

WHAT WE ARE SLOW TO BELIEVE.

One thing very slowly learned by most human beings is, that they are of no earthly consequence beyond a very small circle indeed, and that really nobody is thinking or talking about them. Almost every common-place man and woman in this world has a vague but deep-rooted belief that they are quite different from everybody else, and of course quite superior to everybody else. It may be in only one respect that they fancy they are this, but that one respect is quite sufficient. I believe that if a grocer or silk-mercer in a little town has a hundred customers, each separate customer lives on under the impression that the grocer or silk-mercer is prepared to give to him or her certain advantages in buying and selling which will not be accorded to the other ninety-nine customers. "Say it is for Mrs. Brown," is Mrs. Brown's direction to her servant when sending for some sugar; "say it is for Mrs. Brown and he will give it a little better." The grocer, keenly alive to the weakness of his fellow creatures, encourages this notion. "This tea," he says, "would be four and sixpence to any one else, but to you it is only four and three-pence." Judging from my own observation, I should say that retail dealers trade a good deal upon this singular fact in the condition of the human mind, that it is inexpressibly bitter to most people to believe that they stand on the ordinary level of humanity, that, in the main, they are just like their neighbors. Mrs. Brown would be filled with unutterable wrath if it were presented to her that the grocer treats her precisely as he does Mrs. Smith, who lives on one side of her, and Mrs. Snooks, who lives on the other. She would be still more angry if you asked her what earthly reason there is why she should in any way be distinguished beyond Mrs. Snooks and Mrs. Smith. She takes for granted she is quite different from them, quite superior to them. Human beings do not like to be classed—at least, with the class in which in fact they belong. To be classed at all is painful to an average mortal, who firmly believes that there never was such a being in this world. I remember one of the cleverest friends I have—one who assuredly cannot be classed intellectually, except in a very small and elevated class—telling me how mortified he was, when a very clever boy of sixteen, at being classed at all. He had told a literary lady that he admired

Tennyson. "Yes," said the lady, "I am not surprised at that: there is a class of young men who like Tennyson at your age." It went like a dart to my friend's heart. *Class of young men*, indeed!—Was it for this that I outstripped all competitors at school, that I have been fancying myself a unique phenomenon in nature, *different* at least from every other being that lives, that I should be spoken of as one of a class of young men? Now in my friend's half playful reminiscence I see the exemplification of a great fact in human nature.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

WHAT MAKES A GOOD EDITOR.

A good editor, a competent newspaper conductor, is like a general or poet—born, not made. Exercise and experience give facility, but the qualification is innate, or it is never manifested. On the London daily papers, all the great historians, novelists, poets, essayists, and writers have been tried, and nearly all have failed. We might say all; for after a display of brilliance, brief and grand, they died out, literally. Their resources were exhausted. "I can," said the late editor of the *Times*, to Moore, "find any number of men of genius to write for me, but very seldom one man of common sense." Nearly all successful editors have been men of this description. Campbell, Carlyle, Bulwer, and Disraeli failed; Barnes, Stirling, Philips, succeeded; and Delane and Lowe succeeded. A good editor seldom writes for his paper; he reads, judges, selects, dictates, directs, alters, and combines; and to do this well, he has but little time for composition. To write for a paper is one thing—to edit a paper, another.

THE PHYSICAL SYSTEM.—No keenness or culture of intellect (says a recent writer) that does not embrace the culture of health—no wealth, no morality, and not even a religion, that does not embrace the preservation of the physical system from all deterioration, and its cultivation to the highest perfection, will ever last long. No nation or people will ever preserve the weight of influence to which they are naturally entitled among others, without manliness of development as the only reliable foundation of manliness and reliability of character. All that tends to produce these is so far a vital good.

No man can avoid his own company—so he had best make it as good as possible.

PUNCTUALITY.—This is one of the most beautiful traits in one's character, and not only adds to a person's estimation in the minds of others, but is ever a source of great advantage to the one possessing it. Those unaccustomed to be punctual, and to perform their duties with promptness, are forever in the drag. By their tardiness at the commencement of the day, they are just so much behind all during it; which, taken in connection with the accumulation of losses from the force of the habit during the day, results, at the close of it, in the loss of much precious time; and if continued through life, in the frustrating of many plans, and the blighting of many fond hopes, and too frequently, is a clog to the progress of many who are dependent upon the exertions and instructions of these tardy ones, for means and ability and occasion to perform promptly the duties of life. It is particularly desirable and essential that the young who are now forming habits for life, should cultivate Punctuality, as one of the noblest and most promotive traits of character, and one of the first among the graces which adorn a well-ordered life.

A BEAUTIFUL FORM.—Take abundant exercise in the open air,—free, joyous, attractive exercise, such as young girls, when not restrained by false and artificial proprieties, are wont to take. If you are in the country, or can get there, ramble over the hills and through the woodlands; botanize, geologize, seek rare flowers and plants, hunt birds' nests, and chase butterflies. Be a romp, even though you may be no longer a little girl. If you are a wife and mother, so much the better. Romp with your children. Attend to your bodily positions, in standing, sitting, lying, or walking, and employ such general or special gymnastics as your case may require. Live, while in doors, in well-ventilated rooms; take sufficient wholesome and nourishing food, at regular hours; keep the mind active and cheerful; in short, obey all the laws of health.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—By a recent English mail, we learn that J. George Hodgkins, L. L. B., Deputy Superintendent of Education for Upper Canada, has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society of London. Thos. Hodgskin, Esq., M. D., moved the election of Mr. Hodgkins, and it was seconded by Admiral Sir G. Bick, and H. G. Findlay, Esq.—*Christian Guardian.*