

rare thing upon the earth. And, being God-sent, it is God-like, not of or for a day. I can quite understand the flush of pride which the man who laid the last stone of the Parthenon or the Coliseum must have felt as he stepped back and surveyed the fabric. The glory of the Parthenon and the Coliseum has fled, but Homer and Virgil live yet. Do not think a daring prophet him who asserts that, when Macaulay's New Zealander shall gaze complacently on the mouldering ruins of our great modern engineering triumphs, the influence of English literature will be felt somewhere in the world. Mind will outlive mortar, and it is the transcendent mind that produces writing of literary power. You may not be endowed with this precious jewel, but use the treasures of others, remembering that literature's practical side is to make you earnest. To vivify the soul, there is nothing more potent than literature ; of all literatures than English. And the teacher employing the materials of others should be like the poet of whom it is said, "He doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way, as will intice any man to enter into it. Nay, he doth as if your journey should lie through a fair Vineyard, at the first give you a cluster of Grapes : that full of that taste, you may long to pass further. He cometh to you with words sent in delightful proportion, and with a tale, forsooth, he cometh unto you : with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner. *And pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue.*"