But the poorest classes may exhibit good manners toward each other, as well as the richest. One may be polite and kind toward others, without a penny in the purse. Politeness goes very far, yet it costs nothing; it is the cheapest of commodities. But we want to be taught good manners as well as other things. Some happy natures are "to the manner born." But the bulk of men need to be taught manners, and this can only be efficiently done in youth.

We have said that working-men might study good manners with advantage. Why should they not respect themselves and each other? It is by their demeanor toward each other—in other words, by their manners—that self-respect and mutual respect are indicated. We have been struck by the habitual politeness of even the poorest classes on the Continent. The workman lifts his cap and respectfully salutes his fellow-workman in passing. There is no sacrifice of manliness in this, but rather grace and dignity. The working-man, in respecting his fellow, respects himself and his order. There is kindness in the act of recognition, as well as in the manner in which it is denoted.

We might learn much from the French people in this matter. They are not only polite to each other, but they have a great respect for property. Some may be disposed to doubt this, after the recent destruction of buildings in Paris. But the Communists must be regarded as altogether exceptional people; and to understand the French character, we must look to the body of the population scattered throughout France. There we find property much more respected by the people than among ourselves. Even the beggar respects the fruit by the roadside, although there is nobody to protect it. The reason of this is, that France is a nation of small proprietors; that property

is much more generally diffused and exposed; and parents of even the lowest class educate their children in carefulness of and fidelity to the property of others.

This respect for property is also accompanied with respect for the feelings of others, which constitutes what is called good manners. This is carefully inculcated in the children of all ranks in France. They are very rarely rude. They are civil to strangers. They are civil to each other. Mr. Laing, in, his "Notes of a Traveler," makes these remarks: "This reference to the feelings of others in all that we do is a moral habit of great value when it is generally diffused, and enters into the home-training of every family. It is an education both of the parent and child in morals, carried on through the medium of external manners. . . . . It is a fine distinction of the French national character, and of social economy, that practical morality is more generally taught through manners, among and by the people themselves, than in any country in Europe."

The same kindly feeling might be observed throughout the entire social intercourse of working-men with each other. There is not a moment in their lives in which the opportunity does not occur for exhibiting good manners—in the workshop, in the street, and at home. Provided there be a wish to please others by kind looks and ways, the habit of combining good manners with every action will soon be formed. It is not merely the pleasure a man gives to others by being kind to them: he receives tenfold more pleasure himself. The man who gets up and offers his chair to a woman, or to an old man—trivial though the act may seem—is rewarded by his own heart, and a thrill of pleasure runs through him the moment he has performed the kindness.

Work-people need to practice good manners to-

ward each other the more, because they are under the necessity of constantly living with each other and among each other. They are in constant contact with their fellow-workmen, whereas the richer classes need not mix with men unless they choose, and then they can select whom they like. The working-man's happiness depends much more upon the kind looks, words, and acts of those immediately about him than the rich man's does. It is so in the workshop, and it is the same at home. There the workman cannot retire into his study, but must sit among his family, by the side of his wife, with his children about him. And he must either live kindly with them—performing kind and obliging acts toward his family, or he must see, suffer, and endure the intolerable misery of reciprocal unkindness.

Admitted that there are difficulties in the way of working-men cultivating the art of good manners; that their circumstances are often very limited, and their position unfavorable—yet no man is so poor but that he can be civil and kind if he choose; and to be civil and kind is the very essence of good manners. Even in the most adverse circumstances, a man may try to do his best. If he do—if he speak and act courteous and kindly to all—the result will be so satisfactory, so self-rewarding, that he can not but be stimulated to persevere in the same course. He will diffuse pleasure about him in the home, make friends of his work-fellows, and be regarded with increased kindness and respect by every right-minded employer. The civil workman will exercise increased power among his class, and gradually induce them to imitate him by his persistent steadiness, civility, and kindness. Thus Benjamin Franklin, when a workman reformed the habits of an entire workshop.

Then, besides the general pleasure arising from the exercise of good manners, there is a great deal of healthful and innocent pleasure to be derived from amusements of various kinds. One can not be always working, eating, and sleeping. There must be time for relaxation, time for mental pleasures, time for bodily exercise.

