

THE BOY WHO HAD NO MEMORY.

“WELL, Frank, how do you get on with your holiday task?”

“Get on?” replies Frank; “I don’t get on a bit. It’s an awful shame giving a fellow any work in the holidays. Here have I been fagging away at this long string of names and dates for the last hour, and I can’t say it yet. I have no memory at all.”

“Well, my boy,” said I, “holiday tasks are rather a bore, no doubt, and rather unfair, when ‘a fellow works hard all the half-year,’ as you say; but as you have got the Roman history to do, the best thing is

to see how soon you can manage it. As to *No memory*, that’s a complaint that a great many people suffer from who might easily be cured. Do you remember the old story of *Eyes and No Eyes?*”

“Yes, I do; but what has that to do with memory?”

“A great deal. Two boys—say you and Tom—of about equal age and ability, walk down a green, country lane, or up Regent Street, on a sunny morning. One fellow sees a hundred curious and pleasant things, the other not five. But both have eyes, and



both can see clearly. Much in the same fashion, two fellows in your class both have memories. One has been taught, or has learned by practice, to use the power of storing up facts in his mind, and recollecting them; the other has not. What one finds easy, the other finds very hard or impossible; though, at the time, both have got memories equally good, and equally fit for work. Do you remember, Frank, the great pool below the Hatch, on the Clatford river, where I killed the two big trout last year?”

“Oh yes, quite well.”

“You can remember how different the

two fish were in colour, and size, and shape; how the pool curved round on one side with a broad shallow pebbly beach, and how on the other side there was a bank of chalky mud beyond the bed of thick weeds?”

“And the thousand of caddis worms that we saw crawling about at the bottom of the shallow! Oh yes, I remember; and we counted sixty-one red spots on the biggest trout; and you showed me the two sorts of May-flies, and the reed warbler’s nest, and the water-ousel,—and then we were so puzzled by the fish all at once leaving off feeding in the afternoon, and suddenly beginning again,