

great, the giants of past thought and science, are greater to-day than they were in their living prime. They have grown with the growth of the world, their dross is flung aside, and the fine gold that was part and parcel of them has not only been retained, but has been polished and burnished. Others have followed in their track of thought—have manufactured beautiful things out of their old rough ideas; but as the modern disciple has been earning trophies for himself, he has brought to the front the old hoary teacher, and the dead and dumb and forgotten have shared the glories of the living voice. Thus, on the whole, it may be said that all that is great grows greater, all that is true grows truer, all that is pure grows purer, in any one great individual teacher as time rolls on; and the dead who have done good—public good—are often greater to-day than when they lived and taught.

Examples of this are neither few nor far between. In a great wave of commemorative excitement that rolled over the world of letters some years ago, commemorating the