

and the modern continental languages is said to be amazing. From the chair of Greek, in Queen's College, Cork, you were, in 1883, translated to the chair of English Literature in our University.

The foregoing facts show that your record is of quite a formidable character. It would be impossible to point the finger of scorn at you, or to ask you for qualifications for your present position, in face of the high honors you bore away in Ireland. It could not be said of you, as was once said about a certain Professor, with whom I had the very slightest of acquaintance, that he himself was in reality an arrant ass, and that it was his wife who found the brains for the family, and kept the Professorship alive. Of course, I do not believe that story, and I only introduce it here for the purpose of instituting a comparison, which must be apparent to every sensible thinking person.

In appearance, as in manner, you represent an Apostle of Culture. Your walk is almost a run, as though you were pursuing fast fleeting thoughts, or were anxious to get away from the vulgar throng and sport with Amaryllis, or somebody else, in the shade. I don't know who Amaryllis was, or what she did in particular, but the illustration is bound to be familiar to you, and that is all my purpose requires. The art of letter writing is to let the other fellow understand what you are driving at. You may write positive nonsense, absolute drivel, but it is all right so long as the epistle is comprehended by the person to whom it is addressed. I am such a Goth that, to my untutored mind, the language of culture often sounds like ridiculous nonsense. "Ah," I can hear somebody exclaim with the æsthetic ladies in "Patience," "but what precious nonsense!"

As a Professor of English Literature, you naturally take a deep interest in the writings of William Shakespeare, and through your efforts the University Shakespeare Society has been formed. I have not, I think, had the pleasure of attending any of your meetings, but I have seen some of your disciples at the Theatre Royal, when representations of the Immortal William's works have been going forward. They were chiefly long-haired young men and short-haired young women, and each carried a gilt-edged edition of the plays of the bard, and through the evening checked off the dialogue with his or her finger nail. I have been to amateur Shakesperian readings, but—it may be shockingly bad taste—I even prefer Cholly Warner.

Beyond all this you have been an occasional contributor to the Press. Your writings, in the main, have been of a poetical character, and they have been either too far out of my reach or too much below my understanding. Possibly, had I been one of your students, and had I allowed my hair to grow long, I should have seen beauties in your sonnets that they do not at present possess in my eyes. But I am afraid you would not let me join the Mutual Admiration Society. It is hard to bear, but the realms of culture are difficult to enter. If I could but see with your eyes and understand with your understanding, how many beauties would be apparent to me that are now but things of the earth, earthy?

Are you altogether satisfied with your professorship? I hear at times rumors, more or less vague, of an intention on your part to quit your sphere of labor and to enter other spheres of a certainly more prosaic character. But I can hardly conceive such to be the case. In the University, the seat of learning, you must be thoroughly at home.

What a wrench it would cause to your finer feelings were you to tear yourself away from its peaceful haunts. It would be worse than undergoing an examination in the Aldine History. There, I promised not to offend, and I've been and gone and done it. Consider that sentence scratched out of the letter. Reassure your friends on the subject of your position, and always remember that billets at £600 per annum are not always to be obtained for the asking.

Now, I fear those who have done me the honor to read thus far may rush to an erroneous conclusion as to my intentions. They will perhaps imagine that I have been indulging in a sneer at the higher education in general and the University in particular. That, I need hardly explain to you, was not at all my idea. I regard the University as a national and very important institution, but I also regard it, as at present conducted, as being far too exclusive. That exclusiveness, in my opinion, is due to the views held by the various Professors, and the learned and unlearned gentlemen comprising the Senate. We should not be conservative in dealing with such a subject as education; the utmost liberalism is wanted.

At present the University, which is heavily endowed by the State, is maintained principally for the benefit of the rich. There are exceptions, I know. Bursaries are given, which are undoubtedly a benefit to poor people, but I wish to do away with all distinctions. I would make the whole of our system of education perfectly free. Men like Mr. Tomkinson, and others of his class, would say that this would lead to Socialism of the worst possible description. My contention is that the very opposite would be the result. It is the "little learning" that is "a dangerous thing," if we "drink deep" there will be no harm done to our society; on the contrary, it will be re-established on more humanitarian lines.

Do you shrug your shoulders? I can imagine some of the venerable members of the Senate indulging in that operation, as if they would shake me off as they would a troublesome gadfly. But those are my sentiments, and on them I take my stand. Will you join forces, or will you remain in the ranks of the cultured few who rejoice in their exclusiveness, and shut themselves off by means of unpronounceable terms from the great bulk of the people. Come over to the side of the people, and no one will be more glad to welcome you than, yours very faithfully,

QUIZ.