

To say that Greek is useless in this sense is nothing. For my part I glory in the uselessness of it. It should be retained at least in the modest place which it occupies in this college, if for no other reason than as a protest against that Philistine utilitarianism which recognizes nothing as valuable but what can be turned to the immediate purposes of livelihood and creature comfort. A livelihood is not a life. There is one thing of value, and ultimately only one thing: the development of the mind and heart. "To be always hunting after the useful," said Aristotle, "is abhorrent to the ingenuous and magnanimous spirit." And again, he says, more solemnly: "Let it be admitted by us absolutely and finally, with Heaven for our witness, that he who is happy and blessed is so through none of the goods which are external, but on his own individual account, and by virtue of his being in his nature of a certain quality." And a greater than Aristotle says: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own inward life." The practical uselessness of Greek has proved itself a splendid uselessness, the fertile source of far-reaching practical consequences. It may be so now, and here in America. It has been so already. Who has proved himself the most stimulating force among American thinkers? Emerson, without doubt. There is scarcely a literary man or a clergyman of this generation in the States untouched by his influence, and everybody imbibes the views of life insinuated in novels and sermons and acts upon them every day. Now the father of Emerson is Plato.

The fact is we can't get away from the Greeks. Follow back any broad stream of human achievement to its source and you will reach Hellas. Sir Henry Maine says, that "except the blind forces of nature, nothing moves in the world which is not Greek in its origin." This is true, if we are allowed to include the Bible, the most important part of which is written in Greek; while even the other half is probably more trustworthy and nearer the original in the Greek translation than in the Hebrew manuscripts which have come down to us. It is fallacy to think of these men long since dead as ancients. Though dead, they speak. They are still in the van of time beckoning us on. Once pierce below the surface and accustom yourself to some differences in the mere external trappings of their life, you will find yourself quite at home with them. We cannot get away from them. We are continually being referred back to them. If we pick up a volume of modern poems, Tennyson, say, or Browning, it may well be that the first piece that meets our eye will need a laborious reference to the classical dictionary if we don't know Greek. And even then we should but dimly enter into the innermost secret of the verses. For that depends on many minute suggestions and impalpable reminiscences which give the glow and perfume, and can be caught by the initiated alone. If we want to get to the bottom of the things that meet us every day—our social life, our political freedom, our history, poetry and art—we must know about the Greeks. And we shall find it a poor make-shift to do so through the medium of translation if we have not, to begin with, at some time or other of our lives, been brought into living contact with the living spirit of Hellas through immediate converse in their tongue with the masters who gave it voice. They come

first in almost all departments of secular life. Man first became conscious of himself on the shores of the Aegean. There first he was fully aware—so as to carry out the conviction into all departments of action—that of all earthly things man alone partakes in the divine nature, and has an innate right to be free and noble, owning no absolute lord but reason and inward light. And so, standing upright in the majesty and strength of this conviction, he first overthrew his domestic tyrants. Then the force within him waxed so mighty that he repelled the innumerable hosts of slaves driven on by the lash of Eastern despots who came to enslave him. It was this consciousness of the dignity of man as man, of his indefeasible right to the free and full development of all the higher energies of his nature which was the root of the entire achievements of the Greeks. "What a piece of work is man, how noble in reason, how infinite in faculty, in form and moving how express and admirable, in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god—the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals." This was what the Greek felt, and he proceeded with marvellous felicity and many-sided vigour to develop in his politics and art and social life this central idea which formed the special revelation committed by divine election to his keeping, that he might give it visible shape in a thousand forms and so impart it to the world. Assyrians and Egyptians had reared great monuments, had learned to carve and build with exquisite technical skill; but their art was vague and vast, petrified by the feeling of individual insignificance into death-like stillness. The mighty energies of nature in those great plains and deserts without hills with their limitless horizons and the crushing power of a despot who was a god, benumbed them and weighed them down. They never awakened to the greatness of the individual soul. But the Greek, living in mountain glens, bright and breezy, and on the bays of a kindly sea, while he borrowed from them his skill and handiwork, used it to fashion human forms of breathing grace and animated majesty, and did not shrink from worshipping these as the fittest emblems and images of the Divine. Thus by making his gods in the image of man he showed at least that he knew that man had been made in the image of God. So, too, in politics, the Greeks felt that it was intolerable that the mass of men should live as the abject thralls of one; they insisted on equal laws, responsible magistrates who were the servants, not the masters, of the people, freedom of speech, open courts, decision of all questions by the voice of the civic majority, the growth of the whole body, not the hypertrophy of any part. In social life too, in Athens, at least, the largest scope was permitted to individual taste and even caprice. The very slaves there went about, says Plato, with a jaunty air, as men and brothers. The very dogs would take the wall of you as you walked down the street, and would look indignantly astonished if you shoved them aside. A man might indulge his personal eccentricities there, as Pericles boasts in his speech in Thucydides, without any fear of those black looks and shrugs of the shoulders which elsewhere are plentifully bestowed on dissentients from the reigning mode of thought and action. With ordinary prudence a man might even be heterodox in religion without serious