

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 childish and silly to read Roman books; only when you know Rome, does Rome begin to live and speak for you.

There is no denying that there is some sense in what Grant Allen has

written above; but there is so much utter nonsense in it, that one recalls instinctively the poet's description of Sir Benjamin's Backbite's book of poems: "A neat rivulet of verse meandering through a meadow of margin."

Mr. Allen believes in the efficacy of travel as an educational influence, and in that he has made no new discovery. But when he asserts that travel may profitably supplant college training, he opens the way to the logical conclusion that tramps are the most highly-educated and refined members of the human family. By the way, why should not Mr. John Brisben Walker style his new institution "The Tramp University for Weary Willies," and make Grant Allen its first President?

