

dent to translate from the ancient language into the English and not the reverse, fully one half of the time ordinarily spent on these studies can be saved. One year rightly used would suffice for Latin, another for Greek, and one each for French, German, and Italian, giving, also, facility in speaking the modern tongues. The time will come when colleges will cease to require candidates not only to be crammed with mere grammatical husks, but even to discriminate among the Attic husks and Ionic husks and Epic husks, as an indispensable prerequisite to admission; and when they will discontinue that unnutritious diet after matriculation, and in this busy world no longer spend month after month in assiduously uprooting tares and thistles in the hopeless attempt to raise a crop of purely classic husks. "I won't answer any more such nonsense!" said a now famous journalist, inserting an ungentle epithet before the word "nonsense," to the college tutor who, neglecting weightier matters, was torturing him in class recitation, filling his skin with the sharp prickles of Greek accents, impaling him on oxytones and paroxytones and proparoxytones, plying the twists of perispomena and properispomena, tearing his flesh with sarcastic questions about final clauses. Tradition has it that he was obliged to leave Alma Mater, but soon found consolation in a handsome salary as foreign correspondent of a leading New York newspaper.

To furnish the equipment our young men need for active service in the cause of humanity, there is perhaps no other preparation so valuable as the study of the greatest works of the greatest authors. I know there is a prevalent notion that literature is not strengthening. Many years ago I heard a distinguished scholar couple the words "weak" and "literary" as if they belonged together; but his own example proves the contrary; he

is both literary and strong. Shakespeare's training, like that of all great writers who preceded him in ancient or modern times, and he was a good business man, was wholly literary rather than scientific. What did Alexander the Great not owe to Homer? Cæsar knew nothing of what we call science. Napoleon fed on Plutarch more than on gunpowder and mathematics. Milton was chiefly indebted to Homer, Hesiod, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Ovid, Virgil, Spenser, and Shakespeare; Chatham, Burke, and Webster, to Milton; Rufus Choate, the foremost jury lawyer of the past generation, to all of these. The foremost practical statesman in England to-day is the man of letters, William E. Gladstone; the foremost statesman in Europe to-day is a graduate of two universities, Prince Bismarck; the foremost lawyer in America to-day bore off the highest honours for literary excellence at Yale just fifty years ago, and is said to have continued his classical studies ever since, William M. Evarts; one of the ablest of the many able Ministers who have represented America at the Court of St. James is our foremost man of letters to-day, James Russell Lowell; our smartest—I use the term designedly—living statesman possesses rare literary skill, James G. Blaine. These examples show that the practical cutting edge of tact is not less keen when it has a heavy backing of solid learning. Did not the pen of Moses largely shape Hebrew civilization? In Greek life, and even in Roman, did not the Iliad and the Odyssey exert enormous power? Is not our highest modern civilization the outgrowth of the Bible? Wordsworth never uttered profounder truth than when he wrote,

We must be free or die, who speak the
tongue
That Shakespeare spoke, the faith and
morals hold
That Milton held.