

civilization; Ulpian and Papinian, the fathers of scientific law; Trajan and the Antonines, of administration and government; Homer, the father of poetry; Phidias and Praxiteles, of sculpture—these last the masters of all followers in their craft unto this day—and Aristotle, the father of science itself; surely of these men and their work we cannot know too much, and even a little knowledge of them would be ill exchanged, for a man who does not mean to be a chemist, for a little knowledge of the atomic weights of elements.

But this, some one will say, is not what comes of our so-called classical education; what we get from our classical teachers is only verse-grinding, scraps and odds and ends of half-understood Latin and Greek, and a general contempt for knowledge that is not of Latin and Greek. This has been only too true; but we hope it will not be true much longer. Cambridge, the head and fount of the old verbal scholarship, is transforming her classical curriculum. Not through mere linguistic attainments, but through scientific philology, scientific archæology, scientific study of ancient history and philosophy, will henceforth lie the road to the highest honours. We shall no longer have accomplished classical scholars who stand mute before a coin or an inscription, and cannot tell a work of the school of Phidias or Praxiteles from a late Asiatic or Roman imitation. Let the teachers of natural science look to it on their side that their own special studies do not degenerate into mere book-work, such barren catalogues of undigested facts and such an empty show of paper knowledge as Professor Huxley lifts up no uncertain voice against. Then, when at last a true and lively knowledge of man and of his history goes hand in hand with a true and lively knowledge of nature and her works, our schools will produce results worthy of their noble means, and science and culture will be no longer names to bandy in controversy, but firm and inseparable allies. Science has come upon our Humanists as from a region of mystery, like the nameless champion of the legend, clad in magical armour and wielding invincible weapons. But the champion is a friend and deliverer; well for them that receive him, and ill for them that in rashness and little faith repel him. But is there not already a working alliance? Are modern philology and archæology "mere literary education and instruction"? We conceive not; and we call Professor Huxley himself to wit-