

History

Well-Educated Mother's Heart Learning Library

Libraries Of Hope

History

Compiled by
Marlene Peterson

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Gems From The 'Heart Specialists' On The Topic Of History

Albert Rowland

That most children have a strong dislike for the study of history is a severe criticism of the methods employed in the past with a subject that should be of transcendent interest to all boys and girls.

The fault has been chiefly in the kind of results which the teaching sought to secure. Scores of dry facts, meaningless dates, uninteresting places, public offices held, and famous events participated in by our great men, took the place of an intimate acquaintance based upon personal anecdote, dress, speech, and peculiarities of face or manner.

Why do we know Mr. Macawber so much better than we know William Penn? Because the inimitable author of *David Copperfield* makes his characters live before our minds' eyes, whereas the founder of Pennsylvania must depend for our warm friendship upon the cold catalog of his official acts.

Because we know our friends as living human beings their small achievements attract our instant and sympathetic attention, while the most exalted or harrowing circumstances in the lives of distant and unknown persons scarcely arrest our eyes as we glance over the morning paper.

This is the psychology of history teaching. ***When the children have been intimately acquainted with***

the men and women of whom they study, the facts that were formerly so painfully learned will be eagerly absorbed… the blossoms of historical fact will have their roots in the rich soil of personal acquaintance, without which they must inevitably wither.

Louise Maitland

For children, history is biography, and the biography of heroes. For them types must be individualized and apotheosized. ***History must be a series of pictures*** with heroes in the foreground.

To children chronology is without meaning. Whether an event occurred yesterday or a thousand years ago makes no difference. "Long, long ago" and "once upon a time" are quite as intelligible and more effective than "three thousand years ago" or "in the year 56 B.C."

Of vastly greater importance in the education of children than chronological sequence is psychological sequence. In the earlier years of a child's study of history, events should be presented to him in the order in which he is able to apperceive them, rather than in the order of occurrence.

Myths … are the beginnings of history, and should be presented to the child when his imagination is vivid enough to absorb without a shock the marvels of mythology merely as stories, and when his appetite is keen for all marvels.

Marguerite Dickson

History stories…may serve a double purpose. They may be for children who have not yet begun to study history a spur to interest in the past; or they may furnish detail for the older children whose textbooks of necessity are lacking in this respect.

The stories [are] selected…presenting a series of pictures, as a sort of historical background upon which later historical personages may figure.

Let the children read each story as a story merely to be enjoyed but not worked over. Let them admire our heroes, not especially as historical personages, but as men.

Henry Sabin

The senior author of this book is a lover of history. The junior is not, or at least was not at the time when the work was undertaken. In a conversation between father and son, regarding the reason for this difference, it seemed to develop that the one found continual pleasure in the study because he had not contented himself with simply the limited knowledge obtained in school and college. On the contrary, for many years he had cultivated and retained a taste of history by reading and re-reading many a treasured volume in which there is such a wealth of imagery and description, that the reader can see and hear and actually take part in the events of long ago.

The other, his head filled with a jumbled mass of dates, names, and figures, at the end of his school days had closed his history with a sigh of relief, and had sought no farther, glad to think that no one thereafter could make him pursue so dry a subject. This disgust, occasioned partly because he had been shown only the dry husk and not the kernel concealed within, had followed him for twenty years.

In part, this was the fault of the junior author himself. In part, it was the fault of the text books he studied, and the methods of instruction in vogue when he was in school. In those days attention was given exclusively to what happened, and, above all, to the exact date *when* it happened. There was little attempt to find out why, how, and with what result; to appeal to the active imagination possessed by every healthy boy and girl; to contrast the past with the present, and to plan from the present into the future, or to mingle the interesting with the uninteresting, so that all would be remembered with pleasure.

An effort seldom was made to present the subject so that men and events should have an actual, living existence outside of the printed page; to draw occasional simple, practical lessons from the lives and deeds of bygone years; or to arouse in each pupil a desire to search for himself and to become familiar with the many works by gifted authors, in which explorations, settlements, battles, debates, and the career of soldiers and statesmen are described with a

power and picturesqueness impossible in any condensed text book.

As a result of this conversation, father and son concluded together to write an early American history for boys and girls, and this somewhat personal explanation has been given as the best means of making known its ***object—to give enjoyment and to awaken interest, rather than to instruct in details and tell everything.***

If the boys and girls, into whose hands this book may come, read it with zest, they must read it with profit also, and be led to look into other volumes, perhaps first selecting those which most appeal to their fancy, but gradually acquiring the taste of the true student of history. If the perusal of these pages inspires their hearts with a more intense love of our country, and gives them a few simple reasons for that love, they will labor the harder to do their part to make her future such that she may be worthy the devotion of generations yet unborn. If they turn the final page with a feeling of admiration for their self-sacrifice, the heroism, and the patriotism of their forefathers, they will strive the more to make their own lives deserve the emulation of their children and their children's children.

…our hearts have been in our work, and we have tried to reach the hearts of the boys and girls of our land…

Fanny Coe

The moral value of history is of superlative importance. Pasteur wrote, 'From the life of men whose passage is marked by a trace of durable light, ***let us piously gather up every word, every incident likely to make known the incentives of their great souls for the education of posterity***.' Pasteur 'looked upon the cult of great men as a great principle of national education, and believed that children, as soon as they could read, should be made acquainted with the heroic or benevolent souls of great men.' ***There is hope for the nation that reveres the memories of its noblest leaders.*** There is education of the will which comes through the early introduction of the young to strong, forceful personalities who 'highly resolved' and so 'highly achieved'.

Charles Carleton Coffin

I desire to call your attention to a few things … You will notice that the beginning of the history of our country [America] is clear and distinct, while the beginnings of the histories of other countries was obscured by tradition or made doubtful by fable. Our early history is definite; the early history of other lands uncertain.

The history of a nation is like the flowing of a river; there are many rivulets starting wide apart, which unite to swell the ever-deepening stream. Many of the fountain-heads of American history are in England

and Europe; and in order to obtain a correct view of what transpired in the colonies, we must cross the Atlantic and follow the rivulets to their sources. The tracing of the relationship of one event to another, and showing their effect upon the human race, is the philosophy of history, and by studying the philosophy we are able to arrive at some conclusion as to its meaning…

Surely it has a meaning, else what are we living for? Whichever way we turn in the material world we find things needful for our use, and we think of them as God's forethoughts, and as designed for our welfare. If there is design in the material world, there must be some meaning to history, some ultimate end to be accomplished…you will see how Tyranny and Wrong have fought against Liberty and Justice; how that banner which the barons flung to the breeze at Runnymede, inscribed with the rights of man, which Cromwell bore amidst the carnage of Marston Moor, which waved from the mast-head of the Mayflower when that lone vessel crossed the Atlantic, has never been trailed in the dust in this Western World; but Tyranny and Wrong have gone down before it. Through the colonial period there was an advance of principles which are eternal in their nature. ***All through these years conditions and influences were preparing men for self-government.*** When the world was ready for it, and not before, the American Revolution came, with the announcement that all

men are created free and equal, and endowed with inalienable rights.

Through all the narratives of war, massacres, and bloodshed, you will see Right, Justice and Liberty ever advancing…As you [study history], the conviction, I trust, will come that, under the power of great ideas, our country is leading the human race in its march toward a state of society inexpressibly grand and glorious.

Samuel Adams Drake

A faithful record of what was done by the forefathers is not only full of interest to persons of mature age, but embodies the best lessons for the young. They see just how their country grew to be the great and prosperous nation it is today. The story is like that of a child learning to walk. At first feeble and tottering, the stripling at length grows bold and vigorous and his step assured as that of manhood. But the child was father to the man. The little seed which the Pilgrim Fathers planted in misgiving and nursed in fear has increased and borne fruit on the shores of the Pacific, and the parent tree still puts forth its blossoms no less vigorously than of old.

To enhance the interest of this story, emphasis has been given to every thing that went to make up the home life of the pioneer settlers or relates to their various avocations. ***To know how these men lived is to know the secret process by which the New England***

character was so moulded as to eventually become a national force as well as type.

Lawton Evans

When children advance beyond the nursery age, no story is so wonderful as a true story… The nearer a story is to the life and traditions of the child, the more eagerly it is attended. True stories about our own people, about our neighbors and friends, and about our own country at large, are more interesting than true stories of remote places and people. We naturally are interested in our own affairs, and the nearer they are to us the greater the interest we feel.

That history is just a long, thrilling story of the trials and triumphs of pioneers and patriots is well known to those who have had to do with the teaching of history to youthful minds. That the dry recital of political and governmental history does not interest children is also well known. ***History should be made vital, vibrant, and personal if we expect children to be stirred by its study.***

To gratify the love of children for the dramatic and picturesque, to satisfy them with stories that are true, and to make them familiar with the great characters in the history of their own country [should be our aim.]

Carolyn Sherwin Bailey

I believe that the story of the American people…supplies the most important material for

character building in the entire field of elementary education, and should be offered to children in a new, humanitarian way as a means of helping them to understand the present…

Through [the] appeal to the imagination, boys and girls of today are inspired to follow lines of right conduct and to achieve as our ancestors did. They are helped to understand the drama of present national events in terms of our valiant historical past. They feel an urge to be, themselves, a part of our history tomorrow.

Edward Eggleston

…a beginner's book ought before all things else to be interesting. ***A fact received with the attention raised to its highest power remains fixed in the memory;*** that which is learned listlessly is lost easily, and a life-long aversion to history is often the main result produced by the use of an unsuitable textbook at the outset.

A child is interested, above all, in persons. Biography is for him the natural door into history. The order of events in a nation's life is somewhat above the reach of younger pupils, but the course of a human life and the personal achievements of individuals are intelligible and delightful. In teaching younger pupils by means of biography, which is the very alphabet of history, ***we are following a sound principle often forgotten, that primary education***

should be pursued along the line of the least resistance. Moreover, nothing is more important to the young American than an acquaintance with the careers of the great men of his country…

It has often been lamented that no adequate provision is made in a school course for teaching the principles of morality. But the teaching of abstract principles is generally unavailing to produce good conduct…I have been surprised to find ***how abundant are the materials for moral instruction by example in the careers of our great men.*** The perseverance of Columbus, of Hudson, and of Morse, the fortitude of John Smith, of Standish, and of Boone, can not but excite the courage of those who read the narratives of their lives. No intelligent pupil will follow the story of Franklin's industrious pursuit of knowledge under difficulty without a quickening of his own aspirations. What life could teach resolute patience, truth-telling, manly honor, and disinterested public spirit better than that of Washington? And where will a poor lad struggling with poverty find more encouragement to strictest honesty, to diligent study, and to simplicity of character than in the history of Lincoln? It would be a pity for a country with such examples in her history not to use them for the moral training of the young. The faults as well as the virtues of the persons whose lives are told here will afford the teacher opportunities to encourage right moral judgments.

Marshal H. Bright

It was the custom among some nations of antiquity to repeat to each fresh generation the noble deeds of their ancestors, thus making history a great oral tradition, and turning it from a dead record into a living romance. The Athenian boys learned Homer by heart; the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" took the place of the pile of books which the schoolboy of today carries under his arm when he sets his 'morning face' schoolward. In this way boys learned beauty and eloquence of speech, and imbibed the spirit of art while they were yet at their games. But they learned even greater things than these; they grew up with the heroes of their race and took part in their great deeds. ***The bravest and most poetic things which their race had done were familiar and became dear to them while their natures were most receptive and responsive.*** The past was not dim and obscure to them as it is to too many Americans; it was a living past, full of splendid figures and heroic deeds. To boys so bred in the very arms and at the very heart of their race it was a glorious privilege to be an Athenian; to share in a noble history, to be a citizen of a beautiful city, to have the proud consciousness of such place and fame among men. It is not surprising that as the result of such an education the small city of Athens produced more great men in all departments in the brief limits of a century than most other cities have bred in the long course of history. There was a vital inspiring

education behind that splendid flowering of art, literature, philosophy, and statesmanship…

To know [our] history is a duty and a delight. A man whose brave ancestors have carried the name he bears far, and made it a synonym for courage and honor, is rightly proud of his descent and gets from it a new impulse to bear as brave a part in his own day…***No man can be truly patriotic who does not know something of the nation to which he belongs, and of the country in which he lives.*** Such knowledge is a part of intelligent citizenship. In this country, where the government rests on the intelligence and virtue of the entire population, such a knowledge is a duty and a necessity. Not to know these things is to miss a noble and inspiring landscape which we might see simply by the lifting up of the eyes…

Too many women and almost as many men grow up with the most indefinite ideas of their own country. They do not know what has been done here; they do not even know how people live in other parts of the broad land. They know something of their own communities, but they are ignorant of the greater community to which they belong. The story of the country's birth and growth, of its struggles and achievements, of its wonderfully diversified life, of its heroic men and noble women, ought to be familiar to every boy and girl from earliest childhood. This knowledge is the A B C of real education…

America is pre-eminently the country of homes; that is, the country which, by its free institutions and its large social and industrial conditions, makes comfortable homes possible to its entire population. These homes are not only the sources of happiness and the nurseries of purity and prosperity, they are also the schools of citizenship. From these schools are graduated year after year, in unbroken and never-ending classes, the men and women who continue and enlarge the work and influence of the nation. The Bible has been and will remain the great text-book in these schools; but other books are needed… The history of a race is the best possible material for the education of the children of that race.

Wilbur F. Gordy

The earlier stage [of a study of history] obtains its ideas of the past most naturally from the pictorial side; that is, from those external features of events which can best be presented through pictures, descriptions, and illustrative stories … to select those interesting and colorful facts identified more or less closely with the lives of strong and masterful men who were the leaders of great movements and the centres of important situations; and then… to interpret the material thus selected in such a way to appeal to the imagination, and through the imagination to the heart and will of the child. Thus will he be helped to reconstruct the past—to people it with vigorous flesh-

and-blood men and women, thinking, feeling, willing, and acting very much like the men and women about him. ***He will, so far as his imagination allows, stand by the side of great leaders, feeling the impulse of their ideals and aspirations, sharing in their achievements, and learning from their successes and failures something of use in his own life.***

Jane Andrews

Three objectives of early history instruction:

First, To show… that the boys of long ago are not to be looked upon as strangers, but were just as much boys as themselves.

Second, In this age of self-complacency, to exhibit, for the contemplation and imitation, some of those manly virtues that stern necessity bred in her children.

Third, ***To awaken by simple stories an interest*** in the lives and deeds of our ancestors, that shall stimulate the young reader to a study of those people from whom he has descended, and to whom he owes a debt of gratitude for the inheritance they have handed down to him.

Maria Budden

We have long amused ourselves, my dear children, with tales of fiction; suppose we now seek a nobler entertainment in the study of real characters and the knowledge of real events. I assure you, fancy can offer

nothing more strange or more interesting than may be found in history…

You can easily understand why true stories must be more affecting than fictitious tales; why the actions of real human beings must be more instructive than the deeds of fancies heroes and heroines. In reading history, however, especially ancient history, we must not too hastily believe all that is written. In the lapse of years, the means by which facts have been recorded, such as Medals, Pictures, Hieroglyphic Inscriptions, Statues, and Manuscripts, must have been often lost, defaced, and altered. Hence the truth can scarcely be expected to reach us pure and genuine; besides, different historians relate facts in different modes, and view characters and events in different lights; we must, therefore, receive their records with diffidence and candor, and be always disposed to accept the kindest representation of our fellow-creatures.

It is absolutely necessary to all well-educated persons, to be acquainted with what is generally known and believed as the history of the various countries of the world. Such knowledge enables us to relish polite society, and join in intelligent conversation. It instructs us, by what has happened, to judge what may happen; it develops to us the powers and capacities of human virtue and human talent; and thence may teach us what we ought to do, and what we can do.

Henrietta E. Marshall

[From the introduction to Our Island Story]:

I must tell you, though, that this is not a history lesson, but a story-book… I hope… that it will help you to like your school history books better than ever, and that, when you grow up, you will want to read for yourself the beautiful big histories which have helped me to write this little book for little people.

Then when you find out how much has been left untold in this little book, do not be cross, but remember that, when you were very small, you would not have been able to understand things that seem quite simple and very interesting to you as you grow older. ***Remember, too, that I was not trying to teach you, but only to tell a story.***

Mary MacGregor

I believe there is no boy, the wide world over, who has not once upon a time set out in search of a hero, and found him, too, in many an unlikely corner. And thereupon he has set him up in a niche of a temple which he keeps for the most part locked, but which at rare moments he visits, reverently and with care.

If the face [of your hero] does not look at you with living eyes, and if his voice does not vibrate in your heart in living tones, the glamour of his tale has been lost in the telling. You may shut the book in discontent.

But if you find a living man, baffled indeed and often beaten, yet one who struggles on through failure to victory, one who gives his time, his possessions, and his life for the sake of his country, then unlock the temple where your heroes stand…and at rare moments look at him, listen to him, and, if it may be, imitate him.

Eva March Tappan

I have sometimes wondered if every one realizes how startling independent and isolated a historical fact is to the young reader. It has happened before his remembrance, and that alone is enough to put it into another world. It is outside of his own experience. It has appeared to him by no familiar road, but from unknown regions of space.

W.H. Weston

[May] young readers realize from Plutarch how little the essential things of life have changed during twenty centuries and more of the world's history; that, though trireme has given place to ironclad, and javelin-fight to bullet-hail, Salamis and Marathon called for the same wisdom, foresight, and courage as Trafalgar and Waterloo; and that today our country may demand from us, according to the measure of our abilities, service as unselfish and self-sacrificing as that which the noblest heroes of ancient Greece and Rome

rendered to the lands whose history their deeds illumine for all time.

John H. Haaren

Experience has proven that in order to attract and hold the child's attention each conspicuous feature of history presented to him should have an individual for its center. The child identifies himself with the personage presented. ***It is not Romulus or Hercules or Caesar or Alexander that the child has in mind when he reads, but himself, acting under similar conditions.***

Prominent educators, appreciating these truths, have long recognized the value of biography as a preparation for the study of history and have given it an important place in their scheme of studies.

Emelyn Partridge

The value of the oral story in teaching history is probably recognized by everyone. History is, of course, the story of man. We might go so far as to say that the teacher who carries his history in his mind in the form for oral telling has the truest insight into its meaning and purposes; and that in just so far as he knows history by periods, dates, and dynasties, does he fail to understand it—at least in any way valuable for education. It is quite easy to mistake entirely the purpose and meaning of history… History, it is true, is a narration of facts, but it is far more than this. Any

history that is worth teaching is an artistic portrayal of the truth of the world. It is selective and purposive. It is moral, and not merely antiquarian in its motives. ***It aims to inspire feeling, teach values, convey tradition, increase the area of common possession to social groups.*** This is quite different from merely relating facts.

It is for such reasons that the told historical story is so effective in teaching. Storytelling is an art. Its work is to select facts with reference to the value meaning they carry. The mood which arises in one when he undertakes to tell a story quite forbids, for example, the telling off of a page of dates… ***So precisely suited is the story-telling method to the teaching of history that we can say that children cannot acquire a right knowledge of history in any other way.*** It is the way in which all history was once taught—and taught so that it was never forgotten. The story, from its very nature and intention, is admirably fitted to impart just those lessons which it is the function of history to teach… The child must be made to understand and imagine the historic event not merely as an onlooker but as a participator in it. He must become a part of the scene, a vital element in the movement which is taking place not merely before his eyes, but around him. We must not only inspire him with an ambition to do great deeds, but to play small parts in a large spirit…

The duty falls upon the story-teller, especially in the field of history, of making the most of every story—whether legend, myth, or history, to broaden and deepen the social sense, and widen the area of common possession in the minds of children. Everything artistic helps to do this. The function of art is to convey common meaning through common moods. At its highest and best it carries the conviction that the value it teaches is eternal: is not something which we put temporarily into the thing which pleases us, but is the possession of all at all times; is objective, and enduring, a part of the meaning and reality of the world itself. The child can and must attain these attitudes. ***He can come to them, it is true, only in his own way and time;*** but all those situations which arouse in him the glow of common possession, with others, of something of value bring him toward them. The historical work… is one of the best opportunities to educate these attitudes, and thus to lay the foundation of all those sentiments we call loyalty, of which one is patriotism, or love of country. Those moods which the story arouses, we may say, are the raw materials out of which higher and broader kinds of loyalty will be shaped.

Hezekiah Butterworth

Folk lore is the truest history, and most correctly pictures the life and progress of a people… in the tales

of a country one finds the heart of a people, which is the source of the true stream of life.

Katherine Dunlap Cather

When the child leaves the imaginative period, he enters another realm of realism… ***This age is usually from about eight to twelve, although there are no tightly drawn lines of demarcation. Individual cases differ, and some children of ten are still delighted by fairy tales, while other lads of seven are well into the heroic period. Broadly speaking, however, this period begins about the age of eight. There is no time in the child life during which the story-teller has a finer opportunity of sowing seeds that shall come into splendid fruition by and by than in the heroic period…***

Human nature is much the same in all climes and in all ages. Until man reaches a very high state of enlightenment he is more thrilled by manifestations of physical bravery than by mental and moral courage, and he who possesses muscular strength is the hero in his eyes… He is thrilled by action, physical action… It is useless to try to substitute something else for children in this period. When we hunger for bread and meat, after-dinner mints will not satisfy, even though they be very delectable confections… The national epics are splendid sources of story material for children in the heroic period… Some of the stories of King Arthur and his knights, of Robin Hood, Beowulf,

of Sigurd of Volsung, or Frithjof as well as many tales from the Nibelungenlied, the Iliad, and the Odyssey, Roland…

I plead, too, that more of the narrator's time be devoted to the telling of our own American epic of *Hiawatha*. The answer comes, "That is read in school." To be sure it is, ***and one reason why it is read so badly and appreciated so little is that it was not given in story form first.*** The German child uses the Nibelungenlied as a classroom text, ***but before he studies the epic, he knows it tales.*** Gunther, Hagen, Siegfried, and Dankwart are familiar characters to him, and consequently he enjoys the poem.

The same principle applies to *Hiawatha*. If boys and girls are acquainted with Hiawatha himself, if they know Nokomis and Chibiabos and Kwosind and Iagoo before they are given the poem to study, it means something to them that it cannot mean otherwise…

In considering stories for the heroic period of childhood, let us not forget the biographical and historical narratives that fulfill every requirement of hero tales. Boys and girls love the epical stories because they are true in spirit, but they love also those that are true in face. It is a mistake to think that biography is dull and uninteresting to them, because ***stories of the boyhood of great men, great rulers, great discoverers and pathfinders, great lawgivers, painters, musicians, and writers, are hero tales of the***

highest type. Many of them have been told admirably for young people, and the narrator does no more valuable work than when he uses them freely. Sir Walter Raleigh, De Soto, Coronado, Frederick the Great, Napoleon, Garibaldi, Solyman the Magnificent, Robert the Bruce, Kosciusko, William Wallace, William Tell, and dozens of others are as fascinating as Beowulf or Hercules and ***have an influence even more powerful, because children know that these heroes have actually lived.*** Never mind what some authorities say about the man of Switzerland being a mythical personage. Let American young people know him as those of the Alpine land know him, as the defender of his ancient rights and native mountains, the embodiment of the spirit of Helvetia. ***They will be finer men and women because of it, and that, more than anything else, concerns the story-teller.***

Then, too, there are history tales, hundreds of them, from every age and every land. There are brave deeds done by children that every child should know. The little girl on the St. Lawrence, holding the blockhouse of Vercheres against the Iroquois, the boy whose courage and presence of mind saved Lucerne, the event through which William of Orange came to be known as William the Silent, and many other similar narratives are intensely interesting to boys and girls…

…let them live the lives of the heroes who thrill them—in other words, by dramatizing…It is a wise mother who encourages her boys to make pirate caves in their own back yards, to be youthful Crusoes, Kit Carsons, Daniel Boones, and Robin Hoods…

Edna Lyman Scott

History…is but a series of biographies, and if we are careful to choose the lives of such characters in history as may be said to represent the hero ideas, we shall be serving two purposes at once—teaching history while we gratify the love of the hero.

Some feel inclined to shun biographical stories because they feel that there is no art possible in the presentation of mere facts. A little reflection, however, will show that facts are not lifeless bones, but may be clothed in as beautiful form and throb with as vigorous pulses of life as nay purely imaginative creation.

Mr. Winchester says in his "Principles of Literary Criticism": "But a moments reflection will show us that the imagination is no less necessary in the more sober and pedestrian varieties of literature. In history, for example. The historian needs imagination, first, to secure the truth of his work. He must see his men and women if he would judge them rightly. It is his task not merely to arrange and chronicle facts, but rather, from scattered memoranda, from fragmentary and often conflicting records, to recreate the men and

women of the past as they were, real living persons whose motives shall be clear to us. He must do more than that. He must set these persons in their proper environment of circumstances, and he must further recreate for us that complex, indefinable something we call the spirit of the age, its characteristic feelings, preferences, modes of judgment."

"And if the historian needs imagination to insure the truth of his work, he needs it still more to give that work interest, and lasting literary value… the great historians whose work has recognized and permanent value have always known how to present their story vividly before our imagination and thus give it the movement and charm of real life." …

The fact that historians are declaring that William Tell is a myth… really does not make any difference about the value of telling these stories to children… whether such a man really lived or not does not matter, because he represents the patriotic spirit of the Swiss perfectly.

Unknown

A taste for historical reading is, after all, the valuable gift we can bestow upon our youthful student of history. Having given him that, we may safely leave the rest to him.

