

found great difficulty in doing so. We may perhaps feel inclined to congratulate the Greek because he had nothing to do with foreign languages; we ought certainly to congratulate him in that his language was, as compared with our own, rational in respect of the value of letters or symbols. He had not to wrestle with such old forms as *dough*, *daughter*, *laughter*, *hough*, *tough* and *trough*, spelled as they are with what appears to be a large waste of letters, and hinting to the student of language that they may conceal some important principle of sound-change, into which it is beyond our purpose just now to inquire. They puzzle our own youth, and no doubt they will for the sake of youth be made phonetic before long. The foreigner is pleased to hold them up to ridicule, for they puzzle him still more; yet, if he is inclined to blame us for our spelling, he ought to bless us for giving him rational gender. How many English men who speak French—an irrational language in the same particular as our own—and German, and speak them fluently, have mastered the difficulties of their genders? Our language was phonetic once and, on the whole, uniform in spelling, subsequently it was largely phonetic but not so uniform—hence we meet with the same word spelt in different ways according to the humor of the scribe, still later it became uniform not phonetic. So, that when we advocate phonetic spelling, we are, in reality, advocating an old state of things and not a new one. However, the modern world is unlike the Greek world, as I said a few moments ago. In the modern world the question of modern languages is an eternal question, like the Eastern question in history. How has English stood in regard to it? The answer leads us to record, and a few facts may prove interesting.

Of study in the old purely monastic schools, nothing need be said. Our concern is rather with the old endowed Grammar schools which were intended to educate the children of citizens or townsmen. One of the earliest of the endowed Grammar schools, in England is the Free School at Derby, founded before 1162. Yet it is not with such schools as that of Derby, which, with about twenty others, belongs to the pre-Reformation period, that we have to do. We pass to the post-Reformation Grammar schools, and are watching for the first scholastic mention of the study of English, in order to examine its tenor. It is worth while to notice that before this mention appeared, Greek had found a place in the Grammar-school curriculum. The first teacher to introduce the study of Greek into the English public school was William Lilly, who was made the first head-master of St. Paul's school in London about the year 1510, so that Greek in school life has now a history of nearly four hundred years. Strange enough, the first head-master of the Merchant Taylors School in London, Richard Mulcaster, gives what is perhaps the earliest scholastic reference to the study of English in public schools. He was made head-master in 1561, and published the first part of his *Elementarie* in 1582. In the interval between Lilly and Mulcaster appeared Roger Ascham's *Toxophilus*, a work intended to revive the pursuit of archery then falling into decay. The *Toxophilus* is noteworthy in the history of

English, because in the preface Ascham vindicates his use of English instead of Latin which he might have been expected to employ. Wishing the book to be popular, he had written it in the vulgar tongue, even though his reputation as a learned man might thereby suffer. But this is by no means all. In Ascham's eyes English of and in itself is a good language, demanding care in its use and capable of supplying all that an author needs. This attitude of an exalted professional scholar towards English, when he selected it as the language in which to write a book, is quite worth a passing notice. Before we reach Mulcaster, then, we find Greek introduced into the school curriculum, and also a famous classical scholar looking with favor on the merits of English as a literary language.

(To be continued.)

SONG-SILENCE.

A song in my heart is swelling
Thro' stillness of the night;
'Tis only a silent presence,
A voiceless calm delight.

Only a subtle presence,
Yet it soothes me like rich perfume
Scattered from swaying censers
Thro' the chancel's twilight gloom.

I know not whence it cometh
Nor how long it shall abide,
I only know I have it
And care for none beside.

It may be some haunting memory
Time hath not worn away,
An echo of long-lost music
Or some unremembered lay.

I cannot give it utterance
For it has no words nor voice,
But it wells thro' all my being
And beats: "Rejoice! Rejoice!"

And I hush my breath, and listen
To its inward melody
Till peace, like flowing waters,
Steals softly over me.

O blest and gracious silence!
O sweet, unspoken song!
The music of thy presence
Shall haunt my memory long!

And o'er the coming morrow
Its sadness and its glee
Shall hang like a benediction
The peace I caught from thee.

R. McD.

Harvard.

LIFE IN A COLORADO MINING TOWN.

To all Easterners who have never crossed the Great Plains, the West remains a vast region but little known or comprehended, but still ever of intense interest and alluringly romantic with the early history of the Red-men's supremacy and their final subjugation, fraught with many fierce fights, extreme sufferings and heroic deeds, or with the stories of those pioneers who braved