

ment. "Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers," the poet has said; and, to a reflective mind, the distinction between the two is not difficult to seize. He who has knowledge only, knows things and their relations; himself and his relations, above all himself in his relation to the true human ideal, he does not know. He seeks to make his knowledge subservient to his own personal ends; he does not regard it as a revelation of duties to be done, of sacrifices to be made, of heights to be attained. He who has wisdom, on the other hand, holds his knowledge in trust for higher than personal ends, and makes us realize, as other men do not, the true value and dignity of knowledge.

Character then, is the principal thing. It is character that we continually find to be limiting and conditioning culture; that is to say, if culture is not carried farther than we find it to be in certain cases, the reason is that the character, the moral nature, has not been such as to support and sustain a truly generous culture. There is, perhaps, a finely developed æstheticism in certain directions, but the lack of culture's perfect work is seen in a certain hard materialism of personal aspiration. The disciple, perchance apostle, of beauty is far from beautiful when we get a glimpse of his inner life and essential aims. He has never learned that the prime secret of all beauty in human life lies in disinterestedness, in the ability to put self aside, on some occasions at least, and to live in causes and principles and, above all, in one's fellow-beings. Few things are more trying than the mock enthusiasm of very mediocre men and women for things that they have learned to admire as by rote, to hear the jargon of the literary or artistic coterie, and to know how little it all means as regards real elevation of character and sentiment. And what we say of liter-

ary and artistic coteries we might apply with equal truth to scientific coteries, where minute points of classification and nomenclature are discussed with infinite zeal and warmth, but with far less regard to any advantage to be reaped for the cause of truth and of humanity than to the satisfaction of rival vanities.

In this country we are labouring with great zeal and vast pecuniary resources to promote the cause of culture. We educate, educate, educate, as somebody once said we ought to do; but whether the result is to produce much that can be called culture in any high sense is an open question. A criterion may, perhaps, be found in a comparison of the rising with the now adult generation. Are our young people showing graces of mind and character in more abundant measure than their parents? Are their aims higher? Is their language better? Are their intellectual occupations more serious? Are their manners gentler and more refined? We do not propose to answer these questions dogmatically; but this we say, that, unless there has been an improvement in these several respects, a vast amount of educational effort has not met its full reward. Speaking broadly, it seems to us that the culture of our educated classes, or of the classes supposed to be educated, leaves much to be desired, and we are disposed to think that one reason of this is that we have conceived of education in too purely an intellectual sense. We have thought more of sharpening the thinking faculties than of liberalizing the sentiments or softening the manners. We have introduced too much of rivalry into education, and represented education too much as a preparation for further rivalry in after life. We have imparted knowledge, but have only to a very moderate extent succeeded in inculcating wisdom; and know-