

1895

A Course of Study for the High Schools of Maine

Maine Department of Education

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W. L. HUBBARD, Principal.

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Maine. Educational Dept.

A COURSE OF STUDY

FOR THE

HIGH SCHOOLS

OF MAINE.

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COURSE OF STUDY FOR RURAL AND VILLAGE HIGH SCHOOLS.

Teachers and school officers who use this Course of Study will find many valuable suggestions on the work in English in the papers read before the Cumberland County Teachers' Association at its annual meeting in 1895, several of which papers are reproduced in the succeeding pages of this Course.

Able discussions of this and other subjects taught in high schools will be found in the report of the Committee of Ten of the National Educational Association. The volume for 1895 of the Association of Colleges in the Middle States and Maryland also contains valuable reports in civics, history and English. Every high school teacher should make a thorough study of these documents.

The most of the children in the public schools do not expect to enter college. This large majority should receive the best fitting for life's work that the public schools can give them. They need the training and information that can be gained from history, language, science and mathematics. The English course in our Free High Schools should have the ripest scholarship, the ablest teaching talent and the strongest personality in the teaching force of the school. Our institutions are not only based on the principle that majorities shall rule, but that they shall be served. English, mathematics, history and the sciences must be so broadly and inspiringly taught that the boys and girls studying them in our high schools will be made strong to make the good things in life better.

ENGLISH COURSE.

	First Term.	Second Term.	Third Term.
First Year.	Elementary Rhetoric and Composition, Physiology, Arithmetic.	Elementary Rhetoric and Composition, Physiology and Botany. Arithmetic and Zoölogy.	Elementary Rhetoric and Composition, Botany, Zoölogy.
Second Year.	Literature and English History, Chemistry, Algebra.	Literature and English History, Chemistry, Algebra.	Literature and German History, Chemistry, Algebra.
Third Year.	Literature, English Gram. and Analysis, Physics, Geometry.	Literature, English Gram. and Analysis, Physics, Geometry.	Literature, English Gram. and Analysis, French History, Geometry.
Fourth Year.	Literature and Rhetoric, Roman History, Civics, Physical Geography.	Literature and Rhetoric, Greek History, Civics and Psychology, Mineralogy.	Psychology, Geology, Review Arithmetic, Geography and United States History.

COLLEGE PREPARATORY COURSE.

	First Term.	Second Term.	Third Term.
First Year.	Elementary Rhetoric and Composition. 3. Latin. 4. French. 4. Arithmetic. 3.	Elementary Rhetoric and Composition. 3. Latin. 4. French. 4. Arithmetic and Botany. 3.	Elementary Rhetoric and Composition. 3. Latin. 4. French. 4. Botany. 3.
Second Year.	Literature. 3. Latin. 4. Greek. 4. Algebra. 4.	Literature. 3. Latin. 4. Greek. 4. Algebra. 4.	Literature. 3. Latin. 4. Greek. 4. Algebra. 4.
Third Year.	Literature, English Gram. and Analysis. 3. Latin. 4. Greek. 4. Geometry. 4.	Literature, English Gram. and Analysis. 3. Latin. 4. Greek. 4. Geometry. 4.	Literature, English Gram. and Analysis. 3. Latin. 4. Greek. 4. Geometry. 4.
Fourth Year.	Literature and Rhetoric. 3. Latin. 4. Greek. 4. Review Arithmetic, Geography and United States History.	Literature and Rhetoric. 3. Latin. 4. Greek. 4. Review Algebra.	Literature and Rhetoric. 3. Latin. 4. Greek. 4. Review Geometry.

Pupils should have the privilege of electing additional work in modern languages and the sciences in place of Greek during the second, third and fourth years of the College Preparatory Course, if they desire to do so.

The figures at the right of each subject indicate the number of recitations which should be provided for in each subject during each week.

Instruction in composition should be made a part of the work in rhetoric, grammar and literature.

There should be one recitation in spelling each week throughout the Course. Arrangements should be made for rhetorical exercises each week, and the classes should be divided into four divisions, so that each pupil will have a part in the exercises once each month.

Roman History, Latin Prose Composition and Ancient Geography should be taught in connection with the regular work in Latin during the third year. Greek History and Prose Composition and Ancient Geography should be taught in connection with the regular work in Greek during the fourth year.

It is fair to suppose that nearly all who take the English course will receive no further academic training; their school days will end with the high school. In the case of these students no one will be likely to say that too much attention is paid to the study of English grammar, composition and literature.

In the case of the students who are going to college, it may be thought that more time is assigned to the study of English than is necessary. It may be urged that literature and rhetoric are to be studied more exhaustively and more profitably in the college than in the high school. It is true that almost every college affords its students an opportunity to do more or less work in English; but owing to the great number of elective courses it frequently happens that students graduate from college without having studied English literature at all. It makes no difference whether a boy is going to college or not, the sooner he learns to love good books, and learns how to read good books, the better.

College officers enter vigorous complaints concerning the faulty English of the students who come to them. It is stated that hardly one entrance examination paper in five is free from ridiculous errors in spelling, punctuation and grammatical construction. No matter whether a boy is going to college or not, he needs careful and con-

stant drill in English composition—not for one or two terms only, but for every term of the high school course. And the study of literature should occupy some part of almost every term of the course, because the student who is trying to learn to write, needs to have good models always before him.

In these two high school courses considerable time is assigned to English grammar and to analysis and parsing. It is hoped that this study will not be the dull and tiresome memorizing of rules and exceptions, but an intelligent examination of the principles that obtain in correct English speech. It has been purposely assigned to the third year of the course, to a time when the student has become somewhat familiar with the grammar of other languages. Analysis and parsing are placed in the third year, though it is believed that some work in English analysis should be done every term throughout the course, and that there should be Latin and Greek analysis as well. There is nothing equal to analysis for imparting to the student a sense of proper grammatical form and construction.

In the College Preparatory Course the work in literature is quite definitely limited by the college requirements. Almost any one of the books on the list for any given year, with collateral reading, will occupy a term. The reading would be fruitful of topics for discussion, and would furnish abundant material for essays.

The aim of the teacher in English in the College Preparatory Course is not to put his pupils through a large number of books, but rather to make them feel the force and the beauty of a few of the best selections from our literature.

If the student acquire a love for good literature before he goes to college, he will be likely to choose some of the optional courses in literature that are offered him there. A boy is very poorly fitted for college if he have not a love for good literature. And, again, throughout the course, the strongest emphasis should be laid on the work in English Composition.

In the English Course the state of things is somewhat different. The students in this course have not before them the prospect of new opportunities for study; so the teacher should not only make the students thoroughly familiar with a few masterpieces, but should try to give them some idea of the vastness of our literature, and introduce them to as many as possible of its makers.

ENGLISH.

BOOKS FOR PUPILS.

Golden Legend, Longfellow; Marble Faun, Hawthorne; Tales from Chaucer in Prose, Clarke; Tales of Shakespeare, Lamb; Merchant of Venice, Shakespeare; Sir Roger de Coverly, Addison; Last Days of Pompeii, Lytton; Old Curiosity Shop, Dickens; Primer of English Literature, Brooke; Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics, Palgrave; First Steps in English Literature, Gilman; Grammar Land, Nesbitt; Tom Brown's School Days, Hughes.

BOOKS FOR TEACHERS.

Teaching the Language-Arts, Hinsdale; Study of American Literature, Brander Matthews; Study of British and American Authors, Blaisdell; On Teaching English, Bain; English in Preparatory Schools, Huffcutt; The Study of Literature, Morley; English Literature Teaching, Bowen; Method of English, Gow; English in Schools. How to Teach Shakespeare, Hudson; The Study of English Literature, Collins; The Aims of Literary Study, Corson; Introduction to Theme Writing, Fletcher; On the Correlation of Studies in Elementary Education, Harris; Lectures on Language and Linguistic Methods in the School, Laurie; Books and Libraries, Lowell; Plain Principles of Prose Composition, Minto; A Practical Course in English Composition, Newcomer; Paragraph Writing, Scott and Denney; Literature in the Public Schools, Scudder; Philosophy of Style, Spencer; Essentials of English Grammar for the Use of Schools, Whitney; English in the Schools, Woodward.

