

Notches on The Stick

Dr. J. M. Buckley, of the New York Christian Advocate, has the following, in the issue of May 6th:

BOOKS NEVER THINK.

A sentence from Charles Lamb floats through the papers, which will lead many a weak or untutored mind astray: 'I dream away my life in other men's minds. When I am not walking I am reading; I cannot sit and think. Books think for me.' The man who allows books to do his thinking weakens his mind and often packs his memory with dangerous errors. No one should ever read a line in advance of the deliberate exercise of his judgment upon its meaning and limitations; unless, as is very often the case, the production is "light as a puff of empty air."

Careless readers and even writers, are common enough to a certainty; and a reflective mind of the order supposed above, is an agent not quite so common. But we question if the judicial attitude is the wisest one for the majority of readers, and we have found some to sit in judgement on an author without apprehending his particular meaning, much less without comprehending his scope. A real reader chooses his books as a wise man does his friends, not only for their acknowledge worth and character, but also their adaptation to himself. Lamb had Shakespeare and the dramatists, Hooker, Burton and Sidney for his authors, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and others of a starry group for his companions, and he naturally felt that he naturally felt that he might look up to them. But if ever there was a man of unique independence in the matters of thought and expression it was he who uttered the above sentiment, though he therein lays down no exact rule for anybody. But as a genial man does not sit in judgement on that which falls from the lips of a revered friend at the fireside; so Lamb did not take any such attitude toward a revered author. He surrendered himself, drank in the richness the other gave, and experienced the profit in the pleasure. I think this is what Mrs. Browning meant in the well known lines:

'I sat on in my chamber green,
And lived my life, and thought my thoughts, and
prayed
My prayers without the vicar; read my books
Without considering whether they were fit
To do me good. Mark there. We get no good
By being ungenerous even to a book,
And calculating profits... so much help
From so much reading. It is rather when
We gloriously forget ourselves, and plunge
Soul forward, headlong, into a book's profound,
Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth—
'Tis then we get the right good from a book.

The result of this rhyme, if it is just the truth, is this—that all intellectual profit does not come to the mind by the deliberate formal exercise of the judgement; but by submerging yourself in the mind of the author, and absorbing from him the qualities with which he is pregnant. Different minds will have different methods in the accretion and manifestation of thought; and there are mental processes which are semi-involuntary and subconscious, so that minds, truly living, will quietly deal with the substance of an author absorbed at some time subsequent to the reading.

Dr. Buckley, it seems to us, had not taken into his consideration sufficiently the whimsicality of Lamb's temperament and the peculiarities of his literary style; and, in consequence, does not interpret his meaning justly. He errs in the strictness of his rendering. We cannot think Lamb will do much toward confirming the habit of careless and thoughtless reading. Homes in his poem "On Lending A Punch Bowl," expresses at least a partial truth:

Hasst thou a drunken soul?
Thy base is in thy shallow skull, not in my silver bowl.

And so we believe that he who can be misled to his injury by Lamb's words have quoted, has a mind "weak" and "untutored" indeed, and has his foolish bent to thank if he remains an intellectual weakling.

The poetical address to "Canada's distinguished litterateur. James M. Lemoine," herewith given, is a worthy tribute from one man of gentle and noble instincts to another. We take pleasure in writing over against the name of Sir. James Lemoine the name of George Martin:

Knighthood.

I.
The knights of old, as we are told,
With sword and lance and dazzling shield,
Rode forth to seek the battle field,
Accounting glory more than gold.

II.
Thus, breathing fight, in armor dight,
Each met the foe man hand to hand,
And ready with his flashing brand;
He slashed and swore with all his might.

III.
Again, more wise, in princely guise,
He sallies forth to right old wrong,
Defend the weak against the strong,
His couch, the earth, his roof, the skies.

IV.
And they meet, in gallant heat,
At tilt and tournament, where Love
Unleashed within a lady's glove,
Adds splendor to each thrilling feat.

Much in Little

Is especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medicine ever contained so great curative power in so small space. They are a whole medicine.

