

WHAT AND HOW TO READ.
Continued from Last Week.

Macaulay in his journal for 1851, notes "I walked far and read while walking: the last five books of the 'Iliad' with deep interest and many tears. I was afraid to be seen crying by the parties of walkers that met me, so I came back crying for Achilles cutting of his hair; crying for Priam rolling on the ground in the courtyard of an old balad-maker who died near 3,000 years ago."

Lord Macaulay and Mr. Harrison concur in their judgements on two other poets:

"I speak (says Mr Harrison) of Homer but fifty other great poets and creators of eternal beauty would serve my argument. What Homer is to epic that is Echylus to the tragic art—the first immortal type. In Majesty and mass of pathos the 'Agamemnon' remains still without a rival in tragedy. The universality and inexhaustible versatility of our own Shakespeare are unique in all literature. But the very richness of his qualities detracts from the symmetry and directness of the dramatic impression. For this reason for neither is Lear, nor Othello, nor 'Macbeth,' nor Hamlet' (each supreme as an imaginative creation), so typically perfect a tragedy as the 'Agamemnon'.

In each of the four there are slight incidents which we could spare without any evident loss. The 'Agamemnon' alone of tragedies has the absolute perfection of a statue by Phidias. The intense crescendo of the catastrophe the absolute concentration of interest the statuesque unity of the grouping the mysterious halo of religion with which the ancient legend sanctifies the drama, are qualities denied to any modern."

The 'Agamemnon' (notes Macaulay on his copy of the tragedy) is indeed very fine. From the king's entrance into the house to the appearance on the stage of Algistheus, it is beyond praise."

Elsewhere he speaks of the "supreme and universal excellence of Shakespeare."

We have left ourselves space for only one other extract from Mr. Harrison's essay. It contains his judgement on modern writers of fiction;

"Genius, industry, subtlety, and ingenuity have it must yet be acknowledged thrown their best into the fiction of today, and not a few works of undeniable brilliancy and vigor have been produced. Of course everybody reads and everyone enjoys Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer, the Brontes, Trollope, George Eliot. Far be it from any man, even the severest student, to scath them. There are no doubt typical works of theirs which will ultimately be recognized as within the immortal cycle of English literature, in the nobler sense of this term. He would be a bold man who would say that 'Pickwick' and 'Vanity Fair,' 'The Last Days of Pompeii' and 'Jane Eyre,' 'The Last Chronicle of Barset' and 'Silas Wrenner,' will never take rank in the roll which opens with 'Tom Jones' and 'Clarissa,' the 'Vicar' and 'Tristram Shandy' it may be that the future will find in them insight into nature and beauty of creative form such as belong to the order of all high imaginative art. But as yet we are too near and too little dispassionate to decide this matter today. And in the meantime the indiscriminate zest for these delightful writers of our age too often dulls our taste for the undoubted masters of the world. Certain it is that much, very much, of these fascinating moderns has neither the stamp of abiding beauty nor the saving grace of moral truth. Dickens, alas! soon passed into a mannerism of artificial whimsicalities alternating with shallow melodrama. Thackeray wears his best lovers by a cynical monotony of meanness. By grace of a very rare genius, the best works of the Brontes are saved, as by fire, out of the repulsive sensationalism they started, destined to perish in shilling dreadfuls. Trollope only now and then rises, as by a miracle, out of his craft as an industrious recorder of pleasant common place. And even George Eliot, conscientious artist as she was, too often wrote as if she was sinking under the effort to live up to her early reputation. On all of these special evils of their time weigh more or less, they write too often as if it were their publishers, and not their genius, which prompted the work or as if their taste were to provide a new set of puzzles in rare psychological problems."

We regret we cannot transcribe the passage in which Mr. Harrison pronounces a just condemnation of modern French works of fiction.

"The Pleasures of a Bookworm" is an illustration of the lines from Sherman which form its motto:

"For him delicate flavors dwell
In books, as in old muscatel."

It is the production of a collector and lover of books.

