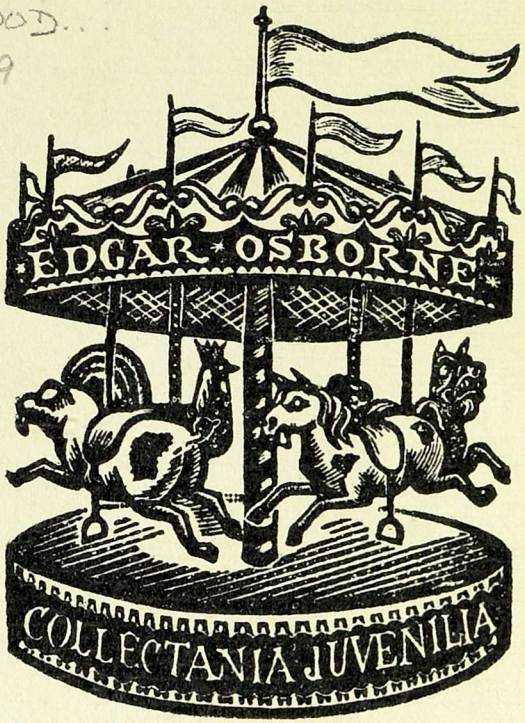
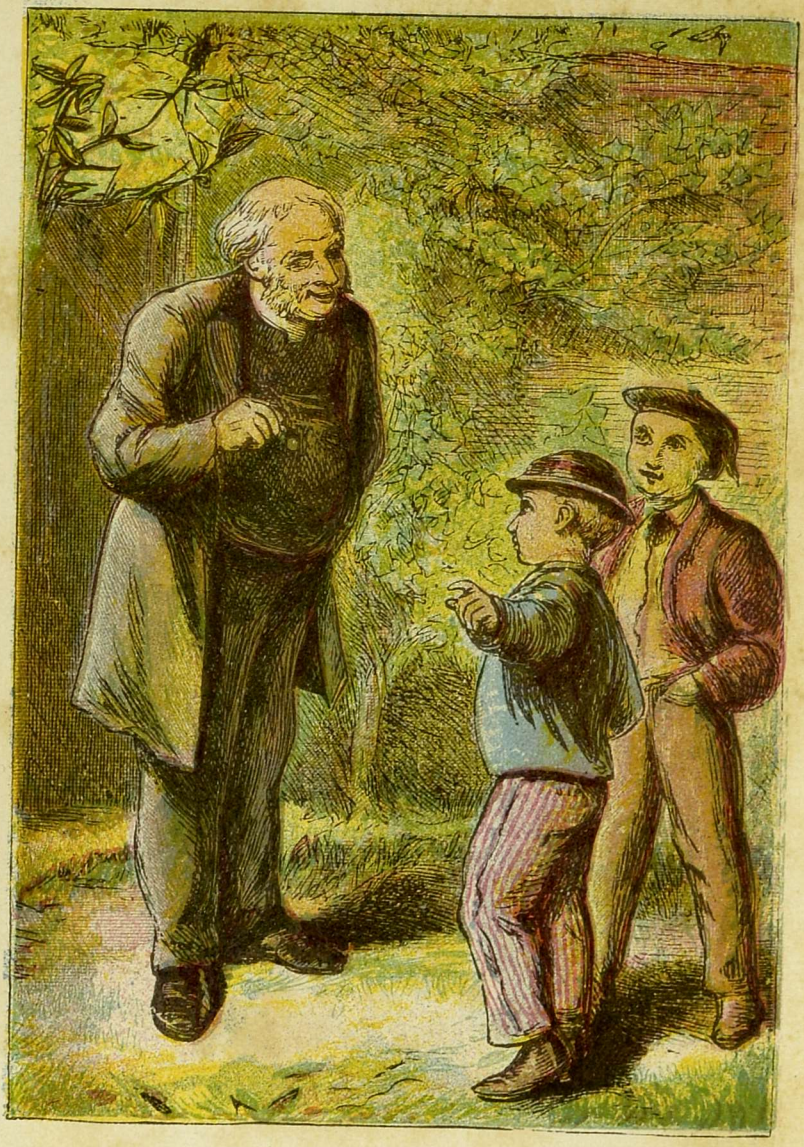
GOOD HABITS AND GOOD MANNERS A BOOK FOR BOYS





Good Habits and good Manners.

GOOD HABITS AND GOOD MANNERS,

A Book for Boys,

OF HINTS, EXAMPLES, AND SUGGESTIONS.

The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

WORDSWORTH.

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PREFACE.

In the following pages I have made no attempt to lay down a series of definite rules or distinct regulations by which a boy's conduct is to be daily ordered, and which, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, are to be considered unalterable. I have simply endeavoured by hint, example, or illustration to enforce the importance of Good Manners and the advantages of Good Habits, and provided, I trust, sufficient material to stimulate the reflections and assist the conclusions of well-disposed youth. I am no believer in the efficacy of "set rules," which, indeed, it is impossible to adapt to the idiosyncrasies or external circumstances of different individuals, and which generally wear a forbidding aspect that renders them as futile as they are absurd. Was ever any one rendered a gentleman by "Hints upon Etiquette?" Did ever any one master a language by committing to memory the rules of its Syntax?

The youthful reader may, therefore, turn to these pages without apprehension; and he will, I trust, rise from their perusal with an eager desire to imitate the examples they record, and profit by the lessons they seek to inculcate. Good Manners are the golden links which bind man to man, and class to class, and their social influence it is impossible to exaggerate. Good Habits are the stepping-stones to success in life; without which the student loses the fruits of his study, and the man of action the results of his activity. Together, they go very far towards the consummation and completion of perfect manhood,—

"Strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

May these pages assist the young in their attainment, and encourage our English boys in the pursuit of Knowledge, the love of Home, and the strenuous performance of Duty!

W. H. D. A.

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GOOD HABITS AND GOOD MANNERS.

PART I.

GOOD HABITS AND GOOD MANNERS AT HOME.

"It was the policy of the good old gentleman to make his children feel that home was the happiest place in the world; and I value this delicious home-feeling as one of the choicest gifts a parent can bestow."—*Washington Irving.*

"All habits gather, by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas."—*Dryden.*

SECTION I.

CONDUCT TOWARDS PARENTS AND OTHER RELATIVES.

"Can I forget thy cares, from helpless years
Thy tenderness for me?"—*Thomson.*

I DESIRE, my dear boys, to read to you a few homilies on your duties towards yourselves, your families, and to those around you. I am anxious to show you how you will increase your own happiness by promoting, as far as lies in your power, the happiness of others. I would inculcate, if I could, the vas

importance of forming *good* habits, before those *bad* habits are contracted which you will no more get rid of than a prisoner of his chains. I want to explain to you the value of good manners in the social relations of life; how they are, indeed, closely associated with good morals; how they conquer many an obstacle and smooth down many a difficulty; how society, without them, would lapse into strife, disorder, and irretrievable anarchy. I would teach you to strive as English boys to learn betimes the duties of English *men*, and to fit yourselves to uphold in your manhood the honour and dignity of your race—of that race which has given to history so many heroes, and to the world so many examples of tenderness, truth, goodness, and energy. These are not trivial matters. Your habits and manners are not *your* concern alone; they interest and affect your companions, your friends, your neighbours, ay, and as we have said, society at large. The pebble flung into the pond occupies only a small portion of its space, but, as it sinks, circle upon circle widens around it, until the ripple affects the farthest bank. An omission or commission upon your part, by influencing your neighbour's feelings, or perturbing his temper,

by shocking or attracting his sympathies, may re-act upon a large household or an extensive establishment. We cannot separate ourselves from the ties of our common humanity. We are so closely linked together that whatever influences you must influence me, and each of us has a direct concern in the acts of his fellows. The Great Teacher has said that "we should do unto others as we would that others should do unto us;" a sublime moral law, which, if strictly observed, would banish from the world sin, suffering, and sorrow. Will you not then, my lads, endeavour to carry out this law among yourselves? Will you not, each in his sphere, seek to promote the universal happiness by showing to your companions the beauty of good manners? The divine command is their very principle and actual essence—that is, abnegation of self, consideration of others, doing unto them as you would they should do unto you.

For it is a mean and narrow view which confines good manners to a careful observance of social etiquette. Good manners mean something more than bows, and courtesies, and compliments; and I have known a well-mannered man who nevertheless ate fish with a knife. Not but what it would have

been more agreeable if in such a matter he had observed the usual custom, but that despite his neglect of such minutiæ he took a broad and liberal view of his duties towards his neighbours, and in his intercourse with men was himself a man. Yes, A MAN! And what a world of meaning there is in that little phrase! "The true Shekinah," says St. Chrysostom, "is man."

> "He was not born to shame;
> Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
> For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
> Sole monarch of the universal earth."—*Shakspeare.*

But what makes manliness? What are the chief virtues of a man? Are they not truthfulness, honour, courtesy, generosity, and courage? The greatest man, says an estimable writer, is he who chooses right with the most invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptation from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is calmest in storms, and most fearless under menaces and frowns; whose reliance on truth, on virtue, and on God is most unfaltering. To this noble and shining manhood, this very climax and perfection of good manners, O youth, do you honestly labour to attain?

Of all violations of good manners lying is, perhaps, the most injurious in its influence upon yourselves and your neighbours. As Sir Henry Sidney counselled his son Philip,—"Above all things tell no untruth, no, not in trifles." A lie is a crime before God; an insult to man; an injury inflicted upon society. It lowers one's self-respect; it degrades one in the sight of one's fellows. It is a step onward in the road to ruin. "Every lie, great or small," says Charles Reade, "is the brink of a precipice, the depth of which nothing but Omniscience can fathom." It is the trick of a coward; for though the ways of truth are hard, and rough to walk, they can surely be trodden by the gallant and heroic. I look, therefore, upon truthfulness as the foundation of all good manners. But not the less is it necessary that you should pay a proper—not a servile—attention to the laws which regulate our social intercourse, and cultivate what the French emphatically call the *bien-séances* of life. It is, perhaps, in itself a little thing if you employ a knife where custom has enjoined the use of a spoon, but it is not a little thing if by doing so you offend a neighbour. Society would soon become unendurable if the laws of taste were not generally

recognised. "Other virtues," writes Emerson, the American essayist, "are in request in the field and workyard; but a certain degree of taste is not to be spared in those we sit with. I could better eat with one who did not respect the truth or the laws than with a sloven and unpresentable person. Moral qualities rule the world, but at short distances the senses are despotic. . . . . Society will pardon much to genius and special gifts; but being in its nature a convention, it loves what is conventional or what belongs to coming together. That makes the good and bad of manners—namely, what helps or hinders fellowship. For fashion is not good sense absolute, but relative; not good sense private, but good sense entertaining company. It hates corners and sharp points of character; hates quarrelsome, egotistical, solitary, and gloomy people; hates whatever can interfere with total blending of parties; whilst it values all particularities as in the highest degree refreshing, which can consist with good fellowship."

Taking, then, the comprehensive view of good manners which we have endeavoured to shadow forth in the preceding pages, let us proceed to consider how

far they are included in our duties towards our parents and relatives generally.

