

For those who love them, books have a language that is quite independent of the printer's art. It is this unprinted language that makes our own books so dear, so much pleasanter to read than another's.

Our own books. We are at liberty to mark them if we choose, and we love to turn the leaves of favorite volumes, that bear record of the past. How many of them contain marked passages, expressing just the thoughts of our own souls, which our words could not utter. How many of them bear traces of dear hands, that death has since clasped in his! Would you take its weight, in gold, for that little worn Bible,—a mother's gift, perhaps,—which bears on its time-stained pages so much of your heart-history? No; it holds two gospels, one of them is God's gospel to your own heart; you can find it in no Bible but your own.

You own, perhaps, "Aurora Leigh." The gold is tarnished, and the leaves turn noiselessly, because they have turned so often. Your eyes always rest on it fondly; you love to hold it in your hand. Why? Because it is one of the greatest poems in the language? No, not for that, nor because it seems like a legacy from that sweet woman, as good as she was great, who will write no more. Any other "Aurora Leigh" would be all that to you; your own is more. You love to turn the silent leaves slowly, and read where the marks tell you of some dear one, "who, being dead, thus speaketh;" or of sometimes in your past experience, when your own words being too meagre for your soul, your pencil made these your own. There is many a living face you would rather miss than that volume.

Many a one has such pet books, and we love to see them, though they have no special significance to us; we love to find that books are to some other hearts what they are to ours.

It is pleasant, in reading any interesting book, to be told, by an occasional pencilling, that others have been over the same ground before us, and have found the same beauties that charm our eyes; it gives the book a savor of humanity, and makes it a social thing. John Smith, his mark, in a book, makes it more truly John Smith's own than did the money he paid for it at the bookseller's, and we can often learn more of a man's character from a book thus marked, than from whole days of conversation with him.

Bacon says, "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts, others to be read, but not curiously, and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention." And he advises that we "read not to contradict and refute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider." He might have added, that when we have weighed and considered, and found it good, we should read again, to love and admire, for we never get all the good we can from books till we make them our friends.—E. H., in *Massachusetts Teacher*.

8. TEACHERS' LIBRARIES.

Among other valuable helps to teachers, none is more important or necessary than a teacher's library. We appeal to every teacher to fit themselves for the duties of their profession by carefully reading the best works prepared for the use of teachers, by men of experience in the business. Teachers cannot suppose that all the wisdom needed is already in their possession; that all the valuable notions upon subjects of teaching have been already suggested to them. Many thinking minds have given to the public, within a few years, the record of their own experience, and the results of their maturest deliberations. Have you read many of these works? How many of you have read even one good author upon the theory and practice of teaching? I cannot urge upon you a more important method of helping yourselves than this. Read what others have written, and inwardly digest the same; comparing what others say with your own notions and experience, and holding fast as your own, for future use, whatever commends itself to your own approval. The teacher should have his library as much as the lawyer, physician, or clergyman. If he means to be a professional teacher, —a teacher known for his excellence, his skill, his familiarity with all branches of his business, he *must read*. And to this end he must have books. He may own these books himself, or induce the trustees to purchase some for the section; or he may unite with other teachers and purchase a library in common. But by all means he should have a teacher's library.

9. THE ROYAL LIBRARY AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

"Alii quidem equos amant, alii aves, alii feras; mihi vero a puerulo mirandum acquirunt et possidendi libros insidit desiderium."—JULIANUS IMPERATOR.

To those lovers of books who care merely for the easy pleasures of light reading, or who are chiefly interested in curious and out-of-the-way works, as well as to the student of the more serious branches of learning and literature, the "Royal Library" at Windsor Castle offers not a few points of interest. The nature, objects, and

merits of this establishment (though, as a matter of course, of a strictly private character) deserve all the more to be noticed, as it has, up to the present, been but very little known—one might almost feel inclined to say ignored—by most people, excepting those at and about the Court.

