

I HAVE NO TIME TO READ.

THE idea about the want of time is a mere phantom. Franklin found time, in the midst of all his labour, to dive into the hidden recesses of philosophy, and to explore the untrodden paths of science. The great Frederick, with an empire at his direction, in the midst of war, on the eve of battles that were to decide the fate of his kingdom, had time to reveal the charms of philosophy and intellectual pleasures.

Bonaparte, with all Europe at his disposal, with kings in his ante-chamber, begging for vacant thrones, with thousands of men whose destinies were suspended on the brittle thread of his arbitrary pleasure, had time to converse with books. Cæsar, when he had curbed the spirit of the Roman people and was thronged with visitors from the remotest kingdoms, found time for intellectual conversation and study.

Boys and girls can have time, if they are willing to improve it, to gain much valuable knowledge, while out of school, without depriving themselves of necessary play or enjoyments.

Suppose every scholar eight years of age should commence reading some interesting books, and read one hour each day, continuing to do so until he is twenty years old; he would have gained more than a year's time, or three hundred and sixty-five days, of ten hours each.

Who will try this course! Young reader, will you do it? You can, if you will only make the attempt, and thus lay up a vast amount of knowledge for yourself. Now is the time to read.

The Student.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

WE need make no long preface of reasons for giving under this title from time to time some account of such books or periodicals as seem to us likely to prove useful to teachers. Every kind of knowledge, from knowledge of the everlasting granite to knowledge of the delicate nervous tissues of the human body, from the vast geometry of God by which he has built the universe down to the life of the creature whose water-drop is an ocean, is used by the good teacher, to adorn and illustrate and vivify his instructions. To add to his knowledge and his treasure. As he finds

frequent use for his dictionary to give him words, so he finds books of reference on other subjects invaluable to give that fullness of knowledge which makes the accurate and ready teacher.

A well-informed person and especially a teacher, feels ashamed of a mispronunciation of an English word. That a similar mortification is not experienced from miscalling names of persons and places arises principally from the fact that it is so difficult to ascertain such pronunciation that only the best scholars are expected to know it. Nevertheless, one feels awkward in reading or speaking upon encountering a word under the shadow of such a doubt. Nor is the difficulty confined to foreign names. You wish to speak of the senator from Texas; H-o-u-s-t-o-n you must call *Hooston*, though inclined, from the spelling of his name and from the custom in New York, where a street has that title, to call him *Howston*. In the East some one asks you a question about *Al-ton*, meaning our city called here *Auel-ton*. Two Western young men travel in New England just after earning their diplomas: at Providence one asks at the railroad station for tickets to *Wavr-ces-ter*, and while the ticket-seller looks blank at such a demand, the other corrects him: "'t is *Wurces-ter*." The agent finally informs them that they mean "*Worster*" for so *Worcester* is pronounced. In England you visit the last residence of the poet Cowley, Chertsey; you must call it *Chessy*. You hear of the valuable library and art-gallery of the Marquis of "*Chumlee*" so spoken, but how spelt? You will have to be told, for 't is past guessing; Cholmondeley! Will you venture uninstructed upon *Youghiogeny Honeoye*, *Lincoln*,—*Pontetract*, *Beaulieu*, *Agassiz*, or *Taney*?—Will you pronounce *Southby* in analogy with *Southeast*, or with *Southern*? Does "*Titian*" rhyme with *politician*?

We have seen an anecdote, (apocryphal, we suspect) of Thackeray. Being in company with Angus B. Reach, author of "*Claret and Olives*," he addressed him as *Mr Reach* (*Reech*). "*Re-a-ak, Sir*," sharply replied Angus. Considering the tartness not called for, the great humourist shortly afterwards, offering him a basket of fruit, asked, "*Mr Re-a-ak will you take a pe-ak?*"

When we come to foreign names the matter is much worse. Some have become thoroughly Anglicized. It would be affectation to