We owe our first-offerings of duty to God ; our second, to our parents. They have a claim upon our gratitude such as no other person can advance. Outpour at their feet all your treasures of love and reverence, and you will not half repay them for the labours they have undergone and the anxieties they have endured. From infancy their watchful devotion has folded you round in its fond embrace, and sheltered you from the chance and change of life,—promoting your happiness, guarding your health, ministering to your wants, soothing your childish cares. The most illustrious men have always been the most loyal and loving children, because their large intellects and brave hearts have the most fully appreciated the measureless sum of a parent's love. Napoleon, in the flush of victory and the plenitude of power, behaved to his mother with the utmost deference, and when in Paris, never suffered a day to pass without paying her a visit. Between Cromwell and his mother the liveliest affection existed. On her deathbed she gave him her blessing in these words :—"The Lord cause His face to shine upon

you, and comfort you in all your adversities; and enable you to do great things for the glory of your Most High God, and to be a relief unto His people. My dear son, I leave my heart with thee. Good night!" And so, happy in the consciousness of her son's great affection, she tranquilly passed away. Canning, the eminent statesman, may be pointed out as another notable example. His mother married a third time, and did not better her social position by the new connexion. Yet throughout every vicissitude Mrs. Hunn, as she was now called, "was cheered," says Mr. Bell, "by constant proofs of the devotion of her son George, who, passing through school and college, and gathering valuable friendships by the way, was never seduced into forgetfulness of her claims upon his duty and affection. He made it a sacred rule to write to her every week, no matter what might be the pressure of private anxiety or public business. In his boyhood, his correspondence treated upon every subject of interest on which his mind was engaged—his studies, his associates, his prospects, his dream of future distinction, nourished in the hope that its realization might enable him, at last, to place his

mother in a position of independence. And when he finally reached the height of that dream, he continued to manifest the same earnest and faithful feelings. No engagements of any kind were ever suffered to interrupt his regular weekly letter. At Lisbon, during his embassy there, although the intercourse with this country was frequently suspended for several weeks together, he still wrote his periodical letter; and it happened on such occasions that the same post came freighted with an arrear of his correspondence. In the midst of the toils of the Foreign Office, harassed by fatigue, and often preyed upon by acute illness, he always found, or made, opportunities for visiting his mother. Shortly before her final settlement at Bath, in 1807, she resided at Winchester, where she had some cousins in an inferior walk of life; and when her son—at that time the centre of popular admiration wherever he moved—used to visit her there, it was his delight to walk out in company with these humble friends, and with them to receive his 'salutations and greetings in the market-place.' One recognises a great man in such behaviour." So, too, Byron, notwithstanding the violence of his mother's passions, treated her with

filial respect. Between George Stephenson, the great engineer, and his son Robert, flourished a most tender and admirable affection: their sympathies, tastes, feelings, ideas, all sprung from, and were enlivened by their hallowed and endearing love. Here is a delightful picture, painted by George Stephenson's biographer, Mr. Smiles:—"The education of his son Robert proceeded apace, and the father contrived to make his progress instrumental in promoting his own improvement. The youth continued for about three years to attend Bruce's school, where he made steady progress. The education was expensive, but his father did not grudge it, for he held that the best legacy he could leave his son was a well-disciplined, well-cultivated mind. Robert was entered a member of the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Institution, the subscription to which was 3*l.* 3*s.* a year. He spent much of his leisure time there, reading and studying; and on Saturday afternoon, when he went home to his father's at Killingworth, he usually carried with him a volume of the 'Repertory of Arts and Sciences,' or of the 'Edinburgh Encyclopædia,' which furnished abundant subjects for interesting and instructive converse during the evening hours. Then

John Wigham would come over from the Glebe farm to join the party, and enter into the lively scientific discussions which occurred on the subjects of their mutual reading. But many of the most valuable works belonging to the Newcastle Library were not permitted to be removed from the room; these Robert was instructed to read and study, and bring away with him descriptions and sketches for his father's information." Such are the relations of love, confidence, and entire sympathy which you should strive to cultivate between your parents and yourself.

Who does not remember the exquisite pathos of the lines in which Cowper has immortalized his mother's memory? "The record fair," he sings,

"That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed:
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
That humour interspersed too often makes;

All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here."

But it is unnecessary to multiply examples. The clearer the judgment, the keener the sensibility, the larger the heart, the deeper will be the love and devotion entertained towards those who gave us life, and all that makes life valuable. And from this love, this true, earnest, and unchangeable devotion, will naturally spring the purest graces of friendly intercourse. Love means reverence, and reverence implies obedience. Hence, a home where filial reverence and affection flourish, will surely bloom with a thousand charms;—

"There love and lore may claim alternate hours,
With peace embosom'd in Idalian bowers."

Let me entreat my readers to avoid the ill manners of too many of the young men of the present day, who treat their fathers as they treat their boon companions, and insult them with slang expressions and familiar jests. Never speak *to* or *of* your parents with disrespect, nor suffer them to be mentioned dis-

respectfully in your presence. The terms "governor," the "old man," "my dad," and others, in which "fast young men" indulge, are utterly deficient in wit—are, simply and plainly, vulgarities. They are unworthy of English lads, whose pride it should be to honour age, and respect experience. Equally would I caution my readers against bandying retorts with an angry parent. Listen to his reproaches, if deserved, in penitence; and vex not his soul with idle excuses. If they are *un*deserved, pause in your reply, until the temporary wrath has passed away, and then, with due respect, place before him the actual circumstances of the case, and show that he has misunderstood your speech or conduct. There are anxieties seething at that father's heart, of which probably you know nothing. Through many weary years, it may be, he has battled with the world, and now, heated with the conflict, flushed with the strife, his passions find a hasty and over-warm expression. Bear with him, youth, as in the old time he has borne with you! No angry looks, no scornful lips, no unlovely frowns should rise between your heart and his! Put against his transient anger all the measureless sum of his tender care and thoughtful kindness, and how

light a matter will that anger seem! But let not the sun go down upon his wrath. Before you withdraw to your chamber, be sure to implore his forgiveness, or, with your mother's help, effect a reconciliation. In view of the uncertainties of human life, it is a fearful thing to retire to rest with a wide gulf of suspicion and anger yawning darkly between father and son, or son and mother. Who knows but that during the still night-hours, the dread fiat may go forth, and the morrow show no living father to forgive, or no living son to be forgiven?

It is not my object in this little volume to lay down a series of rules and regulations, as dull and as mechanical as the laws of the game of cricket, or the "hints" and "suggestions" of a treatise upon etiquette, I wish only to bring home to the minds and hearts of my readers—and most boys have tender hearts and generous minds—those great principles which seem to me to lie at the bottom of all Good Manners, and which, rightly carried out, will encourage the formation of Good Habits. Your duty to your parents, therefore, may easily be summed up in three significant words,—Love, Reverence, Obedience! It is not enough to *love;* I have

known children, whose affection towards their parents was easily excited, guilty of the grossest disrespect, and the most painful contumely. You must also *revere;* and loving and revering them, how easy will be the task—or, rather, how great the pleasure—to *obey!*

Good manners will be necessary to render cheerful and peaceful your relations with your brothers and sisters. Be truthful in all your dealings with them, and be courteous, for it is a vulgar error to suppose that kinship may dispense with politeness. If your sisters are older than yourselves, treat them with a tender respect; if younger, consult their wishes, guide their steps, and influence them towards all good things by your own example. Selfishness is the cause of much misery in homes, of many dissensions among children. But selfishness in a boy means egotism and avarice in a man, and is one of the meanest and most contemptible of vices. If, therefore, your sister or your brother would look at your books or toys, or would share in your acquisitions, meet them in a kindly and liberal spirit, and do not fence yourself round with an impregnable reserve. Have no secrets from your family, and

above all, do not treat either of your brothers or sisters with peculiar confidence, or lavish upon one the affection which you deny to all the rest. Let me caution you, also, against turning into ridicule the particularities or defects of your relatives. A shaft, however lightly shot, may strike deeply, and the wound rankle for many a year, a constant source of unkindly feelings and hostile fancies. Some youths have, I know, a habit of making their sisters the butt of their silly ridicule; they think it a sign of incipient manhood to tyrannize over the weak! But ridicule is only the froth of a shallow mind,—the jingle of the bells which adorn a fool's cap. I would not have any true-hearted English boy stoop to jeer and jest at a gentle girl. The spirit of chivalry was "reverence for woman," and I would have every English boy to show himself a gallant knight—a very Paladin—in his gentleness towards, and deep love for, his kinswomen. Learning to respect *them*, he will learn in due time to respect all womanhood for their sweet sakes, and thus he will master one great secret of a pure and blameless life.

One of the most touching passages that I know of in English biography is the devotion shown by

Charles Lamb,—the delightful essayist, the gentle poet—to his infirm and unfortunate sister. He gave up his daily life to her ; watched over her with ceaseless care, and tended her with almost a mother's love. She was subject to fits of insanity, but having finally recovered,—and mainly through his unfailing solicitude—the twain lived together in humble happiness for many tranquil years. All his letters are full of his "dear Mary," for whom he worked, and strove, and for whom he denied himself the usual luxuries of bachelorhood. "To her, from the age of twenty-one," says Talfourd, "he devoted his existence, seeking thenceforth no connexion which could interfere with her supremacy in his affections, or impair his ability to sustain and comfort her."

An admirable community of sympathies and feelings existed between Robert Bloomfield, the shoemaker-poet, and his elder brother George. The latter took his young brother to live with him, and a pleasant glimpse of their home life is afforded us—of the one room where they lived and worked, George and his men labouring over their boots and shoes, while Robert read the newspaper aloud to them.

A different spectacle is exhibited in the relations

between Leigh Hunt,—the good and gentle Leigh Hunt,—and his elder brother Stephen. Stephen was a dozen years older, and infinitely stronger than the timorous Leigh, and he therefore played the despot with cruel thoughtlessness. "To give an instance," says Leigh Hunt himself, in his "Autobiography," "of the lengths to which my brother carried his claims of ascendancy, he used to astonish the boys at a day-school to which we went at Finchley by appearing among them with clean shoes, when the bad state of the lanes rendered the phenomenon unaccountable. Reserve on the one side, and shame on the other, kept the mystery a secret for some time. At length it turned out that he was in the habit, on muddy days, of making one of his brothers carry him to school on his shoulders. When Stephen," continued Leigh Hunt, "took me bodily in hand I was exasperated. I remember the furious struggles I used to make, and my endeavours to get at his shins, when he would hold me at arm's length, 'aggravating' me (as the phrase is) by taunting speeches and laughing like a goblin. But I might confront him and endeavour to kick his shins by daylight. But with respect to ghosts, as the sailor said, I did not 'under-

stand their tackle.' In vain my brother played me repeated tricks. I was always ready to be frightened again. At one time he would grin like a fabulous wild beast, called the Mantichora; then he would roar like him; then call about him in the dark. I remember his asking me to come up to him one night at the top of the house. I ascended, and found the door shut. Suddenly a voice came through the keyhole, saying, in its hollowest tones, 'The Mantichora's coming!' Down I rushed to the parlour, fancying the terror at my heels.

