

ONE LEARNS BY FAILURES.

What great, glorious creatures we think ourselves as we strut forth into the world with the airs of a grand duke or duchess, the bump of self-conceit abnormally developed and ourselves puffed up with the idea that our great knowledge and understanding are going to place us at once on the highest pinnacle in the temple of fame, and make us the shrine before which grace, beauty and intellect will bow.

Failures we never think of; we know others have gone out with hopes and aspirations as high as our own, but the hopes have been blighted and the aspirations never attained, and if their efforts have been crowned by success the road traversed has been steep and rugged, and the end has been reached only through heartaches and weary bleeding feet. "But think of the failures!" one says, and we answer "What if there have been?" we do not expect to encounter difficulties; the way before us seems clear and smooth, our whole path has been marked out by us, no hindrances appear, and what is to prevent the most brilliant success. But at the first failure we awake to find ourselves only human, and to see the world in its true light.

The hardest lesson we have to learn is to know ourselves, and this we learn only by experience, which does not serve in every case, and has been said to have been "like the sternlights of a ship, which light the path she has passed over, but not that which she is about to traverse." In early life the bitterest feelings are those when we begin to realize that our friendships and loves are failures. But if we look at disappointment as a lesson, we will soon find that the sting is no longer there, and disappointment at the first is often worth a dozen successes. What had been the glory of Robert Bruce had he stopped at the first failure? And had all the great men for ages done so, we to-day would have had no Stephenson, Faraday, Watt, Edison, Tennyson, and many others. They did not ascend the ladder of fame without a backward step, and think you they owe not now their greatness to former failures? There is one comfort,—a small one, true,—that all alike have suffered and been disappointed, the subject as well as his sovereign, who perhaps like Alexander

weeps because there are no more worlds to conquer.

CLIPPINGS.

IN a Latin class the other day one of the bright (?) students, when asked for the principal parts of the verb "to burn," promptly replied "burno, burnere, singi, schorchum."

AT a *Musical* one evening lately, two ladies were discussing the merits of a lady pianist who had just been performing. One of them remarked, "I think she plays wholly without expression." "That is so," remarked the other, "but what a fine *executioner* she is."

THE following we clip from the "Queen's College Journal":

Anent the recent reprehensible practical joke played on our Mathematical Professor, an irrepressible senior suggested to "Let X stand for the person who perpetrated it."

THE King of Portugal lately complimented General Grant by sending him a copy of his Portuguese version of "Hamlet." It is said that the General applied the vocabularies and phrase lists of the best popular "Methods" in Portuguese to "Hamlet's" soliloquy, with the following result: "To be or not to be that. It is the question whether it is better to endure the slings and arrows of outrageous wealth, or receive into your arms the troubled ocean, and against him the opposing end. To expire; to go to bed no more; and if by a siesta we talk, we finish; the disease of heart and thousand natural sheafs that meat is air, is a religiously hoped consummation. To expire, to slumber perhaps; yes, to be sure, to dream something is the friction, because in that slumber of death what dream arrive when we have cut this mortal rope, must give us feet.—*Montreal Witness*.

"It is a most extraordinary thing," said a friend one day to Robertson, the dramatist, "that old W—— talked for half an hour to me, the other day, and I couldn't understand a word he said." "How's that?" enquired Robertson. "Well, all his teeth are gone, you know, so that he only mumbles. I assure you it was all Greek to me." "Greek? nonsense. If the man has lost all his teeth, he was probably talking Gum-Arabic."