

and the development of power to acquire knowledge. The rewards of intellectual culture are sometimes the pleasure that comes from the pursuit of knowledge and the joy of its attainment; sometimes the reputation and fame that knowledge brings in the great world, or in some little world in which we live; sometimes the power knowledge brings to improve our own condition or that of our fellow-men.

Now, the study of literature is not specially conducive to the acquisition of knowledge. The fields of science, rather than those of literature, yield knowledge. Of course there is much to be gleaned in the field of literature, but useful information is the gleaning, not the harvest of literature. Neither is the study of literature specially conducive to the development of the logical faculty. For deductive reasoning the study of mathematics is to be preferred, and for inductive reasoning the study of the physical sciences. What, then, is that culture that comes from the study of literature, and that shows a tendency to appropriate to itself the name of culture? It is, I think, "the culture of the imagination and of the sentiments."

To many unthinking people the imagination is a malady rather than a faculty. When the imagination is at work they expect to see "the eye in a fine frenzy rolling," and to hear an utterance "full of sound and fury signifying nothing." Of course this is all a mistake. The imagination is simply that faculty by which we form true ideals, perfect images, faithful conceptions of things—that faculty in fine by which we see things as they are in their eternal archetypes, and not merely as they may be imperfectly realized in time or discovered to experience.

In the observations we make, and the experiences that come to us in our short cloudy day of mortal life, we trace a feature here and there and

sometimes catch a sentence or a word. Imagination is "the vision and the faculty divine" by which we fill up the fragmentary outlines and supply the missing words, so that we see the larger vision that has never yet been seen by mortal eye, and hear the revelation that has never yet been fully heard by the ear of sense. Hence the inspirations and creations of musicians and painters, of sculptors and architects and poets, of prophets and of saints. Hence those sublime guesses at truth that science has afterwards verified. Hence, too, those ideals of politics and morals and religion to which we ever approach, but which at the same time improve and advance, so that with all our progress there is always to healthy minds a coming golden age "to which the whole creation moves."

I cannot flatter myself that I have given a perfect analysis or a full description of the imagination whose culture is a prime object in the study of literature, but I have perhaps said enough to indicate what I mean. Let me add a word as to the *sentiments* included in the scope of this culture. They are the feelings of the mind, not the perceptions and judgments, but the appetencies by which the mind goes out towards certain things and the aversion by which it turns from their opposites—the experiences of complacency or elation that arise in the mind on certain perceptions, with the opposite experiences that attend the contrary perceptions.

Now, it is the mark of inexperience or ignorance to be delighted or disgusted with things trivial, but it is the mark of dulness or deadness to be without delight in what is delightful, a disgust in what is disgusting. The *blasé* is not the master of wisdom and strength, but the past master of weakness and folly. He is as the man who has become impotent through excesses and reached a disgust of