"I dwell the more," adds Leigh Hunt, "on this seemingly petty circumstance, because such things are no petty ones to a sensitive child. My brother had no idea of the mischief they did me. Perhaps the mention of them will save mischief to others. They helped to morbidize all that was weak in my temperament, and cost me many a bitter night."

May every one who reads these pages avoid the sin of bullying! A bully is necessarily a coward, because it is only upon the fears of the weak that he will dare to operate, and I consider him so intolerable a nuisance in a family as to deserve summary expulsion, or an equally condign punishment. Do not

trifle with the apprehensions of a brother or a sister. The sensitive mind is easily shocked, and an injury of which you little wot may be inflicted by your thoughtless tyranny. Do you, rather, stand always ready to defend and assist your weaker relatives; to lend them your support, as they falter along the rough paths of life. "A brother's sufferings claim a brother's pity;" and pleasant will it be when the dark hours come, when the silver cord is loosed and the golden cord broken, when a daisied grave hides from your sight all that remains of the loved and lost, to remember that you stayed their trembling steps, and, soothing their fluttering hearts, comforted, consoled, and encouraged them! Happy will be it for you, my boys, if in that time of shadows no memories shall be yours of bitter words or bitterer thoughts, of unkindly deeds and unthinking violence; and you shall not cry, in the words of the poetess, "Where is my brother gone?" Do you know that little poem? If not, commit it to memory as a very sweet and tender lyric, not unworthy of its singer—Mrs. Hemans:—

"O call my brother back to me,
I cannot play alone;
The summer comes with flower and bee—
Where is my brother gone?

"The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sunbeam's track ;
I care not now to chase its flight—
O call my brother back !

"The flowers run wild—the flowers we sow'd
Around our garden tree ;
Our vine is drooping with its load—
O call him back to me !

"He would not hear my voice, fair child !
He may not come to thee ;
The face that once like spring-time smiled,
On earth no more thou'lt see.

"A rose's brief, bright light of joy,
Such unto him was given :—
Go, thou must play alone, my boy !
Thy brother is in heaven.

"And has he left his birds and flowers ?
And must I call in vain ?
And through the long, long summer-hours,
Will he not come again ?

"And by the brook, and in the glade,
Are all our wanderings o'er ?
Oh ! while my brother with me play'd,
Would I had loved him more !"

SECTION II.

CONDUCT TOWARDS SERVANTS.

"The humblest being born is great,
If true to his degree;
His virtue illustrates his fate,
Whatever that may be!
Thus, let us daily learn to love
Simplicity and worth;
For not the eagle, but the dove,
Brought peace unto the earth."

Charles Swain.

When I see a master harsh and overbearing in his treatment of his servants I put him down as a man of narrow mind and churlish soul. For no true gentleman will abuse his inferiors or unnecessarily wound their feelings, and the duties of servants are in some respects so painful, their responsibilities so exacting, that they require as a rule our most indulgent consideration. Good masters make good servants, and you may tell the character of the heads of a family from the condition of their household. Rough phrase invites unwilling service. If you withhold confidence you may anticipate deception.

It is a prevailing fault in English society to look

upon servants as merely the machinery of a household,—

"Their services are, clock-like, to be set
Backward and forward, at their lord's command."

Ben Jonson.

No heed is given to their welfare. They come, they go, almost like shadows on the stream of our tranquil life, and we trouble ourselves no further about them than to exact to the last drop of blood the conditions of the bond. So much wage so much work, and no thought taken of mind, or heart, or soul! And yet they have sympathies which might be awakened—impulses which require a careful direction; feelings which should be purified, and thoughts which may be elevated, ay, and hearty affections too, if we would but summon them into life! When I hear the stereotyped complaint, "O for the servants of the olden time," I cannot but answer it with another, "O for the masters of the olden time!" Then, indeed, the servant grew grey-headed in honourable service; shared in the sorrows, joys, anxieties, and triumphs of his lord; was considered a faithful friend, and not scorned as a human chattel!

"Happy those times,
When lords were styled fathers of families,

And not imperious masters ! when they number'd
Their servants almost equal with their sons,
Or one degree beneath them ! When their labours
Were cherish'd and rewarded, and a period
Set to their sufferings ! when they did not press
Their duties or their wills beyond the power
And strength of their performance ! all things order'd
With such decorum, as wise law-makers."—*Shakspeare.*

From these remarks my young readers will easily understand that I recognise as important the observance of the laws of good manners with relation to servants, and generally, to those who are inferior in social position to ourselves. Boys should neither be too familiar nor haughtily reserved. They should give their orders courteously, and wait with due patience until those orders can be fulfilled. Let them keep out of the pantry and the kitchen, which are not fitting arenas for the display of juvenile precocity. Let them avoid harsh language, for bad as it is from the lips of the aged, it is trebly worse from the young and inexperienced. Be careful to give no unnecessary trouble, and if help be afforded or service rendered, acknowledge it with graceful thanks. When a servant salutes you with a respectful "Good morning," do not fail to return the kindly wish. The great Duke of Wellington never hesitated to touch his hat in return

to the passing salutation of even a beggar. The heroic Sidney Smith was equally distinguished by his generous consideration of the feelings of others. The love and admiration which that truly brave and loving man won from everyone, rich or poor, with whom he came in contact, seems to have arisen from the one fact that, without perhaps having any such conscious intention, he treated rich and poor, *his own servants*, and the noblemen his guests, alike, and alike courteously, considerately, cheerfully, affectionately; so leaving a blessing, and reaping a blessing, whereso-ever he went.* . . . . He who has a harsh answer for a beggar, or a churlish word for the poor, lacks the highest qualities of a gentleman, and the noblest virtues of a man.

SECTION III.

ON A PROPER DIVISION OF THE DAY.

"Let all things be done decently, and in order."—*St. Paul.*

"ORDER"—sings the poet—"is Heaven's first law," and method is one of the principal conditions of

* Rev. C. Kingsley.

success. A boy of disorderly and irregular habits is, I take it, a boy of disorderly and irregular mind, whose thoughts are chaotic and seldom at command; who stolidly blunders through imperfectly performed duties, and can never bring his powers promptly and decisively to bear upon a given object. If you wish to attain to eminence in your sphere of labour, or to secure a reasonable portion of success in life, *be methodical.* Strictly confine a particular study to a particular hour, and divide the day in such a manner that every hour may have its allotted task. Had not the great novelist, Sir Walter Scott, rigidly observed this important rule, he could not have accomplished one half the work he did. He rose early; devoted his mornings to his desk; in the afternoon inspected the progress of improvements on his estate, and in the evening gave himself up to the pleasures of social intercourse.

The illustrious Frederick the Second of Prussia was equally an economist of time, and regulated his daily pursuits with the utmost precision. He rose at five o'clock in the morning, and sometimes earlier. After he was dressed, an officer brought him an account of all that had occurred at Potsdam during

the night. He then retired into a private cabinet, and there employed himself until seven. He now breakfasted; read his correspondence; and made minutes of the answers his secretaries were to return to every letter. About ten o'clock he received the generals who attended on his person, and conversed with them on various topics. Next he gave audience to those of his subjects who required an interview, and at eleven he mounted his horse and proceeded to review his troops. Afterwards he walked awhile, and at one sat down to dinner. The dinner ended he retired into his private apartment, where he remained till five o'clock, when his reader waited on him. Two hours for reading, two hours for music, supper at half-past nine, and conversation until eleven or twelve completed the sovereign's day.

Equally methodical was the famous Duke of Sully, the most illustrious of French statesmen and faithful of French ministers. "He rose all the year round at four o'clock in the morning, and was always ready to appear at the council by seven. His hour of dining was at noon, after which he gave audience to all without distinction who sought to be admitted to him. The business of the day was always finished

in this way before supper, and at ten he regularly retired to bed."

It is said of the distinguished Oriental scholar, Sir William Jones, that "by a regular application of time to particular occupations, he pursued various objects without confusion; and in undertakings which depended on his individual perseverance, he was never deterred by difficulties from proceeding to a successful termination." While in India he penned the following lines in illustration of his own habits and those of the famous lawyer, Sir Edward Coke:

Sir Edward Coke:—

"Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six,
Four spend on prayer—the rest on nature fix."

Rather:—

"Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, and *all* to Heav'n."

Few men have become great who have not been early risers. Refreshed by sleep and repose, the mind addresses itself to work with joyous alacrity; the fancy is livelier, the judgment clearer, the intellect more vigorous. Dean Swift declared that he never knew any man attain to greatness and eminence who laid in bed of a morning. The

American philosopher and patriot, Benjamin Franklin, was wont to say that he who rose late might trot all day, and not have overtaken his business at night. The great Earl of Chatham wrote,—"I would have inscribed on the curtains of your bed, and the walls of your chamber, 'If you do not rise early, you can make progress in nothing. If you do not set apart your hours of reading; if you suffer yourself or any one else to break in upon them, your days will slip through your hands unprofitable and frivolous, and unenjoyed by yourself.'" Dr. Doddridge's calculation is instructive:—"The difference between rising at five and seven o'clock in the morning, for the space of forty years, supposing a man to go to bed at the same hour at night, is nearly equivalent to the addition of ten years to a man's life." The general experience of students has proved that the morning is the best time for study. It is a sin and a blunder to burn the midnight oil, and, as Demosthenes said of Socrates, work got through under such circumstances will assuredly *smell of the oil;* laboured, heavy, and forced; not fresh and spontaneous, as when poured from the eager mind after the recreation of an invigorating sleep. I agree

with Bishop Hall, that no Christian will presume to "alter the ordinance of day and night; nor will dare confound, where distinctions are made by his Maker." The poet Vaughan has finely extolled the advantages of early rising, and enjoined, at the same time, the duty of early prayer. "Mornings," he says, "are mysteries."

"Mornings are mysteries; the first, the world's youth,
Man's resurrection, and the future's bud,
Shroud in their births; the crown of life, light, truth,
Is styled their star; the stone and hidden food;
Three blessings wait upon them, one of which
Should move—*they make us holy, happy, rich.*

"When first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty: true hearts spread and heave
Unto their God, as flowers do to the sun:
Give him thy first thoughts then, so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in him sleep.

"Yet never sleep the sun up; *prayer should*
Dawn with the day: there are set awful hours
'Twixt heaven and us; the manna was not good
After sun-rising; far day sullies flowers:
Rise to prevent the sun;* sleep doth sins glut,
And heaven's gate opens when the world's is shut."

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* To prevent (*prævenio*)—*i.e.*, to anticipate: an old meaning of the word.

The poet concludes with some admirable advice for the remainder of the day :—

"When the world's up, and every swarm abroad,
Keep well thy temper, mix not with each clay;
Dispatch necessities; life hath a load
Which must be carried on, and safely may;
Yet keep those cares without thee; let the heart
Be God's alone, and choose the better part."

