

they were given : and it is here that we find the highest and noblest ideal of life ever conceived by uninspired humanity.

"These studies alone," says Plato, "possess the power of elevating the noblest part of the soul, and advancing it towards the contemplation of that which is most excellent in the things which really exist."

What then is the conclusion of the whole matter?

Man's position in the world has been compared, not inaptly, to that of a person in a watch-tower which commands an extensive view in every direction.

There are many windows in the tower ; all, however, thickly encrusted with the grime of ignorance, which hard work only can remove. The man in the tower cannot clear all his windows ; he must choose some few which open upon the views he prefers.

He may, for example, let in the light through the French or the German window, and study some history, some poetry, and a monstrous number of novels.

Or, he may clear the window labelled "Science," from which he contemplates all manner of fowls of the air and four-footed beasts and creeping things—all, no doubt, very good.

Now what Classics claim to do for him is this. First, they train him to hard work, and thus enable him to clear his window thoroughly ; they sharpen his faculties so that he sees farther and more clearly, and judges aright of what he sees. Then they open before him not one, but many vistas ; all, however, converging upon one object, *man*. They show him processions of the illustrious dead, kings of men, shepherds of their people, and from the panorama of the past they elucidate the present and anticipate the future ; they present to

his vision the most perfect models of beauty and grace in literature, art and life, "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," characters as animate with life and beauty as the most incomparable creations of Grecian chisel, so that his own life insensibly grows more gracious and more ideal ; they reveal to him the workings of the human mind ; they show him the secret of a happy, a seemly, a profitable life ; they display the eternal principles of beauty and truth.

Is it wonderful, then, that for centuries the Classics have been known as the Humanities ; the studies which pre-eminently deal with man, and which alone completely educate the human being ?

The Classical man has no quarrel with the Modern Linguist or the Scientist. He gladly recognizes the usefulness and importance of their subjects. But when he is rudely assailed as the antiquated exponent of an exploded belief, and is imperatively required to admit that this or the other study is the be-all and the end-all of education, he may, perhaps, be pardoned if he lays aside his characteristic diffidence and maintains that the Humanities after all are the studies which give the broadest, most truly liberal education ; and that the highest science is that which teaches how to make life generous and noble.

"There is a certain education," says Aristotle in his Politics, "which our sons should receive, not as being practically useful, much less as indispensable, but as liberal and noble."

Classics are not indispensable, they are practically useful, but above all they are liberal and noble. If we hope to check the flood of gross and sordid materialism, if we hope to produce a grand and immortal literature, if we hope to develop characters so finished and complete

"That Nature might stand up
And say to all the world 'This was a man!'"