

the armies of Europe; and among many other instances showing this power of music may be cited that told of the Scottish regiment at the Battle of Waterloo. They had begun to waver. Wellington named a national air to be played. Again the rugged hills of stern Caledonia flashed across their vision, again the memories of a thousand years of Scottish valor arose in their minds. They rushed to the heights and gained immortal victory.

Again, music is supremely the language of the *Ideal*. 'Tis only when we catch for a moment the light of a great ideal that we commence to live as mortals should, are charmed and aroused to mighty possibilities.

The Ideal embodies the True, the Good and the Beautiful. These come from God and therefore our highest, grandest ideal rests in the Eternity of God Himself.

Behold what lofty skies the power of music rears above our heads, refulgent in the beautiful glow of light unfading. On the swift and high-flying pinion of song we are borne from the material to the ideal, from the temporal to the eternal, from man to God.

'Tis music that draws forth, from the bosom of mankind a sigh for a better world and becomes a prophecy of that elysian state which the soul is capable of realizing. 'Tis music that leads us to the margin of a boundless sea, while over the translucent waves reverberations of a universal music strike upon our ear from afar. We catch for a moment sweet echoes of the song of eternity swelling through empyrean archaisties as mighty waters roll. Our imagination leaps all bounds; lost in the enchantment of a universal and superhuman song we fall at the feet of the Infinite, filled with repentance, love and hope.

Shall we not then call it a useful art which binds closer the hearts of men and teaches them the grand and noble truths of an infinite God? It is more than an accomplishment, it is a necessity to our very life.

It will, however, be in the glorified state that man will be able to know the full use and power of song in praise.

The world has heard the swelling symphony of mighty music, yet all transcendent chords that have been struck are but one note of that exultant anthem that shall in the dawn of eternity break forth from the lips of purified mankind, and seraphs of celestial hierarchy, striking the very vertex of the vaulted roof of heaven and peeling back from many a battlement tower, ascribing praise and honor and glory unto Him who sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.

I. E. B., '93.

BOOK REVIEW.

"A New Grammar of the English Tongue, by J. M. D. Meiklejohn, M. A., Professor of Education in the University of St. Andrews," cloth, pp. 208 with 16 pages of ruled paper for notes. W. J. Gage & Co., Toronto.

This admirable school book is a portion of Professor Meiklejohn's celebrated work on the "English language; its Grammar, History, and Literature."

It is a transitional production clearly accentuating the rhythm of progress in the methods of teaching English. As the work of an acknowledged authority in Great Britain where conservatism to mere theory is so tenacious, it is hopefully refreshing to those who have patiently waited for the era of common sense in teaching English.

The title would seem to link it to the past more closely than the numerous "Language Lessons" now so popular and helpful, but its treatment, and especially its structure, proves it to be in advance of them.

The time is not distant when technical Grammar will be laid aside as a useless anomaly. Its reign of terror is doomed. "A Grammarless Tongue," as Richard Grant White so tersely termed it, cannot tolerate the strait-jacket of the highly-inflected Latin. But what the speech could not do, speakers were compelled to attempt. Teacher begat teacher, method perpetrated method, which conservatism made the sufferers and their chains eventually become friends. Because all scholars were made familiar with the Latin Grammar, and for years were not permitted to use the vernacular in the class-room, it was easy to make them believe that all language, especially English, was conformable to that. Hence rule upon rule and exception upon exception has been the means of torture.

So long as schools were able to dominate all pupils; so long as their methods were unquestioned; while education was a secret art and its craftsmen virtually formed a guild, just so long could any ideas be enforced and any methods employed.

When the divine right of curricula was questioned, and utility and truth began their sway, teachers scrutinized every text-book and tested every method, Pedagogy began to dawn as the harbinger of that new era, in which we now rejoice.

"In general there is nothing in the look or appearance of the verb which will enable us to tell whether it is transitive or intransitive." "The Subjunctive Mood is rapidly dying out of use in modern English." "It is an open secret that English Grammar lies in the knowledge of what words go together." These quotations show the honesty of the author of the work before us, but his attempt to blend honesty, accuracy, and an illogical method gives us a book that is confusing, dim and unsatisfactory in many parts. Had he begun at page 61, where words are treated apart from their inflexions, and developed all there is of Grammar