To rise early, and to retire to bed early, are then the two first regulations you should observe in a proper division of your days. The interval must be filled up in such a manner as to economize every hour; but the appropriation of particular hours to special pursuits will depend, of course, on the circumstances in which you are placed. To a boy at home such arrangement as the following may be indicated :— Rise at 6 A.M.; dress and prayers, 6 to 7; study, 7 to 8; breakfast, 8 to 9; study, 9 to 11; exercise and amusements, 11 A.M. to 1 P.M.; dinner (or luncheon), 1 to 2; recreation, 2 to 3; study, 3 to 5; tea (or dinner), 5 to 6; recreation, 6 to 7; study, 7 to 9; supper, prayers, and undress, 9 to 10. Never waste your time. Every minute is a jewel of priceless value. It is related of an eminent writer, that finding himself detained, every day, for about twenty

minutes, before his wife made her appearance at the dinner-table, he devoted that time to the preparation of an important historical work. If we were all of us as careful over every minute, how many unconsidered "grains of gold" we might pick up!

Sir Walter Scott found his capacity for work seriously impaired, unless he secured eight hours of undisturbed slumber. Many literary men are content with seven, but I hold to the example of the "Wizard of the North." For boys under sixteen, and above twelve, nine hours may be needful, but after sixteen, I believe that eight will sufficiently recruit the frame and repose the mind. Every student who would secure the blessings of a healthy bodily and mental condition—"sana mens in sano corpore"—must take at least *two hours*' active exercise daily, riding or walking, but walking if possible. A brisk, lively walk; not a monotonous trot up and down some well-worn highway, where every object is familiar to you, until the mind grows fatigued from the pitiful lack of stimulus and amusement, and consequently wearies out the body,—but a walk *with an object;* to see some work of art, examine some interesting building, or survey some attractive landscape. If

you can obtain the companionship of a pleasant friend, your ramble will be all the more beneficial; for it is the object of physical exercise to refresh and strengthen both the faculties of mind and body, and one enjoys one's walk the more keenly when it is enlivened by agreeable conversation.

The importance of regular daily exercise to all men, and especially to those whose occupation does not call for any physical exertion, cannot be over-estimated. "The body," says a sensible writer, "must undergo a certain amount of fatigue to preserve its natural strength, and maintain all the muscles and organs in proper vigour. This activity equalizes the circulation, and distributes the blood more effectually through every part. Cold feet, or a chill anywhere, shows that the circulation is languid there. The muscles during exercise press on the veins, and help forward the currents by quickening every vessel into activity. The valves of the heart are in this way aided in the work of sending on this stream, and relieved of a certain amount of labour. When exercise is neglected, the blood gathers too much about this central region, and the oppression about the heart, difficulty of breathing, lowness of

spirits, anxiety and heaviness, numerous aches and stitches, are evidences of this stagnation. People are afraid to take exercise, because they fancy they want breath, and feel weak. But the very effort would free the heart from this burthen by urging the blood forward to the extremities; it would ease their breathing by liberating the lungs from the same superabundance; it would make the frame feel active and light, as the effect of equalized circulation and free action." Longfellow, in a pithy couplet, has summed up the three ingredients of health—

> "Joy, temperance, and repose,
> Slam the door on the doctor's nose;"

but for "joy" read "exercise," which is the true *Elixir Vitæ* of the studious bookworm.

I cannot better sum up these remarks than by inviting my young readers to ponder well the following admirable observations of Bishop Hall:—

"Every day," he says, "is a little life: and our whole life is but a day repeated: whence it is that old Jacob numbers his life by days; and Moses desires to be taught this point of holy arithmetic, to number, not his years, but his days. Those, there-

fore, that dare lose a day are dangerously prodigal; those that dare mis-spend it, desperate. We can but teach others by ourselves: let me tell you how I would pass my days, that you, or whosoever others overhearing me, may either approve my thriftiness or correct my errors.

"First, therefore, I desire to awake at those hours, not when I will, but when I must: pleasure is not a fit rule for rest, but health: neither do I consult so much with the sun as mine own necessity, whether of body, or in that of the mind. If this vassal could well serve me waking it should never sleep; but now it must be pleased that it may be serviceable. Now, when sleep is rather driven away than leaves me, I would ever awake with God. My first thoughts are for Him, who made the night for rest, and the day for travel; and, as He gives, so blesses both. If my heart be early seasoned with His presence, it will savour of Him all day after. While my body is dressing, not with an effeminate curiosity, nor yet with rude neglect, my mind addresses itself to her ensuing task; bethinking what is to be done, and in what order; and marshalling, as it may, my hours with my work.

"That done, after some while meditation, I walk up to my masters and companions, my books; and, sitting down amongst them, with the best contentment, I dare not reach forth my hand to salute any of them till I have first looked up to heaven, and claimed favour of Him to whom all my studies are duly referred, without whom I can neither profit nor labour. Now, therefore, can I deceive the hours with change of pleasures, that is, of labours. One while, mine eyes are busied; another while, my hand; and sometimes, my mind takes the burden from them both; wherein I would imitate the skilfullest cooks, which make the best dishes with manifold textures.

"Thus could I, all day, as ringers use, make myself music with changes; and complain sooner of the day for shortness, than of the business for toil; were it not that this faint monitor interrupts me still in the midst of my busy pleasures, and enforces me both to respite and repast. I must yield to both: while my body and mind are joined together in those unequal couples, the better must follow the weaker.

"Before my meals, therefore, and after, I let myself loose from all my thoughts; and now would

forget that I ever studied. A full mind takes away the body's appetite, no less than a full body makes a dull and unwieldy mind. Company, discourse, recreations, are now seasonable and welcome. These prepare me for a diet, not gluttonous, but medicinal: the palate may not be pleased, but the stomach; nor that for its own sake. Neither would I think any of these comforts worth respect in themselves, but in their use, in their end; so far as they may enable me to (*i.e.*, strengthen me for) better things. I rise capable of more, but not desirous: not now immediately from my trencher to my book; but after some intermission. Moderate speed is a sure help to all proceedings; whereas those things which are prosecuted with violence of endeavour or desire, either succeed not, or continue not.

"After my latter meal my thoughts are slight; only my memory may be charged with her task of recalling what was committed to her custody in the day: and my heart is busy in examining my hands, and mouth, and all other senses, of that day's behaviour. And, now the evening is come, no tradesman doth more carefully take in his wares, clear his shopboard, and shut his windows, than I would shut

up my thoughts, and clear my mind. That student shall live miserably which, like a camel, lies down under his burden. All this done, calling together my family, we end the day with God.

"I grant, neither is my practice worthy to be exemplary, neither are our callings proportionable. The lives of a nobleman, of a courtier, of a scholar, of a citizen, of a countryman, differ no less than their dispositions: yet must all conspire in honest labour. Sweat is the destiny of all trades, whether of the brows or of the mind. God never allowed any man to do nothing. How miserable is the condition of those men which spend the time as if it were given to them, and not lent!—as if hours were waste creatures, and such as should never be accounted for!—as if God would take this for a good bill of reckoning:—*Item*, spent upon my pleasures forty years. These men shall once find that no blood can privilege idleness, and that nothing is more precious to God than that which they desire to cast away—TIME."

SECTION IV.

ON THE CHOICE OF BOOKS.

"Worthy books
Are not companions—they are solitudes;
We lose ourselves in them, and all our cares."
P. J. BAILEY, *Festus.*

THE later life of the *man* is coloured and influenced by the reading and meditation of the *boy*, and it is of infinite importance to our future happiness that our choice of books, in youth, should be determined upon correct principles. "A good book is," indeed, as Milton finely says, "the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life;" while a bad book is an evil of no ordinary magnitude, because it perpetuates corruption, and gives an enduring vitality to a lie. "Reading," says Lord Bacon, "makes a full man;" but we do not value a vial brimming over with noxious or worthless liquids, nor a casket of sand, nor a bag of wind. Indiscriminate reading not only necessitates a deplorable waste of time, but weakens the judgment, deteriorates the fancy, and corrupts the taste. "Some books," says Bacon, "are to be tasted,

others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested—that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly and with diligence and attention. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider."

I do not say that you are never to read for recreation, and I would not debar you from the perusal of the works of our more illustrious novelists. Much less would I exclude you from the fairy world of poetry and the drama. The imagination and the fancy should be cultivated as well as the judgment and the reason, but beware of lingering too long among the roses, lest the mind wax lethargic, and a voluptuary, unfit for noble aims and higher studies. But do not read "*sensation* novels;"—do not drink the fiery drams which stir up a jaded appetite;—and eschew the so-called "comic literature" of the day, which travesties and ridicules all that is pure, truthful, and human. Historical and biographical works should be your *first* choice; from the one you will learn the changes of nations and the revolutions of races; from the other the experiences of illustrious

men, how they have striven and suffered, endured and conquered. Books of travel are also wholesome reading, for they present you with views of great cities and strange lands, and have often all the interest without the excitement of works of fiction. Science popularly treated—geology, chemistry, animal physiology—must not be neglected, and every English youth should endeavour to gain a correct acquaintance with at least the *principles* of political economy, and with the laws, constitution, and government of his own country. Nor will you have any difficulty in obtaining the newest and best works upon these and kindred topics, the machinery of the modern circulating libraries placing them within your reach at a trifling cost.

By all means acquire A HABIT OF READING. Let not a day pass without dipping into the pages of a good book. Idle hours are the devil's opportunities. When weary with study or fatigued with exercise turn eagerly therefore to the recreation of reading. Lay up stores of knowledge for future use; every fact, every idea, every hint or inference will bring forth good fruit in due time. You cannot make bricks without straw; you cannot think without occasional

help from the thoughts of other men. But *read with method.* Read slowly and reflectively, drawing your own conclusions as you pass from page to page, and analysing carefully the matter which is laid before you. Do not accept the authority of any one writer upon a particular subject as satisfactory; compare him with other writers; examine into his facts; balance his statements; sift his conclusions; read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest.

"Reading is to the mind," said the Duc de Vivonne, somewhat coarsely to Louis XIV., "what your partridges are to my chops." But the nutriment afforded by reading is easily converted into poison. "Salmasius," says Gibbon, "had read as much as Grotius, perhaps more; but their different modes of reading made the one an enlightened philosopher, and the other, to speak plainly, a pedant puffed up with a useless erudition." To feed the body always upon one kind of food would soon produce disease, and to nurture the mind upon one species of reading must have a result equally disastrous. If inconstancy weakens the intellect, an exclusive concentration of the powers upon a single object narrows, hardens, and fossilizes it. "Our

ideas," to quote again from Gibbon, "no longer change easily into a different channel, and the course of reading to which we have too long accustomed ourselves is the only one that we can pursue with pleasure." Habitual novel-readers, for instance, cannot fix their attention upon books of a graver and more useful character, and the reader who drugs himself with poetry will find it hard to relish the more substantial aliment of physical science. Change then your course of reading at suitable intervals, neither flitting from one subject to another like a butterfly, nor brooding for ever over one particular study.

Certain grains will only grow in certain soils, and many minds will derive no nutriment from the books that afford satisfactory food to others. It is well then to be determined in our choice a good deal by our own tastes. The best books for a reader are undoubtedly those from which he can obtain at the least expenditure of labour the greatest amount of profit—those which meet his special wants and appeal in the liveliest manner to the natural bias of his mind, because these only will awaken his interest and compel his attention. "The great use of books," says Dr. Channing, "is to rouse us to thought; to

turn us to questions which great men have been working on for ages; to furnish us with materials for the exercise of judgment, imagination, and moral feeling, and to breathe into us a moral life from higher spirits than our own." These results are most likely to be obtained when our tastes are interested in what we read, for the stomach derives no nourishment from substances that it loathes.

