

no anxiety, no fear concerning the future of herself or her bairns. It was assured.

"Auntie," said Walter's earnest voice at her side, "are you vexed about anything?"

She turned about and lifted him to her knee, and made answer, more to herself than to him:

"My cup runneth over."

(To be continued.)

WORDS OF WISDOM ABOUT WORDS.

YOU may tame the wild beast; the conflagration of the American forest will cease when all the timber and dry wood is consumed; but you cannot arrest the progress of that cruel word which you uttered carelessly yesterday or this morning.—*F. W. Robertson.*

I HATE anything that occupies more space than it is worth. I hate to see a load of handboxes going along the street, and I hate to see a parcel of big words without anything in them.—*Hausli.*

WOMAN's tongue is her sword, which she never lets rust.—*Madame Necker.*

A FOOL's heart is in his tongue; but a wise man's tongue is in his heart.—*Quarles.*

IN the use of the tongue God hath distinguished us from beasts, and by the well or ill using it we are distinguished from one another; and, therefore, though silence be innocent as death, it is rather the state of death than life.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

SUCH as thy words are, such will thy affections be esteemed; and such will thy deeds as thy affections; and such thy life as thy deeds.—*Socrates.*

SOCRATES SCHOLASTICUS reports the story of one Pambo, a plain, ignorant man, who came to a learned man, and desired him to teach him some psalm or other. He began to read unto him the thirty-ninth Psalm, "I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue." Having passed this first verse, Pambo shut the book, and took his leave, saying that he would go learn that point first. When he had absented himself for the space of some months, he was demanded by his reader when he would go forward? He answered that he had not yet learned his old lesson; and he gave the very same answer to one that asked the like question forty-nine years after.—*Spencer.*

BAD words are as influential as the plague and the pestilence. They have wrought more evil than battle, murder, and sudden death. They creep through the ear into the heart, call up all its bad passions, and tempt it to break God's commandments. A few bad words got into the ear of the mother of mankind; and they led her on to eat the forbidden fruit, and thus to bring death into the world.—*Melridge.*

XANTHUS, expecting some friends to dine with him, ordered his servant Æsop to provide the best things the market could supply. Course after course was served, each consisting of tongue. "Did I not order you," said Xanthus, in a violent passion, "to buy the best victuals the market afforded?" "And have I not obeyed your orders?" said Æsop. "Is there anything better than a tongue? Is not the tongue the bond of civil society, the organ of truth and reason, and the instrument of our praise and adoration of the gods?" Xanthus ordered him to go again on the morrow, and buy the worst things he could find. Æsop went, and again he purchased tongues, which were served as before. "What! tongues again?" exclaimed Xanthus. "Most certainly," rejoined Æsop; "the tongue is surely the worst thing in the world. It is the instrument of all strife and contention, the inventor of lawsuits and the source of division and wars, it is the organ of error, of lies, calumny, and blasphemies."

"AVAILABLE" MANUSCRIPTS.

Some months since the Easy Chair endeavoured to soothe the minds of authors who are naturally disappointed by the return of their manuscripts by a plain narration of the facts in a recent case, where the writer was sure that the editor had been caught tripping, and had even returned a paper without reading it. Indeed, there seems to be a wide-spread suspicion that this particular wrong to the author is very common, and manuscripts are often received for examination with dexterous little devices to test the actuality of the examination. This fact enables the Easy Chair to remind poets and other kind contributors that they have not probably found it necessary to read Pollok's "Course of Time" from the first word to the last to determine whether it was a poem to their taste, and to suggest that a few pages of Tupper undoubtedly authorized them to pronounce upon his comparative merit with Milton and Shakespeare. Is it really necessary to read every page in a book to discover that it is not worth reading?

If a manuscript of five hundred pages or less, therefore, be intrusted to the editor for examination, it is not necessary for him to ponder every page in order to reach a satisfactory opinion of its suitability. So if the stitch ingeniously inserted from pages forty to fifty be intact with the manuscript returned, it does not demonstrate that the editor has betrayed his trust. In the instance to which the Easy Chair has alluded the author cited dates and postmarks to prove that the paper had been returned without examination. The author was undoubtedly of that opinion, but a few plain words from the editor were conclusive upon the point that it had been carefully considered, and had been declined for reasons perfectly satisfactory to the editor. To complain that they are satisfactory to him is to complain that he is himself and not another. For it will perhaps occur to every writer who sends a paper for consideration that he sends it because he thinks it to be peculiarly suitable for publication in the Magazine, and consequently, if the judgment of the author should decide, it might be properly assumed that everything which is submitted would be accepted. In that event the

world would not contain the volumes of magazines that must be printed.

