

ing epoch developed or degenerated into the literature characteristic of the new. Next should come a careful account of the environment, social, political, moral, intellectual, of that literature not given in general or in the abstract, but accompanied throughout with illustrations drawn from the constituent elements of typical works." The third part is to consist of an examination of the influence exerted on our literature by other literatures. And the fourth part of "tables in which, arranged according to their schools and under their various categories, the writers of the particular epoch under treatment should, together with their works, be enumerated, and enumerated descriptively."

His exposition of what he considers the proper "critical treatment" of English literature (and this "critical treatment" will of course refer only to individual writers or to particular works) deserves to be quoted at length. In a critical treatment Mr. Collins includes—

Verbal analysis, analysis of form and style, analysis of sentiment, ethic, and thought. The mistake commonly made is to attach too much importance to the first, to deal with the second very inefficiently, and to neglect the third altogether. This is the result of one of the most serious deficiencies in our higher education. We have absolutely no provision for systematic critical training. Rhetorical criticism as a subject of teaching is confined to what is known in elementary schools as "analysis." Aesthetic and philosophical criticism is as a branch of teaching without recognition at all. The truth is they have been killed by philology."

Thus far Mr. Churton Collins. Comprehensive as are his generalisations, it must be admitted, I think, that they are applicable to England only. It is doubtless true that an erroneous method of teaching the classics has tainted in England the method of teaching English literature—wherever it is taught. In Canada, however, we are so open to this classical infection—in fact, we are to a large extent, I firmly believe, eradicating such congenital philological taints as we have inherited by our English parentage. Aesthetic and philosophical criticism have by us been by no means relegated to the insignificant places which Mr. Collins tells us have been their fate in the British Isles. The junior matriculation and second and third class teachers' certificate examinations for this year are sufficient evidence of this. It is worth while perhaps to quote some of the literature questions to show this:—

Show the aptness of the following expressions:

"Shade deepening over shade," "wan declining," "low-whispering," "dewy-skirted," "steal," "this little scene of things," "throbbing," and "woo";

Why has the poet written "leaf-strown," "charm," "soar," and "tread," and not "leaf-spread," "please," "fly," and "tramp"?

Develop the force of the figurative language in, etc.;

Show the aptness of the reference to, etc.; and of the following expressions, etc.;

Show that the law of Explicit Reference has been observed in the composition of the extract;

Show, as well as possible, wherein consists the beauty of the extract in sentiment and in language;

Criticise the form of, etc.; suggesting improvements where you consider them desirable;

What qualities of style are here exemplified? Refer to examples;

Characterise the style of the passage, and show wherein it differs from that of ordinary prose;

Explain [certain lines], noting especially the contrast and the force of the italicised parts;

Show the appropriateness of the comparisons in [certain lines];

Distinguish "descried" and "seen"; "fell the night" and "came on the night," etc.;

What emotions should be expressed in reading [certain stanzas]?

If questions such as these continue to be set at the University and Departmental examinations I do not think there will be two answers either to the question, "Can English literature be taught?" or to the question, "Is it worth while teaching it?"

I set out with the intention of doing nothing more than laying before such readers of THE WEEK as take an interest in educational matters an epitome of Mr. Churton Collins' valuable article, but I have been tempted into showing that the outlook for English literature as a fruitful branch of study is much more hopeful in this, our young and independent Dominion, than is it in the British Isles. Still, much, very much, remains to be done. At present we are only just at the very commencement of the proper teaching of literature. But in time we may look forward to its becoming, in the words of Mr. Collins, "on the one side—on the side of its history—susceptible of serious, methodical, and profitable treatment as history itself; and on the other side—the side of criticism—a still more important instrument of discipline, for it would correspond as nearly as possible to the *Musikê* of the Greeks, and supply the one great deficiency of our national education."

T. ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

* Of these questions, the first seven are from the junior matriculation papers; the next three from the second, and the rest from the third class teachers' certificate examinations. The examiners were Mr. John Seath and Dr. M. J. Kelly.

"WHOM THE GODS LOVE."

"On the very threshold of life," they cry,
"The door is shut! Poor soul! poor soul!"
And the mourners in the street go by,
And the air is full of a grievous dole.

And yet for meadow and upland sweet,
Full of the fragrance of deathless bloom,
Who would not gladly turn his feet
From the threshold of an empty room!

