

He would fain set it down for ever; engrave it on rock, if he could saying "this is the best of me: for the rest I ate and drank and slept loved and hated like another; my life was as the vapour and is not but this I saw and knew: this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory." That is his "writing:" it is, in his small human way, and with whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription of scripture. That is a "hook."—John Ruskin. *Sesame and Lilies*.

III.

The following is one of the most pointed references in our literature to the diverse origin of the English people:—

A true-born Englishman's a contradiction,
In speech an irony, in fact a fiction.
The Pict an' painted Briton, treacherous Scot,
By hunger soft and rapine hither brought;
Norwegian pirates, buccaneering Danes,
Whose rared offspring everywhere remains;
Who join'd with Norman French compound the breed
From whence your true-born Englishmen proceed.

Daniel Defoe. *The True-Born Englishman* [1701].

IV.

And we then, what are we? what is England? I will not answer, A vast obscure Cymric basis with a vast visible Teutonic superstructure; but I will say that that answer sometimes suggests itself, at any rate,—sometimes knocks at our mind's door for admission; and we begin to cast about and see whether it is to be let in.—Matthew Arnold. *On the Study of Celtic Literature*.

V.

The glory of the Celt in Europe is his artistic eminence. perhaps not too much to assert that without his intervention should not have possessed in modern times a church worthy of adoration, or a picture or a statue we could look at without shame. In their arts, too, either from their higher status, or from admixture with Aryans, we escape the instinctive fixity which makes the arts of the pure Turanian as unprogressive as the works of birds or of beavers. Restless intellectual progress characterizes everything they perform; and had their arts not been nipped in the bud by circumstances over which they had no control, we might have seen something that would have shamed even Greece and wholly eclipsed the arts of Rome.

When a people are so mixed up with other races as the Celts are in Europe, frequently so fused as to be undistinguishable, it is almost impossible to speak with precision in regard either to their arts or influence. It must in consequence be safer to assert that where no Celtic blood existed, there no real art is found; though it is perhaps equally true to assert that not only Architecture, but Painting and Sculpture have been patronized, and have flourished in the exact ratio in which Celtic blood is found prevailing in any people in Europe.—James Fergusson. *History of Architecture*.