MODERN LANGUAGES.

BOOKS FOR PUPILS.

Adventures of Telemachus, Fénelon; Don Quixote, Cervantes; Stories from the Italian Poets, Hunt; Book of Songs, Heme; Schiller's Wilhelm Tell, Coleridge; Primer of German Literature, Sisatsburg; La Fontaine's Fables, Wright.

BOOKS FOR TEACHERS.

The Art of Teaching and Studying Languages, Gouin; On Teaching Modern Languages, Colbeck; Modern Languages in Education, Comfort; Teaching of Languages in Schools, Widgery; Methods of Teaching Modern Languages, Heath.

ANCIENT LANGUAGES.

BOOKS FOR PUPILS.

Stories from Homer, Church; Stories from Virgil, Church; Day in Ancient Rome, Shumway; Plutarch's Lives, Clough; Herodotus for Boys and Girls, White; Stories from Livy, Church; Our Young Folks' Josephus, Walsh.

BOOKS FOR TEACHERS.

Art of Reading Latin and How to Teach it, Hale; Language and the Linguistic Method, Laurie; Aims and Methods of Classical Study, Hale; Method of Classical Study, Taylor; Study of Latin in the Preparatory Course, Morris.

ART.

BOOKS FOR PUPILS.

The Lion of St. Mark's, Henley; Stones of Venice, Ruskin; Wonders of Sculpture, Viardot; Score of Famous Composers, Dole; Essay on Art, Palgrave; A. B. C. of Gothic Architecture, Parker; Sacred and Legendary Art, Jameson; Four Masters of Etching, Wedmore.

BOOKS FOR TEACHERS.

Art Education and Social Life, Walter Crane; Art Teaching and Understanding, Taylor; Place of Art in Education, Davidson; How to Judge a Picture, Van Dyke.

HISTORY.

BOOKS FOR PUPILS.

Magna Charta Stories, Gilman; Charicles, Becker; Hypatia, Kingsley; Noble Dames of Ancient Story, Edgar; American Citizen, Dole; Old South Leaflets, Mead; Historic Boys, Brook; Franklin's Autobiography; Biographical Stories, Hawthorne; George Washington, Scudder; Last of the Mohicans, Cooper; Man Without a Country, Hale; Log School House on the Columbia, Butterworth.

BOOKS FOR TEACHERS.

Studies in the Historical Methods, Mary Sheldon Barnes; Methods of Historical Study, Adams; How to Study and Teach History, Hinsdale; Methods of Historical Study, Freeman; Meaning of History, Harrison; Methods of Teaching and Studying History, Hall; Seminary Method of Original Study, Foster.

SCIENCE.

BOOKS FOR PUPILS.

Starland, Ball; According to Season, Dana; Life of a Butterfly, Scudder; Chapters on Ants, Treat; New England Bird Life, Stearns; Man Wonderful and House Beautiful, Allen; Natural History of Selborne, White; Wonders of the Shore, Kingsley; Beauties of Nature, Lubbock; Story of the Hills, Hutchinson; Life of a Tree, Coult; History of a Mouthful of Bread, Mace; Coal and Coal Mines, Greene; Century of Electricity, Mendenhall; Birds Through an Opera Glass, Merriam.

BOOKS FOR TEACHERS.

Teaching of Geology, Shaler; Biological Teaching in the Colleges of the United States, Campbell; Aims and Methods of Teaching Physics, Wead; Culture Demanded by Modern Life, Youman; How to Teach Chemistry, Frankland; Teaching of Chemistry and Physics in the United States, Clarke; Methods in Zoölogy, Manton.

MATHEMATICS.

BOOKS FOR PUPILS.

Any standard series of mathematical text-books.

BOOKS FOR TEACHERS.

Mathematical Teaching and its Modern Methods, Safford; Teaching and History of Mathematics, Cajori; Number and its Algebra, Lefeure; Philosophy of Arithmetic, Brooks; Psychology of Number, McClellan & Dewey.

For other books in the various studies, see Report of Committee of Ten.

ENGLISH IN THE HIGH SCHOOL.

For detailed suggestions for teaching English the teachers are referred to the papers which are found on the following pages.

These papers were read before the Cumberland County Teachers' Association at its annual meeting in 1895. They are so rich in suggestions and sound in methods that the Superintendent feels that he is doing the teachers of the State a great service by reproducing them in this report.

A. J. ROBERTS, A. M.,

Professor of English Literature and Rhetoric, Colby University.

The aim of the teacher of English literature is not to make his pupils widely familiar with names and dates pertaining to books and writers. The aim of the teacher of English literature is not to insist that his pupils shall read a certain number of books—as for example the half dozen on which candidates for admission to New England colleges must be examined. English literature is not a disciplinary study in the same sense that geometry and algebra are disciplinary studies.

The aim of the teacher of English literature is to get his pupils to love good books, so that when they get out of school they will care for something besides the daily papers, and will not care at all for the New York Ledger.

Having stated the object of the study of English literature, I want to mention some of the necessary qualifications of the teacher.

In the first place, he must be an appreciative reader of the best prose and the best poetry. Not only must he be able to enter into the mind of the author he is reading, and so follow the author's train of thought, but he must have a keen sense of style—that subtle something which in any sort of composition is the stamp of value.

He must be able to read aloud well; and by reading aloud well, I mean reading intelligently and with expression. He must read as if he understood and as if he felt. The teacher ought every day to give his class an *appreciative rendering* of a few lines of poetry or of a bit of prose.

And he must have read a good deal. He must be saturated through and through with the English classics,—with Shakespeare and Milton and the Bible, with Lord Bacon, with Addison and Swift and Johnson. I will not say he should have read much of Wordsworth and Tennyson and Browning, and Longfellow and Whittier and Lowell, and Macaulay and Newman and Matthew Arnold, and Thackeray and Dickens and Holmes and Hawthorne and Washington Irving—for that goes without saying.

Again, the teacher of English literature must not be a stick. He must be alive. He must be full of contagious enthusiasm. It is of supreme importance that the study of English literature shall be made interesting, that it shall never become dull and dry and dead. If pupils do not enjoy their work, do not look forward with pleasure to the recitation hour, and do not have a good time when it comes, they are getting but little good of the study of English literature, and may be getting a great deal of harm. I know a man who says he hates Milton to this day because an early school master made reading Milton so tremendously wearisome.

The teacher of English literature should know when to keep silence and when to speak. He should not always be trying to cram his opinions down the intellectual throats of his pupils. He should encourage them to think for themselves. Instead of telling his pupils what lines of poetry and what passages of prose he thinks are best, he should try to find out what lines of poetry and what passages of prose *they* think are best. I should not like to travel through the White Mountain region with a voluble fellow for a guide who would always be pointing out the things I ought to admire and then insisting that I should admire them. A good many of us teachers are so charmed with the *sound of our own voices*, that we want to do all the talking. We forget that very often the really important thing in teaching is not to tell what we know, but to find out what our pupils know.

Having spoken of the aim in the study of English literature, and of some of the qualifications of the teacher, I want now to speak of methods of study, (of work?) and, first, let us consider the study of biography.

It is the custom in a good many schools to send the pupils to the encyclopedia for information about the life of the author they are going to study. And the biographical sketches the boys and girls

prepare from the material found there make pretty tiresome reading. They tell when the author was born, when he was married, when he died; they mention the names of some of the books he wrote, and that is about all. It is not so much wonder that the sketches are tiresome, for it is a rare thing that an encyclopedia makes one acquainted with a flesh and blood man. The man has become a name. The heart and the brain and the warm, rich life are lacking. The encyclopedia is a valley of dry bones.

