

fearing education, they know not why. It is true that a long continued course of evil hardens them, unfits them for receiving good impressions; but good expands the mind and thus makes room for more.

Such people are more easily touched through their feelings, callous though they may be. No amount of calm reasoning would convince them of the right or wrong of a thing, while they are easily affected by some simple and touching anecdote. Unscrupulous men take advantage of this peculiar impressibility and obstinacy. Communists, Atheists, and even political parties appeal to the feelings of the people, excite their emotions by vivid illustrations and finely drawn pictures, while the arguments they advance are so glaringly invalid that no educated person would dream of accepting them. Yet the tide of passion thus set in motion would overflow the most invincible barriers that reason could rear to stem its flood. Swift's "Drapier Letters" form one of many such instances. The people of this class have not yet learned to exercise their wills in order that they may put themselves beyond the power of such.

To an educated mind any impression that is opposed to reason is never for one moment entertained. A man must think seriously of a thing before he is fully convinced of its truth. An idea may be worked out by men of culture and deep thinking powers, and a correct impression of it formed; but, until this is done, they are not satisfied as to its truth and reason. If action does not immediately follow an impression it becomes dim, and in a little while is liable to be forgotten. Procrastination is one of the crying evils of the age. How many true and beautiful thoughts are lost before the possessor finds time to write them down. How many unselfish and kindly actions are not performed because the would be actor is too late.

The will governs the mind to a very great extent, it limits or extends its impressibility, and so controls the feelings that an aching heart may often be concealed under a smiling countenance.

The mind is sometimes so effectually steeled against any possibility of influence that the most striking idea fails to be impressive.

## Literary Items.

THE cable announces the death of the widow of Charles Dickens.

MISS COLENZO, a daughter of the Bishop of Natal, is engaged in writing a history of the late Zulu war.

"THE whole of Italy is expressed in the word Dante," says Victor Hugo, "and the whole of England in the word Shakespeare. It is literature that makes nations great."

ARTHUR GILMAN, the Chaucer scholar, is about to publish a work called "Shakespeare's Morals," in which he will aim to show by parallel passages that the poet's indebtedness to the Bible was large. A chapter on the genius of Shakespeare will be added.

TENNYSON'S "Harold" has found a German translator in Count Albrecht von Wichenburg, who will publish his translation this autumn at Hamburg. Longfellow has long been a popular poet in Germany, where his works are eagerly translated and read. The "Golden Legend" will shortly be added to the number of these translations. The translator is the Baroness Hohenhausen.

MESSRS. BELL have in press a "History of the Precious Metals" by Mr. Alexander Del Mar, member of the United States Monetary Commission of 1876, in which the author traces the history of the stock of coined silver and gold now in the possession of civilized states from the earliest period. Since the publication of Mr. Wm. Jacob's work on the subject in 1831, no book covering the same ground has appeared in England.

WILLIAM BLACK is a very rapid writer. There are fabulous stories told of the amount of leader writing which he could accomplish in his days of journalistic work. In writing novels he seems to sit down with all his matter in his head, and only the actual work of penmanship to do, so that he can write straight on. He will take perhaps a week of what ignorant mortals might consider idleness, and then in a day or two write out all that had accumulated in his mind. He seldom works two days in succession, even when in the midst of a novel, as the strain of this continuous work is too great.