Book-collecting is held up to scorn and contempt by Mr. Harrison, who describes it as "perhaps, of all collecting manias, the most foolish in our day." Mr. Rogers Rees, on the other hand maintains that, "carefully and judiciously pursued, the collecting of books is not expensive, and is likely to ruin no one," and he supports his position by this quotation from Mr. Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies": "If a man spends lavishly on his library, you call him mad—a bibliomaniac. But you never call one a horse-maniac, though men ruin themselves every day by their horses, and you do not hear of people ruining themselves by their books."

Mr. Rogers Rees loves books for them selves. We can fancy him, as he describes Chas. Lamb, "greeting his best-loved books with a careful kiss," or like Southey, who was found by Wordsworth "patting with both hands his books affectionately like a child."

Mr. Rogers Rees is not a severe student. The very sight of a "Lock or Adam

Smith' compels one to draw his hand across his head from sheer weariness; the inspiring grace, however, and tenderness and imaginative humor which we know to be in our possession when we have our grasp upon a Lamb or an honest Isaac Walton serve at once to refresh our tired powers." He has a great knowledge of writers and of particular editions and even particular copies of books, and his little volume may be read with interest and amusement.

LONGFELLOW.

An English tribute to the Symmetry of His Life—

"We are to call no man happy until his death," said the old philosopher. From the cradle to the grave the life of Longfellow may surely be accounted a fortunate one, if ever a life was fortunate. In his birth and parentage, in the environment of his childhood, in the sweetness, gentleness, purity and healthfulness of his own disposition and character, in his early opportunities of wide culture, not only from books but from the pleasant stimulus of foreign travel, in the congenial occupation, sufficiently lucrative to render him independent and to place him beyond the reach of want that came to him almost unsought long before he grew famous, in his troops of admiring and affectionate friends, in his early domestic happiness, in a tranquil, serene and unruffled daily life—in all these he was blessed if ever man was blessed. In the honorable and honorably won fame that widened year by year, in the acquaintance of the best and brightest, of the most gifted and beautiful among his contemporaries male and female, in both hemispheres, he enjoyed a rare and singular happiness. The two great sorrows of his life—the loss in early manhood of the fair young wife of his youth, and the loss in declining years and under singularly tragical circumstances of the accomplished and beautiful companion of his middle age, who had more than replaced her—these, doubtless, were drawbacks from a happiness which would otherwise have been complete; and Longfellow was not destined to be exempt from the common lot. But he had many years of perfect happiness if such there be, and he had an enduring satisfaction to the end, as in the utmost depths of his sharpest sorrow and anguish, in the proud and serene consciousness that there would never, as long as his fame should last, be any reproach or slur upon it, or anything bitter or base or unworthy rise up in the middle fountain of its sweetness and delight.—Gentleman's Magazine.

FIVE MINUTE SERMONS FOR EARLY MASSES

BY THE PAULIST FATHERS

"When thou art invited to a wedding, go sit down in the lowest place, that when he who invited thee cometh, he may say: Friend, go up higher."

Of the sins which men commit, some excite horror and detestation, others shame and contempt, others even pity and compassion. There, is one sin, however, which, on account of its extreme foolishness, moves men to laughter and mirth, and that is the sin of vain-glory, I say, not the sin of pride; for, although people often confuse the one with the other, yet they are in reality as far asunder as the poles. Pride consists in despising others and all they say, do or think; nay, even when carried to its full extent, Almighty God Himself. The proud makes so little account of others that they do not care what others think of them. They are entirely taken up with their own superior excellence and abilities. But for the vain-glorious man the good opinion of others is the very breath of life, in and for which they live and move and have their being. I am inclined to think that there are not very many really proud people among us, but of the vain-glorious men and women the number is infinite.

For, consider for a moment the way in which people are acting every day. How many women there are who spend all the money they can spare, and more than they can well spare, in buying dresses and bonnets and fine ribbons and give up their leisure moment either to decking themselves out in their fineries or to displaying them to the rest of the world. And with what result? Well this is not the place for me to repeat the remarks which all these efforts call forth from other women; and if sometimes the desired effect is produced upon persons of the other sex, is it not a humiliating thought that success should be due not to any personal excellence, but to the clothes that are worn?

