

help, or am shielded by death from the sight of her remediless sorrow, I have already done for her as much service as she has will to receive, by laying before her facts vital to her existence, and unalterable by her power, in words of which not one has been warped by interest nor weakened by fear; and which are as pure from selfish passion as if they were spoken already out of another world." Nothing can be better than the following, as an illustration of the value of his letters. "It is to be remembered also that many of the subjects handled can be more conveniently treated controversially than directly; the answer to a single question may be made clearer than a statement which endeavors to anticipate many; and the crystalline vigor of a truth is often best seen in the course of its serene collision with a trembling and dissolving fallacy." Perhaps an epigram was the only way by which Mr. Ruskin could vindicate his claim to write with authority upon all points, but that does not take from the humour of it:—"no man, oftener than I, has had cast into his teeth the favorite adage of the insolent and the feeble—"ne sutor." But it has always been forgotten by the speakers that, although the proverb might on some occasions be wisely spoken by an artist to a cobbler, it could never be wisely spoken by a cobbler to an artist."

Cicero will at last be fairly treated. It must not be forgotten that Livy his own countryman, an impartial judge, who saw his faults as clearly as he saw his merits, does not hesitate to say that if the former are set in the balance against the latter, it will be seen at once that Cicero was a great man as well as a famous man, and that to do full justice to his merits is beyond the powers of a tongue or pen less eloquent than his own. Few great men of the past have been more heartily despised by moderns, because none come so near to their own type. Most other personages in Greek and Roman History are mere "characters of antiquity." Cicero is almost like a politician of our own times. "There is a humanity in Cicero," writes Anthony Trollope, "a something almost of Christianity, a stepping forward out of the dead intellectualities of Roman life into moral perceptions, into natural affections, into domesticity, into philanthropy, and conscious discharge of duty which do not seem to have been as yet fully appreciated. To have loved his neighbour as himself before the teaching of Christ was much for a man to achieve; and that he did this is what I claim for Cicero, and hope to bring home to the minds of those who can find time for reading yet another added to the constantly increasing volumes about Roman times." Besides Mr. Trollope's *Life*, we have one by Dr. Jeans of Haileybury College, which together testify to the revived interest taken in this, perhaps, greatest of all philosophers in active life.

The phenomenon of two novelists, like Justin McCarthy and Anthony Trollope entering the field as historians is worthy of notice. Sir Walter Scott did so before, but Scott was a genius of altogether higher standard. The first writer who made history really popular was Macaulay, and Mr. Green's history is modelled on his as far as style goes. But both of these writers were professed historians, and reviewers could not complain from that point of view. Now, however, they seem to feel dissatisfaction because History is being made interesting to the masses. No one can call Justin McCarthy unwholesome,