

rather that "Crassa Minerva" and keen sharpness necessary for the last decades of the nineteenth century, then the objection may be admitted. But will any one attempt to prove that because Lord Derby made a grand translation of Homer's Iliad, he was unfitted for his position and should have lived two generations earlier, or breathes there one insane enough to say that the profound learning which has given to the world such works as "Inventus Mundi," has had nothing to do with the success of Gladstone! "Oh yes" its whispered perhaps if he had not dipped into such irrelevant matter as the myths of the ancient Heroes, he might still be Premier, and if he came to Canada, without 'his blushing honours thick upon' him he would not find a constituency. And if the old fashioned system of education is not adapted to the present day, is it to be presumed that a proper training can be derived from the diversity of pursuits which boys are now compelled to take up?

O shades of our grandfathers, revisit this earth and take a peep into the modern school-room! Look at our studies and convince yourselves of the shameful ignorance in which you gloried, Latin and Greek, as much reduced to shades as yourselves. Greek supplanted by Book-keeping. Oh! Manes! your flesh would creep if you had any. Dead languages and live languages. Just to think of German in your day. And mathematics; what know you of these, a little arithmetic, and perhaps Euclid, that is if you got to the top of the tree. But here what do you see? The youngest boys giving to *a* the numerical value of 1 and trying desperately to commit the structure of the *Pons Asinorum* to memory. Ask that infant to translate the expression, and his knowledge of English Literature preponderates so greatly over his acquaintance with the Latin Grammar that he renders it quite readily. "The Bridge of Sighs." Chemistry too. Why you thought that it consisted in a knowledge of the four elements. And did you strive "rerum cognoscere causas?" No, and if you did you could not have satisfied your curiosity, for they did not undertake to teach Natural Philosophy

in the Schools. And Botany, Zoology, Conchology, theories of music and drawing, with numerous other "ologies and "osophies," whose enumeration would demand more tongues than did Homer's catalogue of "the leaders and rulers of the Greeks."

Having listened to this list have you any thing to urge why judgment should not be pronounced upon you, why you should not be condemned to perfect oblivion and never more be quoted as authorities on Education? Yes, they put in a plea, the ghosts of our ancestors reply by a counter question. Is there any practical benefit to be derived from this variety of pursuits? Did we not gain more real good from the study of two ancient languages than you, our descendants, do from half-a-dozen literatures, and as many sciences? Professor Fawcett, is seated on the bench and acquits them honourably with the sentence. "Excellence in a few subjects might be regarded as a much greater distinction, and is certain to prove of more permanent benefit than mediocrity or showy superficialism in various subjects."

But while such was the case in the days of our forefathers, not even the most ardent lover of the classics would now wish to see the school term so inordinately devoted to the study of Latin and Greek, as was the practice at a time when in addition to the dead languages little more was learnt than History and the most Elementary Mathematics. For instance, there is no necessity for forcing the youth to study the Latin and Greek Grammar in these respective tongues, nor to make such poets of boys as that they may be able to apostrophize Venus in Latin Lyrics, or put Greek Iambics in the mouths of Romeo and Juliet, but is it not rather shameful that *men* should come up to College for a Matriculation Examination, having a fair knowledge of three books of Euclid, able to solve any problem in Quadratic Equations, crammed with Chemistry, and one or two philosophies, and yet not competent to construe two lines of Xenophon's Anabasis, or to re-translate Horace's patriotic line into anything more beautiful than,