

thunder-bolts, forged by Cyclopean minds, for each stout heart to hurl. Every thought digested becomes membrane and medulla of intellect, evolving either a baser or nobler essence. Reading, to be profitable, must be studious and earnest. Ideas must be well masticated before suitable for mental fluid. At first be somewhat adverse to their demands for entertainment, and, whether they be Knights, or foresters, will soon appear in the heavy tread and thundering blow. Perspicuous, objective writings are not the best, if one would drill and wisely exercise the higher faculties of intellect. The conduct of that Genœse sailor who, spurning the smooth, fathomable haunts of ordinary navigation, sailed, and O, how sublimely! right into "*loca facta furentibus Austris*," may well provoke our minds to a like bold push from out the mill-pond into the great, pearl-paved ocean of literature. A growing mind is Epicurean in its tastes, can not stomach the same diet often, but daily cries, "greater variety, and better concoction." Where should one explore this book-world but at home? The library with all its plain-spoken rules and monitory placards, is yet too bedlamic: home is the *sanctum* desirable, the solitude so propitious.

Another refiner of human nature is *music*. Its authority is recognized in numerous and commanding instances in Homeric mythology. The walls of Thebes move to their places in cadence to Amphion's lyre; trees and rocks are charmed into life, and the wild beasts of the forest tamed by Orpheus' divine skill whilst Odysseus escapes only by stratagem the music-spell of the Sirens.

Rude songs and a barbarous people go together. What intelligent mind, unacquainted with the nation whence issued the "Messiah," would look for its authorship to Esquimaux or Comanches? Music, what a transport! assuaging or raising passion: what a Bacchus, or Lethe! translating the spirit form its fleshy vestment, from its ills and smarts, to an Elysium of delight, where no *past* nor *future* come to mar an ecstasy so real. "When asked what his feelings were when composing the Hallelujah Chorus, Handel said, 'I did tink I did see all heaven before me and the great God himself.'" As the