Hood's Pills

chest, always ready, always efficient, always satisfactory; prevent a cold or fever, cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, constipation, etc. See. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

V.
Proclaimed the prize, abroad he flies,
And while incessant plaudits ring
He fans fair cheeks with viewless wing,
And takes his fee in smiles and sighs.

VI.
Long vanished, long, that courtly throng,
The knight of Arthur's table round,
Their neighing steeds that pawed the ground,
Long hushed the bard's triumphal song.

VII.
Romantic age, though hard and sage
Have planted roses on thy tomb
That till the end of time shall bloom,
Thy record is a crimson page.

VIII.
From this today we turn away
And greet with pride the nobler knights
Who stand on Learning's tranquil heights
Shaping the great world's destiny.

IX.
O' sterling coin, most fit to join
This circle of the chosen few,
Magnanimous of soul and true,
Is Canada's revered Lemoine.

X.
His laurel crown provokes no frown,
No politician's rule has won
Distinction for her honored son,
No crooked path has soiled his gown.

XI.
Her woodland bowers her birds and flowers
Are grateful to the wizard's hand
That heightens with its magic wand
Their beauties in the vernal hours.

XII.
By lake and stream he loves to dream,
And quaint Quebec's historic muse—
Who guards the heights—will never lose
Remembrance of his choicest theme.

XIII.
Unslung knight, though change and blight
May mar the scenes that give thee joy,
No rust of time can e'er destroy
Thy genius or obscure its light.

Greece the centre of all eyes, is at the present time the attraction of poets and novelists. Halleck emulated Byron in spirited song in the day of Bozaris, and Watson has turned his harp in praise of brave little Hellas. But Kipling, we learn has gone there as the Times' correspondent, at a right smart figure. Stephen Crane is on the ground, and Mr. Richard Harding Davis will soon be, where glory or defeat waits the soldiers of King George, and all in pursuit of their vocation as literary men. "Mr. Crane," supposes the critic, "will probably not describe the real battles he sees any better than the imaginary ones that he has written about."

Among the literary curios in the possession of Richard Stoddard, the poet are some quite covetable. The original manuscript of Tennyson's "Tears, Idle Tears," a page of "Oliver Twist," the torn manuscript of a poem by Burns, the manuscript of Lowell's "The Courtin," and many of the manuscripts of Bryant, Taylor and Stedman, being of the number.

Col. John Hay, the new U. S. minister to the Court of St. James, in a speech at Southampton, where he was most cordially received, said,—"I come to work for the welfare of my country, and it is my profound conviction that this can best be served by promoting a cordial feeling between both countries." Good, and true, and briefly put! The line of literary men who have represented the United States at the Courts of England and of Europe,—Hawthorne, Lowell, Phelps, Bruce, Bayard, etc.—have had much to do in the work of binding the continents together by ties of sympathy, amenity, and mutual understanding. To this rule we think Col. Hay will form no exception.

Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts after a brief visit to his home at Fredericton, returned again to New York, where he is for the summer to pursue his editorial and literary labors. PASTOR FELIX.

THAT FUNNY OLD WOMAN.

The Insurance man had met her Outside the Realm of Fancy.

'Novelist have always taken liberties with the funny little old woman,' said the insurance man, 'but I've had my experience with one in real life. She happened to be going from one depot to another at the same time that I did, and had no hesitancy in asking me to lend her my arm, precisely as though she had me under salary for rendering just that sort of service.'

'She was a sprightly old body, but thin as her voice and dressed in colors that

would have been fatal in a bull ring. It was a strain even on my gallantry, but I piloted her safely through, pulling her out of the way of buses, street cars and switching trains. I could see that she was disposed to hold me responsible for all these annoyances, but I made full allowance for her peppery disposition, and rescued her big invoice of personal property every time it was scattered through our combined efforts at dodging. After I had made her comfortable in a parlor car she had the grace to thank me, and I soon learned from a friend whom I happened to meet that she was an eccentric character with more money than any one needed. I remember having a comfortable feeling that I might hear from her again, for she had taken my card at her own request.'

