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**EDITORIAL NOTES.**  
**The Late Prof. Dowden.**



HE news of the death of Prof. Dowden will be received with keen regret by students of English literature all over the world. He was among the foremost of English critics

and during his long career of strenuous activity as man of letters, it was his privilege to inspire enthusiasm for literary pursuits in thousands of readers. He was undoubtedly the pioneer in England of Shakespearean criticism of the modern scientific type and much of the knowledge in the subject possessed by students at the present day can probably be traced to his books. His valuable work was by no means confined to the exposition of Shakespeare's mind and art. The series of volumes issued as "Studies in Literature" embrace a variety of subjects and display in addition to remarkable catho-

city of taste, profound erudition and unerring judgment. It is again difficult to exaggerate the value of his researches in elucidating some of the obscurer aspects of Shelly's life and work and in examining the baffling mystery of the Sonnets of Shakespeare. As Professor of English Literature in the University of Dublin for nearly half a century, he rendered invaluable service in the cause of English studies. This brilliant record of work is sure to secure for his memory the affection and esteem of all those who take any interest in English Literature. It is also possible to claim recognition for him as poet.

**Indian Education.**

The recent resolution of the Imperial Government on Indian Educational Policy marks an epoch in the history of education in this country. The document announces a very substantial instalment of reform and progress in all directions. Students will be interested to hear that every effort is to be made to provide for them residential accommodation attached to colleges on a very large scale. The creation in colleges of a healthy

corporate life, and an atmosphere congenial to the development of character are to receive serious and immediate attention. The establishment of new universities which will satisfy many of the requisites of modern university life in the higher sense is another welcome step. The standard of studies is to be gradually raised and provision is to be made in all the universities for all higher research in science. There is exhibited a genuine desire to improve all degrees of education in this country and the large grants that have now been voted for the purpose by the government have already given a strong impulse to progress.

#### The Poetry of School-Life.

We extract elsewhere two poems descriptive of school-life. One is from Winthrop Mackworth Praed who writes on school and school-fellows and has no hesitation in confessing that in the midst of the anxieties of life he recalls the happiness of his boyhood, to exclaim with passionate longing

That I could be a boy again  
A happy boy at Drury's.

The other is a poem written by Byron shortly after leaving school, and there is in the piece a more detailed study of the pleasures of school-life. It will be an interesting exercise to the student to bring together the poems bearing on the subject in English literature. Quite an idyllic episode in school-life is narrated by the American poet, John Greenleaf Whittier. It was a winter evening when the setting sun shed his rosy light on the school-house. As a little boy was slowly wending his way homeward from the school, a girl with golden curls who had singled him for her childish favour, slowly approached him, stood by his side and said in a trembling voice,

I am sorry that I spelt the word ;  
I hate to go above you,  
Because,—the brown eyes lower fell, •  
Because, you see, I love you.

Gray also breaks out into an appreciation of the innocent happiness of children at school in his *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College*.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,  
Less pleasing when possessèd ;  
The tear forgot as soon as shed, •  
The sunshine on the breast : •  
Theirs, buxom health of rosy hue,  
Wild wit, invention ever new,  
And lively cheer, of vigour born ;  
The thoughtless day, the easy night,  
The spirits pure, the slumbers light  
That fly the approach of morn.

It is unfortunate indeed that Shakespeare on the other hand should have presented gloomy pictures of scholars and school-life. The pessimistic Jacques sees only the whining school-boy who creeps like a snail unwillingly to school. Even the young Romeo has no better portrait to offer ;

Love goes toward Love, as school-  
boys from their books,

But Love from Love toward school with  
heavy looks.

The school-boy's learning is gently ridiculed by Sir Hugh Evans in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and even sweet Bianca in the *Taming of the Shrew* has only contempt for the breeching scholar in the schools. It is true that Orlando complains of being kept out of school but he is scarcely a boy. Desdemona again when she promises Cassio that she will make Othello's bed seem a school for him, she means to attack him with repeated queries and requests on his behalf. There is however an occasional glimpse of the

brighter side. Helena appeals to her school-days' friendship with Hermia in 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' In those days it was

"As if our hands, our sides, voices and  
minds  
Had been incorporate."

Shakespeare has enjoyed many of the pastimes of boyhood. He knows the centre

Not big enough to bear  
A school-boy's top.

Students who have fled to their homes immediately on the closing of their schools or colleges will be interested to learn that the best image Shakespeare is able to find for describing the retreat of an army is that of a school which is breaking up :

Like youthful steeds unyoked, they take  
their courses,  
East, west, north and south; or like a  
school broke up,  
Each hurries towards his home.

### The Annals of Rajasthan.

Every Indian student is probably aware that Rajputana comprises in its history all that is noble and chivalrous in the Indian character. But the huge volume of Tod's *Annals of Rajasthan* and the absence of any good edition of the work have long rendered that fascinating world of adventure and romance quite inaccessible to the average student. A brief adaptation in some form has long been necessary and Messrs. Macmillan & Co., have issued a very attractive edition of the work in which Mr. Payne summarises the tales. They are narrated as far as possible in Tod's own words and the usefulness of the book is considerably heightened by a valuable map and a large number of illustrations. The Indian student has very few books in

English appealing to his sense of national greatness or glorifying the deeds of his forefathers. We are therefore sure this edition of Tod's classical work will command the enthusiastic attention of students all over the country. We would also recommend in this connection a study of Herbert Sherring's "Romance of the Twisted Spear" (Smith Elder) in which some of the tales have been rendered into verse with very great sympathy and insight.

### Tribute to an Indian Poet.

Rabindranath Tagore is a household name in Bengal and his songs are to be heard in every Bengali home to-day. But the rest of India has now the opportunity of appreciating his genius by the publication of an English translation made by himself of his *Gitanjali*, songs of devotion, with an introduction by the English poet and critic, Mr. W. B. Yeats. The following letter from the Rev. Stopford Brooke, whose name should be familiar to every student of English literature offers a well-merited tribute of praise to the poet:

DEAR MR. TAGORE,

I wish I had written before this to you, and not only spoken to you through Mr. Rothenstein, but indeed I have written to you in my spirit during the last two months, letters of homage and gratitude to the Poet and his poetry. Yet I ought to have embodied these on paper, for though things done only within have a life of their own and pass beyond us, yet we ought to shape them, since perchance they may be of some good or pleasure to those we love and honour.

Therefore, though late, I send you this small letter, and beg forgiveness for delay. I was deeply interested in the Autobiography of your father, not only by

the history it gave me of the whole of the vital religious history it records, but chiefly by the character revealed in it and by the movement and life of his spirit. It made a deep impression on me and awakened many new thoughts in me,—too many for me to put into words. I see how many elements in *his* should you have passed through your own soul; reshaped them there, and given them a new form in your poems.

These poems of yours, however somewhat derived from him, are vitally your own; sealed with your own personality. But the others, the greater number, are, I think, the most individual, personal, and original poems I have ever read; and how much more intense their personal originality would be, if I could only read them in their own language!

Yet as you yourself have translated them, their native air and light still suffuses them. We have no new soul and atmosphere imposed on them; one person, and one only is in them.

They make for peace,—peace breathing from Love. They create for us, too storm-tost in this modern western, world, a quiet refuge and a temper in which we realize that the real world is outside our noise,—some world in the things and ideas that are eternal in immortal Love.

