

College life brought a new set of books into my collection, representing *les fortes études*, as the French call them, with the first place occupied by philosophy. You can see the relics of them on my shelves, Mill's Logic, Caird's Essays, and Rogers' Political Economy, and in splendid bindings with the college arms, sets of Kant and Hume and Hamilton's Discussions, not often disturbed now in their honorable positions 'on the line,' their work on me, I think, having been done. Schopenhauer and Nietzsche I read oftener now, for they with their bitter modern flavor are the philosophic sources and supports of that new Sturm-und-Drang which has arisen in modern literature with Ibsen, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Maeterlinck, D'Annunzio, and other ultra-modern exponents of the "Will-to-Live." Ibsen is the strongest and really the sanest, Hauptmann perhaps the subtlest, Maeterlinck stands by himself; his prose essays are full of strange intuitions, weird at times and fanciful but illuminating an unrationalized element in life, which can be expressed more easily and more legitimately in that form than in his dramas. I have a fair representation of these ultra-moderns on my shelves. On the whole they are like Zola and his followers, a pathological school of artists, problem-staters, pioneers of a new criticism of life and a new naturalism in art.

I like the more conservative school of contemporaries also, Nordau, Bartels, Anatole France, even Brunetière, especially as critics. Particularly Anatole, who is dainty and delicate and firm of touch and never forgets the standards that change not. A good critic is always conservative as well as catholic. In English we have little to compare with him, mostly only academic Collinsses and absurd Chestertons splashing about in a frothy sea of their own making—the Chestertons I mean. Lang might have done more in a happier environment. I keep most of these moderns in odd volumes at least. But there are some of Sainte-Beuve's *Causeries* which I take down oftener than any of them. He models the whole man for you and makes the age reveal itself in him, and his judgment, bating some contemporary prejudices, is that of Aristotle's *sophos*. Amongst older critics, too, I like the Encyclopædist D'Alembert. When I want to see what the final judgment of the 18th century intellect was in literary matters, I often go to his *Eloges Académiques* rather than to Diderot or Voltaire, for a calm and impartial expression of it, which I am not so sure of getting from his brilliant compeers. And then the notes which he adds to his more formal éloges are full of pleasant gossip and anecdote. Most of the older French and Italian classics are in this section, but, except a comedy of Moliere and Goldoni, or a volume of Goethe, wisest of the moderns and always readable, I read them now generally only to confirm a point of view or make an extract for my classes. Some minor works, however, Guiccardini's *Ricordi*, Vasari's Lives, Alfieri's Memoirs and Massimo D'Azeglio's and some of the great French memoirs, not forgetting those old ones of Ville-Hardouin and the Crusaders have as much fascination for me as ever.

English literature in its general form has, of course, the most space in my library and is fairly represented by standard writers, the chief poets and essayists from Chaucer to Matthew Arnold, the chief historians, biographers and autobiographers as late as Greene and Froude, with whatever else