

mere half knowledge; the knowledge obtained by travel is real and first hand; it teaches and impresses. And the things it has taught us live with us forever.

Let any cultivated man or woman of middle age ask himself or herself seriously: "How much of what I know that I really prize did I learn at school and college, or learn from books, and how much did I learn from things seen and visited in London, Paris, Venice, Florence, Munich, Nuremberg, Dresden, Brussels?" Will not the answer be, to the first half, next to nothing; to the second half, almost everything? Speaking for myself, I can honestly say I went away from Oxford without a single element of education worth speaking of, and without the slightest training in method or development of faculties. Everything that I have ever learned worth knowing I have taught myself since by observation and travel; and I reckon in particular my first visit to Italy as the greatest and most important date in my mental history. Oxford taught one how to write imitation Latin verses; Italy taught one who the Romans were, and why their language and literature are worthy of study. Until you have been in Rome it is silly and childish to read Roman books; only when you know Rome does Rome begin to live and speak for you.

One's own experience is often the

best guide one can have; therefore I shall make no apology for adding that on the first day I ever spent in Rome, I took a long drive round the town—a drive of mere orientation, suitable for a man who was weary with travelling all night; and in the course of it I saw the Forum, the Capitol, the Palatine, the island in the Tiber, the Vatican, St. Peter's, the Pantheon, the column of Trajan, and most of the other great monuments and churches. Now, I had been teaching Roman history half my life, and lecturing on the masterpieces of Roman literature; but when I returned from that drive I felt I knew and understood Rome as I had never understood it before; and I was ashamed of the fact that I had not earlier seen it. I realized that my education had been neglected. I re-read several of my classics, comprehending for the first time in my life what they were about, and reading them with pleasure, where before I had read from a sense of duty. The man who has once visited Italy finds all the world thenceforth something fuller and deeper for him.

"But you had already learned some Latin!" In fear and trembling, yes; as a hateful task, to be examined in. If I had never learned Latin till I went to Italy, and had then spelled it out word by word on the monuments, I should have learned it more thoroughly, and certainly loved it better.—*Cosmopolitan*.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"Deliver not the tasks of might
To weakness, neither hide the ray
From those, not blind, who wait for
day,
Tho' sitting girt with doubtful light.

"That from Discussion's lips may fall
With Life, that, working strongly
binds—
Set in all lights by many minds,
So close the interests of all."

Vanity it would be in me and to you
bootless, to repeat what has been re-

peated and written *ad nauseam* about
the increase of pupils since 1847, in