

The blow—for the death of such a man is a blow, not only to the nation, but to the individual—falls with all the more force upon those intimate with English public school or grammar school life, and especially must they feel it whose lives have been fashioned to the same pursuits or interests. A personal friend and counsellor seems to have departed from our midst, and the opening lines of "Rugby Chapel," full of pathos and the odour of the dying year rise to our memory, and are repeated mechanically over and over again like the refrain of a dirge:

Coldly, sadly descends
The autumn evening. The field
Strewn with the dark yellow drifts
Of withered leaves, and the elms,
Fade into dimness apace,
Silent.
The lights come out in the street,
In the school-room windows,

but the scholars have been dismissed for all time, the shades of night have fallen in very truth, and the master has laid aside his cap and gown for ever; not indeed in the cold autumn evening, but with the breath of the fair young English spring playing with the grasses upon village graves.

Mr. Arnold was but sixty-six years of age, having been born in 1822. Certainly not an old man, if we measure ages by the standard of years of some others of the great departed, yet verging upon the allotted span of threescore and ten. One cannot help contrasting the termination of his career with that of another celebrity in letters, a great German, who lately passed away near the confines of a hundred, surrounded by his beloved books, yet with his work unfinished. The difference between sixty and ninety is a wide one—thirty years, the age of some men who have done great work and perished; as witness Shelley, Keats, Kirke White, Chatterton. What work may not be accomplished in thirty years? Yet perhaps

Mr. Arnold's best work was done. Some men, alas! outlive their greatness, and who shall say that either Arnold or Keats would have ever surpassed "The Future," or "Endymion;" for it is in the poet's guise we best know and love the Immortals. It is beneath the garb of poesy that we find their hearts. Prose is more frequently, like Minerva, the offspring of the head, too often, though why, it is hard to say, utterly devoid of heart. With many it would appear that pure intellect has no part in the emotional side of man's nature; hence others, following the fashion, are ashamed to let a tear of sentimentality moisten the arid desert of matter-of-fact prose. It has been possible for an Edinburgh reviewer—who would be none the worse for a second Byronic castigation—to say of Ruskin: "The letters—his latest work, '*Hortus Inclusus*'—indicate only too well the kind of worship Mr. Ruskin delights in, and the kind of sickly self-conscious, effeminate sentimentality which has grown upon him more and more, and which is seen in these letters as such a foolish mixture of vanity, petulance and childishness, as any one possessed of any manliness of feeling would have regretted to have seen made public. This kind of writing is what might be expected, perhaps, from a man who has always specially courted the praises of women and of womanish men." But then Edinburgh reviewers of the Jeffrey type are not Ruskins, their brains seem too much permeated with the smoke of "Auld Reekie," and possibly the fumes of somewhat inferior "mountain dew," impregnated with soot.

Thank God that there are women left to appreciate sentiment and Ruskin, that all spirit has not been absorbed in the materialism of the realistic school and the beastliness of unadorned truth; truth swept from the resting-places of high-toned court-