

that he proposed postponing the business. But Carteret insisted that he should stay; "it could not prolong his life," he said, "to neglect his duty." Then he repeated to his visitor, in the original Greek, the immortal lines which Sarpedon in Homer's Twelfth Iliad addresses to Glaucus, the son of Hippolochus: "Friend of my soul, if we might escape from this war, and then live for ever without old age or death, I should not fight myself amid the foremost ranks, nor would I send thee into the glorifying battle; but a thousand fates of death stand over us, which mortal man may not flee from nor avoid: then let us on, whether we shall give glory to others, or obtain it for ourselves." It was the spirit of Oxford and an Oxford training that spoke in these words of a dying statesman. Carteret may have had his faults,—such faults as were common in that age. But this story from his deathbed will ever hallow his memory in the minds of those who know what an Oxford training means.

It was certainly Cecil Rhodes' intention, in addition to improving the relations of the English-speaking peoples, to help to enlarge in America—what has been the glory of England—the class of really cultivated statesman, capable of a broad and generous view, free from all parochialism and crudity. Of course Oxford cannot create men of genius: nature must do that. Neither can she create heroes and saints, men with a burning passion for humanity. But she can leaven all the human materials sent her with a certain civilizing influence, a certain softening power of beauty and