

satisfied; the husbands, sons, and brothers that take all service as their due, and make capital out of a small omission; the being, whoever he or she may be, whose only evidence of being satisfied is the negative one of *not* complaining, deserves a life of unmitigated stocking-darning. There are too many people who, like the kitten in Mrs. Gatty's Parable, never "purr when they are pleased." The reader will remember how this misguided kitten gave so much dissatisfaction, and missed so much comfort out of life, that at last he strove to conquer his reticence. He choked a little to begin with, but was finally rewarded by a permanently brightened existence. To receive kindness with grace, is an art that needs and repays cultivation.

It must be borne in mind, however, that we all, though working cheerfully for the most appreciative of mankind, shall yet do much work for which no one is ever the wiser. Stocking-darning is a fit emblem of obscure work. It is tedious, it is slow, it is not showy, and thus it becomes a test of conscientiousness. If there is a great heap of stockings, and if they are to go on heedless feet, how great the temptation to cobble! What patience, what principle is required to produce regular, even darns! How true a picture this is of much of our daily work; of the tiresome job that could so easily be scamped, and no one apparently be the worse for it! But second thoughts come to the rescue, and we know that our work, though done in solitude, and hidden in corners, will harm at least ourselves if not faithfully performed. If any one allows

himself to bungle the work that does not show, and only takes pains with that for which he can get credit, alas for the work and the workman too! Alas for his self-respect! Alas for the canker that has begun to eat into his life!

But this point needs guarding. There is a difference between honest work and *fadding*, and there is such a thing as going on after we have done. There is a stage in the history of every stocking when further labour spent on it is wasted; and it needs judgment to strike the balance aright between economy of stocking and economy of time. Women are peculiarly liable to spend over-much strength and sweetness in fads. Housekeeping possesses a potent spell that has sometimes charmed them into living more for their furniture than for their families; into taking unto themselves more and yet more goods to protect, dust, and arrange, till life becomes one mere round of house-keeping; as if houses were more than souls, and furniture than hearts. Too much stocking-darning is a more common evil than too little, and while proper attention to it, with all it represents, is as essential to most women's lives as having dinner and tea, on the other hand, if it is not kept in its proper place—if she allows herself to be always talking and thinking darning, so that the magic beauty of spring only inspires her with the desire to "clean down," and the glory of autumn suggests nothing more than winter jackets and petticoats—she will become more and more uninteresting to herself and every one else.

THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY AT OXFORD.



THIRD in size among the libraries of the world, second in importance among those of English-speaking people, and first of the institutions of the University of Oxford, ranks the library founded by that true worthy of Devon, Sir Thomas Bodley. And not only from its size and importance, but also for its varied annals and its venerable

and striking buildings, it is well worthy of our consideration in some detail,* so far as our brief space will allow. It was, moreover, the first public library in Europe, and the one great English repository of books and manuscripts for the century and a half which preceded the formation of the British Museum, and has thereby not ill deserved the title often given to it by enthusiasts of the seventeenth century, the "English Vatican." But its very magnitude will make necessary some order in description: let us take then in turn the buildings, the growth and present state, and (at more length) some curiosities of the library.

Few, if any, who have ever been members of the University, are ignorant of the Quadrangle of the Schools—that scene of inevitable anxiety and uncertain issues, where, as it has been said, every form of examination which a man can undergo has been tried, except the *post-mortem*. And, though the Bodleian has ousted examiners and examinees, yet, for one who stands beneath the Tower of the Five Orders and looks westward across the Quadrangle, the whole system of mediæval education is still spread before him, if he sees the significance of the old inscriptions above the doors, as they lead up through the thirteen-fold † groundwork of the Arts course to the higher faculties of Law and Medicine, and, in the central and most conspicuous place in front, Theology. Over one entry, in the south-west corner, we read the label "Bibliotheca Bodleiana, Schola vetus Medicinæ." Let us ascend the stairs worn by the feet of Selden and Casaubon and other heroes of learning, and enter the "Arts end" of the reading-room, which occupies the west side of the Quadrangle; turn to the left

* Our readers may be referred for full particulars to the Rev. W. D. Macray's "Annals of the Bodleian Library," Lond., 1868, of which a second edition is in preparation.

