

men have been not only good citizens but great, who were in idyllic ignorance of even the belauded invention of Cadmus. Now, if this tremendous school engine, in which everybody believes now with a catholic consensus of belief perhaps never before attained, is in the least degree tending to deteriorate mankind physically, it is bad. Knowledge bought at the expense of health, which is wholeness or holiness itself in its higher aspect, is not worth what it costs. Health conditions all the highest joys of life, means full maturity, national pros-

perity. May we not reverently ask, What shall it profit a child if he gain the whole world of knowledge and lose his health, or what shall he give in exchange for his health? That this is coming to be felt is seen in the rapidly growing systems of school excursions, school baths, school gardens, school lunches, provisions for gymnastics of the various schools, medical inspection, school polyclinic, all of which have lately been repeatedly prescribed and officially normalized.—*Professor G. Stanley Hall, in the December Forum.*

## PUBLIC OPINION

PROFESSOR TYNDALL.—“All that I have proposed to myself, in writing these few pages, is to illustrate and emphasise the fact that, in Tyndall, we have all lost a man of rare and strong individuality; one who, by sheer force of character and intellect, without advantages of education or extraneous aid—perhaps in spite of some peculiarities of that character—made his way to a position in some ways unique; to a place in the front rank not only of scientific workers but of writers and speakers. And, on my own account, I have desired to utter a few parting words of affection for the man of pure and high aims, whom I am the better of having known; for the friend, whose sympathy and support were sure, in all the trials and troubles of forty years' wandering through this wilderness of a world.”—*Prof. Huxley, in the Nineteenth Century*

THE AGE AND THE FASHION.—There is little doubt that this is not the age of enthusiasm. We are smart, clever, and as a rule well-informed, but are not enthusiastic. We pride ourselves on our realism and flatter

ourselves that we are students of truth. The ideal is forgotten in the search after the matter of fact. It is the fashion to look coldly at mysticism, symbolism, allegory and metaphor. Ours is a hard and money-making age. This present world absorbs us. Our aim is to make money, and when we have made it to make more.

We are also very much led by the reigning fashion. It is the fashion now to be real, to look without shuddering at ugliness in any form or guise.

Hence the ugly novels, plays, and pictures which are to be seen all around us. Art in especial has suffered sorely from the dead level of commonplace which we have reached. The glory of Michael Angelo and the religious fervour of Raphael must be looked for in vain in the pictures which the nineteenth century produces.

Amongst our modern painters, however, there are a few grand exceptions and of these George Frederick Watts takes the highest place. His is the fine enthusiasm of the broadest and deepest religious art.—*L. T. Meade, in the Sunday Magazine.*