There is a profound meaning in the word "amusement;" much more than most people are disposed to admit. In fact, amusement is an important part of education. It is a mistake to suppose that the boy or the man who plays at some outdoor game is wasting his time. Amusement of any kind is not wasting time, but economizing life.

Relax and exercise frequently, if you would enjoy good health. If you do not relax, and take no exercise, the results will soon appear in bodily ailments which always accompany sedentary occupations. "The students," says Lord Derby, "who think they have not time for bodily exercise will, sooner or later, find time for illness."

There are people in the world who would, if they had the power, hang the heavens about with crape; throw a shroud over the beautiful and life-giving bosom of the planet; pick the bright stars from the sky; veil the sun with clouds; pluck the silver moon from her place in the firmament; shut up our gardens and fields, and all the flowers with which they are bedecked; and doom the world to an atmosphere of gloom and cheerlessness. There is no reason or morality in this, and there is still less religion.

A benevolent Creator has endowed man with an eminent capacity for enjoyment—has set him in a fair and lovely world, surrounded him with things good and beautiful, and given him the disposition to love, to

sympathize, to help, to produce, to enjoy; and thus to become an honorable and a happy being, bringing God's work to perfection, and enjoying the divine creation in the midst of which he lives.

Make a man happy, and his actions will be happy too; doom him to dismal thoughts and miserable circumstances, and you will make him gloomy, discontented, morose, and probably vicious. Hence coarseness and crime are almost invariably found among those who have never been accustomed to be cheerful; whose hearts have been shut against the purifying influences of a happy communion with nature, or an enlightened and cheerful intercourse with man.

Man has a strong natural appetite for relaxation and amusement, and, like all other natural appetites, it has been implanted for a wise purpose. It can not be repressed, but will break out in one form or another. Any well-directed attempt to promote an innocent amusement is worth a dozen sermons against pernicious ones. If we do not provide the opportunity for enjoying wholesome pleasures, men will certainly find out vicious ones for themselves. Sydney Smith truly said, "In order to attack vice with effect, we must set up something better in its place."

Temperance reformers have not sufficiently considered how much the drinking habits of the country are the consequences of gross tastes, and of the too limited opportunities which exist in this country for obtaining access to amusements of an innocent and improving tendency. The workman's tastes have been allowed to remain uncultivated; present wants engross his thoughts; the gratification of his appetites is his highest pleasure; and when he relaxes, it is to indulge immoderately in beer or whisky. The Germans were at one time the drunkenest of nations; they are now

among the soberest. "As drunken as a German boor" was a common proverb. How have they been weaned from drink? Principally by education and music.

Music has a most humanizing effect. The cultivation of the art has a most favorable influence upon public morals. It furnishes a source of pleasure in every family. It gives home a new attraction. It makes social intercourse more cheerful. Father Mathew followed up his temperance movement by a singing movement. He promoted the establishment of musical clubs all over Ireland; for he felt that, as he had taken the people's whisky from them, he must give them some wholesome stimulus in its stead. He gave them music. Singing-classes were established, to refine the taste, soften the manners, and humanize the mass of the Irish people. But we fear that the example set by Father Mathew has already been forgotten.

"What a fullness of enjoyment," says Channing, "has our Creator placed within our reach, by surrounding us with an atmosphere which may be shaped into sweet sounds! And yet this goodness is almost lost upon us, through want of culture of the organ by which this provision is to be enjoyed."

How much would the general cultivation of the gift of music improve us as a people! Children ought to learn it in schools, as they do in Germany. The voice of music would then be heard in every household. Our old English glees would no longer be forgotten. Men and women might sing in the intervals of their work, as the Germans do in going to and coming from their wars. The work would not be worse done, because it was done amidst music and cheerfulness. The breath of society would be sweetened, and pleasure would be linked with labor.