† The Trivium (Grammar, Logic, Rhetoric); the Quadrivium (Music, Arithmetic, Geometry, Astronomy); the two tongues (Hebrew and Greek, for every one knew Latin!); the three philosophies (Natural, Moral, and Metaphysical); and History.

when we reach the centre of that side, and in front of us is the oldest piece of the fabric, "Duke Humphrey's Library," completed in about 1480, and once stored with furniture and books, but ruthlessly cleared even of the very readers' benches by the Commissioners of Edward VI. Yet it was this pitiable bareness which moved Sir Thomas Bodley, when old and weary of Court life and diplomacy, to "set up," as he describes it, his "staff at the library door in Oxon." With his own money, and the help of friends at Court, but above all by his personal activity and influence, the nucleus of a mighty collection was formed, and the room was formally opened (or rather re-

opened) on November 8, 1602. In 1612 the "Arts end," in which we are standing, was added to the growing institution: soon after it spread to the second floor of the new Quadrangle, and in 1638 the "Selden end" was built, so that the whole fabric presented, as it does now, the shape of a quadrangle with a T-shaped projection from the west side, the Selden end forming the cross of the T. Room after room was annexed, till in 1860 the whole of the Radcliffe was added, and, finally, the lower rooms of the Schools and the basement of the Sheldonian.



THE PICTURE GALLERY.

As a proof of the position at once taken by the library, we may note that the Chapters of both Exeter and Windsor (in 1602 and 1612) seem to have regarded Bodley's foundation as a safer home for books than their own libraries, for they transferred a large number of MSS. to Oxford, including some invaluable volumes, such as Bishop Leofric's bequests to Exeter Cathedral. And Cromwell presented to the library a part of the Barocci collection of Greek MSS. The most honoured names in the long list of benefactors since the founder's time are: Sir Kenelm Digby,

Archbishop Laud, the "learned Selden," Richard Rawlinson, Edmund Malone, Francis Douce, and Richard Gough. Besides gifts from these and others, the library has since 1610 had the right to receive, without payment, one copy of every book published in the United Kingdom. No wonder then that the stores of learning grew apace, until where there were 2,000 volumes at the opening in 1602, there are now perhaps 1,200,000 separate works, and 26,000 MSS. The Bodleian has also been the museum of the University, and still retains many pictures, coins, and relics of antiquity presented from time to time, which were not specially bequeathed to the Ashmolean.

Great as are these collections, it may at first thought seem simple to take each new book as it comes in and put it in its place. How can it require a staff of nearly thirty to put the daily in-come of a hundred printed publications in proper order? Perhaps a dawning impression of the complexity of the work may be obtained as soon as the visitor sees the 726 large folio volumes which contain the catalogue (only) of the printed books. He may then be ready to learn that no less than twenty-three processes are required, before even a simple book is left to its hardly-earned repose on the shelves. It has at least to be classed, marked, stamped, catalogued, and perhaps bound, and the catalogue slip corresponding to it is copied, revised, cut out, mounted on stiffer paper, and pasted in its place. What *is* simple is the procedure for obtaining a book when wanted, but that simplicity is bought by hard labour. Hardly any English book or edition of importance is wanting in the collection, and not one requires more than five minutes to fetch. It may be interesting to point out that the proportion of books on various subjects—if the whole library be

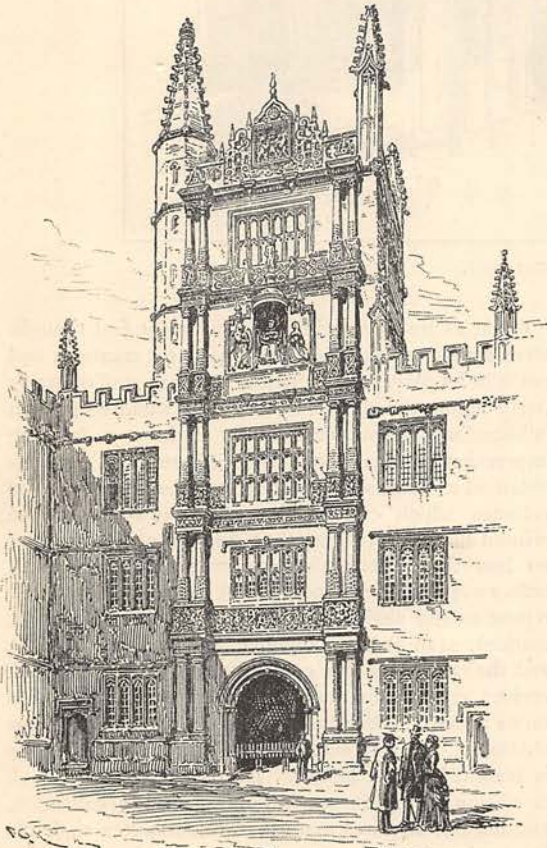
counted as 100—is nearly as follows: Theology, 28; History, with Biography and Geography, about 20; Belles Lettres, 14; "Philosophy," including education and social questions, 10; Law and Classics, each 8; Medicine, with Natural Science, about 5; the rest, 7.

