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Genius

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LONDON.		IRELAND.	
	£		£
London County Council Grant to Intermediate Schools ...	27,000	Intermediate Education Board Results Fees to Schools ...	49,400
Scholarships ...	28,000	Scholarships ...	18,500
Higher Education ...	7,000	...	...
Commercial Education ...	5,000	...	...
Grants to Technical Schools, Classes, &c. ...	9,700	...	...
Expenses including examination and inspection ...	6,000	Expenses including examination and inspection ...	17,800
Science and Art Grant to Schools and Classes, of which over £11,000 goes to Intermediate Schools, and will in future be distributed through the London County Council	35,600	Science and Art Grant to Schools and Classes ...	4,100

NOTE—The figures are given in round numbers as before.

Then there is nothing like continuity in the supply of Intermediate schools—great gaps in which there are no schools—just as there are similar gaps in rural England. Also the Irish Intermediate schools have little relation as yet to the higher educational needs of the Irish masses. Here we may look to Wales for a precedent in educational reform. Before the passing of the Welsh Intermediate Act of 1889 Wales was far behind Ireland in the supply of these schools. This Welsh Act constituted for each County and County Borough a local educational authority called the Joint Education Committee of the County Council. It consisted of five persons, three nominated by the County Council and two by the Lord President of the Privy Council. It was the duty of this Joint Committee to submit to the Charity Commissioners (who presided over such affairs in Great Britain), a scheme or schemes for the intermediate and technical education of the county, and to specify in each scheme the educational endowments in the county that might be used for its purposes. With the consent of the County Council they may add to these the proceeds of a County rate not exceeding a halfpenny in the pound, and this aid from the rates is met by a Parliamentary Grant not exceeding it in amount and otherwise determined by the efficiency of the schools as tested by annual inspection and report. When the Joint Committee in each case carried through its scheme, re-forming old schools and founding new ones where wanted, it ceased to exist. But the schemes for all counties agreed in treating all the educational resources of the county as one fund, to be administered by a county governing body, the majority of whose members are nominated by the County Council, while others represent expert opinion in all grades of the educational scale from the University Colleges downwards. The model is an excellent one, and the picture of these Welsh counties eager to do their best for light and learning, and to do it in their own way, may well fill with envy us Irish, dependent as we are on the judgment of central authorities remote from popular life, one situated in London, the other altogether nominated by the Lord Lieutenant. The final triumph of the Welsh movement was in getting the business of inspection on which the Treasury Grant depends handed over to a Welsh central popular body, viz., the Central Welsh Board for Intermediate Education. This Board reports to the Charity Commissioners, and the Treasury makes the grant on the Commissioners' Report. This formality was considered necessary at the time, but the new custom introduced by Mr. Balfour's Bill of 1898, of handing over central grants for distribution by suitable local organisations has introduced a new tradition, of which Ireland might take advantage presently.

The Central Welsh Board is thoroughly representative. The County Council and County Governing Bodies appoint 47 members and the educationalists 27; to these six are added by co-option. It well supplies the coping-stone to the arch of Welsh Educational Home Rule.

This organisation is covering Wales with efficient intermediate schools, popular in the sense of being gladly used by all classes of the people, popular also in the sense that they are in immediate contact with the sentiment and opinion of the people. In such a system the curriculum can be adapted to

local needs; if a school more technical in character is needed it can be had; and so of other varieties. The Welsh Colleges also are popular in constitution and democratic in the personnel of the students.

So much for facts and precedents. Now for the future and ourselves. Voluntary effort in Ireland has done wonders in keeping up an educated class in spite of many drawbacks, and the Intermediate Education Act has done much. But there is no system; there are many gaps; the higher education available is not in all respects adapted to the needs of the time, and is not sufficiently accessible to the people. The obvious remedy is Home Rule in Education, and now that there is a popular system of local government, an educational reform on somewhat similar lines to those adopted in Wales, should be easy. The lines would be only somewhat similar, but both the Welsh and the English precedents are important as suggesting a scheme that will come within the range of practical politics in Parliament when ripened by popular discussion in Irish Conferences.

The first step is to put the subject of the organisation and better provision of intermediate education down as a subject to be considered in County Council Conferences, and to spread information, especially as to our deficiencies, among our people. But I will venture to suggest some points in the devising of the situation.