I have met with great readers who knew nothing; book-gluttons, who devoured, but neither relished nor digested their food. I have met with triflers who have skimmed through a thousand books, without retaining a single novel impression, or acquiring a fresh idea. It is just as futile, this way of reading, as flying through a strange country in an express train, and professing to learn something of its manners, customs, and peculiarities. I would earnestly bid my young friends beware of this fatal error. It is one to be specially guarded against in boyhood, when the mind eagerly turns to fresh pursuits, and hovers from blossom to blossom with a delightful inconstancy. The habit once acquired is not easily to be conquered, and its victim sinks into a frivolous idler, incapable of real study. Such a reader takes

up a book as the Hindû lady her fan, to pass away time, and induce slumber. He is no hardy miner, digging in the treasure-caves of knowledge, but a child, who flings aside the rarest flowers as fast as he gathers them! Great results are only granted to great exertions in reading, as in all other pursuits.

Dr. Southey, himself a student of vast and varied erudition, has placed on record some excellent advice to youthful readers. "You," he says, "you, whose hearts are open, whose understandings are not yet hardened, and whose feelings are neither exhausted nor encrusted with the world, take from me a better rule than any professors of criticism will teach you! Would you know whether the tendency of a book is good or evil, examine in what state of mind you lay it down. Has it induced you to suspect that what you have been accustomed to think unlawful, may, after all, be innocent, and that may be harmless which you have hitherto been taught to think dangerous? Has it tended to make you dissatisfied and impatient under the control of others, and disposed you to relax in that self-government, without which, both the laws of God and man tell us there can be no virtue, and consequently no happiness?

Has it attempted to abate your admiration and reverence for what is great and good, and to diminish in you the love of your country and your fellow-creatures? Has it addressed itself to your pride, your vanity, your selfishness, or any of your evil propensities? Has it defiled the imagination with what is loathsome, and shocked the heart with what is monstrous? Has it disturbed the sense of right and wrong, which the Creator has implanted in the human soul? If so, if you have felt that such were the effects that it was intended to produce, throw the book in the fire, whatever name it may bear on the title-page!"

SECTION V.

ON NEATNESS AND CLEANLINESS.

"Let thy mind's sweetness have its operation upon thy body, clothes, and habitation."—*George Herbert.*

HABITS of neatness and cleanliness are of importance, not only to the individual, but to all with whom he is connected; and such habits we should sedulously cultivate from our youth upwards. What can be

more disgusting, morally as well as physically, than unkempt hair, dirty hands, a buttonless jacket, collars awry, and boots bespattered with mud? There is, I verily believe, a close association between cleanliness of body and purity of mind. I cannot fancy a stainless soul content to rest in a foul and filthy tenement. When I see a dirty, disorderly man, I conclude at once that he is also a man of ribald conversation, loose morals, and evil manners. So intimate is the connexion between soul and body, that, I take it, the innocency of the one is actually promoted by the cleanliness of the other. As Thomson says,—

> "Even from the body's purity, the mind
> Receives a secret sympathetic aid."

Or as the motto to this section has it,—"Let thy mind's sweetness have its operation upon thy body, clothes, and habitation." Enumerate the names of worthies distinguished for holy living and stainless character, and you enumerate the names of men distinguished for neatness and cleanliness of person. Wilberforce, Heber, Clarkson, Watts, Addison, Falkland, Hampden,—but why continue the list? I do not remember any man of *true* genius, who has rejoiced in filth or rags.

As soon as you have risen indulge yourself in plentiful ablutions, sponging the body freely with cold water, and rubbing it dry with a coarse towel. Not only apply the water *ex*ternally, but *in*ternally, imbibing a refreshing draught of about half a pint. See that your nails are clean, and the skin properly kept back, that your fingers may not be scarred with disfiguring whitlows. Do you remember the old joke ascribed, I think, to Charles Lamb, who, playing at whist with the critic Hazlitt, and observing that his hands were in no gentlemanly condition, exclaimed, "Ah, sir, if *dirt* were *trumps*, what 'hands' you would have!" Let no such reproach fall upon you! A clean, white, wholesome-looking hand—rendered so by constant lavations, not by abominable cosmetics—is at once the sign and pride of a gentleman. Physiognomists will tell you that the hand is a great index of character; what then does a dirty hand indicate?—

> "All habits gather, by unseen degrees,
> As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas."

Dirty nails lead to dirty hands; dirty hands to a dirty face; and so the neglect of your person will increase, until you acquire no very enviable reputation.

Bathe your face and hands before and after every meal, and always after long-continued exercise ; but in the latter case allow a slight interval to elapse, while the extra warmth of the body subsides. Keep the teeth clean : white teeth lend a peculiar animation and brilliancy to the countenance, and help to prevent the breath from becoming disagreeable. They should be cleaned every morning before you breakfast, and every night before you retire to rest, and the mouth should be " rinsed out " after each meal.

Do not go about like an unkempt Orson, with hair all rough and disordered, flying in the wind like the tail of an erratic comet. Arrange your hair as free as possible, with some attention to the lines and character of your face. In this there is no coxcombry. The body is a visible temple of the Divinity ; and it is, in fact, a moral duty that we should decorate it modestly, and keep it, as far as may be, free from all stain, blemish, or impurity. Cleanliness and neatness engender self-respect, and self-respect is the parent of many virtues.

The pleasing effect of a proper arrangement of the hair is not generally appreciated. How often do we see a good face made ugly by a total inattention

to its lines! "Sometimes," says a lively writer, "the hair is so pushed into the cheeks and squared at the forehead as to give a most extraordinary, pinched shape to the face. Let the oval, where it exists, be always preserved; where it does not, let the hair be so humoured that the deficiency shall not be perceived. Nothing is more common than to see a face which is somewhat too large below made to look grossly large and coarse, by contracting the hair on the forehead and cheeks, and then bringing it to an abrupt check; whereas such a face should enlarge the forehead and the cheek, and let the hair fall partially over, so as to shade and soften off the lower exuberance. Some press the hair close down to the face, which is to lose the very characteristic of hair—ease and freedom. The wigs of men in Charles the Second's time had at least that one merit of floating into the background, and in their fall softening the lines of the dress about them."

Neatness of person and attire will always be found accompanied with a love of neatness and order in other things. And a careful arrangement of your books and papers will save you many a valuable

hour, as well as preserve your temper from being disturbed by petty irritations. "Let all things be done decently and in order," is the injunction of the Apostle Paul; and the judicious Hooker, one of the most eminent divines of the Anglican Church, expressed, when lying on his death-bed, the pleasure with which he contemplated the prospect of entering into "a world of order." "Everything in its place, and a place for everything," is an old maxim which boys, at home and at school, will do well to bear in mind and carry into practice.

Let there be no misunderstanding as to the elements of true politeness. We have already pointed out that it must not be measured by the mere rules of social etiquette, and that though an observance of those rules is a part of it, yet it extends further and comprehends far higher and more important duties. Thus, cleanliness and neatness are qualifications which the polite man will not neglect, but cleanliness and neatness are not all. Politeness is, in fact, a subjection of our own wishes and wants to the wishes and wants of others; an avoidance of all that can distress or fatigue our companions. "Good manners," says Swift, "is the art of making those people

easy with whom we converse." It is also the art of making those people easy with whom we hold any social relation whatsoever, and this can only be effected by the practice of forbearance, moderation, and generosity. "When two goats met on a bridge which was too narrow to allow either to pass or return, the goat which lay down that the other might walk over it, was a finer gentleman than Lord Chesterfield."

To be "a gentleman" is a high and excellent ambition. It is to be something more than ordinary men—*generous*, a gentleman, a man of tender heart, refined tastes, and lively sympathies. "What is it," says Thackeray, "what is it to be a gentleman? It is to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise, and, possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner. Ought not a gentleman to be a loyal son, a true husband, an honest father? Ought not his life to be decent, his bills to be paid, his tastes to be high and elegant, his aims in life lofty and noble?" Of such gentlemen, thank God, every generation in this dear England of ours has furnished abundant examples, and as our forefathers pointed to their Sidneys,

Mores, and Raleighs, so can we to our Outrams, Cannings, Lawrences, and Kingsleys.

Beware, then, of undervaluing politeness; of thinking of it only in the conventional and vulgar sense. True politeness is a virtue of the heart as well as the understanding, which it assuredly behoves you to cultivate. It is the chivalry of gentlemen, not the formality of coxcombs, and centres in itself much that is brightest, most amiable, and beautiful in human nature. Consider the etymology of the word: it comes from the Latin *polire*, to polish, and it is only a sound and valuable material that we take the trouble to polish. Hence, a *polished* or *polite man* may naturally be supposed to possess sterling qualities and shining virtues, for true goodness and true politeness are seemingly inseparable. It is, indeed, the parent of many admirable qualities; and has something in it both higher and holier than moralists will generally recognise. I am not sure but that it is an essential part of religion, or, at least, that religion must inform and maintain it, for only the Christian can subdue his passions and sacrifice his self-esteem, and he who does not this may be a man of the world, a man of fashion, a man for the salon

and the ball-room, but not a polished—that is, a polite—gentleman.

In endeavouring to elevate ourselves, however, to the higher requirements of true politeness, we must not, as we have said, forget its inferior duties. These, which the French call *les petites morales*, or thes maller morals, we generally class under the comprehensive denomination of "good breeding." We must not undervalue their utility in making the social wheels revolve with ease; in keeping the overbearing and ostentatious within decent bounds; in facilitating the exchange of small kindnesses and pleasant courtesies. Swift speaks of "good breeding" as a sort of artificial good sense, adapted to the meanest capacities, and introduced to make mankind easy in their commerce with each other. "Low and little understandings," he says, "without some rules of this kind, would be perpetually wandering into a thousand indecencies and irregularities in behaviour; and in their ordinary conversation, fall into the same boisterous familiarities that one observeth amongst them when a debauch hath quite taken away the use of their reason." Thus, *les petites morales* are the bye-laws, the *police regulations* of society, which

only fall irksomely and heavily upon the licentious and turbulent.

A writer in "Blackwood's Magazine" furnishes us with an excellent illustration of the spirit of good-breeding. "A lady of our acquaintance," he says, "used often to assert that a gentleman, then sleeping with his fathers, had been the politest man of his generation; and, as a reason for this opinion, always told the following story:—On returning once from school for the holidays, she had been put under his charge for the journey. They stopped for the night at a Cornish inn. Supper was ordered, and soon there appeared a dainty dish of woodcocks. Her cavalier led her to the board with the air of a Grandison, and then proceeded to place all the legs of the birds on her plate. At first, with her school-girl prejudices in favour of wings and in disfavour of legs and drumsticks, she felt rather angered at having these (as she supposed) uninviting and least delicate parts imposed upon her; but in after-years, when gastronomic light had beamed on her, she did full justice to the memory of the man who could sacrifice such *morceaux* as woodcocks' thighs to the crude appetite of a girl; and who could thus show his

innate deference for womanhood even in such budding form. In these small courtesies we must confess," says the writer, "that we have ever found the most gallant nation under the sun very deficient. In the abstract of politeness the Gaul is great—he is grand. We have seen him dash off his hat at a group of ladies, every time they passed him, with a frantic enthusiasm which made us tremble for the brim. Yet alas! when these same deities appeared at the *table d'hôte*, how blind—how insensible was he to their presence! how closely did he hug his well-chosen seat, though they were seatless!"

