

And surely education, higher education, must be a help and not a hindrance to this. Why should it be imagined that in her case alone sound theory is inimical to perfect practice. Why should they be so often contrasted as they are? Why should we so often hear the open or covert sneer which takes it for granted that a well-educated woman must necessarily be an incapable in her household, a poorer mother and mistress, a less efficient cook or seamstress, than one whose mind has never been exercised on anything higher than the daily round of domestic duties? We must have given some cause for the world's judgment in this matter. Public opinion, though an indifferent guide in the pursuit of truth cannot be utterly ignored, for it has usually some ground on which it bases its conclusions. Have we been one-sided in our thoughts or partial in our decisions? Have what we deemed noble impulses been but day-dreams after all, and have we yet to open our eyes to the realities of life? Even if it has been so, we need not stop here, we need not be discouraged; we have still time and opportunity to give proofs that will admit of no gainsaying of the justice of our cause. It is impossible that it should not be so, if we only school ourselves to look on life as one great whole and to despise no part of it as unimportant or trivial. The habits of accuracy which bring about a correct answer to a mathematical problem ought to produce an equally satisfactory result when our work is done not with lines and figures but with the necessary materials for making a savoury or nourishing dish or clothing for our little children or our needy neighbours. The quickness of perception which can discern and confute the weak point in a chain of reasoning should be equally quick to perceive and correct the weak point in the working of a household; the patience which can weigh and sift evidence, which can try this and that method of investigation to prevent the danger of a false or too hasty conclusion, should not fail when that which tries it are the wilful moods of a child's mind, and the result to be attained the moulding of a character whose influence in turn may extend beyond the possibility of our calculation.

Of what avail is it that our hearts attuned to sympathy with the rise and fall of the hopes of nations, beating high in response to the heroic deeds of long ago, or weighed down with the injustice and evil which too often requited them, if they have no responsive echo for the cry drawn forth by the same struggles between good and evil, between hope and despair, which unceasingly go on around each one of us—though perhaps they fail to interest us for want of that distance which is needed to put them into dramatic perspective?

For a woman has lost the chief characteristics of her womanhood if her mind has been developed at the expense of her affections. The charm which gathers round her is broken all the more rudely for the painfulness of the contrast when the quick bright intellect, the keen perception, and the ready wit are found to be unaccompanied by the power of tender and helpful sympathy. Let the culti-

vation of the heart keep pace with that of the mind, let eye and finger be trained to quick interpretation of each beneficent impulse, or we may find in the day when all things are manifested that uncultivated mediocrity, accompanied by a loving and faithful spirit, has accomplished that which we with all our valued mental discipline have attempted in vain.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

FROM ONE POINT OF VIEW.

In his essay on Emerson, Matthew Arnold finds occasion to say, with at least a large amount of truth, that he is neither a great poet, nor a great philosopher, nor a great man of letters: he allows that he is a prophet. Matthew Arnold is neither a great prophet, nor a great philosopher, nor a great man of letters; a poet we allow that he is. Emerson is not a great *poet* because he lacks expression, Arnold is not a great *prophet* because he lacks earnestness: Emerson is not a great philosopher because he has formulated no system, Arnold would not be a philosopher if he had a system: Emerson is not a great man of letters because he is wanting in style, Arnold is not a great man of letters in spite of his style.

Le style c'est l'homme is a motto of which Mr. Arnold is very fond. We believe that it is in the main true, but it is not so true that it will stand inversion. Many men are better than their style. Some men are better than any style. But this is not the case with Mr. Arnold. His favourite maxim is very true of himself. It is as faithful to him, as he was faithful to it, it will not desert him, it will cling close to him, as the death-dealing robes of Medea clung close to the perishing limbs of her rival.

His style smacks of his own superciliousness; it is the incarnation of himself. Comparing his style with the style of Newman, Mr. Hutton, with his admirable insight, remarks: "Newman's style is luminous as a clear atmosphere, Arnold's style is luminous as a steel mirror." The one reminds us of Plato's beautiful myth, that on certain days the gods went in procession to the battlements of heaven, and bending over, gazed into the blue depths of truth; the other reminds us—just a little—of vanity reflected in a glass. The one reveals truth, the other reflects the man.

It was characteristic of Matthew Arnold, to claim for himself the province of criticism, and to think that he was called by destiny to set the world right. We are often reminded in reading him of Carlyle's witty remark: "Mr. Matthew Arnold thinks that if he had been present at the creation, he might have given the Creator many valuable hints, but there is one thing that could not have been improved, and that is, Mr. Matthew Arnold himself."

If he had been true to his own canons of criticism, he would not have had the good or bad fortune to be so much criticized. He is not sure whether it is good or bad for