

Druids," "the gory visage sent down the stream," the "sanguine flower inscribed with woe," and all the rest of it. The examiner could go on constructing paper after paper, and yet leave something untouched. And so, for the sake of proving to the examiner how many Clarendon Press notes could be made to stick fast in the sixth standard boy's memory, this consummate poem was drummed into him—a poem, the nobility and beauty of which could not by any possibility be brought home to his ideas and feelings, because his whole line of learning in the school supplied him with nothing to which the poem could in any intelligible way link itself. The allusiveness of the poem—saturated at every turn with a recollection of something in Virgil or Theocritus—essentially a poem to delight scholars and students, how should it test anything in the village boy, save a parrot-like capacity for learning isolated facts and phrases, and reproducing them on paper or by word of mouth? This is one of my anecdotes. Here is the other. Some five-and-twenty years ago, when I was a curate in Staffordshire, our village schoolmaster (it was before the days of regulation English literature in national schools), having to find something to read to his upper class as a lesson in dictation, thought he would try as an experiment Lord Tennyson's "Dora," that tender and charming idyll of the farmer whose son would not marry according to his father's

wishes—a story of sorrow and suffering, courage and loyalty, and final reconciliation. I suppose that no one would dream of choosing such a poem to provide material for an examination; at least I cannot remember any single word in it to make a question out of; and in this case the poem was not set for that purpose, but primarily for an exercise in writing from dictation. But the master, having found the story touching and interesting, doubtless hoped his pupils might also find it so, and thought like a sensible man that he might confer two separate benefits in a single lesson. What was the result? The boys and girls were moved and charmed. They obtained permission to make permanent copies of it with pen and ink. They took them home, and read them to their fathers and mothers; they in their turn were interested and moved by the picture of village loves and sorrows, touched by a master's hand; and thus one very unromantic Staffordshire village was drawn for the moment closer together under the spell of genius. Now, I ask you confidently, in which of these two cases had English literature really justified its admission into schools—its installation as a worthy part of education? In which instance had literature done its high and blessed service—that in which the poem had been studied for its own sake, or that in which it had been studied for the sake of the notes?

(To be continued.)

MANNERS IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

WE are hearing a good deal just now of the need of other kinds of training than mere literary training in the schools. There is a loud demand, not only for manual, but for moral and religious training—something very hard to get in a satisfactory shape, because its efficiency must

largely depend on the character of the teacher. It is not every teacher who can make himself or herself a moral or religious influence, or even furnish a proper vehicle for moral or religious instruction. But there is a branch of ethics which might be taught in every school, and which