

and where prizes watch-words and rallying cries on men's lips in personal sorrows and great struggles. In them lives the life of their author. His works are not his mausoleum, but his incarnation, in which he still walks, and talks among his fellows and his disciples, and shall never see death. Still he sings in immortal verse, still his theses teach in the schools of philosophy, still he stands before nature's secret altars, her high priest to all worshippers. Still he sways with burning periods the popular assembly, decrees judicial decisions, controls statesmanship and diplomacy, guides us along the mighty galleries of history, and watches through midnight vigils, with the lone student, beguiled by such companionship, till the gray dawn smites his eyelids and pales his faithful lamp. It is a crown to lure the eye of ambition. It is a height to tempt adventurous feet."

Yes; but when that crown fires the eye of a *sordid* ambition—when that height tempts adventurous feet to climb, only to gain a crown, the acquisition of which will nourish a proud self-satisfaction, then is intellectual pre-eminence prostituted. Its strength becomes weakness, and its work wickedness. Until it is veined and vitalized with the life-blood of a Christian morality, its products may only darken the mind and vitiate the heart both of the author and his admirers. There is strength, but it is that of a blind giant. What numerous and melancholy wrecks are strewn along the shores of human life, of mighty men in mental endowments and literary acquirements. Their ruin was all the more rapid and fearful because they possessed such rare gifts of ge-