

rest supinely contented in selfish indolence. The excuses, "no time," "no ability," "too much advanced in life to accomplish anything," &c., will appear futile, if we familiarize our minds with the lives of the world's benefactors, who have been esteemed for their learning and talents, not the less because they bravely surmounted obstacles to attain that knowledge and develop those talents. A distinguished merchant and philanthropist (Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton) said:—"The longer I live the more I am certain that the great difference between men,—between the feeble and the strong, the great and the insignificant,—is, Energy, Invincible Determination,—a purpose once fixed, and then DEATH or VICTORY. That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature A Man without it."

We have grouped together the following remarkable instances, which prove that even old age need not exempt man from the necessity and advantage of cultivating his intellectual powers:—*Socrates* learned to play on a musical instrument in his old age. *Cato* at eighty learned Greek, and *Plutarch* almost as late in life Latin.—*Theophrastus* began his admirable work on the characters of men at the age of ninety. The great *Arnaut* translated *Josephus* at the age of eighty. *Sir Henry Spelman*, whose early years were chiefly devoted to agriculture, commenced the study of the Sciences at the age of fifty, and became a most learned antiquary and lawyer. *Tellier*, the Chancellor of France, learned logic merely for an amusement to dispute with his grand-children. *The Marquis de St. Aulaire*, whose poetry has been admired for its sweetness and delicacy, began his poetical compositions at the age of seventy. *Ogilby*, the translator of *Homer* and *Virgil*, knew little of Latin or Greek till he was past fifty. *Franklin's* philosophical studies began when he was near fifty.

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#### THE WORTH OF HOURS.

Believe not that your inner eye  
Can ever in just measure try  
The worth of hours as they go by:

If then a painful sense comes on  
Of something wholly lost and gone,  
Vainly employed, or vainly done—

For every man's weak self, alas!  
Makes him to see them while they pass,  
As through a dim or tinted glass:

Of something from your being's chain  
Broke off, nor to be link'd again  
By all mere memory can retain—

But if in earnest care you would  
Metre out to each its part of good,  
Trust rather to your after-mood.

Upon your heart this truth may rise—  
Nothing that altogether dies  
Suffices man's just destinies:

Those surely are not fairly spent,  
That leaves your spirit bowed and bent  
In sad unrest, and ill content:

So should we live, that every hour  
May die as dies the natural flower—  
A self-reviving thing of power;

And more—though free from seeming harm  
You rest from toil of mind or arm,  
Or slow retire from pleasure's charm—

That every thought and every deed  
May hold within itself the seed  
Of future good and future need.

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The following singular calculation was made by Lord Stanhope:—"Every professed inveterate snuff-taker, at a moderate computation, takes one pinch in ten minutes. Every pinch, together with the agreeable ceremony of wiping the nose, and other incidental circumstances, consumes a minute and a-half. One minute and a half out of every ten, allowing 16 hours to a snuff-taking day, amounts to two hours and twenty-four minutes out of every nat-