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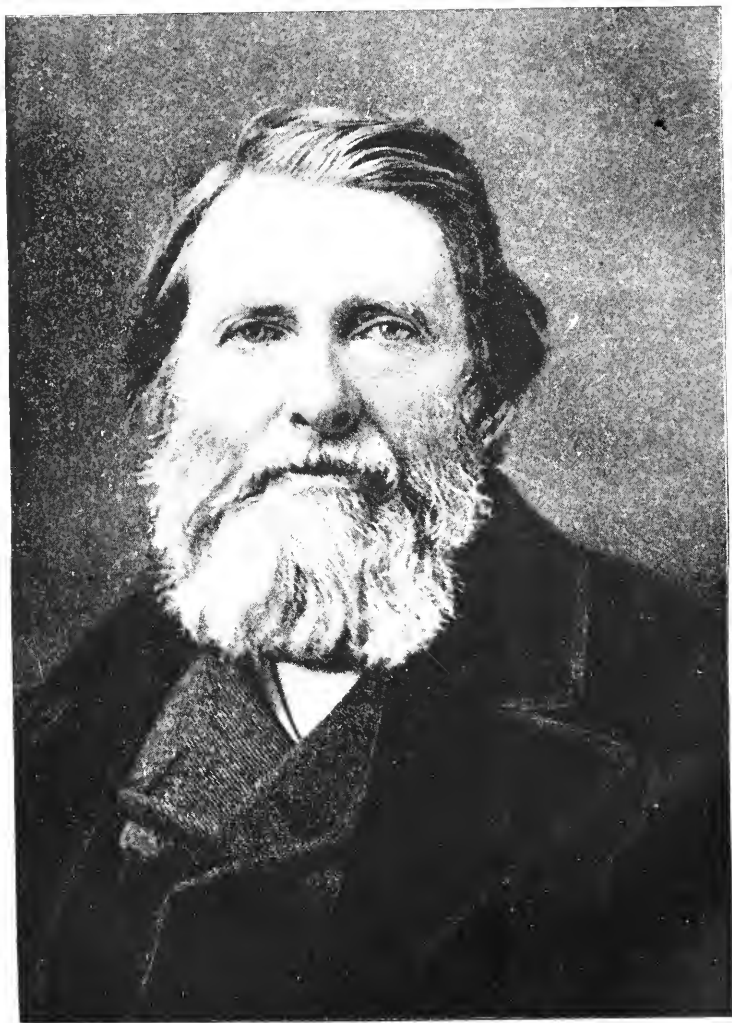
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In 1840 or '41, Ruskin went to Italy with his father and mother, and while in Rome had his face cut in cameo. Of this portrait he says in *Praeterita*, vol. II., chap. III.:—"Concerning which, as also other later portraits of me, I will be thus far proud as to tell the disappointed spectator, once for all, that the main good of my face, as of my life, is in the eyes,—and only in those seen near; that a very dear and wise French friend also told me, a long while after this, that the lips though not Apolline were kind . . . and of the shape of the head, fore and aft, I have my own opinions, but do not think it time yet to tell them."

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EDITORS' PREFACE.

THE success of the present system of education will be open to grave question as long as pupils leave school with so little conception of the close and practical relation between moral and mental growth, and so little sense of personal responsibility. The knowledge which consists simply of acquired information is but a poor substitute for the strength of a true education, and this education must, as Ruskin says, be "moral first; intellectual secondarily. Intellectual before—(much more without)—moral education, is, in completeness, impossible, and, in incompleteness, a calamity."

The intellectual education, which is to be the direct result of the teacher's instruction, must be accompanied by a degree of moral development largely dependent upon the success of the teacher in appealing to the thoughtful side of the child's nature. Practical experience has shown us that the strongest hold on the sympathy of the pupil is secured in what are com-

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

monly called "reading classes," for in these the subject of the lesson can most easily be made the basis of interesting and suggestive talks, not *to* the pupils but *with* them, on questions of social ethics and moral principles.

Some of Ruskin's lectures are peculiarly fitted for this use, but frequently the obscureness of his references and his figurative language make the study of them tedious and unsatisfactory. It is to lighten this labor and make Ruskin explain himself by quotations from his other books that we have prepared the following notes. If the assistance we have tried to give helps a few more girls to see the beautiful possibilities in their own lives, however simple and uneventful, and leads them to study further the man who, whatever may be his faults, has always striven toward the noblest and purest ends, we shall have accomplished our object.

