

over a wider field. We may in fact, I think, apply to reading Lord Brougham's wise dictum as regards education, and say that it is well to read everything of something, and something of everything. In this way only we can ascertain the bent of our own tastes, for it is a general, though not of course an invariable rule, that we profit little by books which we do not enjoy.

Our difficulty now is what to select. We must be careful what we read, and not, like the sailors of Ulysses, take bags of wind for sacks of treasure—not only lest we should even now fall into the error of the Greeks, and suppose that language and definitions can be instruments of investigation as well as of thought, but lest, as too often happens, we should waste time over trash. There are many books to which one may apply, in the sarcastic sense, the ambiguous remark said to have been made to an unfortunate author, "I will lose no time in reading your book."

It is wonderful, indeed, how much innocent happiness we thoughtlessly throw away. An Eastern proverb says that calamities sent by heaven may be avoided, but from those we bring on ourselves there is no escape. Time is often said to be money; but it is more, for it is life itself. Yet how many there are who would cling desperately to life, and yet think nothing of wasting time!

For who knows most, him loss of time most grieves.

"I remember," says Hillard, "a satirical poem, in which the devil is represented as fishing for men, and adapting his bait to the tastes and temperaments of his prey; but the idlers were the easiest victims, for they swallowed even the naked hook."

"Ask of the wise," says Schiller, in Lord Sherbrooke's translation,

The moments we forego
Eternity itself cannot retrieve.

Chesterfield's "Letters to his Son," with a great deal that is worldly and cynical, contain certainly much good advice. "Every moment," for instance he says, "which you now lose is so much character and advantage lost; as, on the other hand, every moment you now employ usefully is so much time wisely laid out at prodigious interest." "Do, what you will," he elsewhere observes, "only do something." "Know the true value of time; snatch, seize and enjoy every moment of it."

Is not happiness indeed a duty, as well as self-denial? It has been well said that some of our teachers err, perhaps, in that "they dwell on the duty of self-denial, but exhibit not the duty of delight." We must, however, be ungrateful indeed if we cannot appreciate the wonderful and beautiful world in which we live. Moreover, how can we better make others happy than by being cheerful and happy ourselves?

Few, indeed, attain the philosophy of Hegel, who is said to have calmly finished his "*Phaenomenologie des Geistes*" at Jena, on October 14, 1806, not knowing anything whatever of the battle that was raging round him. Most men, however, may at will make of this world either a palace or a prison, and there are few more effective and more generally available sources of happiness than the wise use of books.

Many, I believe, are deterred from attempting what are called stiff books for fear they should not understand them; but, as Hobbes said, there are few who need complain of the narrowness of their minds, if only they would do their best with them.

In reading, however, it is most important to select subjects in which one is interested. I remember years ago consulting Mr. Darwin as to the selection of a course of study. He asked me what interests me most, and