

What is that subtle something, so independent of the outside world and yet so much affected by everything which surrounds it? The Grammarian looks for life's meaning in the inner world—in the world of minds. Life has expressed itself in many ways, but the subtlest of revelations is in language. What is the spirit which informs the medium by which it reveals itself perhaps most clearly? Is the one in his world-wanderings more likely to find his answer, than the other seeking it in the Greek particles? To me the Ithacan monarch is no nobler a figure than the Italian philologer, nor is the interest deeper in the drama enacted on the world-wide stage than in that which is worked out with in the narrow confines of the student's cell. "The world globes itself in a drop of dew, God reappears with all his parts in every moss and cobweb." The poet recognizes Him and man and their relation one to the other in the flower plucked from the crannied wall. The Sphinx has told us

"Who telleth one of my meanings  
Is master of all I am."—Emerson—The Sphinx.

But after all this is but a partial interpretation, though in it we are following the daring lead of Browning's title. The Scholar was more than a grammarian. It would be no more manifestly nor grossly unfair to conceive of Ulysses as a mere sensation-hunting globe-trotter than to regard the Grammarian as that awful thing, "an inanimate gerund grinder." Ulysses did not go abroad merely to see new sights—to think so is to forget that he sought the meaning of life in the manifold revelations of it in institutions "in cities of men and customs, manners, governments." The Grammarian did not confine himself to "the doctrine of enclitic *de*," but his demand was—Show me their shaping, they, who most studied men, the bard and sage." It was in literature, where the heart of man makes its most conscious, and, therefore, perhaps, clearest revelation of itself, that he sought life's meaning.

So, with differing methods yet the one thought, the heroes pursue their Ideal. Is success in that pursuit essential to their happiness? Is not the pursuit of the Ideal its own exceeding great reward? Like the forward reaching lover on the Urn Keats has immortalized, the pursuer of the Ideal does not grieve though he may not attain, for he will ever love and She be ever fair. If it is only a half true thought, it is a noble