Again, how many men are there of whom it is the supreme delight and the topmost object of ambition to have their names appear in the papers. Should they realize their desire how proud they are, and how careful they keep their copy. I wonder they do not have it framed and hung up in

their rooms. But it passes comprehension how any man of sense can take pleasure in seeing his name in most of such papers as most of ours are nowadays, filled, as their columns are, with accounts of adulteries, elopements, suicides and every kind of disgraceful action. And even if the papers were more decent than they are, among their thousand and one contents what attention would your doings receive, even if duly chronicled, and how long would they be remembered?

These are but specimens of the foolishness of the way in which people are acting every day and ordinary intelligence is sufficient to show the foolishness and emptiness of it all. I wish to point out, however one consequence of this pursuit of worldly honors which is not sufficiently adverted to and it is this—that by seeking glory which is worthless we run the risk of losing that which is of infinite and everlasting value. For it is wrong to seek glory and honor. Our Lord Himself prayed that he might be glorified. We have an inborn and an ineradicable desire for honour and to cherish and cultivate this desire is not only right but a duty. What is wrong is the seeking it in the wrong way we shall fall short of that which is set before us as the reward of our actions. And what is that.

Listen to what St. Paul says: "We all beholding the glory of the Lord with open face, are transformed into the same image from glory as by spirit of the Lord. It is the attainment of his glory which our foolishness endangers."

"WHAT MAN?"

Talking about busy men who leave their homes early and get back late scarcely ever seeing their children, much less interesting themselves in their proper training, the Boston Record says, that a man of that sort was hurrying away one morning, when he found his little boy had got up before him, and was playing on the sidewalk. He told the child to go in. Child wouldn't. Man spanked him and went to business. Child went in howling. Its mother asked it—"What is the matter?" "A man hit me," blubbered the youngster. "What man?" "That man that stays here on Sundays." This incident illustrates one phase of American life where the child knows his own father only as "a man" occasionally seen about the place that cannot be called home. What a strange civilization it is that produces such a condition of things!

REMEDY FOR WHOOPING COUGH.

The life of many a child is sacrificed to the popular conclusion that whooping cough must run its course. The deaths from this disease are 1 to 82 of the entire mortality of Boston, 1 to 95 in Baltimore, 1 to 64 in New York. According to experiments by doctors of the highest authority, this disorder is declared to be the direct result of a fungus growth, and in cases where quinine is administered patients speedily recover. For a child, mix two to five grains of powdered quinine in two ounces of sugar and a little water and boil until the sugar is all dissolved and forms a thick syrup. Give one teaspoonful of the syrup after each coughing spell, and before going to bed. Quinine in pill form or in galatine is of no use whatever, as it needs to come in direct contact with the fungus in the throat.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It is invaluable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mother; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhoea, and regulates the Stomach and bowels, cures wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething is pleasant to taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

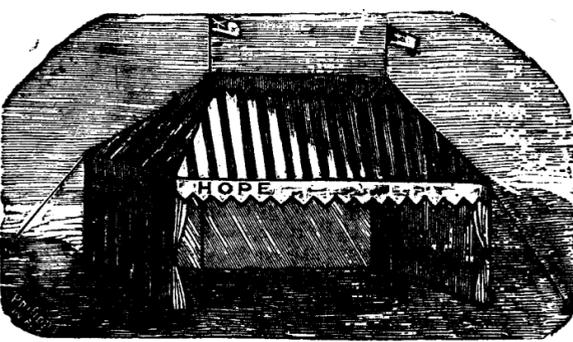
WANZER SEWING MACHINE!

BUY THE:
Improved Wanzer 'C.'

Not only the best of its kind, but it is the Best Family Sewing Machine in the Market.
Needles, Oil and Parts for all Machines. Note the New Address,
443 MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG.

Opposite J. H. Ashdown's Hardware Store

JAMES D. CONKLIN, General Agent



HOPE'S
Tent
Awning
AND
Mattress
Factory
McWilliam St
EAST

SAWS FILED A D SET

Skates, Cutlery Ground & Repaired

All Kinds of Job Work Neatly Done.