A Central Irish Authority is a necessity of the situation, if only to act as the channel of the Treasury Grant that must be claimed; but it is required also on educational grounds. A centre of reference is essential, and it is no less essential that should be an Irish centre. This Board should be so constituted that it might grow into the Irish Education Office of the future, with a Minister (who might be called a President in the first instance), and his staff, and aided by an advisory body to bring in popular and educational opinion from the outside similar to the Consultative Committee proposed in the recent Board of Education (England) Act.

[To be Continued.]

GENIUS.

BY PERCY SOMERS PAYNE.

The subject of the following lines was Isaac Butt, as we have been informed by one of the poet's surviving brothers, and, as is abundantly manifest by internal evidence. The line—"Look up and love him for his kindly face," is proof positive.—Ed.

The rich man falls into his marble tomb,
And men look up and say, "Ah, is it so?"

He was a worthy man, and is he gone?"
Well, well—perhaps it was his time to go—
The poor man dies. Behold the remnant brought
To feed the rancour of plebeian mould—
When all was o'er he found he owed life bought,
For he his life for very living sold—
And we—we, children of the latter day
In our great march we sometimes turn us back,
And view the ages that have passed away,
And lie forgotten on Time's dusty track.
We see the tide of nameless Life that flows
For ever onwards, with a sullen roar,
And hear it heaving in convulsive throes
To break at last upon a voiceless shore—
That voiceless shore so dim, so dark, so drear.
It's limit lieth out of Time and Space,
We know it not, but sometimes we can hear
Strange echoes floating from its muffled face—
We see, too, floating on that troubled sea
The shattered wreck of many a mighty scheme,
Built of those vanished ones in hope to be
The lasting monument of some fondest dream.
Religious folly and fanatic prides,
Great dreams of science, hopes of royal state,
And plans that, groping in the dark, had tried
To solve the secrets of Creation's fate,
As froth and sea-drift, they are cast away,
The worthless refuse of forgotten lore,
A lustre-lacking heap of foul decay
They rot and stagnate on Oblivion's shore.
And so we look upon that mighty host,
That restless, countless, heaving tidal throng
Of eager nameless ones whose proudest boast
Is that their name is not recalled for wrong.
They lie forgot. But, lo! above the tide
Full oft a God-like shape we see up-rear
Across the troubled waters—See it stride,

Fraught with the wisdom of a nobler sphere.
It is the Man of Genius!—See him stand—
A lordly grandeur in his mien and eye,
Lit up with riches from a treasure-land
That in the mystery of the brain doth lie.
It is the man of Genius. Hear him say,
"I see my aim." Some hope as yet unborn.
Doth hindrance rise? He says, "Let there be
day."

Like night, it flies before the breath of morn.
Oh, Genius, Genius, thou bright Day Star, lit
With rays effulgent from a source Divine,
In favoured intellects 'tis thine to sit,
And over duller destinies to shine.
Thou crystal effervescence of a stream
In God head-sprung, fraught with a magic power
To heal, and with a potent charm redeem,
From nothingness the transitory hour.
A great Excalibur at Faith's command,
To wield the "ever" in a People's right.
Thy brave work done, up stirs a fiery hand
Of praise to draw thee down into a Lake of Light.

Not tempered with the fiery lust of gain,
Not prone with philosophic pride to scan,
Not stained with avarice for man's great name,
Not sharp to look contempt on lesser man.
Who wield thee thus, we give him love and trust,
He sits among us in a Father's place,
And we, as children all, we feel we must
Look up and love him for his kindly face.

"HE IS DEAD."

And when they told us he was dead then we
In breathless wonderment all paling said—
It cannot—cannot be.
And then we felt that he was dead—
We felt that he was dead. For it is so
Affliction coming from the high God falls
So quick, so cruel in its blow
Belief and the repulsive duty calls
Until Reality's grey dawn doth break
On lonely ruin, and a chill cold wind
Calls on the sleeping senses to awake
And seek surcease of sorrow for the mind.

These verses, carelessly written or carelessly transcribed, are redeemed somewhat by the sincerity of the emotion. Isaac Butt was the most loveable Irishman of his generation.

A MATTED TEAR!

Will you kindly permit me to draw the attention of readers of last week's "A.I.R." to a printer's error in my little poem on Page 6, where, in stanza three, I am represented to have used the word "matted." This, besides being nonsensical in its application to a tear, makes havoc of the rhyme. What I actually did write was "melted."