'Well, did you hear?'
'Inside of an hour. I was in the smoker enjoying a pipe when a man in blue coat and brass buttons tapped me on the shoulder, told me not to make any fuss, and had me on the platform just as the old lady stepped from the car. She had lost her well filled pocketbook during our stormy passage from station to station, and consumed no time in making up her mind that I had stole it. When we met, it was plain from the flash of her eyes that my size and age were all that saved me from bodily harm. After I had convinced both the officer and herself that I was not a pickpocket she rated me up hill down dale for not looking more zealously after her interests while I was with her. I was glad to make my escape, but she occasionally writes me making a good offer for the return of her book and money. You can never tell about such people, and I have some anxiety to live till after her will is made.'—Detroit Free Press.

TIME FOR ACTION.

The Colored Peacock Drew the Line at This Sort of Buttons.

There was an expression of great sternness in the old colored man's face as he stepped into the house of one of his neighbors. 'I has come,' he said slowly, 'ter exercise ma inquisitiveness on a subject which am li'ble ter affect yoh interests an ostentatiousness in dis community wif great consternation.'

'Wh'wh' been goin on?' stammered the man to whom he had thus delivered himself.

'Yoh is li'ble ter lose yoh standing 'mongst yoh fellow man, an I come hyuh ter warn yoh in time. Does yoh recognize dis here?' he went on, holding up a button between his thumb and forefinger.

'How's I gwinter recognize dat? Dah's millions and dozens ob dem made evry week. I kin't keep count ob all dat gits tu'ned out, kin I?'

'Disher ain't no common button. Ef yoh'll look clus, yoh'll see dat de place wuh de thread goes through is done broke elah out. Foh practical purposes, dat button ain't no mo' good dana las' ya'n's almanac.

'Looky yere, man! Whut make yoh come roun tallin me about yoh troubles? 'Lemme tell yoh de history er de case. Bein a pussion ob experience an 'sponsibility in sech matters, I wah intrusted las Sunday wif de honorable an impotent privilege o' passin de collection plate.'

'Yassuh.
'As is my practice, I kep notice ob eberyting dat drapped, an hit am a significant fact dat jes, beto, I come ter yoh dah warn't no button in de plate, an jes atuh I lef' disher wah discuvahed to my contemplacious geza.'

'Well, I reckon it's done pas' and gone, ain't it?'

'Yassuh. But de incident an not closed.'

'Whut does yoh want me ter do?'

'I doesn't kyah whut yoh does. I'ze hyuh ter let yoh take yoh choice. Ez de case now stan's, disher button ain't no good ter nobody. Hit am wuss dan a counterfeit 10 cent piece, cuss dar ain't no chance ob accidentally passin it an so habbin it relliz de 'riginal intention. Yoh kin eishuh take back yoh damaged goods an supply an efficacious substitute, or yoh kin look foh-wuld wif confidence ter immediate an foh-mal pulceedin's foh yoh dismemberment f'm our organization. We has been bery liberal in our dealin's wif de congregation, an, as a result, hab collected two tin cupfuls o' clipped an battered coins. But when it comes ter ringin in er mutilated button, it am time ter take pulsonal recognition ob de hab an nipit in de bud.'

—Washington Star.

Reasonable Excuse

Many of the pictures of Whistler, the artist, are vague both in treatment and subject. The public may be pardoned for not understanding some of these pictures after hearing an amusing anecdote of the painter which the Family Herald relates.

One night Whistler dropped into Sir Henry Irving's rooms to dinner. Other guests were present, but Whistler alone was silent. Two of his landscapes adorned the walls, and apparently he wanted no further entertainment. Every few minutes he would jump up from the table to get a better view of his own work.

At length, after a prolonged examination of these studies in moonlight and moorland, he cried out, 'Irving, Irving, look what you've done!'

'What's the matter?' inquired Irving, calmly walking up to the pictures.

'Matter?' thundered Whistler. 'Why, the matter is that these pictures have been hung upside down, and you have never noticed it. I suppose they have been like this for months!'

'I suppose they have,' replied Irving. 'But I think I might be excused, since it has taken you—the man who painted them—over an hour to discover that they are upside down.'

IT IS THE EACT, Think as You Please

It is not generally known, but it is a fact readily proven by the investigations of science, that the real danger from every known ailment of mankind is caused by inflammation; cure the inflammation and you have conquered the disease in each case. Inflammation is manifested outwardly by redness, swelling and heat; inwardly by congestion of the blood vessels and growth of unsound tissue, causing pain and disease.

