

The following hints are not intended for those who, from independency of circumstances, are enabled to pass their time agreeably to their own inclinations, and whose mode of spending it is consequently optional; those desultory thoughts are humbly submitted to the consideration of those who are under the necessity of mingling with the crowd, and passing the greatest part of the day in intercourse with the numerous promiscuous characters with whom similarity of profession or pursuits in business lead them to associaty.

Man is formed for society, of which every human being is a constitutal link, and in proportion as he fulfils the great end of existence, by contributing as much as possible to the happiness of all around him, will his own be increased.

The true use of solitude is to acquire that knowledge which shall fit us for the greatest quantum of utility when called upon to fulfil the duties, enjoy the pleasures, or sustain the sorrows of social life, and shall enable us to look forward with calmness, arising from a well grounded hope, to the close of our career of existence: If we retire into solitude to give vent to a fretful or spleenitive spirit, we not only mistake its true use, but pervert it to the worst of purposes. In society we converse with the living, and our judgment is so biassed by the feelings and passions brought into play, that we are prevented from thinking with accuracy and deciding with calmness when hurried along by the current of daily occurrences; the same cause also hinders us from fixing the mind steadily on any one object, our attention being necessarily divided, and sometimes distracted, by the variety of events. Retirement at the close of the day affords an opportunity of weighing our conduct in the scales of reason, of trying our actions before the bar of sober judgment (when these emotions have subsided, and no longer agitate the mind) and of correcting the errors into which we may have been led by the impulsive of momentary feelings.

Solitude has also sources of pleasure peculiar to itself; when separated from the living, we can then hold converse with those mighty minds that have thrown a lustre and dignity over the past ages. The page of history presents a melancholy spectacle of pride, folly, cruelty, and ambition, the indulgence of which has prompted man to disolate his unhappy species for the sake of ruling them, and to erect empires, reckless of the seas of blood which flowed to cement their short-lived fabric. The conquerors and the conquered, the oppressors and the oppressed, have alike passed away, their crimes and sufferings are alike entombed in one common grave, and humanity turns with a sigh of commiseration from them, to peruse the writings of those sages and philosophers who, by their intellectual and moral virtues have alleviated the sum of human woes, by teaching man the true object and end of his existence, and have thus deserved the veneration and gratitude which successive generations have paid to their memory. It is true an incomparably nobler and superior system has superseded the philosophy of Greece and Rome, but considering that philosophy merely as a fountain of intellectual gratification, the solitary hours spent in its study will be amply compensated. But far higher and more important lessons may be deduced

from this source than those of mere intellectual gratification. If the exercise of reason and dictates of conscience, without the aid of revelation; taught the Greek and Roman to subdue all-paltry passions and grovelling propensities as unworthy of man—and if the pages of Socrates, Plato, and Cicero, inculcate the necessity of pursuing virtue as the only true good, how should we blush, with superior light and advantages, to indulge in any thing that would debase or demean us.

Next to the contemplation of the works of God, the highest study in which man can engage is that of his own mind, a study which, though it has given rise to much vain speculative disquisition; and in some cases, to deplorable scepticism, if properly pursued, will give him just ideas of his own state, by showing him at once the extent and power of his faculties, and the lamentable effects produced by ignorance and vice. It is in vain, however, to seek in these studies a remedy for the evils of life. He who has felt the bitter pangs attendant on the loss of those friends and relatives by separation and death whose society and intimate solaced existence, and whose loss has caused a vacancy nothing in this life can supply will feel, in spite of all that philosophy, can demonstrate or sages inculcate of the vanity and transitory nature of human affairs, that these events are overwhelming calamities to little man, and that consolation must be sought at a higher source and a purer stream.

By indulging too freely in these reveries, we are, perhaps, apt to lose sight of or neglect the humbler virtues we are hourly called upon to exercise, and frequently relinquish with regret these favourite studies to enter upon the less fascinating pursuits of active employment. This however, is a feeling which good sense and sober reason will teach us to repress, if it cannot be wholly subdued.

By reviewing the experience of past ages we shall find that the best and wisest of men have erred and differed on the most important points, that the clearest understanding and most cultivated mind is not exempt from error, that our judgments are biassed by the strength of passion or prejudice, and the consideration of these humbling facts should teach us to leave our solitary room and enter into the ordinary affairs of life with a spirit of moderation and candour,—if this alone be the result of solitude, it will not have passed in vain.

London Magazine.

THE ACCOMPLISHED YOUTH.

ON THE PROPER MANAGEMENT OF OUR TIME.

To be impressed with a just sense of the value of time, it is highly requisite that we should introduce order into its management. Consider well, then, how much depends upon it, and how fast it flies away. The bulk of men are in nothing more capricious and inconsistent than in their appreciation of time. When they think of it as the measure of their continuance on earth, they highly prize it, and with the greatest anxiety seek to lengthen it out. But when they view it in separate parcels, they appear to hold it in contempt, squander it with inconsiderate profusion. While they complain that life is short, they are often wishing its different periods at an end. Covetous of every

other possession, of time only they are prodigal. They allow every idle man to be master of this property, and make every frivolous occupation welcome that can help them to consume it. Among those who are so careless of time, it is not to be expected that order should be observed in its distribution. But by this fatal neglect, how many materials of severe and lasting regret are they laying up in store for themselves! The time which they suffer to pass away in the midst of confusion, bitter repentance seeks afterwards in vain to recal. What was omitted to be done at its proper moment, arises to be the torment of some future season. Manhood is disgraced by the consequences of neglected youth. Old age, oppressed by cares that belonged to a former period, labours under a burden not its own. At the close of life the dying man beholds with anguish that his days are finishing, when his preparation for eternity is scarcely commenced. Such are the effects of a disorderly waste of time, in not attending to its value. Every thing in the life of such persons is misplaced.

He, on the contrary, who is orderly in the distribution of his time, takes the proper method of escaping those manifold evils. By proper management he prolongs it. He lives much in little space; more in a few years than others do in many. He can live to God and his own soul, and at the same time attend to all the lawful interests of the present world. He looks back on the past, and provides for the future. He catches the hours as they fly. They are marked down for useful purposes, and their memory remains. But by the man of confusion those hours fleet like a shadow. His days and years are either blanks, of which he has no remembrance, or they are filled up with a confused and irregular succession of unfinished transactions. He remembers, indeed, that he has been busy, yet he can give little account of the business which has employed him. *Blair.*

THE BOOK OF NATURE LAID OPEN.

INSECTS.

"How sweet to muse upon his skill display'd
(Infinite skill!) in all that he has made,
To trace in Nature's most minute design,
The signature and stamp of power Divine."

"Where greatness is to Nature's works deny'd
In art and beauty it is well supplied.
In a small space the more perfection's shown,
And what is exquisite in little's done."

Have been reckoned by some among the more imperfectly formed of Nature's works; but in this most numerous class of animated beings where shall we find a single instance in which this is made to appear? In all that prodigious variety that exist betwixt the Scorpion and the Mite, we certainly behold in the structure of insects abundant evidence of the most exquisite skill; and if by means of the microscope we extend our resentles downwards through that minute order of beings, till we arrive at those invisible animalcules which are computed to be twenty seven millions of times smaller than the mite, the same evidence of wisdom and design present themselves in every gradation, and all ideas of imperfection cease.

Search the least path Creative Power has trod,
How plain the footsteps of th' apparent God!

It is not at all surprising then that such an accurate researcher into Nature's works as the