C. GEO. LYSTER.

A matted tear is certainly an awkward article to deal with, especially in the midst of a fine poem. Mr. Lyster will, however, be good enough to remember that the readers of the "All Ireland Review" are a singularly intelligent body of men and women, and that every one of them, on arriving at the "matted tear," instantaneously made the necessary correction.

If I were not so busy I could shed a matted tear myself over this affair, which, at my expense, is so calculated to afford gaiety to the nations.—ED.

A PLEASANT FORECAST!

You have handicapped yourself in every possible way, and I greatly fear you will come a cropper. I sincerely hope not, but fear you will.

ALFRED NUTT.

No, I shall come no cropper, always provided that, wilfully or inadvertently, I do not displease my Heavenly Master. Otherwise the man is not made who can destroy, or even appreciably injure this little paper, which, however humble, is, nevertheless, the voice of a nation, the voice of a race.

Let friendly Englishmen have no fear—for us—but look at home for their own croppers, which so far as I can understand, are about due. I thank Mr. Nutt nevertheless, who, since the start, has been a very good friend to the Review.

"HONOR."

BY META PATTON.

(Continued.)

Her dress was, perhaps, a little too elaborate for her station, but then, as Honor explained to my mother, depreciatingly:

"Kathleen has to dress like that in a big Dublin shop. Pat and she are great friends," added Honor happily. "They go out together every evening, for Kathleen likes the sea-breeze."

"Oh, I stay in and get the wee bit supper."

Poor Honor. Before the beautiful Kathleen had been there a fortnight the fact was patent to all on-lookers that Pat Cleary was in love with her to the point of almost hating true-hearted Honor.

She alone never seemed to see. When my mother gently hinted at Kathleen's love of admiration, Honor fired up.

"An' she's worthy of it, ma'am. Her skin is as fair and her manner as good as any lady's, only she's a bit dull here."

So, night after night, in the gloaming, Kathleen and Pat would stroll over the sands, while Honor stayed at home to mind the supper.

At last matters came to a climax.

One morning Honor came up to our house and asked to see my mother. The moment we saw her white drawn face we knew what had happened.

"It's all over betwix't Pat an' me," she said, in answer to my mother's exclamation of sympathy. "He's found one who'll make him happier. He 'ye liked beauty."

"Did you not suspect, Honor?" asked my mother, gently. "He was never worthy of you."

"At times, ma'am, I thought he seemed hard and cold, but last night there was a grand sunset, an' he and Katie went off to look at it. When I had all cleaned up I followed them, it was so long since I had a walk with him. Just beyond the Black Rocks I came on them unawares, and hidden by a rock I heard what they said.

"She was in his arms, and her face was lit up with the gold of the sunset till she looked like one of the pictures over the altar in the chapel. He said—

"I never loved till I met you, Katie; you are my life. I wonder what came over me to ask Honor, but what's not done can be undone."

"It might break Honor's heart," said Katie (bless her!) "and she has been so good to me."

"Honor's strong," said he "and she'll get over it. I'll tell her to-night, my Katie, and then I'll work my fingers bare to keep you the lady you are."

"I listened no more, ma'am. I turned and fled over the sands to the near rocks; there where nobody could see, I had a little battle with myself. I loved her dearly, and I loved him, God knows how much. The two I loved best loved each other, so what was I to do?

"Up in the sky, the stars were coming out over the sea, they seemed to say, 'Be strong, Honor, and do your duty,' and sure enough God did give me strength."

"Pat stammered out something shamefacedly, but I could see the joy in his face, and Katie threw herself into my arms, saying how happy I had made her.

"I got home before them. They came in dull and silent.

"Katie, astore," I said, "you're a great deal better suited to Pat than me; you can keep on the shop; the boat will be my present to you, and my blessing on you both."

My mother said nothing, she only took Honor's rough hand in her's.

"But your heart will mend," I cried out childishly, "You won't die, Honor."

"No, Miss Nora, but a mended heart is never the same as one without a break."

"When do you sail?" asked my mother.

"Just when I get them settled, ma'am. Kathleen is not used to work, but when they are comfortable my work will be done, and over there I'll never forget what you and yours have done for me."

"Honor," said my mother, with tears in her eyes, "I think there are some heroines the world never hears of worthy of the Victoria Cross—there are some saints not in the calendar."