Why not have some elegance in even the humblest

home? We must of course have cleanliness, which is the special elegance of the poor. But why not have pleasant and delightful things to look upon? There is no reason why the humbler classes should not surround themselves with the evidences of beauty and comfort in all their shapes, and thus do homage alike to the gifts of God and the labors of man. The taste for the beautiful is one of the best and most useful endowments. It is one of the handmaids of civilization. Beauty and elegance do not necessarily belong to the homes of the rich. They are, or ought to be, all-pervading. Beauty in all things—in nature, in art, in science, in literature, in social and domestic life.

How beautiful and yet how cheap are flowers! Not exotics, but what are called common flowers. A rose, for instance, is among the most beautiful of the smiles of nature. The "laughing flowers," exclaims the poet. But there is more than gayety in blooming flowers, though it takes a wise man to see the beauty, the love, and the adaptation of which they are full.

What should we think of one who had *invented* flowers, supposing that, before him, flowers were unknown? Would he not be regarded as the opener-up of a paradise of new delight? Should we not hail the inventor as a genius, as a god? And yet these lovely offsprings of the earth have been speaking to man from the first dawn of his existence until now, telling him of the goodness and wisdom of the Creative Power, which bid the earth bring forth, not only that which was useful as food, but also flowers, the bright consummate flowers, to clothe it in beauty and joy.

Bring one of the commonest field-flowers into a room, place it on a table or chimney-piece, and you seem to have brought a ray of sunshine into the place. There is a cheerfulness about flowers. What a delight

are they to the drooping invalid! They are a sweet enjoyment, coming as messengers from the country, and seeming to say, "come and see the place where we grow, and let your heart be glad in our presence."

What can be more innocent than flowers? They are like children undimmed by sin. They are emblems of purity and truth, a source of fresh delight to the pure and innocent. The heart that does not love flowers, or the voice of a playful child, can not be genial. It was a beautiful conceit that invented a language of flowers, by which lovers were enabled to express the feelings that they dared not openly speak. But flowers have a voice for all—old and young, rich and poor. "To me," says Wordsworth,

> The meanest flower that blows, can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Have a flower in the room, by all means! It will cost only a penny if your ambition is moderate; and the gratification it gives will be beyond price. If you can have a flower for your window, so much the better. What can be more delicious than the sun's light streaming through flowers—through the midst of crimson fuchsias or scarlet geraniums? To look out into the light through flowers—is not that poetry? and to break the force of the sunbeams by the tender resistance of green leaves? If you can train a nasturtium round the window, or some sweet-pease, then you will have the most beautiful frame you can invent for the picture without, whether it be the busy crowd, or a distant landscape, or trees with their lights and shades, or the changes of the passing clouds. Any one may thus look through flowers for the price of an old song. And what pure taste and refinement does it not indicate on the part of the cultivator.

A flower in the window sweetens the air, makes the

room look graceful, gives the sun's light a new charm, rejoices the eye, and links nature with beauty. The flower is a companion that will never say a cross thing to any one, but will always look beautiful and smiling. Do not despise it because it is cheap, and because every body may have the luxury as well as yourself. Common things are cheap, but common things are invariably the most valuable. Could we only have fresh air or sunshine by purchase, what luxuries they would be considered! But they are free to all, and we think little of their blessings.

There is, indeed, much in nature that we do not yet half enjoy, because we shut our avenues of sensation and feeling. We are satisfied with the matter of fact, and look not for the spirit of fact which is above it. If we opened our minds to enjoyment, we might find tranquil pleasures spread about us on every side. We might live with the angels that visit us on every sunbeam, and sit with the fairies who wait on every flower. We want more loving knowledge to enable us to enjoy life, and we require to cultivate the art of making the most of the common means and appliances for enjoyment which lie about us on every side.

A snug and a clean home, no matter how tiny it be, so that it be wholesome; windows into which the sun can shine cheerily; a few good books (and who need be without a few good books in these days of universal cheapness?)—no duns at the door, and the cupboard well supplied, and with a flower in your room! There is none so poor as not to have about him these elements of pleasure.

But why not, besides the beauty of nature, have a taste for the beauty of art? Why not hang up a picture in the room? Ingenious methods have been discovered—some of them quite recently—for almost in-

finitely multiplying works of art, by means of wood-engravings, lithographs, photographs, and autotypes, which render it possible for every person to furnish his rooms with beautiful pictures. Skill and science have thus brought art within reach of the poorest.

