

But no voice came, no sound of chair  
Upon the floor.

"Then peeped I through the keyhole lone,  
And gazed a long and lingering look;  
But 'Hard' with his white coat had flown,  
No stir of book."

But on this theme I cannot dwell,  
My tail moves not, I cannot bark,  
My doggish heart begins to swell,  
All life looks dark.

Ah, 'Hard,' could you but read my fate,  
And tread with me this lonely ground,  
And pat me on my lonely pate  
As time wears round.

You then would know what I can't speak,  
You then would read my doghood right,  
You'd learn how sad the tear I weep,  
Why all is night!

Make merry, 'Hard,' among your kin,  
Let festive mirth ring joyous on,  
But then, O think, how deep the sin.  
To leave poor 'Don.'

### READING.

In our day of research it is the tendency to reduce all subjects to scientific treatment; to find a law for every fact; and upon each set of actions to build a theory or an art. The signal success achieved in many instances has prompted investigators to like effort in almost every department of human thought and action. In the medley of results are signs of advancement, but the field is wide. Perhaps one of the most important subjects not yet reduced to the domain of art is that of reading books. Here it is to be hoped an art is practicable; for in the ever increasing accumulation, in the very wilderness of books, such an art would be a boon to the student, but, in the meantime, there is ample room for speculation.

No one will deny the value of reading, but the sphere it occupies in the economy of labor, the utility it affords, must, in a measure, be determined by the student himself. It is well early to discover a purpose in reading; for in that as in other pursuits, without a purpose, the poorest results are attained. It should not usurp the functions of thought or judgment. "Read to weigh and consider," wrote Bacon, and its proper province is that of an auxiliary. There should be a motive in reading, above mere amusement. It is a means of culture; a help by which the mind attains possession of its own powers. The student should not

read for knowledge, but rather for power; for "knowledge," says DeQuincey "which cannot be transmuted into power is mere intellectual rubbish."

One does not owe it as a duty to like Bacon or Locke. It affords a sense of relief to see Cobbett kick Milton about as he does in contrast with the plaudits of a fawning crowd. When the true conviction of one's taste comes home to him, then there is chance for improvement. Let the student be true to himself; for nothing is gained by pretending to like what he does not. He should not be guided by the supposed taste and experience of other people. The young lady was untrue to herself, who, when asked if she liked poetry, replied, "Oh yes! very much, but not half so much as I ought to like it." But the taste can be cultivated, and the student once imbued with the spirit of Shakespeare, or Milton, will not readily turn to trashy literature.

Time is the student's income, and should be used wisely and well. Let him bear always in mind the amount of time he spends upon a given subject does not count for so much as the application, nor the number of facts he accumulates in reading, as the knowledge he assimilates and makes part of his character. "Reading," says Locke, "furnishes the mind with material for knowledge; it is thinking makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections; unless we chew them over again, they will not give us strength and nourishment." The activity and force of the mind are often impaired by spreading over too much ground. In a letter to a friend, Lessing complained that his extensive reading had hurt the spring and elasticity of his thoughts. The number of books is not a safe index of the extent of thought; for the sphere of man's intelligence is, after all, a limited one. The world pretty correctly judges who are the master-workers in the several walks of literature, and to study these the student secures possession of thoughts, which attained elsewhere, render him liable to the greater waste of mental energy. Let him keep an eye to the main chance; for in the search of truth he has the privilege of taking the shortest road, and seizing upon it wherever he finds it. Truth is not individual property. In doing this he will necessarily leave much unread, even of those books which are valuable; for he seeks the acquaintance of subjects rather than books. Lord Bacon's