And because the poems all spring from union with this undying Love, they appear in beauty,—in a thousand shapes of beauty. It is well for us, over here, amid our crowded varieties and useless philosophies, to have a book which, without denouncing us, leads us into the meadows of peace and love, and refreshes us when we are weary, but yet, is not content till it bids us to pass from quietude, to shape what we have learnt there into the life of men and women, and bring them also into peace.

I am old and I wish I had more of peace, of certainty in it. But I am very grateful to you for bringing so much of it to me by day and while I lie alone at night. I send you the last volume of sermons I have published, as a little mark of a *great* gratitude. It may interest you to dip into it here and there when there is leisure, and see what a man thinks, who has lived through stormy times into old age, and is sure that Love is, and was, and will be for ever.

I am,

Most sincerely yours,  
STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

## OUR SERIAL STORY.

### The Boys of Devapur School.

By Harry Banbery, B.A., L.C.P.

#### Chapter II.

#### Ram Das Goes to School.

NOTHING much of importance happened to Ram Das during the next few weeks. Every time that his cousin Oudh Behari played in a school hockey match, Ram Das accompanied him, and after each match his desire to become a pupil in the Devapur High School grew stronger and stronger. Every week he wrote home to his father begging to be allowed to join the School.

He knew that his father would be willing and that as soon as his mother agreed to the plan he would get permission—so he wrote even more often to his mother. As letter after letter was received from home without the wished for permission, poor Ram Das began to despair.

Oudh Behari tried to cheer him up, "Be patient", said he "as soon as your mother gets used to the idea she will grant you your wish. You must not expect to get what you want at once." "That is all



very well" answered Ram Das. "It is easy for you to talk about patience, because you are already a pupil of the school, you would not be patient if you were in my place."

Oudh Behari laughed. "Never mind," said he, "I will ask my mother to write to your mother and tell her how well the boys are cared for at school, then perhaps your mother will agree". "Oh do" said Ram Das, "I am sure my mother will take notice of what your mother may say."

How Ram Das watched for the postman for a few days after this! Each day that the postman came to the house without a letter for him, his face grew longer and longer—at last one morning a week later, the postman handed a letter to Ram Das. How excited he was! He could scarcely tear open the envelope, he trembled so much with excitement.

When he read the letter, he shouted with delight and ran into the house calling to his cousin "Oudh Behari! Oudh Behari, my father has written to tell me that I can join the school. Oh! won't it be jolly? When can I join? Can I go to school to-day? Oh! do be quick and let us go or we shall be late."

Oudh Behari laughed. "You are in a hurry" he said. "I'll take you to school to-day, but your name will not be entered on the registers. There are one or two things to be done first. The Headmaster will want to see you and talk to you. Then he will send you to some teacher to find out for what class you are fit. After that the application form for admission must be filled up and signed by your guardian. Then the headmaster will settle what house you are to go in and there are other things too. "What house I am to go in" said Ram Das. "What do you mean?" "Well" said Oudh Behari, "it is some-

thing new to India." The headmaster is trying to make the school something like a big school in England. He says that in England the boys live in separate houses or hostels, each house being under the charge of one of the masters. The boys meet in classes at school during the day and the rest of the time they live in the hostels or houses. Each house has its own customs, its own athletic teams. The house teams play with each other, and every boy learns to be proud of the good name first of his house and then of the school."

"But" said Ram Das "the boys of the Devapur School do not all live in hostels or houses. Many, like you, live at home." "That is true" said Oudh Behari. "At present there are only three hostels each having room for fifty boys. But our headmaster has divided all the day boys into groups of about fifty and he calls the groups houses too. Each house is in the charge of a master, who is called the housemaster. Each house is made up of boys from different classes so that the houses are all of fairly equal strength both in athletics and in class work. Each house has its own business, its own athletic teams, and there is great competition to see which house will be the top house of the school. Of course those houses that actually live in a hostel have the best chance since the boys of one house are always together and have more time to do things, but we day scholars do our best and work hard and play hard. Then, too, the players in the School team are chosen from the house teams, and we all work hard for that, for it is a great honour to play for the school, and if we play well throughout the season in the first team whether for cricket or hockey, the headmaster gives us the school colours."

"And what are the school colours?" asked Ram Das. "Oh," said Oudh Behari, "they are handkerchiefs or sashes made in the school colours—green and gold—which we can wear round our waists when we play at cricket or hockey. We can also wear them in the form of a small shield made of silk, which is sewn on the pocket on the left side of our coats."

"Now I cannot answer any more questions. It is time I started off to school, and if you really want to go with me you must get ready at once." Ram Das was soon ready and away they both went to school. When they reached school there were still a few minutes left before the time for assembly, so Oudh Behari took his cousin to the headmaster's office.

"Come in," was the answer in a pleasant voice to Oudh Behari's knock at the door, and the two boys went in. Ram Das felt a little nervous, for the headmaster was a tall, strongly built man with a somewhat stern expression on his face, which however, was softened by an ever-ready smile.

"Oh! it is you, Oudh Behari, is it?" said the headmaster, "Well, what can I do for you? Have you come to talk about another match?" "No sir," said Oudh Behari, "I have brought my cousin Ram Das to see you. He wants to join the school."

"Ah! I remember your face" said the headmaster as he caught sight of Ram Das. "I saw you at the hockey match a few weeks ago when we beat the Church Mission School."

"Yes sir" said Ram Das, and emboldened by the pleasant smile that passed over the headmaster's face, he continued "I was so pleased that we won. Ever since then I have wanted to come to school

and now my father and mother have given me leave to join."

"That's right", said the headmaster. "I am very glad to see you. Now I hope you will learn to play as hard and work as hard as your cousin does. Remember that I have always a warm corner in my heart for boys who both play and work hard. You are sure to have many troubles to meet in your school life, but you must try and meet them bravely and overcome them yourself, for it is only by so doing that you gradually become a man. When you find that your troubles are too hard to meet then come and see me, and let me try and advise you as to the best way of meeting your troubles. Don't forget, however, that the more you do for yourself the sooner you will be a man, and the main object of coming to school is to learn how to become a man."

Ram Das said nothing but looked pleased and a little bewildered. Afterwards while he was waiting in the outer office, until the teacher came that the headmaster had called to find out for what class Ram Das was fit, and to arrange for his admission, he said to Oudh Behari, "How funny it was of the headmaster to say that boys went to school to learn to become men! I thought they went to learn lessons and to pass the matriculation or School Leaving Certificate Examination" Oudh Behari laughed and said, "You will find that our headmaster thinks more of boys growing into men than anything else. He says that all our games are arranged so that through them we may learn how to bear pain bravely, how to lose without being discouraged, how to win without being too elated, how to play fairly without using any unfair means, and best of all how to play for the good of the whole and for the good"

of the whole school and not for one's self. He says too that we must work to pass examinations in the same way. We are to overcome our dislike for work when we would rather play or rest. We are to take as much care that every part of our work should be accurate as we take care to make good passes at hockey or to bat or bowl well at cricket. We are to work to pass our examinations not only for ourselves but chiefly for the honour and glory of the school. He says that if we think of, and work for the honour and good name of the school *first* and ourselves *last* we shall be rapidly growing into men. And that when we can take every thing that comes to us, success or failure, pleasure or pain, calmly and without worry, we shall be men."

"Well" said Ram Das "I did not think coming to school meant all this. It seems very hard to me."

