

SAYINGS ABOUT BOOKS.

Of course everyone reads now-a-days,—and from the many magazines, periodicals, and books which crowd our tables, it is often difficult to make a selection. Some prefer one kind of book, some another, each one has his favorite. Some would not care to read one which gives great pleasure to others, for everyone does not enjoy the same book; but as there are so many, one cannot fail to find some which will be interesting and profitable.

Charles Kingsley said if he could have but one book for the rest of his life, he should choose the "Faerie Queen" above all, and without hesitation, nothing so rested him. Longfellow once said, "I have a passion for ballads. They are the gypsy children of song, born under green hedge rows in the leafy lanes and by-paths of literature in the genial summer time." Thomas Carlyle objected to poetry very strongly, remarking, "That a man should select verse with its half credibilities and other sad accompaniments, when he might have prose, and be wholly credible if he desired it, making him who might have been a soldier and a fighter, a mere preacher and idle singer." His objection seems to be the fault-finding of a noble mind out of tune, which is always craving to mark the discords of its own depths.

Sir William Jones says of the Bible, "I am of the opinion that the Bible contains more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and purer strains of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other books in whatsoever age or library."

The inscription on the library at Alexandria was "The medicine of the mind," and good books may often be more useful than physicians. Shakespeare said, "Come and take a choice of all my library and so beguile thy sorrow."

Lord Lytton prescribes for loss of fortune, the higher class of poets; for hypochondria, a course of travels, especially early, marvelous, legendary ones.

"Books wind into the heart, the poet's verse slides into the current of our blood. We read them when young, we remember them when old."

Steaming.

He serves all who dares be true.—EMERSON.

There's nothing so kingly as kindness, and nothing so loyal as truth.—ALICE CAREY.

Our experience is rather composed of lost illusions than of acquired wisdom.

The violet in her greenwood bower,
Where birchen boughs with hazel mingle,
May boast herself the fairest flower
In forest, glade or copsewood dingle.—SCOTT.

I should define poetry as the exquisite expression of exquisite impressions.

No truth was ever yet believed
That had not struggled long.—TROWBRIDGE

Nature all his children viewing,
Gently kindly cares for all.

Our deeds still travel with us from afar,
And what we have been makes us what we are.

By ignorance is pride increased,
They most assume who know the least.

Be like the bird that halting in her flight,
Awhile on boughs too slight,
Feels them give way beneath her,
And yet sings, knowing that she hath wings.

There's no slipping up hill again, and no standing still, when once you've begun to slip down.

The best fire does not flare up the soonest.

Fruit is seed.

Only the fragrance of some beaten blossom,
Only the rare breath of the wounded vine
Of any grief in Mother Nature's bosom
I saw no single sign.

So thy song would be better and sweeter,
It only its thought were glad,
If hidden the chafe of thy fetter
The scars from wounds thou hast had.

Be silent of strife and endeavor,
But shout of the victory won;
Don't sit in the valley forever,
When hill-tops rejoice in the sun.