Let us now consider some special incidents and curiosities of the Bodleian. It is the peculiar interest of an old building such as this, that every nook and corner has its own history and associations: associations which unfortunately it is only too easy for a restless or superficial mind to overlook, but which, if thought about, help greatly towards the appreciation of the heritage handed down to us by the piety and learning of past centuries, and of the far-drawn influences which have combined to form this great home of study. It will, perhaps, be best to take the visitor in imagination through the chief rooms and to let some of them suggest their story as we pass. Let us enter then once more the "Schola vetus Medicinæ," and climb the long staircase, and press through the green door. Looking down on us as we pass in is the quiet, settled, and wise face of the founder, as it were inviting us, in the words of the formula of admission, to "study and silence." Let us begin by glancing at the case of autographs on our left beneath the window. The very first is a wonderful piece of paper. It transports us to the Council-chamber of Charles II.,

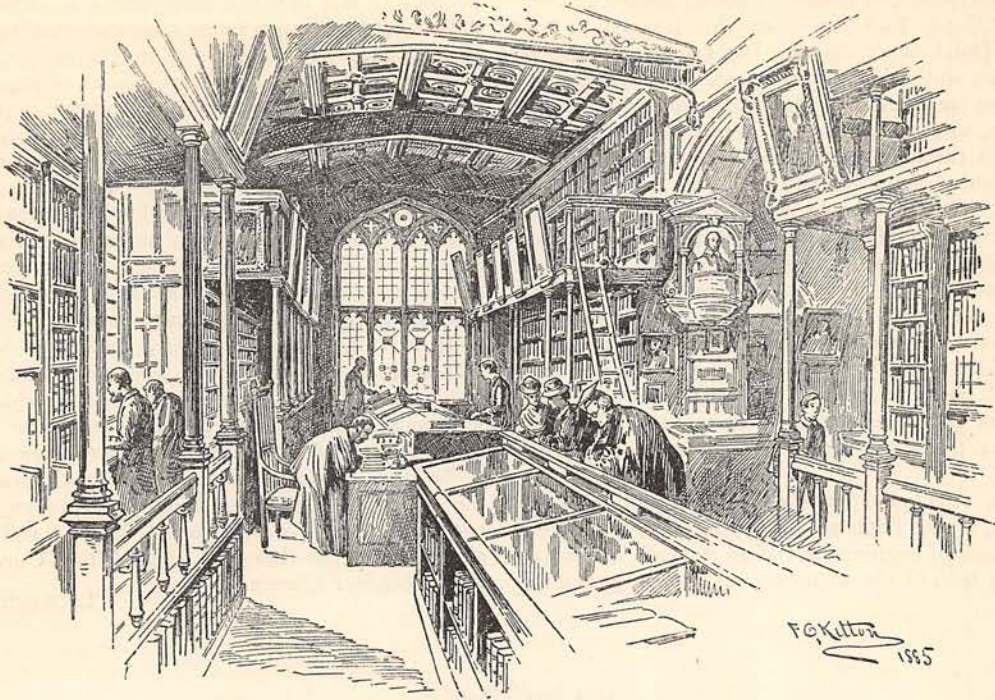
the king at one end of the long table, and the president, Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, the historian of the Great Rebellion, at the other, with my Lords of the Council ranged on either side. Suddenly a page is beckoned by the king to bear a small sheet of paper to the earl. Is it a query about the dissolution of Parliament, or the dismissal of a high officer of state? Not exactly: it bears written near the top, "I would willingly make a visite to my sister at Tunbridge for a night or two at furthest, when do you thinke I can best spare that time?" The earl gravely replies on the same paper, "I know no reason why you may not for such a tyme (2 nights) go the next weeke, about Wensday or Thursday, and returne tyme enough for the adiournement: which yet ought to be the weeke followinge:" adding as an afterthought, "I suppose you will go with a light Trayne." Now that the king sees his way to spend a night or two "out of town," he is jocose, and sends the page back with this right royal reply, "I intend to take nothing but my night bag:" the answer to which is, "Yes, you will not go without 40 or 50 horse." Now, however, the king's paper and patience are equally at an end, and he has only room to answer, "I counte that parte of my night bag." Such is this document, and such are some other State Papers in the same volume; but does it not admit us to the very Council-room, and show us the king as he is?

