

radiant with the light of an ideal world in which he lives, the first of men, and now oppressed by wants and by sickness, for which he must thank himself, none is so poor to do him reverence. He resembles the opium-eaters whom travellers describe as frequenting the bazaars of Constantinople, who skulk about all day, the most pitiful drivellers, yellow, emaciated, ragged, sneaking; then at evening, when the bazaars are open, they slink to the opium shop, swallow their morsel and become tranquil, glorious and great. And who has not seen the tragedy of imprudent genius struggling for years with paltry pecuniary difficulties, at last sinking, chilled, exhaustless and fruitless, like a giant slaughtered by pins."—*Emerson*.

—"To spend too much in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor of a scholar; they perfect nature and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants, they need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use, but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation."—*Francis Bacon*.

—"But, indeed, conviction is worthless till it convert itself into conduct. Nay, properly, conviction is not possible till then; inasmuch as all speculation is by nature endless, formless, a vortex amid vortices: only by a felt indubitable certainty of experience, does it find any centre to revolve around, and so fashion itself into a system. Most true is it, as a wise man teaches us, 'that doubt of any sort cannot be removed except by action.' On which ground, too, let him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen into day, lay this other precept well to heart, which to me was of invaluable service: 'Do the duty which lies nearest thee, which thou knowest to be a duty.' Thy second duty will have already become clearer."—*Sartor Resartus*.

—"The associations of literature are a world of pleasure in themselves. The cultivated mind finds beauty and delight everywhere that its bright presence has lingered; its sympathies will cling to the barren rock or the most desolate hearth, where the shadow of genius has fallen and its footsteps have trod. Greece is something more than Greece to him; it is the land of Homer and of song, of Plato and of the academy, of Phidias and of sculpture. Italy is not so much the seat of the Cæsars as it is the synonym of the Ciceros and the Virgils; and, more recently,