Mrs. Lang

Now Nature, for some wise purpose probably, made most children very greatly dislike lesson books. When I was about eight years old I was always reading a book of true stories called 'The Tales of a Grandfather': no book could be more pleasant. It was in little dumpy volumes that one could carry in his pocket. But when I was sent to school they used this book as a school book, in one large ugly volume, and at school I never read it at all, and could not answer questions in it, but made guesses, which were not often right. The truth seems to be that we hate doing what we *must* do; and Sir Walter Scott himself, who wrote the book, particularly detested reading or writing what he was obliged to read or write, and always wanted to be doing something else.

Rudyard Kipling: If history were taught in the form of stories, it would never be forgotten.

Plutarch: Bear in mind that my purpose is to write lives, not history. The most glorious exploits do not always give the clearest views of virtues and vice in men; sometimes a more trifling happening, a mere jest, informs us better about a man's character than the report of the bloodiest battle he ever won.

Portrait painters are more exact in showing the lines and features of the face, in which the character is

seen. And in the same way I give more attention to the personal words and acts that reveal the souls of men…

My original purpose in writing lives of the great was to teach others, but I found more and more that I am the one who gets the most profit from lodging these men one after the other in my house.

The virtues of these great men serve me as a sort of looking glass; in it I may see how to adjust and adorn my own life. Through daily living and associating with them I perceive all their qualities and select all those that are noblest and worthiest.

Thomas Carlyle: No sadder proof can be given by a man of his own littleness than disbelief in great men.

Unknown: In order to read the 'great' books of Plato, Aristotle, St. Augustine and St. Thomas, we need to replenish the cultural soul that has been depleted and create a place where those works can thrive by cultivating an imaginative ground saturated with fable, fairy tales, stories, rhymes, and adventures—the thousand books of Grimm, Andersen, Stevenson, Dickens, Scott, Dumas and the rest.

Winston Churchill: What is the use of living if it be not to strive for noble causes and to make this

muddled world a better place to live in after we're gone?

Jane Sinnett

My dear Child,

I am afraid you felt rather alarmed, when I told you that the subject on which I intended to write some letters to you was the History of the World. You have been accustomed, like most children, to associate with that name notions of very dull books, difficult to understand, and quite uninteresting to you.

But history, you know, means the account of everything that has really happened; and as usually when you hear any story the first question you ask is, "Is it true?" which is the same as if you asked, "Is it history?" I am sure you would not think anything you heard uninteresting merely because it had really happened; but, on the contrary, you would think it much more interesting for that very reason.

Of course a very small part indeed of the things that happen in the world ever have been, or ever could be, written down. All the history-writers that have ever lived could not have written down all that happens in the world for one single day, so that every one who attempts to write history must choose out of the great heap of facts what he thinks most worth telling. Once people used to think there was nothing worth telling but about kings and battles, so that for many hundreds of years scarcely anything else was

written; and it has only been by very carefully examining the buildings, and whatever else was left from those times, that we have been able to make out what sort of people lived then, or how they used to pass their time. It is our knowledge of history, almost more than anything else, that makes our condition so much better than that of the lower animals. It is by knowing what has been done by the people who have lived before us in the world, and having the advantage of their experience, that we are enabled to go on improving ourselves and the world around us more and more.

Our cat knows no more than the one that went with Noah into the ark, because it and all the cats that have lived since, even if they have ever made any clever observations, have not been able to tell them, or write any account of them, so that the cats of the present time are none the better for what they may have known. There are no human beings, not even the stupidest and rudest savages, who have not some sort of history or tradition, as we call it; that is to say, history not written. They all know what their fathers and mothers were in the habit of doing; and many have heard their parents tell what their fathers and grandfathers did before them. This tradition—that is to say, the account of events preserved by telling from one to another—is always the first kind of history, and it is better to have this than none at all. But stories get so much altered when they are often repeated, so

many things are forgotten, and very often so many things put in by each story-teller, that we can seldom feel very sure of the truth of what we know only by tradition. This is the reason why there is so much uncertainty in the earliest history of all nations. The accounts of the first events have never been written down till many hundreds of years after they took place, and so there are mostly a great many mistakes in these accounts. In many cases, too, before any kind of written record was made, there were poets who not only put all they had heard into verses and songs, but also a great deal that they knew was not true, but which they put in to make the songs prettier and amuse people. These were of course pleasanter, and easier to remember and repeat, than mere prose narratives, so people neglected these, and preserved only the poems; and, at last, it became very difficult to tell what was true and what was put in only for amusement.

There are a great many uses of history that I shall not speak of now, because you will understand them better as you grow older; but there is one especially that I wish to point out to you. When people are ignorant of history, and have always had their attention confined to what was passing around themselves, they are apt to think that many wonderful things that have happened in distant times and countries are not true, merely because they are not like what they see every day. But history, which shows

us nations of men living in states as entirely different almost as if they were inhabitants of another world, helps to cure us of this foolish and unreasonable habit of disbelieving things only because they are surprising.

Did you ever see a coral island? If not, you have heard or read of these strange islands that rise out of the sea. The coral is a tiny creature of the sea, with a very low form of life and with no power of movement from one place to another. It feeds on what is brought it by the waves. With myriads of its kind, probably far beneath the surface, it lives its little life and dies. Its porous body, having gathered lime from the water, becomes hard like stone, and to this is attached the next generation of coral, and so on and on. The growth continues for perhaps hundreds of years, when at last it rises to the surface of the water. Then come the birds and the waves with soil and seed, and at length we have a beautiful island with trees and flowers, and even the homes of men—all built on the petrified bodies of the tiny coral of the sea.

History is like a coral growth. Every generation of men is built up on the achievements of the preceding. The civilization of the present rests entirely on the past. There are few things indeed that we use in our everyday life for which we are not indebted to the past. If you sit down to write a letter, the pen you use, the chair on which you sit, and the clothes you wear

are the product of machinery that took centuries to develop, and the alphabet you use is the inheritance of thousands of years. If you read a poem or study science, you are simply gathering up the wisdom of the past. The poem may have been written yesterday, but the poet himself is a product of the past. He has doubtless read the writings of Homer and of David, of Virgil, of Dante and of Shakespeare, and of many others, and each has played a part in making the poem what it is.

Man's mental powers have not grown or developed in historic times. We are no greater than were our ancestors. We live more comfortably than they only because we have added to what they bequeathed us. Each generation adds a little to what it receives from the past, and thus the conditions of the present rest on the accumulated inheritance from the ages. Were it possible to erase or destroy the past, man would be reduced to the lowest state of savagery, to the condition of the lower animals—without tools, or clothing, or language, or traditions.

A record of the past we call History. But history is more than a record of the past; it is a study of humanity, the greatest of all studies, and is second only to the study of the human life in our own times, in which we are all unconsciously engaged every day.

No one can pretend to be educated who is not to some extent a student of history.

The Aim Of History Instruction

Without dropping a plummet to the depths of our subject at the moment of embarking, we may at least say that it is good for children to gain an intelligent interest in the families and persons of their neighborhood, in the health and comfort of the people of their own town, later in the personal history of well-known characters, such as Longfellow, Lincoln, John Winthrop, Charles Dickens, and John Quincy Adams, and in larger matters of public concern.

This intelligent interest is awakened first of all by a lifelike picture of the personal fortunes of men like Daniel Boone, or David, or Alfred the Great. Such biographies open a highway into the struggles and dangers of communities and young nations. The life stories also of inventors and benefactors like Stephenson, Fulton, and Peter Cooper, of Florence Nightingale, John Eliot, and William Penn, kindle social sympathies of lasting worth. Children are already acquainted with persons, and have strong personal interests and affections, or, it may be, the opposite. With this early experience as a basis, they can more quickly interpret the lives of individuals. They tacitly compare themselves with such persons, and are stimulated to like feelings and actions. The lives of the world's chiefs are often called the very substance of history, as in Carlyle's "Heroes and

Hero-worship," and in Emerson's "Representative Men." They serve as examples and ideals to arouse enthusiasms, and have an unestimated power in giving the initial impulses toward the formation of character in children.

Such biographies disclose to a child the broad arena of possible action, and at the same time give an impulse to the full stretch of his own best powers. A suitable variety of select biographies must act in a directly personal way upon each child. The secret sources of strength in each boy or girl will thus be touched and made conscious. So far as biographies are typical or representative, they give insight into the common interests of society and are the natural introduction to public concerns.

This intelligent interest may be awakened in the common life of the people, as in old-fashioned customs and modes of dress, in the style and peculiarity of their houses, furniture, and domestic arrangements, in their hardships and sufferings caused by war, pestilence, or drouth, in their toils in field, forest, or shop, on lakes and rivers, in their homes and family life, in their churches and religious ideas, in their games and amusements, in their schools, jury trials, and prisons, in their social, educational, and political gatherings, and in the peculiarities of different nationalities and races in our own and other countries.

Two of our ablest writers in recent times, Green, in England, and McMaster, in the United States, have given us instructive descriptions of the everyday life and work of the plain people, thus unveiling, as it were, the giant sinews and energies of demos, the folk, as compared with the puny arm of princes. The teacher of history, like the politician and historian, has been brought to a change of base. The world is no longer chiefly concerned in the acts and privileges of rulers and kings, but in the mammoth social needs of the people. As individuals hasten or obstruct this democratic social betterment, they are important.

In this country, where "We, the people, do ordain and establish constitutions," it is fit that the social good of all should have the preeminence.

The will of the people, as expressed in their public and private labors, has played and is playing the chief part in the progress of our country. These powerful folk-tendencies are overwhelming. The westward movement of population into new regions, the settling up and shaping of new states, have been almost wholly due to the folk-energy. The children should be led to gain some appreciation of these race achievements and of their overwhelming importance. It is not necessary to settle the controversy between Carlyle and his critics as to whether a few great men have carried the world on their shoulders. In our history men have been great leaders to the extent to which they have been pronounced exponents of the

better popular will, that is, have been true representatives of the desires and tendencies of the common people.

An intelligent interest should be awakened in tracing out the origin and development of ideas and institutions. Our history has been a history of strong and vigorous growth, not only in numbers and extent of territory, in commerce and industry, in products and resources, but also in religious and political ideas, in state and national constitutions, in educational systems, in plans of taxation and revenue, and in all the institutions of the most complex life. To trace the origin and growth of ideas and institutions is a most valuable and interesting study. For example, the idea of religious toleration was developed but slowly and gradually among the colonists, but led eventually to the most important results in giving freedom under the constitution, and the complete separation of church and state. It is of interest to trace the growth of our post-office system in colonial times, then under Franklin's management, and later under the federal government. It is by tracing these progressive steps in commerce, modes of travel, and political and social institutions that we get some true notion of the bearing of these things in our present life. Our historians have always laid much stress upon the growth of political institutions, such as the gradual evolution of the representative system, first in the colonies and then under the articles of confederation

and the constitution. In recent years much has been said of the teaching of civics and civil government in grammar schools and in high schools. So far as the grammar schools are concerned, the very names of civics and civil government seem to point to an abstract conception of government, to a fixed and formal set of documents and institutions. It would be better for the children in the common school to find these constitutions springing up during the history of the country as natural and necessary products of the labor and thought of the people. They should see that as the people grow and change, ideas and constitutions grow and change. That all these institutions have the vitality of the people's thoughts and need in them.

We shall get a better view of the aim and educative value of history by an inquiry into the question: How far can the children *relive* the past? can reproduce in themselves the helpful experience of men? In thought, feeling, and imagination, to what extent may a child live over again the scenes, the dangers, the struggles, the disasters, and the triumphs of previous generations? For example, the long labors and the final landing of Columbus in America, the life of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, the voyage of Magellan, the struggles of the pioneers, the scenes in camps, in cabinets, in senates, or on the battle-field? If history can be taught in such a way that a child may take up into himself the experience of the race, that all he has

read and studied shall become a part of his real self, that the experiences of men in different countries may ripen into the wisdom of the youth approaching maturity, we shall see that history may be a powerful educator. But a child can live and feel, that is, experience, only those things which he can appreciate, both by intellect and by sympathy. If this part of the aim of history is made good, we must be extremely careful in selecting those parts of history appropriate to the capacity of childhood and youth.

It should be the aim of history to bring the past into manifest relation to the present, and to show how historical ideas and experiences are being constantly projected into the present, are, in fact, the controlling forces in our social and industrial life. The series of locomotive engines in one of our great expositions, showing the steady improvement of the engine by successive inventions, proves that our modern Mogul is a concentration of all the inventive wisdom of machinists for a hundred years and much more. Likewise, every important institution of our present society is the evolved product of a whole series of historical influences. Such, for example, is a great insurance company, a university, a printing establishment, the entire executive department of the government, a shoe factory, a department store, and a city school system. History should end with giving a child a much sharper understanding of the political and social world around him. In tracing the evolution

of ideas and institutions from the beginning of American history to the present time, we get a strong momentum toward the right interpretation of present conditions. This may be asking too much of the school when we consider how complex, difficult, and, as yet, unsolved many of our political and social problems are; but it is still true that one leading purpose of history is to interpret and value the present, to estimate properly the ideas and forces which are now at work around us. If children have previously figured out the expense account of the country in achieving present results, if they may realize, as Lincoln said, that each drop of blood drawn by the lash is paid for by one drawn by the sword, they have gained a much better perspective from which to view our present problems. It may be said, however, that the solution of our present problems lies with men and not with children. Yet the swift evolution by which children pass from the schoolroom into the complex activities of life is a great admonition and encouragement to teachers.

It is often said that one aim of history is to teach patriotism. It might be better said that history should aim to clarify and purify the sentiment of patriotism. The crude feeling of patriotism is very strong and demonstrative in this country, and it is a reality, not a boast nor a dream. It greatly needs to be purified. Children should be made more intelligent about our country and more sensitive to its true honor and

dignity. This result is attainable by the schools because the lives, words, and deeds of the best patriotic Americans are easily within the reach of teachers and children. Disinterested American patriots, such as Franklin, Washington, Lincoln, Emerson, Bryant, Lowell, and many others of the same stamp, have given unmistakable evidence in their works and words that they fully appreciated that higher destiny toward which America seems to be moving. True patriotism, by common consent, does not consist in magnifying our own country at the expense of England, the North at the expense of the South, or America, right or wrong, at the expense of the world. To cultivate fair-mindedness and honesty, to see clearly both sides of an historical controversy is, in this respect, the true standard of history study. Americans have enough to be proud of without belittling those who chance to be their opponents, and without extravagant boasting as to their own deserts. Among other things we can well afford to understand our own mistakes and weaknesses, and to accept with fair-mindedness and honesty some of the superior excellences and institutions of other countries, as of France, or England, or Germany. A course of study in history must necessarily include much historical material from other countries, and many noble characters not American. We have no end of instructive lessons to learn from Europe. True liberality and the broad mental balance and charity

which go with it are things of slow growth, but in the study of history it is the paramount obligation of the teacher to cultivate these dispositions both in himself and in the children.

Following a great trend of educational thought in recent years, we may say that it is the aim of history-instruction to socialize a child, that is, to make him more regardful of the interests of others, less stubborn and isolated in his individuality, that is, less selfish. Without arguing the point we may suggest the sources from which this spirit naturally springs. The study of biography is social in its effect because it takes the child out of himself and loses him in the life and experiences of another. The more biographies of the right sort a child studies appreciatively, the more his own life is expanded to encompass and identify itself with the lives of others. As a general thing those lives are most worth studying which are social in their disposition, close and strong and manifold in their social relations. Great men are usually representative men, that is, they embody within themselves the sentiments and needs of whole parties or classes or nations, in short, are almost purely social products. To understand them is to understand the interests of the social classes which they represent. The social instinct in children is also deepened by a study of the political and religious ideas upon which the welfare of millions of people may depend. The fugitive slave law, for example, roused the indignation of people because it

threatened the welfare of whole masses of people, both white and black. The recent coal strike in the anthracite regions has aroused the interest of the nation in the welfare of many thousands of people. Not merely that the coal strike has directly affected so many people, but it has raised the great question of justice, on a large scale, between man and man. The conflict between Charles I and the Long Parliament interests us deeply because it was a struggle for the rights of the Commons against the arbitrary tyranny of a single man. It was simply a social problem. Industrial or political questions which involve the needs and comforts of whole classes of people are the nurseries of social sentiment.

It has been often observed that history is a moral study. It deals with the subject-matter which illustrates moral ideas and obligations. It teaches morals concretely both in individuals and in communities or states. But moral ideas always express the higher social relations between man and man. History, therefore, is preeminently a social and moral study. Froude, in his essay on history, says: "And it is precisely in this debatable ground of low motives and noble emotions; in the struggle, ever failing yet ever renewed, to carry truth and justice into the administration of human society; in the establishment of states and in the overthrow of tyrannies; in the rise and fall of creeds; in the world of ideas; in the character and deeds of the great actors in the drama of

life, where good and evil fight out their everlasting battle, now ranged in opposite camps, now and more often in the heart, both of them of each living man, that the true human interest of history resides." And again: "First, it is a voice forever sounding across the centuries the laws of right and wrong. Opinions alter, manners change, creeds rise and fall, but the moral law is written on the tablets of eternity. For every false word or unrighteous deed, for cruelty and oppression, for lust or vanity, the price has to be paid at last; not always by the chief offenders, but paid by some one. Justice and truth alone endure and live. Injustice and falsehood may be long-lived, but doomsday comes at last to them, in French revolutions and other terrible ways."

It is the business of the teacher to use every device by which these social ideas and relations may be intensified in the study of history. It is a matter both of intelligent insight and of sympathetic feeling. For this reason history should never be studied in a dry, matter-of-fact, formal way. The people of history should live before the thought of the child as vividly as the hero of a tale. The imagination must reconstruct the pictures of the past vividly. The persons studied must be observed with heartfelt interest, otherwise the social instinct receives no social stimulus. Quoting Froude again: "The address of history is less to the understanding than to the higher emotions. We learn in it to sympathize with what is great and good; we

learn to hate what is base. In the anomalies of fortune we feel the mystery of our mortal existence; and in the companionship of the illustrious natures who have shaped the fortunes of the world, we escape from the littlenesses which cling to the round of common life, and our minds are tuned in a higher and nobler key."

The teacher is not left without resources when asked to teach morals through history. The historical materials most suitable for children in the grades are prolific in striking examples of social conduct. If these illustrations of action are placed clearly before the children in their true colors, they will carry their own moral. They make their own appeal to the child's sympathy and moral judgment.

As yet but little systematic and well-planned effort has been made to accumulate and arrange these genuine sources of moral culture in living, concrete form. But the materials are now at hand for making out such a course, and this highest aim of history instruction may be realized beyond anything which has yet been attempted.

Manual training and constructive work along lines suggested by history have been brought into service. If a boy constructs a wigwam, dresses like an Indian, and makes bows and arrows to shoot with, he comes into closer sympathy with Indian life. If a child produces a miniature log-house and its surroundings, he gets closer to the reality of pioneer life. By reproducing houses and various simple products of

industrial art, a child not only finds expression for his motor activities in manual effort, but he comes into a closer sympathy and understanding of the people whose fabrics and houses he attempts to reproduce. It may be said that this is only another way of repeating in the child the experience of the past, and of working it over into his physical and mental organism. Anything in the way of drawings made by the children, constructions, or efforts at weaving and industrial production, which give vent to a child's motor impulses, as touched into life by a good story, will produce a more pronounced and lasting effect. This is at least one important illustration of the increased vitality given to studies by the exercise of constructive activities.

To what extent the course of study in history should incorporate into itself the primitive industries, and give play in the shop to the manual and constructive activities which are involved in the growth of the typical industrial arts is still an open question.

Some educators are inclined to think that the entire course of study must be reorganized on this basis, that the development of the social instincts into clearness and force depends upon direct participation through school exercises in the essential modes of industrial life. To my mind this question involves the course of study in geography and natural science quite as much as that in history.

Manual training or constructive work seems destined to occupy a great place in the coming curriculum of the common school. There is a large demand for it in order to secure effective work in history, geography, and natural science, and even, perhaps, in arithmetic and literature. Its vitalizing power, however, I think, depends upon its being identified with those several studies as an essential ingredient, not upon its being made a study apart from the others.

The study of history produces a kind of mental discipline which is peculiar to historical materials as distinguished from the exact methods of natural science and especially of mathematics. Historical studies, properly conducted, lead to a thoughtful weighing of arguments, pro and con, a survey of both sides of a question so as to reach a reasonable conclusion. These conclusions are not exact mathematical deductions. They are rather inferences based upon the careful weighing of probabilities. Hinsdale, in discussing the educational value of history, says: "As remarked above, historical knowledge is moral knowledge. Mathematical studies deal with certain data and their method is demonstration. They start with definitions and axioms that are intuitively perceived, and proceed by necessary inferences to inevitable conclusions. There is no gathering of facts, no balancing of opposite arguments, no halting or hesitation. There can be no

looking at the other side, because there is no other side. Uncertainty is an impossible state of mind. Very different are the problems of practical life, springing out of the relations of human beings. Very different the transaction of human business. Here we accumulate data, weigh the force of opposing evidence, reconcile contradictory views, and at last reach probable conclusions. No merchant, manufacturer, or ship-owner can demonstrate that a given venture will be successful. Generals cannot certainly predict the issue of battles and campaigns; if they could, battles would not be fought or campaigns be waged. Politicians are not absolutely sure that canvasses and elections will turn out so and so. And so it is with the teacher, the preacher, and the moralist." In accordance with this idea the problems of historical instruction are the means by which a certain thoughtfulness and judicial-mindedness are cultivated. History, even with children, becomes a training of the judgment. For the practical purposes of life it is just as important for a child to acquire this careful habit of reasoning upon probabilities and of reaching approximately correct results as that he should be trained in exact mathematical reasoning.

History should be so taught that it may contribute largely to the better understanding of many topics in literature, geography, and natural science. Without the background and general setting of history much of the best literature based upon history cannot be

understood and appreciated. One needs to get a framework of Scottish history and geography in order to understand Scott's "Marmion," "Lady of the Lake," and "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." Many of Webster's great speeches can only be understood in the light of the whole previous history of the country, and this statement may be made also of many of the best poems, ballads, novels, orations, and essays in our English literature. History supplies, therefore, much of the concrete material and the broader survey of historical events which constitutes a basis for understanding some of the best literature of the world. This gives us really an organic or vital relation between these great studies.

In summing up the conclusions of this chapter in regard to the aim of history instruction we may say that it should be so taught that children may become thoroughly and intelligently interested in individuals and in the concerns of society. It is a still better formulation of this aim to say that children shall reproduce in themselves the experiences of the suitable educative epochs in history. A still stronger emphasis is given to the chief aim of history by centring its lessons upon the effort to socialize and humanize the children by an intelligent and sympathetic treatment of the moral relations of men. History is thus preeminently a moral study and moral practice. To give a vivid and intense realization of

social duties and obligations is the essence of the best history instruction.

A great moral-social aim has such kingly power that it draws into its tributary service other important aims which some have set in the chief place. Among these is a pure and liberal patriotism, intelligent and fair-minded. The mental powers are also exercised in a mode of reasoning peculiar to historical materials which calls for a well-balanced judgment in the weighing of arguments, and in estimating probabilities. This is a most useful form of reasoning, constantly needed in our everyday problems.

There are very few books touching American biography or history which can be read easily by the children of the fourth and fifth grades. Their average reading capacity is considerably limited. They can understand many things presented to them orally which they would appropriate with difficulty in a printed form. Their power to think, reason, and understand is much greater than their readiness to grasp thought from the printed page. It is certainly desirable to induce children to read biography and history and to cultivate a taste for them as soon as they have the ability and inclination. But average children do not drink much from this fountain unless they have acquired some taste for its waters. The oral treatment of these stories, when the personal interest, energy,

and skill of the teacher give the facts and scenes an almost real and tangible form—this oral treatment is the thing and the only thing to give a child the best start in historical study. There are doubtless a few bright children in every school who will browse for themselves if only the suitable books are put before them, but even these brighter minds are apt to become slovenly readers if left without training in the power to realize and objectify the things read. We have in mind, however, not the exceptional few, but the great body of school children, and wish to determine what history can do to strengthen their characters and stir up vigorous thought.

It is a favorite statement of writers and teachers that children must learn to use books. But unless, books are used with intelligence and spirit no good result follows. Thousands of children in our schools use almost nothing but books, but after leaving school never read books nor care for them. The way to learn to use books is to learn to appreciate and enjoy the things found in books. The text-book has become to a large extent in this country a synonym for dulness. Many teachers have deceived themselves with the belief that even a dull, routine use of text-books would somehow make children expert in the use of books. It may be said with more truth that only those persons have learned to use books who, after once learning to read, have broken loose from text-books and have

allowed themselves a free range among the books of spirit and power.

In history the oral presentation largely takes the place of the object in natural science studies. We desire to draw so near to historical persons, scenes, or occasions as to stand in their presence, to so exercise the imagination as to become the eye-witnesses of the facts. It is impossible to reproduce history except through the imagination.

In laying out a course of study in American and other history we may get at a good result by the negative process of deciding what historical materials should be excluded from our school course. We will attempt, therefore, to fix a table of exclusions.

1. Anything like a full chronology, either of American or European history, is out of the question in the common school. This sort of systematic chronology has been in vogue in our schools to a considerable extent, but it is rapidly passing away. For children it is certainly necessary that only a few important dates be learned.

2. A brief systematic survey of the history of the whole world, which has been strongly recommended by some teachers, seems to have very little real basis in the needs of children or of society. Such an outline, if at all appropriate, should be the result of historical study at the end of the course, rather than a preface to

it. It is inevitably a dull piece of work and cannot be defended even upon the ground of pure discipline, the belief in which is fast giving way to a more rational conviction.

