

principles? Can anything be simpler than the source of these fallacies when one appeals to fundamental principles of education? It is impossible for the non-professional to understand that æsthetics, that most sacred of subjects to the artistic mind, can be a science but he should not consider it profane to hold that it is a science when Schiller, Coleridge, Edgar Poe, and Ruskin have been its formulators or scientists. To advocate the study of æsthetics and to despise the formulation of canons of art is to tell a pupil to reach a certain goal and to stand by and jeer at his efforts to reach it. Surely this case is impregnable. The point of view thus reached is, then, that the sole object of the literature teacher is to teach his pupils the principles of structure and taste that have been generalized by critics of English literature; these must be taught and imparted in the inductive spirit, but to leave the pupil to formulate them all would be to violate the spirit of the inductive method. One more word in regard to that method; its aim is to give a careful, not to say sceptical, habit of mind; when this is fully accomplished its mission ends: thereafter high authority for laws or truths must be accepted. The extreme notions of the necessity of independent generalization may be charged with having bred most of the sterile, loathsome, arid scepticism in art, science and religion of the present age.

I have not so much as touched upon the subject of minute reading, directly. Any reader who has followed the argument of this paper and carefully filled in its gaps will see for himself that the science of literature not only implies minute reading but is, itself, little more than minute reading gathering and growing into generalization of artistic truth. That this view is at first repulsive to the artist is true and not surprising; the artist by reason of great gifts of

memory and vivid imagination does all this work unconsciously, he cannot tolerate the analysis which his mind accomplishes by what some call intuition, but High School teachers cannot teach for genius; our methods are selected for the average—even the dull; and to take fine methods for uncultured children would be to miss our aim entirely. It has been said that "literature that we cannot enjoy is better left unread." No statement of a principle has ever filled me with such contempt, such passionate indignation, may I say! What does it mean? No music that does not please my uncultivated ear is worth hearing; no temple worthy of a God that does not rouse the sublimity of my poor half cultivated nature is worth contemplating; no statue that does not thrill the heart of a Canadian farmer with its pure lines and curves of beauty is worth an effort to appreciate; no painting that would be uninteresting to a mob of average citizens is better than their best æsthetic judgment can know and love; no poem, alas for the conclusion, no poem, that a poet might delight in, is worth reading unless an average High School pupil can immediately and without the drudgery of learning what it is all about find a profound and heartfelt pleasure in it. If this is advanced thought in art matters may we long be preserved from advancement. What we try to impress on our pupils is that since they applaud most loudly at the most tawdry music, admire *honestly* the vilest chromos, think the most outrageously painted and constructed houses "*cute*," are thrilled by the veriest doggerel and fascinated by E. P. Roe, that when their taste approves anything it must absolutely and on that account be ugly and unworthy, and that they must struggle slowly but resolutely to the higher the better and the best; the true, the thankful, and the noble.