

WASTE—WASTE—WASTE.—What is there a man cannot waste? and that, too, without a single instance of lavish profligacy; but solely by those minute, scarcely perceptible squanderings, which, like the constant dropping of water upon the rock, wear away that which seems most likely to endure. He may waste his health by little indulgences of pernicious habits—by constant irregularities, slight in themselves, and their effects in single instances scarcely perceptible, but which, as violations of the laws of his being, will work gradual, but certain inroads upon the strongest constitution, until the energies decay, the fountains of life are dried up, and premature old age sinks like a crown of thorns upon the head of early manhood. He may waste fortune in early squanderings—time and talents on trifles, or in listlessness and idleness. How many a giant has been frittered away in pursuit of the benefitting objects of low ambition! How often do we see powers perishing for lack of thought—shrivelling into insignificance for want of intelligence to feed upon, which use might have polished to the highest brilliancy, and exercise would have made equal to achieving the noblest purposes! How many scatter, in idleness, or indifference to their value, the little minute particles of time, till golden hours, and days and years are wasted, the treasures of life all scattered, and death finds nothing but a poor naked and useless thing at the last.

ANECDOTES OF LORD NORTH.—This good humoured minister was always ready with a joke, and always appreciated one, even though it was at his expense. One night he rose to deprecate the too great readiness to give and take offence which prevailed in the house. "One member, for example," said he, "called me 'that thing called a minister.' Now to be sure (patting his portly sides) I am a thing; when, therefore, the gentleman called me a 'thing' he said what was true, and I could not be angry with him. But when he added, 'that thing called a minister,' he called me the thing which of all others he himself most wishes to be; and, therefore, I took it for a compliment." A prosing old sailor, well known for his lengthy orations, began to speak on an admiralty question. Lord North said to one of his supporters, "Now — will give us a history of all the naval battles, from that of Salamis to that of last year. I shall take a nap; wake me when he gets near our own time. After an hour's infliction the friend nudged Lord North. My lord, my lord, wake up—he has got to the battle of Van Tromp." "Oh dear," said the sleepy minister, "you've waked me a *hundred years too soon!*" On his last night in office his antagonists had collected for a grand battle: Lord North rose in his place and declared the Administration at an end. Of course the house adjourned immediately. It was an awful wet night, and in those days cabs were not; the members, expecting a long debate, had ordered their carriage at 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning; and Lord North, as he passed through the baffled and imprisoned crowd of his opponents to his own chariot, bowed to the right and left, saying, with a smile, "Adieu, gentlemen; you see it is an excellent thing to be in the secret."

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