3. The genealogies of kings and royal houses, and the endless series of court intrigues which once constituted a good share of the text-books in history, are now recognized as worse than valueless to children. Some critics, like Herbert Spencer, have almost totally rejected the study of history in our common schools because it was made up of such trash.

4. Many large periods of European history can be esteemed of no particular value to children up to the age of fourteen. They should not be dragged over the whole long chain of events as a prelude to the study of later ages.

5. The study of wars and military campaigns should be cut as short as possible. There are, indeed, some honorable and some horrible lessons to be learned from the study of war, and the impression of its destructive and devastating character, its ruinous influence upon society, should be made as plain as possible. Thus far, curiously, in the history work of schools, war has been chiefly glorified and its inhuman and distressing phases overlooked. If taught at all, the truth about wars ought to be told and its brutalities, as well as its heroisms, exposed. This can be done by an occasional detailed treatment of a

military campaign or battle. In a Christian nation it is quite admissible to bring out the selfish and unrighteous causes which have led to war, and the plundered fields and towns, and the broken and mangled families which are the sure and incurable results of war.

6. The philosophy of history is not a thing to be taught in the common school, and this applies also to some of those generalizations which even our text-books commonly supply. It is, however, of little value to children to memorize these general inferences. They presuppose just such a knowledge of the facts as the children should be engaged in accumulating. Both teachers and text-books easily drop into this humdrum method of summing up historical events. The pupils get little out of it except a routine drill which dulls the sensibilities.

7. Recent and contemporary history is perhaps the most difficult of historical studies, and for this reason have little appropriateness to children. The history of a hundred years ago can be much more easily understood by children than the current events of to-day. It takes a very wise and experienced scholar and man of the world to judge correctly any of our present political and social controversies We may say, on the one hand, that it involves the whole purpose of the course in history to bring the child to a point where he can get an intelligent insight into the present life of the people, but on the other side it may be said with equal

truth that it is no part of the business of children to solve our present problems. It is the province of the course of study in history to put children in possession of those facts of our historical growth which will bring them to the threshold of the present with an intelligent equipment for these modern problems. We may say, therefore, that the schools can spend very little time in discussing our present political and social problems.

In this table of exclusions we have named a number of things which are of little value in our historical course because they are not educative in the best sense. Not appropriate to the thought and activity of childhood.

As to positive demands, our course of study calls for the selection of a few leading biographies and larger topics of American and of European history. These great topics should be appropriate to children, and educative in the sense of our aim. They should be topics in which the impulsive life of the children can find free and adequate utterance. They should appeal strongly to their interest and understanding, and enhance social spirit and intelligence.

These requirements are fulfilled first of all by biography, but biographies are of many sorts, and the great majority of them are not of special interest or value to children. Biographical stories of the true stamp have a wonderful attraction for boys and girls, and even for men and women. There is perhaps

nothing more interesting and instructive than the strong and manly effort of individuals under the stress and strain of life's problems.

There are also certain epochs of history which have a marked attractiveness for young people. For example, the age of chivalry and knight-errantry, the age of maritime exploration, the war of Greek Independence against the Persians, and the American Revolution. As children grow older their interests change and centre upon more complex and difficult historical personages and events. It has been one of the chief aims of educators to find out the series of epochs in the world's history which are most interesting and instructive to children in their successive stages of growth. As yet there seems to be no general agreement upon this point, and therefore our courses of study are in a shifting and uncertain condition; but so much, at least, seems to be established, that a few important epochs well treated in a descriptive and even dramatic fulness, are far better than a systematic, chronological survey of the history of many nations.

There are also important topics which show a continuous development, working out step by step, through many years, an important result. For example, the discovery, exploration, and settlement of America, or the origin, growth, and outcome of slavery. It is an interesting and worthy study to trace out one of these topics in its causal sequence of events.

Even a single event, like the adoption of the Constitution, is the important culmination of a long and complex series of historical causes which it is one of the great lessons of history to trace out. In these different ways important topics should be selected and arranged in the course of study which will give a full and adequate exercise of the mental powers of the children, awaken their spontaneous interest to a vigorous action, and help them to appreciate the chief historical influences.

In projecting the course of history for American children, it will be acknowledged on all hands that American history should have a prominent place. Thus far, in our common schools, it has practically occupied nearly the whole time given to history. But English and European history have received some attention, and are getting more and more recognition as a part of our school course.

It is well, therefore, to inquire definitely into the scope and educative value of American history. It is not only our own, but it is extremely rich in educative elements.

1. It exhibits the movement of political, social, and industrial forces, through the chief stages, from the simplest crude arrangements of the early settlements up to that vast system, with its great complexity of institutions, which we now call our national life. I think it would be impossible to find any other nation in which the chief stages of modern history are better

illustrated, and in which there is less backward movement or halting progress. The growth of institutions has been steady, incessant, and rapid. To trace out this movement in our history is as good a preparation as can be made for the understanding of our present political and social affairs. Professor Turner says:

"Loria, the Italian economist, has urged the study of colonial life as an aid in understanding the stages of European development, affirming that colonial settlement is for economic science what the mountain is for geology, bringing to light primitive stratifications. 'America,' he says, 'has the key to the historical enigma which Europe has sought for centuries in vain, and the land which has no history reveals luminously the course of universal history.' There is much truth in this. The United States lies like a huge page in the history of society. Line by line, as we read this continental page from west to east, we find the record of social evolution. It begins with the Indian and the hunter; it goes on to tell of the disintegration of savagery by the entrance of the trader, the pathfinder of civilization; we read the annals of the pastoral stage in ranch life; the exploitation of the soil by the raising of unrotated crops of corn and wheat in sparsely settled farming communities; the intense culture of the denser farm settlement; and finally, the manufacturing organization with city and factory system. This page is

familiar to the student of census statistics, but how little of it has been used by our historians. Particularly in eastern states this page is a palimpsest. What is now a manufacturing state was in an earlier decade an area of intense farming. Earlier yet it had been a wheat area, and still earlier the 'range' had attracted the cattle herder. Thus Wisconsin, now developing manufacture, is a state with varied agricultural interests. But earlier it was given over to almost exclusive grain-raising, like North Dakota at the present time."

2. At every stage in this progress our country has been fortunate in the character of its leading men. Looked at from the standpoint of the education of the young, what can be more fortunate than that we should have among those persons with whose life and deeds every boy and girl is to become well acquainted, such men as John Winthrop, William Penn, Columbus, Roger Williams, Franklin, Washington, Samuel Adams, Marion, Robert Lee, Champlain, La Salle, and many others who were persons of very unusual force and excellence of character. It can hardly be called boasting to say that no other country has, in its early history (that part which children most study), such a remarkable and superior body of representative men. When the personal history of these people is once properly presented to our boys and girls, its social and moral influence upon the

character of the youth of America must be incalculably great.

3. This history is complete, authentic, and reliable, so that the truth can be told without disparagement to its culture effect. From the very beginning of our history the main facts are well established. There is no dim twilight of myth and legend, such as is peculiar to the history of every European state. We know the essential truth about the men and women who settled the thirteen colonies; what hardships and dangers they met, and what sort of character they exhibited. All this is thoroughly interesting and instructive to children, even more so, perhaps, than the heroes and exploits of mythical antiquity.

4. The story of our earlier national history in colonial times is full of those simpler, ruder forms of industrial life which furnish suitable working problems for the children in manual construction. The tendency of children to reproduce the conditions and surroundings of those whose lives and adventures are thoroughly interesting is well known. The early pioneers in America were builders and workers, hunters and fighters, men who knew how to make and use the spade, the axe, the oar, and fishing tackle, the spindle and the loom. Their first constructions were of the rudest and simplest character. Log-houses, breastworks, forts, and palisades were among their first necessities. They were compelled to build up everything from the simplest beginnings in a land

where absolutely none of the conveniences and products of civilization were to be found. They not only built their own houses and made their own furniture and they also prepared their own clothing from furs and hides, or from coarse cloth which they had spun and woven. From the forests they cut down the trees, from which to construct homes and forts, boats and ships. They cleared the ground and raised their own crops. They went out in fishing smacks and soon became bold and hardy fishermen along the coast of New England, or equally bold and fearless Indian fighters, or emigrants into the region farther west. The clothing, tools, implements, and weapons which they employed, the axes, levers, wedges, guns, and cooking utensils, boats, and tackle, were such as boys love to bring together for their hunting and outing trips. The necessities of the home and of the family caused them not only to make clothing, but also to produce salt and sugar, to put up meats and fruits, to raise vegetables, poultry, and domestic animals, and to supply themselves thus with all the means of food, shelter, and clothing which their ingenuity could devise. With their own hands, little by little, they actually produced all the material objects of a civilized society.

The Indian life furnishes additional construction for boys and girls. Manual employments, suggested and stimulated by interest in these history stories, are undoubtedly a strong means of converting history

into personal experience, and of causing the boy to realize, in the fullest degree, the historical events in which he is absorbed.

For these and other reasons, we are disposed to grant an unusual importance to early American history, and to give it a large place in the school work. In fact it may well serve as the backbone of this part of the course of study in history. Such parts of European history as contribute to a better understanding of American history or deal with equally important or kindred epochs in the life of nations will be brought into proper relation to the similar subjects in this primary course in American history.

The Selected Parts of European History

In the vast array of important historical material furnished by the history of Europe, it is plain that only a few striking and prominent incidents can be incorporated into the graded school curriculum. First, because much of that history is beyond the comprehension of children, and second, because the time possible for historical instruction is very limited.

It would be a sad mistake to overload the children with a mass of memorized detail, or to distress them with a schematic outline of the whole.

There are certain epochs in European history, like the coming of the Angles and Saxons to England, the Norman Conquest, the Reformation, and the Puritan Revolution, that have a world-significance. They are

like mountain peaks which tower aloft and show the trend of great mountain chains. There are also certain lofty characters, like Alfred the Great, Caesar, Charlemagne, Luther, Alexander, Isabella, Cromwell, and Napoleon, who have taught the world such commanding lessons that every child should have a chance to grasp in a few points the significance of their lives. These great events and personages belong to the supreme thought and experience of the race, and children should carry with them from school a distinct remembrance of such characters. In making the selection of these few conspicuous topics we must always regard the age and capacity of the children, and the real educative or culture value of the material selected.

It is evident that biography must here also have the lead. A few individuals of striking and convincing personality must be selected. Hannibal in the Punic wars, Caesar in his conquest of Gaul and England, John Hampden in the contest with Charles I, Bismarck in the Unification of Germany, sum up in their personalities the most important political ideas and events. In intermediate grades the hero tales of Regulus, Alfred the Great, Richard I, Robert Bruce, and Leonidas may be employed.

Again, many of the topics in earlier American history have their other half in Europe, and the immediate events in Europe demand a clear presentation. The stories of Raleigh, of Penn, of

Columbus, of Magellan, of La Salle, and of all the colonial settlements have their preliminary basis of action in Europe, and the preceding events in England or Spain or France need a clear statement. Even the lives of Franklin, of John Paul Jones, and of other Revolutionary leaders are largely European in their surroundings and influences.

There are also European topics which are but enlarged treatments of American topics. The English Revolution and the Commonwealth, the Reformation, and the Colonization of America as viewed from Europe are enlargements of the points of view which we gain from the study of similar and closely related events in America. As will be later seen, many American subjects can be far better understood in England or France after kindred events have been studied on a smaller scale in American history. This close causal connection between events on the two shores of the Atlantic needs to be clearly traced out in order to get a true understanding of the importance and meaning of each.

It seems clear that children, by the time they leave the common school, should have at least gained not only a bird's-eye view of the large and far-reaching events in European history, but also considerable insight into a few striking characteristics of each of the leading nations, as of the Romans, the Germans, the Spaniards, the French, and the English. When did these nations stand out most prominently in the

world's work? Are they still progressive or have they dropped behind in the world's march? A few of these conspicuous persons and peoples may be treated with sufficient detail to arouse a real interest and to produce intelligent insight into their character.

Ballads, Epics, And Romances

"The original force, the direct smell of the earth or the sea, is in these ancient poems, the Sagas of the North, the Nibelungen Lied, the songs and ballads of the English and Scotch. I find or fancy more true poetry, the love of the vast and the ideal, in the Welsh and bardic fragments of Taliessin and his successors, than in many volumes of British Classics."—Emerson.

In early man the delight in rhythm and musical sounds was prior to the sedate power of prose expression. So it is with children. "A child at play with itself will express its delight by its voice and motions," says the poet Shelley, "and every inflexion of tone and every gesture will bear exact relation to a corresponding antitype in the pleasurable impressions which awakened it.... In relation to the objects which delight a child, these expressions are what poetry is to higher objects. The savage (for the savage is to ages what the child is to years) expresses the emotions produced in him by surrounding objects in a similar manner."

We find much of this poetic expression of the life of the race conserved for us in ancient hymns, proverbs, charm-rhymes, songs to accompany dances, and songs and chants used to produce concerted action in labor, and last but not least in ballad poetry.

Even in America labor songs are still used for practical purposes. Sailors use the "yo-heave-o" and the present writer once saw a gang of workmen opening the clay door of a blast furnace, and as the men rhythmically swung their metal bar against the clay, they kept time with a low, monotonous sing-song. Scissors-grinders and street peddlers often use rhyming calls,—probably survivals of old London street cries.

Ancient proverbs are still used in the household, and a survival of charms, labor and dance songs may be found in the music and words of folk-dances. And, what is more to our immediate purpose, these ancient rhymes and songs enter into the play life of modem children. Songs to accompany ring games, counting-out rhymes, and dance-songs have their origins in these interesting fragments, and it is possible to trace to the same sources nursery rhymes and jingles.

But the cry from the heart of the common people, which expresses their sufferings from social oppression, and from the struggle for existence; and which shows forth their restiveness under the action of laws operated for the benefit of tyrannical classes—all this is embodied in the ballad. This form of poetry has an important educational value. Simple, strong, not analytical, dealing with first principles of human failings and of justice, full of action, and imaginative, the ballad nourishes the awakening powers of moral reasoning in older children. The swing of the verse,

the objective treatment, the rapid action, the humor or pathos, appeal to the primitive craving of children for rhythm, for rapidly passing mental pictures, and for emotional literature.

Ballads are fragmentary expressions of popular feelings and experiences, but when gathered together by literary geniuses, and welded into perfect wholes, they become epics—symphonies of human life and thought. Matthew Arnold, in his discussion of Homer, characterizes epic greatness as being a creation from unorganized matter, a consistent whole moving along a uniformly high plane of noble simplicity. "Homer's manner and movement are always both noble and powerful," he asserts; "the ballad manner and movement are often jaunty or smart, so not noble; or jog-trot or humdrum, so not powerful."

The Iliad, standing as it does at the forefront of literary masterpieces, and being a receptacle of universal human experience, clarified of its crudity, may be made the literary goal toward which parents should work, when guiding their children's reading. Step by step, through readings in folk-stories, ballads, sagas, and mediaeval romances, young people may be brought to a full and unconscious enjoyment of Homer's epic poetry.

Too much stress cannot be laid on the free use of romantic literature in leading up to an appreciation of the unsentimental, heroic qualities of Homer's Iliad.

The claims of these romantic writings are delightfully defended by Don Quixote's curate, who, after listening to the harsh criticisms of the canon, replied in part as follows; that the author "can set forth the craftiness of Ulysses, the piety of Æneas, the valor of Achilles, the misfortunes of Hector, the treachery of Sinon, the friendship of Euryalus, the generosity of Alexander, the boldness of Caesar, the clemency and truth of Trajan, the fidelity of Zopyrus, the wisdom of Cato, and, in short, all the faculties that serve to make an illustrious man perfect; now uniting them in one individual, again distributing them among many; and if this be done with charm of style and ingenious invention, aiming at the truth as much as possible, he will assuredly weave a web of bright and varied threads that, when finished, will display such perfection and beauty that it will attain the worthiest object any writing can seek, which, as I said before, is to give instruction and pleasure combined."

Although the romantic cycles are largely the product of the sentimental side of mediaeval chivalry, they have great value in the education of young people. They appeal to the budding sentiments and the awakening enthusiasms of youth. They are imbued with charming fancy and with tenderness. They deal less with the depths of life and more with its emotions. They draw youthful altruistic aspirations towards an ideal goal—where treachery, cruelty, cowardice, and falsehood are shown in their

blackness, and where the unstained shield of the faithful knight is preferred above all things.

Milton in his "Apology for Smectymnuus," emphasizes the moral influence of romance. "Next, (for hear me out now, reader,) that I may tell ye whither my younger feet wandered; I betook me among those lofty fables and romances, which recount in solemn cantos the deeds of knighthood founded by our victorious kings, and from hence had in renown over all Christendom. There I read it in the oath of every knight that he should defend to the expense of his best blood, or of his life, if it so befell him, the honor and chastity of virgin or matron; from whence even then I learned what a noble virtue chastity sure must be, to the defence of which so many worthies, by such a dear adventure of themselves, had sworn. And if I found in the story afterward, any of them, by word or deed, breaking that oath, I judged it the same fault of the poet, as that which is attributed to Homer, to have written indecent things of the gods. Only this my mind gave me, that every free and gentle spirit, without that oath, ought to be born a knight, nor needed to expect a gilt spur, or the laying of a sword upon his shoulder to stir him up both by his counsel and his arms."

This same moral influence, exerted by romance upon the young Milton, is to-day working upon the characters of thousands of modern boys and girls. Through the public libraries numberless copies of

books on chivalry are widely circulated. Stories of chivalry and romance are recounted at the public story-hours, and an organization, called the "Knights of King Arthur," is encouraged by religious and secular institutions. "The purpose," says the founder of the organization, William Forbush, "is to bring back, to the world, and especially to its youth, the spirit of chivalry, courtesy, deference to womanhood, recognition of *noblesse oblige*, and Christian daring, and ideal of that kingdom of knightliness which Arthur promised he would bring back when he returns from Avalon."

It is hoped that the foregoing necessarily brief and rapid survey of great literature, that may be used in the education of literary taste, will rekindle the enthusiasm of parents and encourage them to utilize this material to the full for the benefit of their children. Whether or not parents wish to work toward the development of a taste for Homeric poetry, it is best for them to follow graded courses—not too ironclad—in directing the reading of children. The writer offers here a plan which is based on many years of experimentation with children of all classes. Brief characterizations of groups of stories are added which will aid parents in selecting and grouping their material to be used for story-telling, reading aloud, and for the personal reading of the children and young people.

While a child is still enjoying fairy and wonder tales, he may be given ballads, the full enjoyment of which depends on their being read aloud to him, the reader's voice keeping time with the swing of the verse. Among the fine old ballads are "Chevy Chace," "The Battle of Otterburn," "The Blind Beggar's Daughter," "Sir Andrew Barton," "Adam Bel," "Clym of the Clough and Wyllyam of Cloudeslee," "Sir Cauline," "Fair Rosamond," "The Heir of Linne," and the cycle of Robin Hood ballads. There are also stirring imitations by modern poets, equally worth reading aloud; among these are "Valentine and Ursine," "John Gilpin," "Young Lochinvar," " Horatius," "The Mermaid," "How they Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," "The Pied Piper," and "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner." There are a number of renditions of ballads into prose. These serve as delightful story-books, or they may be used to interest the children in ballad plots and thus lead up to the poems themselves. Prose versions, no matter how well done, cannot reproduce the spirit of the ballads in original form. The reading of ballad poetry may be made an occasional incident in the children's literary training, not a course complete in itself.

As a child begins to outgrow myths, legends, and fairy tales, he will revel in the stories of Beowulf and Siegfried, in the slaying of Grendel the Ogre, and the killing of Fafnir the Dragon. The combination in the tales of the wonder element and the heroic appeals to

a growing child; while the Germanic strength in these products of our Northern ancestors acts like a tonic on the mind.

Among the best of the Siegfried legends are, "The Forging of the Sword Balmung," "The Choosing of Grani," "The Slaying of Fafnir," and "The Awakening of Brynhild." The strongest elements of the stories are drawn from the Northern sagas telling of the deeds of Sigurd the Volsung—the Siegfried of the North. The saga tales are full of the mystery and poetry of the land of Northern lights and midnight sun; and they relate the deeds of valiant men and heroic women. Another source of the stories is the great German epic, the "Nibelungenlied," in which the Northern lights of the saga tales die down, and the wonder element vanishes, and Sigurd the hero becomes Siegfried the knight, while the Valkyrie Brynhild, "the shield-may" of Odin, vanishes from her saga castle, "where without, all around it, sweeps the red flame aloft," and reappears in the German Lied as the revengeful, masculine Brunhild.

Unfortunately there is no satisfactory version for children of either the "Volsunga Saga" or the "Nibelungenlied." James Baldwin has made the best rendition, in which he has combined the heroic and wonder elements of the Northern sagas with the best of chivalric sentiment from the German song. Parts of the "Volsunga Saga," translated from the Icelandic by Magnusson and Morris, may be read to the children,

but it contains much that is too brutal and coarsening for children to read to themselves. Mr. Morris's poetic version of "Sigurd the Volsung" is unfortunately beyond the appreciation of most young people.

Spenser's "Faerie Queene," although not a part of folk-literature, but an original metrical romance, may be made the next link in the chain of progressive reading that will lead young people to an appreciation of other fine things. Richly imaginative, full of wonder incidents, romantic, and above all allegorical, the "Faerie Queene" may well form part of the mental diet on which every child is brought up. The poem teaches holiness, truthfulness, prudence, justice, fortitude, and temperance. It instills its lessons through beautiful allegory making the good lovely and the bad gross. Milton, speaking of "our sage and serious poet Spenser," writes that he, "describing true temperance under the person of Guyon, brings him in with his palmer through the Cave of Mammon and the Bower of Earthly Bliss, that he might see and know and yet abstain. Since, therefore, the knowledge and survey of vice is in this world so necessary to the constitution of human virtue and the scanning of error to the confirmation of truth." This mysterious inner significance, mingled with a romantic plot and the relation of many wonders, both softens and enthralls the imagination of a growing boy or girl.

A programme of stories from the "Faerie Queene" may include "The Quest of the Red Cross Knight,"

"Una and the Lion," "The Red Cross Knight and the Dragon," "Sir Guyon's Search for the Bower of Earthly Bliss," "The Adventures of Britomart," "Britomart and Amoret," "The Fair Florimell," "Adventures of Sir Artegall," and "The Quest for the Blatant Beast."

Following Spenser, Chaucer may be read aloud or given to a child to read for himself. Unfortunately because of the archaic language of the "Canterbury Tales," they may not be fully enjoyed in their original form. The fine adaptations of Darton and McSpadden may be used to lead up to a good paraphrase of the tales. These two renditions preserve much of Chaucer's optimism, joyousness, and humor, and they render the stories with spirit

Stories from Chaucer are thoroughly enjoyed by children because of the adventure, rapid action, and thrilling plots, while the humane attitude, the genial humor, and wholesome thought of the poet are mentally salutary. Some of the best Chaucerian tales are "Palamon and Arcite," "Faithful Constance," "Patient Griselda," and "The Rocks Removed."

At this point, before passing into the field of Arthurian and Carolingian romance, parents may, if desired, make use of folk-tales from other literature. Stories of Sohrab and Rustem may be drawn from the Persian "Sháh Námeh," and tales may be taken from such sources as the romance of "Amadis of Gaul," "Frithiof's Saga," Icelandic hero stories and Irish

romance and legend. "The Cid," the poems of Ossian, and the traditions of Taliessin offer also a rich supply of imaginative tales.

Having made the poems of Spenser and Chaucer the connecting links between the Beowulf and Siegfried legends and more mature folk-literature, we pass now to the discussion of the use of the Arthurian and Carolingian romances. These two great mediaeval groups of stories have collected within themselves historical and legendary traditions as well as the best of mediaeval Christian ethics. The stories of Arthur have passed from their crude form—as seen in the Welsh fragments—through numerous hands until they have found their highest Christianized expression in Tennyson's "Idylls of the King."

Carolingian romance has for its central figure the legendary Charlemagne, majestic and solemn, surrounded by his Paladins and animated with one intent, the protection of Christendom. The tales as given to the children are mainly a welding together of material drawn from the "Song of Roland" and the "Orlando Furioso" of Ariosto. The stories are heroic, and emphasize loyalty in friendship, magnanimity and patriotism, and the reward of the faithful in after life. The writer has found no story that moves children more deeply than the death of Roland. "In no respect," writes one critic of Carolingian romance, "is the influence of Christianity on the national literature, and on the heroic ideal, more strongly marked than in

such a death-scene as this at Roncesvalles. The Greek hero, let his toils be what they might, could look to no reward after they were ended. Even the joys of the Northern warrior in his Valhalla were but shadowy. But when the faithful champion of Christendom had fallen on his last battle-field, his happiness was only commencing: and the Paladins of Roncesvalles became a great army of martyrs, whose blood had been shed in defense of all that was true and right."

The finest ideals of chivalry are represented by the Knights of the Round Table,—Arthur, "whose glory was redressing human wrong, who spake no slander, no, nor listened to it;" Lancelot, the faulty but brave knight, the flower of Arthur's court; Gawain the courteous; Galahad the holy; and many others. The Paladins of Charlemagne likewise uphold their knightly code, and the noble deeds of Roland and Oliver stir the blood of young people. While the acts of goodly knights are recounted for our admiration and imitation, the evil acts of recreant ones are held up to scorn;—of such are Mordred the treacherous; Kay, rude and boastful; and Ganelon the smooth-tongued traitor. The wonder element is not lacking in either Arthurian or Carolingian legends, for the tales treat of such mysterious beings as Merlin the enchanter, spell-weaving Vivien, the Lady of the Lake, Morgan the Fay, the three Queens of Avalon; also of fairies and enchanted beasts; while the adventures of

Ogier the Dane and those of Roland in the gardens of Falerina should satisfy any wonder-loving boy or girl.