Any picture, print, or engraving that represents a noble thought, that depicts a heroic act, or that brings a bit of nature from the fields or the streets into our room, is a teacher, a means of education, and a help to self-culture. It serves to make the home more pleasant and attractive. It sweetens domestic life, and sheds a grace and beauty about it. It draws the gazer away from mere considerations of self, and increases his store of delightful associations with the world without as well as with the world within.

The portrait of a great man, for instance, helps us to read his life. It invests him with a personal interest. Looking at his features, we feel as if we knew him better, and were more closely related to him. Such a portrait, hung up before us daily, at our meals and during our leisure hours, unconsciously serves to lift us up and sustain us. It is a link that in some way binds us to a higher and nobler nature.

It is said of a Catholic money-lender that when about to cheat, he was wont to draw a veil over the face of his favorite saint. Thus the portraiture of a great and virtuous man is in some measure a companionship of something better than ourselves; and though we may not reach the standard of the hero, we may to a certain extent be influenced by his likeness on our walls.

It is not necessary that a picture should be high-priced in order to be beautiful and good. We have seen things for which hundreds of guineas have been paid that have not one-hundreth part of the meaning or beauty that is to be found in Linton's wood-cut of

Raffaelle's "Madonna," which may be had for twopence. The head reminds one of the observation made by Hazlitt upon a picture, that it seems as if an unhandsome act would be impossible in its presence. It embodies the ideas of mother's love, womanly beauty, and earnest piety. As some one said of the picture, "It looks as if a bit of heaven were in the room."

Picture-fanciers pay not so much for the merit as for the age and the rarity of their works. The poorest may have the *seeing eye* for beauty, while the rich man may be blind to it. The cheapest engraving may communicate the sense of beauty to the artisan, while the thousand-guinea picture may fail to communicate to the millionaire any thing—excepting, perhaps, the notion that he has got possession of a work which the means of other people can not compass.

Does the picture give you pleasure on looking at it? That is one good test of its worth. You may grow tired of it; your taste may outgrow it, and demand something better, just as the reader may grow out of Montgomery's poetry into Milton's. Then you will take down the daub, and put up a picture with a higher idea in its place. There may thus be a steady progress of art made upon the room walls. If the pictures can be put in frames, so much the better; but if they can not, no matter; up with them! We know that Owen Jones says it is not good taste to hang prints upon walls; he would merely hang room-papers there. But Owen Jones may not be infallible; and here we think he is wrong. To our eyes, a room always looks unfurnished, no matter how costly and numerous the tables, chairs, and ottomans, unless there be pictures upon the walls.

It ought to be, and no doubt it is, a great stimulus to artists to know that their works are now distributed

in prints and engravings, to decorate and beautify the homes of the people. The wood-cutter, the lithographer, and the engraver are the popular interpreters of the great artist. Thus Turner's pictures are not confined to the wealthy possessors of the original works, but may be diffused through all homes by the Millars, and Brandards, and Wilmotts, who have engraved them. Thus Landseer finds entrance, through woodcuts and mezzotints, into every dwelling. Thus Cruikshank preaches temperance, and Ary Scheffer purity and piety. The engraver is the medium by which art in the palace is conveyed into the humblest homes in the kingdom.

The art of living may be displayed in many ways. It may be summed up in the words, "Make the best of everything." Nothing is beneath its care: even common and little things it turns to account. It gives a brightness and grace to the home, and invests nature with new charms. Through it we enjoy the rich man's parks and woods, as if they were our own. We inhale the common air, and bask under the universal sunshine. We glory in the grass, the passing clouds, and the flowers. We love the common earth, and hear joyful voices through all nature. It extends to every kind of social intercourse. It engenders cheerful good-will and loving sincerity. By its help we make others happy, and ourselves blessed. We elevate our being and ennoble our lot. We rise above the groveling creatures of earth, and aspire to the Infinite. And thus we link time to eternity, where the true art of living has its final consummation.