

life of our great neighbour to the south, must subscribe to sentiments so true in themselves and so ably formulated. Such sentiments mark the close observer, the careful reader, the conscientious critic, and were there more Matthew Arnolds, there were fewer "average men," and less nonsensical irreverence and newspaper imbecility. There are lessons, moreover, in Mr. Arnold's "America" that Canadians would do well to learn by heart, but there—well, my life is insured.

With the critic is indissolubly connected the teacher, indeed, the two offices go hand-in-hand. Judicious and just criticism is the foundation of the teacher's excellence. To give instruction is a secondary sort of office at best. Any one may become an instructor. But the censor, like the poet, is born; he holds his office by divine right. Acquisition is not everything. "It is more blessed to give than to receive." We may fill a barrel with Greek choruses and Latin hexameters, but a barrel will never indicate mental or moral worth or weakness, justify the right or proffer a remedy for the wrong. The phonograph is not a new invention either, it is but the application of an old principle inherent in life transferred to an inanimate machine.

Coming from such a stock, having had the privilege of converse with such a father, himself the prince of teachers, it may not unreasonably be supposed that the son inherited at least a portion of that father's great faculty for school government and direction. Nor shall we be disappointed in the supposition. Whatever hypercritical cavillers may say, Mr. Arnold was *par excellence* a teacher. The term is not intended to be construed in its restricted sense, but in its widest. He was not a teacher for a time, but for all time. Not alone the representative of a school, but of

all schools. Not alone the professor of poetry at an Oxford college, but the great exponent of the spirit of poetry at its purest and best. As lay inspector of schools he doubtless accomplished useful and noble work, but it is in his office as inspector of universal intelligence and reformer of the creed of literary criticism that his life-labour was nobler and more useful still. And the secret of his success as lay inspector lies in his own formulæ: "I think I have had two qualifications for the post. One is that of having a serious sense of the nature and function of criticism. I from the first sought to see the schools as they really were. Thus it was soon felt that I was fair, and that the teachers had not to apprehend from me crochets, pedantries, humours, favouritism, and prejudices. That was one qualification. Another was that I got the habit, very early in my time, of trying to put myself in the place of the teachers whom I was inspecting." And to sum up, he says: "I have been fair, and I have been sympathetic." A meed of self-praise not unmerited, as is well proved by the following words from *The Spectator*: "English education, then, has reaped the highest benefit, not merely from Mr. Arnold's accomplishments as a scholar and his fidelity as a keen critic of our schools, but also from the largeness of his poetic vision, the purity of his taste, the calm and serenity of his self-confidence, and the delicacy of his sympathy with the rudimentary stages of the intellectual life."

But he has done his work and has gone to his reward. Whatever may have been his failings, and there have not been wanting many to decry and to decry them, more especially those upon whom the lash of his just censure fell, he was at least honest and true, and if he extenuated nothing, of what he deemed wrong, neither, do