A gleam of his old *politesse* brightened the last moments of Charles II., when he begged his attendants to forgive the trouble he had caused them by being so unconscionably long in dying. And the courtly Chesterfield, when ill with a mortal sickness, gasped out to his valet on the entrance of a visitor into the death-chamber, "Give Mr. Dayrolles a chair." Such is the force of *habit* in good-breeding!

SECTION VI.

THE LOVE OF HOME.

"This fond attachment to the well-known place
Whence first we started into life's long race,
Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway,
We feel it e'en in age, and at our latest day."

Cowper.

Our purest aspirations, our tenderest sympathies, our holiest feelings, are all associated with HOME, which is the sun, as it were, of the ever-revolving system of our daily life—love of parents, brotherly love, sisterly love; the sweet domestic ties, which make the happiness of our happiest hours; the dim traditions of infancy; the bright memories of childhood, are not these all bound up with—home? If we succeed in our wrestle with the world, if our labour and our earnestness win for us a visible prize—a tangible reward, where do we turn for sharers in our triumph, for approving spectators of our victory, but to the dear ones at home? If we are worsted and thrown down in the unequal strife, if weary and worn with the toilsome journey, where do

we turn for sympathy and consolation but to—home? The wounded bird, the stricken animal, return to their covert to die, and man in his sorrows and disappointments hides himself from the unfeeling gaze of the world, and shelters his bowed head at home. What is the secret of our struggles, what the inspiration of our toil, but the desire to build up a home? Home-feelings, home-affections, home-thoughts,—these warm our hearts and animate our souls when otherwise we should grow faint and weary, and bewail the weakness of humanity. It is assuredly the foretaste and the prototype of that Eternal Home where the loved and the loving will finally be gathered together at the feet of God.

It lies in the power of each one of us to promote and secure the happiness of home. Every boy may lend his honest hearty help, and by his exertions increase the household joys. For home-discomforts as a rule originate in the most trivial circumstances —in a churlish answer, a scowling brow, a rude laugh—rather than in the troubles and anxieties of the outer world. When we gather round the "wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnily," let us put aside all that is of the world worldly, all that savours of passion

and ill feeling, and give up our hearts to tender influences, our souls to gentle aspirations. The road to home-happiness, it has been truly said, lies over small stepping-stones. The prick of a pin, according to the proverb, is enough to make an empire insipid. The bite of a gnat will put to flight the fairest conceptions of genius. "A cold unkind word checks and withers the blossom of the dearest love, as the most delicate rings of the vine are troubled by the faintest breeze." So away with ill-nature, and selfishness, and egotism; away with the torments of bad breeding and rough manners; away with meanness, and discourtesy, and silly ridicule—learn to bear and forbear, to forget and forgive, to indulge the weak, to be generous to the exacting,—learn to *make home happy! One* peaceful contented face; *one* gentle voice; *one* persuasive smile, will make "a sunshine of a shady place," and light up the threatening clouds with a welcome and a steady ray. For home is not merely a residence—and a retirement from the day's business, but a place where the heart, under the most favourable auspices, should develop its affections; where the mind as well as the body should find wholesome food and sweet repose.

"Oh, home, sweet home! in whose endearing name
Is centred every inborn happiness;
Receptacle of each fond, tender tie
That binds us to existence; loved resort
Of every social joy and pure delight;
Oh, hail! and with thee thy attendant train
Of fireside comforts and domestic peace."

Ah boys, believe me, there are no joys so pure as the joys of home!—no happiness so free from alloy as the happiness of home!—no love so unselfish and unworldly as the love that will greet you at home! Be not led away from the "household gods" by the will-o'-the-wisps of the world. Neither in the music hall nor the club, neither in casino nor theatre, shall you find a pleasure so genuine and so lasting as that which awaits you at home. Where will you have a warmer welcome? Where will you meet with friends so true? Where will you secure such sympathy in your anxieties—such consolation in your sorrows? As boyhood merges into youth, and youth is lost in manhood, still be the love of home your shield and safeguard. The poet Young says truly,—

"The first sure symptom of a mind in health,
Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home."

Shun, I pray you, the companion who speaks of

his home with irreverence and disgust, or pours out silly ridicule upon fireside pleasures. Let not such an one be trusted. His mind is not healthy; his heart, I am sure, cannot be in "the right place." For what can a true heart need more than home? What more in all the wide world can it hope to gain?

PART II.

GOOD HABITS AND GOOD MANNERS AT SCHOOL.

"Higher, higher, will we climb,
Up to the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
In our country's story;
Happy, when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls.

"Deeper, deeper, let us toil
In the mines of knowledge;
Nature's wealth and learning's spoil,
Win from school and college;
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

"Closer, closer, let us knit
Hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside comforts sit,
In the wildest weather;
O! they wander wide who roam
For the joys of life from home!"

James Montgomery.

SECTION I.

ON THE SELECTION OF ONE'S STUDIES.

"Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you:
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;
In brief, sir, study what you most affect."

Shakspeare.

MUCH valuable time is lost, much mental power fruitlessly expended by those students who attempt too many things, ranging, like weathercocks, round the whole circle of human learning. The real secret of successful study is *concentration*, and one or two special subjects should be taken up, and closely examined, with a view to their complete mastery. Otherwise, you may know a little of everything, and not much of anything, like a traveller who, instead of studying the ways and manners of a nation in its great cities, should pass a day or two in every paltry village and hamlet. Each mind has, like a bowl, its own bias, and unless that bias be consulted a vast amount of energy, time, and labour will be thrown away. The ancient robber Procrustes had a bed upon which he compelled all his prisoners to recline; if their limbs were too long or too short, he either

lopped them off or stretched them out, until they attained the prescribed dimensions. Our educational systems are mainly Procrustean in principle : all intellects are supplied with the same stimuli, and nourished with similar food. The nascent mathematician, the future poet, historian, or engineer, are trained alike ; directed to the same studies ; forced to lie down upon the same Procrustean bed. But the evils of this procedure are many. It may happen that not one of the regular routine of studies appeals to a boy's taste, and that consequently he is given over by his instructors, as a "dullard," a "blockhead," or an "ignoramus." Clavius, the eminent mathematician, was rejected by tutor after tutor, as incomprehensibly stupid, until at last he was tried with geometry, when he immediately gave indications of an extraordinary capacity. The father of Opie, the painter, attempted in vain to make his son a good carpenter, and was very wroth with his presumed idleness and ignorance when, instead of carving decent benches, he covered the walls with rudely-drawn landscapes. But Dr. Wolcott recognised the bias of his genius, encouraged and assisted him, and the bad carpenter became a good painter. William Shield,

the musical composer, was a poor boat-builder, but soon acquired distinction when allowed to develop his musical taste. Examine yourselves, then, carefully, my young friends, and seek to discover the direction which Nature has given to your talents. Do not waste your time upon a hundred different objects, for though it is a merit to be versatile, it is a greater merit to be profound. Not that I would have you confine your efforts to the acquisition of only one or two branches of knowledge; I do not wish you to be students of one idea, to be able mathematicians, or erudite historians, and nothing more, but that you should mainly labour upon those studies which you most affect, and which will eventually prove serviceable to you in your struggle with the world.

In your choice of studies remember, also, to select those which will really nourish the intellect, quicken the fancy, and rectify the judgment. The mind has its maladies, like the body, which may often be cured or alleviated by a change of occupation, an alteration of pursuits. "There is no weakness or impediment in the wit," says Lord Bacon, "but may be wrought out by fit studies: like as diseases of the body may

have appropriate exercises; bowling is good for the stone and reins, shooting for the lungs and breast, gentle walking for the stomach, riding for the head, and the like; so if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again; if his wit be not apt to distinguish, or find difference, let him study the schoolmen, for they are *cymini sectores*, hair-splitters. If he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases. So every defect of the mind may have a special receipt."

There are certain studies which, whatever the sphere of labour you may hereafter move in, should now invite your sedulous attention. It is not necessary that every man should be an abstruse mathematician, a learned physiologist, or a great natural philosopher, but it *is* necessary that every man who makes any pretensions to education or intelligence, should know something of history, of physical science, of the principles of law and government, of biography, of the manners and customs of different peoples. Not to know what happened before you

were born is to be twice a child. History is a revelation from God, inculcating lessons and presenting examples which no man can safely disregard.

> "Her ample page,
> Rich with the spoils of time,"

lies unfolded to our gaze, invites our earnest study; and surely it is no uninteresting pursuit to trace the progress of nations, to watch the gradual development of great empires, to note the slow but certain growth through ages of darkness and shadow of the true principles of civil and religious freedom. "History," says quaint old Fuller, "maketh a young man to be old, without either wrinkles or gray hairs, privileging him with the experience of age, without either the infirmities or inconveniences thereof." Its study, therefore, cannot but enlarge and elevate the mind, and while enriching the memory with the wisdom of the past, refine and strengthen the imagination. "For history" (to appropriate the noble language of Dryden) "is a familiarity with past ages, and an acquaintance with all the heroes of them; it is, if you will pardon the similitude, a prospective glass, carrying your soul to a vast distance and taking in the farthest objects of antiquity. It

informs the understanding by the memory; it helps us to judge of what will happen, by showing us the like revolutions of former times. For mankind being the same in all ages, agitated by the same passions, and moved to action by the same interests, nothing can come to pass but some precedent of the like nature has already been produced; so that, having the causes before our eyes, we cannot easily be deceived in the effects, if we have judgment enough but to draw the parallel."

Of not less advantage is the study of biography, for as history treats of the struggles and chances of nations, so biography concerns itself with the trials and sufferings of men. Every life teaches lessons to him who has the sagacity to read and the wisdom to understand them. Biography brings us face to face with the worthies of all time; presents them to us in their natural habits; the mask off the countenance, the cloak off the figure, the "pageantry of life" taken away. In its pages you may behold the hero at home,—the hero in his everyday life;—all the glow and glitter of circumstance has vanished, and you see "the poor reasonable animal as naked as ever Nature made him; are made acquainted

with his passions and his follies, and find the demi-god a man." If you want a stimulus to effort, an incentive to work, a consolation in sorrow, a perennial source of hope and recreation and recuperative energy, turn to biography. There you shall learn how men have conquered nature, have striven through darkness into light, have struck aside obstacles, have borne sufferings, have struggled from despair into hope! Take its lessons to heart, learn wisdom from the lives of the good and great, and you may go forth to wrestle with the world in the firm belief that you will throw it! For the great truth taught by all biography, and therefore it is that I so strongly commend its study to you, is—courage, the courage to dare, the courage to endure, the courage to live a life of pure and holy purpose. Oh, in all heart-disease, in all apathy and despondency of the mind, there is no medicine like that of the biography of great and good men! "See how little a space," says Bulwer Lytton, "one sorrow really makes in life. See, scarce a page perhaps given to some grief similar to your own; and how triumphantly the life sails on beyond it! You thought the wing was broken!—Tut—tut—it was but a bruised feather!

