

wholesome advice can be pondered with profit : "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested."

The state of the mind depends largely upon the condition of the body. The author read with delight to-day may be borish and tiresome to-morrow; and the subject, which an hour ago was so obscure and confused, may now appear clear and self-evident. Thus, in some measure the mind must be humored. Though guided by general principles in reading, it is not so mechanical that it will work by cast-iron rules.

Acquaintance with the past must not be purchased at an expense of a knowledge of the present, and either course, pursued exclusively, will give the student a one sided knowledge only. And here the newspaper is an important factor in the economy of time. The living questions of the day, social, political, and scientific, often appear first in its columns. In no part of the student's course of reading is the art of skipping, the principle of selection, of more frequent use than in reading the newspaper. A person does not buy that for which he can have no earthly use; the lawyer does not buy books on medicine, and in his mental purchases should not the student also be guided by some such principle, not only in the use of periodicals, but in all his reading? He cannot dispense with the newspaper but should make it a servant. And better than the unsifted and undigested materials of knowledge, which the average periodical furnishes, is such a knowledge, for instance, of the history of France as will enable one to form a correct judgment of what any given social or political event may betoken. Much that appears in the newspaper columns is only of passing interest, and deserves to give place to weightier matters.

To the average student it is seldom a burden to forget, and the weakness is not an unmixed evil. But it is harder that the better part of what one reads should also fade from the recollection; yet each one cannot expect to be a Magliabecchi, and like him possess a memory that would serve him to let his bucket into the dark ages, and draw from thence, at the instance of the inquirer, any amount of pearls or rubbish, with author, page or date. But each one has a memory, and memories are of different orders. Then let the student seek to know the bent of his own memory, whether it be for form, or facts, or of what order, and connect his reading with those relations which the mind retains most easily. He should not forget that *intimacy*

and *attention* are most often the best antidotes for a poor memory.

The reading habit is a growth, and should be fostered by the best motives, and fed upon the best material. When elevated and chaste it serves as a barrier against inferior passions and pursuits. And in reading there is no reason why the student should not choose for his companions the great and wise, in fact, to do otherwise would be criminal; for association with them cannot fail to elevate and ennoble his own manhood. Let some of his odd hours and wasted moments be spent over the best authors, and a taste for them once formed, he will return to them with ever increasing interest and delight, and find in the eloquent words of John Quincy Adams, that "in no hour of his life will the love of letters oppress him as a burden, or fail him as a resource."

WILL LADISLAW.

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## Poetry.

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### SONGS OUT OF THE STORM.

#### I.

Earnest of golden morns to be,  
Are come the spring-tides earliest days;  
The snow-drift lessens on the lea,  
On elm and oak and chestnut tree  
There falls a tint of reddening sprays.

The skies are soft as summer skies,  
The wind has balm upon its wing,  
And thro' the mellow sunshine rise,  
Prelude to fuller harmonies,  
The first sweet notes of birds that sing.

#### II.

The May has fled since even glow,  
Cold on the Hill the north wind's breath,  
Thro' larch and maple drives the snow,  
White sky above, white earth below,  
And summer dreams are fallen in death.

No less, thro' all the snow-filled air,  
The blackbird, robin, linnet sweet,  
From elm and oak and chestnut fair,  
Their happy-hearted trust declare,  
The storm's wild psalm with carol greet.

#### III.

Oh! birds, I thank you for your song.  
God grant you store of mellow days!  
When life's cold blast is blowing strong,  
And all is shadow, ruth and wrong,  
I hear again those storm-born lays.