A short course of stories about King Arthur's knights may include the following, "The Coming of Arthur," "The Knights of the Round Table," "The Adventure of Gareth," "Geraint and the Fair Enid," "The Dolorous Stroke," "Lancelot and Elaine," "The Quest of Sir Perceval," "Sir Galahad and the Achievement of the Holy Grail," and "The Passing of Arthur."

An equally delightful course of stories may be planned from Carolingian romance, including: "The Adventures of Ogier the Dane," "The Sons of Aymon," "Malagis the Magician," "A Roland for an Oliver," "Reinold's Journey to Cathay," "Roland in the Gardens of Falerina," "Bradamant the Warrior Maiden," and "The Battle of Roncesvalles."

Such courses as outlined above will probably last until a child is fourteen or fifteen years of age. He may then be introduced to Homer's poetry, or, if parents prefer, to other great literature, Shakespeare, the poets, the dramatists and novelists.

An appreciation of Homeric poetry is, however, a fine preparation for the enjoyment of other great writings. Homer should be read aloud from a good translation, but previous to this the boy or girl should be prepared for a fuller understanding of the Greek epics by reading Baldwin's "Story of the Golden Age," which contains legends and stories explaining the

causes of the Trojan War. The children may also be further interested in the Homeric stories by reading one or more of the good renditions listed below. A connected course giving the events of the war and the after adventures of the heroes may be planned, drawing material from Homer, Virgil, and other sources.

It is a much-mooted question whether great literature should be rewritten for children, and whether it should be expurgated. There are great books that few children read through, while chapters from those writings read when young may give the children, later in life, a desire to read the entire works. An example of such is "Don Quixote." It would seem well to place in the hands of children interesting, well-edited excerpts from this work. On the other hand, there are fine things that children should read in their entirety. Of these last there are good renditions which preserve more or less the quality of their originals. Such adaptations may, as far as is possible, be used as a means to an end,—to interest the children in plots and to lead up to the originals. As to expurgation, it is the opinion of the present writer that much in books thought by adults to be harmful to children, these pass over without notice—for it is beyond their range of vision; while that which is actually harmful to minors is the lauding of vice and success by craft, and the light treatment of lying, thieving, disloyalty, and other acts

that children should be taught degrade character and undermine integrity.

It would seem that if in their early years children are taught by the means of carefully selected and edited stories to discern between good and evil, and weakness and strength, that they may, when older, be permitted to read certain masterpieces unedited and unexpurgated. By the time a boy and girl are fifteen or sixteen years of age their moral sense should have been so trained that, independent of the judgment or conscience of others, they should be able to perceive for themselves when an author fails to uphold uniformly high standards of virtue, or confuses falsehood with truth. This opinion does not apply to literature which is perverting—such writings are injurious to child or adult.

History, Biography, and Travel

"Give me leave to enjoy myself; that place that does contain my books, the best companions, is to me a glorious court, where hourly I converse with the old sages and philosophers; and sometimes, for variety, I confer with kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels; calling their victories, if unjustly got, into a strict account, and, in my fancy, deface their ill-placed statues."

—Beaumont and Fletcher.

History and its complement biography contain the essential qualities that in other forms of writing delight children, and draw them to read. On every page throng brave deeds, varied adventures, mysteries, and swiftly moving events; often with the picturesque background of other ages, countries, and peoples. Therefore it is surprising to note how few histories and biographies children read for pleasure. After watching the children's choice of books, and on examination of existing juvenile histories and biographies, one is forced to conclude that the root of the trouble lies in the average author's presentation, and in the text-book appearance of the volumes.

Juvenile books on these subjects may be divided into four groups; text-books, dry, and clogged with facts and dates; improving histories and biographies, usually condescending in tone; a few picturesque biographical histories; and lastly, historical fiction.

Children, especially young people, show a deeply rooted distaste for text-books and improving histories, while, on the other hand, they read with pleasure attractive biographical histories, and devour historical fiction.

Although it is essential that history, *per se*, should be accurately presented, yet, from an analysis of those qualities in historic romance that make a lasting appeal to boys and girls, we gather valuable suggestions for the successful presentation of accurate history. The popular historical story keeps the reader's attention focused upon a hero, whose adventures are complicated and exciting. The romantic atmosphere of another period is reproduced. Historical characters appear as flesh-and-blood creatures, not wooden puppets of dates and facts. The heroic elements are emphasized, and the whole volume appeals to the primitive likes of boy and girl,—to their sense of hero-worship, to their interest in the individual, and their love of color and adventure.

History contains all these pleasure-giving elements, if it is presented from its picturesque and biographical side. It may be argued against this method of presentation, that modern science has shown the inadequacy of the individual, biographical treatment of history. The answer is that boys and girls are bored by the sociological treatment. It is beyond their comprehension, and not according to the

demands of their natures. Their interest in biographical history is prompted by the same psychological law that made primitive peoples record, not facts, nor the sociological explanations of events, but the spirit and deeds of mighty leaders who typified the racial heroic ideals.

In writing a satisfactory and attractive history for children and young people, it is not necessary to fuse tradition and fact as the ancient peoples did; but one should emphasize the heroic elements in history, at the same time preserving historical accuracy. History presented biographically, as a succession of events, each group of which centres around some dominant personage of its age, makes a series of distinct mental pictures, which, by aid of the imagination, impress themselves upon the mind of the young reader with an impact that makes an indelible impression on the memory.

The educational values of history and biography are unquestionably great. These subjects open up the long vistas of the ages, show deeds in relation to consequences, introduce boys and girls to the great men and women of all times, and thus expand the social consciousness. A further advantage is gained if through interest in biographical history young people may be drawn later to study more mature historical works, which, by giving them a knowledge of governments, men and affairs, will help them as men

and women to handle intelligently the social and civic problems of modern life.

The Influence of Good Books

"Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished."—Shakespeare.

The guiding of the children's reading is of great importance because it is fundamental. It strikes at the roots of many weedy growths that weaken and hamper the healthy development of character. For even as when desiring a beautiful garden, we prepare the soil and plant the selected seeds, and pluck out the weeds; so should we carefully prepare the children's minds, root out the tares, and fill their imaginations with the noble thoughts and ideals of those great books which will help the developing men or women to resist ignoble and corroding influences.

As it is satisfying to have tangible reasons for the faith that is in us, let us glance for a moment at some of the evidence of the Past which proves the importance of early training of children and the power of good books to mould character and shape events. We shall arise from such examination with renewed earnestness and a desire—born of conviction, not sentiment—to pass along the joys and helps of literature to all children for whom we are responsible.

"You know also that the beginning is the chiefest part of any work," says Plato, "especially in a young

and tender thing; for that is the time at which the character is formed and most readily receives the desired impression." "Childhood is a tender thing," testifies Plutarch, "and easily wrought into any shape. Yea, and the very souls of children readily receive the impressions of those things that are dropped into them while they are yet but soft; but when they grow older, they will, as all hard things are, be more difficult to be wrought upon. And as soft wax is apt to take the stamp of the seal, so are the minds of children to receive the instructions imprinted on them at that age."

Not only Plato and Plutarch, but modern educators agree that "the child is father of the man," and that to train children in the way they should go insures that they will not depart therefrom. For childhood is without question the impressionable period, the time for educating the imagination to normal action, for instilling good habits, for teaching the distinctions between right and wrong, and for laying the foundation of the spiritual life. All unconscious are the children of this process of imbibing ideas and suggestions to be recalled and used automatically when they come to years of judgment. This storing process cannot be more surely accomplished than by arousing the children's interest in good books. To this bears witness much proof of the Past and Present.

As we read the life of many a great man or woman we find convincing proof of the power of books *read in the home*. Often the awakening of feelings and emotions, and sometimes of strong purposes governing after life, are traceable to books read in childhood, or to the promptings of book-loving parents.

These points are best illustrated by a few examples of the influence of one great author—Plutarch—of whom Emerson says: "His grand perceptions of duty led him to his stern delight in heroism; a stoic resistance to low indulgence; to a fight with fortune; a regard for truth; his love of Sparta, and of heroes like Aristides, Phocion, and Cato. He insists that the highest good is in action.…His delight in magnanimity and self-sacrifice has made his books, like Homer's Iliad, a bible for heroes."

Many are the evidences of Plutarch's influence. A few will do here for illustration. "You could not have sent me anything which could be more agreeable," King Henry the Fourth wrote to his wife, Marie de' Medici, "than the news of the pleasure you have taken in this reading. Plutarch always delights me with a fresh novelty. To love him is to love me; for he has been long time the instructor of my youth. My good mother, to whom I owe all, and who would not wish, she said, to see her son an illustrious dunce, put this book into my hands almost when I was a child at the breast. It has been like my conscience, and has

whispered in my ear many good suggestions and maxims for my conduct, and the government of my affairs."

We find Madame Roland carrying Plutarch to church with her instead of a prayer-book—that was when she was nine years old. "From that period," she writes, "I may date the first impressions and ideas that rendered me a republican." So it was Madame Roland's childhood reading that laid the foundations for her political views which led to her martyrdom in the cause of liberty. The same author exerted a strong influence over the young Napoleon, who read with avidity history, especially of ancient republics. The "Commentaries" of Caesar was also one of his favorite books.

In like manner we may trace the effect of countless other books—from the Holy Bible, that has moved nations and wrought miracles in the souls of men, to the writings of poets, sages, historians, and novelists that have helped to mould character and shape events.

Masson writes that there are evidences that Milton's earliest reading had ranged far beyond the day's theological works and "it is with his early readings of Du Bartas, Spenser, and other poets, that we are bound, by the concord of time, to connect his own first efforts in English verse. According to Aubrey he had been a poet from the age of ten."

"The first two books I ever read in private," writes Burns in a delightfully reminiscent letter to his friend

Dr. Moore, "and which gave me more pleasure than any two books I ever read again, were 'The Life of Hannibal,' and 'The History of Sir William Wallace.' Hannibal gave my young ideas such a turn that I used to strut in raptures up and down after the recruiting-drum and bagpipe, and wish myself tall enough that I might be a soldier; while the story of Wallace poured a Scottish prejudice in my veins, which will boil along there till the floodgates of life shut in eternal rest."

Gladstone enumerates some of his early books—"Pilgrim's Progress," "The Arabian Nights," "Tales of the Genii," and Miss Porter's "Scottish Chiefs." The latter, he says, touched him deeply, "especially the life and death of Wallace, used to make me weep. This would be when I was about ten years old." A list of Gladstone's readings the year he was seventeen is most impressive. It includes among other things Moliere and Racine, "Tom Jones," Tomline's "Life of Pitt," Leslie on "Deism," Locke's "Defence of the Reasonableness of Christianity," Milton's Latin poems and "Paradise Lost," Ben Jonson's "Alchemist," and Scott, including the "Bride of Lammermoor." The last he called a beautiful tale, and it was in after life a favorite book. Says Morley, referring to Gladstone's notes on the books he read, "Mention is made of many sermons on 'Redeeming the time,' 'Weighed in the balance and found wanting,' 'Cease to do evil, learn to do good,' and

other ever unexhausted texts. One constant entry, we may be sure, is 'Read Bible.'"

Into the field of science we trace the book influence. The twelve-year-old Huxley lighted his candle before daylight and with a blanket pinned about his shoulders read Hutton's "Geology." "One of his boyish speculations," says his son, "was as to what would become of things if their qualities were taken away; and lighting upon Sir William Hamilton's 'Logic' he devoured it to such good effect that when, years afterwards, he came to tackle the great philosophers, especially the English and German, he found he had already a clear notion of where the key of metaphysics lay."

It is not possible to give in this limited space many examples of the influence of books. But we cannot better close this brief survey than with a glimpse of young Abe Lincoln stretched out on the cabin floor, reading, by the light of a burning log, those precious books to borrow which he had tramped many a mile. He learned Burns by heart, and Shakespeare, too,—a significant fact when we consider the depth and breadth of Shakespeare's humanity, and that Burns sang the brotherhood of man.

Thus we find that the Past presents an overwhelming and convincing mass of proof as to the influence of books. We find many men and women deeply moved and impelled by what they read—strong virile literature capable of impressing the

imagination. And, what is of educational importance, we note that many of these books were read, appreciated, and their contents absorbed by the very young.

With this evidence before us we should surely feel more than ever the grave responsibility of directing the children's reading, cultivating their powers of discrimination, and making them book-lovers in the finest sense of the word. One may then say with the Lacedemonian, who, when asked what he had done for the child in his charge, replied, "I make good and honest things pleasant to children."

In Praise of Books

Book love, my friends, is your pass to the greatest, the purest, and the most perfect pleasures that God has prepared for his creatures. It lasts when all other pleasures fade. It will support you when all other recreations are gone. It will last you until your death. It will make your hours pleasant to you as long as you live.

—Anthony Trollope

Let us consider how great a commodity of doctrine exists in books; how easily, how secretly, how safely they expose the nakedness of human ignorance without putting it to shame. These are the masters who instruct us without rods and ferules, without hard words and anger, without clothes or money. If you approach them, they are not asleep; if investigating you interrogate them, they conceal nothing; if you mistake them, they never grumble; if you are ignorant, they cannot laugh at you.

You only, O Books, are liberal and independent. You give to all who ask, and enfranchise all who serve you assiduously. Truly, you are the ears filled with most palatable grains. You are golden urns in which manna is laid up; rocks flowing with honey, or rather, indeed, honeycombs; udders most copiously yielding the milk of life; storerooms ever full; the four-streamed river of Paradise, where the human mind is fed, and the arid intellect moistened and watered;

fruitful olives; vines of Engaddi; fig trees knowing no sterility; burning lamps to be ever held in the hand.

No iron-stained hand is fit to handle books,
Nor he whose heart on gold so gladly looks;
The same men love not books and money both,
And books thy herd, O Epicurus, loathe;
Misers and bookmen make poor company,
Nor dwell in peace beneath the same rooftree.

Richard de Bury, 1344

Books are friends whose society is extremely agreeable to me; they are of all ages, and of every country. They have distinguished themselves both in the cabinet and in the field, and obtained high honors for their knowledge of the sciences. It is easy to gain access to them; for they are always at my service, and I admit them to my company, and dismiss them from it, whenever I please. They are never troublesome, but immediately answer every question I ask them. Some relate to me the events of past ages, while others reveal to me the secrets of Nature. Some teach me how to live, and others how to die. Some, by their vivacity, drive away my cares and exhilarate my spirits; while others give fortitude to my mind, and teach me the important lesson how to restrain my desires, and to depend wholly on myself. They open to me, in short, the various avenues of all the arts and sciences, and upon their information I safely rely in all emergencies.

In return for all these services, they only ask me to accommodate them with a convenient chamber in some corner of my humble habitation, where they may repose in peace; for these friends are more delighted by the tranquillity of retirement, than with the tumults of society.

Francesco Petrarca, 1350

But how can I live here without my books? I really seem to myself crippled and only half myself; for if, as the great Orator used to say, arms are a soldier's members, surely books are the limbs of scholars. Corasius says: "Of a truth, he who would deprive me of books, my old friends, would take away all the delight of my life; nay, I will even say, all desire of living."

Balthasar Bonifacius Rhodiginus, 1656

For books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragon's teeth, and, being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. … Many a man lives, a burden to the earth; but a good book is

the precious lifeblood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose for a life beyond life.

John Milton, 1644

Books are a guide in youth, and an entertainment for age. They support us under solitude, and keep us from being a burden to ourselves. They help us to forget the crossness of men and things, compose our cares and our passions, and lay our disappointments asleep. When we are weary of the living, we may repair to the dead, who have nothing of peevishness, pride, or design in their conversation.

Jeremy Collier

God be thanked for books! They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levellers. They give to all who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence, of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am; no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling; if the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof,—if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakespeare to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom,—I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may

become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live.

William Ellery Channing

Wondrous, indeed, is the virtue of a true book! Not like a dead city of stones, yearly crumbling, yearly needing repair; more like a tilled field, but then a spiritual field; like a spiritual tree, let me rather say, it stands from year to year and from age to age (we have books that already number some hundred and fifty human ages); and yearly comes its new produce of leaves (commentaries, deductions, philosophical, political systems; or were it only sermons, pamphlets, journalistic essays), every one of which is talismanic and thaumaturgic, for it can persuade man. O thou who art able to write a book, which once in two centuries or oftener there is a man gifted to do, envy not him whom they name city-builder, and inexpressibly pity him whom they name conqueror or city-burner! Thou, too, art a conqueror and victor; but of the true sort, namely, over the Devil. Thou, too, hast built what will outlast all marble and metal, and be a wonder-bringing city of mind, a temple and seminary and prophetic mount, whereto all kindreds of the earth will pilgrim.

Thomas Carlyle

Good books, like good friends, are few and chosen; the more select, the more enjoyable; and like

these are approached with diffidence, nor sought too familiarly nor too often, having the precedence only when friends tire. The most mannerly of companions, accessible at all times, in all moods, they frankly declare the author's mind, without giving offence. Like living friends, they too have their voice and physiognomies, and their company is prized as old acquaintances. We seek them in our need of counsel or of amusement, without impertinence or apology, sure of having our claims allowed. A good book justifies our theory of personal supremacy, keeping this fresh in the memory and perennial. What were days without such fellowship? We were alone in the world without it.

A. Bronson Alcott

Consider what you have in the smallest chosen library. A company of the wisest and wittiest men that could be picked out of all civil countries, in a thousand years, have set in best order the results of their learning and wisdom. The men themselves were hid and inaccessible, solitary, impatient of interruption, fenced by etiquette; but the thought which they did not uncover to their bosom friend is here written out in transparent words to us, the strangers of another age.

We owe to books those general benefits which come from high intellectual action. Thus, I think, we often owe to them the perception of immortality.

They impart sympathetic activity to the moral power. Go with mean people, and you think life is mean. Then read Plutarch, and the world is a proud place, peopled with men of positive quality, with heroes and demigods standing around us, who will not let us sleep. Then they address the imagination: only poetry inspires poetry. They become the organic culture of the time. College education is the reading of certain books which the common sense of all scholars agrees will represent the science already accumulated. … In the highest civilization the book is still the highest delight.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

A great book that comes from a great thinker,—it is a ship of thought, deep-freighted with truth, with beauty too. It sails the ocean, driven by the winds of heaven, breaking the level sea of life into beauty where it goes, leaving behind it a train of sparkling loveliness, widening as the ship goes on. And what a treasure it brings to every land, scattering the seeds of truth, justice, love, and piety, to bless the world in ages yet to come!

Theodore Parker

What is a great love of books? It is something like a personal introduction to the great and good men of all past times. Books, it is true, are silent as you see them on their shelves; but, silent as they are, when I

enter a library I feel as if almost the dead were present, and I know if I put questions to these books they will answer me with all the faithfulness and fulness which has been left in them by the great men who have left the books with us.

John Bright

Books are our household gods; and we cannot prize them too highly. They are the only gods in all the mythologies that are beautiful and unchangeable; for they betray no man, and love their lovers. I confess myself an idolater of this literary religion, and am grateful for the blessed ministry of books. It is a kind of heathenism which needs no missionary funds, no Bible even, to abolish it; for the Bible itself caps the peak of this new Olympus, and crowns it with sublimity and glory. Amongst the many things we have to be thankful for, as the result of modern discoveries, surely this of printed books is the highest of all; and I, for one, am so sensible of its merits that I never think of the name of Gutenberg without feelings of veneration and homage.

George Seable Phillips

The only true equalizers in the world are books; the only treasure-house open to all comers is a library; the only wealth which will not decay is knowledge; the only jewel which you can carry beyond the grave is wisdom. To live in this equality, to share in these

treasures, to possess this wealth, and to secure this jewel may be the happy lot of every one. All that is needed for the acquisition of these inestimable treasures is the love of books.

John Alfred Langford

Let us thank God for books. When I consider what some books have done for the world, and what they are doing; how they keep up our hope, awaken new courage and faith, soothe pain, give an ideal life to those whose homes are hard and cold, bind together distant ages and foreign lands, create new worlds of beauty, bring down truths from heaven,—I give eternal blessings for this gift, and pray that we may use it aright, and abuse it not.

James Freeman Clarke

Science, art, literature, philosophy,—all that man has thought, all that man has done,—the experience that has been bought with the sufferings of a hundred generations,—all are garnered up for us in the world of books. There, among realities, in a "substantial world," we move with the crowned kings of thought. There our minds have a free range, our hearts a free utterance. Reason is confined within none of the partitions which trammel it in life. In that world, no divinity hedges a king, no accident of rank or fashion ennobles a dunce or shields a knave. We can select our

companions from among the most richly gifted of the sons of God; and they are companions who will not desert us in poverty, or sickness, or disgrace.

Edwin P. Whipple

For what a world of books offers itself, in all subjects, arts, and sciences, to the sweet content and capacity of the reader? In arithmetic, geometry, perspective, optics, astronomy, architecture, *sculptura*, *pictura*, of which so many and such elaborate treatises are of late written; in mechanics and their mysteries, military matters, navigation, riding of horses, fencing, swimming, gardening, planting, etc. … What so sure, what so pleasant? What vast tomes are extant in law, physic, and divinity, for profit, pleasure, practice, speculation, in verse or prose! Their names alone are the subject of whole volumes; we have thousands of authors of all sorts, many great libraries, full well furnished, like so many dishes of meat, served out for several palates, and he is a very block that is affected with none of them.

Robert Burton

Except a living man, there is nothing more wonderful than a book!—a message to us from the dead,—from human souls whom we never saw, who lived perhaps thousands of miles away; and yet these, on those little sheets of paper, speak to us, amuse us, vivify us, teach us, comfort us, open their hearts to us

as brothers. We ought to reverence books, to look at them as useful and mighty things. If they are good and true, … they are the message of Christ, the maker of all things, the teacher of all truth.

Charles Kingsley

I love my books as drinkers love their wine;
The more I drink, the more they seem divine;
With joy elate my soul in love runs o'er,
And each fresh draught is sweeter than before!
Books bring me friends where'er on earth I be,—
Solace of solitude, bonds of society.

I love my books! they are companions dear,
Sterling in worth, in friendship most sincere;

Here talk I with the wise in ages gone,
And with the nobly gifted in our own:
If love, joy, laughter, sorrow please my mind,
Love, joy, grief, laughter in my books I find.

Francis Bennoch

Oh for a booke and a shadie nook
  Either in-doors or out;
With the grene leaves whisp'ring overhead,
  Or the streete cryes all about,
Where I may reade all at my ease,
  Both of the new and olde;

For a jollie goode booke whereon to looke,
Is better to me than golde.

Old English Song

Books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good;
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.

William Wordsworth

Golden volumes! richest treasures!
Objects of delicious pleasures!
You my eyes rejoicing please,
You my hands in rapture seize.
Brilliant wits and musing sages,
Lights who beamed through many ages,
Left to your conscious leaves their story,
And dared to trust you with their glory;
And now their hope of fame achieved,
Dear volumes!—you have not deceived.

Henry Rantzau

On the Choice of Books

The choice of books, like that of friends, is a serious duty. We are as responsible for what we read as for what we do. The best books elevate us into a region of disinterested thought where personal objects fade into insignificance, and the troubles and the anxieties of the world are almost forgotten. —Sir John Lubbock

The most important question for you to ask yourself, be your profession what it may, is this: What books shall I read? For him who has inclination to read, there is no dearth of reading matter, and it is obtainable almost for the asking. Books are in a manner thrust upon you almost daily. Shall you read without discrimination whatever comes most readily to hand? As well say that you will accept as a friend and companion every man whom you meet on the street. Shall you read even every good book that comes in your way, simply because it is harmless and interesting? It is not every harmless book, nor indeed every good book, that will make your mind the richer for the reading of it.

Never, perhaps, has the right choice of books been more difficult than at present; and never did it behoove more strongly every right-minded person to look well to the character of that which he reads.

First, then, let us consider what books we are to avoid. All will agree that those which are really and

absolutely bad should be shunned as we shun a pestilence. In these first years of the twentieth century there are no more prolific causes of evil than bad books and certain vile periodicals miscalled newspapers. There are some publications so utterly vicious that there is no mistaking their character, and no question as to whether they should be avoided. There are others that are a thousand-fold more dangerous because they come to us disguised,—"wolves in sheep's clothing,"—affecting a character of harmlessness, if not of sanctity.

I have heard those who ought to know better laugh at the silly jokes of a very silly book, and offer by way of excuse that there was nothing very bad in it. I have heard teachers recommend to their pupils reading matter which, to say the least, was of a very doubt-ful quality and devoid of all good. Now, the only excuse that can be offered in such cases is ignorance,—"I didn't know there was any harm in the book." But the teacher who through ignorance poisons the moral character and checks the mental growth of his pupils is as guilty of criminal carelessness as the druggist's clerk who by mistake sells arsenic for quinine. Step down and out of that responsible position which you are in no wise qualified to fill! The direction of the pupils' habits of reading, the choice of reading matter for them, is by no means the least of the teacher's duties.

The elder Pliny, eighteen hundred years ago, was accustomed to say that no book was so bad but that some part of it might be read with profit. This may have been true in Pliny's time; but it is very far from correct nowadays. Very many books, not a few of which attain an immense circulation, are but the embodiment of evil from beginning to end; others, and by far the greater number, although not absolutely and aggressively bad, contain not a single line that can be read with profit. These last we may designate as worthless books—useless trash.

What are the sure criterions of a bad book?

