

## WOUNDED PRIDE.

Nay, now 'tis done no tears can aught avail.  
 I did not ask you to believe in *me*,  
 I said our friendship should be based on truth;  
 You should not think me better than I am—  
 That for my enemies. I would not feel  
 I had beguiled you into loving me  
 And risk an awakening.  
 I would unveil to you my inmost soul,  
 You should see what you would, judge for yourself,  
 Select what pleased you for your thought of me.  
 I can not blame you, for the fault was mine,  
 But I will not so scorn that part of me  
 That I hold best, as to admit your justice.  
 You looked but at the veil,  
 Passed my unworthiness without a word  
 And doubted nothing but my love for you.  
 But, O my friend, could you have left me that—  
 The knowledge that your friendship trusted mine,  
 That you believed my love's sincerity,  
 Then I had loved you—as I do not now,  
 Nor ever shall through all eternity.

—Grace Gilbert.

The paragraph entitled *The True Connoisseur* in the *Brunonian*, expresses a thought which we have long held, and which we think is held by all true book-lovers. We print the paragraph in full:

"The most exquisite literary enjoyment is not to the cold and over-refined critic, to the connoisseur in words and ideas, who subjects each new thought to all the tests of a complex and many-sided system of appreciation. No such deliberately assaying of literature can bring out for us the best that is in it. But it is in losing one's self in a 'book profound,' giving up all knowledge of sound and sense, laying one's self open to every impression that the author may aim to produce,—it is in these that one reaches the highest pleasures that books can give. And, conversely, it is in the author's power to produce such results, and to avoid betraying us after we have become his, that his claim to greatness must lie."—*Walter B. Wilbur*.

Critics, who see things through the eyes of a cynic, have frequently destroyed the charm of a book, the music and beauty of