

believed that he would find for the world apples of gold. But they did not know with how feeble a hand he was to hold the rudder of life. Entranced and absorbed with any airy speculation or dreamy fancy, as forgetful of himself as of other people, and as unconscious as the figurehead on the prow, he heeded neither anchor nor compass, and drifted wherever there was wind and water. His sailing at its best was little else than daring tub practice in dangerous waters, though he bore one of the world's most priceless cargoes. Carlyle, in his *Sterling*, has told the bitter end of this gifted life, if too painfully only because too truly, when Coleridge shuffled in and out of the Highgate garden, a puffed victim, sore given to opium.

Yet when this "rapt one of the god-like forehead" began to sing, the silence of an English century was pleased. No notes ever were more welcome, or more distinctly heralded a new day for art and literature. No one knew this better than Wordsworth, when, recalling the summer when they were together "upon smooth Quantock's airy ridge," he said:

"Thou in bewitching words, with happy heart,
Didst chaunt the vision of that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner, and rueful woes
Didst utter of the Lady Christabel."

Far more than Wordsworth himself, so consecrated and patient in his ministry as a poet, Coleridge awoke a forgetful age to the spiritual harmony of things, and in a few brief years gave the English tongue a contribution of as precious poetical treasure as it has ever had to carry.

One of the greatest who ever met Robert Burns said of him that it was a mere accident which made him known only as a poet, as he was in other directions quite as well equipped and capable. The same is true of Coleridge. In speculation and metaphysics, in ethics and religion, his gifts and resource were as conspicuous and rare as in the field of poetical creation. The contributions he gave to these subjects were very fitful and fragmentary, but they were most influential and fruitful. Few men who said so little on philosophy and religion have had that little so entirely absorbed into the thought of their generation, so as sometimes to determine its course and oftener to enrich it with new fragrance and flavor. This man's words were eminently a fountain-head, the flowing of which was only intermittent and often troubled, but its influence has been beneficent and singularly far-reaching.

This paper would suggest to any student of literature or philosophy that, if he have come to the not unusual experience of having reached arid weariness in his reading, and if his jaded mind refuses the lead of his immediate teachers, both relief and fresh impulse might come from an excursion into the intellectual regions where Coleridge has sway, and whence he set so much fresh thought stirring more than a century ago. As simple ballads revive poetry when it is overstrained, and as a cottage tale refreshes when richer literature has wearied; so fresh pastureland, with a spirit of surprise and unconsciousness and spiritual rapture prevailing there—as in that region where Coleridge is the presiding genius, might alleviate and renew a tired and unwilling mind. To be with him, however, is far more an experience of atmosphere, and therefore of inspiration, than a discipline of intellectual pabulum and exercise. It should also, in justice be added that some pretty

severe moral training may be found by entering with Coleridge into both his utterances and his effort, when he realized how he had laid waste his powers and in sore repenting sought to retrieve and atone. It was of these later years of contrition and endeavor after new obedience that Lamb spoke when he said that he found in his friend "a hunger for eternity." It was a wonderful group that gathered round Coleridge, even in his shatters age, for light and leading—poets, painters, critics, preachers and men of letters—the men who intellectually headed the life of the nineteenth century. From the thought of that group the suggestion may come to some of us that something essential may still be heard by any who go on intellectual pilgrimage to chantment in his imagery, and even the wreck of his life hath dust of gold.

"Six years from sixty saved! Yet kindling skies
Own them, a beacon to our centuries."

A. B. Liddell.

WOMEN IN JOURNALISM.

When women first entered journalism they occupied a peculiar place. They were, in reality, "freaks," and they usually obtained their positions, and their chances to work for prestige, by some out-of-the-way exploit. Gradually, however, the opinions held by the majority of the editors changed. Women began to be regarded as very convenient additions to newspaper staffs. It was discovered that there was some reporting which men always did very badly.

There are still, of course, city editors who send men to millinery opening and W. C. T. U. meetings, but perhaps it is not too much to say that they are not the most advanced of their kind.

Last week, in a fashionable milliner's, a nice-looking chap interviewed a pretty milliner's assistant as to the comparative number of dead birds used in this year's millinery. The Humane Society's meeting was just over, and some of the truths uttered there had stirred up a ripple in some newspaper men's minds. The girl told him all about the birds, what sort were fashionable, how they were put on hats, and that larger numbers were used. He said: "Yes! Yes!" and "Indeed;" and looked straight into her pretty brown eyes. I'm sure he didn't know a gull from a blackbird even when he went out, but he could have drawn her face and told you what color her stock-collar was, and, more than that, her brown eyes danced between him and the pavement all the way to Yonge street, I know they did.

A man despoises a cooking school. He goes because he is sent to report some closing or particular demonstration, but he goes with the same spirit that a boy goes to play with his little sisters, when they insist upon dressing dolls.

Women readers, however, want to know all about cooking schools, and, with all due deference to the variable forms genius takes in the mind of the male reporter, it must be said that his report is usually more entertaining than it is meant to be, and less truthful and instructive than he and the wise city editor blandly believe. It is the same with fabrics and costumes and the ins and outs of feminine social and philanthropic life. A man cannot do these things. He hasn't the vocabulary. He hasn't the ability to write from that full knowledge of his subject which invests even a condensed report with a magic you cannot explain and which makes all the difference between good and bad reporting.