INFLAMMATION

Causes Every Known Disease!

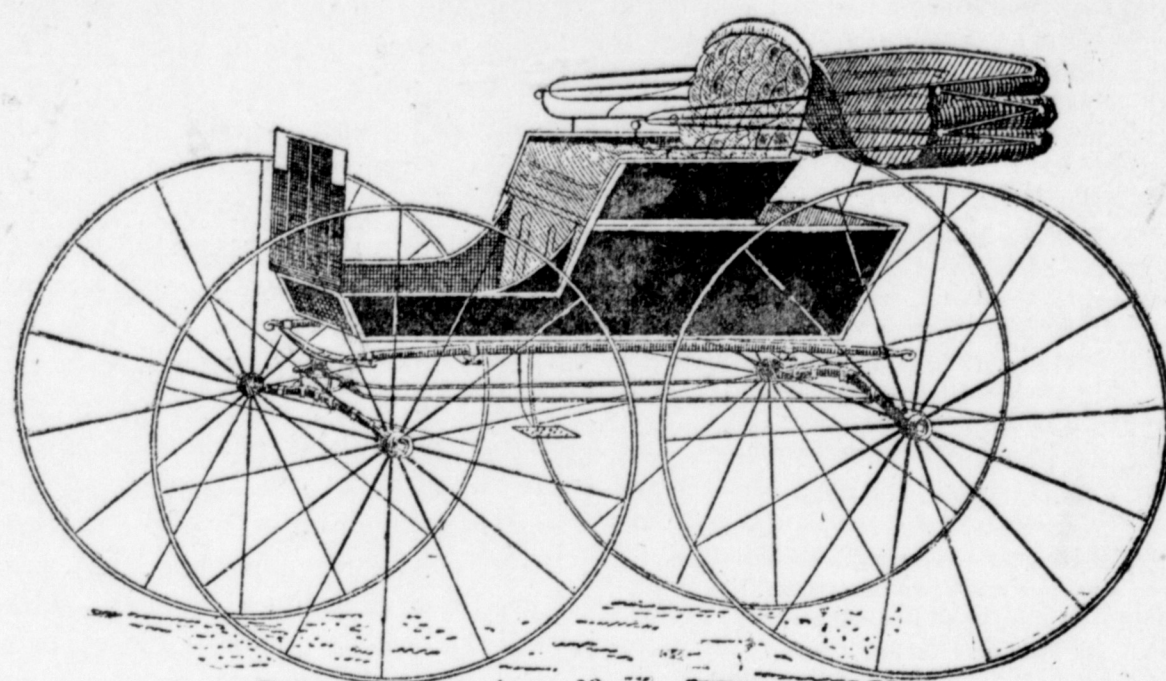
Inflammation of the nervous system embraces the brain, spine, bones and muscles. The breathing organs have many forms of inflammation; such as colds, coughs, pleurisy, bronchitis, etc. The organs of digestion have a multitude of inflammatory troubles. The vital organs form one complete plan mutually dependent; therefore inflammation anywhere is felt more or less everywhere, and impairs the health. The late Dr. A. Johnson, an old fashioned Family Physician, originated JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT, in 1810, to relieve pain and cure every form of inflammation. It is today the Universal Household Remedy.

