

English honesty and blunt sincerity. They start with the major premiss that all simulation of feelings—and no matter what the purpose of the simulation—blunts the fine perception of truthfulness and sincerity. To this is added the minor, that those who cultivate reading as an art must often simulate an unreal feeling. And then as a necessary conclusion, which for the most part is all that is expressed, they assert that the study of reading as an art must remove the fine point of a man's sincerity. I do not think that it is hard to point out the fallacy of this argument. In the first place, however, it applies to only a small part of the subject. Even if there is any force in it at all, it can only be as alleged against that kind of reading which aims at *representing* feelings and emotions. This consideration will confine the objection to very narrow limits. And even within these limits I deny the assumption of simulation contained in the premiss. I hold that this simulation of feeling, at a very early stage, passes into sympathy of feeling, and that simulation, in its proper sense, there is none. If there were, it would become so apparent to the listeners, that its bad effect would very quickly induce the reader to be real. When a reader is giving us the narrative of some pitiable event, or is representing to us the pathos of some heart-rending sorrow, then in proportion as he successfully appears moved by the feeling of his story, is his pathos based on a real natural sympathy which converts it into a real natural pathos. As before, I speak from my own experience. Whenever I have in any measure succeeded in calling up pity, or exciting regret, or rousing any other emotion in my listeners, it has only been because I felt—not merely appeared to feel—in a corresponding degree, the same emotion. In one word, we *sympathized*.

Another objection commonly urged is, that the subject is not practical. It is said that when once you are able to master the contents of a page, you have gained all that is practical in reading, and farther study is simply wasted time. I am almost inclined to meet this objection with a simple denial. It is not true that you have gained all that is practical. But this objection only stands at all by narrowing the practical into very small space. If it means that you can expect to get no tangible return which you might carry about in your pocket-book, or leave with your banker, I admit its truth, except in the case of the very small number who may adopt public reading as a business. And I must admit that with a lamentably large number, this is the test of what is practical. But to those with a higher standard (and such I pre-suppose are the readers of the "Lennoxville") this objection has little weight; and it is so readily disposed of by a consideration of the advantages of an artistic study of reading, that I shall rather turn to them, than attempt, formally, to disprove it.