

Sir Walter Scott, or physics and chemistry? Is it more important to be a millionaire, or Matthew Arnold in poetry? Which should we prefer to lose irrevocably, the Bible, Shakespeare and Goethe, or the railroad, and say gun-powder or dynamite?

Most of us would not take long to decide. The normal man has as strong a faith in the worth of right living as he has in mathematics. It is literature of the highest sort that sets before us the absolute verities of our existence, the axioms of feeling, to strengthen our adherence to the primal instincts of good. The wise scientist himself will not neglect the aids of ethical as well as intellectual literature to the interpretation of natural phenomena. While science is a natural test or guarantee of feeling, literature transcends, is both higher and deeper than science. From the vague to the definite and again to the vague is the order of growth. Feeling or inspiration anticipates and also supplements knowledge. Aristotle showed himself a true scientist by confessing the limitations of science and bowing himself before the majesty of human instinct. Only a bogus scientist will try to put knowledge before feeling.

Some of the minor investigators, mere dwarves in understanding, recorders of trivial facts about bugs or conjunctions or fossils, arrogate to themselves a certain independence of mind, referring contemptuously to men like Thomas Arnold or Jowett as mere slaves of authority. But see the sentiment of Walt Whitman, quoted by Corson, A. L. S., p. 57. As a matter of fact there is no one more humble in the presence of authority than the scientist. As the

student of literature tries to attune his emotions to the harp of David and to Homer's sightless lyre, so the scientific student does well who succeeds in following the thought of Newton or of Wundt. Both may try to aim beyond their masters.

After all, our highest authority is the universal voice of mankind. And that voice can still be heard amid the whistles and kettledrums of utilitarian science, in deep bass tones proclaiming the eternal supremacy of moral force over intellectual force, and the undying empire of Shakespeare and St. John the Apostle over the hearts of men. While both literature and science are indispensable, it is literature and not science which must be the alpha and the omega of education.

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WE ALL like Hamilton and Hamilton people, except perhaps two or three unfortunate brothers for whom this mountainous city has been a Cretan labyrinth of perplexity. Since losing himself near the Gore recently, one of them never goes out at night without a ball of yarn. Greek mythology helped him. Another gentleman, high in office, was found, it is alleged, by a search party with lanterns, on the mountain. But he has succeeded, by this time, in orienting himself, no doubt. Another prominent man had to steer his way home by the stars on the night of the "At-Home." Most of us, however, manage to get about easily by daylight, though possibly we might find it a different matter at the "odd even and dull watch o' the night."

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THE glorious risks of Rugby football have been once more proved to