"Yes," said Oudh Behari "it does seem hard, and I sometimes think that none of us will ever become the kind of men our headmaster wants us to be. I have said so to our headmaster, but he always laughs and says, "Never mind, do your best," and he quotes an old English proverb which says, 'He that shoots at the sky will hit a tree,' which means, I suppose, that if we try to do something very difficult we shall do something good and much more so than if we had only tried to do something easy."

"Well" said Ram Das, "I mean to try and do what the headmaster wants, and I will try and remember that if I work hard and fairly in school and play hard and fairly on the playground, I am becoming a man."

During the rest of the day Ram Das was very busily engaged in answering to questions asked by the teacher whose

duty it was to find out for what class he was fit. At last everything was settled, and he was told that his name would be entered in the 6th class register, and that he was placed in the same house as his cousin. He was very pleased indeed to hear that.

When the bell rang at 3-30 in the afternoon, the two boys met again and went home. "I am in class VI" said Ram Das as soon as he saw his cousin "and they have put me in your house" "That's good" said Oudh Behari. "You are twelve years old now so that if you work steadily each year, you will be in the Xth class when you are sixteen and you will just be old enough to take the Matriculation or School Leaving Certificate Examination. I thought that you would be put in my house, as the headmaster generally allows relations to be together in the same house. We have a very good house. Our housemaster is Babu Vishvanath Prasad and so we call our house—"The Vishvanath House." "I am head prefect. There are four prefects in our house, and you must take care to obey their orders, for when they give an order they are only carrying the wishes of the housemaster and the headmaster."

Just then another boy came up, "This is Rais Ahmed, the school captain" said Oudh Behari, "he is head of all the prefects." "Is this your cousin" said Rais as he came up. "Yes" said Oudh Behari. "Is he any good at games"? asked the captain. "I think he will be very good at hockey" answered Oudh Behari, "He practises every day, and I know that he has a very fine eye and is very swift. I am going to try him in the next house-match." I am glad of that said Rais, "I will watch his play then. I want some more good players in the second school team. Some of the players in the second team have been playing very badly lately and it will do the

whole team good to change some of the players." Rais was then joined by his brother Nasir and the two turned off down another street.

Ram Das was very pleased to be noticed by the captain and made up his mind to try and qualify for the second team so that afterwards he might be good enough for the first team.

As they went on, Ram Das said, "I notice that the Hindu boys and Muhammadan boys are quite friendly in this school." "Yes," said Oudh Behari, "that is because the headmaster won't take any notice of any differences between us. He says that to him we are all Indian school boys, not Hindu or Muhammadan, and because he refuses to take notice of any differences between the two communities, the teachers follow his example and so we are all friendly together."

"But" said Ram Das, "a Muhammadan is school captain this year." "Yes" said Oudh Behari, "but last year the school captain was a Hindu. We elect our own prefects, but the headmaster chooses the school captain, and he does not care whether the boy he chooses is a Muhammadan or Hindu. He says that what he wants is a boy who is good at games, who sets a good example in school and out of school, who can control his own temper, and who can control others."

"So" said Ram Das "anyone can become school captain if he tries hard." "Well" said Oudh Behari, "there are many boys trying for the post as it is a very honourable one. The headmaster treats the school captain like one of the teachers and listens to his opinion about school matters. Only a boy out of the tenth class, the top class—is chosen, and only a boy

who has the kind of influence in the school that the headmaster wants, has any chance of being school captain. It will be four years before you get into the tenth class, and then you have a chance."

"Well" said Ram Das "I am going to try. I mean to be school captain when I reach the tenth class."

*(To be continued.)*

### Mr. Rockfeller's New gift.

MR. ROCKFELLER has offered two million yens for the purpose of establishing a University in the East, in the future of which the American multimillionaire is reported to be taking deep interest. Mr. Mott, president of an American University, who has been entrusted with the execution of Mr. Rockfeller's design, will go to Japan in April for purposes of investigation. The University is to be established either in Japan or in China.

### Efficiency or no Degree.

CAMBRIDGE has started a strong campaign against the slackers who put the pleasures of sport before the interests of the country. At an official meeting of resident members of the Senate a resolution was passed approving the suggestion that no man should be permitted to take the B. A. or similar degree until he has at least attained the standard of efficiency as a member of the officers' Training Corps, or the Territorial force. It was decided to invite the co-operation of Oxford.

# POEMS

## THE POETRY OF SCHOOL-LIFE.

### I.

#### SCHOOL AND SCHOOLFELLOWS.

Twelve years ago I made a mock  
 Of filthy trades and traffic ;  
 I wondered what they meant by stock ;  
 I wrote delightful Sapphics ;  
 I knew the streets of Rome and Troy,  
 I supped with Fates and Furies,—  
 Twelve years ago I was a boy,  
 A happy boy, at Drury's.

Twelve years ago !—How many a thought  
 Of faded pains and pleasures  
 Those whispered syllables have brought  
 From Memory's hoarded treasures !  
 The fields, the farms, the bats, the books,  
 The glories and discourses,  
 The voices of dear friends, the looks  
 Of old familiar faces !

Kind Mater smiles again to me,  
 As bright as when we parted ;  
 I seem again the frank, the free,  
 Stout-limbed and simple-hearted !  
 Pursuing every idle dream,  
 And shunning every warning ;  
 With no hard work but Bovney stream,  
 No chill except Long Morning :

Now stopping Harry Vernon's ball  
 That rattled like a rocket ;  
 Now hearing Wentworth's "Fourteen all!"  
 And striking for the pocket ;  
 Now feasting on a cheese and fitch,  
 Now drinking from the pewter ;  
 Now leaping over Chalvey ditch,  
 Now laughing at my tutor.

And I am eight-and-twenty now ;—  
 The world's cold chains have bound me ;  
 And darker shades are on my brow,  
 And sadder scenes around me.  
 In Parliament I fill my seat,  
 With many other noodles,  
 And lay my head in Jermyn Street,  
 And sip my hock at Boodle's !

But often, when the cares of life  
 Have set my temples aching,  
 When visions haunt me of a wife,  
 When duns await my waking,  
 When Lady Jane is in a pet,  
 Or Hoby in a hurry,  
 When Captain Hazard wins a bet,  
 Or Beaulieu spoils a curry,—

For hours and hours I think and talk  
 Of each remembered hobby ;  
 I long to lounge in Poets' Walk,  
 To shiver in the lobby ;  
 I wish I could run away  
 From House and Court and Levee,  
 Where bearded men appear to-day  
 Just Eton boys grown heavy,—

That I could bask in childhood's sun  
 And dance o'er childhood's roses,  
 And find huge wealth in one pound one,  
 Vast wit in broken noses,  
 And play Sir Giles at Datchet Lane,  
 And call the milk-maids Houris,—  
 That I could be a boy again,  
 A happy boy, at Drury's.

W.M. PRAED.