C. A. R.

E. R. W.

CAMBRIDGE, 1888.

PREFACE.

I. BEING now fifty-one years old, and little likely to change my mind hereafter on any important subject of thought (unless through weakness of age), I wish to publish a connected series of such parts of my works as now seem to me right, and likely to be of permanent use. In doing so I shall omit much, but not attempt to mend what I think worth reprinting. A young man necessarily writes otherwise than an old one, and it would be worse than wasted time to try to recast the juvenile language: nor is it to be thought that I am ashamed even of what I cancel; for great part of my earlier work was rapidly written for temporary purposes, and is now unnecessary, though true, even to truism. What I wrote about religion, was, on the contrary, painstaking, and, I think, forcible, as compared with most religious writing; especially in its frankness and fearlessness: but it was wholly mistaken; for I had been educated in the doctrines of a narrow sect, and had read history as obliquely as sectarians necessarily must.

Mingled among these either unnecessary or erroneous statements, I find, indeed, some that might be still of value ; but these, in my earlier books, disfigured by affected language, partly through the desire to be thought a fine writer, and partly, as in the second volume of *Modern Painters*, in the notion of returning as far as I could to what I thought the better style of old English literature, especially to that of my then favourite, in prose, Richard Hooker.

II. For these reasons, though, as respects either art, policy, or morality as distinct from religion, I not only still hold, but would even wish strongly to re-affirm the substance of what I said in my earliest books, I shall reprint scarcely anything in this series out of the first and second volumes of *Modern Painters* ; and shall omit much of the *Seven Lamps* and *Stones of Venice* : but all my books written within the last fifteen years will be republished without change, as new editions of them are called for, with here and there perhaps an additional note, and having their text divided, for convenient reference, into paragraphs consecutive through each volume. I shall also throw together the shorter fragments that bear on each other, and fill in with such unprinted lectures or studies as seem to me worth pre-

servicing, so as to keep the volumes, on an average, composed of about a hundred leaves each.

III. The first book of which a new edition is required chances to be *Sesame* and *Lilies*, from which I now detach the old preface, about the Alps, for use elsewhere; and to which I add a lecture given in Ireland on a subject closely connected with that of the book itself. I am glad that it should be the first of the complete series, for many reasons; though in now looking over these two lectures, I am painfully struck by the waste of good work in them. They cost me much thought, and much strong emotion; but it was foolish to suppose that I could rouse my audiences in a little while to any sympathy with the temper into which I had brought myself by years of thinking over subjects full of pain; while, if I missed my purpose at the time, it was little to be hoped I could attain it afterwards; since phrases written for oral delivery become ineffective when quietly read. Yet I should only take away what good is in them if I tried to translate them into the language of books; nor, indeed, could I at all have done so at the time of their delivery, my thoughts then habitually and impatiently putting themselves into forms fit only for emphatic speech: and thus I am

startled, in my review of them, to find that, though there is much, (forgive me the impertinence) which seems to me accurately and energetically said, there is scarcely anything put in a form to be generally convincing, or even easily intelligible; and I can well imagine a reader laying down the book without being at all moved by it, still less guided, to any definite course of action.

I think, however, if I now say briefly and clearly what I meant my hearers to understand, and what I wanted, and still would fain have, them to do, there may afterwards be found some better service in the passionately written text.

IV The first Lecture says, or tries to say, that, life being very short, and the quiet hours of it few, we ought to waste none of them in reading valueless books; and that valuable books should, in a civilized country, be within the reach of every one, printed in excellent form, for a just price; but not in any vile, vulgar, or, by reason of smallness of type, physically injurious form, at a vile price. For we none of us need many books, and those which we need ought to be clearly printed, on the best paper, and strongly bound. And though we are, indeed, now, a wretched and poverty-struck nation, and