There is no better authority on this subject than Dr. Robert Collyer. He says: "If when I read a book about God, I find that it has put Him farther from me; or about man, that it has put me farther from him; or about this universe, that it has shaken down upon it a new look of desolation, turning a green field into a wild moor; or about life, that it has made it seem a little less worth living, on all accounts, than it was; or about moral principles, that they are not quite so clear and strong as they were when this author began to talk;—then I know that on any of these five cardinal things in the life of man,—his relations to God, to his fellows, to the world about him, and the world within him, and the great principles on which all things stable centre,—*that,* for me, is a bad book. It may chime in with some lurking appetite in my own nature, and so seem to be as sweet as honey to my taste; but it comes

to bitter, bad results. It may be food for another; I can say nothing to that. He may be a pine while I am a palm. I only know this, that in these great first things, if the book I read shall touch them at all, it shall touch them to my profit or I will not read it. Right and wrong shall grow more clear; life in and about me more divine; I shall come nearer to my fellows, and God nearer to me, or the thing is a poison. Faust, or Calvin, or Carlyle, if any one of these cardinal things is the grain and the grist of the book, and that is what it comes to when I read it, I am being drugged and poisoned; and the sooner I know it the better. I want bread, and meat, and milk, not brandy, or opium, or hasheesh."

And Robert Southey, the poet, expresses nearly the same thing: "Young readers,—you whose hearts are open, whose understandings are not yet hardened, and whose feelings are not yet exhausted nor encrusted with the world,—take from me a better rule than any professors of criticism will teach you! Would you know whether the tendency of a book is good or evil, examine in what state of mind you lay it down. Has it induced you to suspect that what you have been accustomed to think unlawful may after all be innocent, and that may be harmless which you have hitherto been taught to think dangerous? Has it tended to make you dissatisfied and impatient under the control of others, and disposed you to relax in that self-government without which both the laws of God

and man tell us there can be no virtue, and, consequently, no happiness? Has it attempted to abate your admiration and reverence for what is great and good, and to diminish in you the love of your country and your fellow-creatures? Has it addressed itself to your pride, your vanity, your selfishness, or any other of your evil propensities? Has it defiled the imagination with what is loathsome, and shocked the heart with what is monstrous? Has it disturbed the sense of right and wrong which the Creator has implanted in the human soul? If so, if you are conscious of any or all of these effects, or if, having escaped from all, you have felt that such were the effects it was intended to produce, throw the book in the fire, whatever name it may bear in the title-page! Throw it in the fire, young man, though it should have been the gift of a friend; young lady, away with the whole set, though it should be the prominent furniture of a rosewood bookcase."

"It is the case with literature as with life," says Arthur Schopenhauer, the German philosopher. "Wherever we turn we come upon the incorrigible mob of humankind, whose name is Legion, swarming everywhere, damaging everything, as flies in summer. Hence the multiplicity of bad books, those exuberant weeds of literature which choke the true corn. Such books rob the public of time, money, and attention, which ought properly to belong to good literature and noble aims; and they are written with a view merely to

make money or occupation. They are therefore not only useless, but injurious. Nine tenths of our current literature has no other end but to inveigle a thaler or two out of the public pocket, for which purpose author, publisher, and printer are leagued together.... Of bad books we can never read too little; of the good, never too much. The bad are intellectual poison, and undermine the understanding."

From Thomas Carlyle's inaugural address at Edinburgh on the occasion of his installation as rector of the University in 1866, I quote the following potent passage: "I do not know whether it has been sufficiently brought home to you that there are two kinds of books. When a man is reading on any kind of subject, in most departments of books,—in all books, if you take it in a wide sense,—he will find that there is a division into good books and bad books: everywhere a good kind of a book and a bad kind of a book. I am not to assume that you are unacquainted or ill-acquainted with this plain fact; but I may remind you that it is becoming a very important consideration in our day.... There is a number, a frightfully increasing number, of books that are decidedly, to the readers of them, not useful. But an ingenious reader will learn, also, that a certain number of books were written by a supremely noble kind of people; not a very great number of books, but still a number fit to occupy all your reading industry, do adhere more or less to that side of things. In short, as I have written it

down somewhere else, I conceive that books are like men's souls, divided into sheep and goats. Some few are going up, and carrying us up, heavenward; calculated, I mean, to be of priceless advantage in teaching,—in forwarding the teaching of all generations. Others, a frightful multitude, are going down, down; doing ever the more and the wider and the wilder mischief. Keep a strict eye on that latter class of books, my young friends!"

Speaking of those books whose inward character and influence it is hard at first to discern, John Ruskin says: "Avoid especially that class of literature which has a knowing tone; it is the most poisonous of all. Every good book, or piece of book, is full of admiration and awe: it may contain firm assertion or stern satire, but it never sneers coldly, nor asserts haughtily; and it always leads you to reverence or love something with your whole heart. It is not always easy to distinguish the satire of the venomous race of books from the satire of the noble and pure ones; but, in general, you may notice that the cold-blooded, crustacean and batrachian books will sneer at sentiment, and the warm-blooded, human books at sin.... Much of the literature of the present day, though good to be read by persons of ripe age, has a tendency to agitate rather than confirm, and leaves its readers too frequently in a helpless or hopeless indignation, the worst possible state into which the mind of youth can be thrown. It may, indeed, become

necessary for you, as you advance in life, to set your hand to things that need to be altered in the world, or apply your heart chiefly to what must be pitied in it, or condemned; but for a young person the safest temper is one of reverence, and the safest place one of obscurity. Certainly at present, and perhaps through all your life, your teachers are wisest when they make you content in quiet virtue; and that literature and art are best for you which point out, in common life and familiar things, the objects for hopeful labor and for humble love."

There would be fewer bad books in the world if readers were properly informed and warned of their character; and we may believe that the really vicious books would soon cease to exist if their makers and publishers were popularly regarded with the same detestation as other corrupters of the public morals. "He who has published an injurious book," says Robert South, "sins, as it were in his very grave; corrupts others while he is rotting himself."

Addison says much the same thing: "Writers of great talents, who employ their parts in propagating immorality and seasoning vicious sentiments with wit and humor, are to be looked upon as the pests of society and the enemies of mankind. They leave books behind them to scatter infection and destroy their posterity. They act the counterparts of a Confucius or a Socrates, and seem to have been sent

into the world to deprave human nature, and sink it into the condition of brutality."

And William Cobbett is still more severe in his denunciation. In his "Advice to Young Men," he says: "I hope that your taste will keep you aloof from the writings of those detestable villains who employ the powers of their minds in debauching the minds of others, or in endeavors to do it. They present their poison in such captivating forms that it requires great virtue and resolution to withstand their temptations; and they have, perhaps, done a thousand times as much mischief in the world as all the infidels and atheists put together. These men ought to be held in universal abhorrence, and never spoken of but with execration."

But, suppose there is no dissenting opinion concerning the harmfulness of bad or worthless books, what means do we employ to detect and shun them? How many persons, after all, take any serious thought as to the probable influence upon themselves of any books which they buy? What, indeed, are the criterions which determine our selection of reading matter? In none other of the serious affairs of life is there so much indifference, even among otherwise sensible and judicious people.

Too often not the quality of a book but the manner in which it is presented to one's notice determines its choice. Skilful advertising and unlimited puffing have given popularity to many a worthless volume. A book

may have a phenomenal sale—may reach its fifth hundred thousand—and still be nothing but trash. Popularity is no proof of merit.

"It is of paramount importance," says a well-known German philosopher, "to acquire the art *not* to read; in other words of not reading such books as occupy the public mind, or even those which make a noise in the world and reach several editions in their first and last year of existence. We should recollect that he who writes for fools finds an immense audience."

Multitudes of people buy books because others are said to buy them. It is necessary only for the publisher of a flimsy novel to announce that ten thousand copies of that work were sold before publication, and twenty thousand people are at once possessed with an insatiable desire to purchase it. It matters not to them what the quality of the book may be—that is the last consideration. They care only to know that myriads of other people of the same mental calibre as themselves are buying it.

Very shrewd was that advertisement which announced that two hundred miles of paper were used in printing the first edition of Mr. Vestibule Abel's latest novel. The book needed no further recommendation—admitted of none. Hosts of book buyers, of that judicious class to which I have alluded, resolved forthwith to possess themselves of as much

of that paper as is contained in one volume of the novel.

Even the size of type which is employed in advertising a book, has great influence in determining the choice of certain buyers. A work of very inferior merit, if heralded as "the book of the year" with its title printed in capitals two inches high, will be chosen in preference to a much better work that is announced with becoming modesty and truthfulness. Even people of intelligence and good taste sometimes suffer themselves to be deceived by delusive advertisements and misleading reviews. It is gratifying to know, however, that books thus foisted upon the public have but short lives and are soon forgotten. The true lover of books will not be deceived; he will choose for himself not the latest "craze" but that which is of known worth and of permanent literary value. He will choose with discrimination, as he would choose a friend; and among the great multitude of really worthy and important books, surely he will find enough—whether for instruction or for pleasure—to occupy all his leisure and to fill the shelves of his library however ample they may be.

But, you ask, how are we, even after discarding all useless books, to select always those which are of the highest value to us?

There are perhaps a score of books which should be read and studied by every one who claims the title of reader; but, aside from these, each person should

determine, through a process of rigid self-examination, what course of reading and what books are likely to produce the most profitable results to him. Find out, if possible, what is your special bent of mind. What line of inquiry or investigation is the most congenial to your taste or mental capacity? Having determined this question, let your reading all centre around that topic of study which you have made your own,—whether it be literature, science, history, music, art, or any of the innumerable subdivisions of these subjects. In other words, choose a specialty, and follow it with an eye single to it alone.

The habit of desultory reading—reading simply to be entertained—is a habit not to be indulged in too frequently or to excess. To the toil-worn and those overburdened with care it often affords the best means of relaxation; but book lovers and scholars find their truest pleasure in reading systematically and with some definite aim.

Says Frederic Harrison: "Every book that we take up without a purpose is an opportunity lost of taking up a book with a purpose; every bit of stray information which we cram into our heads without any sense of its importance is for the most part a bit of the most useful information driven out of our heads and choked off from our minds.... We know that books differ in value as much as diamonds differ from the sand on the seashore, as much as our living friend differs from a dead rat. We know that much in the

myriad-peopled world of books—very much in all kinds—is trivial, enervating, inane, even noxious. And thus, where we have infinite opportunities of wasting our effort to no end, of fatiguing our minds without enriching them, of clogging the spirit without satisfying it, there, I cannot but think, the very infinity of opportunities is robbing us of the actual power of using them. … To know anything that turns up is, in the infinity of knowledge, to know nothing. To read the first book we come across, in the wilderness of books, is to learn nothing. To turn over the pages of ten thousand volumes is to be practically indifferent to all that is good."

And John Ruskin offers the following pertinent advice to beginners: "It is of the greatest importance to you, not only for art's sake, but for all kinds of sake, in these days of book deluge, to keep out of the salt swamps of literature, and live on a little rocky island of your own, with a spring and a lake in it, pure and good. I cannot, of course, suggest the choice of your library to you, for every several mind needs different books; but there are some books which we all need, and assuredly, if you read Homer, Plato, Æschylus, Herodotus, Dante, Shakespeare, and Spenser as much as you ought, you will not require wide enlargement of your shelves to right and left of them for purposes of perpetual study. Among modern books, avoid generally magazine and review literature. Sometimes it may contain a useful abridgment or a wholesome

piece of criticism; but the chances are ten to one it will either waste your time or mislead you. If you want to understand any subject whatever, read the best book upon it you can hear of; not a review of the book. … A common book will often give you much amusement, but it is only a noble book which will give you dear friends."

If any of us could recall the time which we have spent in desultory and profitless reading, and devote it now faithfully to the prosecution of that special line of study which ought, long ago, to have been chosen, how largely we might add to our fund of useful knowledge, and how grandly we might increase our intellectual stature! "If I could recover the hours idly given to the newspaper, not for my own gratification, but solely for my neighbor at the breakfast table," says a contemporary critic, "I could compass a solid course of English and American history, get at the antecedents of political parties in the two countries, and give the reasons for the existence of Gladstone and Parnell, of Blaine and Edmunds, in modern politics—and there is undoubtedly a reason for them all. Two columns a day in the newspapers—which I could easily have spared, for they were given mainly to murder trials and the search for corpses, or to the romance of the reporter concerning the same—have during the last ten years absorbed just about the time I might have spent in reading a very respectable course in history,—one embracing, say, Curtius and

Grote for Greece, Mommsen, Merivale, and Gibbon for Rome, Macaulay and Green for my roots in Saxondom, Bancroft, Hildreth, and Palfrey for the ancestral tree in America, together with a very notable excursion into Spain and Holland with Motley and Prescott,—a course which I consider very desirable, and one which should set up a man of middle age very fairly in historical knowledge. I am sure I could have saved this amount out of any ten years of my newspaper reading alone, without cutting off any portion of that really valuable contribution for which the daily paper is to be honored, and which would be needed to make me an intelligent man in the history of my own times."

It is not necessary that, in selecting a library or in choosing what you will read, you should have many books at your disposal. A few books, well chosen and carefully read, will be of infinitely more value to you than any miscellaneous and misused collection, however large. It is possible for "the man of one book" to be better equipped in knowledge and literary attainments than he whose shelves are loaded with all the fashionable literature of the day. If your means will not permit you the luxury of a library, buy one book, or a few books, chosen with special reference to the line of reading which you have determined upon. Let no alluring advertisement, plentifully besprinkled with superlatives, entice you into the spending of money for that which profiteth not. Turn a deaf ear to

the honeyed words of the book agent who would persuade you that tinsel is better than gold. Know for yourself what will meet your wants best, and choose that only. You cannot afford to waste time on mere catchpenny or machine publications, whose only recommendation is that they are harmless and that they sell well. That man is to be envied who can say, "I have a library of fifty or of a hundred volumes, all relating to my chosen line of thought, and not a single inferior or worthless book among them."

To make a beginning, I beg to propose a short list of famous books,—"books fashioned by the intellect of godlike men,"—books which every person who aspires to the rank of thinker should regard as his inheritance from the master minds of the ages. If you know these books—or any of them—you know something of that which is best in the great world of letters. "Hard reading," do you say? Perhaps they may seem so at first, but if you desire wisdom, you cannot afford to live in ignorance of them. Of wisdom, fiction, poetry, what better collection could you choose?

Plato's Dialogues (Jowett's translation).
Herodotus (Rawlinson's translation).
Demosthenes's Orations on the Crown.
Bacon's Essays.
Macaulay's Essays.
Carlyle's Heroes and Hero Worship.
Emerson's Essays.

Charles Lamb's Essays of Elia.
Sir Walter Scott's Ivanhoe.
Dickens's David Copperfield.
Thackeray's Vanity Fair.
Blackmore's Lorna Doone.
George Eliot's Romola.
Nathaniel Hawthorne's Marble Faun.
Washington Irving's Sketch Book.
Victor Hugo's Les Miserables.
Cervantes's Don Quixote de la Mancha.
Homer's Iliad (Lang, Leaf, and Myers's translation).
Homer's Odyssey (Butcher and Lang's translation).
Æschylus (Plumptre's translation).
Dante's Divina Commedia (Longfellow's translation).
Milton's Paradise Lost.
Shakespeare's Works.
Tennyson's Poems.
Longfellow's Poetical Works.
Goethe's Faust (Bayard Taylor's translation).

I have named but twenty-five authors; but each of these, in his own line of thought and endeavor, stands among the first in the long procession of immortals. When you have the opportunity to make the acquaintance of such as these, will you waste your time with writers whom you would be ashamed to number among your personal friends? "Will you go and gossip with your housemaid or your stable boy, when you may talk with kings and queens, while this

eternal court is open to you, with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen, the mighty, of every place and time? Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be outcast but by your own fault; by your aristocracy of companionship there, your inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the motives with which you strive to take high place in the society of the living, measured, as to all the truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in this company of the dead.

"The place you desire—and the place you *fit yourself for*, I must also say. Because, observe, this court of the past differs from all living aristocracy in this:—it is open to labor and merit, but to nothing else. No wealth will bribe, no name overawe, no artifice deceive the guardian of those Elysian gates. In the deep sense, no vile or vulgar person ever enters there.... Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it. But on other terms?—no."

On the Value and Use of Libraries

All round the room my silent servants wait,—
My friends in every season, bright and dim
Angels and seraphim
Come down and murmur to me, sweet and low,
And spirits of the skies all come and go
Early and late;
From the old world's divine and distant date,
From the sublimer few,
Down to the poet who but yester-eve
Sang sweet and made us grieve,
All come, assembling here in order due.
And here I dwell with Poesy, my mate,
With Erato and all her vernal sighs,
Great Clio with her victories elate,
Or pale Urania's deep and starry eyes.

Bryan Waller Procter

A library is the scholar's workshop; it is the teacher's assistant; it is the professional man's chief outfit. To the true book lover it is much more: it is a paradise of delights wherein are contained those things that inform the mind, stimulate the understanding, cultivate the heart, and uplift the soul. Any good collection of books may give you pleasure—may contain the means whereby you can add to your knowledge. But you can never know the true value of such a collection, you can never

experience the wealth of happiness which books can give, until you possess a library that is all your own. A very few volumes will do, if they are of the right kind—and if they are yours. A borrowed book is but a cheap pleasure, an unappreciated and unsatisfactory tool. To know the true value of books, and to derive any satisfactory benefit from them, you must first feel the sweet delight of buying them,—you must know the preciousness of possession.

You plead poverty,—the insufficiency of your income? But do you not spend for other things, entirely unnecessary, much more every year than the cost of a few books? The immediate outlay need not be large, the returns which you will realize will be great in proportion to your good judgment and earnestness. Not only will the possession of a good library add to your means of enjoyment and increase your capacity for doing good, it may, if you are worldly-minded,—and who is not?—put you in the way of occupying a more desirable position and earning a more satisfactory reward for your labors.

There are two kinds of books that you will need in your library: first, those which represent the highest and best achievements of the master minds of the ages; second, those which are valuable only for the information contained in them or for their connection with that department of the world's work which is your own. The former will be your friends, your companions, your counsellors; the latter you

may regard as the tools of your craft, to be used as occasion demands. The former we may designate as books of power; the latter as books of the workshop.

Far be it from me to dictate to you what books you shall choose. If you are wise, you may, in a library of fifty or even thirty well-chosen volumes, possess infinite riches and means for a lifetime of enjoyment; while, on the other hand, if you are injudicious, you may expend thousands of dollars for a collection of the odds and ends of literature, which will be only an incumbrance and a hindrance to you.

"I would urge upon every young man, as the beginning of his due and wise provision for his household," says John Ruskin, "to obtain as soon as he can, by the severest economy, a restricted, serviceable, and steadily—however slowly—increasing series of books for use through life; making his little library, of all the furniture in his room, the most studied and decorative piece; every volume having its assigned place, like a little statue in its niche, and one of the earliest and strictest lessons to the children of the house being how to turn the pages of their own literary possessions lightly and deliberately, with no chance of tearing or dog's-ears."

And Henry Ward Beecher emphasizes the same idea, remarking that, among the early ambitions to be excited in clerks, workmen, journeymen, and indeed among all that are struggling up in life from nothing to something, the most important is that of forming and

continually adding to a library of good books. "A little library, growing larger every year, is an honorable part of a man's history. It is a man's duty to have books. A library is not a luxury, but one of the necessaries of life."

"How much do you think we spend altogether on our libraries, public or private, as compared with what we spend on our horses?" asks another enthusiastic lover of books, already quoted. "If a man spends lavishly on his library, you call him mad,—a bibliomaniac. But you never call any one a horse-maniac, though men ruin themselves every day by their horses, and you do not hear of people ruining themselves by their books.... We talk of food for the mind, as of food for the body: now, a good book contains such food inexhaustibly; it is a provision for life, and for the best of us; yet how long most people would look at the best book before they would give the price of a large turbot for it! Though there have been men who have pinched their stomachs and bared their backs to buy a book, whose libraries were cheaper to them, I think, in the end than most men's dinners are. We are few of us put to such trial, and more the pity: for, indeed, a precious thing is all the more precious to us if it has been won by work or economy; and if public libraries were half as costly as public dinners, or books cost the tenth part of what bracelets do, even foolish men and women might sometimes suspect there was good in reading, as well

as in munching and sparkling; whereas the very cheapness of literature is making even wise people forget that if a book is worth reading, it is worth buying."

"The truest owner of a library," says the author of "Hesperides," "is he who has bought each book for the love he bears to it,—who is happy and content to say, 'Here are my jewels, my choicest material possessions!'—who is proud to crown such assertion thus: 'I am content that this library shall represent the use of the talents given me by Heaven!' That man's library, though not commensurate with his love for books, will demonstrate what he has been able to accomplish with his resources; it will denote economy of living, eagerness to possess the particles that compose his library, and quick watchfulness to seize them when means and opportunities serve. Such a man has built a temple, of which each brick has been the subject of curious and acute intelligent examination and appreciation before it has been placed in the sacred building."

"Every man should have a library!" exclaims William Axon. "The works of the grandest masters of literature may now be procured at prices that place them within the reach almost of the very poorest, and we may all put Parnassian singing-birds into our chambers to cheer us with the sweetness of their songs. And when we have got our little library we may look proudly at Shakespeare and Bacon and Bunyan,

as they stand in our bookcase with other noble spirits of whom the world knows nothing, but whose worth we have often tested. These may cheer and enlighten us, may inspire us with higher aims and aspirations, may make us, if we use them rightly, wiser and better men."

Good old George Dyer, the friend of the poet Southey, as learned as he was benevolent, was wont to say: "Libraries are the wardrobes of literature, whence men, properly informed, may bring forth something for ornament, much for curiosity, and more for use." "Any library is an attraction," says the venerable A. Bronson Alcott; and Victor Hugo writes:—

"A library implies an act of faith,
Which generations still in darkness hid
Sign in their night in witness of the dawn."

John Bright, the great English statesman and reformer, in a speech at the opening of the Birmingham Free Library, remarked: "You may have in a house costly pictures and costly ornaments, and a great variety of decoration; yet, so far as my judgment goes, I would prefer to have one comfortable room well stocked with books to all you can give me in the way of decoration which the highest art can supply. The only subject of lamentation is—one feels that always, I think, in the presence of a library—that life is too short, and I am afraid I must say also that our industry is so far deficient that we seem to have no hope of a full enjoyment of the ample repast that is

spread before us. In the houses of the humble a little library, in my opinion, is a most precious possession."

Jean Paul Richter, it is said, was always melancholy in a large library, because it reminded him of his ignorance.

"A library may be regarded as the solemn chamber in which a man can take counsel of all that have been wise and great and good and glorious amongst the men that have gone before him," said George Dawson, also at Birmingham. "If we come down for a moment and look at the bare and immediate utilities of a library, we find that here a man gets himself ready for his calling, arms himself for his profession, finds out the facts that are to determine his trade, prepares himself for his examination. The utilities of it are endless and priceless. It is, too, a place of pastime; for man has no amusement more innocent, more sweet, more gracious, more elevating, and more fortifying than he can find in a library. If he be fond of books, his fondness will discipline him as well as amuse him.... A library is the strengthener of all that is great in life, and the repeller of what is petty and mean; and half the gossip of society would perish if the books that are truly worth reading were read....When we look through the houses of a large part of the middle classes of this country, we find there everything but what there ought most to be. There are no books in them worth talking of. If a question arises of geography, they have no atlases. If the question be when a great

man was born, they cannot help you. They can give you a gorgeous bed, with four posts, marvellous adornments, luxurious hangings, and lacquered shams all round; they can give you dinners ad nauseam, and wine that one can, or cannot, honestly praise. But useful books are almost the last things that are to be found there; and when the mind is empty of those things that books can alone fill it with, then the seven devils of pettiness, frivolity, fashionableness, gentility, scandal, small slander, and the chronicling of small beer come in and take possession. Half this nonsense would be dropped if men would only understand the elevating influences of their communing constantly with the lofty thoughts and high resolves of men of old times."

The author of "Dreamthorp," filled with love and enthusiasm, discourses thus: "I go into my library, and all history unrolls before me. I breathe the morning air of the world while the scent of Eden's roses yet lingers in it, while it vibrates only to the world's first brood of nightingales and to the laugh of Eve. I see the pyramids building; I hear the shoutings of the armies of Alexander; I feel the ground shake beneath the march of Cambyses. I sit as in a theatre,—the stage is time; the play is the play of the world. What a spectacle it is! What kingly pomp, what processions file past, what cities burn to heaven, what crowds of captives are dragged at the chariot wheels of conquerors! I hiss, or cry 'Bravo,' when the great

actors come on, shaking the stage. I am a Roman emperor when I look at a Roman coin. I lift Homer, and I shout with Achilles in the trenches. The silence of the unpeopled Assyrian plains, the out-comings and in-goings of the patriarchs,—Abraham and Ishmael, Isaac in the fields at eventide, Rebekah at the well, Jacob's guile, Esau's face reddened by desert sun-heat, Joseph's splendid funeral procession,—all these things I find within the boards of my Old Testament. What a silence in those old books as of a half-peopled world,—what bleating of flocks, what green pastoral rest, what indubitable human existence! Across brawling centuries of blood and war, I hear the bleating of Abraham's flocks, the tinkling of the bells of Rebekah's camels. O men and women, so far separated yet so near, so strange yet so well-known, by what miraculous power do I know you all? Books are the true Elysian fields, where the spirits of the dead converse; and into these fields a mortal may venture unappalled. What king's court can boast such company? What school of philosophy, such wisdom? The wit of the ancient world is glancing and flashing there. There is Pan's pipe, there are the songs of Apollo. Seated in my library at night, and looking on the silent faces of my books, I am occasionally visited by a strange sense of the supernatural. They are not collections of printed pages, they are ghosts. I take one down, and it speaks with me in a tongue not now heard on earth, and of men and things of which it

alone possesses knowledge. I call myself a solitary, but sometimes I think I misapply the term. No man sees more company than I do. I travel with mightier cohorts around me than did ever Timour or Genghis Khan on their fiery marches. I am a sovereign in my library; but it is the dead, not the living, that attend my levees."