## II

## YE SCENES OF MY CHILDHOOD.

Ye scenes of my childhood, whose loved  
 recollection  
 Embitters the present, compared with  
 the past ;  
 Where science first dawned on the power  
 of reflections,  
 And friendships were formed, too roman-  
 tic to last ;  
 Where fancy yet joys to trace the  
 resemblance  
 Of comrades, in friendship and mischief  
 allied ;  
 How welcome to me your ne'er-fading  
 remembrance,  
 Which rests in the bosom, though hope  
 is denied ;  
 Again I revisit the hills where we sported,  
 The streams where we swam, and the  
 fields where we fought ;  
 The School, where, loud warn'd by the  
 bell we resorted,  
 To pore o'er the precepts by pedagogues  
 taught.  
 Again I behold where for hours I have  
 ponder'd  
 As reclining, at eve, on yon tombstone I  
 lay ;  
 Or round the steep brows of the church-  
 yard I wandered,  
 To catch the last gleam of the sun's  
 setting ray.  
 I once more view the room, with specta-  
 tors surrounded,  
 Where, as Zanga I trod on Alonzo  
 o'erthrown ;  
 While to swell my young pride, such  
 applauses resounded,  
 I fancied that Mossep\* himself was  
 outshone.

Or as Lear, I poured forth the deep  
 imprecation  
 By my daughters, of kingdom and  
 reason deprived ;  
 Till, fired by loud plaudits and self-adula-  
 tion,  
 I regarded myself as a Garrick revived.  
 Ye dreams of my boyhood, how much I  
 regret you !  
 Unfaded your memory dwells in my  
 breast ;  
 Though sad and deserted, I ne'er can  
 forget you ;  
 Your pleasures may still be in fancy  
 possessed.  
 To Ida full oft my remembrance restore  
 me,  
 While fate shall the fates of my future  
 unroll !  
 Since darkness o'er shadows the prospect  
 before me,  
 More dear is the beam of the past to  
 my soul.  
 But if through the course of the years  
 that await me,  
 Some new scene of pleasure should  
 open to view,  
 I will say, while with rapture the thought  
 shall elate me  
 " Oh ! such were the days my infancy  
 knew !"  
 BYRON.

\* A contemporary of Garrick.



## STUDIES IN COMPOSITION.

In this series of studies, we take an essay, or part of an essay, actually written by a student, and rewrite it in the adjoining column, giving notes upon the chief corrections. The passage selected for the month, is from an answer paper of an examination in which the student was asked to give a summary of the famous soliloquy of Satan at the beginning of Book IV in Milton's Paradise Lost. The defects of the passage as a summary will be patent on comparing it with the original in the epic. But we are concerned here primarily, with the defects in composition.

## ORIGINAL PASSAGE.

## Satan's Soleloquy. (1)

Satan after his flight through chaos sees the sun and as he approaches it speaks to himself (2).

On seeing the dazzling splendour of the sun he was reminded of his past beauty and was very jealous of the sun to which he gave the name 'Sun' (3).

It reminded (4) of his past glory in heaven and the high position he was in Heaven (5) and he felt sorry for revolting against the Almighty who asked in return to all His gifts of beauty grace and other virtues to worship Him and praising (6) him day and night. He said that to worship him was the easiest recompense. Even that was a subjection to Satan. (7)

It was the good of God (8) that made him to (9) revolt against God. And he curses (10) God for having made him an Archangel. He wants that he should have been made an inferior angel (11) which position (12) would not have made him revolt.

By this means he hopes to take revenge on God and that he would rule (13) an empire in Hell just as God is in Heaven, (14) He says that he disdains subjection. (15).

## CORRECTED PASSAGE.

## Satan's Soliloquy.

Satan, after his flight through Chaos, sees the sun. As he approaches him, a number of thoughts come to his mind.

The sun's dazzling splendour reminds him of his past beauty, and he feels envious of his position.

The thought of his past glory fills him with regret for his revolt against the Almighty, who wanted mere praise and worship in return for all his gifts.

Even that was a humiliation to him.

It was God's goodness that made him revolt against Him. He therefore curses God for having made him an Archangel.

If he had not been an Archangel he would not have revolted.

By this means he hopes to take revenge on God and rule an empire in Hell as God does in Heaven. He resolves that subjection shall not be his lot.

1. The student mis-spells a word in the very title—'soleloquy,' for 'soliloquy'.

2. The word 'chaos' must begin with a capital letter as it is a particular region in the Universe that is referred to here. The Sun is usually regarded as belonging to

the masculine gender. It is also clear the Sun is personified here, as he is addressed to by Satan. The omission of the comma after Satan, is a serious mistake.

3. The sentence is rendered simple and more elegant by changing it into: The sun's dazzling splendour. 'He was reminded,' disturbs the sequence of tense, as the summary begins with the present tense. There is no point in saying, "to which he gave the name, 'Sun'," as he has been already referred to as the 'Sun,' more than once.

4. It reminded of his.....is full of errors. The transitive verb must have its object. There is also a confusion of tense.

5. 'Past glory' ought to be enough, as reference has already been made to the fact, that it was in Heaven that Satan was great. It is not necessary at all to repeat the expression 'in Heaven.'

6. This part of the sentence is very clumsy. There must be a comma after beauty'. 'To worship and praising' is clearly wrong.

7. The sense is not very clear. Humiliation, probably brings out the sense better. It is unnecessary again to repeat Satan's name,

8. The good of God, is not a happy expression.

9. This is a violation of a well known rule of grammar that 'to' must be omitted after verbs like 'bid' 'dare,' 'need' make,' in the active voice.

10. He is not consistent in his use of the tense as he writes 'curses.'

11. It refers to a thing that has passed. It is incorrect to say 'he wants,' It is also made more elegant in the corrected form.

12. An inferior angel is not a position.

13. 'And' is made to join two different kinds of expression.

14. The similarity is in the process of 'ruling' and not in mere existence. 'Does' and not 'is' is the proper expression.

15. It is a tame ending. The conclusion must express Satan's strong determination.

## THE ART OF ENGLISH COMPOSITION.

BY THE EDITOR.



NOTHING can be more baneful to the acquirement of the art of composition than the belief that it cannot be learnt by study. It will not be denied for a moment that the

virtues of literary success of a high order cannot be acquired by mere application. The handling of styles with *distinguishing* ability depends largely on the possession of natural endowments. As Cicero thought, even the prose writer of genius is probably born and not made, but when all this has been recognised it must be said that study can accomplish striking results even in composition. It is not the hope of even the wildest of pedagogic dreamers to manufacture Hazlitts and Ruskins within the four walls of an English class. But there is certainly the possibility of enabling students to express themselves, clearly and well, in simple and correct English, devoid of grotesque mistakes of idiom and lamentable lapses of literary taste.

The soundness of this position will be more manifest when we enter into an analysis of the qualities brought into action in the acquirement of good style. Even the most superficial student of the style of the great masters will feel, that they exhibit certain characteristics which baffle comprehension and defy exposition. Arthur Symonds has said of Poetry that it is always

difficult to say why poetry is poetry and which student of literature has not had to make a similar confession even with regard to prose—before the urbane eloquence of Newman, the simplicity and grace of Stevenson, and the indescribable charm of Addison? It will not be difficult to expound some of the secrets of Macaulay—his love of the balanced structure, his periodic selection and his peculiar construction of paragraphs. But who would venture to account for his quickness and rush, the majestic march of his words which seems to swell into the readers' brain? One can easily detect some of the means employed by Ruskin to produce the delightful effects which we have always associated with his style. But the use of archaisms, simplicity of diction and picturesqueness of imagery do not seem to explain it all and the last is certainly not easy of comprehension with a view to practise. Grace, strength and harmony are virtues which it is not possible for the student to exhibit in his elementary work; the command of Comedy and Pathos comes of genius, and the rank of a writer is reserved for natural endowments of a very high order. But the *technique* of composition belongs to a lower sphere and the attention of the student must be directed to its deliberate acquirement.