J. W. CURRELL 18 McDERMOT ST

ST. BNIFACE ACADEMY

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

This institution, under the distinguished patronage of His GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF ST. BONIFACE is conducted by Sisters of Charity. The latter would respectfully direct the attention of parents and friends of education in general to the condition of well-being and comfort in which they begin this scholastic year. The new edifice, situated a few steps from the old one, is equal to any establishment of the kind in Canada or elsewhere. Spacious apartments, well lighted and ventilated; comfortable classrooms; vast dormitory; bath rooms; water-works; the most improved system of heating, and perfect security against fire; gardens and play-grounds, laid out in the most salubrious and agreeable sites; such are some of the principal advantages afforded by the new building. The course of studies followed by the pupils, under the direction of His GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP TACHE, comprehends religious instruction, the usual branches of English and French education, pleasing arts and domestic economy. It has received the approbation of most competent authorities. Difference of religion is no obstacle to admission, but external compliance with the rules is required from all. The St. Boniface Academy counts thirty-seven years of existence. Reports of conduct and progress of each pupil will be sent occasionally to the parents and guardians.
Fees—Entrance fee (once for all), \$5.00. Board and Tuition, per month, \$10.00. (A deduction is made when two or more of the same family are sent.) Music and use of Piano, per month, \$3.00. Drawing, per month, \$1.00. Bed and bedding, per month, \$1.00. Washing, per month, \$2.50. Payments to be made every two months in advance.
Pupils coming from other institutions must furnish certificates of good conduct from the establishment they left.
Every pupil should be provided with sufficient underclothing, a plain toilet case, a table knife and fork, spoons and goblet, six able napkins and a napkin ring.
The uniform, strictly obligatory, is a black merino dress, and a mantle of the same color, a straw hat trimmed in blue for summer, and a white hood for winter, a white veil of plain net. Parents are invited to inquire at the Institution for certain particulars before preparing the uniform. When desired it can be furnished in the establishment.
Pupils are also provided with a plain toilet case, a table knife and fork, spoons and goblet, six able napkins and a napkin ring.
The uniform, strictly obligatory, is a black merino dress, and a mantle of the same color, a straw hat trimmed in blue for summer, and a white hood for winter, a white veil of plain net. Parents are invited to inquire at the Institution for certain particulars before preparing the uniform. When desired it can be furnished in the establishment.
Pupils are also provided with a plain toilet case, a table knife and fork, spoons and goblet, six able napkins and a napkin ring.

PHELAN BROS.,

FRUIT & CONFECTIONERY

BOOKS, PERIODICALS

STATIONERY, TOYS

MAIN STREET

FURNITURE

Wholesale and Retail

M. HUGHES & CO

275 to 285 Main Street

A Large Stock of

School Desks

OFFICE FURNISHINGS & C

Constantly on Hand

UNDERTAKING

in all its branches given our prompt attention

M. Hughes & Co.

Wesley Hall Block, Winnipeg

MUNSON & ALLAN,

Barristers, Attorneys, Solicitors, &c.

Offices McIntyre Block, Main Street, Winnipeg

J. H. D. MUNSON G. W. ALLAN



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and marked "Tender for a Timber Berth," will be received at this Office up to noon on Wednesday the 1st day of December next for three timber berths of fifty square miles each, more or less numbered respectively 16, 17 and 18; situate on the west side of the Columbia River near Golden City Station on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway in the Province of British Columbia.

Sketches showing the position, approximately of these berths together with the conditions upon which they will be licensed and the forms of tender therefor may be obtained at this Department or at the Crown Timber Offices at Winnipeg, Calgary, N. W. T., and New Westminster, British Columbia.
A. M. BURGESS,
Deputy of the
Minister of the Interior
Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, 9th September, 1886.

THE
Winnipeg Business
COLLEGE

Now Open ——— Now Open

121 STUDENTS LAST YEAR

Call at the College,
406 MAIN STREET.

Reduced Terms to two or more entering in a Club.

Night - School

All who are not Satisfied with their Education,

ERRAND BOYS,

MECHANICS,

"BUSINESS MEN"

Can take up as many or as few lessons as they choose.

Each student has a Desk and works entirely by himself.

NOT IN A CLASS!