And here is a singularly beautiful passage which I commend to you from Gilbert de la Porrée, who was archbishop of Poitiers away back in the twelfth century.

"I sit here with no company but books, dipping into dainty honeycombs of literature. All minds in the world's history find their focus in a library. This is the pinnacle of the temple from which we may see all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them. I keep Egypt and the Holy Land in the closet next the window. On the side of them is Athens and the Empire of Rome. Never was such an army mustered as I have here. No general ever had such soldiers as I have. No kingdom ever had half such illustrious subjects as mine, or half as well governed. I can put my haughtiest subjects up or down, as it pleases me.

"I call 'Plato,' and he answers 'Here'—a noble and sturdy soldier. 'Aristotle,' 'Here'—a host in himself. 'Demosthenes,' 'Cicero,' 'Caesar,' 'Tacitus,' 'Pliny'—'Here!' they answer, and they smile at me in their immortality of youth. Modest all, they never speak

unless spoken to. Bountiful all, they never refuse to answer. And they are all at peace together.

"My architects are building night and day without sound of hammer; my painters designing, my poets singing, my philosophers discoursing, my historians and theologians weaving their tapestries, my generals marching about without noise or blood. I hold all Egypt in fee simple. I build not a city, but empires at a word. I can say as much of all the Orient as he who was sent to grass did of Babylon.

"All the world is around me, all that ever stirred human hearts or fired the imagination is harmlessly here. My library shelves are the avenues of time. Ages have wrought, generations grown, and all their blossoms are cast down here. It is the garden of immortal fruits, without dog or dragon."

Ways of Guiding Reading

"The telling of stories refreshes the mind as a bath refreshes the body; it gives exercise to the intellect and its powers; it tests the judgment and the feelings."—Froebel.

"There is no academy on earth equal to a mother's reading to her child."—Scudder.

Companionship of parents and children, and mutual enjoyment of books are then the foundation of successful guiding of children's home reading. This exchange of sympathies may be brought about by very simple methods, if they are utilized by parents after a joyous not didactic fashion.

As soon as a little child can understand simple spoken language he should be told stories regularly. He is not yet ready to be read aloud to, as it is difficult for him to concentrate attention on spoken words only. He craves the closer sympathy aroused by watching the story-teller's face; for the play of emotions on the face, and the cadences of the voice as it fits itself to the narrative, heighten a child's pleasure and help to keep his absorbed attention.

At story-telling time a child's mind is open to the deepest impressions. His emotions may be swayed towards good or bad. His imagination is active, making a succession of mental pictures. Through storytelling he may be taught the difference between right and wrong, and his mind may be stocked with

beautiful mental images, and as soon as he can read he may be given the books that contain the stories told, and be encouraged to read for himself

The delights of story-telling, its power to stimulate the imagination of the story-teller as well as the interest of the listeners, are set forth in this charming picture of mother and son given us by Goethe's mother. "Air, fire, earth, and water I presented under the forms of princesses; and to all natural phenomena I gave a meaning, in which I almost believed more fervently than my little hearers. As we thought of paths which led from star to star, and that we should one day inhabit the stars, and thought of the great spirits we should meet there, I was as eager for the hours of story-telling as the children themselves; I was quite curious about the future course of my own improvisation, and any invitation which interrupted these evenings was disagreeable. There I sat and there Wolfgang held me with his large black eyes; and when the fate of one of his favorites was not according to his fancy, I saw the angry veins swell on his temples; I saw him repress his tears. He often burst in with, 'But, mother, the princess won't marry the nasty tailor, even if he does kill the giant!' And when I made a pause for the night, promising to continue it on the morrow, I was certain that he would in the meanwhile think it out for himself, and so he often stimulated my imagination."

Thus Goethe's mother learned her storytelling methods from her children, and, unreining her imagination, carried her children with her into wonder-realms. She helped the evolution of her son's rich intellect, and by so doing enlarged her own nature. In this way any mother may learn of her children, but she will do well to supplement this natural training by studying the methods of professional story-tellers. Miss Bryant, in summing up the essentials of good story-telling, says that it "includes sympathy, grasp, spontaneity; one must appreciate the story, and know it; and then, using the realizing imagination as a vivifying force, and dominated by the mood of the story, one must tell it with all one's might,—simply, vitally, joyously."

A broad education may be given older children by supplementing the story-hour with systematic reading aloud. As a child grows older a regular hour should be set aside daily for reading aloud to him. This should not interfere with playtime in the open air. A bedtime hour for reading, or an evening reading in the family sitting-room, is conducive to a delightful companionship of parents, children, and books. The literature thus read should be, as far as possible, of a vital kind that the children are not likely at first to enjoy by themselves. Such an introduction to fine books, with possibly a second reading of favorites, will make them forever a part of the literary equipment of the children.

One grandmother of to-day, the centre and life of her large household, has, by dint of systematic reading aloud, and careful selection of books, developed the literary taste of six children of her own, and two nephews, and is now pursuing the same course with three grandchildren. The oldest grandchild is nine years old, and her general knowledge of history and literature would be remarkable in a girl of twelve. The child's unfatigued mind and plastic memory has unconsciously gathered from the reading many facts and ideas, which have become, as it were, a part of her being, and she readily absorbs this knowledge because it appeals to her through her imagination. Two hours a day the grandmother sets aside for reading aloud to the children. One directly after luncheon, and the other at bedtime. The children sew, embroider, or do other work, while being read to, and they look forward to their hour. The programme covers a wide range of reading, including books for little folk, and biography, travel, history, poetry, and the classics for the older ones, and once a month "St. Nicholas." Each evening reading-hour is begun by a chapter from the Bible or "Pilgrim's Progress," which are thus evening by evening read through with judicious skipping. A large share of this grandmother's success lies in her own enjoyment of what she reads; in her keen and youthful relish for a good story, and in her low but expressive voice, which modulates itself to the interest of the narrative. She unconsciously exemplifies the ancient

admonition to "carry your voice softly and low, as it were in the chariot of another man's words."

Wagner tells us that when he was six years old his father placed him with a clergyman, to be brought up with other boys of his own class. The vicar, Herr Wetzel, read aloud and told stories in the evenings. He "used to tell us," writes Wagner, "the story of Robinson Crusoe, and discuss it with us in a highly instructive manner. I was, moreover much impressed by a biography of Mozart, which was read aloud; and the newspaper accounts and monthly reports of the events of the Greek War for Independence stirred my imagination deeply. My love for Greece, which afterwards made me turn with enthusiasm to the mythology and history of ancient Hellas, was thus the natural outcome of the intense and painful interest I took, in the events of this period." And later, when leaving his home in Eisleben, Wagner writes: "I soon made myself at home with a soap-boiler's family, to whom the house belonged, and became popular with them on account of the stories I told."

The selection of stories to tell or read aloud is a question of importance, and to choose the best from the great mass of available literature is a long and difficult task. . .

A systematic programme, not too ironclad, may be arranged, or the story-teller and reader may follow the children's requests. One book often suggests another, or the children become interested in special subjects.

It may be necessary to lead up to the strong books by reading aloud first from good but more ephemeral stories; for instance, the reading of Howard Pyle's "Robin Hood" may create a desire to hear Robin Hood ballads, and possibly "Ivanhoe" may be enjoyed. In the same way Bennett's "Master Skylark" may lead to Tappan's "In the Days of Queen Elizabeth," Rolfe's "Shakespeare, the Boy," and later to Yonge's "Unknown to History," "Kenilworth," and "Westward Ho!" or even to the reading of Shakespeare's plays, either in original form, or in the renditions of Lamb and Hoffman.

The building-up of the home library is an essential aid in the development of literary taste, and only books worth reading twice should be bought for it. Almost every child has at one time or another the collecting mania. This may be turned to good account if he is encouraged to expend his collecting effort on books. If expensive editions are out of the question there are many comparatively cheap ones which are a pleasure and an education to own. A neat book-case, and a book-plate with his name on it increase a child's joy of ownership. The book-plate may be obtained of an art-stationer, or, for a small sum, it may be made by any printer. In the latter case the plate may be about two inches square, made of cream-white, flexible paper. A simple decorative border may be used, and the child's name—*Mary Phillips, her book,* or *Edwin*

Hunt, his book, as the case may be—printed in two lines in the centre.

Children like to keep lists of the books they read, or to copy short poems and wise sayings. An attractive little blank book, with a gay cover, and with, if possible, the child's name printed on it, will prove an incentive to good reading. Lincoln as a boy kept such a record on boards when he had no paper. "We have heard of writers and scholars," writes his biographer, Brooks, "who make a commonplace book in which may be recorded things noteworthy and memorable. Abraham Lincoln, at the age of ten, kept such a book. It was first written on wooden 'shakes,' with charcoal. Transferred to paper with pen and ink, and repeated often, the noble thoughts and melodious lines of famous men had already become a part of the education of the President that was to be."

Thus with a good and varied library to choose from, and a regular book-hour for story-telling or reading aloud, parents may not only accomplish wonders in the education of their children, but they may bring about a mutual enjoyment that will as time goes on result in a deep, tender, and abiding friendship between themselves and their boys and girls, and in after years those children will look back with grateful memories to the social hour which gave them not only their love of books, but brought them nearer to their home.

How to Read

And as for me, though I con but lite,
On books for to rede I me delite,
And to hem yeve I faith and credence,
And in my herte have hem in reverence
So hertely, that there is game none,
That from my books maketh me to gone,
But it be seldome on the holy daie,
Save certainly, whan that the month of May
Is comen, and that I heare the foules sing,
And that the floures ginnan for to spring,
Farewell my booke, and my devotion.

Geoffrey Chaucer

Having chosen some of the books that are to be our friends and counsellors, the next question to be considered is, How shall we use them? Shall we read them through as hastily as possible, believing that the more we read, the more learned we are? Or shall we not derive more profit by reading slowly, and by making the subject-matter of each book *thoroughly our own*?

I do not believe that any general rule can be given with reference to this matter. Some readers will take in a page at a glance, and will more thoroughly master a book in a week than others could possibly master it in six months. It required Frederick W. Robertson half a year to read a small manual of chemistry, and

thoroughly to digest its contents. Miss Martineau and Auguste Comte were remarkably slow readers; but then, that which they read "lay fructifying, and came out a living tree with leaves and fruit." Yet it does not follow that the same rule should apply to readers of every grade of genius.

It is generally better to read by subjects, to learn what different writers have thought and said concerning that matter of which you are making a special study. Not all books are to be read through.

"A person who was a very great reader and hard thinker," says Bishop Thirlwall, "once told me that he never took up a book except with the view of making himself master of some subject which he was studying, and that while he was so engaged he made all his reading converge to that point. In this way he might read parts of many books, but not a single one from 'end to end.' This I take to be an excellent method of study, but one which implies the command of many books as well as of much leisure."

Seneca, the old Roman teacher, says: "Definite reading is profitable; miscellaneous reading is pleasant.... The reading of many authors and of all kinds of works has in it something vague and unstable."

Says Quintilian: "Every good writer is to be read, and diligently; and when the volume is finished, it is to be gone through again from the beginning."

Martin Luther, in his "Table Talk," says: "All who would study with advantage in any art whatsoever ought to betake themselves to the reading of some sure and certain books oftentimes over; for to read many books produceth confusion rather than learning, like as those who dwell everywhere are not anywhere at home."

"Reading," says Locke the philosopher, "furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge; it is thinking that makes what is read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections; unless we chew them over again, they will not give us strength and nourishment."

"Much reading," says Dr. Robert South, "is like much eating,—wholly useless without digestion."

"Desultory reading," writes Julius C. Hare, "is indeed very mischievous, by fostering habits of loose, discontinuous thought, by turning the memory into a common sewer for rubbish of all thoughts to flow through, and by relaxing the power of attention, which of all our faculties most needs care, and is most improved by it. But a well-regulated course of study will no more weaken the mind than hard exercise will weaken the body; nor will a strong understanding be weighed down by its knowledge, any more than oak is by its leaves or than Samson was by his locks. He whose sinews are drained by his hair must already be a weakling."

Says Thomas Carlyle: "Learn to be good readers,—which is perhaps a more difficult thing than you imagine. Learn to be discriminative in your reading; to read faithfully, and with your best attention, all kinds of things which you have a real interest in,—a real, not an imaginary,—and which you find to be really fit for what you are engaged in. The most unhappy of all men is the man who cannot tell what he is going to do, who has got no work cut out for him in the world, and does not go into it. For work is the grand cure of all the maladies and miseries that ever beset mankind,—honest work, which you intend getting done."

Says Ralph Waldo Emerson: "The best rule of reading will be a method from nature, and not a mechanical one of hours and pages. It holds each student to a pursuit of his native aim, instead of a desultory miscellany. Let him read what is proper to him, and not waste his memory on a crowd of mediocrities. … The three practical rules which I have to offer are:

1. Never read any book that is not a year old.
2. Never read any but famed books.
3. Never read any but what you like; or, in Shakspeare's phrase,—

'No profit goes where is no pleasure ta'en:
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.'"

"Let us read good works often over," says another writer. "Some skip from volume to volume, touching

on all points, resting on none. We hold, on the contrary, that if a book be worth reading once, it is worth reading twice, and that if it stands a second reading, it may stand a third. This, indeed, is one great test of the excellence of books. Many books require to be read more than once, in order to be seen in their proper colors and latent glories, and dim-discovered truths will by-and-by disclose themselves. … Again, let us read thoughtfully; this is a great secret in the right use of books. Not lazily, to mumble, like the dogs in the siege of Corinth, as dead bones, the words of the author,—not slavishly to assent to his every word, and cry Amen to his every conclusion,—not to read him as an officer his general's orders, but to read him with suspicion, with inquiry, with a free exercise of your own faculties, with the admiration of intelligence, and not with the wonder of ignorance,—that is the proper and profitable way of reading the great authors of your native tongue."

Says Sir Arthur Helps: "There is another view of reading which, though it is obvious enough, is seldom taken, I imagine, or at least acted upon; and that is, that in the course of our reading we should lay up in our minds a store of goodly thoughts in well-wrought words, which should be a living treasure of knowledge always with us, and from which, at various times and amidst all the shifting of circumstances, we might be sure of drawing some comfort, guidance, and sympathy. … In any work that is worth carefully

reading, there is generally something that is worth remembering accurately. A man whose mind is enriched with the best sayings of his own country is a more independent man, walks the streets in a town or the lanes in the country with far more delight than he otherwise would have, and is taught by wise observers of man and nature to examine for himself. Sancho Panza, with his proverbs, is a great deal better than he would have been without them; and I contend that a man has something in himself to meet troubles and difficulties, small or great, who has stored in his mind some of the best things which have been said about troubles and difficulties."

And John Ruskin: "No book is worth anything which is not worth *much*; nor is it serviceable until it has been read, and re-read, and loved, and loved again; and marked, so that you can refer to the passages you want in it, as a soldier can seize the weapons he needs in an armory, or a housewife bring the spice she needs from her store."

"I am not at all afraid," says Matthew Browne, "of urging overmuch the propriety of frequent, very frequent, reading of the same book. The book remains the same, but the reader changes; and the value of reading lies in the collision of minds. It may be taken for granted that no conceivable amount of reading could ever put me into the position with respect to his book—I mean as to intelligence only—in which the author strove to place me. I may read him a hundred

times, and not catch the precise right point of view; and may read him a hundred and one times, and approach it the hundred and first. The driest and hardest book that ever was, contains an interest over and above what can be picked out of it, and laid, so to speak, on the table. It is interesting as my friend is interesting; it is a problem which invites me to closer knowledge, and *that* usually means better liking. He must be a poor friend that we only care to see once or twice, and then forget."

"The great secret of reading consists in this," says an American critic, "that it does not matter so much what we read, or how we read it, as what we think and how we think it. Reading is only the fuel; and, the mind once on fire, any and all material will feed the flame, provided only it have any combustible matter in it. And we cannot tell from what quarter the next material will come. The thought we need, the facts we are in search of, may make their appearance in the corner of the newspaper, or in some forgotten volume long ago consigned to dust and oblivion.... The mind that is not awake and alive will find a library a barren wilderness. Now, gather up the scraps and fragments of thought on whatever subject you may be studying,—for of course by a notebook I do not mean a mere receptacle for odds and ends, a literary dust bin,—but acquire the habit of gathering everything whenever and wherever you find it, that belongs in your line or lines of study, and you will be surprised to

see how such fragments will arrange themselves into an orderly whole by the very organizing power of your own thinking, acting in a definite direction. This is a true process of self-education; but you see it is no mechanical process of mere aggregation. It requires activity of thought; but without that, what is any reading but mere passive amusement? And it requires method. I have myself a sort of literary bookkeeping. I post my literary accounts, bringing together in proper groups the fruits of much casual reading."

Edward Gibbon the historian tells us that a taste for books was the pleasure and glory of his life. "Let us read with method," he says, "and propose to ourselves an end to which our studies may point. The use of reading is to aid us in thinking."

Among practical suggestions to those who would read for profit, I have found nothing more pertinent than the following from the posthumous papers of Bryan Waller Procter: "Always read the preface to a book. It places you on vantage ground, and enables you to survey more completely the book itself. You frequently also discover the character of the author from the preface. You see his aims, perhaps his prejudices. You see the point of view from which he takes his pictures, the rocks and impediments which he himself beholds, and you steer accordingly.... Understand every word you read; if possible, every allusion of the author,—if practicable, while you are reading; if not, make search and inquiry

as soon as may be afterward. Have a dictionary near you when you read; and when you read a book of travels, always read with a map of the country at hand. Without a map the information is vague and transitory. … After having read as much as your mind will easily retain, sum up what you have read,—endeavor to place in view the portion or subject that has formed your morning's study;, and then reckon up (as you would reckon up a sum) the facts or items of knowledge that you have gained. It generally happens that the amount of three or four hours' reading may be reduced to and concentrated in half a dozen propositions. These are your gains,—these are the facts or opinions that you have acquired. You may investigate the truth of them hereafter. Although I think that one's general reading should extend over many subjects, yet for serious *study* we should confine ourselves to some branch of literature or science. Otherwise the mind becomes confused and enfeebled, and the thoughts, dissipated on many things, will settle profitably on none. A man whose duration of life is limited, and whose powers are limited also, should not aim at all things, but should content himself with a few. By such means he may master one, and become tolerably familiar perhaps with two or three arts or sciences. He may indeed even make valuable contributions to them. Without this economy of labor, he cannot produce any complete work, nor can he exhaust any subject."

Every person is familiar with Lord Bacon's classification of books,—some "to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention." Coleridge's classification of the various kinds of readers is perhaps not quite so well known. He said that some readers are like jelly-bags,—they let pass away all that is pure and good, and retain only what is impure and refuse. Another class he typified by a sponge; these are they whose minds suck all up, and give it back again, only a little dirtier. Others, again, he likened to an hourglass, and their reading to the sand which runs in and out, and leaves no trace behind. And still others he compared to the slave in the Golconda mines, who retains the gold and the gems, and casts aside the dust and the dross.

Charles C. Colton, the author of "Lacon," says there are three kinds of readers: first, those who read to think,—and they are rare; second, those who read to write,—and they are common; third, those who read to talk,—and they form the great majority. And Goethe, the greatest name in German literature, makes still a different classification: some readers, he tells us, enjoy without judgment; others judge without enjoyment; and some there are who judge while they enjoy, and enjoy while they judge.

In these days, when, so far as reading matter is concerned, we are overburdened with an embarrassment of riches, we cannot afford to read, even in the books which we have chosen as ours, those things that have no relationship to our studies, that do not uplift or improve us, or that are sure to be forgotten as soon as read. The art of reading, says Philip Gilbert Hamerton in one of his admirable essays in "The Intellectual Life," "is to skip judiciously. The art is to skip all that does not concern us, whilst missing nothing that we really need. No external guidance can teach this; for nobody but ourselves can guess what the needs of our intellect may be. But let us select with decisive firmness, independently of other people's advice, independently of the authority of custom." And Charles F. Richardson, referring to the same subject, remarks: "The art of skipping is, in a word, the art of noting and shunning that which is bad, or frivolous, or misleading, or unsuitable for one's individual needs. If you are convinced that the book or the chapter is bad, you cannot drop it too quickly. If it is simply idle and foolish, put it away on that account,—unless you are properly seeking amusement from idleness and frivolity. If it is something deceitful and disingenuous, your task is not so easy; but your conscience will give you warning, and the sharp examination which should follow will tell you that you are in poor literary company."

The Art of Conversation
Twelve Golden Rules

GOLDEN RULE NUMBER I

Avoid unnecessary details.

He.—Do you know that what you say always interests me?

She.—That is because we are such good comrades.

He.—Not altogether. I think that it is because you never dwell upon details.

She.—Then, one is interesting in conversation according as one omits details?

He.—Unnecessary details.

She.—I remember that, when visiting some friends whom I had not seen for several years, my hostess said to me, "Ever since your arrival, I have been trying to discover why you are so interesting in conversation, and I have decided that it is because you omit unnecessary details." I felt that my hostess had paid me a high compliment.

He.—Yes; but one that you deserve. Now, even in telling this incident, you were direct. The bore would have "side-tracked," and would have told innumerable and irrelevant details. I don't believe you could bore a person if you were to try.

She.—I am quite sure that I could. Listen to this: "Several years ago,—four years ago just,—this last

June; no, it was only three years ago, because I remember now that four years ago I did not attend the alumnae reunion of our college, and so it must have been three years ago,—I was the guest of one of the members of my class,—I was attending the annual reunion of the alumnae of our college,—almost every year I attend the alumnae reunion of our college,—and on this occasion, I was the guest of one of the members of my class. She had not been attending the reunions, and so I had not seen her for several years,—five years at least, and—

He.—Pardon my interruption, but you are a success.

She.—As a bore?

He.—No; as an imitator. I think that you should have been an actress.

She.—Yes; I think that Nature intended me for one; and I could have "acted." Indeed, I usually find it difficult not to act; that is, I find it difficult to be myself.

He.—Like "Sensational Tommy" in "Tommy and Grizel"?

She.—Yes; in a way.

He.—And why were you not an actress? Was it because you did not know that you had talent?

She.—From an opposite reason. I had so many talents that, like the woman in "Mother Goose," I hardly knew what to do.

He.—That sounds modest. You probably would have been a great actress.

She.—I might not have been. Sometimes, you know, persons who are very gifted seem to miss the best that life has to offer.

He.—I have decided that you are interesting, not because you do not "sidetrack," but because you have such a stupendous amount of conceit. You seem to be fully aware of what you possess. It is delightful.

She.—My talent or my conceit?

He.—Both.

She.—I am sure that if any one else possessed my talents, I should not hesitate to speak of them. Why should I not speak of mine?

He.—That is one way to look at it. Now, I suppose if I were to tell you that you were very gifted, you would say, "Thank you; I think that I am, too,"—or words to that effect.

She.—Yes; I think that I should respond in some such way. Why should I not? Why shouldn't I recognize my gifts and be thankful for them?

He.—Well, usually, you know, when any one receives a compliment, he is apt to regard it as flattery, and to treat it accordingly; or, if he thinks the praise is merited, his words are apt to belie his thoughts.

She.—Yes, but that brooks of insincerity. However, we are a long way from our subject. We were wondering why some persons "bore" and why

some do not. We decided that one must under no circumstances enter into too many details.

He.—They are ruinous. If a person is very polite, he will feign an interest that he does not feel. Often, however, he betrays, by an absent expression, that the "details" have done their "deadly work." You always seem interested, I notice, even when the narrator has wandered from the main road into innumerable by-paths.

She.—I appear interested, because I am interested, for I am continually on the alert to find out just how he is going to get back to the main road. I find, however, that in the majority of cases, he never gets back. He is lost in such a labyrinth that, as compared with it, the Garden of Versailles and the "maze" of Hampton Court are as naught; and just as these world-famed networks have a kind of attraction for the curious, so I find it interesting to follow the bore as he goes from one intricate passage into another in his endeavor to find an exit. But I must leave him to his fate, or I, too, shall be lost in a "maze" and shall not be able to find the main path.

He.—Then, Golden Rule Number I is**: Avoid unnecessary details**. I shall try to remember the rule, and profit by its significance.

GOLDEN RULE NUMBER II

Do not ask question number two until number one has been answered.

He.—Since our last visit, I have been noticing the faults of my friends in conversation, and I have concluded that the most glaring fault one can have is to ask questions and then not wait for the answers. I have one friend in particular who, whenever he meets me asks in the most solicitous way about my family, my health, etc., and then before I have an opportunity to respond, he proceeds to tell me about himself, his family, his ills, and the like.

She.—I know the species very well. In fact, I have classified my friends according to their respective merits as listeners.

He.—And where have you placed me?

She.—At the head of the list.

He.—As the greatest offender!

She.—No; as the least. You always wait until I answer one question before you ask another.

He.—Thank you. Do I ask many questions?

She.—Not too many. You may have noticed that there are as many persons who ask too few questions as there are who ask too many.

He.—I must say that I had never thought of that.

She.—To ask many questions often indicates an undue amount of curiosity on the part of the questioner; to ask too few, a lack of interest. The

reason why some persons are so very prosaic and uninteresting is that they are entirely absorbed in themselves; in consequence, they ask few or no questions whatever, showing that they are not in the least concerned in what interests their friends. There is a happy mean where one shows neither curiosity nor disinterest.

