

Why not both? Can anything deserve the name of a good education which does not include literature and science too?" Classical studies, against which so many people inveigh in these days, ought to have its due place in the national system. That is all that one would think of claiming for them; but there is a danger that their inestimable value, not as ends, but as means, may be rated too low in a practical country where both are mistakenly compounded together. It is quite true that nine out of ten who undergo classical training may not find any direct use for their learning; but the same is true of mathematics, physics, and natural science. It is not the store of learning that must be taken into account, but the education of the intellect and the heart—the evolution of all that may prove beneficial to the future member of society. It is discipline and culture that is needed especially in a new country, and therefore it may be fairly contended that if the elementary education of the masses is a just object of concern to the state, liberal, not professional, education is equally so. The Government is interested in the mental elevation of every citizen, and it is morally bound to promote higher, as well as rudimentary instruction. Of course, proportion ought to be observed in the distribution of state aid; yet the obligation, unless it be disclaimed altogether, is practically the same from the foundation to the apex of the structure.

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SPECTACLES.

A scientific paper of some interest might be based on the focal properties of spectacles, the manner in which oculists determine the focal lengths suited to different eyes, the different refractive powers of the different kinds of glasses, and an account of the process of manufacture. Again, the history of spectacles might be traced, beginning with the old-fashioned horn-rimmed common glass spectacles which straddled the nose and were secured by a string tied behind the head, and ending with a dainty little pebble-stone eye-glass which would scarcely condescend to recognize its clumsy and plebeian ancestor, and which, fastened to the button hole by a piece of silk string, is held in the eye by a contraction of the orbicular muscle. A friend told me not long ago that since he had begun to wear spectacles he found that he had more difficulty in making friends, and thus, as a writer in the *Saturday Review* lately did, the effects of spectacles in the opinions which other people form of us might be considered.

However, I do not mean to say anything about spectacles in any of these aspects. It is rather of those mental spectacles through which we look at persons and things that I wish to speak. These spectacles are of a variety of color and powers. We all use at least one pair; some of us, perhaps, have half-a-dozen.

Here in our little college world we have our different glasses. The higher years have green goggles through which they see the first year, and accordingly the first year seems green to them. The lower years have magnifying glasses through which they see the upper years, and the upper years seem big to them. For these notions there is but little foundation in reality, it is all on account of the spectacles. There are also other sets of glasses through which we students are accustomed to look. The Honor courses put on their gold-rimmed glasses, and calmly try to stare the unblushing Pass course out of countenance. When they are not doing this they are glowering at each other. The classical man cannot see how culture can be got out of precise mathematics, uncertain metaphysics, parvenu moderns, or those vulgarly-presumptuous sciences. The science man may admit the worth of mathematics, he may recognize the value of moderns as an instrument; metaphysics are not so bad, when purified by science; but as for classics, even admitting that culture may be got from them and from them alone, what is culture as compared with science. The mathematician puts on his precisely constructed glasses and surveys the rest. Moderns are very well if you confine yourself to a study of French and German mathematical books; classics and mathematics have gone hand in hand so long that we can endure them—do we not aid the sciences—therefore, let them be, only let them be careful not to build too much on hypotheses. But as for metaphysics, and here bending his piercing glasses on her quivering form he stops, words will not fill up the measure of his contempt. Thus we continue our one-sided views, notwithstanding that it has come to us from the gods that "there is a soul of good in all things, evil if men will but diligently seek it out." Hath not Professor Clifford predicted that the time shall come when "Latin prose and biology will lie down together, and mathematics and metaphysics kiss each other?"

Again, there is the old quarrel between the specialists and the

generalists. The specialist thinks that education should be deep; the generalist thinks it should be broad. The specialist says, cultivate thoroughly one faculty; the generalist says, exercise and develop your whole being. Both may be right. It is said of a certain German specialist that, after having devoted his whole life to the study of the Latin, Dative and Accusative cases, he on his death-bed regretted that he had not confined himself to the Dative case alone. Even this specialist of specialists would have been ashamed of the general ignorance of many so-called specialists. Can you understand the function of the arm without knowing something, if but in a general way, about the whole body? Can there be a good oculist who doesn't understand the general physiology of the body, and that too pretty thoroughly? Hasn't comparative physiology thrown much light on special physiology? Will not human psychology become plainer in the light of comparative psychology? Division of labor is undoubtedly necessary—some must be generalists and some must be specialists. The specialist should, to be of use, know the place which the object of his studies fills in the general scheme of the universe; while the generalist must acknowledge that he depends on the deep scrutiny of the specialist for the facts on which he bases his generalizations. Are not such men as Spencer and Darwin equally necessary with our friend the German? Does not the one supplement the other? Why then should they waste their energies in wondering at the stupidity of each other?

On the borderland between the university and the world we are very apt to put on our spectacles with the letters B.A. written large upon them, and wonder how the uncultured crowd can endure their uncultured existence. Be not so hasty, friend! Is it such a great difference after all that separates you from the stupidest amongst men? In an infinity of ignorance finite differences make little count. Do you think that the infinite universe knows which one of us has a B.A. and which one has not? Haven't Shakespeare's fools taught the world wisdom? Didn't Dogberry persist in being written down an ass? From every man and woman in this world you can learn something, and it is the worse both for you and them if all that they can teach you is that there are such men and women. The prayer of Ajax was for light, by all means let the world have light. Light is, however, not necessarily spelt B.A.

Carlyle has said that 'to sit as a passive bucket and be pumped into, whether you consent or not, can in the long run be exhilarating to no creature.' However, though not exhilarating to the bucket, it may be to the pump. After being particularly pleased with a young friend, I asked myself what in him had pleased me so much that day, and when I came to find out, I had done most of the talking and he had listened well. However, friendship cannot be all on one side; it may exhilarate the pump to pump into the bucket, but the pump will want priming often, and the bucket will be only too glad to do it. Whatever may lie at the root of friendship, its existence is undoubted, and that it is apt to bias us in our judgments is almost equally certain. Who can judge properly when a friend is in the case? The other fellow must have been to blame! As with Cowper, All bishops are bad but the bishop who is our friend; all sinecure offices should be abolished but the one on which our friend depends. We are also apt to be biased by dislike. If any one has offended us we are apt to leave some out of the inventory of his good qualities. What is the remedy? Have no friends? No! Rather have all the world our friends.

There are some men in the world who look at everything through an essentially-practical and business-like medium, while some look at it through a theoretical, and others through the 'dim religious light' of a poetical medium. The practical man who prides himself on being practical is shunned by the others. Theory is to him not worth much, and poetry is all moonshine; neither will get him man along in the world. And what is the use of being in the world unless you get along in it? To the theoretical man the sphere of the practical man's vision seems to be but a narrow one, of which he himself is the centre. To the poetical soul he is a contaminating vulgarity. Was not Polonius, the worldly-wise, a practical man? And did not Hamlet, the poet, slay him? Shakespeare, who saw the value of both, created both.

Hath not sacred Art her different schools? Do they not often look at each other through a distorting medium? Fancy a pre-Raffaellite saying that the production of a Raffaellite was of the highest! To him the figures in 'The Transfiguration' are but 'kicking gracefulnesses.' Do not the Romantic, and the Classic, and the Realistic novelists quarrel amongst each other? Is a Zola just to a Hugo, or even a Hugo unbiased in his judgment of a Zola? The war between Realism and Idealism seems likely to continue for some time. Happily the contention is, for the most part, confined to the workers in the different schools. Are we not the better for Burns and Keats, Hogarth and Raffaele?

Religion also has her many spectacles. Not religion as I mean, but the creeds, which are generally called religion. They look at each