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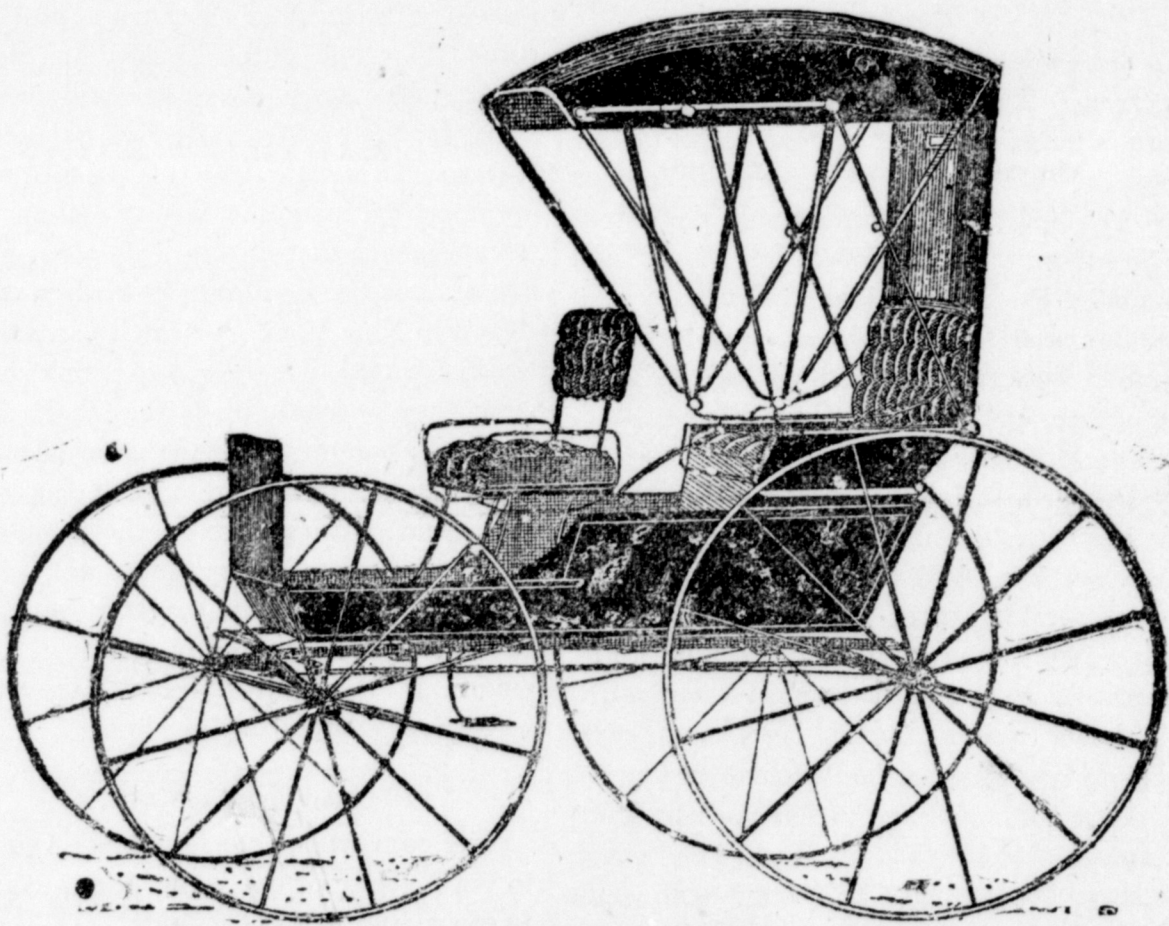
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As the military history of Diaz in many ways suggests that of Grant—though he had none of Grant's technical preparation and led far smaller armies and had always to create them himself out of next to nothing, forging invincible steel from the peon mud—so does his personal simplicity. At the opening of the lips the resemblance ceases. But there was the same quietness of taste. No man of Latin blood could disregard the demands of ceremony in a ruler. No man of any blood could be more modest in them. When and where etiquette compels, Diaz is splendid, and none can better carry off the pomp and circumstance of state than this ascended soldier, who would be at home in any court. But outside the necessities of occasion he goes unfrilled as our president, scrupulously neat and scrupulously simple in his dress. And while a tyrant may be unvain, tyrants do not walk loose among their serfs.

There is a deeper test of balance than unpretentiousness amid the temptations of practically supreme power. Diaz has remained to this day a man of the strictest habits. He has no vices—not even that sweetest most human vice which is so easy to an autocrat. Abstemious, methodical, tireless; working with remarkable dispatch a long day, yet scrupulous that not even the nation shall quite rob his family of him early to bed and early to rise; always busy but never hurried; a sturdy walker; a superb rider of superb horses; a real hunter—as frontiersmen count hunters, and not by the category of titled trigger pullers who butcher game, fenced game—the private life of this curious man is as wholesome as his administration, and has broadly aided it.—Charles F. Lummis in Harper's Magazine.

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