He.—In asking questions, we are apt to stir up a hornet's nest, so to speak, for our friends sometimes respond at such length that we are inclined to wish that we had shown less interest.

She.—That is where it is so necessary to remember the golden rule that we spoke of in our last conversation, namely, **avoid unnecessary details**.

He.—Yes; and as I have already told you, that is why you are always interesting; you never bore one with a "long story."

She.—I usually try to treat all my friends as carefully as if each one bore a tag marked, "This is my busy day; make it short."

He.—Yes; or, "If you have any time to kill, kill your own." At what a rapid pace we live, anyway. People in the country—the peasant class—are never in a hurry. They talk slowly, eat slowly, and work at the same laggard pace.

She.—In other words, they exist, but do not live. They do not enjoy what we enjoy. A daily feast is spread before them, but they do not partake of it. What do they know of glowing sunsets and of moonlit

waves; of shaded walks through pathless woods; of narrow streams in-walled with trees? The sunset tells the peasant only of what the weather will bring to his crops; the stretch of velvet through which the streamlet winds, of green pastures for his flocks. But I have gotten away from my subject. In other words, like the bore, I have "side-tracked."

He.—Only what you say does not bore.

She.—You mean, not you.

He.—Nor any one else.

She.—Thank you.

He.—I should thank you, instead. Now, I am to remember, first, that Golden Rule Number I is.: **Avoid unnecessary details**. Rule Number II.: **Do not ask question number two until question number one has been answered**; and, furthermore, one must be neither too curious nor too disinterested; that is, one must not ask too few nor too many questions; just enough. I fear that I shall find it difficult to observe this rule, but I shall try to acquire the tact that is necessary for one to have. May I practice the art when with you?

She.—That will be charming, and you may begin at once.

GOLDEN RULE NUMBER III

Do not interrupt another while he is speaking.

He.—So we agree that the greatest fault that a person can have is to ask questions, and then, without waiting for the answers, to plunge at once into a detailed account of his own doings. I have discovered another fault, and one, I fear, that I, too, possess; that is, to ask questions concerning the welfare of my friend and of his family, and then after he has gotten fairly under way in the recital of his woes, to interrupt him with irrelevant remarks.

She.—I am sure that you haven't this fault, although it is very common. It is based upon the principle that people, as a rule, are vitally concerned only in what concerns themselves. I have a friend who maintains that no one really enjoys listening to what another has to say. He says that the interested (?) listener is interested only in having the other person finish in order that he may have the opportunity to tell his story.

He.—I note, however, that, as a rule, people recite their woes, and not their "weals." But, of course, that depends upon the individual. Some persons always have a "hard luck story;" others, dwell upon the bright happenings in their lives.

She.—I think we each can recall some friend whose greatest pleasure is to pose as a martyr; another, who, no matter what are his ills, has always

something of interest to impart pertaining to some good fortune, fancied or otherwise, which has befallen him.

He.—Speaking of our faults, I think that the best way to correct them is to notice them in our friends, and then to try to avoid them. But, of course, you haven't any.

She.—Any friends?

He.—Any faults, of course.

She.—I fear that you are not a good critic.

He.—I may not be; but you certainly have none of the bad habits that we have enumerated.

She.—Oh! you couldn't see them if I had.

He.—From sheer stupidity?

She.—Hardly; only as far as I am concerned, you have become accustomed to think of me as did Dick of Maisie, in "The Light that Failed" that "The Queen can do no wrong."

He.—That reminds me—I have just finished reading "The Light that Failed," and I am sure that I shall never get away from the awfulness of it—the awfulness of having the light go out forever.

She.—Kipling makes one see it all so vividly, where he says:

"'I shan't.' The voice rose in a wail, 'My God! I'm blind, and the darkness will never go away.' He made as if to leap from the bed, but Torpenhow's arms were around him, and Torpenhow's chin was on his

shoulder, and his breath was squeezed out of him. He could only gasp, 'Blind!'"

He.—And again, the picture that Kipling draws of the blind man who suddenly finds himself unable to do that which he has been accustomed to do. I have the book with me:

"A wise man (who is blind) will keep his eyes on the floor and sit still. For amusement he may pick coal, lump by lump, out of a light scuttle, with the tongs, and pile it in a little heap by the fender, keeping count of the lumps, which must all be put back again, one by one, and very carefully. He may set himself sums if he cares to work them out; he may talk to himself, or to the cat if she chooses to visit him; and if his trade has been that of an artist he may sketch in the air with his forefinger: but that is too much like drawing a pig with his eyes shut. He may go to his bookshelves and count his books, ranging them in order of their size; or to his wardrobe and count out his shirts, laying them in piles of two or three on the bed, as they suffer from frayed cuffs or lost buttons. Even this entertainment wearies after a time; and all the times are very, very long."

I suppose that this portrayal is true to life.

She.—Undoubtedly, in a way; but I had a novel experience when traveling East this summer. While on the train, I saw a gentleman, who was trying to interest a little boy, who did not respond to his advances. I heard him ask the child whether he was a little boy, and how old he was. I saw then that the

gentleman was blind, and thinking that he might prefer to talk with me, I introduced myself to him and found him a most delightful conversationalist. He told me that he had become blind very suddenly five years ago, but that his work had not been interrupted for a day since. His position as manager of a large corporation necessitated his frequent journeying in railroad trains, but he had continued to travel as before, sometimes with his secretary, and sometimes alone. He was alone when I met him. He was certainly delightfully cheerful and entertaining; and withal, he was fully informed on current topics of interest. It seemed almost impossible to realize that he was blind.

He.—His case is extraordinary; but, of course, he was not an artist, as was poor Dick, before the "light went out."

I have just discovered another reason why you are so very interesting. It is because you always have some novel experience to recount.

She.—Yes; but you know, we decided that people did not care, as a rule, to hear others talk.

He.—Well, I shall retract my decision. I have concluded that we usually like to hear others talk, if they have something interesting to tell.

She.—Yes; we are all children, in a sense. Tell us a story, and we will listen, provided the story-teller knows how to tell it.

He.—Do you know what I have been thinking of while you were telling me this incident?

She.—That we had gotten a long way from our original subject?

He.—No; I was thinking of how much you had said in comparatively few words, and that in telling this incident, you had certainly conformed to Golden Rule Number I.: **Avoid unnecessary details.**

She.—And you have conformed to both the rules that we have learned.

He.—Thank you. Let me see, Golden Rule Number I. is: "**Avoid unnecessary details**." Rule Number II.: "**Not to ask question number two until question number one has been answered**, nor be too curious nor too disinterested;" that is, "do not ask too few nor too many questions; just enough."

She.—And our new rule. Golden Rule Number III.: **Do not interrupt another while he is speaking.**

He.—How frequently this rule is broken! Many persons, who ordinarily are well bred, have the very bad habit of interrupting others. But I deserve no credit for observing Golden Rule Number III., for you are never tiresome; you never tell a long story.

She.—No; I don't do that. I knew a gentleman once who used to say with a groan, to his niece, who was rather verbose, "O Alma! You tell such a long story. Make it short;" and so I always try to *make my story short.*

GOLDEN RULE NUMBER IV

Do not contradict another, especially when the subject under discussion is of trivial importance.

He.—We always seem to drift back to our favorite topic, "How not to bore." At least, we discuss it so frequently, that I assume we are mutually interested.

She.—I assure you that I am very much interested in everything that assists me in making myself more pleasing to my friends.

He.—If you would not regard my compliments so dubiously, I should say that that would be impossible.

She.—Another case of the infallibility of the queen? But to go back to our subject, I often wonder whether this pleasure that we take in receiving the approval of others, is not virtually the root of all good. It is certainly most fortunate that we do care for the good opinion of our fellow-beings, and especially where we strive to merit it.

Somehow, we never seem to outgrow our childish love for rewards. I suppose that if the truth were told, much that we think we do for the sake of culture, is really done for the sake of Dame Grundy. Of course, I do not mean as applied to vain self-glorification, but rather to our higher aims and purposes. Most of us, for example, think that we make great efforts along the lines of self-improvement for the soul-satisfaction that our efforts may give us; but I wonder how steadfastly one would work—each at his chosen calling—if one

were on a desert island, remote from "all the haunts of men." But to return to our subject, you say that your latest discovery is that even grown persons contradict one another. I thought that only children had this fault.

He.—So did I; but my attention was called to this a few days since when visiting my sister. While she was telling me something of great interest to us both, her little daughter contradicted her several times in the course of our conversation. Partly because I was annoyed, and partly because I wished to teach the child a lesson, I said to my sister, "Have you ever noticed how frequently children contradict their elders? It is certainly one of the greatest faults that a child can have." "Yes," she answered, "but many grown persons have the same fault." And when I expressed surprise, she added, "If you are inclined to doubt the truth of this assertion, just try to tell something in the hearing of others who are familiar with the story, and you will soon discern that the fault is not confined to children." And then I discovered this fault not only in others, but also in myself.

She.—Oh, dear! maybe I, too, am guilty of the same offence.

He.—I am sure that you never contradict any one in the way that I mean. It is certainly very embarrassing to make a statement, and then to have it contradicted, even though the matter is of little consequence.

She.—How many rules have we learned so far?

He.—Golden Rule Number I. is: "**Avoid unnecessary details.**" Rule Number II.: "**Do not ask question number two until number one has been answered**"; **do not be too curious nor too disinterested**; that is, do not ask too many questions nor too few; just enough. Rule Number III.; **Do not interrupt another person while he is speaking.**

She.—And our new rule, Golden Rule Number IV.: **Do not contradict another, especially when the subject under discussion is one of trivial importance.**

He.—So, if Mrs. Van Stretcher tells us that Mrs. De Waters has crossed the ocean a dozen times in as many years, we are not to say, "Pardon us, only six, as she goes abroad only once in two years, which makes just—Oh, yes! just twelve times."

She.—Yes, the person who contradicts, frequently restates the matter merely in another way.

GOLDEN RULE NUMBER V

Do not do all the talking; give your tired listener a chance.

He.—You haven't asked me about my golden discovery.

She.—Oh, dear! is there still another rule to learn? You know, we have already had four.

He.—No; this isn't a rule. I have about come to the conclusion that people are charming in proportion as they can rise above the commonplace. Of course they must observe all our golden rules, but this observance alone will not make them interesting in conversation. Last night, for example, I never was so greatly bored as when talking with a young lady to whom I had been recently introduced. She was so well bred that she observed all the golden rules from A to Z, and yet she was tiresome beyond endurance, simply *because she hadn't a soul.* She was a Philistine of the deepest dye. I must say that I am so conventional, in a way, that I eschew Bohemianism, but an out-and-out Philistine,—give me a Bohemian every time.

She.—Then, I suppose that Golden Rule Number V. would be: "**Acquire a soul**,—and assume one if you have it not."

He.—I suppose it is innate—one's soul, which to me stands for one's love of the beautiful—for the ideal. You see, whatever you speak about, you lift out of the commonplace. Life seems quite "worth the

while," when I am with you. All the inspiring things—books, music, painting—take on a new meaning when we talk about them. Last evening my newly-made acquaintance and I discussed these subjects, but they did not interest me. Julia Marlowe, whom she had just seen, was merely a pretty woman who dressed perfectly; the latest book was something that bored, but that had to be read because everybody else was reading it. Music was an unknown quantity. What shall we do with Philistines like this?

She.—Leave them to their idols. They will not be alone, for there are many to keep them company. The trouble with many persons is that they do not cultivate an admiration for the beautiful—beautiful pictures, exquisite music, delightful books. They live in a world of materialism. Handsome houses, exquisite paintings, well-filled libraries are to them mere possessions—valuable because they are the embodied insignia of wealth. The person of high ideals delights in the beautiful, because it brings him into harmony with that perfection for which he strives. In a beautiful painting, he sees the reaching out of the artist to produce not what is, but what should be; in a great literary production, the master intellect that can mold words as wax in the hands of an artisan; in beautiful music, the soul of the composer who can make one feel all that he has felt when under the magic sway of harmony; and, so, beautiful things are loved, not alone for themselves, but for what they

represent; for nothing beautiful has ever existed without its master creator—the power behind the throne—where the monarch beauty is at the beck and call of that giant—intellect.

He.—Then, if we are to belong to the class who love the beautiful or what it represents, we are to cultivate our souls—that part of us which brings us *en rapport* with the divine in the universe. We are not to be sordid; we must not wish simply to possess—we, must cultivate a love for the ideal—for what the beautiful represents.

She.—Yes; and this can be done. In our modern schools, the best in literature, in art, in music, is brought to the children. The child of to-day learns of Mozart, of Handel, of Wagner, and hears their music. He sees representations of great masterpieces of art, and learns to love the beautiful Madonnas of Raphael—to know the paintings of Rosa Bonheur—of Jean Francois Millet. This education can not fail to instill in children a love for the beautiful. To them the world takes on a roseate tinge, while their minds eventually become store-houses in which are garnered the treasured thoughts of the ages. Nothing in every-day life can be wholly commonplace; each peculiar incident in life, each peculiar mood of nature brings its accompanying suggestion.

He.—Do you know, you are saying what I should like to say, but what I cannot find words to express. Possibly, that is one reason why I enjoy your society

more than that of all others—because you say the things that I would say, if I could but express my thoughts. It is for this reason that we admire an author, because he puts into words what we think; what we feel.

She.—I think we should add Golden Rule Number V. to our list, namely, **Do not do all the talking; give your tired listener an opportunity to speak.**

He.—I am sure that I would rather listen than talk when you are with me.

She.—I am half inclined to believe you, for you are certainly perfect—as a listener.

GOLDEN RULE NUMBER VI

Be not continually the hero of your own story;
and, on the other hand, do not leave
your story without a hero.

He.—"Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in

passing,

Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness;

So on the ocean of life, we pass and speak one another,

Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence."

She.—And what recalled the poem?

He.—I was thinking of the people whom we meet, and who "speak us in the passing." People whom we may never meet again, but whom we never can forget.

She.—That intangible something which makes us wish to become more closely associated with our newly-made acquaintance,—what is it? It is indefinable. We meet some one at the theater, at the club, at the social function, and there lingers with us for many days, the remembrance of the few brief moments in which we felt that we were as "twin spirits moving musically to a lute's well-ordered law." Strange as it may seem, we live in a world of people,—people to the right of us, people to the left of us, everywhere about us, and only here and there a kindred spirit in whose moral and mental atmosphere

we bask as in the rays of sunshine. This something that makes us feel that only the element of time is needed to make of our newly-formed acquaintance a friend that shall last through life,—what is it? A warm hand clasp, a friendly word, and in one brief moment that mysterious something that clouds the soul, is thrown aside, and in our sky a new star appears as fixed as Polaris in the heavens.

When we have an experience of this kind, although we may have interchanged but few words with our new friend, we feel intuitively that we could spend many hours together and that we should never tire of exchanging ideas.

He.—Yes; but does this not presuppose a mind stored with those "treasured thoughts" about which we were speaking in our last conversation?

She.—Possibly, in a sense; but first of all, it presupposes harmony of taste, of feeling, of ideas. This does not mean, of course, that each shall agree with the other in all essentials, but that each shall have the same broad and intelligent way of looking at a subject, and a consideration each for the other's opinions.

He.—I think, though, that as a basis for harmonious intercourse, there must be an elimination of self. No one who is thoroughly selfish can interest any one but himself. It seems to me that the ideal relation between friends presupposes an entire elimination of self.

She.—Not necessarily so. One of the most tiresome persons that I know, is a gentleman who never refers to himself, to his aspirations, or to his plans; and for this reason, he fails entirely to awaken in his listener any interest in his personality whatsoever. He is the antipode of the person who talks only of what interests him. The person who uses discretion will not avoid all reference to himself, nor will he continually make himself the hero of his own story. It behooves us all to examine ourselves, and if we have either one of these faults to rid ourselves of it at once. In directing the trend of conversation, the tactful person will choose topics of mutual interest. People are interesting not in proportion as they recount their personal experiences, but as they evince a broad, general interest in what concerns others.

He.—We might add another golden rule to our list,—Golden Rule Number VI: **Be not continually the hero of your own story, nor on the other hand, do not leave your story without a hero.** In other words, it is fatal to one's success as a conversationalist either to eliminate oneself entirely or to appear self-centered.

She.—You might say to *be* self-centered. Selfishness is one of the most disagreeable traits that a person can have, and he who has this to a marked degree should try to eradicate it. Some one has said, "If we had to count our ills, we would not choose suspense," we might add, "If we had to choose our

faults we *should* not choose selfishness." A person may observe all the golden rules that we have enumerated, but if he is at heart a selfish person, his conversation will lack the charm that emanates from the whole-souled individual whose first thought is to interest and entertain others. Let us cultivate an unselfish spirit, for without this, our words will be but as "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals."

GOLDEN RULE NUMBER VII

Choose subject of mutual interest.

He.—And here we are again at one of your charming "at homes," and I, as usual, am the only guest.

It is delightful of you to select for my visits those evenings where there is no possibility of our being interrupted while discussing our favorite topic.

She.—If I were "not at home" on these occasions, we should have very little opportunity to talk about the subjects in which we are mutually interested. It is decidedly paradoxical, is it not, to be at home under the circumstances?

He.—It is, to say the least, decidedly pleasant; for, otherwise, how should you be able to teach me that delightful art—the Art of Conversation? I am just selfish enough to exult in my being the only diplomat at your "salons."

She.—What is that line about conversation's being like an orchestra where all the instruments should bear a part, but where none should play together?

He.—To my thinking, conversation is most delightful when it is most unlike an orchestra. For my part, I prefer those charming *duos* where the sweet voice of the soprano rises "far above the organ's swell."

She.—Conversation is more often like an orchestra where all the instruments play together, and where no particular one can be heard. I see that a conversation in which many take part is not to your liking.

He.—As in music, so with my friends, I prefer to follow the individual; to come into harmony with his thoughts and feelings. The trite saying that corporations have no souls can be applied with equal propriety to a body of individuals at a social function, where the bored look on their faces shows that they have failed to find a subject of general interest, and are in consequence suffering in durance vile.

She.—Conversation is enjoyable only when the participants are equally interested in the subject under discussion; and while it is not difficult for two persons to find topics of mutual interest, it is not so easy for several individuals to "hit upon" some topic in which all are equally interested; consequently, there is much greater opportunity for enjoyment in social converse where only two are "gathered together."

He.—Yes, I know; no matter how apparently dry a subject is to me, it might be of keen interest to some one else.

She.—Certainly. Only a few evenings since, I noticed, at a social function, a lady and gentleman deeply engaged for a long time, in the discussion of some topic in which each was apparently vitally

interested. I learned afterwards that the gentleman was the editor-in-chief of a new dictionary recently compiled, and that the lady was the teacher of English in a college. They were discussing the relative merits of the diacritical markings of the Century, Standard, and International dictionaries compared with those of "old Webster."

He.—I should call that an extremely dry subject.

She.—Oh! they found it fascinating. They really became excited—not impolitely so—but deeply absorbed in following each other through the maze of half circles and dots, straight lines and curved.

He.—That is why people whom we meet—polite and kindly people—try "to draw us out," to find what we are interested in, so as not to hinge the conversation on politics when it should be on potatoes or on poetry.

She.—The whole secret of pleasant social converse lies in the participants' finding subjects of mutual interest. Why, I have heard two persons discuss by the hour the feasibility of raising ducks as a means of livelihood; others, that of manufacturing a washing-machine that would wash and boil clothing at the same time. So you see, it doesn't matter whether the topic is politics or poetry; the latest work in science or in fiction; whether it is music or painting; the main point is that the subject shall be of mutual interest to those discussing it.

He.—Then we may add another rule to our list—Golden Rule Number VII.: **Choose subjects of mutual interest**. Don't discuss politics when you should be talking about poetry; fact, instead of fiction; science, instead of sunsets.

She.—Yes; and be sure that both are equally interested or else one or the other will have that bored look to which you referred a short time since.

He.—People sometimes appear interested when they are not.

She.—Yes; but the keen observer will detect whether the smile extends farther than the parted lips. If people would be genuine, and less artificial, after a pleasant evening spent in social converse, there would linger with one a memory as pleasing and as refreshing as is the sweet fragrance wafted from country clover fields to the traveler on the dusty road. In our social intercourse with one another let us omit all unpleasant topics, and choose only those in which both are equally interested.

GOLDEN RULE NUMBER VIII

Be a good listener.

He.—And here we are again in your bower—your bower of roses and carnations. It is always summer here, for there are always flowers. You wear them, too, as another would wear her jewels.

"She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair.

She.—This is as I like my flowers—around me and about me. Conservatories have no charm for me, for one cannot live in a conservatory. I like my roses, where, as I sit and write, I can inhale their fragrance, and see their wondrous beauty. What is more beautiful than a rose?

He.—Wouldn't "The Woman with the Rose" make a nice title for a poem?

She.—You are really lacking in originality. You never would have thought of it in the world if "The Man with the Hoe" had not suggested it.

He.—Oh! I agree with you that I am not original, and that the title was suggested; but not, as you think, by "The Man with the Hoe."

She.—Aren't we wasting valuable time? You know we were going to discuss Golden Rule Number VIII., and we haven't even decided what it shall be.

He.—Be a good listener! Wasn't it Addison who said that the most skillful flattery was to let a person talk on, and be a good listener? But somehow, this has

such a ring of insincerity. Now, I am sure that I should not wish to be beguiled into thinking that I was entertaining my friend when, in reality, I was boring him.

She.—Yes; but a person who observes all our golden rules will not "talk on." You know, there are few persons who can "talk on," and not bore their listeners. Of course, if people were tactful and would observe Golden Rule Number VII.—**Choose topics in which all are interested**—it would not be necessary for the listener to "feign an interest if he has it not."

He.—But what are we going to do when we are in the society of those who do not observe this rule?

She.—Sometimes, we can enjoy the conversation of others for reasons opposite to what might be expected. For example, a few days since, I was one of several guests at a luncheon, and I was very much amused in noting how subjects, which in themselves seemed very prosaic, could elicit so much enthusiasm in their discussion. For example, the guests discussed the making of salads, and much enthusiasm was expended over a mixture of fruit, nuts, and olive oil. The subject was certainly highly relevant, as the very kind of salad in question was in evidence, calling forth enthusiastic encomiums from all.

He.—I suppose you are often amused at the amount of interest shown in trivial subjects.

She.—No; I, too, at times, like to relax, and to talk about subjects that would seem frivolous to many. While much of my time and close attention must necessarily be given to study, for this reason, when there is any diverting influence, I prefer, occasionally, to forget everything of a serious nature; and, like the bee that goes from flower to flower to sip of each its sweetness, so I enjoy passing from one subject to another, discussing only lightly, each in turn. So you see whether it is salads or pates; Mrs. Campbell or Paderewski; shirred gowns or pleated, these subjects at times may prove interesting and diverting.

He.—But when a person is deeply interested in some special study that *counts*, I can not see how he can find much satisfaction in the discussion of topics so very foreign to his specialty.

She.—As I have just implied, the specialist finds it necessary to relax. I have in mind a noted physician who spends many of his waking hours, and hours when he should be sleeping, either in his laboratory or with his patients; but immediately when he enters his drawing-room to greet a friend, he forgets his work utterly, for the time being, and before many minutes have passed, his listener is convulsed with laughter over some new story—the latest acquisition to the Doctor's stock.

He.—Do you know, I often wonder why people do not cultivate the art of story-telling. It seems to me that if one would entertain one's friends now and then

with a good story, it would enliven what would otherwise be a very dull occasion.

She.—Story-tellers—good story-tellers—are probably born, not made; and yet, the person who is not especially gifted in this art, may succeed in entertaining his listeners, provided that he has wit enough to remember the "point," and to couch his language so that the denouement is not surmised, for surprise is an important element in the telling of a story.

He.—Occasionally, I hear a good story, and one that I wish to remember, but I can never trust myself to repeat it for fear that I shall commit the flagrant sin of missing the "point"; and that omission would, of course, be unpardonable.

She.—I think you might become a very successful raconteur, if you would give some attention to the art in question. Of course, the important thing to remember is, what are the essentials, to omit all unnecessary details, to keep the listener in suspense and, above all, *not to omit the point.* We can not all be Charles Lambs nor Sydney Smiths, but we can each have our little store of "funnycisms" from which to draw when the occasion is opportune, or the story relevant.

He.—Well, I suppose we must decide that one must be a good listener at all hazards, and that one must find something of interest in the conversation of others even though the subject may be "salads" when

it should be "suffrage," for example. Shall we make "**Be a good listener at all hazards**" Golden Rule Number VIII.?

She.—Yes, I suppose so; but if we could all remember and practice our other golden rules, we should not need to add this one to the list.

He.—Let me see whether I can enumerate them.

Golden Rule Number 1.—*Avoid unnecessary details.*

2.—*Do not ask question number two until number one has been answered, nor be too curious nor too disinterested; that is, do not ask too many questions nor too few.*

3.—*Do not interrupt another while he is speaking.*

4.—*Do not contradict another, especially when the subject under discussion is of trivial importance.*

5.—*Do not do all the talking; give your tired listener a chance.*

6.—*Be not continually the hero of your own story; and on the other hand, do not leave your story without a hero.*

7.—*Choose subjects of mutual interest.*

And our latest acquisition, Golden Rule Number VIII., *Be a good listener.*

She.—You have done remarkably well to remember all these rules.

He.—Haven't I earned a reward?

She.—What shall it be?

He.—The rose in your hair.

GOLDEN RULE NUMBER IX

Make your speech in harmony with your surroundings.