SARA J. DUNCAN.

THE MONARCHY IN THE JUBILEE YEAR.

Has this Jubilee Year, now drawing to a close, had any permanent results in strengthening the foundations of the monarchy, popularising the institution, engaging and securing the public esteem and affection for the Royal family? This is a question I often hear asked, and I should be glad to answer it more satisfactorily than I can. On the whole, it was no doubt an extraordinarily fortunate and successful celebration of a great national event, such as the youngest in the crowds that witnessed it can never hope to see again. The Queen's weather shone the summer through, in a manner to astonish the intelligent foreigner, who had been taught that these Fortunate Islands are always in a fog. None of the casualties which, in the order of nature, might have happened to prevent it, gave a pause to the festivities. All went merry as a marriage bell. The Queen herself was in the best of health and spirits, and seemed to take a pleasure in meeting the multitude of sightseers. There was no hitch to speak of from first to last. The solemnities were so well organised and arranged, the machinery worked so smoothly, that even the professional grumblers held their peace. There were mistakes, of course, in the distribution of seats in the Abbey, and an imperfect recognition in and there of the relative claims to distinction of certain noteworthy personages. The higher Court functionaries, dwelling in the kingdom of the infinitely little, are curiously ignorant of all worth or merit that cannot be measured by a Gold Stick in Waiting or by Polonius's wand. There is jobbery, too, of a comparatively harmless sort, among the Court functionaries who preside over "invitations." Yet, on the whole, I have not heard of much disappointment or disapproval among those increasingly numerous ladies and gentlemen who constitute the new *couchers sociales*.

But to return to the question from which I started. The partial reappearance of the Queen, after a quarter of a century's seclusion, has done something perhaps to revive the lingering and languishing sentiment of personal loyalty; but I fear it came too late to repair altogether the inevitable consequences of a long estrangement and isolation. By estrangement I do not mean alienation, but the balked affection that fades into indifference, and sooner or later lapses into forgetfulness. Yes, the Queen's long, persistent absence from the public eye has been an immense misfortune and mistake. Making the fullest allowance for all that may fairly be pleaded in explanation or excuse—the irreparable calamity, the life-long sorrow, the blinding sense of more than regal loneliness, the nervous prostration and sickness, the absolute necessity, according to medical advice, of giving up the ceremonial and ornamental functions in order to continue to sustain the true, silent, and secret, but very real and very heavy burden of all business of State—nevertheless, one is forced to the conclusion that in days when royalty is becoming more and more a ceremony and an ornament, and less and less a recognised action and control, it has been an inexpiable injury to let the Sovereign be out of sight and out of mind month after month, year after year, doing everything by deputy and nothing in person, hidden away in distant private residences, rushing at intervals from one end of the island to the other at night in solitary state, audible to the nation only through a message or a telegram, until people who know nothing of the machinery of State affairs began to talk about an Empress of India as if she were a Regent of China. The seclusion of the Queen has been doubly and trebly mischievous. I am not one of those who believe in the damage to the interests of trade, of which the London shopkeepers are ready to complain. These citizens are, for the most part, much more independent of Royal prestige and patronage than they pretend to be, for London society is now a very mixed and miscellaneous aggregate; there are endless squares, gardens, and roads in Bayswater and South Kensington peopled, if not by obscure millionaires of Australian, Indian, or merely East end growth, at least by obscure capitalists or fundholders of minor degree, who entertain themselves and one another profusely without ever approaching the precincts of the Court. I am thinking rather of the millions whose only idea of the Monarchy as an institution is merely that of the visible pomp and circumstance that should attend it. One of the practical delusions of your Radical politician is the notion that the populace object to Royal pomp. On the contrary, they like to have something for their money (though they pay no taxes), and they feel that "the show" at least scatters pence among the crowd.

But the long absence of the Queen's example—the example in the highest place of a good woman, wife, mother, widow—has been simply disastrous to a society saturated with the vulgar and vicious promiscuity of wealth without responsibility, rank without honour, luxury without grace, loose morals and worse manners. The morals and manners of the Second Empire in France penetrated more deeply than a passing fashion our easy classes. Add to these, the imports of unaccompanied young women from the other side of the Atlantic, with Californian fortunes and no ancestral prejudices, and a determination to take the British peerage by storm. Nothing easier than to be presented at Court, where the flag