Then, too, the biographical sketches that appear in the English classics that the various publishing houses are issuing, are very often worse than useless. For the most part they are written by men who seem to have no conception of the actual *needs of boys and girls* in the high schools. Some of these sketches seem like lectures that may have been given before college classes, and perhaps given with profitable results; others seem to be essays calculated—like Artemas Ward's jocund and discursive preamble—to show what a good education the writer has. Not long ago a leading publishing house sent me a series of English classics for examination. The publishers hoped I would be able to recommend the series to the principals of our fitting schools. The first book I examined was "Burke on Conciliation," and I want to quote a sentence or two from the so-called introduction: "Perhaps the crossness of their pericrania rendered them impervious to the infiltration of new ideas" and "this jar shook to its foundations the loosely cohering Whig party, and awoke from its coma the *corpus vile* of that court policy which all good men hoped had passed into a state of cadaveric rigidity." Now the man who wrote what I have just quoted, certainly was not writing for boys and girls in the high school.

Instead of sending the pupils to the encyclopedia or asking them to read the frothy essay some ambitious college tutor has succeeded in selling a publishing house, let the teacher himself tell his class the story of the life of the man they are going to study. Here is the place for lecturing. The teacher is better fitted than anybody else to introduce his class to an author. He knows what things in the life of an author will appeal to the class and what things will not. He knows where to elaborate, and where to abridge. And if the teacher would make the story interesting let him not omit the little things: how the man looked, how he dressed, what were his recreations, who were his friends, whether he was rich or poor.

Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is the best biography ever written, because it is full of things trivial enough in themselves, yet of the sort that tell us just what kind of human being *Dr. Samuel Johnson* was.

Then there are some things about the lives of most authors that better not be told. I don't see how it can help the young student to know that Burns and Charles Lamb were often in their cups and that Edgar Allan Poe died in the gutter; or to be familiar with the facts about the domestic infelicities of Shelley and of Lord Byron. Knowledge of this sort may do a vast amount of harm. Only a little while ago, a woman told me that since she had read the story of the life of George Eliot, she had ceased to care for George Eliot's novels. It is certain that Carlyle's influence in the world has waned a good deal since the publication of the Froude memoirs. Many a genius seems to have been a Doctor Jekyll and a Mr. Hyde, and I think it is quite as well to keep the Mr. Hyde hid. Tell children the truth, but not always all the truth.

What author shall the class in English literature read first? is a question of great importance. A good many teachers begin at the beginning. They take Chaucer first, and then Spenser, and then Shakespeare and Lord Bacon, and then Milton, and then Dryden, and then Pope, and so on. This habit of *slavishly following* the chronological order in which writers lived is responsible for most of the distaste pupils feel for the study of English literature. A boy doesn't care anything about Chaucer or Spenser, and by the time he reaches somebody in whom he would naturally be interested, he has made up his mind that the study of literature is a pretty tiresome business; and when a boy decides that a study is tiresome, it is pretty hard work to get him to change his decision. Any road leads to the end of the world, and any book leads out into all literature. Begin with somebody in whom the class are likely to be interested. If *Huckleberry Finn* attracts and *Paradise Lost* repels, I should say *Huckleberry Finn* is a better book to begin with than is *Paradise Lost*.

I do not know any good reason for studying men in the order in which they lived and wrote. If your class are reading Milton's *Lycidas*, why should they wait half a year before reading Shelley's *Adonais*? or three quarters of a year before reading Matthew Arnold's *Thyrsis*? Milton and Shelley and Arnold are linked together by

the bond of grief, and the centuries cannot separate them. Geniuses do not grow out of each other. Each new writer is not the heir of the last. There is *no order of succession* in literature. Men who live at the same time do not think the same things. Thomas Carlyle stood nearer to the Prophet Jeremiah than he did to John Stuart Mill or Lord Macaulay. Pope stood nearer to Horace than he did to Shakespeare, though separated from Horace by sixteen centuries, and from Shakespeare by hardly four generations. Men who lived at the same time and were intimate friends, talking with one another, writing to one another, influencing one another in countless ways, may profitably be studied together. Each of the men who belonged to the Mermaid Club—Shakespeare and Ben Johnson and Beaumont and Fletcher—is a more interesting personality on account of his relations with all the others. Samuel Johnson, Edmund Burke, Oliver Goldsmith, Sir Joshua Reynolds and James Boswell—that best of biographers,—form a group every member of which is more interesting to us because of his illustrious friendships. The Lake poets, Wordsworth and Coleridge and Southey, were neighbors.

Shelley and Keats and Byron are bound together by warmest friendship and closest companionship. The Brook Farm Experiment forms a center around which one groups a good many makers of literature.

But there are other ties than those of friendship and association that bind men together. If your class are studying Browning and learn that he was strongly influenced by Shelley, it is a good time to read Shelley to see what kind of a poet it was that influenced Browning. Or if your class are studying Shelley and learn that he was strongly influenced by Spenser, it is a good time to read Spenser to see what kind of poetry it was that influenced Shelley.

Men who wrote *about the same subjects* may profitably be read together. If your class are reading Addison's Sir Roger De Coverly papers, it is a good time to begin reading Irving's Bracebridge Hall, for both describe the home life of an English squire.

And I don't like the plan of fencing off groups of writers by any artificial classification. For example: in many minds American literature and English literature are entirely different and distinct from each other, and are not to be studied together. I know a school board so patriotic that it insists on more time being given to

American literature than to English literature. And there are not lacking those who applaud such literary jingoism. As a matter of fact, English literature includes American literature. Every man who writes the English language is making his contribution to English literature, no matter whether he is writing in England or Scotland or Australia or Canada or America. There is no sectionalism in literature. Shakespeare belongs to everybody who reads English; and so, too, do Longfellow and Oliver Wendell Holmes. Indeed, the best literature has no local flavor; it is for all men, everywhere and always. As James Russell Lowell so well says, it is no literature that loses its meaning when out of sight of the steeple of the parish church. A moment ago I spoke of reading Addison and Irving together; one would be seriously handicapped if one were obliged to keep them apart.

Carlyle and Emerson are not to be separated by the Atlantic: they are held together by mutual sympathy and admiration, and by more than thirty years of correspondence. They wrote about the same subjects. Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero Worship," and Emerson's "Representative Men," are *parallel studies* in the lives of great men. Again and again we find Carlyle and Emerson looking at the same things, each with his own eyes. Does the fact that one man lived in England and the other in America furnish any reason why they should not be read together?

Having spoken of the study of biography and of the order in which authors should be read, I want to speak of the possibilities of cultivating literary taste and developing literary judgment in young students. Suppose you write on the blackboard these lines from Southey:

"Faint gleams the evening radiance through the sky,
The sober twilight dimly darkens round,
In short, quick circles the shrill bat flits by,
And the slow vapour curls along the ground."

And the first stanza of Gray's *Elegy*:

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

* Go over each passage, line by line, with the class, never once telling them what you think, but all the time trying to get them to tell what they think. Question them: how many of you ever saw the bat fly in *short, sharp circles*? and why should the bat be called the

shrill bat? how many of you ever saw the *slow* vapour *curling* along the ground? Which is the more impressive line "The sober twilight dimly darkens round," or "And leaves the world to darkness and to me?" Which is the best line in the passage from Gray? in the passage from Southey? In which passage are movement and rhythm better suited to a description of the dying day and the gathering darkness? A half hour spent in the manner I have indicated on these eight lines of poetry will teach pupils a good deal about literary criticism. Wordsworth's three sonnets on Sleep, and Shakespeare's *Apostrophe to Sleep* in *Macbeth*, and Keats' in *Endymion*, lend themselves very readily to this sort of study. Among longer parallel pieces of composition are the *Odes to a Skylark* by Wordsworth and Shelley; Leigh Hunt's poem "*The Glove and the Lion*," and Browning's "*The Glove*;" and Carlyle's review of Croker's edition of Boswell's *Johnson* and Macaulay's review of the same edition. When a boy is able to tell you *why he likes* one piece of literature better than he does another he is getting on famously.