See what life leaves behind it when all is done!—a summary of positive facts far out of the region of sorrow and suffering, linking themselves with the being of the world. Yes, biography is the medicine here!"

"Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

"Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait."

To one other branch of study I would briefly direct your attention, and that is, the study of physical science and natural philosophy. To know the movements and orders of the stars, the properties of flowers, the mutations of the strata of the earth, the phenomena of air, and fire, and water, is to double the pleasures of life by rendering us interested in the wonders of nature. Every blossom becomes a source of amusement. Each fleeting cloud arrests our attention. We walk to and fro in an inexhaustible treasure-house, from whose stores we are continually taking, and to which increased knowledge is constantly adding. New subjects of inquiry, new sources of interest, new objects of contemplation present themselves at every turn, and to the student of physical science life is never dull or gloomy, because his imagination, his judgment, and his powers of analysis are never at rest.

Speaking of these pursuits, in which he himself acquired so great a reputation, Sir John Herschel observes that one of their greatest advantages is that "they are altogether independent of external circumstances, and are to be enjoyed in every situation in which a man can be placed in life. They may be

enjoyed too in the intervals of the most active business, and the calm and dispassionate interest with which they fill the mind renders them a most delightful retreat from the agitations and discussions of the world, and from the conflict of passions, prejudices, and interests in which the man of business finds himself continually involved. There is something in the contemplation of general laws which powerfully persuades us to merge individual feeling, and to commit ourselves unreservedly to their disposal, while the observation of the calm energetic regularity of nature, the immense scale of her operations, and the certainty with which her ends are attained, tends irresistibly to tranquillize and reassure the mind and render it less accessible to repining, selfish, and turbulent emotions. And this it does, not by debasing our nature into weak compliances and abject submission to circumstances, but by filling us, as from an inward spring, with a sense of nobleness and power which enables us to rise superior to them by showing us our strength and innate dignity, and by calling upon us for the exercise of those powers and faculties by which we are susceptible of the comprehension of so much greatness, and which

form, as it were, a link between ourselves and the best and noblest benefactors of our species, with whom we hold communion in thoughts and participate in discoveries which have raised them above their fellow mortals and brought them nearer to their Creator."

SECTION II.

HOW TO STUDY.

"Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks."
Shakspeare.

STUDY is a jealous mistress, and will not share with recreation your divided attention. You must give yourself wholly up to her service, or you will win but a scant reward. Keep apart then your work and your pastime, and accomplish your work before you indulge in pleasure. If you go from the playground, or the company of pleasant friends to your books, you will go with the mind still intent upon its amusements, and much time will be lost before you succeed in fully concentrating your attention upon your task. While if you pass from half-finished studies to cricket

or gymnastics you will not heartily relish your sport. The uneasy remembrance of a neglected duty will obtrude its dark shadow upon your conscience, and you will feel angry and discontented with yourself.

It is comparatively easy to mark out a particular course of study, such as the classics, French, history, geography, natural philosophy, mathematics, and English literature, but it is by no means easy when we have settled *what* to study to determine *how* to study. There are two ways of doing everything—the right and the wrong way; and in study the right way is that which economizes the most time and the most labour. *Do not nibble at your work.* Go at it boldly, and get at the outset a comprehensive idea of what you have to do—what you wish to accomplish. *Be in earnest and be honest,* and you will find with surprise that the difficulties which seemed so appalling in the distance are mastered with wonderful facility. For this reason, if for no others, I beg of you to dispense with "cribs" or "cramming." Apart from their flagrant dishonesty they are highly prejudicial, and no student who resorts to them will ever become a scholar. Consider, my lads; if you are beaten by

the turn of a phrase, or a complication of figures in "a sum," how will you brave the difficulties of life—how wrestle with the troubles of the world?

Yes: *be honest in your work.* Do not deceive yourself or your tutor either by resorting to other students for help, by a superficial performance of the task enjoined you, by copying from "cribs," or by showing up an old lesson as a new one. These paltry shifts, these miserable expedients, are as unworthy of honest lads as they are of genuine students. Knowledge is never to be acquired by trick or stratagem. The goddess Wisdom is not to be wooed by such unworthy lovers.

Keep to a fixed number of hours of study daily. At school, indeed, and to a certain extent at college, your hours will be allotted and your studies regulated in accordance with the directions of your tutors, but both at school and at college there will be time at your disposal which may be occupied in the acquisition of knowledge. Six or seven hours a day of hard earnest work are, however, the limits observed by the most successful students. "He who would study six hours a day," says Mr. Todd, "with all the attention of which the soul is capable, need not fear but

he will yet stand high in his calling. But mark me, *it must be study as intense as the soul will bear.* The attention must all be absorbed; the thoughts must all be brought in and turned upon the object of study as you would turn the collected rays of the sun into the focus of the glass, when you would get fire from those rays. Do not call miscellaneous reading, or anything which you do by way of relief or amusement, study; it is not study. Be sure to get as much of your study in the morning as possible. The mind is then in good order. *Aurora musis amica, necnon vespera.**

Record the results of your study at stated intervals. It was the custom of the present writer to devote a small MS. book to each important branch of study, and once a fortnight to enter therein the "heads" of the knowledge acquired during the preceding fortnight, noting the titles of the books he had read, the names of their authors, the special subjects on which they treated, the views they advocated, and the new facts they put forward. This regular "taking stock" of his acquisitions will be found of inestimable ad-

* The morning is favourable to the Muses, but not the evening.

vantage by the student, enabling him to "gauge," as it were, at any suitable opportunity, the amount of his knowledge of any particular subject.

Accustom yourself to frequent repetitions. It is only by this means you can retain what you have learnt, and impress important facts upon the treacherous memory. It is only by this means you can secure a comprehensive view of the subject you have been "getting up" bit by bit, and appreciate the connexion of one part with another. A learned writer has left on record his mode of repetition, which he says "will have an incredible effect in assisting your progress." "What I choose," he continues, "is this, that every day the task of the preceding day should be reviewed; at the end of every week, the task of the week; at the end of every month, the studies of the month; in addition to which this whole course should be gone over again and again during the vacation. . . . . In reading and studying the 'Memorabilia' of Xenophon, I made it a rule never to begin a section without reperusing the preceding one, nor a chapter, nor book, without going over the preceding chapter and book a second time; and finally, after having finished the work in that manner, I again read the

bilities of a teacher's life,—upon the monotonous character of his duties,—upon the heaviness of the burden which constantly rests upon him,—upon all he has to fear, and endure, and guard against,—they would assuredly yield him their sympathies, and seek to lighten his toil. They would abstain from harassing him with petty vexations, with spoken or unspoken impertinences, with ill-prepared tasks and neglected duties. They would say, "This master of mine is worn and fatigued with his exertions to cultivate my mind, and fit me to mingle with educated men on equal terms. He toils day and night to teach me the use of the weapons with which the battle of life is fought—to furnish me with a key to the treasure-house of the wisdom of past ages. He has to contend with my slow-yielding ignorance, with my half-developed faculties, with all the haste and undisciplined ardour of my boyhood; and how do I requite him? By inattention to his directions, by neglect of my studies, by a thousand small annoyances, by ridiculing him to my fellow-scholars! Is this generous, honest, gentlemanly?"

Quaint Thomas Fuller, the author of the "Worthies of England," has divided scholars into *four* general

classes. In which of these would our young readers desire to be ranked? Let them ponder over the old moralist's description :—

"1. *Those that are ingenious and industrious.* The conjunction of two such planets in a youth presages much good unto him. To such a lad a frown may be a whipping, and a whipping a death; yea, where their masters whip them once, shame whips them all the week after. Such natures the schoolmaster useth with all gentleness.

"2. *Those that are ingenious and idle.* These think with the hare in the fable, that running with snails (so they count the rest of their schoolfellows), they shall come up soon enough to the post, though sleeping a good while before their starting. Oh, a good rod would finely take them napping.

"3. *Those that are dull and diligent.* Wines, the stronger they be, the more lees they have when they are new. Many boys are muddy-headed till they be clarified with age, and such afterwards prove the best. Bristol diamonds are both bright, and squared, and pointed by Nature, and yet are soft and worthless; whereas orient ones in India are rough and rugged naturally. Hard, rugged, and dull natures

of youth, acquit themselves afterwards the jewels of the country, and therefore their dulness at first is to be borne with, if they be diligent. That schoolmaster deserves to be beaten himself who beats nature in a boy for a fault. And I question whether all the whipping in the world can make their parts which are naturally sluggish, rise one minute before the hour nature hath appointed.

"4. *Those that are invincibly dull, and negligent also.* Correction may reform the latter, not amend the former. All the whetting in the world can never set a razor's edge on that which hath no steel in it. Such boys he consigneth over to other professions. Shipwrights and boatmakers will choose those crooked pieces of timber which other carpenters refuse. Those may make excellent merchants and mechanics which will not serve for scholars."

Many lads appear to imagine that when they are once seated under the school-house roof they may dispense with the courtesies and polite habits which are thought necessary in society or at home. But let them remember that their tutors are men of education, and consequently gentlemen; that they are their seniors, who have been placed in authority

over them by their parents or responsible guardians, and they will, perhaps, perceive how great a claim they must have upon the respect and esteem of their pupils. A violation of discipline, an order disobeyed, an injunction neglected, is a serious fault; for discipline is the bond that holds together discordant natures, and when once overthrown, only disorder, confusion, and anarchy can follow as the results. Discipline is preserved for the comfort of all—not for the sake of merely upholding the teacher's authority; and an act of disobedience tends to render your fellow-pupils more or less uncomfortable, while it is a flagrant breach of manners towards the heads of the school. Neglect of discipline means neglect of duty, and neglect of duty will speedily grow upon you as a *habit*, which in later years you may find it difficult to eradicate, and which is not only an offence against human and divine laws, but will infallibly destroy your happiness, and ruin your worldly prospects.

SECTION IV.

ON BEHAVIOUR TOWARDS ONE'S SCHOOLFELLOWS.

"True happiness
Consists not in a multitude of friends,
But in their worth and choice."—*Ben Jonson.*

THE same general rules which should regulate your conduct in society, and which we have designated as "true politeness," ought to animate your behaviour towards your schoolfellows. "To bear and forbear" is always and everywhere the secret of good manners. Gentle words and kindly smiles are the *social cement* which bind together the social fabric. Let each of us contribute as far as we can towards the perfection of the edifice!

Considering at how slight a cost we may promote one another's happiness, it is wonderful that we should so closely hug ourselves in our selfish reserve and churlish impatience. To lend a knife or a book, to employ conciliatory language, to answer civilly a civil question, to render information where it will be useful —these are duties which, surely, it is not difficult for any schoolboy to discharge. It should always be our

object to assist, comfort, and oblige our comrades, when we can do so without violating the discipline of our school, or breaking through moral and divine laws. There is a pleasure in *obliging* and *being obliged:* it is only mean natures that resent a favour, or refuse one.

