

The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave ;
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I fetched my sea-born treasures home
I wiped away the mud and foam
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore
With the shore and the sand, and the wild uproar."

But if this is true of the best translations, what is to be said of the worst. Make all we can of the really meritorious efforts to give us Homer from Chapman to Bryant, or Virgil from Gawain Douglas to Sellars they can never take the place of the direct communion with these great classics in their own tongue. If then the classics are dropped at graduation or their places supplied by translations they may well adopt the plaint on the tombstone of the unfortunate infant :

" If I was so soon to be done for
I wonder what I was begun for."

The need of prolonged study of them can be readily shown. It must be kept up in order to justify the pains already taken, the labor already spent upon them. Not otherwise can the full value of their collegiate study be gained, not otherwise can they make a really vital part of our culture. All that has gone before is but preparation. The best classical scholar on the day of his graduation can hardly be said to have more than crossed the threshold. He has had glimpses—clear and fascinating glimpses of what is in their poetry and philosophy and history. He felt their power over him begun as the noble passages were conveyed to his appreciating mind in the class-room. I cannot envy the mind or heart of that scholar who can read unmoved that scene in *Tom Brown at Rugby* where Arthur breaks down in his reading the matchless lines in Homer, "the most beautiful utterances of the most beautiful woman of the old world." But if one had only read as much of an English classic and had but just entered on the field of thought and imagination opened to him and should stop then, what verdict would be pronounced! Will it answer to read *Hamlet*, or the *Merchant of Venice*, and then stop? Or to read *Ivanhoe* or the *Heart of Midlothian* and then stop? Or a chapter from *Burke* or *Carlyle* and then stop? Yet many stop with six books of the *Aeneid*—with fewer, perhaps, of the *Iliad* and none of the *Odyssey*—and then wonder that classical studies had done so little for them. Why, if English classics were treated after this fashion, our English culture would be a "pinch'd thing" indeed. The fact is that the very contact with life, which years after graduation bring, the broadening culture, the ripening powers, are all needed to make us enter in and reap fully the harvest of those long years of classical study in the academy and college.