

done. No need at that time to exercise control in a class! *This* poetry, this that goes home to the soul *cannot* be taught by word, it is taught from heart to heart, we know not by what mysterious means.

I was lately reading to an intelligent elderly gentleman with an antiquarian turn of mind the beautiful poem of Tennyson's, the "Defence of Lucknow." When I was at the most heart-stirring part, he suddenly exclaimed "Well, I'm sure I didn't know that." I felt something choking me just then, but after a pause I read on.

The impossibility of the cool, matter-of-fact, critical faculty going along with the sympathetic mood, in which alone poetry can be appreciated, makes one feel that all attempts to put real poetry into prose, are simply destructive of poetry. This makes

one feel, too, that the teacher of Literature must know how to appreciate poetry, and must in a fair degree, know how to *read* it, so as to impress its delivery.

And now I must close. I have felt my subject grow beneath my hand, yet I have taken a much narrower range than I at first intended. I had wished to say something about examining in literature—to shew how our university examiners often fail to understand what literature is, and that their questions, often of the absurdest kind, are gleaned from the writings of critics, and not from an appreciative study of the authors themselves. I had wished, too, above all, to utter a protest against this employment of *analysis*—that detestable thing—in the study of poetry; but time has failed me, if your patience has not.

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"HUMAN hearts are an element of which science takes sparing account; but they are a real interest at work for good or evil. Man, whether rich or poor, does not live on bread alone, but by the love of others for him, the interest of others in his welfare; and that state could not prosper, however superior to others in outward circumstances,—even though the poor as a class should cease to exist in it,—where no kindly influence or timely aid bound together man and man, life and life, heart and heart."

"A MAN'S first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next to escape the censures of the world. If the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind, than to see those approbations which it gives itself seconded by the applause of the public. A man is more sure of his conduct when the verdict which he passes upon his own behaviour is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him."