people,—Jews of all classes, Greeks of all classes, Romans of all classes. He traveled from one end of the Roman empire to the other, and spent thirty years in traveling. Now, if any man could have dispensed with reading, here is one. Look at his education; look at his appreciation of the movements of his time; look at the originality of the man's intelligence; look at his contact with all classes of men, informing his mind out of living mind perpetually. And yet he longed for the serene and majestic air that one finds only in books, for the shining minds of the world, fixed and everlasting in their brightness, into whose quiet and glorious presence one comes through the great books of the world.

We must send for the books as he sent for them. There is for example, the thing that lies nearest us all—our family life. What benefit will come to us from something like an adequately religious, an adequately profound conception of the meaning of that great relation! Take a book like the first third of Maurice's "Social Morality"; put that into the mind, and the home flowers into new beauty and sends forth a new world of fragrance. Take, for example, friendship,—one of the richest things in human life. Take it, and let a great Greek philosopher tell you what it means for life, and how much stronger you find yourself! Take the great "Institute" of the nation,—that which has absorbed much of the intellect, much of the energy, much of the time of mankind. Think of this vast accumulated organization which has come out of the inventive intelligence of mankind. Where is the book that will lead you into the poetry, the philosophy, the marvelous human significance of this "Institute," that has been created and sent forth out of man's intelligence? Here is our nation, as solid under our feet as the independent world. We cannot love it as we ought unless we understand it as we should. Send for the Declaration of Independence, which every American praises, and once in a while reads. Ponder the great speeches of Daniel Webster,—among the classic utterances of the world, massive, well-considered, the great popular embodiment of the fundamental ideas of the country,—which one cannot lay to heart and remain uneducated in the philosophy of the nation. Send for Abraham Lincoln's Second Inaugural, which sounds as if a Hebrew prophet had written another Psalm. These are the books! Send for them, if you have left them behind. Bathe your intelligence as a citizen in their living wisdom; warm your heart with their great inspirations. You are bound forward with the new century; take these books along with you.

There is the wonderful world in which we are living,—the rocks with their history written in characters that are so grand; the flowers with their story wrapped up in their beauty and in their fragrance; the birds, the poetry of heaven even more than the stars; the marvelous, the multitudinous forms of life on this planet. Get where you can form some conception of the marvelousness of the world through which you are passing. Send for the books to help you to catch the vision through the blinding detail of the great scientific ideas of our modern time.

Send for the poets. There is music, there is rhythm, there is passion, there is pathos, there is love, there is sorrow, there is death, there is hope—all seething and swelling and rolling in this great life of ours. Send for the poets, and stand in their bright vision; move in the tide of their great passion, and let them send you forward with their wisdom and their inspiration.

You remember the Ethiopian prince of whom the Evangelist Luke speaks. When he went back to his own country, as he rolled forward in his chariot he sat reading one of the greatest of the Prophets and one of the finest passages—he had an eye for literary as well as spiritual excellence: "He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and by His stripes we are healed." And he was pondering that—just as you might a passage in Shakespeare, or in some other great writer—rolling for-