

we can never do with the living man. It is not in human nature.

Let books then, and the best books, be your ideals. Touch men. They will keep you human. But read books. They will help you to become divine. Embrace literature as a mistress, ever beautiful and ever young. Either the immortality of mind is true or it is not. There can be no middle state. If not true, then man is a failure and life is a curse. The Universe is the conception of a mocking friend, and its sorrows and partings the consummation of a relentless demon. We can conceive of nothing more miserable than man, sentient, great-hearted, sympathetic, aspiring man without a hope, the Sisyphus of Time, the Tantalus of Promise, his end a grave, his purpose unfulfilment, his memory a life-woe to bereaved survivors. But if, on the other hand, mind be immortal, then there is no more beautiful minister to the mind than literature, no happier moulding of the divine spirit of intellect than the literary habit. By it all the past is conserved, the present inspired, the future illumined. Now it is the old Veda that transmits the message, animating for high enterprise. Anon, and trooping from their tombs to the war-cry of old Troy, press phalanx-deep, the Greeks of Homer. The great law-givers of the Latin hills instruct us yet from their silent forum where the seven-throned city still keeps watch by the yellow Tiber. The Armadas of Spain sweep new worlds into the intellectual ken. Genoa and Hamburg and Venice pass us in stately pageant; they fling their rings into the tide of time, and the time waves, true to their liege, wash

the insignia to the feet of the present. From north and south, east and west the spirit messengers come, rich with Oriental spoil, with western legend, with the glamour of the Tropic sun, or with sad, earnest melancholy, yet resistless voicings, tremendous in their import, startling in their earnestness, from the solemn, rock-bound shores where the fogs of the North Sea brood over the home of the scientist and the sanctum of the philosopher. Being given this heritage, with you and your generation it remains to perpetuate the past, to forward it to the future. You are to-day the messengers of light. Your elders are already within sight of the goal, their life-race nearly run, their life-work nearly accomplished. But you are, as yet, but stripping for the arena. Strong be the wills to nerve your purpose, to direct you right, to preserve you from stumbling or tripping on the course. Not only work, but love work. Not only see in work a means, but a divinity. Not only look upon it as labour, but also as rest. Aspire to work, manfully, womanfully, looking not altogether for reward. Let aspiration be its own reward, and perhaps some day, and when least expected, and in a manner altogether unlooked for, another success, another reward may come. When the scales shall fall from our eyes, and we shall see truly, not as men but as immortals. Then, indeed, shall aspiration receive its highest reward. Then, indeed, shall we see of the travail of our souls and shall be satisfied. Then, indeed, shall we realize the ultimate truth of the sentiment:

"What is excellent, as God lives, is permanent."

She took her lesson from the sun,
That gave her wealth ere she beheld it,
And gave a smile to every one,
And, if she saw a cloud, dispell'd it.

She passed away one summer day,
Just as the sun with smiles was setting;
And left this lesson: Rich are they
Who live for giving, not for getting.