

VARIETIES.

"If I were to pray for a taste, which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown against me, it would be a taste for reading." SIR J. HERSCHELL.

HINTS TO BEGINNERS.

Set a value on the smallest morsels of knowledge.—These fragments are the dust of diamonds. Of these fragments the mass of learning is composed. "It is true," as poor Richard says, "there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed; but stick to it steadily, and you will see great effects, for constant dropping wears away stones; and by diligence and patience the mouse ate in two the cable; and little strokes fell great oaks." A man may learn that in two minutes which may be valuable to him all his life. Even if you see no use in the thing learned, do not despise it. Learn all that you can, and you will live to see its value. Never let slip an opportunity of gaining a new idea. And remember that the beginnings, even of the most sublime sciences, are often so simple as to seem worthless.

Redeem time for study.—The busiest workman can spare some moments. If you mean to get wisdom, you must learn the value of moments. Great attainments have been made in these little snatches. Whether you work or play do it in earnest; but never be unemployed an instant. Unstable and indolent people lose much of life in thinking what they shall do next. Always have a book within reach, which you may catch up at your odd minutes. It is incredible, until trial has been made, how much real knowledge may be acquired in these broken scraps of time. Resolve to edge in a little reading every day, if it is but a single sentence. The man who pursues this method will infallibly become learned. Take a little time for reading from each end of your night's rest. If you can gain fifteen minutes a day, it will make itself felt at the close of the year. I have sometimes thought that the mind acts with double vigour when forced into these brief periods of application.

By degrees, you will learn to save moments from recreation, and idle talk, and even from work. And in the long winter evenings, you will certainly be inexcusable, if you do not devote an hour or two to your books.

Regulate your thoughts when not at study.—A man is thinking even while at work; why may he not be thinking about what is useful? Study is intended to discipline the mind; let your mind be kept under check and rein, while your hands are employed. Revolve in your mind what you have last been reading. Commit useful things to your memory, and turn these over in your thoughts, while you ply the hammer or the wheel. Remember that most of the matchless effusions of Robert Burns were conceived while he was toiling after his plough. Moreover, there is such a thing as study without books. Keep your mind in an inquiring mood, and you cannot be in any situation where you may not be learning.—*Newark Advertiser.*

THIS MINUTE.

This minute is the bearer of joys or pangs to the memories of thousands, and the birth of bliss or woe to thousands more. And what is it to me? Am I a mere spectator? or am I subject to the possible, nay, sure results of this minute? Does the stream of time cease its rolling while I gaze on its surface, and contemplate its course and termination? No; it flows onward, and bears away, disdainful of bribe, and without discrimination, the noble and the mean, the rich and the poor, the beautiful and the ill-favoured, the wise and the fool, the infidel and the saint, and heeds no mandate but His who bade it flow; and flow it shall until the same voice proclaim that time shall be no more.

This minute I am in the current, for the stream has no eddies. How rapidly have I passed in succession the numerous points on its banks! How soon shall I reach its mouth, and then, O then, the ocean—the bottomless and the shoreless ocean!! Am I of materials and structure to mount its wave and move buoyantly and safely on its broad bosom—or shall the grossness of my corrupt nature and habits sink me into its deep and dark abyss, not to drown, but to endure the suffocation of endless despair?

Then what, my fellow men, is this minute worth? Is it worth the pleasure you derive while it passes, from the indulgences of appetite or curiosity? Is it worth the money paid for the last show, or the sum you extort from your neighbour? What is it worth? You may barter it for a dram or a monkey show; but royal grandeur at the point of death, once exclaimed "a world of wealth for an inch of time."—*Christian Index.*

NEWSPAPER WRITERS.

ONE of the earliest reporters of parliamentary speeches, was Dr. Johnson, who made all think and speak, in his own pompous and measured phraseology, and who made all, like the objects seen through a tinted glass, if not in outlines and dimensions, of the same colour and presentment. To him succeeded the elder Woodfall—a name which still has its worthy representative in our literature. Among the reporters of the present century we may enumerate Sir John Campbell, Mr. Serjeant Spankie, Sir James McIntosh, Serjeant Talfourd, Mr. Phillips, and other not unhonoured names; while nearly every man of literary eminence for the last fifty years has here, as well as in France, "dabbled" in newspaper writing. The haughty and would-be aristocrat, equally affect to despise newspaper writers, in the same manner as schoolboys hate their masters, from whom they derive nearly all the information they possess.

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