hardly able to keep soul and body together, still, as no person in decent circumstances would put on his table confessedly bad wine, or bad meat, without being ashamed, so he need not have on his shelves ill-printed or loosely and wretchedly-stitched books; for, though few can be rich, yet every man who honestly exerts himself may, I think, still provide, for himself and his family, good shoes, good gloves, strong harness for his cart or carriage horses, and stout leather binding for his books. And I would urge upon every young man, as the beginning of his due and wise provision for his household, to obtain as soon as he can, by the severest economy, a restricted, serviceable, and steadily—however slowly—increasing, series of books for use through life; making his little library, of all the furniture in his room, the most studied and decorative piece; every volume having its assigned place, like a little statue in its niche, and one of the earliest and strictest lessons to the children of the house being how to turn the pages of their own literary possessions lightly and deliberately, with no chance of tearing or dogs' ears.

V. That is my notion of the founding of King's Treasuries; and the first Lecture is intended to show somewhat the use and preciousness of their treasures: but

the two following ones have wider scope, being written in the hope of awakening the youth of England, so far as my poor words might have any power with them, to take some thought of the purposes of the life into which they are entering, and the nature of the world they have to conquer.

VI. These two lectures are fragmentary and ill-arranged, but not, I think, diffuse or much compressible. The entire gist and conclusion of them, however, is in the last six paragraphs, 135 to the end, of the third lecture, which I would beg the reader to look over not once nor twice (rather than any other part of the book), for they contain the best expression I have yet been able to put in words of what, so far as is within my power, I mean henceforward both to do myself, and to plead with all over whom I have any influence, to do also according to their means: the letters begun on the first day of this year, to the workmen of England, having the object of originating, if possible, this movement among them, in true alliance with whatever trustworthy element of help they can find in the higher classes. After these paragraphs, let me ask you to read, by the fiery light of recent events, the fable at p. 142 (§ 117), and then §§ 129—131; and observe, my statement respecting the

famine at Orissa is not rhetorical, but certified by official documents as within the truth. Five hundred thousand persons, *at least*, died by starvation in our British dominions, wholly in consequence of carelessness and want of forethought. Keep that well in your memory; and note it as the best possible illustration of modern political economy in true practice, and of the relations it has accomplished between Supply and Demand. Then begin the second lecture, and all will read clear enough, I think, to the end; only, since that second lecture was written, questions have arisen respecting the education and claims of women which have greatly troubled simple minds and excited restless ones. I am sometimes asked my thoughts on this matter, and I suppose that some girl readers of the second lecture may at the end of it desire to be told summarily what I would have them do and desire in the present state of things. This, then, is what I would say to any girl who had confidence enough in me to believe what I told her, or do what I ask her.

VII. First, be quite sure of one thing, that, however much you may know, and whatever advantages you may possess, and however good you may be, you have not been singled out, by the God who made you, from all the

other girls in the world, to be especially informed respecting His own nature and character. You have not been born in a luminous point upon the surface of the globe, where a perfect theology might be expounded to you from your youth up, and where everything you were taught would be true, and everything that was enforced upon you, right. Of all the insolent, all the foolish persuasions that by any chance could enter and hold your empty little heart, this is the proudest and foolishhest,—that you have been so much the darling of the Heavens, and favourite of the Fates, as to be born in the very nick of time, and in the punctual place, when and where pure Divine truth had been sifted from the errors of the Nations; and that your papa had been providentially disposed to buy a house in the convenient neighbourhood of the steeple under which that Immaculate and final verity would be beautifully proclaimed. Do not think it, child; it is not so. This, on the contrary, is the fact,—unpleasant you may think it; pleasant, it seems to *me*,—that you, with all your pretty dresses, and dainty looks, and kindly thoughts, and saintly aspirations, are not one whit more thought of or loved by the great Maker and Master than any poor little red, black, or blue savage, running wild in

the pestilent woods, or naked on the hot sands of the earth: and that, of the two, you probably know less about God than she does; the only difference being that she thinks little of Him that is right, and you, much that is wrong.

That, then, is the first thing to make sure of;—that you are not yet perfectly well informed on the most abstruse of all possible subjects, and that, if you care to behave with modesty or propriety, you had better be silent about it.

