

ren surface has been swept over, the real fortresses remain as yet impregnable. The aim should be made at these, and the conflict should be over these alone.

Here is the trouble of this style of preaching. It creates a great splash, just as when you throw a stone into the water, there is much commotion at first, but the ripple gradually dies away and finally ceases altogether. We do not mean to say that such is always the case, but the tendency is thus.

### *The Students' Scrap Book,*

#### THE GAME OF LIFE.

There's a game much in fashion,—I think it's called *Euchre*,  
(Through I never have played it, for pleasure or lucre),  
In which, when the cards are in certain conditions,  
The players appear to have changed their positions,  
And one of them cries, in a confident tone,  
"I think I may venture to go it alone!"

While watching the game, 'tis a whim of the bard's  
A moral to draw from that skirmish of cards,  
And to fancy he finds in the trivial strife  
Some excellent hints for the battle of life  
Where—whether the prize be a ribbon or throne—  
The winner is he who can go it alone!

When great Galileo proclaimed that the world  
In a regular orbit was ceaselessly whirled,  
And got—not a convert—for all of his pains,  
But only derisions and prisons and chains,  
"It moves, for all that!" was his answering tone,  
For he knew, like the Earth, he could go it alone!

When Kepler, with intellect piercing afar,  
Discovered the laws of each planet and star,  
And doctors, who ought to have lauded his name,  
Derided his learning, and blackened his fame,  
"I can wait!" he replied, "till the truth you shall own;"  
For he felt in his heart he could go it alone!

Alas! for the player who idly depends,  
In the struggle of life, upon kindred or friends;  
Whatever the value of blessings like these,  
They can never atone for inglorious ease,  
Nor comfort the coward who fluds, with a groan,  
That his clutches have left him to go it alone!

There's something, no doubt, in the hand you may hold,  
Health, family, culture, wit, beauty and gold  
The fortunate owner may fairly regard  
As, each in its way, a most excellent card;  
Yet the game may be lost, with all these for your own!  
Unless you've the courage to go it alone!

In battle or business, whatever the game,  
In law or in love, it is ever the same;  
In the struggle for power, or the scramble for pelf,  
Let this be your motto—Rely on yourself!  
For, whether the prize be a ribbon or throne,  
The victor is he who can go it alone!

—Selected from *Saxe*.

#### CHARLES DICKENS.

Of the vast number of so called novels which are constantly placed before us, comparatively few deserve the name. A novel should be a true representation or a consistent idealization of the life, character and manners of the age of which the author treats. The true novel is

one of the most effective ways in which a great mind can communicate itself to the world; capable, as it is, of exhibiting in its own way a complete philosophy of human nature, and admitting, too, a dramatic representation of the abstract principles of science and philosophy. Theoretically, its range is as broad and deep as are its subjects, man and nature. It is, however, the most difficult of all composition since it requires a mind capable of perceiving and representing all varieties of life and character, and of giving them to the reader from the standpoint of an impartial judge, so as to make them appear real. The perfect novelist must be a poet, a philosopher and a man of the world combined; with a nature shrewd, impassioned, observant and creative; enthusiastic but not bigoted, and with ability to keep himself and his personal opinions out of print.

It is evident, then, that this ideal novelist has never been realized. Fielding, had he had a wider range of mind, might have attained the highest rank among creators of fiction: but probably, Scott, as far as his perceptions of natural and supernatural extended, approached nearest the ideal.

Too many novels written by men of high talents, have been but the expression of one-sided views of life. Such are the novels of Bulwer and his school, which treat only of fashionable life as seen by the partial eyes of fashionable people—a life which is, in fact, one of the most unnatural attitudes of human nature. Many of these novels, in turn, dwindle into silly mixtures of sentimentality combined with folly, stupidity and, too often, immorality.

To a jury composed of the readers of such novels, Dickens submitted his famous *Pickwick Papers*, and the verdict was an immediate and almost unprecedented popularity. Dickens, as a novelist, must be classed in the front rank of the noble profession to which he belongs. He revived the novel of genuine practical life,—not the life of a few nor of a favored class, but the life of the people, and that, too, as viewed by an impartial observer. He wrote in a style so wholly his own, that he cannot be accused of borrowing from any other author. Other writers created their characters, but Dickens depended for his, almost entirely upon his wonderfully acute powers of external observation. While the creative power seemed to be lacking in him, his keenness of observation furnished him with abundant materials; and the vividness of his perceptions and his intense sympathy, unconfined by his own personality, with which he entered into the peculiarities of others makes his books abound with characters so real, that the reader, in turn cannot fail to sympathize with them. Indeed, Dickens possessed the rare trait of making others see things through his eyes,—one of the causes which make every character he describes have a special interest. It is in this fact, together with an intuitive perception of individual character and the genial sympathy of his nature that Dickens' whole power and originality lies. Choosing his subjects as he did from every station in life, he had the power of adapting himself to the situation of each, whether it be fashionable drawing room, or the secret haunts and hiding places of the London criminal classes. He has shown the dark as well as the light side of fashionable life, has shown us that happiness and virtue are not confined to a single class, and through the honest sympathy of a kind heart has made—