

aspects, sympathy and fellowship with men in the greatest and noblest things they have thought and achieved—new life when we are over-borne by the barren and the common-place, and the flame of endeavour burns low—life beyond us, deep intoxicating draughts from new well-springs, when the soul's pulse beats high, and we feel that we are growing and reaching forth into an illimitable future!

Now it is only from this real and human standpoint that any literature can be studied in its highest excellence. The dilettante study of literature has its counterpart in the cold and contemptuous spirit that so frequently mars the pursuit of science. But there is a deeper depth. When men, blind to its spirit, but eager for "original work," come to the study of literature, they call this study by a strange latitude of language, "the scientific study of literature." Truly a microscope and a pair of tweezers are excellent instruments for the dissection of a corpse, but they are powerless to know the soul that once inhabited the inanimate body which now they tease and dishonour. "The genuineness of the Moretum," "the value of the Virgilian citations in Nonius Marcellus," "the relation of the poet" (Heaven help us!) Juvenecus to the divine Maro, the verse tests in Shakespeare, are subjects which seem to satisfy Adam Smith's famous definition of the object of education as the supplying of human vanity with proper objects. In the last generation the Pharisees who made wide the phylacteries of their classical learning, preserved with care the names of the suitors of Helen, the names of the heroes who sprang from the sowing of the dragon's teeth, and the parts of the plough. It is mournful to reflect what vast stores of misplaced human energy moulder in the great libraries of Europe. Classical scholars must con-

less that in the past no study has been strewn with more refuse. The pity of it is that a fresh impulse seems to have been given of late to this vanity of vanities. Yet in the classics—particularly in the Greek and the Greek philosophy, there is an air of reality, a living interest, a vivid practicality, which humanize the spirit, quicken the mind and create in it a ceaseless activity. That noble philosophy is founded on action. Not a scientific foundation of morals, but the ascertaining how "we may become good" is the object of Aristotle's Ethics. Through Plato runs one spirit. Always and everywhere, we feel the great question propounded, *Is it true?* The possibility of not carrying out what we know to be true does not occur. I conceive that he who has caught this noble spirit of unrest is liberally educated, for it is a crowning result.

But we can neither justly estimate the value nor reap the benefit of classical study without recognizing its limitations. An exclusively classical education would fall short of the highest development, and it is important to know how. Chiefly in *three* respects. In the first place, that deep, almost personal love of nature and spiritual insight into her hidden meanings, which is so marked in modern English literature, is a distinct gain in human development. There are no Wordsworths or Ruskins of antiquity. To the ancients man was the measure of all things, the centre of all interest. Man they beautified and deified. Hamlet's immortal apostrophe gives the Greek sentiment in language they themselves would have envied. And yet the human sympathy which this seems to imply is largely wanting. Again, the spirit of human brotherhood that has been the growth of the 18th century, and characterizes our own, of which men would construct the re-