the light of observation, and reason thereon, it is said by an eminent writer of the fair sex that friendship is the perfection of the soul. The