

little fruit. The true spirit of literature can not be wooed in such a way.

"We get no good
In being ungenerous even to a book,
And calculating profits—so much help
By so much reading. It is rather when
We gloriously forget ourselves and plunge
Soul-forward, headlong into a book's profound,
Impassion'd for its beauty and salt of truth—
'Tis then we get the right good from a book."

In regard to the readers of to-day, they may be properly divided into two classes: legitimate readers and mere entertainers. Legitimate readers aim to interpret literature, whether along the line of the dramatic, the pathetic, or the humorous, resorting to no clap-trap or adventitious means of music or costume, or vulgarized facial expression, in order to split the ears of the groundlings and bring down the house, sometimes reading above the tastes of the great body of the audience, but never descending to the low ideals of the vulgar few—even for the purpose of winning a momentary triumph. The chief aim of the entertainer being to please, the character of his or her readings—if readings they may be called—must vary according to the class of audience assembled in the hall. It is possible the audience in some instances may come out as to a circus for a "jolly good time?" and then, of course, the nearer the reader approaches to a clown the more acceptable he will be—the richer his conquests for the evening. If he is a good mimic—a very secondary thing in a great reader—he will feed them for perhaps an hour on that kind of chaff, and then leave the platform with the feeling that he not only has demeaned himself, but, what is worse, has made a fool of himself, while the audience all the time has paid the usual admission fee to see the performance. Yet bad as this is, there is a step lower in the work of platform

elocution—or rather entertainment. It is where the entertainer, lacking soul power, as well as good taste and good sense, rolls off venerable jokes as a fitting equation for his share in the evening's performance.

Another feature of "*fakism*" which marks some of the readers of to-day is the generous publication which they



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give to the great event of having once rubbed against the garment or gown of nobility. None of our great readers in the past seem to have been anxious to appear in favor-bestowed drawing-rooms: but then of course,