

opportunity of giving you a short piece of advice. If, sir, you propose to be 'mine host' you will be kind enough hereafter to set before us and the public generally the real article. If you can give us the tails already cut off and nicely arranged, so much the better."

HINTS ON STYLE.

By referring to the good examples written by our ancestors upon lasting monuments, it would seem, upon first thought, that any one might make himself master of some good style.

But "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." This will always be as true as it is ancient. Though we refer forever, we will still have expressions of our own, whose depth and beauty shall depend upon the fullness and sagacity of our own bosoms. True, it would be strange if we should make no use of the happy sayings of the wise. But each person must be to some extent original, and therefore unlike every one else. Style must be the very breathings of the spirit that is within. And if you write and wish your words to be immortal, remember that this immortality will depend wholly upon what you say and how you say it. Thus in their words the spirits of the Ancients ever dwell upon the earth, and though they lived long ago, and though they have been speaking to the world daily ever since, still it has never grown weary of their counsels, for their words are ever fresh. The dipping and rolling *thalassa* washed the sands of Troy three thousand years ago, says Homer, just as it does to-day. It is the *what* and the *how* that may bless every sentence with perpetuity.

Then there must be something always to say and something of interest. Most writers make very great mistakes right here. My friend, Mr. Jean Squeeze, thinks if he can only get his article in print, his name in the paper, he is all right. It matters not whether he talks about the Cen-

tennial, farming or cooking, whether he throws in superlatives a foot and a half long, he still says nothing. His composition but portrays the shallowness of his wit. Yet, bullied by his own self-conceit, he imagines if he can draw his article out as long as from here to Hell Gate, he will be called "a promising young man, etc." He never stops to think that he had only a very shallow thought to start with, and that the more paper he spreads it over the more quickly it will evaporate. So he goes on spreading, and heaven only knows when he would end if his material would only hold together. It is not golden, you see, but of some wishy-washy stuff that disappears under his very process. But then what he has to say does not disgust you so much as the way he says it. He is an awful poet, by the way, my friend, Mr. Squeeze. And he likes to show it. So he slyly slings in here and there, not in metre however, that would be bad taste, but in mere poetical figures, of a bold and dashing nature, some rich, sublime products of his imagination. At one step he is sounding the very depths of the sea, at the next step he breathes pure air on the lofty tops of the snow-capped mountains. At one time he ravishes you with his mellow descriptions of the orange groves of California, the very next instant he has you seated in the little yellow ball over the dome of St. Peters, looking dizzily down upon the ancient city. At one time he shows you the battle of Marathon, then softly taking you by the hand, he spins away, in the hundredth part of a second, over dark rolling years and deep heaving seas, to the surrender of Cornwallis. I get tired—swear that I will follow him no longer.

But then there is my friend, Miss Felicia Megrim. She likes to sit at the window on some calm, moony night in June, when Night has laid his cool dewy cloak upon the earth, while the moon far off swoons away in sadness. She thus grows intensely poetical, also, as she sits alone while the birds have fallen asleep and only a dis-