

certain amount of literary culture, is expected to be somewhat in advance of the village schoolmaster as described by Goldsmith in those now almost forgotten lines :—

"Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face.
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault'.
The village all declared how much he knew:
'Twas certain he could write and cypher too.
Lands he could measure, terms and tides pre-
sage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For even though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering
—sound

Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around.
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew."

That we as a body may hold our own with the brain-workers of the time, we must read. Our field of knowledge must reach far beyond the home-acre of the subjects of our text-books. If we would take our place with intelligent thinkers we must know more of the past than can be found in the pages of Collier and Hodgins—more of the books of the by-gone days and the men who wrote them than either Spalding or Collier have room to tell us.

That is but a bare, starved kind of book knowledge, which is summed up in the tabulated form.

	BORN	DIED	WROTE.
Geoffrey Chaucer	1328	1400	Canterbury Tales.
Edmund Spenser	1553	1599	Fairie Queene.
Wm. Shakespeare	1564	1616	Several Plays.
Ben. Jonson.....	1574	1637	Plays.
John Milton.....	1608	1674	Paradise Lost.
etc.,	etc.,	etc.,	etc.

This much we should know, but we should know much more. As a class we have a fair share of leisure at our command, and it is for us to use that leisure to advantage. With books so cheap we ought to be intimate with most of our English classics. It is a duty we owe to our pupils, to ourselves, and to society at large, that we will be acquainted with the writings of such historians as Alison and Macaulay, Hume and Gibbon, Hallam and Robertson, Motley and Prescott; that from their pages we may learn something of the passions and motives which swayed the minds of monarchs and statesmen; something of the progress by nations emerged from barbarism to the grandeur of greatness, and then drooped and died as luxury snapped their vitals and robbed them of their courage; something of the price paid by our forefathers for the privileges, immunities and liberties we so freely enjoy to-day; something of the upgrowth of a people next to our borders, who sprung from the same stock, and speaking the same mother language with ourselves, have, in one short hundred

years, attained the proud position of the foremost nation on this continent—a position which we, as Canadians, have reason to believe, taking the past as a precedent for the future, will, when another hundred years shall have rolled by, not be awarded to that nation alone, but, we too, shall have grown into a mighty people, numbering many millions, with populous cities in every province, our merchantmen upon every sea. Two nations, side by side, rivals only in all the arts of peace—the one proud of its free form of government; the other, equally free, and if possible, yet more proud of its two centuries' loyal adherence to the British flag.

From history we naturally turn to biography. It is a laudable curiosity which prompts us to learn something of the every day life of those names which are "familiar in our mouths as household words;" know how Johnson and Goldsmith, Swift and Coleridge, Newton and Hunter, Reynolds and Hogarth, Pitt and Sheridan, Watt and Stephenson, with a host of other equally illustrious men, lived and acted, deriving practical lessons from the story of their past, applying those lessons to our daily life, and shaping the future of ourselves and others by them:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;
Footprints that, perhaps, another
Sailing o'er life's solemn man,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother
Seeing, shall take heart again."

And we must give no dark corner to the narratives of those who, fired with a desire to explore unknown regions, braved the intensity of the scorching rays of a tropical sun, or the bitter, piercing cold of that latitude where

"The wind from Thule freezes
The word upon the lip."

In the pages of Cook or McClintock, or that brave Christian hero, the beloved and lamented Livingston, there is much to thrill the soul and excite the wonder of every reader, and on our shelves we should place the essays of Addison and Goldsmith, Sidney Smith and Charles Lamb, Macaulay and Talford, Emerson and Oliver Wendell Holmes. To every thoughtful reader these books will be a source of constant enjoyment. But our library would not be worthy of the name did we omit the poet and the novelist; and in this department a foremost place must be assigned to England's dramatist, of whom it may be said, the better we know him the more we wonder and admire; and Chaucer, father of English poetry, should have a place beside him, with Spencer, Butler and Dryden to keep them company. Moore, Campbell and Scott must stand together; and of the living poets, we will make choice of Tennyson, Longfellow, Whittier and Bryant; and among the novelists, Thackeray, Collins and Trollope should be well represented; and Charles Dickens, the man whom we all loved so much and mourned so deeply a few years ago; the man who has touched our sympathies oftener and made us laugh more heartily than any other; for him, with dear old Sir Walter's Waverley, we ask that they be placed within easy reach, for we shall want to see them often.

I have thus briefly glanced at some of the branches of literature which should have their re-