

hours with such men as Ruskin, Carlyle and Macauley. The demand for more culture is constantly growing, and we, endeavoring to keep pace with progress, must exert ourselves to grasp some new thought each day of our lives, and if the thought prove of value we should not shrink from holding it up before the world as it may become a beacon light for some poor benighted traveller.

Books of the right stamp are those which make us *think* and force us to realize that life itself is one sublime problem. Careful reading broadens the thoughts and expands the intellect to meet independently the great necessities of the age. Nothing could be more touching, or prove to a greater degree the independence of intellect than the case of Milton. Although his outward vision was forever gone, he saw with a keen mental eye the hidden mysteries of the inner world. Books formed the corner stone on which the blind poet reared his tabernacle of everlasting greatness. He listened to the refined expression of the literati of all ages and quietly worked out his own theories of Religion and of life.

When I am weary with the cares that infest the day, I find nothing is so restful as a healthy book for company. It seems then as though life presented me with something more than mere existence, as though a veil were lifted and I were transported into regions of unknown beauty. I love good books far more than I have the power of expressing to you at this time, and I do feel a longing to lead you into the same delightful fields of thought which I have trodden, that you may smell the fragrance of the same sweet flowers and exclaim with me, "Out of books comes life's grand epic!"

In order that our reading should be a success, we must bring a spirit equal to the situation. No half heartedness will suffice, if we would reap any benefit from the matter before us.

The successful novelist is he who makes us feel the stamp of his character's vivid personalities. We often

lay down these chronicles of society long passed away with a feeling that we have parted from old friends. One of the most striking examples of this type of authors is Sir Walter Scott. I have been favored to read the voluminous pile which he bequeathed to the world, and I regret not one hour spent in his company. For the benefit of the younger class of readers, I would say read Scott by all means. But, perhaps I am a little astray in giving this advice before those whose experience in reading may be much broader than my own, but I will leave it with you and you may sift at your pleasure.

The growth of the intellect is spontaneous in every step, its spontaneity is only engendered by aid of the world's best and greatest literature. Out of chaos the mind which reads carefully comes forth into the marvellous light of to-day. We do not determine just what we will think, but we open our minds to new developments and receive only such as suits our individual need or capacity. It does not, therefore, follow that because I may read Emerson, I become wholly Emersonian; God enters by a private door into every individual.

No need of *greater* thankfulness than this,

That man may read the minds of other men,
I would not change for the grandeur of the world

One mighty thought from our Shakespearian pen.

It must please God that man has so successfully mirrored life in thought: .

The song of birds; the rippling brook,
The flowers that bloom for poet's use
All live between the pages of our books.

MARY ELLA W. CLARK. .

Ellenville, N. Y.

The greatness of the poet depends on his being true to nature, without insisting that nature shall theorize with him, without making her more just, more philosophical, more moral than reality, and in difficult matters, leaving much to reflection which cannot be explained.—[James Anthony Froude.