But the Easy Chair has never alleged that articles are accepted or declined solely upon their abstract merits. On the contrary, any such judgment is carefully disclaimed, and it is announced plainly that the verdict is rendered solely upon the ground of availability. The Easy Chair is of opinion that the editor would have returned Jonathan Edward's treatise upon the will had it been offered for serial publication in the Magazine, but solely for the reason that he did not think it to be suitable for the Magazine. So if the correspondent's epic, or lyric, or essay, or sketch, or tale, or whatever his offering may have been, was returned, it was not because it was thought not to be meritorious, but because it was not available.—*George William Curtis, in Harper's Magazine for February*

THE OLD WEAVER.

The weaver sat in the dying light;
"At last," he said, "I have finished my piece;
The restless shuttle may stay its flight,
The clinkity-clackity loom may cease,
For I am weary in every limb,
My hands are cold, and my eyes are dim.

"Long have I sat in the sun and gloom,
Weaving the wonderful web of life;
Long have I treadled the restless loom,
In joy and sorrow, in peace and strife,
Throwing the shuttle from day to day,
Weaving my life in my 'piece' away.

"I know not how I will stand the test,
For the Master's eye is very clear.
The warp was not of the kind that's best,
The weft was tangled and rough, I fear;
It is marred, no doubt, with many a knot,
With many a break that I've forgot.

"But the Master also is very just;
He knows I have done the best I could;
That the weaver's hand was only dust,
The yarn that he worked with not all good;
He knows I have toiled from youth to age,
And I'm sure he will pay me my full wage.

"Some only work with a cotton thread,
And sit all day in the weaving-room;
Some work with the fleecy wool instead,
And some have the richest silk in loom;
Wool, cotton, or silk, none need to care,
If only the work be good and fair.

"So I sit to-night in the waning light,
And my life sinks low with the setting sun.
My weary hands and my failing sight
Tell me the web of my life is done.
Give me, O Master so good and true!
My wage—and some better work to do."

—*Amelia E. Barr.*

WAITING.

The day of life is waning fast,
And the darkness draweth nigh;
I am waiting for the message
That will wait my soul on high.

Waiting in the land of Beulah,
Watching by the river chill;
Dread, yet longing to pass over,
When it is my Saviour's will.

Land of Beulah! How delightful!
Oft I catch a ray of light,
Glimpse of that celestial glory
Where the Lord himself's the light.

There, within that golden city,
Is my mansion bright and fair;
There the robe that Jesus gives me,
And the crown that I shall wear.

There the friends who've gone before me
I shall see and know and love.
Jesus is the Sun, the glory,
He is all other friends above.

St. Mary's, Ont.

M. MOSCIP.

CONVULSING A CONGREGATION.

The Rev. Dr. Charles S. Robinson contributes to "Open Letters," in the February *Century*, a humorous protest against "Artistic Help in Divine Service" as too frequently rendered by church choirs. In part he says: "What is the real purpose of the American Board, or of any one of our churches, in the act of singing in divine service? Is it to render a 'musical thought' adequately, or to give a poetic sentiment fitting expression? Once when I was preaching in a church beside the Hudson River, in May, the busiest month of the fishing season, I gave out the hymn, 'Jesus lover of my soul.' The leader set it to a tune which, for the sake of some man's 'musical thought,' repeated half of the final line, 'When I heard the first verse, I shrank with consternation in frightful prospect of the second, for the movement ran thus: 'Oh, receive—Oh, receive—Oh, receive my soul at last.' That did no harm, it was simply unnecessary. But the next was awful. When I repeat it, it will be supposed a joke, although I am writing in sad earnest of a fact which almost destroyed my service. 'Cover my defenceless head—with the shad—with the shad with the shad—ow of thy wing.' The whole congregation stirred with irrepressible laughter. Must we all be forced to stand this?"

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

ABOUT 1,000 letters and telegrams reached Mr. Gladstone on his last birthday.

TWO members of a party of burglars recently apprehended in London were women, attired as men.

FAILURE to pass a school examination was sufficient cause for the suicide of an overstrained Minnesota student.

ONE of Lord Fitzwilliam's daughters remounted and continued hunting lately after having been dragged in the stirrup.

