

they lose interest in more wholesome reading. Their perpetual attempts at humour lower their own tone. Observe, this is not said as a disparagement of humour. A man of real humour is as pleasant a companion as the man who attempts nothing else is a bore. Who cares to be always dining on highly flavoured dishes? Who would be ambitious to be the buffoon of society? Such a man finds his mistake in the end. He is set aside by his friends in the grave exigencies of life, and he finds that the power of influence he might have won has been frittered away.

It is recorded, that a fellow-student once said to Paley : " You are a great fool to waste your years thus. You have talent that might raise you to the highest distinction. I have none, and it matters not how my life is passed." Paley took the hint so roughly given, and now few names stand higher in literature than his.

Would that my descriptions might cease here ; but the tale of failure has not run out. There are young men with the pathway of honour open before them, but who turn from it, and in pompous dash care for none of the things that would make for their peace. Like dogs kept hungry that the scent after the game may be keener and more impelling, they slip the leash of what they term their "mother's apron-string," and burst upon life with