

country cousin, the clever young student who coins smart but cutting epigrams at the expense of his slow witted friend, the village loafer who spits tobacco juice on the sidewalk and makes comments as the ladies pass; the steamboat nuisance, who, without shame or apology, puffs his tobacco smoke into faces of his fellow passengers; the would-be blase youth who stares at modest people in the concert or lecture hall; the foppish exquisite who lifts his hat to the lady whom he meets on the street crossing, and, at the same time, crowds her into the mud; the robust athlete who, with face buried in his paper, sits in the street car while the panting, asthmatic old gentleman in front of him clings feebly to the overhead rope—all these have, for the moment at least, committed the sin of vulgarity.

An earmark of the vulgar is a passion for effect seen in ostentatious display. In his delightful little sketch, "The Country Church," Washington Irving contrasts the department of "the unpretending great and the arrogant little." The nobleman's family came to church on foot and through the fields, mingling freely with the people, well but quietly dressed, and betrayed no consciousness of their rank. The family of the newly-rich drove to worship in two carriages with outriders and footmen, horses urged and checked until they were fretted to a foam; clothes of the most fetching character, demeanor an attempt at frigid dignity mingled with strutting pomposity. It is an observation old as human frailty that wealth without refinement "plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven as would make angels weep." But while the vulgarity of ostentation is chiefly noticeable among those who have money enough to expose themselves, it is found among all classes of society. The rich girl who covers her fingers with diamonds and orals, the poor girl who tricks herself out in cheap jewellery, the summer girl who wears her jewels while bathing on the beach, the dude in his loud dress, the minister who prints his long list of honorary titles on his envelopes and cards, the newly-fledged graduate who interrupts his old father to patronizingly set him right in his science or history; all these meet on a common ground when we properly class them as vulgar.

A sure badge of vulgarity is its gross materialism. The most vulgar man mentioned in Scripture is the rich fool who congratulated his soul on having "much goods laid up for many years." His ideal was enough property to enable him to take his ease, to eat, drink and be merry. The heaven of the truly vulgar is a bread and butter paradise. The kingdom of the vulgar has for its aristocracy, not philanthropists, scholars or poets, but multi-millionaires. Its favorite motto is, "In gold we trust," and its working principle, "A man's life consisteth in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." Not that all vulgar mammon worshippers have the brutal cynicism of Tennyson's Northern

Farmer. They may not, like him, go so far as to say, "The poor in a loomp is bad." They may not tell their son to marry for money, but they surely counsel him "to go where money is." And if the son should, like the old farmer's boy, fall in love with the poor parson's daughter, mammon worshippers, male and female, will agree with the verdict of Tennyson's old couple, "We boath on us think tha an ass." To value property rather than person, to set wealth above manhood, to prize a man for what he has rather than for what he is, to think more

## SHAMGAR, OR OX-GOAD RELIGION.

BY REV. JOHN MORRISON.

THE period of the judges is a remarkable record of human character. Strong men and noble women march, and counter-march, across the battlefield of life, made sacred by the visitations of God. Each one has left his or her imprint shadow upon the sensitized plate in the Divine camera manipulated by hands human, and in the fiercely concentrated light of that day,



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of a neighbor's bank account than of his character; these are infallible signs of vulgarity.

The fourth sign by which a vulgar man may be known is his overbearing manner in dealing with inferiors or subordinates. It is a sad reflection on the average British officer when one is singled out by his men as "a perfect gentleman" because he closed the door behind him on leaving their barracks. In South Africa, Lord Roberts scrupulously acknowledged the salute of every private whom he met; some lieutenants failed to return the salute of their own men. The Commander-in-chief showed the spirit of a refined gentleman; the subalterns in question show the spirit of the vulgar boor. An English workman relates how graciously our King and Queen greeted him in the public park, and how, on the same day his employer, meeting him on the street, was careful to look the other way. Such is the "courtesy of kings," compared with the arrogance of upstarts. The foreman who, "dressed in a little brief authority," bullies his men; the teacher who plays the petty tyrant in the school, the safely-seated government official who displays "the insolence of office," the mistress who despises her domestic servant; these, and all who are like them, must be described as vulgar.

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their photograph has been printed, and from the rolling centuries, stands sharply outlined. Those of Deborah, and Barak, of Gideon, and Samson, were time exposures, in which we have a kinetoscopic view covering much time in each life; that of Shamgar is an instantaneous photograph, but so sharply outlined is he in that flash he shall stand as a model, a pattern to all generations, as one who used his chance and commonplace weapon without counting cost and won a great victory. The same was always been, and is now, current among those who say, "I had no chance," or "my tools were no good." The poor ploughman says, "I have a poor plough." The poor carpenter, "I have a dull saw." The poor penman, "I have a poor pen." Such chronic grumblers can never hope to engrave their names high on the entablature of God's temple of fame.

What chance, without weapons of war, had David the shepherd lad, on the Bethlehem hills; or Samson surrounded by Philistines; or the priests before Jericho's walls? but once to each the door swung open. David, on a commissariat trip to the army, meets the giant and, sling in hand, lays him low. Samson clutches the jaw-bone of an ass and with it slays one thousand men. The priests blow their trumpets and Jericho's walls are ruins.

Shamgar did not hide behind the deso-