

the question of Philip to the Eunuch must in some shape be ever on his lips—"Understandest thou what thou readeſt?" Happy ſhall he be if he catches the humble yet earneſt reply—"How can I, except ſome man ſhould guide me?" Engaged upon the ſtudy of a noble poem he muſt be guided to ſee that it is not only the product of genius, but that it is alſo, in ſome degree, a work of the higheſt art. He muſt not only be cultivated to feel emotions of pleaſure or of horror, to feel, in ſhort, his heart-ſtrings vibrate in uniſon with the chords of the poet's lyre, but he muſt ſee how the proper effect is produced. He muſt feel in deed and in truth that—

"The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden ſtars above;
Dowered with the hate of hate, the ſcorn of ſcorn,
The love of love.

He ſaw thro' life and death, thro' good and ill,
He ſaw thro' his own ſoul.
The marvel of the Everlaſting Will
In open ſcroll

Before him lay: with echoing feet he threaded
The ſecreted walks of fame:
The viewleſſe ſcows of his thoughts were headed
And wing'd with flame.

Like Indian reeds blown from hiſſilver tongue,
And of ſo fierce a flight,
From Calpe unto Caucasus they ſung,
Filling with light

And vagrant melodies the winds which bore
Them eaſtward till they lit;
Then, like the arrow-ſeeds of the field and flower
The fruitful wit

Cleaving took root, and ſpringing forth anew
Where'er they fell, behold,
Like to the mother plant in ſemblance grew
A flower all gold.

And bravely furniſhed all abroad to fling
The winged ſhafts of truth,
To throng with ſtately blooms the breathing ſpring
Of Hope and Youth."

I cannot leave the ſubject without ſaying to my junior fellow-teacher how extremely valuable the ſtudy of this ſubject is to the teacher himſelf, and how recreant he would be to his duty if he did not ſeek, by every means in his power, to keep awake in himſelf a love of our noble Engliſh Literature. Whether we are fond of the Classics, or Mathematics, or the Natural Sciences, or any other of the great departments of human knowledge, we ought every day of our lives to read and meditate upon ſome page of this priceleſſe heritage. I will not ſeek to flatter your pride or augment your professional importance by ſaying how valuable may be your labours and your influence by ſuch a courſe of reading, but I will ſay that you will,

"To your own ſelves be true,
And it will follow, as the night the day,
You cannot then be falſe to any man."

I ſhall conclude with the words of the great French critic Sainte-Beuve:

"All of us who are ſupporters of the natural method in literature, and who apply it according to our ſeveral methods in different degrees, all of us who are artiſans and ſervants of this ſame ſcience which we ſtrive to render as exact as poſſible without repaying ourſelves with vague notions and vain words, let us then continue to obſerve without ceasing, to diſcover the conditions of works notable in different ways, and the infinite variety of forms of talent; let us compel them to give an account of themſelves, to inform us how and why they are of this and that faſhion or quality rather than another, though we ſhould never explain everything, and there muſt remain, after all our labour, a laſt point and as it were a laſt citadel which cannot be reduced."