

character that will to-day, amuse a popular audience and call forth much applause.

BETTER BIDE A WEE.

THE sweet old Scottish song embodies in its poetry more sage advice than is often expressed by the rough simplicity of the highland proverbs. In the dreamy old land of its birth with its ivy grown vines, ancient legends of romance, where men live longer and more deliberately, the suggestion is not so much needed. But in our country and day, where every pulse beat throbs with activity and excitement, when aided by steam and electricity, the world can scarcely move fast enough to satisfy the restless tendencies to her unruly children, the fair, simple ballad floats down to us from the Scottish highlands, and cools our fevered, aching brows. It comes fresh from the native air of the mountains, and brings with its freshness a new lease to wearied lives. Upon the wild hurry and worry of these troublous times the rushing seething whirlpool of earnest activity, it falls, like the faint vesper bells at twilight fell, on the wicked noisy cities of the ancients, when the custom was in vogue of ringing the sunset chimes. There is a wild charm in sweeping rapidly down with the rushing current; a weird fascination in flying past the rapids; but nothing save a thrilling horror in being swept over the falls. The loveliest scene around Niagara, the full conception of its wonderful beauty, a true realization of its matchless grandeur, one loses, if, instead of journeying quietly and slowly along its banks, he chooses to embark in a frail canoe and make the perilous journey among the rapids and rocks. Too many Americans, especially, are inclined to take their chances in the rocky, dangerous river, the more quickly to reach their destination; rather than to make the safer, longer journey by land. Speed is subservient to safety; present gain to future good; ambition to right.

Hercism may too often degenerate to recklessness, and courage into wild audacity. Not that one word is to be uttered against true fearlessness. Our day is already too sorely in need of men fearless and independent, to stand bravely out amid the blinding lightening and heavy thunder of troublesome times. But it is yet an unsolved problem whether the pushing, craming systems of to-day are competent to fit us for the higher duties of life. After more careful deliberation and thoughtful preparation, concentrated effort would remedy evils under which people are sinking; would eradicate the fallacious theories and more fallacious practices of the times; for none probably are such fierce denouncers of their age as to believe that opinions and habits have climbed slowly up the centuries from barbarism into civilization only to sink back into the dark yawning chasm left behind.

If only we could learn to stop, and turn aside a little from the noisy bustle, and duly weigh and consider important questions, instead of hurrying along, content to take things as they come; if only we would bide a while ere the first irrevocable steps are taken, fewer mistakes would be made; and less frequent regrets would be registered, to cancel the heavy mortgages upon the good that is in us.

The old fable of the hare and the tortoise is demonstrated over and over again in every decade of the world's existence. History repeats herself many times, in that the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong.

From silence, deliberation, and reasoning come the opinions and thoughts that are to mould the world, the great productions of any age, whether literary, political, mechanical, or artistic.

Upon the restless, seething mass of humanity, reason and better judgment would lay a warning hand; a hand to stay and calm it; a hand to direct its burning energies into narrower channels, which need to be widened and fitted for common travel.