VIII. The second thing which you may make sure of is, that however good you may be, you have faults; that however dull you may be, you can find out what some of them are; and that however slight they may be, you had better make some—not too painful, but patient—effort to get quit of them. And so far as you have confidence in me at all, trust me for this, that how many soever you may find or fancy your faults to be, there are only two that are of real consequence,—Idleness and Cruelty. Perhaps you may be proud. Well, we can get much good out of pride, if only it be not religious. Perhaps you may be vain: it is highly probable; and very pleasant for the people who like to praise you. Perhaps you are a little envious: that is

really very shocking ; but then—so is everybody else. Perhaps, also, you are a little malicious, which I am truly concerned to hear, but should probably only the more, if I knew you, enjoy your conversation. But whatever else you may be, you must not be useless, and you must not be cruel. If there is any one point which, in six thousand years of thinking about right and wrong, wise and good men have agreed upon, or successively by experience discovered, it is that God dislikes idle and cruel people more than any other ;—that His first order is, “ Work while you have light ; ” and His second, “ Be merciful while you have mercy.”

“ Work while you have light,” especially while you have the light of morning. There are few things more wonderful to me than that old people never tell young ones how precious their youth is. They sometimes sentimentally regret their own earlier days ; sometimes prudently forget them ; often foolishly rebuke the young, often more foolishly indulge, often most foolishly thwart and restrain ; but scarcely ever warn or watch them. Remember, then, that I, at least, have warned *you*, that the happiness of your life, and its power, and its part and rank in earth or in heaven, depend on the way you pass your days now. They are

not to be sad days ; far from that, the first duty of young people is to be delighted and delightful ; but they are to be in the deepest sense solemn days. There is no solemnity so deep, to a rightly-thinking creature, as that of dawn. But not only in that beautiful sense, but in all their character and method, they are to be solemn days. Take your Latin dictionary, and look out "sollennis," and fix the sense of the word well in your mind, and remember that every day of your early life is ordaining irrevocably, for good or evil, the custom and practice of your soul ; ordaining either sacred customs of dear and lovely recurrence, or trenching deeper and deeper the furrows for seed of sorrow. Now, therefore, see that no day passes in which you do not make yourself a somewhat better creature ; and in order to do that, find out, first, what you are now. Do not think vaguely about it ; take pen and paper, and write down as accurate a description of yourself as you can, with the date to it. If you dare not do so, find out why you dare not, and try to get strength of heart enough to look yourself fairly in the face, in mind as well as body. I do not doubt but that the mind is a less pleasant thing to look at than the face, and for that very reason it needs more looking at ; so always

have two mirrors on your toilet table, and see that with proper care you dress body and mind before them daily. After the dressing is once over for the day, think no more about it: as your hair will blow about your ears, so your temper and thoughts will get ruffled with the day's work, and may need, sometimes, twice dressing; but I don't want you to carry about a mental pocket-comb; only to be smooth braided always in the morning.

IX. Write down then, frankly, what you are, or, at least, what you think yourself, not dwelling upon those inevitable faults which I have just told you are of little consequence, and which the action of a right life will shake or smooth away; but that you may determine to the best of your intelligence what you are good for, and can be made into. You will find that the mere resolve not to be useless, and the honest desire to help other people, will, in the quickest and delicatest ways, improve yourself. Thus, from the beginning, consider all your accomplishments as means of assistance to others; read attentively, in this volume, paragraphs 74, 75, 19, and 79, and you will understand what I mean, with respect to languages and music. In music especially you will soon find what personal benefit there is in being ser-

viceable : it is probable that, however limited your powers, you have voice and ear enough to sustain a note of moderate compass in a concerted piece ;—that, then, is the first thing to make sure you can do. Get your voice disciplined and clear, and think only of accuracy ; never of effect or expression : if you have any soul worth expressing it will show itself in your singing ; but most likely there are very few feelings in you, at present, needing any particular expression ; and the one thing you have to do is to make a clear-voiced little instrument of yourself, which other people can entirely depend upon for the note wanted. So, in drawing, as soon as you can set down the right shape of anything, and thereby explain its character to another person, or make the look of it clear and interesting to a child, you will begin to enjoy the art vividly for its own sake, and all your habits of mind and powers of memory will gain precision : but if you only try to make showy drawings for praise, or pretty ones for amusement, your drawing will have little or no real interest for you, and no educational power whatever.

