

It is to be regretted for his own sake that man does not more engage in the noble study of himself. He would find there more to please, to interest, to instruct, to improve, than in the dusty pages of abstruse science; the subtle pages of Metaphysics; or the pleasing pages of romance. A study which would fully occupy every moment he could devote to it. A volume, in which, at every new perusal, some errors is found to be corrected; some good point to be improved. And when the vacation comes, the student issues out, an elevated magnanimous being, having successfully and satisfactorily concluded his study, to receive the reward of his labor and the smile of his approving Master; not a disappointed student baffled by speculations which can either, never have a solution, or have it at the sacrifice of every pleasure and comfort, at the neglect of every other duty, even the most important. Studies which make him indifferent and shut to the world, bound up in his miserable self; which have no influence in fitting him for that end to which we all look with such certainty and awe; which do not prepare him for that dread moment in which the good, stretched upon the bed of death, await the hour of dissolution, a sweet and happy smile playing upon those lips, soon to moulder in the dust. Studies prompted by a poor, despicable ambition, which has for its only aim worldly fame. No sooner is the desired height attained; no sooner does the eager, outstretched hand clutch the prize, than the grasp relaxes, the prize vanishes, the creature crumbles into nought, sinks into oblivion. And is it for this men spend laborious, joyless lives!—for this perishing bauble they cast from them an eternal prize! Alas! that it is so! Alas! for poor man! when will he learn the vanity of human things!

We should often blush at our best actions did the world see the motives upon which they are founded.

THE CALLIOPE.

TUESDAY, JUNE 21.

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We have heard, on several occasions, boys, whom we know to be possessed of excellent ideas, when requested to contribute to the *Calliope*, offer as an objection, that they find it impossible to shape a sentence for want of words to express their ideas fully. Now we have heard the same boys talk for an hour upon one particular subject, and we confess we were highly pleased with their conversation, yet they have a reluctance to appear in print because they cannot furnish long jawbreakers to mysticate an ordinary piece of composition.

This is very silly on their part, especially when the size and circulation of our humble and unpretending journal is taken into consideration. And even were it on a more extensive scale, their objection would still remain as void of sense. It is unhappily the case that the reading public of the present day delight to swallow down long indigestible words and windy sentences—words of “learned length and thundering sound,” while they despise the plain and tasteful style of a healthy writer.

These modern literary “bruisers” are not unlike your highflavoured exquisite, who astonishes the humble folks with the splendour of his waistcoat, the stunning pattern of his pants, the scientific and complicated arrangement of his necktie, and the glossy hue and admirable set of his *Castor*. His *tout ensemble* is so bewildering as to dazzle the beholder, and make him unable to form any idea on the subject; in fact he loses sight of