

than Emerson. You may not find time to read all his works, but you should keep near you on your shelf a volume of his essays, to dip into when you have a little time on your hands. His essay on nature of 50 or 60 pages will unseal your ears to the sounds of fields and woods as never before. Your eyes will see anew and your whole being will be lifted into a new and wondrous experience. You need also to get the white heat glow from some of Carlyle's pages and the spiritual awakening that comes from an occasional half hour, say in communion with Ruskin; such reading is not like study of science or mathematics, principally important for the formula they yield, but for the exultation of mind, the quickening of the imagination, and the ecstatic glow that suffuses the whole being, and for the taste it gives for the highest form of literature.

A few authors, such as have been named, will transform and educate a man as perhaps no other influence can, except it may be poetry. But your ventures into the field of poetry may be very disappointing; you will probably find at first the best poetry a sealed book to you. You may from the very beginning derive a superficial charm from the rhythmic flow of the lines, or the jingle of the rhymes, and yet the poetical temple remain closed to you; generally a love for, and an appreciation of poetry will be best attained by familiarizing yourself with some of the minor poems such as any student of literature can name for you. Among them are Shelley's sky talks, that you can read again and again with increasing delight.

Locksley Hall and the death of the old year will introduce you to Tennyson; the cry of the children to Mrs. Browning. Having learned to appreciate the sentiments of these shorter poems, and to recreate their pictures in glowing forms of light in your own minds, you will probably find yourself willing and able to begin on longer poems and will then find in them some illumination, where would only have been obscurity, if you had begun with them at first. Since Shakespeare is the greater of the poets, you cannot afford to be

wholly ignorant of him. But you must have a care how you approach him. Some of his plays—even those that you may in the end come to regard with the greatest delight—will at first fail to attract. Perhaps you should begin with the Merchant of Venice and having committed a few of its finest passages, such as "The Quality of Mercy is not Shown," you will find yourself prepared to take up perhaps Romeo and Juliet, to be followed by "Macbeth and Midsummer Night's Dream." After you have gotten that far on your field of poetry, your freshly awakened sensibility culls the choicest flowers of poetry for yourself.

THE CHRONICLES

BOOK I

1. Now it came to pass on the second day of the fourth month called April, that there was a great stir among the people, for they had prospered exceedingly, and lo, that ancient railroad sur-named the Buffalo Run had been completed unto the gates of the city, and had taken unto itself a new name, even that of Bellefonte Central.

2. Now it came to pass on that day that the great men of Bellefonte did take counsel together, and when they had talked one with another did decree that on the first train to pass over the road there should be a free ride.

3. And lo, the sun waxed bright in the heavens, and the mud on the earth did likewise wax even unto the depth of a cubit and a half.

4. And all the people marveled and said, "It is well; even for the faithful servants hath there been provided a free ride."

5. And all the people rejoiced and were exceedingly glad, and the peanut dealer, and the levite who holdeth forth over against the Post Office did rush their business with a great speed.

6. Now there was a great gathering of the people from beyond Pine Grove and the good and honest men from the hilly country over against Boalsburg did come arrayed in their purple and fine linen.