

. . . When one occasionally comes upon the novel of his heart, or the poem he has waited for, he may well afford to consider it at his luxurious leisure. . . . But, as a rule, the widely reading man is not an indolent person. . . . By regulating his pace, he not only covers an astonishing amount of ground in reading, but makes room for other things. He knows how to get the most for his time, that is all. . . . The eye of the skilled reader acts like a sixth sense, directing him to the gist of the matter, in whatever form it may appear.

. . .
This, it may be said, sounds very much like an advocacy of skimming. Skimming and rapid reading are different processes, but skimming is at times a good thing, too; even skipping becomes, on occasion, a sacred duty. We may go a step farther, for skimming implies cream, and skipping a foothold somewhere; and many books deserve neither of these less and least complimentary modes of treatment. The eye brushes a page or two, and the mind is hardly called in to assist in a damnatory verdict which is informal, but summary. The experienced reader, in short, is an artist, and, like other artists, attains his highest powers only when he has learned what to subordinate, to slight, even to omit. The poor fellow whose conscience will not let him refuse an equally deliberate consideration to every six inches of black and white which comes in his way may be an excellent husband and father, a meritorious lawyer or merchant, and a model citizen; he is certainly not a good reader.— *Atlantic*.

“AN OLD MAN'S REVERIE.”

Through the depths of a still and peaceful night,
In the glimm'ring of the moon's pale light,
I took me down to the river-side,
There, in seclusion, my time to abide.

I watched the waters swiftly flow,
And the gentle moonbeams come and go;
I heard the wind, its murmuring sigh,
And felt its touch as it passed me by.