Then, besides this more delicate work, resolve to do every day some that is useful in the vulgar sense. Learn first thoroughly the economy of the kitchen ; the good

and bad qualities of every common article of food, and the simplest and best modes of their preparation : when you have time, go and help in the cooking of poorer families, and show them how to make as much of everything as possible, and how to make little, nice ; coaxing and tempting them into tidy and pretty ways, and pleading for well-folded table-cloths, however coarse, and for a flower or two out of the garden to strew on them. . If you manage to get a clean table-cloth, bright plates on it, and a good dish in the middle, of your own cooking, you may ask leave to say a short grace ; and let your religious ministries be confined to that much for the present.

X. Again, let a certain part of your day (as little as you choose, but not to be broken in upon) be set apart for making strong and pretty dresses for the poor. Learn the sound qualities of all useful stuffs, and make everything of the best you can get, whatever its price. I have many reasons for desiring you to do this,—too many to be told just now,—trust me, and be sure you get everything as good as can be : and if, in the villainous state of moderate trade, you cannot get it good at any price, buy its raw material, and set some of the poor women about you to-spin and weave, till you have

got stuff that can be trusted : and then, every day, make some little piece of useful clothing, sewn with your own fingers as strongly as it can be stitched ; and embroider it or otherwise beautify it moderately with fine needlework, such as a girl may be proud of having done. And accumulate these things by you until you hear of some honest persons in need of clothing, which may often too sorrowfully be ; and, even though you should be deceived, and give them to the dishonest, and hear of their being at once taken to the pawnbroker's, never mind that, for the pawnbroker must sell them to some one who has need of them. That is no business of yours ; what concerns you is only that when you see a half-naked child, you should have good and fresh clothes to give it, if its parents will let it be taught to wear them. If they will not, consider how they came to be of such a mind, which it will be wholesome for you beyond most subjects of inquiry to ascertain. And after you have gone on doing this a little while, you will begin to understand the meaning of at least one chapter of your Bible, Proverbs xxxi., without need of any laboured comment, sermon, or meditation.

XI. In these, then (and of course in all minor ways besides, that you can discover in your own household),

you must be to the best of your strength usefully employed during the greater part of the day, so that you may be able at the end of it to say, as proudly as any peasant, that you have not eaten the bread of idleness. Then, secondly, I said, you are not to be cruel. Perhaps you think there is no chance of your being so; and indeed I hope it is not likely that you should be deliberately unkind to any creature; but unless you are deliberately kind to every creature, you will often be cruel to many. Cruel, partly through want of imagination (a far rarer and weaker faculty in women than men), and yet more, at the present day, through the subtle encouragement of your selfishness by the religious doctrine that all which we now suppose to be evil will be brought to a good end; doctrine practically issuing, not in less earnest efforts that the immediate unpleasantness may be averted from ourselves, but in our remaining satisfied in the contemplation of its ultimate objects, when it is inflicted on others.

It is not likely that the more accurate methods of recent mental education will now long permit young people to grow up in the persuasion that, in any danger or distress, they may expect to be themselves saved by the providence of God, while those around them are lost by

His Improvidence : but they may be yet long restrained from rightly kind action, and long accustomed to endure both their own pain occasionally, and the pain of others always, with an unwise patience, by misconception of the eternal and incurable nature of real evil. Observe, therefore, carefully in this matter : there are degrees of pain, as degrees of faultfulness, which are altogether conquerable, and which seem to be merely forms of wholesome trial or discipline. Your fingers tingle when you go out on a frosty morning, and are all the warmer afterwards ; your limbs are weary with wholesome work, and lie down in the pleasanter rest ; you are tried for a little while by having to wait for some promised good, and it is all the sweeter when it comes. † But you cannot carry the trial past a certain point. Let the cold fasten on your hand in an extreme degree, and your fingers will moulder from their sockets. Fatigue yourself, but once, to utter exhaustion, and to the end of life you shall not recover the former vigour of your frame. Let heart-sickness pass beyond a certain bitter point, and the heart loses its life forever.

