

inhabitants; but they are intensely human. And though it is fanned by the breath of heaven fresh-blowing, and he who visits it looks far out into the ocean of eternity, he yet converses with angels that are but heroic men; and inhaling, in the company of the manliest of authors, the pure atmosphere of the enchanted land, he finds himself stronger for everyday life and duty. He hears, too, as in Prospero's island, a music as yet unequalled in grandeur, a sonorous melody, which, combined with loftiest imagery and tremendous energy, has given to our language the word Miltonic, and which alone would insure the poem immortality.

If the opinions of eminent critics are misleading, much more untrustworthy is popular favour. Forty editions of Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy were called for by the last generation; but who reads it now? We must wait for the survival of the fittest. When several generations and a thousand critics have viewed the work, not in the humid and many-coloured rays of passion or prejudice, but in what Bacon calls "dry light," and have set the author's statue in the Pantheon, we may accept the apotheosis at last.

This test excludes the works of all authors now living. "Let no man be called happy till his death!" A truly great author is not in haste to be canonized. "I can wait a century for a reader, since God has waited six thousand years for an observer," said the greatest of astronomers. Shakespeare betrays no desire for popularity. Milton would have "fit audience, though few." Bacon is content to leave his name and fame till "some time be passed over."

Our field from which to select for study is thus narrowed to choice productions of the *past*. But the number of these is still too great for any course of college study. Not a tenth can be thoroughly treated in the al-

lotted time. We must limit ourselves still more. How?

Here we are aided by the unanimous voices of the ages. The great masterpieces of Greece and Rome, of Florence and France and Spain and Germany and Great Britain (may I include the United States?) are few. But even these may be too many. Which shall we take, and which leave?

This brings us face to face with the question, What is the object in view in the study of literature in college, and what the method?

I think it may be safely answered that the end is the same as in all high art, moral elevation and inspiration through beauty or sublimity. The selections must not only approach perfection in outward form, but they must be types of inward grace, of purity, and of power.

But where shall we find the time in the already crowded curriculum? What studies shall give way?

Relatively, though not absolutely, too much has been made in school and college of mere intellectual keenness and activity. Narrowness and meanness may co-exist with mental sharpness and vigour, as in Mephistopheles and the devil. Profound scientific theories may make one acute, quick, strong, without conducing at all to mental exaltation, and without any suggestion of social or civil duties. The scientist finds law everywhere, but the law-maker nowhere. Physical science is having a poetic revenge for the general neglect or frequent scorn she has suffered in all the ages past. It is her day of triumph now. Her stupendous progress stamps the century. But shall she think to dominate the whole process of education? In the first place, there is danger of excessive specialization. Universities cannot, much less can colleges, make finished chemists, botanists, engineers, zoölogists, nor specialists of any kind—but *men*. A few generalizations