

eternities. Among the less enlightened of our teachers there is still a paganism abroad that is ever taking the sign or symbol and assuming it to be the reality, just as there is ever a proneness among others to make for change, no matter whether it involves retrogression or progress. The following word to your assembly from a Canadian, if there is room for it: The difference between the faddist and the true educationist is as wide as the gulf between the crank and the philosopher. The difference

between the crank and the philosopher is, that while the former is at enmity with the world, it is the world that is at enmity with the latter. And just as striking is the contrast between the faddist and the true educationist,—the true teacher; for while the former is ever ready enough to sacrifice the true interests of his school for the sake of making a present reputation, the latter is ready too at times to jeopardize his reputation, past or present, for the sake of his school."

ON BEING HUMAN.

WOODROW WILSON.

"THE rarest sort of a book," says Mr. Bagehot, slyly, is "a book to read"; and "the knack in style is to write like a human being." It is painfully evident, upon experiment, that not many of the books which come teeming from our presses every year are meant to be read. They are meant, it may be, to be pondered; it is hoped, no doubt, they may instruct, or inform, or startle, or arouse, or reform, or provoke, or amuse us; but we read, if we have the true reader's zest and palate, not to grow more knowing, but to be less pent up and bound within a little circle—as those who take their pleasure, and not as those who laboriously seek instruction—as a means of seeing and enjoying the world of men and affairs. We wish companionship and renewal of spirit, enrichment of thought and the full adventure of the mind; and we desire fair company, and a large world in which to find them.

No one who loves the masters who may be communed with and read but must see, therefore, and resent the error of making the text of any one of

them a source to draw grammar from, forcing the parts of speech to stand out stark and cold from the warm text; or a store of samples whence to draw rhetorical instances, setting up figures of speech singly and without support of any neighbor phrase, to be stared at curiously and with intent to copy or dissect! Here is grammar done without deliberation: the phrases carry their meaning simply and by a sort of limpid reflection; the thought is a living thing, not an image ingeniously contrived and wrought. Pray leave the text whole: it has no meaning piecemeal; at any rate, not that best, wholesome meaning, as of a frank and genial friend who talks, not for himself or for his phrase, but for you. It is questionable morals to dismember a living frame to seek for its obscure fountains of life!

When you say that a book was meant to be read, you mean, for one thing, of course, that it was not meant to be studied. You do not study a good story, or a haunting poem, or a battle song, or a love ballad, or any moving narrative, whether it be out of history or out of fiction,—nor any