Having spoken of some of the things to do, I want to speak of some things not to do. The teacher of English literature should be careful not to ask his pupils to read that for which they are not ready. I have seen college students dive into Sartor Resartus and come up gasping, with no courage left for another plunge. Sartor Resartus is a book that is to be read with profit only after one has lived a while in the world, and read a good deal and thought a good deal. If your class are going to study Carlyle, they would better read the essay on Burns and the Essay on Scott and parts of "Heroes and Hero Worship." Sartor Resartus and "Past and Present" and the Latter Day Pamphlets are books for the future.

If your class are going to study Browning you would better steer them clear of Sordello and Paracelsus and Child Roland to the Dark Tower Came and ever so many others, and read the comparatively simple lyric and narrative poems, like *Prospice* and *Porphyria's Lover* and *The Flight of the Duchess* and the *Pied Piper of Hamelin*. It is very easy work to give a really intelligent pupil the impression that Browning is a mass of unintelligibility. When the pupil gets through studying Browning he should have the feeling that Browning isn't so very hard reading after all, and then he will want to go back to Browning sometime. And when he goes back he will carry a maturer mind and a keener insight to the task of reading what is really difficult.

If your class are going to *study Emerson* you would better not ask them to read the essays on Spiritual Laws and on The Over-souls, or the lectures on The Method of Nature, or The Transcendentalist. Ask them to read the essays on Clubs and on Works and Days and on Farming, and parts of English Traits. If pupils don't understand and don't enjoy what they read, if for example they see in Emerson and Carlyle and Browning nothing but words, they are getting only harm from such reading, and perhaps incalculable harm. My friend who hates Milton was asked to read Milton too soon. Not all literature is milk for babes.

Again the teacher should be careful not to ask his pupils to read anything which by its very length is discouraging. If your class are going to study Wordsworth they would better read Lucy Gray and Micael and some of the Sonnets, and the Ode on the Intimation of Immortality, rather than attempt to read very much of the longwinded and somewhat tedious Excursion.

It is not best for pupils to read all that an author has written, be it ever so interesting. A good time to stop is when the pupil is hungry for more. We want our pupils in after life to be eager to continue the study of literature which we helped them to begin in school. I want to repeat with all the emphasis I can command that the study of literature is not for the petty present, but *for the larger future*; it is not for boys and girls but for men and women.

I want to bring this paper to a close with a description of a teaching exercise in English literature. Mr. R. is the teacher and has a class of five, Thomas and Richard and Henry, Mary and Martha. Mr. R. selects Charles Lamb as the first author his class shall study. The first day, Mr. R. tells them the story of Charles Lamb's life. He describes the most interesting circumstances of Charles Lamb's childhood. He tells of the years the boy spent in Christ's Hospital, that curious old school where so many great men received their earliest education, and he does not forget to describe the methods of teaching employed by that rare old schoolmaster, Rev. Matthew Boyer, whom Leigh Hunt and Coleridge so comically described. Mr. R. tells his class what sort of looking man Charles Lamb was, and how shy he was and how he stammered. He tells of the care Charles Lamb took of his old father and mother, and of his devotion to his sister Mary. He tells of the years Charles

Lamb spent in the India House, and of the kind of work he had to do there. In short he tries to make his class as well acquainted with Charles Lamb as they are with their next door neighbors.

Then Mr. R. says, "Thomas you may read Lamb's *Dissertation on Roast Pig*. Tell us to-morrow whether you like the essay or not, and why you like it or don't like it. Be prepared to read to the class the passages you like best, and the passages, too, you like least.

Richard you may read the essay on the Superannuated Man, which describes Lamb's life in the India House.

Henry you may read the essay entitled Christ's Hospital.

Mary you may read the essays "My Relations," and "Mackery End in Hertfordshire."

In these essays James Elia and Bridget Elia stand for Charles Lamb's brother John and sister Mary, and it is really *they* about whom he is writing.

Martha, you may read as many of Lamb's Letters as you can.

The next day the class have a *good time talking* over what they have been reading. Mr. R. asks a great many questions, but he doesn't do much other talking. At the end of the half hour Mr. R. assigns them work for the next day, and from what the class have been saying, he knows about what each one would better do.

Perhaps he asks Martha to prepare an essay on the kind of man Charles Lamb's letters show him to have been. Perhaps he asks Mary to prepare an essay on John and Mary Lamb as they appear in "My Relations" and "Mackery End in Hertfordshire." Perhaps he asks Thomas to read the essay Richard read last time and Richard to read the one Henry read and Henry the one Thomas read, and each must be ready next day to tell in what respects he agrees with the opinions which have already been expressed upon the essay, and in what respects he disagrees. Mr. R. isn't in any great hurry to set the boys to writing; he wants to set them to thinking and talking first. And so Mr. R. guides his class in the study of Charles Lamb until he thinks they would better go to studying somebody else. In reading Charles Lamb the class have become acquainted with Coleridge, who was Lamb's schoolmate and dearest friend, so Mr. R. introduces his class to the author of the *Ancient Mariner*.

And here we will leave them.

MISS CHARLOTTE A. W. TOWLE,

Teacher in Deering High School.

I am trying to help a large class in Cæsar to understand what he meant by some of his back-handed expressions, with more than forty other pupils in the same room, who are supposed to be studying; who at least ought to be studying. Presently I notice a boy who evidently is leaving undone the thing he ought to do. As a reminder to him of his duty, I say "John, how is it about your examples in algebra that are due the next period?" Promptly comes the answer, "I done 'em all to home but them two on page fifty-four." I ask him to tell me again what he did at home. Perhaps he consciously substitutes my "did" for his "done," possibly he makes the statement precisely as he did the first time. In either case I filch two precious minutes from the Cæsar class to give John, and all who will receive it, a special lesson in English.

In conducting recitations in Latin there is always an excellent opportunity to give instruction in English, not alone in construction, but in the choice of words as well. I try never to lose sight of this opportunity. In preparing their Latin lessons, if new words occur, for the meaning of which they must consult the dictionary, I *entreat* my pupils to look at *all* the definitions given of the word, and then to discriminate in their choice of one. I often have two or three members of the class write upon the board the translation of the preceding day's lesson, paying as little regard as possible to the Latin forms, but taking special care to give the exact meaning of the text in the best English forms they can use. I have found this exercise profitable. But good expression in English implies more than mere grammatical correctness. The best expression of the best thought makes ideal language. This is found in the best literature. Is there a more effective way of helping our pupils to acquire both correctness and grace of expression than by kindling in them a love for the English classics, that may be in the hands of every one of them? This I constantly try to do with my pupils, collectively and individually, if haply *some* may come not only to like the best, but also to know why it is the best. If you ask me *how* I do this I can give no definite answer, for I do it in no definite way.

Duty reading is very dry and uninteresting. Here as elsewhere "the letter killeth, but the spirit maketh alive." So I sometimes assign to an entire class a poem, or an essay to read, not as a task that *must be done*, but as pleasurable employment for a leisure hour, asking them to tell me after their reading what thought, or what passage interested them most, and *why* it interested them most. The differing reports of the different pupils have been of profit to their teacher to say the least. Again, to a group of boys and girls around my desk, I suggest various books, the reading of which I am sure would prove both pleasant and profitable to them; books that will excite some intellectual curiosity, and that cannot be wholly taken in without some mental effort.

