

little to my fancy, and the blossoms, taken by themselves, are not to be compared for an instant with such modest woodland beauties as were spoken of a few pages back, trailing arbutus, fringed polygala, and the vernal fleur-de-lis ; but the color, seen thus in the mass, and come upon thus unexpectedly, was a memorable piece of splendor. Such pictures, humble as they may seem, and little as they may be regarded at the time, are often among the best rewards of travel. Memory has ways of her own, and treasures what trifles she will.

And with another of her trifles let me be done with this part of my story. There was still the end of the afternoon to spare, and, the rain being over, I skirted the woods, walking and standing still by turns, till all at once out of a thicket just before me came the voice of a bird, — a brown thrasher, I took it to be, — running over his song in the very smallest of undertones ; phrase after phrase, each with its natural emphasis and cadence, but all barely audible, though the singer could be only a few feet away. It was wonderful, the beauty

of the muted voice and the fluency and perfection of the tune. The music ceased ; and then, after a moment, I heard, several times repeated, still only a breath of sound, the mew of a catbird. With that I drew a step or two nearer, and there the bird sat, motionless and demure, as if music and a listener were things equally remote from his consciousness. What was in his thoughts I know not. He may have been tuning up, simply, making sure of his technic, rehearsing upon a dumb keyboard. Possibly, as men and women do, he had sung without knowing it, — dreaming of a last year's mate or of summer days coming, — or out of mere comfortable vacancy of mind. Catbirds are not among my dearest favorites ; a little too fussy, somewhat too well aware of themselves, I generally think ; more than a little too fragmentary in their effusions, beginning and beginning, and never getting under way, like an improviser who cannot find his theme ; but this bird in the Alleghanies sang as bewitching a song as my ears ever listened to.

Bradford Torrey.

LOVE IN THE WINDS.

WHEN I am standing on a mountain crest,
 Or hold the tiller in the dashing spray,
 My love of you leaps foaming in my breast,
 Shouts with the winds and sweeps to their foray ;
 My heart bounds with the horses of the sea,
 And plunges in the wild ride of the night,
 Flaunts in the teeth of tempest the large glee
 That rides out Fate and welcomes gods to fight.
 Ho, love ! I laugh aloud for love of you,
 Glad that our love is fellow to rough weather ;
 No fretful orchid hothoused from the dew,
 But hale and hardy as the highland heather,
 Rejoicing in the wind that stings and thrills,
 Comrade of ocean, playmate of the hills.

Richard Hovey.

ON THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH.

It is probably because we live in the midst of it that we are not fully sensible of the change now taking place in our intellectual life. Possibly, too, because we are looking for some general spectacular transformation at the beginning of the next century, we fail to see the bearing of the one that has already taken place in this. But the knowledge we now have of the interrelation of natural phenomena, and the limitation such knowledge places upon us, must, directly or remotely, condition all our thought. While the facts of life may have remained the same, their significance is irrevocably altered. It is no longer possible for us, strive as we may, to have the same ideas that our grandfathers had, when we think about the things of most concern to us. If we try to formulate our notions as they formulated theirs, we must perforce give the terms a meaning which they have never had before. If we make our notions anew, the break with the past is apparent. But, obvious or not, the break is a real one, and a widening of the cleft is inevitable.

If we set ourselves to consider the intellectual life of the last quarter-century apart from all political and social manifestations, we shall see much in it to suggest a parallel to that of western Europe in the last quarter of the fifteenth century. Then the area of thought had been enlarged by the discovery of a new world, and the great pieces snatched from the unknown had been found to be much like the known. The operations of nature were seen to be complex and intricate, stretching out far beyond the ken of what then constituted men's knowledge. A formal and mechanical idea of the universe had thus to be superseded by one more elastic and more in accord with ascertained fact. So now, the bounds of human knowledge have extended

themselves with such rapidity as to leave us temporarily without standards. What in its first expression seemed to be a promising method of biological study has become the method of knowledge itself, and has presented to the mind a new conception of the unity of the universe. At the same time, it has upset past notions of the relation of the individual to his environment, and has brought in its train secondary changes which are rapidly altering the face of society.

The quickening of mental activity, the expansion of the horizon of thought, the reawakening of sympathy, the changed notions of the physical world, the concern for the future of the race, — there seems but one thing missing to make the parallel perfect, namely, the kindling of the imagination to the creation of a new art and a new literature. But it is yet too early to say that even this feature is absent: we may have already before us a manifestation of such an art and such a literature that is not yet intelligible; or the spark that is ultimately to burst into flame may be still smouldering, and we must await another generation to behold its splendor.

When the Renaissance first came to England, the men who were the bearers of the newly kindled torch of learning immediately set to work to reform the educational system of their country. They were unwilling to enjoy by themselves and in their own time what they thought should be the property of all for all time. They were fully aware that the work of their generation was to prepare the next to enter upon its inheritance. So the opposition they met in the universities only strengthened them in their endeavor to found good preparatory schools; they were content to hold their own against their contemporaries, if they could win over posterity.