In the same case is a long autograph of Milton. The Bodleian copy of Milton's *Poems, both English and Latin* (Lond., 1645) was lost, and John Rous, the librarian, wrote to the author to ask him to supply another. Milton does so, and adds in his own hand on an inserted paper a Latin poem, "Ad Johannem Rousium, Academiæ Oxoniensis bibliothecarium," dated Jan. 23, 1646. But what was Milton then but a Presbyterian who had written against the king, and had published a volume of poems? So his book was just marked "8° M. 168 Art." and sent up to the gallery over our heads, where it remained until, perhaps long after, the interest of the book was seen, and it was brought to its present place of honour.

Next let us pass by the catalogue and look down the vista of Duke Humphrey's Library, with its recesses on either side and its ivy-circled windows overlooking the quiet Exeter gardens. As we gaze we may remember that what we see was almost precisely what met the eyes of Charles I., when he spent hours in the library during the Civil War, the same black and gold doors concealing the Bodley Archives, the same oak fittings, the same ranges of folio volumes of Theology, Law, and Medicine—not, indeed, now chained, but often in identically the same places. As we walk down, if we obtain leave to do so, we try to imagine the quiet readers to be the true successors of Selden and Wallis, Warton and Pusey and Pattison. It were rude to look too closely at their books, though, perhaps, it might be disenchanting. We reach the unbroken silence of the Selden end, and notice on either side of the large window the *only* known copies of the earliest plans of Oxford and Cambridge, and close by the only copy of the earliest view of



SCHOOLS TOWER.



THE READING-ROOM.

London, some fifteen feet in length. These are treasures indeed, but exceeded in value and interest by that supreme example of Grangerism, the Sutherland collection, on our right hand. Not less than £20,000 were spent on expanding an edition of Clarendon's *Great Rebellion* and Burnet's *History of my own Time*, by the insertion of every possible portrait and view which could illustrate the text, so that, for instance, there are 740 portraits of Charles I., and 450 views of London! This collection was presented in 1837.

But we must turn back, and if, as we pass again the gate separating the readers from the public part, we glance into the study on the right, we shall see one of the neatest quotations ever made. A student (a "*savant inconnu*") came to the library door on the morning of April 19, 1806, but found it shut; the officers were lazy and not in their places to open it. He just wrote on the piece of paper we are looking at, in Greek, the words, "Ye have taken away the key of knowledge; ye neither enter in yourselves, and them that are entering in ye hinder!" This he pinned on the door and departed.

On the left are the precious cases containing examples of illuminated MSS. of every age and kind, both Oriental and European, with other specimens of writing and early printed books. But for us Englishmen, perhaps, two stand out above the rest in interest; one is a volume of the Acts of the Apostles, in Greek and Latin, undoubtedly handled and perused by the Venerable Bede,* who died in 735; and the other—

* A dip into a Bodleian MS. of Virgil some years ago showed the extent of Bede's influence on succeeding generations; in MS. Auct.

most precious of all—a Latin copy of the Gospels believed to be one of the two given by Pope Gregory to St. Augustine, when the latter came to Christianise England about A.D. 600. Is it too much to say, even when we remember Perran-zabulo, that it is the very book in which the complete Gospels first entered England?

