

a valour and heroic dignity of character with which the graces and refinements of life would have been incompatible.

If we abbreviate the reply of Pericles, so as to make beauty apply to both art and literature, and say that the Athenians loved beauty free from effeminacy, we shall still be giving the sense of the patriot's proud boast. Beauty free from effeminacy, beauty and strength—here we have a pithy characterization of Athenian genius.

Beauty may be weak and superficial. Mere prettiness may please our fancy, but if we find that the beauty is but on the surface, that there is no beauty behind, no loveliness of character, no strength of feeling, then the merely external beauty becomes to a thoughtful mind a cause of pain rather than of pleasure.

Such beauty is not what the Athenians loved; beauty of form was to them but the outward sign of an inward and spiritual beauty—that beauty of mind and soul which in the lofty idealism of Plato was an *εἶδωλον* or image or gleam of the divine Beauty itself. Such inward beauty did Socrates possess—he who was grotesque to look upon, with his upturned, outspread nose, his coarse lips, large mouth, thick neck and corpulent body.

Beauty, then, must be united with strength. Aphrodite is the natural spouse of Ares, and in literature, as well as in other spheres, is the combination to be maintained.

When tested by this standard, much of the popular literature of to-day is faulty. Most of it consists of petty trifles, the constant reading of which weakens our minds, and robs us of the power to enjoy the nobler, stronger fruits of great intellects. Many poets there are who charm for the moment with the sweet jingle of their lines, who give us "Ballades of Blue China," or "Magnolia Leaves," and other airy nothings, which sally forth

in dainty garb from publishers' counters, and for a season are the talk of the drawing-room circle at afternoon teas, but which are shortly to be found by the curious only in dusty corners of museums and public libraries.

But much of the literature of to-day is devoid of all beauty, for that which is ugly cannot at the same time be lovely. The numerous works of fiction which illustrate French realism and grovel in the revolting details of vice are so strong that they are positively rank, but they are a sure proof that the people who can tolerate and enjoy them have lost all sense of the truly beautiful.

Now it is because the great works of antiquity, which have stood the test of ages, and which it is our privilege to study and contemplate, are in a preeminent degree possessed of this duality of virtue—beauty and strength—that they must ever appeal powerfully to intellectual minds, and must ever be prominent factors in educational systems.

The classics are instinct with beauty because they are the intellectual creations either of that very race who worshipped beauty, that race whose ideal of beauty is the loftiest ever conceived by man; or of that mighty nation who engrafted upon her strength the best elements in the Greek mind, and was directly inspired by Greece herself.

The strength of the classics, their vigour and endurance, has been proven again and again in the world's intellectual history, and to-day the greatest writers and thinkers in every nation, nay, our languages themselves, acknowledge the power and vitality of the Latin and Greek classics.

But we study the classics not simply because they are themselves endowed with these virtues, but because they can also impart strength and beauty to the mind. The study of any literature is fruitful of good re-