

people. Let them have more public libraries. Let the people be a reading people. A reading people would be a thoughtful people, and a thoughtful people would take care of the Empire. If it was desirable to have splendid men and chaste women, how could they be produced better than by institutions of this kind? By having good men we should have a great nation; and by having a great nation we should have a great Empire. He believed that the greatest fact in human history at the present time—and he did not speak of it with any particular pride—was the British Empire. This world had seen great Empires which had flourished, and then passed away. If the British Empire was to be maintained, it must be by the quality rather than by the quantity of those who composed it. If we had improved citizens we should have a great nation which would be the centre of a great Empire. One thing about institutions of the kind which most pleased him was that they were especially for the people. Nowadays, the individual was fast losing himself in the community. We were approaching a time when all must be for everyone and everyone for all. Everyone who contributed, in however small a degree, to the rates of that district, was entitled to the use of that library and to feel that he had a share in it. Some one might say "We have only one library in the midst of a population of 30,000 or 40,000 people." Then they must have other libraries. Free education had recently been established. Why should we not have free libraries on a similar system? Why should not the parish and the nation each contribute its quota? He saw no reason whatever. If that were done they would soon have three or four libraries in the district. He never went to the seaside, or listened at the opera, or read Milton, Scott, or Dickens, without wishing that the people too might participate in such pleasures. If they were in the East of London, he should probably have told them that the East had great claims on the West. The waste in the West almost corresponded with its wealth. But his hearers were not in the East. They were in a comparatively well-to-do district, and he could not appeal to the West on their behalf. But he appealed to Stoke Newington. The library wanted some thousands more volumes, and it looked to the district to supply them.

The Rev. J. D. Kewer Williams moved that the warmest thanks of the meeting be given to Mr. Edwards for his presence and munificent gift.

Mr. Eve, in seconding, mentioned that Mr. Edwards had given 40,000 volumes to different libraries, and, not satisfied with that generosity, he had built a library as well. It had therefore been unanimously agreed amongst them that, if possible, he above anyone else should be asked to open this library.

The vote having been carried by acclamation, was acknowledged by Mr. Edwards, who then declared the library open, and the company dispersed.

### **Opening of the Otley (Works) Free Library.**

SPEECH BY THE REV. DR. ROBERT COLLYER.

ON Tuesday, August 2nd, the formal dedication and handing over of a library and free school which has been built, furnished, and endowed at the sole expense of Mr. Robinson Gill, stone merchant, of New York, and formerly a resident in the district, took place in the presence of a numerous gathering, and was accompanied by much rejoicing on the part of the inhabitants of Timble Great, Timble Little, and the hamlets

of High and Low Snowdon, with the northern portion of the township of Askwith, near Otley, for whose use these institutions have been specially provided. The building, which has been erected from designs by Mr. A. Marshall, of Otley, is 43ft. in length by 31ft. 6in. in width, exclusive of porch to the front entrance and bay window to east gable. The front rooms consist of entrance-hall, library, and committee room. To the back is a large room for concerts, lectures, classes, &c., and which can be divided by a moveable partition into two rooms. The internal fittings are on the latest and most approved principle. At the opening and dedicatory ceremony, Mr. Robinson Gill, the donor, stated that he was led to build and endow those premises, in order to perpetuate the memory of his mother, and also to place within the reach of the villagers those means of mental improvement and self-culture which in rural districts were not often easily accessible.

