

many of whose good qualities they are utter strangers.

We cannot afford to vaunt our superiority over our ancestors. Undoubtedly, in many respects, as for instance in the experimental sciences, we are in advance of them; but with regard to those branches of serious study, which produce so profound and beneficial an influence on public morality and tend to stem the excesses of society, the nineteenth century is in a state of retrogression. Man has no time now to reflect upon the real interests of the commonwealth; he is too much absorbed in the contemplation of his own individual importance; all his thoughts are there concentrated, and he fears only that he may fall behind the age or that his selfish projects may be frustrated. The oppression of nobility is a matter of history, but it seems that men are going to rush from the servitude of kings to the other extreme, the tyranny of the uneducated classes who clamor incessantly for liberty unlimited, and are guided by prejudices, bigotry and all the deceptions of which ignorance is the victim. Public instruction has become universal, but have we any reason to

feel proud of its effects on the popular intellect? It is a species of superficial education which crams men's minds with a knowledge of technicalities and tends to make them arrogant and frivolous, while that more important training which consists in the inculcation of sound principles is for the greater part neglected. The consequence of this is, as a distinguished American critic observes in proposing Burke and Webster for study in our schools and colleges, that the ordinary individual has not advanced beyond that little learning which is proverbially a dangerous thing, and which, while it has not given him a sounder judgment, has engendered in him a spirit of contempt for authority and less respect for the opinions of greater men. Simplicity, candor and faith have given place to pedantry, duplicity and unbelief. How profitably might not our days meditate on the truth contained in those lines of Pope:

A little learning is a dangerous thing:

Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring;
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain;
And drinking largely sobers us again.

J. P. F., '96.



HOPE.

At the threshold of life Hope leads us in—

Hope plays round the mirthful boy;

Though the best of its charms may with youth begin,

Yet for age it reserves its toy.

When we sink in the grave, why the grave has scope,

And over the coffin man planteth—Hope.