

reward of the diligence that is now wasted on useless and profitless reading.

In conclusion I will add that it seems to me, profitable reading should leave some such sentiments in the mind as are expressed in these lines :—

Quaint poems of a far-off age,
 In binding dark and old,
 But strewn o'er each discoloured page,
 Sweet fancies, sweetly told,

That seem, as though a child were I,
 To take me by the hand,
 And lead me through the years gone by,
 Back to a much-loved land.

Where sunshine falls in golden bars,
 Through woodland labyrinths,
 And frail white wind-flowers lie like stars,
 'Mid purple hyacinths.

Now, though I softly close the book,
 The vision with me stays ;
 On green young leaves and rippling brook,
 On flowers and sky, I gaze.

O poet ! dead and gone thou art ;
 But this, thy magic lore,
 Doth enter in the reader's heart,
 And live there evermore.

O poet ! that did'st sing so sweet,
 To gladden weary men,
 Perchance some day we twain shall meet,
 And I may thank thee then.

Since the foregoing lines were written, Sir John Lubbock made a capital scientific point against books that would be better burnt, in his address to the medical students of King's College Hospital. Such malarious volumes, which the banker-entomologist did not hesitate to term deadly poison, contained, said Sir John, the bacteria of mental disease, as certain in their operations as any of the infusions of the physiologist! The warning was most timely, and lends force to some of the statements made at the recent Œcumenical Con-