And in various other unstudied and untellable ways I try to awaken in my pupils a love for good literature. They unconsciously absorb so much from the companionship of a book, that it seems to me of vital importance that the book shall be worthy.

And so I think the teacher who can and does present the English classics to his pupils in a way that clutches their hearts as well as their heads, does as veritable missionary work as he who goes to Timbuctoo with hymn books in his hand.

MISS C. N. POTTER,

Teacher in Brunswick High School.

Our course in English extends through the four years, with part of the time three and part of the time four recitations a week.

The first year the pupils take Lockwood's "Lessons in English" with supplementary reading of *Snowbound*, *Evangeline* and the *Wonder Book*, beside frequent written work.

During the first weeks the third class have been studying *Marmion* and *Ivanhoe*, and now we are engaged with *King Arthur* and the *Knights of the Round Table*. This class happens to be very young and the kind of work we do is quite elementary.

We have for a lesson a chapter in *Ivanhoe*, perhaps. They read it carefully, and look up the meanings of all words they do not understand. When they come into the class-room, sometimes we *read* the chapter aloud in turn; sometimes I question them upon their understanding of it, either by asking the meanings of words, or by having the story told consecutively; or, if the lesson is

poetry the most common figures of speech that occur in the passage are taken up. I have *tried* having them make an *outline* of a portion, but find them hardly equal to that. We have talked together incidentally of the customs, manners, houses and dress of the time, of Richard the Lion-Hearted, of the Crusades, and of the Saxons and the Normans and their languages, for one of my aims is to show them that history and literature cannot be separated. And if you have ever asked your pupils in literature a question on the history of the period, you will agree with me that *their* aim seems to be to keep those subjects as far apart as possible.

In studying King Arthur they have had no books, but I have read them selections from the stories and they have taken notes, reading from them next day in class. We have also read "The Lady of Shalott," Sir Galahad and selections from the Idyls of the King, and committed passages to memory.

The second class have been studying with interest Macaulay's essays on Milton and Addison, and are now reading the De Coverley papers. This class is older, and I can pursue a somewhat different method with them. Sometimes we study the text by topics assigned to different members of the class, or pick out the figures of speech and explain them; again, we make outlines of different portions, or study the rhetorical variety of the sentences and the structure of the paragraphs. Sometimes the words themselves claim our attention, and once in a while we have a sentence analyzed. Whatever the scholars know of Macaulay's style, they have found out for themselves, and I wish I had time to read you some of the opinions they have expressed on the subject; perhaps I may be permitted to quote two.

This is from the youngest mind in the class: "I like Macaulay's writings because he uses plain language and expresses his thoughts clearly. He uses many figures of speech, which help to make his writings plain. His descriptions of Milton and Addison are very good, the one on Addison I think is better; perhaps why I think so, is because I like the character of Addison better than that of Milton." Another says: "I like the writings of Macaulay very much. They consist of such a variety of words, sentences, figures of speech, and thoughts that they are never monotonous. His descriptions are very vivid, and he knows and clearly understands his subject before undertaking it. Macaulay writes in a grand

style, very smooth and even much is taught one in a single composition."

One day I gave them as a lesson, a comparison of the essays on Milton and Addison, and I will quote from one:—"Macaulay in writing about Milton tells more about his writings than about the man himself, while in writing about Addison he lets the reader know just what kind of a man he was, and about his writings also. We find by reading the two essays that Milton's works were of a more solemn and religious form than those of Addison, his being mostly humorous. In the essay on Addison the author clings more to his subject than in the one on Milton. He does not take up so many different subjects to make the principal one plain. Milton, like Addison, wrote both poetry and prose. He led a solitary life, while Addison was in the height of society. Milton was a lover of nature, but Addison cared more for the coffee-houses, theaters, etc. They both lived in exciting periods of English history. Summing up both essays, we find Milton to be a man of gentle nature, not caring for worldly places, but loving his own society best, and his writings correspond to himself. But Addison was just the opposite. He was more worldly, and his writings generally took the humorous side of everything."

The first class has divided its time between Genung's Rhetoric and a study of Milton. In rhetoric they have been studying the unity and structure of sentences and paragraphs and the requisites of composition work; making outlines of essays or filling up outlines given them, some written work forming a part of every lesson, and I am often surprised by the excellence of what they do. I asked them the other day to write me how they liked Milton's writings and give their reasons, and as deference is *always* paid to any expression of their opinion, I feel quite sure of getting frank answers, and I will give two that pleased me especially.

The first is from a boy who has been necessarily absent part of the term: "I do not think I am old enough to understand the real beauty which his writings in poetry are said to have. I have not read enough to form any opinion. I have not read any of his prose writings and have only heard part of his greatest work, 'Paradise Lost.' I have read Comus, but not very understandingly, and shall read it again. I think the only way that I would appreciate him to any considerable extent would be through essays

on him. I have read only one essay, by Macaulay, and I think I see his greatness more than I did before." And this, from a girl: "I like Milton very much. I like him because I never read any writings of his style before, and because his works are so deep that it takes time to digest them, thus giving time for reflection; also he so words his works as to please the fancy and draw on the imagination. I do not think anyone would care to read his style very extensively, but it is a delightful recreation to study his works."

One day's exercise was a composition on "The Misfortunes and the Blessings of Milton," and here are three sentences from three different essays.

(1) "Milton, like many other men of genius, died in poverty, and they buried his body in the church-yard, but his works will live as long as the sun continues to rise and set."

(2) "Milton though poor, obscure and persecuted raised for himself the most enduring kind of a monument—a monument in the minds of men."

(3) "Although the misfortunes of Milton were many and were hard to endure, I think his blessings were more and would be counted as greater."

I do not quote from the answers of my pupils because I think them in any degree remarkable, but simply because it seems to me the best way of showing what they are doing, and whether or not they are learning to express themselves in fairly good English.

One day I read to one of my classes, the third, Matthew Arnold's poem, "The Forsaken Merman;" then I told them to go out into the hall and write out what they could remember of the story. Among the exercises handed in was the following composition, which I selected, because I think it contains remarkably well the *spirit* of the poem. The poetry quoted was given from *memory*, and is, as can be seen, not exactly correct:

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN.

"A merman and his children sat on the shore. Come, my children, said the merman, let us go down below. Hark! my brothers are calling for me and the great winds are blowing, and I must hasten down below, come my children.

Call for your mother, my children, call in a loud voice, and surely she will hear you and come to us again. We will look once more

at the little town with its great white walls, and at the little church, gray and still, and then we must go down.

As we lay in the caverns, yesterday, we heard the sound of a far off bell. Yesterday she was with us when we heard the sound of the bell, I must go up, she said, and pray or I shall lose my soul, merman, here with thee. I told her to go and then come back, she went but has not returned. The sea grew stormy and we went up through the bay and through the town to the little church where she was. I told her to come back, but she did not hear, for her eyes were fixed on the holy book. In the town she is spinning and every now and then she looks towards the sea, the tears spring to her eyes and her heart is filled with sorrow. To-night, my children, we will go quietly up where we can see the town, and come back singing,

‘There lives a loved one,
But cruel was she
And alone left forever
The kings of the sea.’ ”

MISS C. E. ROBINSON.

Teacher in South Portland High School.

My class last year made a careful study of Longfellow's *Tales of a Wayside Inn* and selections from Hawthorne, prominent among which we placed "The Great Stone Face." For composition work abstracts and paraphrases of these were made, while at the same time we were reading good English and becoming acquainted with two of our American masters.

No pupil who is not interested in Martha Hilton and "fair Almira," Elizabeth and Emma, King Robert and Torquemada, Rabbi Ben Levi and Azrael, the Baron and The Monk has read to much purpose.