It is worth while referring here to a well-known distinction drawn by Mathew Arnold in his essay on the Literary Influence of Academies, between the 'incommunicable' and 'communicable' elements of intellectual work. Reference has already been made at some length, to the incommunicable elements in the style of the great masters, the virtues which lend inimitable grace and charm, to the work of a Newman, a Stevenson, or an Addison. But there are the 'communicable'

elements which the student can very well learn by study and practice.

The most despondent statements have sometimes been made with regard to the teaching of style. "If style could be really taught" says Prof. Raleigh, "it is a question whether its teachers should not be regarded as mischief-makers and enemies of mankind." 'Literary gentlemen, editors, and critics' says the American writer, Thoreau, 'think that they know how to write' because they have studied grammar and rhetoric, but they are egregiously mistaken." The opinion of Frederic Harrison is again of the same nature. 'Style cannot be taught,' he writes, 'nothing practical can be said about style. None of you by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature; no, nor one gem to his English prose, unless nature has endowed him with that rare gift—a subtle ear for the melody of words, a fastidious instinct for the connotation of a phrase.' But all these are only thinking of the affairs of genius, in making this remark. The affairs of intelligence in the art of composition, are capable of communication and a brief reference will be made to them so as to indicate the lines of study on which the student must embark.

There are in the first place, the artistic requisites of the essay, the peculiar species of composition with which the student has mostly to concern himself. There are again what Professor Minto has called the *Elements of Style*, the principles underlying the proper use of words, by themselves, in sentences, in paragraphs and in figures of speech. No great purpose will be served by an examination of the qualities and elegancies of style—we are adopting Professor Minto's nomenclature as they belong to the region of 'genius' and are largely the incommunicable elements

of intellectual work. It will not be possible to more than indicate the requisites in each branch, as they must form the subjects of elaborate study, practice and illustration in the class.

## II

The first step in essay-writing is to appreciate the artistic requisites of the essay as a unit by itself, for success in composition depends not merely on attention to the details of grammar and idiom, but also on the order, arrangement and analysis on which the essay must be based. The student's essay is often slovenly and incoherent, and this failing must receive an effective check. It must be dangerous to take as models the nebulous form of the earlier essayists in the History of English Literature, Bacon and Addison, who wrote somewhat after the easy manner of Montaigne, that of a philosopher in his chair, rattling round a theme of popular interest. They never observed either adequacy or comprehensiveness in their treatment. Addison refers, without any shock to his literary conscience to "the wildness of those compositions which go by the name of essays." The ideal which must be placed by the student before himself, must be the finished perfection of Sainte Beuve's productions, the essay which is a unity in itself and has all the features of the framework of an epic poem or dramatic piece guided by definite, artistic principles of construction.

The essay, to adopt the good old saying of Aristotle, must have a beginning, a middle and an end. There must be a comprehensiveness, as well as a unity about the subject. The parts must be subordinated to the whole, and the spirit of the whole must dominate each part. Beginning with a preliminary survey of the subject, the student is expected to proceed to a

treatment of all its phases, and to conclude with a retrospect of what has been said in the body of the essay. Considerations of time are bound to affect the length of the essay, but in the shortest it is only the details that must be lacking. There must be no injury done to the completeness and harmony of the whole design or to the proper perspective offered by the subject. The outlines must be preserved in perfect clearness, whatever may be the extent of details relating to the subject, presented before the reader.

We may proceed to a consideration of some of the virtues that ought to dominate the *spirit* of the essay, as the mere mastering of *technique* is but a small part, though an essential part, of the work before the student of composition. Attention may be drawn to the academic and scholarly spirit that ought to characterise the essay of a student at the University. While every encouragement must be offered to the expression of energetic and independent thought, care must be taken to see that it does not lapse into violence, displaying the undesirable features of polemics. It must be divested of partiality, unseemly denunciation, and political rigmarole. It must be on a higher platform than that of newspaper controversy. There must be an element of moderation and sobriety in the statement of opinions, as any indulgence in the dictatorial manner is grotesque and amusing in a person who is probably yet in his teens and cannot certainly claim to write with authority on even the most circumscribed branch of human knowledge. With the absence of correct information and want of special intellectual equipment in the subject, which is the usual case, the dangers of error are great indeed and they are only enhanced by any attempt to air before the reader *obiter dicta* of an offensive violence.

A common weakness of the young mind in essay-writing is a lamentable want of intellectual balance and a prosaic reproduction of the commonplace. The suggestion of a subject for treatment in writing seems to serve as a circumstance grave enough to upset the student's sense of proportion and make him indulge in the most grotesque exaggeration. It is an evil inevitably associated with the immature mind. A student of the Intermediate class when asked to write an essay on the advantages of literary societies, put forward the astounding proposition that a theme of controversy among philosophers and sages in all ages, has been the question of the advantages of literary societies. While a student of the Fourth Year University class could not think of a more profound observation, to stand at the beginning of an essay on Female Education than the statement that 'mankind is divided into two sexes—male and female.' It is also necessary to point out, that the student may with advantage dwell on the fresher and stranger aspect of a subject, avoiding the painful effects of familiarity and monotony. An essay on War, may for instance, find room for some of its possible benefits, the overthrow of tyranny, the spread of civilisation, the indirect extension of commerce and the encouragement of some of the highest virtues of man—heroism and self-sacrifice.

A plea will also be put in here for the acquirement of useful knowledge, by special preparation whenever possible, for the writing of an essay. To the person engaged in the examination of essays, nothing is more painful than the work of wading through numerous pages of written matter which have, nothing by way of information or enlightenment. The absence of any valuable ideas, anything fresh, instructive, or suggestive, is a

grave disqualification and must be condemned in the strongest terms. All the ability achieved in the manner of writing an essay is of very little avail indeed if there should be nothing useful or instructive, seeking expression. Goethe gives utterance to an invaluable truth in the lines:

Sound sense finds utterance for itself,  
Without the critic's rule.

Any directions with regard to the elements of style must proceed on the assumption that the student does not commit any lapses of grammar and idiom. Long before achieving any appreciable excellence in essay-writing, mistakes in spelling and in the use of grammatical forms must disappear. Every effort must be made to avoid the translation of a vernacular idiom: the student must be keenly intent on catching the spirit of the new language.

### III

These observations embrace an extensive course of training, and the Elements of Style afford scope for further study. With regard to vocabulary the difficulty is often its absence or inadequacy rather than its improper use. The only remedy is in the continual addition to the student's store of words, from the most varied sources. Success does not however consist in the mere command over a large number of words, but in a knowledge of the exact significance of each. A common blunder is the use of synonymous words which have different shades of meaning.

The student must have an instinctive perception of the difference in intensity of significance, between 'pain and agony', 'fear and horror', 'gaiety, joy, delight and ecstasy' or 'annoyance, irritation, provocation and exasperation.' Professor Raleigh has effectively characterised the 'World of Words'

as an obscure thicket, overgrown with weeds, set with thorns, and haunted by shadows, and it is only by the guidance of masters of literature that we can find path-ways in this bewildering region.