Fortunate is he who is taken round the private rooms of the library—the *Auctarium*, where the most precious manuscripts are stored, such as the Oxford Catullus, the Clarkian Plato, the D'Orville Euclid, the Carte Papers, and the huge "Vernon" MS., a vast collection of English literature written in the latter part of the fourteenth century, and almost too heavy for one man to lift—the Wood room, with the precious Oxford collections of Antony à Wood and Elias Ashmole; the Douce room, of English literature; the Oriental rooms; the Gough room, containing English topography, with countless monastic charters, deeds, and rolls; and other such. Our guide may at one point surprise us by putting side by side the "Vernon" MS. and the tiniest MS. of all, measuring $\frac{3}{4}$ in. \times $\frac{1}{16}$, and at another may unroll before us some forty feet of parchment, containing a pedigree from Adam to Henry VI., richly studded with emblazoned arms; or show us the "Wicked" Bible, or

F. 1.16, where the text of Virgil has notes in the margin written by a German scribe in the eleventh century, just opposite a hypermetric line, before the difficulties of which the commentator seemed to think that the learned world shrunk back dismayed, occurs a note exalting Bede as the very champion and representative of mankind: "*Difficilis scansio, sed Beda soluit eam*" ("Hard is the verse to scan, but Bede read the riddle").

the little ephemeral children's books, printed by Newbery ("Goody Two Shoes" and her friends), in their pretty Dutch paper covers. But enough of this: let us only visit the Malone collection. A narrow cottage staircase leads us to a little old-fashioned room, all corners, with antique beams across the ceiling, and a quaint casement, but having pre-eminently a look and feeling of undisturbed quiet, far from the rush of life. Yet those books which clothe the walls are priceless. The folios of Shakespeare, and nearly every quarto known, rest in the dimmest corner, and all about is the collection of English plays, which makes the name of Malone rank with Douce and Rawlinson in the annals of the place. It is not amiss that these great collections should preserve their donors' honoured names, and that each should be taken as a nucleus round which to group additions, such as the giver would himself have rejoiced to make.

Such, then, quite roughly and unconventionally described, is the Bodleian Library at Oxford, the great storehouse of learning for Oxford students, a standing witness both to the immensity of knowledge and the

necessary limits to man's attainment of it. Central it is in every sense, importuning none and repelling none who are worthy to make use of it, ignorant of distinctions of rank or wealth where a spirit of inquiry is found, promising just what it can perform, appealing by its very site and fabric to a history of nearly three hundred years, and showing the affection and help of every generation of its friends. The books alone might tempt us merely to form collections and to amass facts; it is by the accessory influence of its past history and of its storied buildings that the Bodleian silently teaches us that it is better to be wise than learned, and to feel a thing than to know it. And, once more, it is this power of teaching and impressiveness that gives to the library its real permanence and stability, and enables it, the fourth library which the University has possessed, to adopt, in a new sense, the singular scroll of its founder, *Quarta perennis erit*. A hundred labels with these words look down from the ceiling on Bodley students, but between every two may be seen that other motto, which is still more gladly borne, the beautiful one of the University itself, *Dominus illuminatio mea*.

LOCKRIDES.



LYNDON OF HIGH CLIFFE.

AN OLD SOLDIER'S LOVE-STORY.

By C. DESPARD, Author of "When the Tide was High," "The Artist and the Man," &c.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

WHAT HAD BEEN HAPPENING IN LONDON.



"IF all that Mrs. Morton says is true——"

"It *is* true."

"That Percy fell in love with Veronica Browne?"

"Yes."

"And that she rejected him, and that then you fancied—pardon me, my dear child"—a vivid blush had overspread the face of the young girl who was listening to these words—"let us say that he fancied he was in love with you, and that you found it out, and took leave of them all in a hurry."

The speakers were in a little half-dark ante-room, separated by a curtain from a crowded drawing-room. They were two—a lady of a certain age, stately, handsome, and well dressed, who sat on a sofa, with her

eyes on the illuminated curtain, fearing that at any moment the conversation, which she considered of high importance, might be interrupted; and a young girl, dressed in a simple white gown, with flowers at her throat and flowers in her hair. The girl is Letty Morrison. The lady, own sister to Lady Flora Winstanley, is Lady Glenaveril, said to be at once the proudest and most ambitious woman in London.

When Lady Glenaveril took occasion to call Letty out of the drawing-room, which was full of Mrs. Morton's Christmas guests, the young girl's heart beat joyfully. Could it be that Lady Glenaveril had any message for her from Ettrick?

In a few moments her pleasure was gone; she stood by the sofa, her head drooped like a lily when the wind has swept over it, and her fingers, which she could not keep quiet, clutching nervously at the trimmings of the sofa-cushions.

"But why do you ask me such questions?" she cried out at last. "I will not trouble them. I was trying to find something to do, and I will try again; only—her head bending still lower—"a friend—a kind friend—oh! the best friend in all the world—made