I have found that many of Hawthorne's works are not too difficult for *young* pupils to study and appreciate. His "Mosses" and "Tales" are admirably suited for reproduction, and besides lead the reader to question with regard to his meaning and purpose. I think it is always best to respect the opinion of the pupil in matters of *mere* opinion. If an idea seems to be wholly wrong, with true Yankee spirit we can often change that which was half a question by asking another of our own.

Of course other work was done in the study of rhetoric during these two terms, but I speak of this especially as introductory to our course in literature.

Here, first, our thousand-souled Shakespeare claimed our attention. The metaphorical style, the deep philosophy, the peculiar words, the seemingly peculiar uses of very common words,—in short, the breadth of thought and conciseness of expression,—all tend, at first, to puzzle the student.

I am not sorry that this is so; for this very feeling of being baffled will develop later, if rightly directed, into admiration and respect.

The Merchant of Venice, generous and courteous, Bassanio, soldier and scholar, Gratiano, good natured if rude, Shylock, human and inhuman, Portia, womanly and wise, Nerissa, clever and imitative, Jessica, impulsive and lovable,—are all associated with our first study of the great English bard.

I think the reading of this play peculiarly helpful in that the expression is usually new to the pupil and also in that we should study the *uniqueness* thoroughly enough to recognize it in other Shakespearian plays.

Therefore, I say to myself, hasten slowly; otherwise your class, if asked what it was reading, might reply with Hamlet, but with less method, "Words, words, words."

After a scene has been read I have usually asked for its oral reproduction, and have encouraged pupils to weave into their own expression the language of the play. I have thought that by so doing more of the style of the writer was acquired, and that the pages were read much more carefully. It is well, I think, to ask for some entire acts to be given in a connected manner after they have been studied in the class. As an illustration, I can say that many of my pupils have been able to talk for thirty minutes upon "The Trial Scene."

In order to see if the class have what is called by Kellogg perfect possession of what is read, I often commence a sentence calling upon some one to finish it and to tell by whom it was spoken and on what occasion. We have often found it profitable to make lists of epithets, compound adjectives and words changed in pronunciation for metrical purposes. Pupils will readily observe that the same adjective is often accented according to its position before or after the noun. Dr. Rolfe says that there are few

persons who can read a page of Shakespeare correctly, and that some attention ought to be given to this. If it is necessary to pronounce the syllable "tion" as two syllables, for the sake of the poetry it should be done.

Passages showing the estimation in which one character is held by another, we have learned; any other passage, valuable for its thought and embracing a universal truth, we have always quoted. The speeches of Morocco, Aragon, Bassanio and Portia are sufficient to mention as examples. I am confident that my pupils, as a whole, have thought that the possession of these paid for the time expended upon them.

One great benefit to be derived from the study of any good writing is a greater appreciation of all good writing. I do not think a pupil can be trained in this direction by reading a page once and hastily. Not until a thought has become a part of ourselves do we fully comprehend and admire it.

Well do I remember my old reading books! Where again shall I find anything more beautiful than "The Child's Dream of a Star?" Where for me can there be oratory as forcible and sublime as Hayne's South During the Revolution, Webster's Liberty and Union, that celebrated masterpiece delivered before the Virginia Convention, and Lord Chatham on the American War? Where can the dramatic appeal to me so strongly as in "Richelieu" and "Rienzi," Cassius against Cæsar, Antony's oration, Hamlet's soliloquy, and I do you as people of Portland and of Maine great honor by completing this list with "Spartacus to the Gladiators." These are the property of each of us and we love them.

After five or six weeks we were obliged to bid farewell to our pleasant friends, for they wished "to satisfy themselves of the events at full" and would withdraw. So we journeyed on to Rome, and fell in with Julius Cæsar at a most interesting time in his career.

Here the plan of acquiring a "perfect possession" was carried on. We learned, among numerous short selections, the famous soliloquies, Brutus' harangue and Antony's oration, basing our estimate of the characters upon what they themselves said of each other, while quite often "Honor was the subject of our story." This work extended through the spring term, and, when the last page was reached, we said with Octavius,

"Lo, call the field to rest, and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day."

When we met again in the fall one very enthusiastic senior said, "I cannot get enough of Shakespeare," and thus we continued with Macbeth. Here we noted the seeming paradoxes—a distinguishing feature of the play—learned many a truth, and debated from time to time upon the respective courage and weakness, blame and innocence of Lady Macbeth and her very obedient lord, always proving a statement by the play itself.

I found the boys of the class wide awake upon a subject of this kind. I have been greatly amused, and, I do not hesitate to say in all seriousness, greatly benefited by these discussions of my pupils.

This play with Hamlet occupied the fall term. The Prince of Denmark is a deep problem for any one, and I was glad to learn last summer while studying the play under Dr. Rolfe that one ought to change his opinion about it at least once in ten years.

I must not omit to mention that all classical allusions are spoken of by us. The pupils who have not studied Latin thus get into the spirit of the old mythology. It is a good review exercise to see how many of these can be mentioned and placed after a number have been discovered.

After the first play has been read I have found it pleasant to call attention to similarities and differences in thought and expression.

For example, we have Donalbain saying, "There's daggers in men's smiles." Hamlet says, "Meet it is I set it down that one may smile and smile and be a villain."

Lady Macbeth says, "To beguile the time, look like the time." Brutus says, in speaking of conspiracy, "Hide thy monstrous visage in smiles and affability."

Hamlet fears the "something after death." Macbeth thinks "if this might be the be-all and the end-all-here, he'd *jump* the life to come."

The question which is open now for discussion in my present class is Shakespeare's treatment of conscience. These examples are only a few of the many which might be mentioned.

In the winter our reading was more varied, including selections from Irving, Whittier, Lowell, Longfellow. While studying these I have always appointed outside reading, and asked different pupils for descriptions. I dignified these talks with the name of lectures,

and soon it began to be quite the thing to speak of lectures on Miles Standish, Rip Van Winkle, Sleepy Hollow, Evangeline, Snowbound, Sir Launfal, Launching of the Ship, Hanging of the Crane, and Morituri Salutamus.

While studying Longfellow and Whittier we used Kennedy's Life of each, and different pupils prepared talks from these. I have always thought it best to give the life of the author a secondary place, or to speak of him in connection with our reading. I believe that the teacher by well chosen anecdotes can give her pupils a better idea of the author than can be obtained from an ordinary text-book. I have always found boys and girls fully as much interested in such material as in the date of the man's birth and the name of his wife.

The class of which I speak elected literature for the spring term and our principal *listened to this* request. The boys were anxious to read "The Lady of the Lake," and as it is well to heed their wishes half of the time, we took a trip to Scotland, and began to talk of harebells and copsewood, chieftians and clans, bugle-calls and muster places, bonnets and Lincoln green. We had never studied the humorous to any extent, and this I thought would also be profitable. One day a pupil said to me, "I cannot get interested in 'The Autocrat.'" Now I think there is food for thought in "The Autocrat," and when I considered the matter I knew that this was the trouble, for surely no pupil was ever more appreciative of humor.

I took the hint and began to read selections from it. I can see now the faces of '95, and can safely say there was no lack of attention. Soon after I asked the same pupil what he thought of the "The Autocrat," and he owned to enjoying it in the class.

Happiness likes company sometimes as well as misery. We can but briefly notice any one writer, but I think it is our duty as teachers to introduce our pupils to as many of our choice friends as possible, endeavoring to present them in such a favorable light that they will continue the acquaintance when we are no longer with them.

I have read sketches from Dickens, and before the session was over the book had been taken from the library, while others were calling for it. One girl told me that she read "Twelfth Night" in vacation, two others read "Othello," another from a different class

read "Barnaby Rudge" which had been spoken of while studying Julius Cæsar in connection with the attitude of a mad populace. Isaac and Rebecca in *Ivanhoe* were mentioned while talking about Skylock and Jessica. Some were acquainted with them, others I am certain wished to be. Thus much more ought to be accomplished than simply class-work. If only a few adopt our suggestions the time spent in making them has not been wasted.