Dr. Robert Collyer (of New York), in opening the building, referred at some length to the worth of books, and to his own insatiable appetite with regard thereto when he was young, although he could only get them with very great difficulty. "Books," said he, "were the delight of my early years; they are still my delight as I near the milestone which Moses, the Man of God, set down at three score and ten; and I think sometimes that if I win my way to a better world, or get there by God's great bounty, and find no books, or any treasure they stand for, I shall want to come back and haunt my library. I was not a model boy. A gentleman wrote me from this side the water to ask if I was myself, and when I assured him I was, among many things he told me was this, standing with his aunt one day, she said, 'There goes that Collyer lad, he's a täästril.' But the books were of worth to me then to help me along a bit, I think, in the right direction, for they were good books which fell into my hands, and all the seed did not fall on thorny ground. I began to dream dreams at my work at the mill about what I would like to do when I was a man; and this was not to be a sailor or to drive a stage-coach, but to go into a book shop; only that seemed far beyond my reach. And so these children will read and dream here and there on the farms, read good books that will move their hearts and nourish their minds; and, as when one looks at his face in the glass, they will catch something of a likeness to what they read, while they are only bent on the delight of it and the charm, so I may give you a bit of good counsel. It is this—let them browse and welcome when the tasks in the school and on the farm are done, and do not trouble them over much with 'Thou shalt not,' touching what they want to read, for the wise old Roman well said, 'Books are the food of youth as they are the delight of old age, the delight of the home, and no hindrance to thee when thou goest abroad.' So it was in my own childhood and youth, and so it has been through all these years which have made me an old man, and lifted me once more over the sea with my old friend. But those far-off days, hard as they were, are full of pleasant memories, because they are full of the sunshine books can give. You must bear with me for saying this, because I know of no way to tell you what books may do for us all, but to tell you what they have done for me, and how well I know that they

Are a substantial world, both pure and good;  
Round which, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,  
Our pastime and our happiness can grow.

It was a dream of many years, too, that some time I should be able to buy all the books I loved, and have them for my own. It was many, many, years before I could do this, what with a house full of children, a workman's wages, and the dear house-mother, who now rests in heaven, to look sharp after me, and see that I did not spend beyond the line of

'spend as you go' for the household needs. But sometimes I would trench on the margin, and then I would smuggle my book in on the sly. Once I hid one under a bush in the garden all night, and a few days after, when my guardian saw it in the bookcase, and said, 'Why, father, when did you get that book?' I answered, 'Oh, I have had that some time now'—but she found me out, or else I confessed—I do not quite remember. That long dream has come true. I number my books by thousands now, and otherwise am not a poor man, but the best wealth still lies in my library of the things we can touch and see, for I know what Shakespeare means when he makes one say

These books I prize beyond my Dukedom.

You may think it a matter of sour grapes, but indeed it is true, that I would not give my library to-day for some dukedoms I know of, if for the rest of my life I must be deprived of their matchless companionship. You have the choicest and best of these books I set such store on in this library, which is only as when you plant a slip from the nursery which will grow into a noble and fruitful tree. But my delight and the delight of all readers may and will be yours. You will take many of these volumes to your homes, and then into your hearts. Some of them you will want for your own when you have read them, and find out, as I have, that 'to ware brass,' as we say, for books is one of the best investments we can make."

Votes of thanks were passed to Dr. Collyer for his address, and to Mr. Robinson Gill for his noble gift.

### Record of Bibliography and Library Literature.

The Bibliography of Matthew Arnold. Compiled and edited by Thomas Burnett Smart. London: J. Davy & Sons, 1892. 8vo., pp. 90.

Mr. Smart's *Bibliography* belongs to that remarkably small class of books which are so well done and so complete that a reviewer can find very little to say about them, except by flying off at a tangent. We have first the bibliography of the poetical works in chronological order, from *Alaric at Rome* (of which Mr. Gosse's copy is no longer unique) to *Geist's Grave*, with a valuable synoptical index, by which the course of any one poem may be traced through the successive editions. Then come the list of the prose works, with references to the magazines and newspapers in which many of them appeared. Then a bibliography of Criticisms and Reviews, and lastly a few addenda. Nothing could be more complete or better. Mr. Smart appends a few notes, mentioning, for instance, that at the Commemoration of 1843 the undergraduates were so uproarious that Matthew Arnold's prize poem, *Cromwell*, was never read, also that the poet duly obtained the £10 which the Oxford publisher of these exercises was wont to give for their copyright—a good bargain in this case. He mentions, too, that that most delightful of all Arnold's prose works, *Friendship's Garland*, endured the ignominy of being sold as a "remainder," and that the true collector may henceforth distinguish the original issue in white cloth boards from the reddish-brown cover of the copies which had to wait for a purchaser so many years. But when they are about to pay their five-and-twenty shillings for the right copy, let collectors bethink them of the poet's own words,