

flowing with a cadence all its own. This melancholy tale is so resonant with a certain righteous pathos, a sorrow for the sin of Lancelot,—the noblest knight of all the "Table Round." At the same time an unguarded tear falls for the lily maid of Astelot, the fair Elaine. In vain she lifted up her eyes to Lancelot, and loved him with a love which was her doom.

' Sweet is true love, though given in vain, in vain,
And sweet is death who puts an end to pain;
I know not which is sweeter,—no, not I,"

Elaine made her father promise that after her death he would have her laid out in costly attire and borne on a barge in front of the King's palace so that pity might be awakened in the hearts of King and Queen and Lancelot, the so-called noblest knight of all the "Table Round." The result was she lay upon a barge draped in black and floated down the stream to Camelot, where Lancelot came to gaze upon her pure face lying in all its stately elegance; here a pity for her who loved him, and a sorrow for the days he could never recall, began to fill the vibrations of his being:

"So groaned Sir Lancelot in remorseful pain,
Not knowing he should die a holy man."

"Guinerve," the last of the four original "Idyls," is surcharged with a tragic pathos and high dramatic power. There can be nothing finer in modern verse than the interview between Arthur and his remorseful wife, nothing more appealing in its lofty grandeur than the passage beginning:

"So I forgive thee, as eternal God forgives,
Do thou for thine own soul the rest."

The poet Tennyson spent twenty of the best years of his life in writing these "Idyls of the King," and it seems to me that time and cultivation will but enhance their value to future generations.

For thee, O, England's laureate bard,
My heart is beating wildly still
As in my childhood's soaring thought
I wandered through thy verse at will.

No poet ever raised his thoughts to
Higher levels than thine own.
No poet ever brought my soul
So near the pearly gate and throne.

In thought so pure, in deed so true,
We love thee as we sorrow most,
And feel that now thou'rt rightly crowned
With laurel from thy Heavenly Host.

M. ELLA W. CLARK.

THE BOOKS WE READ.

How do we spend our leisure moments? Idleness is the mother of crime. We are not apt to commit a wrong during our busy moments. While engaged in our occupations we have no time to think of evil. Therefore, spend not your time in idleness. Always have some work to do.

But there come times of enforced idleness, or when we cease from our labors with weariness. All through the hours of the day, there are many leisure moments, often with the busiest of us. At first thought the occupation of these leisure moments seems unimportant, but it is of the highest importance. The active, healthy mind does not remain long at rest. Many of us spend our leisure moments reading. This is well, for reading is at once a source of pleasure and of profit. It is a valuable means of self-education and culture. Not all are able to obtain a college education, and to these the habit of reading commends itself.

We may divide all reading matter or literature into two classes: That which is moral, containing no impure or evil thoughts; and that which is immoral or decidedly evil. Between these two classes there may be placed a third class, which cannot be called harmful, yet which contains no elevating thought and furnishes no information. This class of reading serves simply to kill time, which is in itself a crime. I do not suppose that anyone here reads the harmful kind of literature. But, oh, how many read indifferent books, simply to pass away the time.

I am not going to give a category of what books should be read and what