Concentration.
(From the German.)

Thou hast a thousand friends, I ween,
And home and ties. Ah me!
I have no thousand friends to love,
For I have only thee.
Thou hast a thousand miles to roam
All earth, the land, the sea:
Forever here must I abide,
In dreams to follow thee.
Thy heart is large enough to love
Thy thousand friends. Ah me!
My heart is just as large as thine,
Yet I love only thee.
Oh! love thy friends, thy journeyings,
And all things fair to see,
But, love, remember through it all,
That I love only thee.

—ANON.

Noticeable Articles.

The Quarterly Review for April is an unusually interesting number. First comes a pleasant article on the old Mediaeval chronicler, Matthew Paris, by that pleasant old antiquary, Rev. Dr Jessopp. Students interested in the details of English history should read his history of Norwich Cathedral in the series of Diocesan Histories, published by the Christian Knowledge Society,—a society which publishes so many valuable works. In this article we get a vivid glimpse of the life of the great mediaeval monastery of St. Alban's, where Matthew Paris lived and wrote his great chronicle, and we can form some conception of the great part played by the monasteries in the intellectual and moral life of the Middle Ages. We get also some idea from Dr. Jessopp's account of the effect in reconstructing all our notions of mediaeval history, and rendering even Hallam (and much more Hume) obsolete, which the vast undertaking of the British Government has had,—the printing of these chronicles and other mediaeval records, in a series of handsome volumes, already over 200 in number, and the publication of which is still going on,—the “Rolls Publications,” so called because issued under the supervision of a legal dignitary called the Master of the Rolls. Every careful reader of English history knows what a storehouse of valuable information the Prefaces by the learned editors of these volumes are, even when he has not the time or ability to read the monkish Latin of the chronicles themselves. The general reader, however, will find the best of them translated in Bohn’s Library, and no one will really understand the Middle Ages who does not at least dip into their entertaining pages.

From mediaeval we pass to modern times in the review of two recent noteworthy books of travel, the “Oceana; or, England and her Colonies,” of Mr. Froude the historian, and “Through the British Empire,” by the Austrian Baron Hübner. Of the first the reviewer says: “No one record of travel in a hundred deserves to be mentioned in the same breath with it; there are not very many books of the kind in the language which excel it in variety, in vigor of style, in picturesqueness of description, or in vivid glimpses of insight into personal character.”

But the article that will prove of most interest to the general reader will be the one on Books and Reading, on which subject a great many writers seem just now to be uttering, some their wisdom and others their folly,—Mr. Ruskin, for instance, who thinks that “any bank clerk could have written Grote’s History of Greece,” and who has nothing to say of Gibbon except that he is the chronicler of “putrescence and corruption.” Surely Mr. Ruskin, with all his genius, is the greatest of literary cranks. Of the lists of “hundred best books” which Sir John Lubbock and other distinguished men have recently busied themselves with making, the writer gives this sensible opinion: “To make a choice of certain one hundred books for any man’s persual in his youth or afterward is but a feat of cleverness, arousing curiosity or wonder, but evolving nothing—ending in the choice. A man may be possessed of any number of good books, and possibly a thousand might be selected, all of which would be by general consent called excellent and worth possessing, and perhaps he would be none the better for them all. Young men do not require a hundred books at once. Indeed, the fewer well-selected books a youth has to begin with the safer he is against excessive loss of time: . . . the student’s care should be to read as little and to think as much as possible.”

The truth is, that the art of finding his way about among books, is one in which the beginner may be judiciously assisted, but one which, in the end, every true student must absolutely learn for himself: to learn it, indeed, is to be a student in the genuine sense of the term. If you ask me what are the best books on a given subject, the question is intelligible, and I ought to be able to answer if I have really studied the subject; but to ask what are the hundred best