

thousand annually, have found a home in South America. Three quarters of a million of Italians, increasing at the rate of thirty or forty thousand annually, are to be found settled in large communities in the different States of South America, and there are also now settled there four hundred thousand Spaniards, and eighty thousand Frenchmen. The natives of the country are Hispano Indians, being hot blooded and very patriotic. Spanish is the official language, and by law is taught in all the schools—even in those established by the new comers. The German emigrants are in close relation to the Fatherland, and some attempt has been made to direct and control the outgoing stream with the view of establishing German States in that southern land—not very successfully, however, although there has been a good deal of boasting on the subject. The Italian government, while not seeking either to control or direct, has, with true foresight, voted every year a sum not less than £50,000 in aid of the schools and institutions of learning established by the new settlers, thus, as the colonies expand and grow, this evidence of interest forms a strong bond between them and the mother country. The climate of South America appears to suit the Italian emigrant uncommonly well.

A GIRL'S READING.—We all know Charles Lamb's views on the subject of early reading, as expressed in his triumphant vindication of Bridget Elia's neglected education:—

"She was tumbled by accident or design into a spacious closet of good old English books, without much selection or prohibition, and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage. Had I twenty girls, they should be brought up exactly in this fashion."

It is natural that but few parents are anxious to risk so hazardous an

experiment, especially as the training of "incomparable old maids," is hardly the recognized summit of maternal ambition; but Bridget Elia at least ran no danger of intellectual starvation, while, if we pursue a modern school-girl along the track of her self-chosen reading, we shall be astonished that so much printed matter can yield so little mental nourishment. She has begun, no doubt, with childish stories, bright and well written, probably, but following each other in such quick succession that none of them have left any distinct impression on her mind. Books that children read but once are of scant service to them; those that have really helped to warm our imaginations and to train our faculties are the few old friends we know so well that they have become a portion of our thinking selves. At ten or twelve the little girl aspires to something partly grown-up—to those nondescript tales which, trembling ever on the brink of sentiment, seem afraid to risk the plunge; and with her appetite whetted by a course of this unsatisfying diet, she is soon ripe for a little more excitement and a great deal more love, so graduates into Rhoda Broughton and the "Duchess," at which point her intellectual career is closed. She has no idea, even, of what she has missed in the world of books. She tells you that she "don't care for Dickens," and "can't get interested in Scott," with a placidity that plainly shows she lays the blame for this state of affairs on the great masters who have amused and charmed the world. As for Northanger Abbey, or Emma, she would as soon think of finding entertainment in Henry Esmond. She has probably never read a single masterpiece of our language; she has never been moved by a noble poem, or stirred to the quick by a well-told page of history; she has never opened the pores of her mind for the recep-