I think we should recommend many books, and judge of the results of our recommendations, not by how many read any special one, but by how many read any of them.

What is the object of the study of literature? I turn the leaves of a much-perused book, and my eye rests upon this sentiment:

"The nobility of labor,
The long pedigree of toil."

Again I turn, and this time I read:

"How many thousands of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed that bridge since then."

Once more at random:

"O fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong."

Humanity, humanity on every page. We would have in our pupils a broad sympathy with human struggle and endurance, and I know of no better way for them to gain this than by thinking with one who had it.

I take another volume, and hear I see:

"Up, and tread beneath your feet
Every cord by party spun,
Freedom asks your common aid,
Up, to Faneuil Hall."

Again:

"No fetters in the Bay State!
No slave upon her land!"

On another page:

"God bless New Hampshire! from her granite peaks
Once more the voice of Stark and Langdon speaks.
Look upward to those northern mountains cold,
Flaunted by Freedom's victor-flag unrolled,
Be firm, be true;
What one brave state has done can ye not also do?"

We wish to plant and nourish within our pupils a noble patriotism, and I know of no better way to do this than by bringing them into contact with a patriotic mind.

I chose another poet, and he tells me to "go out under the open sky and list to nature's teachings."

Here I read of the water fowl, the apple tree, the yellow violet, the fringed gentian, and the death of the flowers.

We would have our pupils lovers of nature, and I know of no better way for some to get into touch with nature, and thus ascend to nature's God, than first to be taught by the poet.

BOOKS AND READING.

REV. C. S. PATTON, Auburn.

I am sometimes asked the question, What shall I read? I am very seldom able to give a direct and immediate answer, such as will be helpful to the person who has asked it. I know what I ought to read easily enough, but what you would enjoy or profit by is another question.

Yet, in a general way, the question can be answered, not by way of advice, but by way of suggestion, in such a manner as to be profitable. I am willing to try to give you such an answer to-day.

To a man who loves books, a preliminary question occurs: Why is it that there are not more people who read? There are even a good many professional men, such as teachers and preachers, who do not read much. I, myself, do not think much of the popular excuses. People will tell you that they would be glad to read, but they have no time. But I notice that we all find time for those things that we specially delight in. And it is in evidence that many of my acquaintances who can find no time for reading can find plenty of time for dancing. Moreover, I think, as a rule, the great readers are not the people who have a great deal of time hanging on their hands. They are the busy people, such, for instance, as Mr. Gladstone.

Certainly, the want of money need not keep any one from reading in these days. There is scarcely anything else so cheap as literature. And, with the exception of books just issued from the press for the first time, the best are the cheapest. The standard authors, poets, novelists, and historians, can be bought for very little. One can, of course, expend any amount of money in the collection of rare books and fancy editions; but a fancy edition does not read

any better than a common one, and in general, a rare book is a useless book. Nor does one need to own all the books he reads. Some books one can read as well out of libraries—books which are to be read hastily—but books which are to be studied, re-read and marked, one ought to own. And even in the case of such books, a little money can be made to go a good ways, by doing as one man of my acquaintance does. He buys such new books as he wants, keeps them as long as he thinks he is likely to care to use them, then, sends them to a second-hand book dealer in Boston, gets what he can for them, and puts the money into more new books. In this way, he tells me he is able to keep on hand all the new books that he wants, which he could not otherwise do, and, at the same time, he is relieved of the trouble of carrying around with him when he moves, a lot of books which are no longer anything, but so much lumber to him. The day ought to be here, and I think with cultivated people it is here, when a man is judged not by the number of unused volumes that stand on the shelves to gather the dust, but by what he has got out of his books; and when he has got the meat out, I do not see why he should not get what he can for the husks. At any rate, in these days, lack of funds can never account for people's not reading.

Why is it, then, that more people do not read? I believe the chief answer to this question is the simple one which applies as well to the question, why do not more people smoke or eat olives. It is not because they cannot. It is simply because they have not learned. They have not formed the habit. For reading is a habit, just as much as going to bed at 10 o'clock or parting your hair on the left side. Some men have it; some men have not. I think of one man, now, into whose office I occasionally go. He is a busy man; but I always notice a book on his desk. Sometimes it is a volume of history; sometimes a volume of essays; sometimes a novel. He has the reading habit. Any one who has it will find some opportunity to read, and it is for the lack of it that most people so far fail to read.

Now, from my point of view, all things considered, there is no other amusement, recreation or resource in all the world comparable for a moment to the habit of reading. It is more valuable than money. It is better than political honor. I know not what is to be compared to it. Books are the teachers who are always at hand, whose tempers never fail, whose discipline is a

delight, and whose school is never dismissed. "He that loveth a good book," says Isaac Barrow, "will never want a faithful friend, a wholesome counselor, a cheerful companion, an effectual comforter." "A collection of books," says Carlyle, "is a University." Macaulay is said to have refused invitations to breakfasts and dinners innumerable that he might be at home with Sterne, or Fielding, or Boswell. Gibbon declared that he would not exchange the love of reading for all the treasures of India. "I love to lose myself," says that gentlest and most catholic of readers, Charles Lamb, "I love to lose myself in other men's minds. When I am not walking, I am reading. I have no repugnancies. I can read anything which I call a book. I bless my stars for a taste so catholic, so unexcluding." "Much as I love company," said Pope, "and I have kept a good deal of good company in my day, I love reading better." "Blessings be upon the head of Cadmus, or the Phenicians, or whoever else it was," says Carlyle in characteristic fashion, "that first invented books." So say I, exactly. Blessed is every man who loves a good book and knows how to read one; and the first and fundamental thing in the art is to form the reading habit.

But, supposing one to have the habit, he must read something. What shall he read?

I am not distressed, as some seem to be, by the multiplicity of books in these days, as if in the maze one were apt to go astray and get hopelessly lost. The more the merrier, say I. There cannot be books of any more various shades than there are men of the same to write them and to read them.

There are plenty, however, who take an opposite view. Among others, Frederick Harrison has an essay entitled "The Choice of Books," which perhaps some of you would enjoy reading, in which he mourns with great sorrow the multiplicity of books, and regrets with exceeding bitterness the way in which most of us, unsophisticated travelers, wander aimlessly through the foggy fields of literature. But I will warrant the man who follows conscientiously his own taste, to walk straighter and come out safer than the man who follows Mr. Harrison's directions. There is also an excellent book, with a broader spirit, written by that wise and good man, ex-President Porter of Yale, entitled "Books and Reading." But the best things on this topic of what to read are usually to be

found in less pretentious forms. Take, for instance, the two little essays by Sir John Lubbock, in his "Pleasures of Life," entitled respectively, "A Song of Books," and "The Choice of Books," both excellent; or the delightful essay of Charles Lamb, entitled "Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading;" the second essay in Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies," entitled "The King's Treasures," or some characteristic remarks of Emerson in his volume "Solitude and Society;" or a few words of Prof. Drummond, entitled "A Talk on Books." Of all these and many others, I confess that I get the most pleasure from Lamb's "Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading."

Having taken the fundamental position that any one is to read what at the time he wants to read, or what he will most enjoy and therefore most profit by, what more is there to be said to the question what shall I read? Evidently upon this foundation only a loose structure can be built. Still, even allowing every man to follow his own taste there are some general things which can further be said with profit.

First, no man ought to read narrowly. In these days, the educated man has often been defined as the man who knows a good deal about some one thing, and a little about a great many things. To know the little about the great many things is only second in importance to knowing the great deal about some one thing. History is good, but a man would better not read all history. Poetry is good, but I would not read all poetry. Science is good, but it is not all there is. Biography is good, but a little of it, as the boys say, goes a good ways. Read something of everything. There is no excuse for a man's being narrow in his reading.