Another point of success in the use of vocabulary lies in avoiding various classes of words which can never presume to enter serious, literary composition. The student must not use colloquialisms and slang expressions like 'hard up' 'give him a dressing,' 'terribly bad,' 'awfully nice,' 'rot' 'there is the rub', and so on. All the beauty of poeticisms and archaisms must form no temptation for their use. 'The breezy blue,' 'the buzzings of the honied hours', 'the threshold of day' 'the light, fantastic toe'—these have no place in vigorous prose composition. The slang of journalism or science, and expressions wrongly supposed to be smart and clever, have only the effect of marring the purity of literary composition. It is only necessary to add that no encouragement must be offered to any form of verbosity; any attachment for words of ponderous length and thundering sound, in preference to the homely and vigorous expressions of the true Saxon tongue, will only lead to disastrous consequences.

The right principles of sentence structure can be indicated by a few characteristics. Unity and point are the two highest essentials of a good sentence. It must be constructed for the expression of a single idea, with the sole aim of conveying it in absolute clearness. The novice in the art must scrupulously avoid any imitation of the devices of sentence-structure employed by writers like Macaulay or Gibbon. It is more in the style of Addison or Stevenson that he must find examples to follow, and that is more difficult than the reproduction of rhetorical artificialities



like sentences in balanced or periodic structure.

\* An aspect of composition, to which adequate recognition is not usually shown is the principles to be observed in constructing the paragraph. All the artistic requisites of the essay may be said to apply equally well to this part, which must be the crystallised expression of one striking idea, independent in itself, but entirely subordinate to the central theme of the essay. Each paragraph must have its place, dictated by the laws of logical sequence, and any slight disturbance of position must end in confusion. It is difficult to exaggerate the value of 'paragraph-links,' which alone can maintain the coherence, order and dignity of any piece of composition. Professor Raleigh shows a keen appreciation of this artistic principle, by his declaring that success in literature is nothing but this art of connecting paragraph with paragraph and idea with idea.

#### IV

This must finish our examination of the art of writing in relation to the *technique* of style and it is doubtful if anything useful could be said on the qualities and elegancies of composition. As they relate to the 'incommunicable elements of intellectual work,' there can only be a few general observations, on the spirit that ought to dominate the student in his attempt to evolve a style. When Aristotle tried to grapple with this fascinating problem at the beginning of the history of criticism, he regarded perspicuity as the highest virtue of style. And all the changes which the literary conventions of the world have seen during these ages have not dethroned this quality from the eminence assigned to it by the Father of Criticism. Clearness and simplicity remain even to

the present day, the highest excellences of a good style. The writer who neglects these two wholesome virtues, will only resemble the architect mentioned in Aristotle's *Rhetoric* who built a magnificent mansion several storeys high, with numerous chambers in each, but forgot to make provision for a stair-case!

Calmness and self-restraint in expression have produced very fine effects in Walter Pater and Mathew Arnold. Hellenic grace and beauty seem to be the peculiar results of this discipline and control, and not of any wild outbursts of rhetorical extravagance. There need thus be no hesitation at least for the student in worshipping the calm and sober ideal of simplicity and clearness, and practising a severe literary restraint.

Lord Morley summed up the highest principles of style in an address on *Science and Literature*, in these words: "Besides the fundamental commonplaces about being above all things simple and direct, lucid and terse, not using two words where one will do—let me commend two qualities—for one of which, I must against my will, use a French word—Sanity and *Justesse*. Sanity, you know well at least by name. *Justesse* is no synonym for justice;" it is more like equity, balance, a fair mind, measure, reserve. Voltaire, who whatever else we may think of him, knew how to write, said of some great lady: 'I am charmed with her just and delicate mind; without *justesse* of mind there is nothing; you must curb your ambition or glory, of writing like Carlyle, Macaulay, Ruskin. You must take your chance of being called dry, flat, tame. But one advantage of these two qualities is that they are within reach, and grandeur for most of us is not. And with this temper it is easier to see the truth, what things really are, and how they come to pass."

## REVIEWS.

"*Greek Legends*" told by Mary Agnes Hamilton, (Clarendon Press, 2 Shillings): This is a new collection of Greek heroic tales with an informing introductory chapter on "Gods and Heroes." Besides the well known stories of Theseus, Thebes, Perseus, Heracles, the Argonauts, Meleager and Bellerophon are added chapters on the Trojan War, The House of Atreus, and the Wanderings of Odysseus. The book will be found useful for reference and will afford delightful reading to young students. The get-up of the book is excellent.

"*Norse Tales*" by Edward Thomas (Clarendon Press, 2 Shillings): Norse mythology is of peculiar interest to the English reader, through its original kinship to Anglo-Saxon literature. This book by Mr. Thomas is divided into parts, "The Gods," and "The Volsungs." Under the first come those grotesque tales of Odin and Thor which are among the most amusing literature available to children and young people. The second is of more serious interest and will be found specially useful to the student of primitive literatures besides being full of charm to the casual reader as throwing light on the life of a primitive Germanic people.

"*Citizens of the Empire*" by Irene Plunket. (Oxford University Press, Re. 1-4)

The "Citizens of the Empire", a book by Irene Plunket in the Oxford Elementary School Books Series will be found useful not only by those at school for whom it is intended but also by others who wish to have a working knowledge of the constitution and working of the British Empire. But the book is not a constitutional history of the British Empire as we understand it. It is rather a series of racy talks on various

aspects of the constitution brightened with stories and anecdotes. The book does not abound in details but nothing which is important is omitted from its scope. In fact the irritating habit of most writers on constitutional history of taking things for granted is conspicuous by its absence in this book. But the book is something more than all this. For all through it runs a didactic note calling on all the Citizens of the Empire to be loyal and patriotic. The book is thoroughly up to date embodying as it does the results of the old Age Pensions Act and the Parliament Act. The book is profusely illustrated which adds greatly to the value of the book to those at school. The book may be confidently recommended for use in all schools.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

*Essay-Writing, Rhetoric and Prosody* by Egerton Smith, M. A., L. E. S. (Oxford University Press, Re. 1-8.)

*Tales from the Story of India* by P.T. Srinivas Iyengar, M. A. (Oxford University Press, 10 as.)

*Old Time Tales* by Lewis Marsh, M. A. (Oxford University Press, 1 s.)

*Tales of the Fairies* by Lewis Marsh, M. A. (Oxford University Press, 1 s.)

*The Confessions of a Graduate*, by Keshavalal Oza, M. A. (G. R. C. Press, Madras, 12 As)

## EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

THE C. H. C. COLLEGE, BENARES. A movement is on foot to perpetuate the memory of the retiring Principal of the College, Mr. G. S. Arundale, M. A., LL. B. His valuable services to the institution are set forth in an Appeal which has been sent to us by Sir Subramania Iyer, Sir Narayana Chandravarker and others. The following paragraphs are from the Appeal:

Mr. Arundale has lived for ten years among his students, loving India with them, sharing their joys with them, bearing with them their sorrows, and guiding them to their destinies. He has won their trust and their affection, for he has shown them how to love their Motherland, and no teaching can be more priceless, no gift more precious.

And now he is leaving us. He asks for no recognition of his work, nor would he be what he is were he to do so; but we who know the nature of the life he has evoked for India's service deem it our duty, as servants of the Motherland, to keep vigorous and inspiring the new force which is ours. We venture to think that no better way of perpetuating Mr. Arundale's work could be found than that of linking him in some form to that apotheosis of the Central Hindu College—the Hindu University of Benares, and we have decided to endeavour to collect sufficient funds so that a portrait in oils of one who has done much for Indian youth may be placed in some suitable position within the precincts of the University, to remind the generations of students who shall read within its walls of a most loving friend and teacher. As this will not involve any considerable expenditure we have further the intention of devoting the surplus to the erection of rooms, or perhaps a small wing or building, within the University, preferably in connection with one of the Boarding Houses, to be named after Mr. Arundale, in honour of an Englishman who has shown in his own life that Indians and English men may work together in loving brotherhood in a common work.

