

fluence among his fellows will be largely settled by the possession or non-possession of the qualification in question.

A prime condition of effectiveness in public address, is the art of cultured speech in the common interchange of life to which we alluded just now; but public address makes additional demands, demands corresponding to the difference between oratory and conversation. There is needed the self-control that can face an audience and conquer stage fright; the power of sustained, coherent thought; the harmonious control of the thought power, the feelings, the voice, the body, making speech informing, pleasing, impressive, convincing.

Many of the colleges on this continent make an important contribution to the development of the power of public expression, by the recitation system in the class-rooms; also by instruction in elocution; though concerning the latter it may be remarked that whatever it may do for the dramatic reciter, it can do little more for the public speaker than to suggest principles, and point out defects. The all-important means, however, for the development of speaking power, is practice in actual speaking, the opportunity for which it is the office of the college literary society to provide. To the interests of that society every student should be a devotee. Its claims instead of being shirked should be eagerly acknowledged. The work done in it should represent the best output of the student's power. All mere roistering should be tabooed. Here is the gymnasium which fits for the arena; and he who aspires to the arena, should strip for training on every opportunity, and train with a will.

A fourth particular, which falls naturally under the head of incidental discipline, and which the student should set himself assiduously to acquire, is

THE LOVE OF READING

Carlyle has wisely said that a collection of books is a real University. If so, then one can go to College all his days, provided he has a little money, and a love of reading. This love implies the sympathetic appreciation of the worth of books as ministers to the life, and the habit of constantly laying them under tribute. One might fill a magazine with the devoted expressions of book lovers. Cicero described a room without books, as a body without a soul. Macaulay tells us "how his debt to books was incalculable; how they guided him to truth; how they filled his mind with noble images; how they stood by him in all vicissitudes—comforters in sorrow, nurses in sickness, companions in solitude, the old friends who are never seen with new faces; who are the same in wealth and poverty, in glory and in obscurity." An old English song runs thus:

"Oh for a booke in a shadie nooke,
 Either in doore or out;
 With the green leaves whispering overhead
 Or the street cryes all about.
 Where I may reade all at my ease,