He.—Let us walk along the shore—away from our friends at the hotel. The night is far too beautiful to spend in discussing the merits of biscuit and honey compared with those of strawberries and cake.

She—And with such a sky and such a scene before them! And the day—how perfect it has been!

"The blue sky
Leaned silently above, and all its high
And azure-circled roof beneath the wave,
Was imaged back and seemed the deep to pave
With its transparent beauty."

He.—Oh! they're not thinking of the sea nor of the sky. Although when I saw one of the ladies gazing intently at the moon, I thought that she, like you and me, had succumbed to the influence of its magic beams; but I very soon became disillusioned, for I heard her suddenly exclaim, "Oh, I wish I had some Welsh rarebit! I am so very fond of Welsh rarebit."

She.—Her thoughts were evidently relevant, as the moon probably suggested to her, green cheese, and from that, it was only a step to the toasted article. I dislike to hear a person express a fondness for food. I know that it is correct to use "fond" in this way; but to me "fondness" should be used only with reference to one's friends; but to be fond of "Welsh rarebit"! I should prefer to use another expression.

He.—Of course you aren't fond of anything but flowers, and books, and music,—Oh! and the moon.

She.—And people; they come first.

He.—Everybody?

She.—Not everybody, only a few.

He.—Including—

She.—I think that we should go back to our friends.

He.—And discuss "Welsh rarebit"? Let us take this boat and glide over the "silvery lake." We can find more interesting subjects to talk about than edibles; and, if we cannot, we can at least be silent and let the glorious night speak for us.

She.—Because of just such nights, I come here every year.

He.—But the moon, like the sun, shines everywhere for all.

She.—Yes, but not everywhere alike. There must be trees with branches outspread to catch its silvery beams, and giant hills in the distance to form a heavy background. The full moon shining on our great Lake Michigan is a glorious sight, but that which is needed to make the scene perfect is not there. But here—nothing is wanting.

O beauteous Lake!
How radiantly dost thou wear thy jewels
Upon thy bosom fair,—made fairer still
By Luna's silvery beams.

He.—The poet is nature's interpreter. He expresses what we feel; what we should wish to say, were we able to express our thoughts in poetic language. But sometimes he does not interpret truly. Wasn't it Browning who said:

"Never the time and the place
And the loved one altogether"?

She.—I don't see the relevancy of the quotation. We must go back to the hotel. Our friends will miss us.

He.—But you haven't heard my lesson yet, as we used to say in school. I have to recite all the golden rules, and add our new one. What shall it be?

She.—Rule Number IX.: **One's speech should be in harmony with one's surroundings.**

He.—In other words, a person should not talk about cheese when the moon would be a more fitting topic.

She.—Or, when it might be more fitting to remain silent.

He.—Some one has said, "Silence is the virtue of the feeble," but it is probably as often the virtue of the wise.

She.—It was Carlyle who said: "Consider the significance of SILENCE: it is boundless, never by meditating to be exhausted, unspeakably profitable to thee: Cease that chaotic hubbub, wherein thy own soul runs to waste, to confused suicidal dislocation and stupor; out of Silence comes thy strength. 'Speech

is silvern, Silence is golden; Speech is human, Silence is divine.'"

GOLDEN RULE NUMBER X
Do not exaggerate.

He.—You may remember that one of the extracts that I read to you from my note-book referred to exaggeration in conversation. Do you know, I have been paying attention to this fault, and I find that it is decidedly general even with people who are supposed to be honest and sincere. It is really one phase of falsifying; in my opinion, it is a very disagreeable habit, and one that a person should try to rid himself of.

She.—Parents can not be too careful in the bringing up of their children to see that they do not form the habit of exaggerating what they undertake to tell. Why? Some persons can not make the simplest statement without exaggerating the facts. For instance, if one undertakes to give the price of a garment or of some furniture, the amount paid is always increased in the telling of the story; and so with the narration of trivial events—the speaker will enlarge his statements until he presents a distorted picture to the mental vision of the listener.

The exaggeration of facts should certainly be avoided; and a person can overcome this tendency in himself, if, when he finds that he is making a misstatement, he will correct himself, and give a true version. For example, if he finds that he is fixing the cost of a possession at five dollars, when it should be

four dollars and fifty cents, he can correct the error without even betraying his intention to falsify. By doing this, he gradually trains himself to adhere to facts; for, while the price of the article may be a matter of small consequence, it is a matter of far more importance that the person who has the habit shall correct his tendency to misstate facts. So again, when one is narrating an incident in one's experience, the same strict adherence to the facts should be observed. In this way a person establishes a reputation for veracity. We all have friends in whose statements we place no reliance, simply because we know that they invariably exaggerate every fact that comes within their observation or experience. I know of no fault in conversation that is more grievous than this nor that can give one such a general air of insincerity in all things.

He.—I know, I have friends whom I can not believe—no matter how serious they are in impressing upon me, the truth of the information that they are so willing to impart.

She.—Of course, when persons of this kind attack the reputation of others then, indeed, does their fault become a serious one; but there are many, otherwise well-meaning, persons who would not speak ill of another, who place themselves continually at a disadvantage by their exaggerated speech. There is the school-girl, for example, who finds every person and thing *perfectly lovely—or perfectly horrid,* as the

case may be; who had the *most beautiful* time in her life last night; who finds her teacher *divine*; tennis, a *dream of delight*—everything, no matter what, is *just dandy—or dear*. Later in life, she may exaggerate as to her husband's income; her children's virtues or appearance; the price of her garments—and in this way she will acquire the unenviable reputation for insincerity, unreliability. No one will give any credence to what she says, simply because she is known always to exaggerate the facts.

He.—I feel as you do, and when I find myself enlarging upon the facts, I try immediately to correct my fault and adhere to an actual recital.

She.—Of course, we know that in telling a story for the sake of its humor, a person will sometimes lapse into an enlargement of the details, but, as Rudyard Kipling would say, "That is another story."

He.—Had we not better make this Golden Rule Number X.?

I wonder whether I can recite all the Golden Rules:

Golden Rule Number 1.—*Avoid unnecessary details.*

2.—*Do not ask question number two until number one has been answered, nor be too curious nor too disinterested; that is, do not ask too many questions nor too few.*

3.—*Do not interrupt another while he is speaking.*

4.—*Do not contradict another, especially when the subject under discussion is of trivial importance.*

5.—*Do not do all the talking; give your tired listener a chance.*

6.—*Be not continually the hero of your own story; and, on the other hand, do not leave your story without a hero.*

7.—*Choose subjects of mutual interest.*

8.—*Be a good listener.*

9.—*Make your speech in harmony with your surroundings.*

10.—*Do not exaggerate*—our new rule.

GOLDEN RULE NUMBER XI

Indulge occasionally in a relevant quotation, but do not garble it.

He.—I have just been reading a very interesting article entitled "Learning by Heart," and I have become impressed with the idea that one should occasionally commit to memory inspiring passages in verse and prose. In the language of the author: "They may come to us in our dull moments, to refresh us as with spring flowers; in our selfish musings, to win us by pure delight from the tyranny of foolish castle-building, self-congratulations, and mean anxieties. They may be with us in the workshop, in the crowded streets, by the fireside; sometimes on pleasant hill-sides, or by sounding shores; noble friends and companions—our own! never intrusive, ever at hand, coming at our call."

She.—Some one has said that an apt quotation is as good as an original remark. It is certainly always relevant. We cannot all be Wordsworths or Tennysons; Charles Lambs or Carlyles, but we can make some of their best thoughts our own. A conversation or a letter in which some choice quotation finds a place, is certainly thus improved and lifted above the commonplace. It was Johnson who said that classical quotation was the parole of literary men all over the world.

He.—For a long time, I have been copying in a note-book, extracts that have interested me, but it did not occur to me to commit them to memory. Hereafter, I shall do so, for I am sure that it will add to my resources both in conversation and in letter-writing.

She.—Some of the most delightful letters that I have ever received have been those in which there have been quotations, so relevant, so charming that, for the time being, they seemed to have been written for me alone.

He.—I have always hesitated to interpolate my conversation or letters with quotations, for fear that I might seem to be airing my familiarity with classical literature.

She.—Of course, one does not wish to appear pedantic; and one will not, if one will use the quotation for the occasion, instead of making an occasion for the quotation. The proportions, too, of a conversation or a letter must be preserved. If one is talking about a commonplace subject, the quotation, if one is made, should be in keeping with the thought. As a clever writer has said, "A dull face invites a dull fate," and so with a commonplace subject; the treatment should be in accordance with it.

He.—Some persons are never able to quote a passage or tell an anecdote without perverting the meaning. In fact, I have long been interested in noticing how inexact the majority of people are in

making statements of all kinds. I can recall several friends who are unreliable in what they say. Their statements should be "checked up"—verified, as we say in business.

She.—As some one has said: "A garbled quotation may be the most effectual perversion of an author's meaning; and a partial representation of an incident in a man's life may be the most malignant of all calumnies."

He.—How very relevant that quotation is. You have certainly just exemplified your own suggestion, namely, that the quotation should be used to suit the occasion.

Shall we make this Golden Rule Number XI.: **Occasionally indulge in a relevant quotation, but do not garble it**?

She.—Certainly; a Golden Rule that it is well occasionally to observe.

GOLDEN RULE NUMBER XII
Cultivate tact.

He.—"Consider the significance of Silence: it is boundless, never by meditating to be exhausted, unspeakably profitable to thee. Cease that chaotic hubbub, wherein thy own soul runs to waste to confused suicidal dislocation and stupor; out of Silence comes thy strength. Speech is silvern, silence is golden; speech is human, silence is divine.

She.—And what suggested the lines from Carlyle?

He.—Oh! I was thinking of one of the extracts in my list of quotations relevant to our subject, "The Art of Conversation." "It is when you come close to a man in conversation that you discover what his real abilities are." One might add, *and what they are not.*

She.—And I suppose that the line suggested the thought that, in many instances, to quote Carlyle again, "Speech is silvern, silence is golden; speech is human, silence is divine."

He.—Undoubtedly, in many instances, it would be better to preserve a discreet silence than to say that which is disagreeable or untruthful. Of course the tactful person can frequently so turn the conversation as to be obliged to adopt neither alternative.

She.—One should always be truthful, and one should never say that which would be displeasing to the listener,—of course, we must except those semi-disagreeable things which we sometimes feel

privileged to say to our relatives or our best friends, on the ground that we are champions on the side of truth.

He.—I have always maintained that it is only a true friend who will tell the unpleasant *home* truths.

She.—Yes; we can all remember occasions when our expressed resentment at some well-meant criticism offered by a member of the family, for example, was met by the rejoinder that *it was the truth.*

He.—The "truth" is not always pleasing to the ear, and I agree with you that, except in the case of the privileged few, only the pleasing things should be told.

She.—That is all—provided, of course, that they are at the same time truthful.

He.—And if they are not?

She.—Then they should be left unsaid, for one's speech should never be insincere or flippant.

He.—To be told that one is not looking well, or is looking ill, or older, as the case may be, is certainly not conducive to pleasant feelings on the part of the listener.

She.—Frequently, the person who would not be guilty of offenses of this kind, will arrive at the same results in an indirect way. For example, A, who may be too polite to tell B that he is getting "along in years," will ask him whether the handsome young lady seen in his company at the theater the previous evening *is his daughter,* thinking thus to compliment him as being the proud parent of so beautiful a maiden; whereas, A, who prides himself upon his youthful

appearance, and thinks that he is "holding his own" against Father Time, fails to appreciate the "would-be" compliment. Mrs. C informs Mrs. D that she looks ten years younger since becoming *so stout*, while Mrs. E. advises Mrs. F. to buy a hat, as up-to-date *elderly* women no longer wear bonnets; and so on through the alphabet.

He.—Oh! I suppose it is impossible for people who are so obtuse as these to go through the world without blundering at every step.

She.—I don't know. It seems to me that these unthinking people might be taught to think. Surely, we can all learn by observation and experience; and it would seem that persons fairly introspective might discover that it is not direct speech alone that wounds or offends. We all know that the prettiest compliments are often those which are implied; and, conversely, sometimes it is the suggestive criticism or censure that wounds the most.

He.—Then we must remember that we should keep our minds alert; that we must not be found napping; that it is not sufficient that we refrain from giving pointed home thrusts, but that we should never, even by indirect speech, leave with our listener an unpleasant memory.

She.—Yes; we meet some people,—often only for a moment,—only once, perhaps, in a lifetime; but it is possible, in many instances, to make that moment linger forever as a pleasant memory to that other. We

can all remember some occasion when there was merely a handclasp, when but few words were spoken, but the memory is ours forever. Something that was said, perhaps, seemingly trivial, but glorified by the speaker's smile, by the sincerity of his heart.

He.—After all, to sum it up, it is the word T-A-C-T, or the lack of it, that makes a person correspondingly agreeable or disagreeable in his social intercourse with another. Someone has defined tact as the art of pleasing, and so I should think we might add this mandate to our golden rules—*Cultivate the art of pleasing,—say the right thing or say nothing.*

Now, I am going to recite all our golden rules, for I know them by heart:

Golden Rule Number 1.—*Avoid unnecessary details.*

2.—*Do not ask question number two until number one has been answered; nor be too curious and, too disinterested; that is do not ask too many questions nor too few.*

3.—*Do not interrupt another while he is speaking.*

4.—*Do not contradict another, especially when the subject under discussion is of trivial importance.*

5.—*Do not do all the talking; give your tired listener a chance.*

6.—*Be not continually the hero of your own story; nor, on the other hand, do not leave your story without a hero.*

7.—*Choose subjects of mutual interest.*

8.—*Be a good listener.*

9.—*Make your speech in harmony with your surroundings.*

10.—*Do not exaggerate.*

11.—*Indulge occasionally in a relevant quotation, but do not garble it.!*

12.—*Cultivate tact*—our new rule.

WORLD CHRONOLOGY

From *Modern Times and the Living Past*

By Henry W. Elson, A.M., Litt.D

WORLD CHRONOLOGY

NOTE. – Only the most important dates are here given. Dates pertaining to American history (except a few of world importance), and to many of the great figures in art, literature, and other lines of achievement are omitted. Those of greatest importance in this table are printed in bold, italicized type.

DATES B.C.

4241 Egyptian calendar devised.
About 3000–2700 Age of the Egyptian pyramid builders.
About 2100 Hammurabi makes Babylon supreme in the Euphrates Valley.
About 1900 Abraham founds the Hebrew nation.
About 1200–606 Supremacy of Assyria.
About 1100(?) Trojan War.
About 1050 David becomes king of Palestine.
776 First Greek Olympiad.
753 Founding of Rome (legendary).
722 First captivity of the Jews.
606 Fall of Nineveh.
594 Solon frames an Athenian law code.
586 Jews carried to Babylon.
558 Cyrus founds the Persian Empire.
490 Battle of Marathon.
480 Battles of Thermopylæ and Salamis.
429 Death of Pericles.
404 Athens surrenders to Sparta.
400 Retreat of the Ten Thousand under Xenophon.
399 Death of Socrates.
390 Rome captured by the Gauls.
331 Battle of Arbela.
323 Death of Alexander the Great.
322 Death of Aristotle and of Demosthenes.

290 Romans conquer the Samnites.
264–241 First Punic War.
218–201 Second Punic War.
216 Battle of Cannæ.
207 Battle of the Metaurus.
202 Defeat of Hannibal at Zama.
149–146 Third Punic War.
146 Destruction of Carthage and of Corinth.
133–121 Tiberius and Gaius Gracchus attempt Roman reforms.
106 Birth of Cicero.
63 Palestine conquered by Pompey becomes Roman province. Catiline's Conspiracy.
58–50 Caesar conquers Gaul.
44 Assassination of Julius Caesar.
31 Battle of Actium.
27 Augustus first Roman emperor.
4 Birth of Jesus Christ.

DATES A.D.

9 Roman legions defeated by Arminius.
64 Burning of Rome and persecution of Christians under Nero.
70 Jerusalem destroyed by Titus.
79 Destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii by eruption of Vesuvius.
161–180 Marcus Aurelius emperor.
284–305 Diocletian emperor.
312–337 Constantine the Great, first Christian emperor.
325 Council of Nicæa.
378 Battle of Adrianople.
410 Rome taken by Goths under Alaric.
449 Beginning of the Anglo-Saxon conquest of Britain.

451 Attila and the Huns defeated at battle of Chalons.
455 Rome plundered by the Vandals under Genseric.
476 "Fall" of the Roman Empire of the West.
481–511 Reign of Clovis.
534 Vandal kingdom overthrown by Belisarius.
565 Death of Emperor Justinian.
568 Lombards invade Italy.
590–604 Gregory the Great pope.
597 Augustine introduces Christianity into England.
622 The Hegira (Mohammed's flight from Mecca).
711–714 Conquest of Spain by the Saracens.
732 Saracens defeated by Charles Martel in battle of Tours.
754 Pepin grants the Pope temporal power. Death of Saint Boniface, apostle to Germany.
768–814 Reign of Charlemagne.
800 Charlemagne crowned emperor (Christmas Day).
827 Kingdom of England founded by Egbert.
843 Treaty of Verdun.
871–901 Reign of Alfred the Great.
936–973 Reign of Otto the Great.
1016 Canute becomes king of England.
1066 Battle of Hastings.
1073–1085 Gregory VII (Hildebrand) pope.
1096–1099 First crusade.
1189–1199 Reign of Richard Couer de Lion.
1198–1216 Innocent III pope.
1215 Magna Charta signed at Runnymede.
1265 First English Parliament. Birth of Dante.
1270 Last crusade. Death of Louis IX of France.
1346 Battle of Crécy. First use of gunpowder in war.
1348 The Black Death.
1356 Battle of Poitiers.
1381 Wat Tyler Insurrection.

1386 Battle of Sempach.
1397 Union of Calmar – Denmark, Sweden, and Norway united.
1414 Council of Constance.
1415 Battle of Agincourt. John Hus burned at the stake.
1431 Joan of Arc burned at the stake.
About 1450 Invention of printing from movable type by Gutenberg.
1453 Constantinople taken by the Turks. Close of the Hundred Years' War.
1455–1485 Wars of the Roses.
1462–1505 Reign of Ivan the Great of Russia.
1483 Birth of Martin Luther
1492 America discovered by Columbus. Conquest of Granada and unification of Spain.
1517 Beginning of the Reformation.
1519 Charles V becomes emperor. Death of Leonardo da Vinci.
1520 Death of Raphael.
1521 Diet of Worms.
1530 Augsburg Confession.
1534 England breaks with the Roman Church. Loyola founds the Order of Jesuits.
1543 Copernicus publishes his theory of the solar system.
1555 Peace of Augsburg.
1558–1603 Reign of Elizabeth.
1564 Birth of Shakespeare. Death of Michelangelo.
1571 Defeat of the Turks at the naval battle of Lepanto.
1572 Massacre of St. Bartholomew.
1579 Founding of the Dutch Republic by William the Silent.
1588 Defeat of the Spanish Armada.
1598 Edict of Nantes.
1607 English settle Jamestown.
1611 Authorized version of the English Bible.
1616 Death of Shakespeare and of the Spanish author

Cervantes.

1618–1648 Thirty Years' War.

1628 Petition of Right.

1632 Battle of Lützen. Death of Gustavus Adolphus.

1642 Death of Richelieu.

1642–1649 Civil War in England.

1643–1715 Reign of Louis XIV.

1648 Treaty of Westphalia.

1653–1658 Cromwell Lord Protector.

1660 Restoration of Charles II.

1666 Great fire in London.

1674 Death of Milton.

1685 Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

1687 Newton publishes his theory of gravitation.

1688 Revolution in England. James II succeeded by William III.

1689 Bill of Rights.

1689–1725 Reign of Peter the Great.

1690 Battle of the Boyne.

1692 Battle of La Hogue.

1701 Prussia becomes a kingdom.

1702–1713 War of the Spanish Succession.

1703 Founding of St. Petersburg, now Petrograd.

1707 Union of England and Scotland as the kingdom of Great Britain.

1709 Battle of Poltava.

1713 Peace of Utrecht.

1740–1786 Reign of Frederick the Great.

1756–1763 Seven Years' War.

1762–1796 Reign of Catherine the Great.

1757 Battle of Plassey, India.

About 1770 Invention of the steam engine.

1772 First Partition of Poland.

1775–1783 American Revolution.

1789 French Revolution begins.

1791 Death of Mirabeau.
1792 First French Republic.
1793 King Louix XVI beheaded. Reign of Terror. Second Partition of Poland.
1795 Third Partition of Poland.
1800 Union of Ireland with Great Britain.
1804 Napoleon I crowned emperor of France.
1805 Battle of Trafalgar. Battle of Austerlitz.
1815 Battle of Waterloo. Congress of Vienna.
1823 Monroe Doctrine promulgated.
1829 Greece wins independence.
1830 Second Revolution in France. Belgium independent.
1832 Reform in the British Parliament.
About 1840 Morse invents the electric telegraph.
1837–1901 Reign of Victoria.
1846 Repeal of English corn laws.
1848 Third Revolution in France. Second French Republic.
1848–1916 Reign of Francis Joseph.
1852 Louis Napoleon becomes emperor of France.
1854 Commercial treaty between the United States and Japan.
1854–1856 Crimean War.
1857 Great Mutiny in India.
1858 First Atlantic submarine cable laid.
1859–1860 Most of Italy united under the leadership of Cavour; other parts acquired in 1866, 1870, and 1918.
1864 Defeat of Denmark by Prussia and Austria.
1866 Seven Weeks' War. Prussia defeats Austria.
1867 Dominion of Canada established. Fall of French dominion in Mexico. Second Reform in British Parliament.
1869 Suez Canal completed.
1870–1871 Franco-Prussia War.
1870 Third French Republic. Vatican Council at Rome.
1871 German Empire founded.

1875 Great Britain acquires control of the Suez Canal. New French constitution adopted.
1876 Invention of the telephone.
1878 Congress of Berlin.
1881 Assassination of Tsar Alexander II.
1882 Great Britain acquires control of Egypt.
1882 Italy joins Germany and Austria in forming the Triple Alliance.
1890 Resignation of Bismarck.
1892 Death of Tennyson.
1893 Gladstone's Irish Home Rule bill defeated in the House of Lords.
1894 War between China and Japan.
1895 Kiel Canal opened. Discovery of X-rays, by Röntgen.
1896 Revival of the Olympic games. Turkish massacres in Armenia.
1898 War between the United States and Spain. Death of Gladstone. Discovery of radium, by the Curies.
1899 First Hague Conference.
1899–1902 Boer War in South Africa.
1900 Boxer uprising in China.
1901 Federal Commonwealth of Australia formed.
1902 Alliance between Great Britain and Japan.
1904–1905 War between Russia and Japan.
1905 Separation of church and state in France. Uprising in Russia. Moroccan conference at Algeciras. Separation of Norway from Sweden. First long flights of the Wright airplane.
1907 Second Hague Conference. Wireless communication across the Atlantic established.
1908 Austria-Hungary annexes Bosnia and Herzegovina.
1909 Abdul-Hamid, Turkish sultan, deposed. South African Union bill and Irish land bill pass the British

Parliament.

1910 Japan annexes Korea.

1911 Act limiting Lords' veto power passed by British Parliament. Revolution in China.

1911–1912 War between Italy and Turkey.

1912 China becomes a republic. Italy annexes Tripoli. Balkan War – Greece, Bulgaria, Serbia, and Montenegro against Turkey. Peace May 30, 1913.

1913 Second Balkan War.

1914 June 28. Assassination of the Austrian Archduke Francis Ferdinand.

July 28. Austria declares war on Serbia.

Aug. 1. Germany declares war on Russia.

Aug. 3. Germany declares war on France.

Aug. 4. Great Britain declares war on Germany.

Aug. 15. Panama Canal opened.

Aug. 23. Japan enters the war.

Sept. 6–10. Battle of the Marne.

Nov. 3. Turkey enters the war.

1915 Feb.–Aug. Allied attack on the Dardanelles.

May 7. Sinking of the *Lusitania*.

May 23. Italy enters the war.

Aug. 5. Germans capture Warsaw.

Oct. 14. Bulgaria enters the war.

1916 *Feb. 21.* Battle of Verdun begins.

May 31. Naval battle of Jutland.

Aug. 27. Roumania enters the war.

Dec. 6. David Lloyd George succeeds Asquith as British premier.

1917 Feb. 1. Ruthless submarine campaign begins.

March 11. Bagdad captured by the British.

March 11–15. Russia Revolution; Tsar Nicholas II abdicates.

April 6. United States declares war on Germany.

Oct. 14. Great Austro-German drive in northern Italy begins.
Nov. 7. Russian Bolsheviki seize Petrograd and depose Kerensky.
Dec. 7. United States declares war on Austria-Hungary.
Dec. 10. Jerusalem surrenders to the British.

1918 March 3. Brest-Litovsk treaty between Germany and Russia.
March 21. Great German drive begins on Western Front.
March 29. General Foch appointed commander of all the Allied armies.
July 18. Allied counter-offensive begins on Western Front.
Sept. 12. Americans take the St. Mihiel salient.
Sept. 26. Beginning of the Meuse-Arganne battle.
Sept. 29. Surrender of Bulgaria.
Oct. 31. Surrender of Turkey.
Nov. 4. Armistice with Austria.
Nov. 11. Armistice with Germany.
The war resulted in establishing Poland, Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, Finland, and other new nations.

1919 June 28. Peace treaty with Germany signed at Versailles.

1920 Jan. 10. Treaty with Germany put into effect.
Sept.–Oct. Great victory of the Poles in repelling Bolshevist invasion.
Oct. 1. Forty-one nations had entered the League of Nations.