

"Bible in Spain" where we hobnob with gypsies and smugglers and rebels with the utmost equanimity. Or take Biography. If I mention a few recent biographies as they occur to me, you will see what a wide range you have here. There is Trevelyan's "Macaulay," and the life of Kingsley by his wife, Miss Lonsdale's life of Sister Dora, Mrs. Gaskell's life of Charlotte Brontë, Stopford Brooks' "F. W. Robertson," and a score of others.

But I did not intend to leave poetry out. Only you must remember this, that there are some poets who cannot be enjoyed save by those who already possess some degree of culture, and others who cannot be understood, save by those with some experience of life. Wordsworth has some beautifully simple lyrics; but the charm of his poetry as a whole is for those who have already passed through their first youth. The main thing is to be honest with oneself; if you cannot enjoy some poets, try if there are not others that will have a voice for you. Browning is unintelligible, you say, then read Mrs. Browning; you do not appreciate Matthew Arnold, then read William Morris; you cannot follow Tennyson's "In Memoriam," then read the "Idylls of the King." Somewhere in the fair domain of literature you surely can find a corner where you can be at home.

I have no time to dwell longer upon this my one piece of advice. You will see that it is of wide applicability. If you cannot take an interest in physical or natural science, or in literature, you may, perhaps, in history, in philology, or

in the adjacent fields of ethnology. There is much to be done before we can form to ourselves a satisfactory picture of the early history of man on this planet and the beginnings of civilization, and right at your doors you have, in the relics of various stages of Indian life that have passed away, the material from which you can do your own share in reconstructing the history-b. fore-history of mankind.

This is a continent where men and women are only too practical; where the one test applied to every proposal is, what is its use? And so to-night I might, if I had liked, have argued that it would be immediately useful to you to have an outside intellectual interest; that the reading of good literature would enable you to form a good style, and so get on in your profession; that if you worked at geology you might discover nickel and develop the resources of the Province. But I do not dwell upon any of these considerations. I would give the same advice were I absolutely certain it would never in the least improve your worldly position. I make the suggestion simply as a means of keeping your minds fresh. But then it will react upon your work. A teacher who can bring to his class a mind refreshed will teach all the more brightly, all the more persuasively. The longest way round is often the shortest way there; and you will probably do better for your school in the long run if you often forget all about it—not in petty gossip or frivolous amusement—but in some pursuit which takes you out of yourself and nourishes your sympathies and imagination.

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YOU are disappointed. Do you remember, if you lose heart about your work, that none of it is lost; that the good of every good deed remains, and breeds, and works on forever; and all that fails and is lost is the outside shell of the thing; which, perhaps, might

have been better done, but, better or worse, has nothing to do with the real spiritual good which you have done to men's hearts, for which God will surely repay you in His own way and time.—*Charles Kingsley.*