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My Books.

THE study is a room of modest dimensions on the second floor, about 30 feet by 20 feet, well lighted by three windows which look southwards over the city park and the lake. One of them opens on a balcony which in summer is shaded by a waving canopy of green branches from the maples on the boulevard, and makes a pleasant out-of-doors study when the weather is fine. And there is nothing I like better than to take my books out into the sunshine. I have a fancy that there is something in the open air which helps to make thought sane and real and to correct the fine-spun imaginings of midnight study.

My library is not imposing to look at, some 2,000 volumes ranged with no punctilious regularity, on plain, hardwood shelves, with just enough of cornice and mouldings to keep up appearances. Plain bindings are the rule, and most of the volumes show obvious signs of wear, as they well may do, some of them being ancient quartos and folios, like Burnet's *History of His Own Time*, and a seventeenth century edition of Bacon, which served the scholars and divines of two centuries ago. Some of these volumes were young, just when I was young, and were fresh in their shining covers from the publishers when I bought them—the Chapman and Hall edition of Carlyle, Emerson's *Oration and Lectures*, two cheap and badly printed editions of Goethe and Schiller; Macaulay's *History and Essays*, Arnold's *Essays in Criticism*, Lowell's *My Study Windows*, Maine's *Ancient Law*, Guest's *Origines Celticae*, Fichte's *Wesen des Gelehrten*, Heine's *Buch der Leiden* and some volumes of Heyse and translations of Tourgenieff from the Universal-Bibliothek. I read much else, of course, but there was a modern quality (ultra modern then) in most of these works which stirred me deeply and in most cases before college life had turned my reading into study and into more regular academic channels. With the exception of Macaulay, who is a late spurt of the 18th century intellect, all these were a fine expression of the spirit of the age, on its humanistic side, at least, and it was from them mainly that I imbibed it. These old friends and some others of a like date have grown somewhat dilapidated with service, and I feel sympathetically that they are aging not only in appearance, in apparel, but also in spirit. *Sunt lacrimae rerum*. But they will always be landmarks in the history of thought, some of them great ones that far generations will continue to take their bearings from.