But it does not follow that one must be reading everything at the same time. For several years, one will naturally be chiefly occupied with fiction, for instance, or with history; later, with poetry, or with science. It is not necessary to be everywhere at once, but before you get through, be sure you go pretty well round the lot. Every one ought sooner or later to read not only some fiction, and poetry, and history, for every one who reads at all already reads something in all these, but he ought to read some science, and some theology, and some philosophy, as well. Many people restrict their range of reading unnecessarily, because they think there are certain things which they cannot read. For instance, the average business man, or perhaps even the average

teacher, is frightened by the name of science or philosophy. But the scare is wholly unnecessary. To every man whose mind is of average brightness, and who has any power of mental application, the field of science or philosophy is just as open as the field of fiction. If only you get hold of the right books with which to begin you will find these things not at all remote, but cordial, easy of access, and friendly as can be. In philosophy, for instance, take such an essay as that by Mr. Huxley, on Hume. In natural science, take such a book as White's "Natural History of Selbourne," or Lubbock's "Ants, Bees and Wasps;" in science, Darwin's "Origin of Species;" and you will be charmed and interested at once. Suffer, then, this word of exhortation; do not be frightened out of whole acres of pasturage because you are afraid your mental digestion is not good enough to stand it. Go in, help yourself, it is all free. If you get at it right, it is all easy. I repeat, before you get through, try to read a little something of everything.

Of course, it goes without saying, that one is not to read all books alike. You will doubtless all recall the famous saying of Bacon's, apropos of this matter. In as much as I do not recall it, I will improvise something akin to it. Some books are to be looked at, perhaps, only on the outside; some are to be read, in part; perhaps the greatest number are to be so read. Some are to be read through but not re-read. Some few are to be read carefully and re-read "weighed, pondered and inwardly digested." It is said that Daniel Webster in reading most books, read first the table of contents, then read carefully the first sentence, and occasionally the second, in every paragraph. There is high art in knowing how to get what you want out of a book without having to carry off a great deal which you do not want. And do not fail to observe that to read hastily those many books which ought so to be read is only second in importance to reading carefully those few which deserve a careful reading. But as to this, as well as to all the rest, what you will do depends primarily upon your own ability and your own tastes. Some great scholars have been men of few books which they read often and most thoroughly. But Carlyle, for instance, devoured books by the thousand.

As to proportion, how much of this and how much of that, only this can be said, not so much of any one thing as to exclude entirely

something else equally valuable; not so much newspaper as to crowd out books altogether; not so much fiction as to unfit you for a little theology; not so much science as to dry you up.

As to the proportion between the new and the old, more can be said. In fiction and poetry, as a rule, one would better read that which is true and approved. In history, both new and old, but chiefly what has been written within the present century. In science and theology, almost wholly that which is recent. It is not nearly so difficult as is sometime supposed to keep up with the new books if only in your selections you give proper scope to the method of exclusion.

But how shall one tell what new books to buy, supposing he is inclined to buy any; especially if he lives away from great public libraries, and where the book stores keep chiefly newspapers and bric-a-brac? Watch the book reviews. Be it observed, however, that a book review is much like a letter. It is not worth much if it is anonymous. There are, for instance, twenty or thirty people scattered about the country who are writing book reviews for the *Outlook*. Every reputable paper is supposed to vouch for the character and the good judgment of those who write its book reviews; but which one of the twenty or thirty reviewers wrote the review of this particular book I have no means of knowing; and unless I know, how much more valuable is the book review to me than if I should see a notice posted on a tree, saying read such and such a book? Every book review in order to be valuable ought to be signed by the name of the reviewer; so that you may know how to make allowance for his individual judgment and point of view; since the very best reason for not buying a book may be that some man whose point of view is different from your own has very highly recommended it.

It follows from the position that we have taken that lists of books to be read are not of prime importance, since every reader must judge for himself. But they are always interesting to me as showing what other men have read. The best short list which I have found is given by Sir John Lubbock, in his essay, "The Choice of Books." The list includes only one hundred books, and is made up not on the basis of his own taste, but as nearly as he could judge to suit the general taste. I will mention only a few of the most familiar books in his list. In religion, he puts the Bible

first, of course. Then "The Imitation of Christ," "Pilgrim's Progress," "Keble's Christian Year." In history, "Gibbon's Rome," "Hume's England," "Carlyle's French Revolution," and "Green's Short History of the English People." In biography, "Boswell's Life of Johnson." In science, Darwin's "Origin of Species." Among lighter books, "Arabian Nights," "Robinson Crusoe," "Don Quixote," "Vicar of Wakefield." In poetry, the usual English poets, from Shakespeare to Tennyson. Among essays those of Hume, Bacon and Emerson.

I would like now to add just a few words out of my own experience. I have at different times been reading in some line, for instance in history or fiction, so long that it has lost its interest for me. Not knowing what else to do, I have picked up a book dealing with some topic wholly new to me, and it has been almost as if a new planet had swung into the sky, and a new world had come to me to be conquered. If I could induce some of you to take up thus some topic which you have hitherto neglected, I should feel that you would excuse my thus far having said so much to so little purpose. If any of you find your appetite for reading growing dull, it is probably because you need a change of diet.

It is not necessary to agree with an author in order to read him with profit. Quite the contrary. If you agree with him, what is the use in reading him? If you differ from him, you may perhaps learn something from him. Those people who read only what they already agree with remind one of the people of whom Paul said, "They compare themselves among themselves, and measure themselves with themselves, and are not wise;" and owing to their peculiar method they do not grow any wiser. It is not the only necessary recommendation for a book that you do not agree with it. But, in general, I have found that I have got more from an author whose point of view is different from my own.

I think it ought in general to be said, especially to people who like teachers and ministers are obliged to use books more or less as mere tools, that for general purposes a book which imparts inspiration is better than a book which merely gives information. Thus, it is better to know Shakespeare and Browning than Herbert Spencer. A novel is often more profitable reading than a book of science or of philosophy.

I have known people who purposely refrained from too much reading, lest it should impair their originality. Now, as to that, I feel this way; I would rather know a few things which other men have known before me, which are true, than to know a great deal which no one else has ever thought of, but which after all is not so. Really, no man is prepared to think well for himself until he has acquainted himself with what men have thought before him.

As I have already said, lists of books are not very valuable, since what you want to read depends, according to our contention, on who you are, what you have already read, and what your aim is in reading. As a matter of curiosity, I should like to mention a dozen books, each one of which I enjoy most or get most profit out of in its own department. I will restrict myself to one book in each class.

In devotional reading, *The Book of Psalms*; among sermons, those of Frederick W. Robertson; among essays, those of Emerson; in dramatic poetry, Shakespeare; in lyric poetry, Burns; in history, Macaulay's *England*; in fiction, *Vanity Fair*; in natural history, Lubbock's *Ants, Bees and Wasps*; in biography, Boswell's *Life of Johnson*; in practical sociology, Booth's *Darkest England*; in psychology, James' *Briefer Course*; in evolution, Fisk's *Cosmic Philosophy*; Among the *Lives of Christ*, *Ecce Homo*.

But of many books there is no end, and to listen to a catalogue of them all is certainly a weariness to the flesh. Allow me to say this much more, I wish that every one read more, for many people would be kept out of a great deal of mischief if they were fond of reading. I wish every one read the best books, and I will tell you why; not simply because the best books broaden the mind as inferior books do not; not simply because they contain more information, but because they have the best influence on the character of the reader. As the best music, so the best literature is one means which God uses to bring men to higher ideals and purer lives. We need all the helps we can get to the best life. Let us not despise the help of good books.