LORD WALTER CAMPBELL, son of the Duke of Argyll, enjoys the distinction of being the first lord to become a London broker.

DR. ONCKEN, who has been the most prominent Baptist preacher in Germany, is dead. He was in the eighty-fourth year of his age.

BROOKLYN has adopted the system of supplying its school children with free books. \$75,000 worth of books will be received every year.

ACCORDING to recent statistics suicide is greatly increasing in Germany. The *Gegenwart* attributes it to the increase of pessimism.

MR. PLUNKETT, England's new Minister to Japan, is married to a Philadelphia lady. He is a Roman Catholic and brother to the late Earl of Fingal.

THIRTY-THREE thousand deaths occurred from diphtheria in the province of Karkof, in the southern part of European Russia, between the years 1878 and 1882.

A NEW violinist from Prague named Ondrizek is creating a sensation in Vienna. He is said to approach Paganini nearer than any other violinist that has appeared.

ON Christmas eve the chief streets of St. Petersburg were for the first time illuminated by electricity, the brilliant light, according to Russian papers, turning night into day.

COUNT NANSKI, who blew out his brains at Monte Carlo recently, was well known on the boulevards in Paris. He lost a hundred thousand francs at the gaming table in one night.

THE ground on which an Iowa man asks for a divorce is that his wife is a drunkard; and the peculiarity of the complaint is its specification that she acquired the habit of intemperance while tending bar in his own saloon.

A MAN in Nebraska City is actively promoting starvation by giving away flour to the poor. He distributes it in sacks, one to every purchaser of 100 drinks at his bar; and, under the circumstances, the winners are bound to be losers.

A SHOEMAKER in Stamford, Conn., has occupied the same bench in the same shop for so many years that he has three times worn away the part of the floor where his feet had rested, and puts on a new half sole of leather over the hole every year.

A DUTCH engineer named Von Braam has received a concession from the Portuguese Government to lay a submarine cable from Lisbon to the Azores, and thence to New York and Cuba. He thinks his cable can be made profitable at half a franc a word.

THE Spanish Cortes have just voted the sum of \$180,000 for the purchase of the Duke of Osuna's library. The manuscripts number 2,770 volumes, and the printed books 32,567 volumes, besides 660 separate sheets and a number of prints arranged in series.

AT a recent sale at the Hôtel Drouot, in Paris, some early editions of French classics fetched high prices. La Fontaine's "Contes et Nouvelles en Vers" (1762), 9,005 francs; Molière's works, in two volumes (1666), 2,560 francs; "Gil Blas," in four volumes (1715-35), 1,000 francs.

THE *Boston Post* says: "Two young doctors were recently comparing notes in the office of a well-known hotel in this city, and one of them was heard to say: 'In a case of that kind you use (a certain drug) and it will have (a certain effect) or it won't, I am not sure which!'"

THE Duke of Abercorn has thirteen titles, each of which represents a separate peerage; the Marquis of Bute has fifteen, the Dukes of Argyll and Buccleugh have each sixteen, the Duke of Hamilton seventeen, and the Duke of Athol, with twenty-three, stands top of the tree.

NO bureau of the Government exceeds in importance the United States Patent Office. From the start it has been self-sustaining, and now has an unexpended balance to its credit of about \$2,500,000. This money is the result of fees paid by inventors to secure the patents which protect their inventions.

ROBERT BUCHANAN, the poet and novelist, is suffering from an attack of gastric fever. His illness has retarded the publication of his new volume of poems, which will contain the finest and most recent work of his pen. It will be entitled "The Great Problem, or, Six Days and a Sabbath."

ALTOGETHER, 1883 was a far better year than the English agriculturalist had known for a long time, the very low price of wheat prevents farmers from experiencing much advantage from it. Large numbers are holding on to their wheat, hoping for a rise (which is very unlikely to come), and have not threshed it.

L'Impartial, a journal of Chaux-de-Fonds, says that a quack was lately arrested there in whose possession were found letters from Tourgueniev asking for advice. The poet was in constant consultation with the best doctors, but could not resist the impulse to try medicines which were given to him with a charm attached.

A LARGE panther is said to have been seen during the last two months on Wm. Mountain from near Lucerne to Rocky Gap, Md. So far only one or two sheep have been carried off by him, and he is thought to be subsisting on wild animals. His haunts are in the deepest ravines, and very few of the farmers venture to hunt for the animal.