

The reading of books with religious teaching and religious influences cannot fail to produce a good result. I cannot do more than mention the names of some of the best of this class :—The *Paradise Lost* of John Milton, the *Pilgrim's Progress* of John Bunyan, The pure and charming writings of William Cowper, Young's *Night Thoughts*, Bickersteth's *Yesterday, To-day and For Ever*, and many other books of a similar character, will come to your recollection. I do not ask you to be reading at all times books which are regarded as religious, but I do ask to let all your reading be religious in the best and broadest meaning of the term, religious in respect for all that is divine and sacred, in advocacy of all that is right and good, and in the promotion of whatever tends to ennoble, regenerate and bless mankind. John Milton affirms : "As good destroy the life of a man as destroy a good book ; a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, treasured up for a life beyond life."

As an Englishman, I am proud of the literature of my country, the brightest, the purest, the most durable of all the glories of England ;—*that literature*, so rich in precious truth, and precious fiction ; *that literature*, which can boast of the prince of all poets, and the prince of all philosophers ; *that literature*, which has exercised a wider influence than that of her commerce, and mightier than that of her arms ; *that literature*, which forms a tie closer than the tie of consanguinity between us and the commonwealths of the Valley of the Mississippi ; *that literature*, before the light of which impious and cruel superstitions are fast taking flight on the banks of the Ganges ; *that literature*, which will in future ages instruct and delight the unborn millions who will have turned our Canadian forests and the deserts of Australia and Caffraria into cities, and cornfields, and gardens.

Let us wish it God-speed, and pray that wherever British literature spreads, it may be attended by British virtue and British freedom.

There is another class of books which I avoid, as nothing but harm can result from reading them ; it is nothing to me that a gaping multitude devours them wholesale ; I refer to such books as Robert Elsmere, John Ward, Preacher, *et hoc genus omne* ; Stevenson's Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and Bellamy's "Looking Backward," too, I plead guilty to having read, and mentally flogged myself afterwards for having wasted my time over them.

Mallock wrote a book, a few years since, entitled "*Is Life Worth Living ?*" I have not read the book, but I would answer his question in the affirmative, and in doing so, conclude with a verse, as Sam Weller in *Pickwick* finished his Valentine :—

Is life worth living ? Yes, so long
As there is wrong to right,
Wail of the weak against the strong,
Or tyranny to fight ;
Long as there lingers gloom to chase,
Or streaming tear to dry,
One kindred foe, one sorrowing face
That smiles as we draw nigh ;

Long as a tale of anguish swells
The heart, and lids grow wet,
And at the sound of Christmas bells
We pardon and forget ;
So long as Faith with Freedom reigns,
And loyal Hope survives,
And gracious Charity remains
To leaven lowly lives ;
While there is one untrodden tract
For Intellect or Will,
And men are free to think and act,
Life is worth living still.

Not care to live while English homes
Nestle in English trees,
And England's Trident-Sceptre roams
Her territorial seas !
Not live while English songs are sung
Wherever blows the wind,
And England's laws and England's tongue
Enfranchise half mankind !
So long as in Pacific main,
Or on Atlantic strand,
Our kin transmit the parent strain,
And love the Mother-land ;
So long as in her ocean Realm,
Victoria and her Line
Retain the heritage of the helm,
By loyalty divine ;
So long as flashes English steel,
And English trumpets thrill,
He is dead already who doth not feel
Life is worth living still.

H. M.

A CAMP STORY

OF THE

NEW BRUNSWICK LUMBER WOODS.*

Cast aside those well-thumbed books whose soiled pages denote the burning of midnight oil, my Student reader, and "fancy free" let us enter the solitudes where Nature rules supreme, where our only companions are her subjects, and her book alone is open for perusal.

'Tis in these wilds that the cunning beaver constructs his dam across some quiet stream, and, protected by the deepened water, builds his dwelling and lays up a plentiful supply of food for the coming winter. Here the shaggy bear roams unmolested through the tangled thicket, or climbs amid the branches of some lofty tree, bent on the robbery of a colony of bees, whose store of honey is hidden in the hollow trunk. Here the feathered songsters delight the ear with melody unequalled in purity by the finest productions of musical art.

The clear bracing air, the fragrance of many flowers, the freedom of a life in the open, will instil new buoyancy into spirits depressed by constant application, and give fresh tone to muscles grown stiff from inactivity.

Let us imagine ourselves transported far from the busy city, and from the noise and bustle of its streets, into the heart of the New Brunswick lumber woods.

* This story won the prize in the recent Competition.