

minds in the different departments of literature. What keen delight it gives and how clear everything becomes, as we pry into the very streets of Rome and learn of Roman ways with Gibbon as a guide; or under the lead of Macaulay, we struggle as an Ironside or welcome the Prince of Orange to rule on English soil. Or we take up the biography of some truly great man. We see in him the wisdom of his age, the motives that actuated him to great deeds, his true and noble heart, and the sympathetic soul that worked beneath. His virtues and gifts we inculcate as our own; and we are led to think that, after all, men did and do exist as great and good as we ourselves.

As most of our knowledge is at first obtained directly from text books, and afterward we are left to observation and reflection, so the novel is the great text-book on human character; and in teaching this it serves its great and useful end. Our range of vision is of necessity limited, and our untaught judgment imperfect; but the master writers of fiction come in and take their places as our leaders in this line of thought. For this have written Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Hugo and Scott, and how nobly have they succeeded in their respective domains! Dickens does not keep us in enchanted fairy-land, but leading us into the ranks of men and women, he shows up their deceit and their honesty, their noble natures and their hypocrisy, good-humoured all the while, and good-humoured too must be the reader. Thackeray, satirical but warm-hearted, takes the reader everywhere; and as a friend points out the darker side of things, yet making the brighter side still brighter. What a broadening, deepening effect it has upon our being, as we live in others' lives; sympathize with them in troubled times; rejoice in their prosperity; commend their righteous deeds and deplore an unjust act. Works of fiction therefore must have their place in the modern educational system, and the true novelist must take his place among the first educationists of the land.

Connected with the novel in its purpose is the Drama. To give pleasure is in each a minor object; and to hold up to the world a faithful mirror in which it may see itself as it is, is its great end. Of course everyone, in answering the question in regard to the material of our reading, would include the mighty productions of Shakespeare and any further comment is unnecessary.

The beautiful—the sublime—the expression of the passionate soul—with these poetry deals; and as such claims an important part of the time spent amongst the gems of literature. So much has been said in regard to reading poetry that of this it may be truly said, "There is nothing new under the sun."

The ways to read books are nearly as numerous as the books themselves. To read to the greatest advantage, however, it must be done systematically; and as in all other pursuits the better the system, the more will be accomplished. The reading matter chosen—one should be civil enough to get an acquaintance with the author; and after that let him tell through his preface of what he is going to write. Then throw the whole soul into the task, and master the thoughts presented; for the great author will seldom reveal himself to the lackadaisical reader. Passages of special importance must be read and re-read, in order to be fully understood and remembered: while those of less importance may serve as resting places by the way. These suggestions are purposely meagre; but they may be of help in forming a system on which our reading may be based.

If the proper time be devoted to reading, and the best books be chosen for the purpose; if they be read faithfully and with the proper end in view, results must follow, most beneficial; and the acquired taste for high literature will give profit and pleasure, as long as the mind lives whether in the body or far removed.

#### PEREAU.

An orchard fronting sheer upon the sea;  
Carven red cliffs o'er-brimmed with fertile fields;  
White clouds ensculptured in grave mimicry  
With profiles of the great, with helms and shields;  
A sea that goes far off and murmurs low,  
And comes again to sob upon the shore;  
Tall ships white-sheeted in the sun's full glow;  
Hills on the crescent verge and at our door;  
A stainless atmosphere to the far blue,  
And sudden fog, elusive, mystic, clear:  
How crystal fair these scenes in memory's view,  
Now lit afresh by shining faces dear!  
E'en so anew in glories manifold  
Shall kindle in sweet Heaven love's traceries old.

THEODORE H. RAND.