Be cautious, however, in forming friendships. Civility to all does not imply intimacy with all, and in a school, as in the world, there are always natures which will not harmonize with your own,—spirits whose influence it is your duty to resist. A boy may be free-hearted and free-handed, lively of tongue and bold of heart, and yet be no suitable friend,—in fact, it is such boys with whom you must keep most upon your guard, lest their vivacity and dash and specious liberality carry you away "in a rush," beyond the bounds of duty. The friendships contracted at school have always a powerful effect upon our after life, from the influence they easily exert upon a mind half cultivated, and a heart as yet unsuspecting of evil. Always endeavour, then, to seek for your friend a person superior to yourself, —an example to imitate, a guide to follow. "If thy friends be of better quality than thyself," says Sir

Walter Raleigh, "thou mayest be sure of two things: the first, that they will be more careful to keep thy counsel, because they have more to lose than thou hast: the second, they will esteem thee for thyself, and not for that which thou dost possess."

Do not be too sudden in your intimacies.—Study well the characters of those with whom you associate, and put them to the test of experience. "Let friendship creep gently to a height," says Fuller; "if it rush to it, it may soon run itself out of breath." Do not oblige your friend at the expense of your conscience. It is a poor friendship which would put you to so severe a trial, and the heartburnings caused by it would soon place an impenetrable barrier between your friend and yourself. "He that doth a base thing in zeal for his friend," says Jeremy Taylor, "burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together."

I need hardly tell you *not to betray your schoolmates' secrets;* no true gentleman will violate the confidence reposed in him by another. But at the same time I would advise you *to refuse any confidence which is likely to compromise you,* or eventually to draw you aside from the path of duty. And do

not you, in *your* turn, impose upon a friend the burden of a dangerous secret—a secret which it may be hard for him to keep—a secret whose possession may expose him to suspicion or reproach. We are not to indulge our desire for sympathy at the expense of a friend's peace of mind or sense of duty. You would think but meanly of the man who, having fallen into a pond, dragged with him his friend to share in his misfortune! No: be generous, be self-denying, be honest in your friendship, for never again will come the time when your hearts shall unite in so perfect a confidence and true a loyalty!

"Friendship, the dear peculiar bond of youth,
When every artless bosom throbs with truth;
Untaught by worldly wisdom how to feign,
And check each impulse with prudential rein;
When all we feel, our honest souls disclose—
In love to friends, in open hate to foes;
No varnish'd tales the lips of youth repeat,
No dearbought knowledge purchas'd by deceit."

Byron.

Let me especially warn my young readers against the vice of *bullying*,—the tyranny of the strong over the weak,—of bone and muscle over the mind and

heart. A bully is the pest of a school, for he is necessarily of a mean, selfish, braggart, cowardly nature. Mean, because he takes advantage of his victim's weakness; selfish, because he consults his own will at the expense of others; braggart, because he boasts of his physical strength, which is, after all, an accident of nature; and cowardly, because he only attacks those who cannot defend themselves. The evil of bullying is a serious one in its results upon the bullied. "A boy may have moral courage, and a finely-organized brain and nervous system. Such a boy is calculated, if judiciously educated, to be a great, wise, and useful man; but he may not possess *animal courage;* and one night's *tossing*, or bullying, may produce such an injury to his brain and nerves that his usefulness is spoiled for life. I verily believe that hundreds of noble organizations are thus destroyed every year. . . . . A timid and nervous boy is from morning to night in a state of bodily fear. He is constantly tormented when trying to learn his lessons. His play-hours are occupied in fagging, in a horrid freak of cricket-balls and foot-balls, and the violent sport of creatures who, to him, are giants. He goes to his bed in fear and trembling

—worse than the reality of the rough treatment to which he is perhaps subjected."

And now, what shall I say of fighting? Blows, I am apt to think, are very unsatisfactory arguments, in which the stronger always get the advantage of the weaker; but yet, I admit there *will* occur cases in school life where it is difficult for a manly, brave-hearted English boy to avoid an appeal to the "last resort"—the *ultima ratio* of kings and men. Upon this subject I think it best that Mr. Hughes, the author of the admirable tale of "Tom Brown's School-days," should take the responsibility of the following advice:—

"Boys," he says, "will quarrel, and when they quarrel will sometimes fight. Fighting with fists is the natural and English way for English boys to settle their quarrels. What substitute for it is there, or ever was there, amongst any nation under the sun? What would you like to see take its place?

"Learn to box, then, as you learn to play cricket and foot-ball. Not one of you will be the worse, but very much the better for learning to box well. Should you never have to use it in earnest, there's

no exercise in the world so good for the temper, and for the muscles of the back and legs.

"As to fighting, keep out of it if you can, by all means. When the time comes, if it ever should, that you have to say 'yes' or 'no' to a challenge to fight, say 'no' if you can,—only take care you make it clear to yourselves why you say 'no.' It is a proof of the highest courage, if done from true Christian motives. It is quite right and justifiable, if done from a simple aversion to physical pain and danger. But don't say 'no' because you fear a licking, and say or think it's because you fear God, for that's neither Christian nor honest. And if you do fight, fight it out; and don't give in while you can stand and see."

Finally, let me entreat you to preserve an equable temper in your relations with your schoolfellows. Make it a habit to *think twice* before you *speak once.* Avoid all irritability and peevishness of temper. Neither borrow nor lend; for borrowing and lending are the sources of a thousand evils. Do not allow your comrades to speak disrespectfully of your masters, and do not you yourself indulge in vulgar pasquinades or unjust aspersions. Never abet a

schoolfellow in a wrong action, nor concert with him the means of deceiving your tutor. And above all, thank God for his mercies, upon your bended knees, both night and morning, and urge your friends and companions to imitate your example,—remembering in your prayers the friends of your school life, and the loved ones who are praying for you at home.

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day:
For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round world is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

Tennyson.

SECTION V.

ENTERING THE WORLD.

"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word."—*Ps.* cxix. 9.

ACTING up to the principles I have endeavoured to lay down in the preceding pages, a lad, when his school-life is over and his novitiate concluded, may

go forth into the world with a stainless fame, a clear conscience, and a hopeful heart. Of the troubles he will have to contend with, the anxieties to endure, the disappointments to conquer, he will already have had a foretaste, and the same qualities which triumphed over these evils in his early years will enable him to conquer them when he faces them on a larger scale. And how rejoiced he will be, if his past has been profitably employed, to find himself in every emergency provided with the lessons of experience! How sweet a solace in his leisure hours will be those results of study which his memory has garnered up! How useful a weapon in his daily battle will knowledge have put into his hands!

But let him be anxiously mindful of the great law of duty; of the rules of good breeding; of regular and assiduous study. Let him honour the truth, and cultivate the beautiful. Night and morning let him draw near unto his God, and seek at His footstool for hope, faith, consolation, encouragement! Let him earnestly and strivingly do the work which is set for his hands to do. There is no time for slothfulness, no time for self-indulgence. He must not lie down by the wayside while onward presses the resist-

less march of struggling and toiling humanity. Nothing so honourable as work ; nothing so pleasant as work. It is man's mission ; it is the object of life. When the work is done, when the toil is concluded, then indeed may we look forward, with the joyous anticipations of an unwavering belief, to that heavenly rest which is the Christian workman's promised reward.

It would be easy for me to multiply words of advice and counsel to a young man just entering upon the duties and responsibilities of life. But his own heart will be his best adviser, and to his own conscience he may turn as to a secret but powerful monitor. We never err but that our inward self reminds us with many a keen and bitter pang that we have left the path of duty, and strayed into that broad and dangerous highway which leads to eternal ruin. A great safeguard in the midst of temptation is the love of home ; an inestimable consolation in the depth of sorrow is the sympathy of affection. Take heed, then, that ye never do aught which may render it painful or impossible for you to preserve that safeguard and seek that sympathy !

The American, Edwards, a theologian of great

ability and earnest piety, has left on record the resolutions which he laid down for his guidance on his entrance into the world. If my young readers will adopt, and *strictly carry out*, some such moral laws as those which I here subjoin, their lives will be as honourable as their deaths will be happy.

"1. Resolved, that I will do whatever I think to be most to the glory of God, and my own good, profit, and pleasure, in the whole of my duration, without any consideration of time, whether now, or never so many myriads of ages hence.

"2. Resolved, to do whatever I think to be my *duty*, and most for the good and advantage of mankind in general.

"3. Resolved so to do, whatever difficulties I meet with, how many soever, and how great soever.

"4. Resolved never to do any manner of thing, whether in soul or body, less or more, but what tends to the glory of God, nor *be*, nor *suffer* it, if I can possibly avoid it.

"5. Resolved, never to lose one moment of time, but to improve it in the most profitable way I possibly can.

"6. Resolved to live with all my might while I do live.

"7. Resolved, to maintain the strictest temperance in eating and drinking.

"8. Resolved, never to do anything, which I should be afraid to do, if it were the last hour of my life.

"9. Resolved, never to do anything which, if I should see in another, I should count a just occasion to despise him for, or to think any way the more meanly of him.

"10. Resolved, in narrations never to speak anything but the pure and simple verity.

"11. Resolved, never to allow the least measure of fretting or uneasiness at my father or mother. Resolved, to suffer no effects of it, so much as in the least alteration of speech, or motion of my eye, and to be especially careful of it with respect to any of our family."

These Resolutions set up a standard, perhaps, to which you may think it almost impossible to attain. But in the very endeavour, in the very striving after this apparently impracticable goal, you will reap an abundance of good. Your soul will aspire after the pure and true, your mind will learn to be content with only the good and holy. It is not running the

race or wrestling for the prize that benefits the athlete; it is the *preliminary training*, which involves a rigorous observance of certain rules, and an inflexible adherence to definite resolves. By aiming at much, something will be won; and every day of self-denial, every day of strict devotion to duty, will render your task the easier, until the "toppling crags are scal'd," and you find yourselves on that "table-land" which is brightened by the visible glory of Heaven.

> "Learn by a mortal yearning to ascend,
> Seeking a higher object!"

Always a "higher object," satisfied that the mere attempt in itself involves an imperishable blessing.

And in your endeavours you may obtain encouragement, inspiration, consolation,—encouragement in your difficulties, inspiration in your dark and dreary hours, consolation in your failures or disasters, from that one Book which is God's written revelation unto man. "There is no book like the Bible," said Sir Matthew Hale, "for excelling wisdom, learning, and use." In all doubts and dangers, in moments when the heart grows faint and shudders at the obstacles before you, turn to your Bible; it will soothe, comfort, and exhilarate. In the flush of prosperity and

the full tide of success, turn to your Bible, and it will teach you to humble yourself, lest you yourself be humbled. Seek there your friend, your guide, and teacher. Seek there for warnings against perils and solace in suffering. Seek there for the lessons of that pure and Christian philosophy which will best enable you to bear the stings and arrows of uncertain fortune; which will best encourage you to aspire after high and holy things, by its revelations of that other world, where God Himself is "sun and moon," and the Infinite embraces all things in unutterable bliss!

THE END.

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