

I do not, however, by any means wish to condemn the entire use of this style of reading, for, if I remember right, Gladstone calms his nerves and quiets his brain by reading for half an hour nightly, before retiring, a portion of some new publication which a student or a reviewer would be apt to class as trash. It is the change which refreshes the mind. Literature exists to please, to lighten the burden of men's lives, to make them for a short time forget their sorrows and their sins, their disappointed hopes, their grim futures, and those men of letters are the best loved who have best performed literature's truest office. The truth or falsehood of a novel is immaterial, but to soothe sorrow, to bring tears to the eyes or smiles to the cheeks of humanity is no mean ministry.

"Oh for a book and a shady nook, where I may read all at
my ease of the new and the old,
For a jolly good book, whereon to look, is better to me than
gold."

Before leaving this subject—reading—I wish to impress upon every reader, and especially the young and those with a prospect of many years before them, the great utility of keeping a scrap book for clippings and extracts. Items that appear from day to day may prove exceedingly valuable in the future, and the only time to secure these is whilst they are before you. Anyone who has tried to locate a paragraph or an article he thinks he saw at some indefinite time can testify to the difficulty there is in finding it again. There is not a fact or a fugitive paragraph that you see in your paper, which will not come up again at some future time. But, in keeping a scrap-book never fail to index it, and to keep up the index, or its usefulness is gone. Of course every one can be his own judge as to the subjects, but a literary man will be astonished at the end of a year at what a mass of information he has stored up for future use. State in it also the source from which the scrap is obtained, as well as the date of publication. Speaking from personal experience, when I was a boy at school, I obtained at a London book stall, an odd volume of Robert Southey's "Commonplace Book," as the reprint of his scrap book was called, and its utility was so apparent to me after perusal, that I followed out his plans, and the benefits I have gained from my scrap books at various times are incalculable. I have recently