

of day. History boasts of Howard, Wilberforce, Cary, Martyn, Judson Brainerd—men who achieved the grandest success. Let their deeds be told at the fireside, and repeated in the halls of science, in the centres of commerce and in the haunts of corruption and vice. Let the mighty enginery of the centuries bear them world-wide. Their freshness never dies. Their power never lessens. Their touch is as full of magnetism as ever. They ever greet with a “sort of hand in hand warmth.” In them still beat the great heart of their illustrious authors.

These are but examples. On the same page of the historic past lie side by side lives that unfold the principles of true success, and others that reveal its miserable counterfeit.

Call no man successful till you see how he dies.

The Student's Dial.

ONE of the first lessons, necessary for a student to impress upon his mind, as he launches forth into the wide domain of Literature, is to make a proper use of his spare moments. As he views with anxious countenance the *Dial*, which indicates that time is rapidly flying, let him redouble his efforts, and determine that the world shall be the better for his having lived in it. As we employ ourselves in the work of this year, let us endeavor to cultivate that spirit which prompted the utterance of these words from Gladstone, “Believe me when I tell you that thrift of time will repay you in after life with an usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams, and that the waste of it will make you dwindle, alike in intellectual and moral stature beyond your darkest reckonings.” Could we but have the sentiment here expressed indelibly stamped upon our minds as we enter upon any sphere of action, how great would be our surprise, at the benefits accruing. He, who wastes the precious hours of life's seed time, finds that he cannot reap a harvest in life's autumn. It is indeed true that lost wealth may be replaced by industry, lost knowledge by study; but lost time is gone forever. If we should attempt to hunt out those men who have acquired the greatest distinction in the literary world, as

well as in any calling, would we find them to be the wealthy class, who have oceans of time to themselves and nothing to do but to eat, sleep, and vegetate? No, you will most frequently find them to be the overworked class, that class which seems to be swamped with cares, and are in a ceaseless paroxysm of activity from year to year.

The greatest things achieved by man were not the results of fitful or prodigious effort, but of steady unremitting toil. A continual dropping wears the stone. Rely upon it, fellow-student, if you turn to good account the spare moments “your careful gleanings at the end of life will have formed a colossal and solid block of time, and you will die at last wealthier in intellectual acquisitions, wealthier in good deeds harvested, than thousands whose time is all their own.”

The results achieved by those with whom the clock has never “clicked lazily behind the door” is wonderful. John Quincy Adams might be mentioned as a notable example; he rose early (in this most assuredly a good example for students) to redeem the time. “I feel nothing like ennui” he said, “time is too short rather than too long, if the day were forty eight hours long, instead of twenty-four, I could employ them all, if I had but eyes, and hands to write.” Who, among students, does not waste at least thirty minutes per day? This turned to advantage would yield abundant results. Did not Henry Kirk White learn Greek, while walking to and from a lawyer's office, and Elihu Burritt master eighteen languages and twenty-two dialects, by employing the bits and fragments of time stolen from his occupation as a blacksmith?

While we would thus impress upon you, fellow-student, the importance of what has been already said, we would not recommend that you should rob yourself of the necessary amount of recreation and sleep, but bear in mind the oft-repeated quotation “Sana mens in sano corpore.”

“NOTHING is so favorable as virtue to the prosecution of honorable studies. It inures to industry; it leaves the mind vacant and free, master of itself, disencumbered of those bad passions, and disengaged from those mean pursuits, which have ever been found the greatest enemies to true proficiency.”