

ing pupil perhaps (like those whom Mr. Wright spoke of as demanding "sign-post criticism") thinks this superfluous. He is eager at once to exercise his judgment, his critical powers—to be able quickly to give a reason for the faith that is in him. Let him not be in a hurry! *Love* must come first—*Criticism* afterwards. You wish to know why Shakespeare is greater than all other dramatists of that wonderful period. Well, your teachers could provide you with a dozen sound and excellent reasons for this, which nobody could dispute. And you could carry them away, and reproduce them in an examination paper, and air them at a mutual improvement society, and be not one jot the happier and wiser for the knowledge—whereas, a companion who had by quiet reading, steeped himself in the divine pathos of "Lear," in the pastoral sweetness of the "Winter's Tale," in the delicate comedy of "As you like it," would have discovered, without its having been pointed out to him, that in all these qualities, and a hundred other, even the tragedy of Ford and Webster, and the tender humanity of Heywood, must bow the head before the master of them all. And if it be asked, what room then is there for the lecturer and professor? I say that he is the best lecturer and professor who has best succeeded in inducing his pupil to adopt this quiet and patient method; to take this open but little trodden path to the understanding and true

appreciation of our great English writers.

And then, as I have said, appreciation and affection being kindled, the critical faculty begins to grow. For having tasted, and become used to the very best of its kind, second and third and fourth best begin to lose their charm. And this is what I meant when I said that love is the parent of criticism. Criticism, you know, has a bad name with many people. To them, it means carping, fault-finding, or at best a habit of analyzing and dissecting that is fatal to the genuine enjoyment of anything. "Why do you criticise?" asks the bewildered parent or guardian, when his daughter throws down with weariness a new volume of verse, written by some popular contemporary, consisting of faint echoes of the verse of Shelley or Tennyson. "Why do you criticise? Why cannot you be content to admire and enjoy?" Alas! the question is easily asked; but it is as futile a question as to ask why, when we have eaten a piece of roast mutton, we have discovered it to be a bit of very inferior and insipid meat! The request that a person will eat and not taste, is a mere mockery, though made with the best intentions. "There are many echoes in the world, but few voices," was one of Goethe's great sayings; and our education in literature has few worthier functions than to teach us to distinguish the echo from the voice—the copy from the original.

At a joint meeting of the Teachers' Association of Frontenac and Kingston, held at Kingston, May 22nd and 23rd, 1890, it was

*Resolved*, That in the opinion of this meeting, the text-book of history prescribed by the Regulations of the Education Department for use in the Public Schools is quite unsuitable for teaching that subject, and this meeting is of opinion that it should at once be removed from the list of authorized text-books, and a better work put in its place.

*Resolved*, also, that a copy of this resolution

be sent to the Minister of Education, to the educational journals of the Province, and to the local press.

*Resolved*, That the Teachers' Associations of Frontenac and Kingston request the Hon. Minister of Education to authorize for use in the Public Schools of Ontario, the Tonic Sol-fa system of music, and suitable text-books for teaching it.

J. W. HENSTRIDGE.

Secy. Frontenac T. A.

June 7th, 1890.