

ance. In Germany, the speculative classes and the practical classes are altogether disunited; in America, they are altogether fused." "The stock of American knowledge is small, but it is spread through all classes; the stock of German knowledge is immense, but it is confined to one class. Which of these two forms of civilization is the more advantageous, is a question we are not now called upon to decide. It is enough for our present purpose, that in Germany there is a serious failure in the diffusion of knowledge; and, in America, a no less serious one in its accumulation." This view, which still leaves matter for thought, must be modified if it is to reflect the condition of things now existing in both countries. However, what has been taking place in America, for the last generation at least, is precisely this accumulation of which Buckle speaks and more conspicuously, of course, in the large centres of population. It is a well-known fact that Europe has to watch her literary and artistic treasures very keenly, whenever they come to the hammer, in order to retain them.

Although American literature cannot for a moment rank with that of the older countries of Europe, still, intellectual America is becoming very earnest and clearly progressive. And America can assert herself in the face of England and Germany in matters of pure scholarship. I find a proof of it at my elbow in the Preface to the latest edition of the large Greek Lexicon, familiarly known as "Liddell and Scott." Nor, in this connection, can I omit to quote the remarks made by Prof. Jebb in the Introduction to his edition of the *Œdipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles. "In May, 1881," writes Prof. Jebb, "after seven months of preparation, the *Œdipus Tyrannus* was acted in the original Greek by members of Harvard University. Archaeology, scholarship and art had conspired to make the presentation perfect in every detail; and the admirable record of the performance which has been published has a permanent value for every student of Sophocles." The little volume to which Prof. Jebb refers is certainly deeply interesting. All of us do not care to become students of Sophocles—the man who, in the words of Matthew Arnold, "saw life steadily, and saw it whole;" but those who do and who can rise above form, and enter, be it ever so little, into Greek spirit, will find Mr. Henry Norman's account worth more than one reading. What has been said of "Liddell and Scott" is true of its cousin in the family of books, the Latin dictionary familiarly known as "Andrews," in so far as testimony to American scholarship is concerned. It is pleasing, too, to think that the country which produces the work of an Edison has produced Prof. Goodwin's book on the Syntax of the Moods and Tenses of the Greek verb, which is recommended to candidates for honors in the English universities, and is known all over the world as one of the ablest treatments of a difficult subject. Impelled by a seemingly practical, but, in reality, a theoretical spirit, America seals her classical training by sending her Grecians to her school at Athens. A question might be asked at this point: When will McGill, following in the steps

of the English and American Universities and of the University of Toronto, act a Greek play? Do our energies concern themselves with so many important matters that we are content to approach an interesting people through grammars and lexicons?

Just as we assumed that a practical working knowledge of French and German and English should be demanded of matriculants, so we may now state that a University is called on to interpret more fully the master-pieces of their literatures, to trace the development of their philosophical thought, to investigate historically the formation of their grammar. But, above all, a university is called on to point out the relativity, the continuity, nay, the unity of all knowledge. It has to combat the idea of isolation which the popular mind attaches to the various departments of human activity and thought. You may ask me whether English—and I speak of its language, history and literature—is not of itself a most potent factor in developing those very faculties and powers which a university is supposed to foster, and I answer without hesitation: Yes. If the lives and the thought of those who have written in English cannot be made interesting to youth and highly effective as a means of education, the fault does not lie with the writers and thinkers themselves. And, further, on the side of language, English can produce abundant matter for the study of form. Anglo-Saxon, if we glance at a page of its poetry, seems almost like a foreign or a lost tongue. Jeune as its thought is, although it is not so jejune as some persons imagine, it supplies the requisite material for instruction in the development of the English tongue. But directly we pass even the elementary line in English, we discover that there is no such thing as English by itself and of itself. As for English Literature, in the deepest and truest sense it does not exist; what exists is Literature *in* English. As I said a moment ago, the study of English takes us back to ancient and rude days. How unfortunate, this, for the man who is a slave to the word modern! In one of his lectures, the late Prof. Freeman declares his inability as a student of history to find out the difference between ancient and modern. A friend of his told him that modern history began with the French Revolution, whereas Baron Bunsen held that modern history began with the Call of Abraham. "These, I think, are the two extremes, but I have heard a good many intermediate points suggested. Those perhaps are wisest who decline to define at all."

As we divide and sub-divide and sub-sub-divide our educational matter owing to the progress of human knowledge, let us not lose sight of what I have termed capability of feeling and capability of knowing. He who has stood on the tiny island of Iona feels the truth of a fine passage in Samuel Johnson in which the thought of what Iona had been breaks down, for the moment, every trace of certain prejudices shown elsewhere; and, like Johnson, he is conscious that the spot is indeed sacred to the world. To stroll across the Stratford fields, rich in verdure and dotted with stately trees, to Anne Hathaway's cottage at Shottery, to