We feel sure that there are many in India who will be glad to become ministers of India's gratitude to one who has

called himself an adopted son, and so we make a public appeal to all lovers of India to help us to do what is after all a duty and a privilege.

Donations will be received by the Hon. Secretary of the Committee, Pt. Iqbal Narayan Gurtu, M. A., LL. B., Benares City.

#### M. M. VIDYALAYA, BIKANER.

*The following has been sent to us for publication.*

The fourth anniversary of the "Mohta Mulchand Vidyalaya, Bikaner" was celebrated in the school premises on the 9th March 1913, B. Kripashankerji, M.A. Chief Judge, being in the chair.

The Report of the year was read out by Pandit Jiwan Ramji Harsha Vaidya. Then B. Devendrarath Mukerjee delivered an excellent lecture on education.

Pandit Krishna Shankerji Tiwari, B. A., the Head Master of Dungan Memorial College, Bikaner, also spoke.

After this, the President distributed the prizes to the Students and Munshi Jhammanlalji, Vakil, made an appeal of help to the congregation, in response to which the following donations, expressive of their contributor's love for education were made:—

Sethi Rkhnath Dassji, Shiva Kishenji,	Bagri Rs. 1,301.
„ Dulichandji Newar of Nohor „	501.
„ Bhairon Danji Newar of Nohar „	501.
„ Ram Ratnaji Munohra	... 51.
„ Badridassji Daga	... 25.
K. Kanhyalalji Mohtu	... 25.

Besides the above, an offer of one gold medal and four silver ones to be given to the boys standing first, the next year in the subjects specified by the giver, was made by K. Madan Gopalji Daga.

PT. GANESHA DATTA VYASA  
KAVYATIRTHA.

*Principal, M. M. Vidyalaya  
Bikaner, Rajputana.*

# THE PROGRESS OF A TERM.

BY P. R. KRISANASWAMI

CHAPTER III (continued).

AT THE MARINA.



HE conversation took a different turn and Mohan gently took his wife to task for not keeping up a regular correspondence by post with him when she was away in her father's home.

"You tortured me all through last summer by your silence, although I wrote to you more than once" said Mohan.

"What could I do? there was such a crowd at home," pleaded Lila. Yes, the summer vacation saw the influx of a large number of relations in Lila's home and a letter to her husband was much too great a venture for young Lila.

"But should you not brave the jests of relatives to do me a good turn?"

"You talk as if the love were all on your side and not on mine." Lila spoke slowly and solemnly in reply.

This was the answer he had longed to hear all the past years and now it made him happier than the most direct assurance of love could ever have done. Coming from the subdued spirit of Indian womanhood, Lila's answer was sufficient to transport Mohan with unspeakable joy, but he concealed his feelings and quickly turned to other topics of conversation with just a hint that she had never let him know her heart.

It was already late in the evening and the close succession of the electric arc lights along the Marina cast their blinding effulgence on the long train of motor cars and other fashionable vehicles drawn alongside the promenade. Lila had experienced the happiest evening of her life in the glorious air by the sea, with Mohan the hope of her life beside her. Yet she would not forget herself in the pleasure of the evening. The thought of older people at home making unkind comment on her venturing to accompany her husband on a drive before she had been taken into his home after another little formal ceremony, the confusion she would experience if any one of her near relatives beheld her at the Marina, and the assured hope of the unalloyed happiness that would be hers when Mohan had taken his degree and earned his independence in life, all these induced her to urge Mohan to return home.

"The sea is so pleasant, we might stay longer," protested Mohan.

"Yes, and we will be happier still when we have a home by ourselves, but now—"

Mohan was touched by her deep good sense. A few days after, Lila left the city with her father. The evening at the Marina had knit her heart to Mohan much closer than before and now she braved the vulgar traditions of her people and sent to her Mohan, more frequently than ever, messages of loving enquiry and solicitude, not rarely accompanied by pretty tokens, the productions of her dainty fingers. Mohan felt he had obtained the heavenly gift of Love, of which he had long been dreaming, and the assured knowledge that the tender heart of Lila, away in her

father's home, beat passionately for him encouraged him to strive whole-heartedly for brilliant distinction in his collegiate course. All that remained was to get his degree, and then endless bliss awaited him.

(To be concluded)

### The Aim of History.

The following extract is from a recent article by Theodore Roosevelt, Ex-President of the American Republic on *History As Literature*.

#### THE LIMITS OF HISTORICAL WRITING AND READING.

History must not be treated as something set off by itself. It should not be treated as a branch of learning bound to the past by the shackles of an iron conservatism. It is neither necessary rigidly to mark the limits of the province of history, nor to treat of all that is within that province, nor to exclude any subject within that province from treatment, nor yet to treat different methods of dealing with the same subject as mutually exclusive. Every writer and every reader has his own needs, to meet himself or to be met by others. Among a great multitude of thoughtful people there is room for the widest possible variety of appeals. Let each man fearlessly choose what is of real importance and interest to him personally, reverencing authority, but not in a superstitious spirit, because he must needs reverence liberty even more.

There is an infinite variety of subjects to treat, and no need to estimate their relative importance. Because one man is interested in the history of finance, it does not mean that another is wrong in being interested in the history of war. One man's need is met by exhaustive tables of statistics; another's, by the study of the

influence exerted on national life by the great orators, the Websters and Burkes, by the poets, Tyrtæuses and Kørners, who in crises utter what is in the nation's heart. There is need of the study of the historical workings of representative government; there is no less need of study of the economic changes produced by the factory system. Because we study with profit what Thorold Rogers wrote of prices we are not debarred from also profiting by Mahon's studies of naval strategy. One man finds what is of most importance to his own mind and heart in tracing the effect upon humanity of the spread of malaria along the shores of the Aegean; or the effect of the Black Death on the labour market of mediæval Europe or the profound influence upon the development of the African continent of the fatal diseases boren by the bites of insects which close some districts to human life and others to the beasts without which humanity rests at the lowest stages of savagery. One man sees the events from one view-point, one from another. Yet another can combine both. We can be stirred by Thayer's great study of Cavour without abating our pleasure in the younger Trevelyan's volumes on Garibaldi. Because we revel in Froissart, or Joinville, or Villehardouin there is no need that we should lack interest in the books that attempt the more difficult task of tracing the economic changes in the status of peasant mechanic and burgher during the thirteen and fourteen centuries.

