

in life whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace," then, indeed, is the reader overawed by the majestic power which so pervades this great man's works.

The second lecture, "Lilies, or the Queen's Gardens," is, indeed, a garden embalming the literary atmosphere with fragrance as of sweetest flowers. Its subject is, "Why to Read." The indisputable ground that both well directed moral training and well chosen reading lead to the possession of a power over the ill-guided and illiterate which is, according to the measure of it, in the highest sense *kingly*, is taken as a foundation. Hence we should read that we may learn the true inter-dependence of the various factors and forces of society. Literature ever returns the verdict that it is impossible for every noble and rightly trained youth to love one whose gentle counsel he cannot trust. Literature shows the place and the power of woman. It tells how both sexes should be educated to fill the positions for which God and Nature have designed them. It reveals the relation of both man and woman to the state as but an expansion of their home duties. Literature renders clear the natural thirst for power in man and in woman too. Is this to be crushed? No. "God set it there; God keeps it there. For Heaven's sake and for man's sake desire all of it that you may"—that power which heals with its magic touch, that redeems from ruin, that guides into Truth, that guards from error, that binds the fiend, that looses the captive, that is founded on the rock of justice and descended from only by steps of mercy. Such are some of the reasons, why to read.

Ruskin's style is emphatically that of a prose poet. Is that which he describes objective or subjective, imagination guilds with poetic beauty the picture which he paints. But it is among the beautiful places of Nature—places painted by the hand of God—that his facile pen causes every crag and each flower to blend in sweetest unity; while over all each tint and every hue join to proclaim the great Art critic, the great descriptive writer. His description succeeds in giving artistic organization and life to the phenomena of Nature. His peculiar charm as a descriptive writer lies in the completion and wealth of his vocabulary and his sense of the quality

of words. Such a vocabulary might lead a less powerful writer to sacrifice accurate description to the music of the words. Ruskin's sense of the quality of words overcomes this danger, and in his most beautiful passages, with all their alliteration and harmonic sounds, the accuracy of the description predominates.

Ruskin's sentences are Miltonic in length, scarcely so in logic; but far surpass them in beauty, and are characterized by a rhythm peculiarly his own, swelling gradually to a point of general position and dying away in a minor key with which his periods usually end. Long will live the influence of, "the greatest living master of English prose."

#### A LEGEND OF BLOMIDON.

In the old Viking days, when mighty Thor  
And Odin ruled Valhalla of the blest;  
And brass-clad Northmen wandered far and wide  
In their long dragon-ships, in search of spoil;  
They came unto the verdurous Western land,  
An unknown shore.

'Mid rocks and gnashing surge  
They pulled their ships, and anchored in a bay  
Where brown-browed cliffs shut out the shocks and  
storms.

New scenes were these to those war-battered men—  
Small store of gold found they, in busy town  
Or prosperous city; but the wild, red men  
Twanged deadly welcome from their whizzing bows,  
And the lithe shafts chanted a song of death,  
As swift they leaped, and drank from the red hearts  
Of them of Norway. Yet they did not quail,  
But built strong forts, and harassed all the land;  
Burning the forest, from whose bushy depths  
The wary Indians sent a deadly rain.  
River and wood teemed thick with fish and game,  
And often by their mail were they preserved  
From humming arrows, mad for thirst of blood.  
Thus lived they, hardy, and the wealthy land  
Moved them to tell their kinsmen in the North  
Of all the riches which invited them  
To leave their niggard shores and rocky bays,  
And live in plenty in the generous West.

While yet they lingered, lo! a prodigy  
Alarmed their fearless hearts, and the warm tide