The origin of the present "Royal Library" at Windsor can be said to date only from the accession of King William IV.; for it was that monarch who, shortly after he had succeeded to the throne, ordered its formation. Since the "transfer"—as it is commonly called—of the "King's Library," in 1823, by George IV. to the British Museum, the absence of a library had made itself gradually felt at Court. If it were yet required to demonstrate the long and well-established truth, that it is much more difficult to acquire than to dispose of anything, the facts in question would furnish a very appropriate example. They show, at least, in a curiously suggestive manner, what an easy task it is, on the one hand, to dispose, in one moment, of the library treasures collected during many years with much care, and at great cost, by order of one's ancestors; and, on the other, how much labour and time it requires to replace such intellectual stores for the future benefit of one's children after they have once been parted with. George IV. effected the said "transfer" to the nation of more than sixty-five thousand choice volumes, forming the "King's Library," by merely writing a short note; whereas it has almost taken the time allotted by nature to one entire generation to collect the forty thousand volumes, which now supply at Windsor the place of the older collection as it is now to be seen at the British Museum—where, until recently, it has been generally looked upon as a monument of royal munificence.

Some choice works, however, besides the art collection, which had formed part of the "King's Library," escaped the dangers of this contemplated "expatriation," and the vicissitudes of the above-mentioned "transfer," as they were retained for King George IV. Among those works is the famous Meutz Psalter of 1457, of which there are only two other copies in existence; but of these the one belonging to the Imperial Library at Vienna, though more perfect in some respects, is inferior to others. The Berlin copy is inferior to both the others. This rare and invaluable work had, during many years, formed an integral part of the University Library at Gottingen, and was, in a strange fit of equally excessive and injudicious loyalty, presented to King George III. upon the occasion of his coronation, by a deputation of professors chosen from among the Senate of the above university. It has, since then, become rather a matter of doubt, whether those gentlemen had any right to exercise their individual liberality at the expense of a foundation over which the corporation, by whom they had merely been delegated for congratulatory purposes, had, as such, no direct control. History, at all events, is not able to record the existence of any document sanctioning this gift, nor what advantage, besides the barren satisfaction of a gracious acceptance of this loyal present, accrued to the University of Gottingen, to console it for the otherwise irreparable loss of this much-cherished volume from amongst the rarities and treasures of its ancient and famous library. Besides this Psalter, there are, among the retained works, some of the earliest printed books with a date—such as the vellum Caxton, the rare Aldine Virgil of 1505, the Doctrynal of Sappence, and the much-prized copy of Shakespeare, of 1632, which was given by Charles I. to Sir Thomas Herbert immediately before his execution, and bears that unfortunate monarch's signature upon the title page. And last, but not least, the finest extant manuscript copy of the Shah Jehan Namah, written in beautiful Persian character, with numerous and costly illuminations and pictures, of an equally rare and curious character, and very perfect after their fashion.

The first step towards the formation of a new "Royal Library," to replace what had been the "King's Library," consisted in the appointment of Mr. Glover to the office, purposely created, of "Librarian to the King." This gentleman had, before the "transfer" of the above collection, occupied the post of sub-librarian, and was thereupon made keeper of the royal collections of prints and drawings. The retained works above enumerated were also committed to his care; and, when he assumed his new office, it was determined that the contemplated formation, or rather compilation, of a new collection of books, to be worthy of the name of "Royal Library," should forthwith be commenced. It was in the year 1833 that the Private Library of King George III., as well as what was termed his "Nobleman's Library," at Windsor Castle, and his "Gentlemen's Library" at another palace, the Private Libraries of Queen Charlotte from Kew, and the Prince Regent's Library from Carlton House, were brought together for this purpose at Cumberland Lodge, in Windsor Great Park, in which place the books, maps, and papers of William Duke of Cumberland were already kept.

These *disjecta membra* of miscellaneous literature, piled together into one large heap, formed the incongruous mass out of which, under the auspices of Mr. Glover, was to be resuscitated the body