

easier dignity of Sallust, or the patrician simplicity of Cæsar, we are sensible that we are with a race accustomed to a measured decorum, a majestic self-control, unfamiliar to the more lively impulse of small Greek communities. There is a greater demarcation between the intellect of the writer and the homely sense of the multitude. The Latin writers seek to link themselves to posterity rather through a succession of select and well-bred admirers than by cordial identification with the passions and interests of the profane vulgar. Even Horace himself, so brilliant and easy, and so conscious of this *monumentum ære perennius*, affects disdain of popular applause, and informs us with a kind of pride that his satires had no vogue in the haunts of the common people. Every bold school-boy takes at once to Homer, but it is only the experienced man of the world who discovers all the delicate wit, and the exquisite urbanity of sentiment, that win our affection to Horace in proportion as we advance in life. In short, the Greek writers warm and elevate our emotions as men—the Latin writers temper emotions to the stately reserve of high-born gentlemen. The Greeks fire us more to the inspirations of poetry, or (as in Plato and parts of Demosthenes) to that sublimer prose to which poetry is akin; but the Latin writers are perhaps on the whole, though I say it with hesitation, safer models for that accurate construction and decorous elegance by which classical prose divides itself from the forms of verse. Nor is elegance effeminate, but on the contrary nervous and robust, though, like the statue of Apollo, the strength of the muscle is concealed by the undulation of the curves. But there is this, as a general result from the study of ancient letters, whether Greek or Roman; both are the literature of grand races, of free men and brave hearts; both abound in generous thoughts and high examples; both, whatever their occasional license, inculcate upon the whole the habitual practice of many virtues; both glow with the love of country; both are animated by the desire of fame and honor. Therefore, whatever be our future profession and pursuit, however they may take us from the scholastic closet, and forbid any frequent return to the classic studies of our youth, still he, whose early steps have been led into that land of demi-gods and heroes, will find that its very air has enriched through life the blood of his thoughts, that he quits the soil with a front which the Greek has directed towards the stars and a step which Imperial Rome has disciplined to the march that carried her eagles round the world.

VII. THE TRIUMPHS OF KNOWLEDGE.

We are looking forward to the advent of better days; and I rejoice to know that the means of securing them are in operation. Every letter taught to lisping infancy, every newspaper furnished, every school, and every institution of learning in the land, brings "the good time" nearer, and encourages us to persevere in sowing that sure and golden seed, which, once rooted in the mind, brings forth beautiful and everlasting flowers. Knowledge opens to the mind a better and more cheering world. It introduces us to objects and glories which genius alone can portray. It lifts us above the earth; it takes us around and across it, pointing out and explaining matters miraculous and stupendous. It brings back the dead—those who went down to their graves thousands of years ago, but whose spirits still light the world. It recalls deeds and re-enacts events over and over again, as truthfully as though we had been eye-witnesses. It also stretches far into the future. From the past to the present it ascends the dark staircase of time. It comprehends the possible as well as the actual, and furnishes histories long before they have taken place. Knowledge enables us to live through all time. We can tread the earth from creation's dawn up to the existing moment, and become the spectators of every change it has undergone. The overthrow of dynasties, the revolutions of empires, the

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