

Johann Wolfgang Von Goethe.

Second Prize Poem, by Chas. Willis, B.A.

He played the game of life with daring hand,
Nor ever faltered when the angel threw
His highest stakes, but always steadfast grew,
And gained what mortals deem a magic wand,
The power of progress in sweet lotos-land.
Full dark and deep the stream from whence he drew
His knowledge, yet his heart was filled with dew,
So that a child of Baal his life might understand.
And we with earnest pleasure on our way,
With slow glad steps, might climb the mountain height,
Leaving behind us in a far-off night
The path of Pain whereon we went astray.
He taught us with our vaunted sacrifice
To chase the glowing hour and still be wise.

What Manner of Spirit is He Of?

By J. A. McLellan, M.A., LL.D.
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The most direct effect of literary studies is the cultivation of the emotional nature and especially of sympathy, the source of the moral feelings. Among all subjects literature, and especially poetic literature—the beautiful and powerful application of ideas to life—stands pre-eminent for that culture of the sympathetic imagination which is necessary to the development of the social feelings. The poet-artist is all aglow with love of truth and beauty in nature and in human life and action, and the student is made a sharer in this enthusiasm for nature and humanity. With his imagination touched by the imagination of the poet he beholds the divine ideas which are clothed in visible forms around us; he feels beauty and truth and pathos—life-lessons—in the daisy, in the small celandine, in the common dandelion, in the “meanest flower that blows”; and with an eye made quiet by the power of harmony and the deep power of joy he sees into the life of things; he has a vision

of the physical world as embodying the thought and the imagination of God. And this is but the prelude to the higher sympathy for humanity which is born of literature. In the world of human life are there any great and elevated sentiments of truth, goodness, beauty,—deeds of patriotism, self-sacrifice, moral heroism—among the great and among the lowly? These things, too, all that is good and beautiful and true in them, are an embodiment of divine ideas, and have their rich setting in literature. For awakening enthusiasm for humanity, the study of literature is unique among human studies. Literature, and literature alone, arouses in us that profound sympathy with human interests which gives an insight into the significance of human life, and a yearning for its progress toward a divine ideal—an insight and a yearning which are the vision of God. Blessed are the pure in heart (*i. e.* blessed are the loving in heart), for they shall see things unseen by other eyes:

“Gods fade, but God abides, and in the heart of man

Speaks with the clear, unconquerable cry
Of energies and hopes that cannot die;
We feel this sentient-self the counter-part
Of some self vaster than the star-girt sky;
Yea, though our utterance falter,—though no art

By more than sign or symbol can impart
This faith of faiths that lifts our courage high—

Yet are there human duties, human needs,
Love, charity, self-sacrifice, pure deeds,
Tender affections, helpful service, war
Waged against tyranny, fraud, suffering, crime.

These ever strengthening with the strength of years

Exalt man higher than fabled angels are.”

“As is the teacher, so is the school”—a maxim trite but forever true. As is the teacher's interest in a given subject so is the interest of the pupil and so the strictly ethical effects. This is true of all branches of instruction, but pre-eminently of literature. One of the saddest sights on earth is a half-dead teacher working upon a