

attraction for the eyes of sordid ambition, but could scarcely fail of kindling the purer vision of a refined and sensitive soul. I can understand the passions of men whose ambition is confined rather to the present—whose aspirations are pent within the circle of a eulogy or a people's huzzah—who would give more to enjoy the intoxication of an hour's homage to himself living, than an immortal honor after death. Who can fail to see the difference between the Antony who comes brow-bound with the conqueror's laurels, leading captive kings in chains, with the oil of a great nation's oblation perfuming his triumphal car, and Milton, "old and blind and fallen on evil days," in poverty and under the ban of a powerful Government, looking forth with prophetic hopefulness to a future in which he should live forever among men, rescued from the general ruin of contemporary things and secured from decay in an ethereal temple built by his own hand. His is but a narrow mind that feverishly thirsts for present popularity, which is only warmed into heat by the gairish blaze of adulation, and which is only happy in imbibing the stimulant of praise—whether the result of impulse or judgment. However the Epicurean sentiment of Horace may be adapted to the happiness of man, no truly exalted soul responds to this,—

*Lactus in præsens animus quod ultra est  
Oderit curare.*

I do not seek to justify a man's love of fame; for if it be a love purified from the dross of common clay it needs no justification. Nay more, it is the natural development of our divine nature the fairest fruit of our perfected manhood. There is no glory, no divinity, no heroism in death. To live is of God, and to live well is alone divine. I would rather live than die, and so man's yearnings for that life which breathes in the great world, an immortal essence, indestructible in proportion to the intensity and power of its truth, is wrought into the finest fibres of his being. The soul that cries for that immortality brought to light by Christ, cries with kindred instinct for man's kind remembrance. What man is there, who dying can say without a pang—let my memory perish, it matters not. Milton desired to live among men in his second and more enduring incar-

nation. So indeed might the great Apostle have felt without doing wrong to the divinity within him. Milton's view of that tinsel fame which engrosses vulgar minds, and many a mind which could hardly be named in such a broad genus, is nobly expressed in Christ's words in *Paradise Regained*.

For what is glory but the blaze of fame,  
The people's praise, if always praise unmixed!  
And what the people but a herd confused,  
A miscellaneous rabble who extol  
Things vulgar and well weighed, scarce worth the praise.  
They praise, and they admire, they know not what,  
And know not whom, but as one leads the other.  
And what delight to be by such extolled;  
To live upon their tongues, and be their talk,  
If whom to be dispraised were no small praise,  
His lot who dares be singularly good.

Was it weakness in the soul of Macaulay that impelled him to aspire to a resting place in Westminster Abbey? If it was weakness, it was a noble one and incident to our highest nature. We do not judge man after the ascetic Christian standard of a middle age any more than we judge him by the theory of the Ancient Stoic. Luther may have cared less where they laid his bones than the simplest village rustic who asks a nook in the old church yard of his fathers where his dust may rest. It may be that Diogenes would not have preferred the most gorgeous sarcophagus to his tub. But though we may admire in the one the entire merging of mind and soul into the high spiritual realms of God so that the perishable clay was unseen in the splendour of the loftier vision; and in the other the philosophic will that achieved such a conquest over the human heart, we cannot less respect that human heart in its sympathy, that capacious mind; that genius so splendid and multiform, for its foible—if foible it be; nay, we would not have it otherwise.

I do not respect the man less—I honour the Briton more.

For this earth, mark you, contains no other place of Sepulture so grand in memories of the past, or hallowed by so many glorious patriotic reminiscences. The dead that lie there are England's—and Kings and Princes are proud to sleep where repose the relics of that genius which made a nation and a tongue classic and immortal.

In the vaults of the Escorial wrapped in