This is why the record as great writers preserve it has a value immeasurably beyond what is merely lifeless; such a record pulses with immortal life. It may recount the deed or thought of a hero at some supreme moment. It may be merely

the portrayal of homely every-day life. This matters not, so long as in either event the genius of the historian enables him to paint in colours that do not fade. The cry of the Ten Thousand when they first saw the sea still stirs the hearts of men. The ruthless death scene between Jehu and Jezebel, wicked Ahab, smitten by the chance arrow, and propped in his chariot until he died at Sundown; Josiah losing his life because he would not heed the Pharaoh's solemn warning and mourned by all the singing men and the singing women—the facts of these kings and of this king's daughter are part of the common stock of knowledge of mankind. They were petty rulers of petty principalities; yet, compared with them, mighty conquerors, who added empire to empire. Shalmaneser and Sargon, are but shadows; for the deeds and the death of Amenhotep and Rameses, of the kings of Judah and Israel are written in words that, once read, cannot be forgotten. The Peloponnesian war bulks of unreal size to-day because it once seemed thus to bulk to a master mind. Only a great historian can fittingly deal with a very great subject; yet, because the qualities of chief interest in human history can be shown on a small field no less than on a large one, some of the greatest historians have treated subjects that only their own genius rendered great.

#### HISTORY AND THE PLAIN PEOPLE.

The greatest of future aræologists will be the great historian who, instead of being a mere antiquarian delver in dust-heaps, has the genius to reconstruct for us the immense panorama of the past. He must possess knowledge. He must possess that without which knowledge is of so little use, wisdom. What he brings from the charnel-house he must use with such

potent wizardry that we shall see the life that was and not the death that is. For remember that the past was life just as much as the present is life. Whether it be Egypt or Mesopotamia or Scandinavia with which he deals, the great historian if the facts permit him, will put before us the men and women as they actually lived so that we shall recognize them for what they were, living beings. Men like Maspero, Breasted, and Weigall have already begun this work for the countries of the Nile and the Euphrates; for Scandinavia the ground work was laid long ago in the Geimskrinlha and in such sagas as, those of *Burnt Njl* and *Gisli Soursop*. Minute descriptions of mummies and of the furniture of tombs help us as little to understand the Egypt of the mighty days as to sit inside the tomb of Mount Vernon would help us to see Washington, the soldier, leading to battle his scarred and tattered veterans, or Washington, the statesman, by his serene strength of character rendering it possible for his countrymen to establish themselves as one great nation.

The great historian must be able to paint for us the life of the plain people, the ordinary men and women of the time of which he writes. He can do this only if he possess the highest kind of imagination. Collections of figures no more give us a picture of the past than the reading of a tariff report on hides or woollens gives us an idea of the actual lives of the men and women who live on ranches or work in factories. The great historian will, in as full measure as possible, present to us the every-day life of the men and women of the age which he describes. Nothing that tells of this life will come amiss to him. The instrument of their labour and the weapons of their



warfare the wills that they wrote, the bargains that they made, and the songs that they sang when they feasted and made love.—he must use them all. He must tell us of the toil of the ordinary man in ordinary times, and of the play by which that ordinary toil was broken. He must never forget that no event stands out entirely isolated. He must trace from its obscure and humble beginnings each of the movements that in its hour of triumph has shaken the world.

Yet he must not forget that the times that are extraordinary needs special portrayal. In the revolt against the old tendency of historians to deal exclusively with the spectacular and the exceptional, to treat only of wars and oratory and government, many modern writers have gone to the opposite extreme. They fail to realize that in the lives of nations, as in the lives of men, there are hours so fraught with weighty achievement, with triumph or defeat, with joy or sorrow, that each such hour may determine all the years that are to come thereafter or may outweigh all the years that have gone before. In the writings of our historians, as in the lives of our ordinary citizens, we can neither afford to forget that it is the ordinary life which counts most; nor yet that seasons come when ordinary qualities count for but little in the face of great contending forces of good and evil, the outcome of whose strife determines whether a nation shall walk in the glory of the morning or in the gloom of spiritual death.

#### THE REAL PURPOSE OF HISTORY.

The true historian will bring the past before our eyes as if it were the present. He will make us see as living men the hard-

faced archers of Agincourt and the war-worn spearmen who followed Alexander down beyond the rim of the known world. We shall hear grate on the coast of Britain the keels of the Low Dutch sea thieves whose children's children were to inherit unknown continents. We shall thrill to the triumphs of Harnibal. Gorgeous in our sight will rise the splendour of dead cities, and the might of the elder empires of which the very ruins, crumbled to dust, ages ago. Along ancient trade routes, across the world's waste spaces, the caravans shall move, and the admirals of uncharted seas shall furrow the oceans with their lonely prows. Beyond the dim centuries we shall see the banners float above armed hosts. We shall see conquerors riding forward to victories that have changed the course of time. We shall listen to the prophecies of forgotten seers. Ours shall be the dreams of dreamers who dreamed greatly, who saw in their vision peaks so lofty that never yet have they been reached by the sons and daughters of men. Dead poets shall sing to us the deeds of men of might and the love and beauty of the women. We shall see the dancing girls of Memphis. The scent of the flowers in the hanging gardens of Babylon will be heavy to our senses. We shall sit at least with the Kings of Nineveh when they drink from ivory and gold. With Queen Maeve in her sun-parlour we shall watch the nearing chariots of the champions. For us the war-horns of King Olaf shall wail across the flood, and the harp sound high at festivals in forgotten halls. The frowning strongholds of the barons of old shall rise before us, and the white palace-castles from whose windows Syrian prines once looked across the blue Ægean. We shall know the valor of the two-sworded Samuri. Ours shall be

the hoary wisdom and the strange crooked folly of the immemorial civilisations which tottered to a living death in India and in China. We shall see the terrible horse-men of Timur the Lame ride over the roof of the world; we shall hear the drums beat as the armies of Gustabs and Frederick and Napoleon drive forward to Victory. Ours shall be the woe of burgher and peasant, and ours the stern joy when free-men triumph and justice comes to her own. The agony of the galley slaves shall be ours, and the rejoicing when the wicked are brought low and the men of evil days have their reward. We shall see the glory of triumphant violence, and the revel of those who do wrong in high places; and the broken hearted despair that lies beneath the glory and the revel. We shall also see the supreme righteousness of the wars for freedom and justice, and know that the men who fell in these wars made all mankind their debtors.

Some day the historians will tell us of these things. Some day too they will tell our children of the age and the land in which we now live. They will portray the conquest of the continent. They will show the slow beginnings of settlement, the growth of the fishing and trading towns on the seacoast, the hesitating early ventures into the Indian haunted forest. Then they will show the backwoodsmen with their long rifles and their light axes, making their way with labour and peril through the wooded wilderness to the Mississippi; and then the endless march of the white-topped waggon trains across plain and mountain to the coast of the greatest of the five great Oceans. They will show how the land which the pioneers won slowly and with incredible hardship, was filled in two generations by the over-

flow from the countries of western and central Europe. The portentous growth of the cities will be shown, and the change from a nation of farmers to a nation of business-men and artisans, and all the far-reaching consequences of the rise of the new industrialism. The formation of a new ethnic type in this melting-pot of the nations will be told. The hard materialism of our age will appear, and also the strange capacity for lofty idealism which must be reckoned with by all who would understand the American character. A people whose heroes are Washington and Lincoln, a peaceful people who fought to a finish one of the bloodiest of wars, waged solely for the sake of a great principle and a noble idea, surely possess an emergency standard far above mere money-getting.

Those who tell the Americans of the future what the Americans of to-day and of yesterday have done will perforce tell much that is unpleasant. This is but saying that they will describe the archetypical civilization of this age. Nevertheless, when the tale is finally told, I believe that it will show that the forces working for good in our national life outweigh the forces working for evil, and that, with many blunders and shortcomings, with much halting and turning aside from the path, we shall yet in the end prove our faith by our works, and show in our lives our belief that righteousness exalteth a nation.