

teaches me to love the meanest flower that blows, because it may have thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears. I shall not bid farewell to England until I have talked awhile with Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Alfred Tennyson. The former poet has reached the people's hearts by her own tremendous heart throbs. Although the author of "Aurora Leigh" tells so sad a story, she touches the finest natures of our being and makes them vibrate to her own. I feel a gladness in her company because she tells me: "There is a hope beyond the zenith, and the slope of yon gray bank of sky."

Tennyson comes forth and sings for me his immortal "Brook Song," and in his strongest poem, the "In Memoriam," he recites his anguish over the sudden death of Arthur Hallam. Yes, Tennyson, I often take thee from the shelf and read, in my sadder moments, those plaintive notes of thine.

Lo! I behold Scotland's pride and glory unfortunate Bobbie Burns, who sings in such transcendent sweetness his "Mountain Daisy." I bid a brief farewell to Robert Burns and place him in his accustomed elevation upon the shelf. The mighty minstrel of the North (Sir Walter Scott) makes his egress uninvited, and informs me of his pride in having once met Scotland's bonny poet,\* who blessed him with a smile. The great Wizzard of the North takes his stand rightly in advance of Burns.

*American* genius now claims my attention. Longfellow, in his polished verse sings such soothing melodies. It seems while in his company there comes a perceptible uplifting from all that is base into the purer atmosphere of light and love. Whittier, in his prominent place seems ever and anon to say: "Wilt thou not give me a more secluded nook, where I can be shut from the eyes of the world?" Oh! our noble poet, 'tis well thou art living to realize the multitudinous love this world doth bear toward thee.

\*Robert Burns.

Before I close this article on the poet's corner in my Library, I must not fail to speak a word with Irving, who, though not a poet as to verse, still carried in his breast the poet's heart. Come forth our gentle American, we greet thee with our fondest love. It is plainly shown that thou hast profited by thy childhood's blessing bestowed upon thee as a bairn by him for whom thou wast named, and to think that thou shouldst live to write the "Life of Washington" is something marvellous.

Books are the gentle companions of my life. They have power to soothe, to refresh and to instruct. They generally contain the purest and the best of our best minds. Books feed us from the cauldron of their finest thought and so I love them as my friends because they lead my mind to vaster issues.

ELLA WEEKS.

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Strike with hand of fire, on, weird musician, thy harp, strung with apollo's golden hair; fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim, deft toucher of the organ's keys; blow, bugler, blow until thy silver notes do touch and kiss the moonlight waves, and charm the lover wandering 'mid the vine-clad hills. But know your sweetest strains are discords all compared with childhood's happy laugh—the laugh that fills the eyes with light and every heart with joy. O! rippling river of laughter, thou art the blessed boundary line between the beasts and men, and every wayward wave of thine doth drown some fretful friend of care. O Laughter, rose lipped daughter of joy, there are dimples enough in thy cheeks to catch and hold and glorify all the tears of grief.

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Education is the evolution of all the possibilities that God has planted in our nature.—[McVicar.]