

a centre of vigorous intellectual life, with a circle of remarkable men carrying on a great movement and making their mark on the outer world. Doubtless it is the same now, but my old friends are in their graves. Their work lives after them, but in forms which they did not expect, while the floods which Keble watched from Bagley Wood, washing round the towers and churches of Oxford, but failing to reach them, have risen at last over the enchanted city. The revolution which he dreaded has come upon it. It still stands; it is full of animation and energy; but Keble and Newman are gone, and the system which produced such men is gone with them.

"New schools have sprung up and new modes of teaching. Greek and Latin have lost their old monopoly. Modern languages are studied, and modern history, and modern philosophy and science. Athletics, which used to be a plaything, have become a serious pursuit, as if we were to have the Olympic Games again. The celibate seclusion of college life has broken down, and ladies, the horror of the scholastics, have invaded the sacred precincts.

"In all this I feel like Epimenides after his forty-five years sleep. Few, very few, of my contemporaries now survive, and our grey hairs tell us that we shall soon follow, and that in this new birth and regeneration our own part can be but a brief one.

"Well, then, for my own share, I am here to teach modern history, and I am reminded at the outset that this is changed too, that there is no such thing as modern history. History is one and continuous from the beginning of things. I must humbly answer that I never doubted it. I never supposed that the human race was created fresh at the Christian era. We always knew that the modern world inherited language, laws, and

literature from antecedent ages, and that the actions and thoughts of Jews and Greeks and Romans have helped to mould the minds of all that have come after them.

"Still I think the distinction is a harmless one. The old civilisation and the old creeds had worn out. With new religions, with new races of men with new impulses and fresh types of character, there did virtually commence a completely new epoch. Scandinavians, Goths, Huns, Arabs, had minds and ideas of their own. They were neither Jew nor Creek. The *Nibelungenlied* is a counterpart of the *Iliad*, but owes nothing to it, and indicates even a ruder period of national development. I consider that without offence I may still regard the Northern Invasion as a period when old things were wound up and a new order began.

"Yet, divide history as we will, the surface is still immense. The modern side of it embraces the fortunes of mankind for sixteen hundred years, event piled on event, over the whole area of the globe, with no visible coherence or visible purpose. Students may wander about it, as in some vast forest, and never meet. To examine it all in detail, to learn what those millions of millions of human creatures really did, and what they were really like, is obviously impossible. Impossible from the extent of the subject, and impossible from the nature of it, because the inquirer himself has no fixed point to stand upon. The astronomer, when he is examining the motion of star or planet, is himself moving as he observes. The astronomer knows it and allows for it. The historian is moving too, but does not know it, or forgets to allow for it. He has to interpret his discoveries by his own general theories and his own estimate of probabilities; and lights and shadows change their places, and