

Day Wise and Otherwise.

DAYS—wise or otherwise ! How few of them are wise, and how many are otherwise ! Go back and review them, and we may waste precious, flying, never-again moments because we have so very little worth looking at after all ; but one does cherish foolishness that had better far go into the rubbish pile of cast off experience, our heads are like the lumber-room of a house, cluttered up with useless trash that, like the house-wife, we can't bear to throw away. Then every once in a while we have a spring house-cleaning, for we are pretty slovenly brain keepers, and put in a few hours in the garret taking a peep into a nook here, delving into a corner there, getting, cobwebby, but emerging at last with a rather crestfallen, yet deliciously comforted feeling. The past is done with, we can put away for another stretch of time our worthless treasures, and turn to a further accumulation of days.

Is it wrong for us to keep the store-house of memory so full of stuff that seemingly doesn't matter ? How can it be ? We had our fun out of our days, we had our full value for them long ago, and we can always fish out a bit from our memory as grandmother could always pull out a bright-colored bit of silk or cotton to help out a very urgent need. There is the day we first went fishing. All we have to do whenever we go now is to think back to what we did the first day, then take care not to do it, and we may be fairly sure of catching fish. There was the day we went to our first afternoon tea and got too many things on our saucer, and we can always get along feeling only moderately miserable by avoiding that mistake.

And then there is the day we first came to college and made about seven thousand mistakes. We can't help thinking of that, and pitying every single callow freshmen that ever has come or ever will come to college, and yet, though we pity, we smile, unloading the accumulated mass of gratuitous smiles we got when we were new to college. Unasked-for smiles are hoarded up pretty much as are specially bright bits of cotton, not for their actual worth, but because