Now, the very definition of evil is in this irremediableness. It means sorrow, or sin, which end in death ; and assuredly, as far as we know, or can conceive, there are

many conditions both of pain and sin which cannot but so end. Of course we are ignorant and blind creatures, and we cannot know what seeds of good may be in present suffering, or present crime ; but with what we cannot know, we are not concerned. It is conceivable that murderers and liars may in some distant world be exalted into a higher humanity than they could have reached without homicide or falsehood ; but the contingency is not one by which our actions should be guided. There is, indeed, a better hope that the beggar, who lies at our gates in misery, may, within gates of pearl be comforted ; but the Master, whose words are our only authority for thinking so, never Himself inflicted disease as a blessing, nor sent away the hungry unfed, or the wounded unhealed.

XII. Believe me, then, the only right principle of action here, is to consider good and evil as defined by our natural sense of both ; and to strive to promote the one, and to conquer the other, with as hearty endeavor as if there were, indeed, no other world than this. Above all, get quit of the absurd idea that Heaven will interfere to correct great errors, while allowing its laws to take their course in punishing small ones. If you prepare a dish of food carelessly, you do not expect Provi-

dence to make it palatable ; neither, if, through years of folly, you misguide your own life, need you expect Divine interference to bring round everything at last for the best. I tell you, positively, the world is not so constituted : the consequences of great mistakes are just as sure as those of small ones, and the happiness of your whole life, and of all the lives over which you have power, depends as literally on your own common sense and discretion as the excellence and order of the feast of a day.

XIII. Think carefully and bravely over these things, and you will find them true : having found them so, think also carefully over your own position in life. I assume that you belong to the middle or upper classes, and that you would shrink from descending into a lower sphere. You may fancy you would not : nay, if you are very good, strong-hearted, and romantic, perhaps you really would not ; but it is not wrong that you should. You have then, I suppose, good food, pretty rooms to live in, pretty dresses to wear, power of obtaining every rational and wholesome pleasure ; you are, moreover, probably gentle and grateful, and in the habit of every day thanking God for these things. But why do you thank Him ? Is it because, in these matters, as well as in your religious knowledge, you think He has made

a favourite of you. Is the essential meaning of your thanksgiving, "Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other girls are, not in that I fast twice in the week while they feast, but in that I feast seven times a week, while they fast," and are you quite sure this is a pleasing form of thanksgiving to your Heavenly Father? Suppose you saw one of your own true earthly sisters, Lucy or Emily, cast out of your mortal father's house, starving, helpless, heartbroken; and that every morning when you went into your father's room, you said to him, "How good you are, father, to give me what you don't give Lucy," are you sure that, whatever anger your parent might have just cause for, against your sister, he would be pleased by that thanksgiving, or flattered by that praise? Nay, are you even sure that you *are* so much the favourite: suppose that, all this while, he loves poor Lucy just as well as you, and is only trying you through her pain, and perhaps not angry with her in anywise, but deeply angry with you, and all the more for your thanksgivings? Would it not be well that you should think, and earnestly too over this standing of yours: and all the more if you wish to believe that text, which clergymen so much dislike preaching on, "How hardly shall they that have

riches enter into the Kingdom of God?" You do not believe it now, or you would be less complacent in your state; and you cannot believe it at all, until you know that the Kingdom of God means—"not meat and drink, but justice, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost," nor until you know also that such joy is not by any means, necessarily, in going to church, or in singing hymns; but may be joy in a dance, or joy in a jest, or joy in anything you have deserved to possess, or that you are willing to give; but joy in nothing that separates you, as by any strange favour, from your fellow-creatures, that exalts you through their degradation—exempts you from their toil—or indulges you in time of their distress.

XIV. Think, then, and some day, I believe, you will feel also—no morbid passion of pity such as would turn you into a black Sister of Charity, but the steady fire of perpetual kindness which will make you a bright one. I speak in no disparagement of them; I know well how good the Sisters of Charity are, and how much we owe to them; but all these professional pieties (except so far as distinction or association may be necessary for effectiveness of work) are in their spirit wrong, and in practice merely plaster the sores of disease that ought

never have been permitted to exist; encouraging at the same time the herd of less excellent women in frivolity, by leading them to think that they must either be good up to the black standard, or cannot be good for anything. Wear a costume, by all means, if you like; but let it be a cheerful and becoming one; and be in your heart a Sister of Charity always, without either veiled or voluble declaration of it.

XV. As I pause, before ending my preface—thinking of one or two more points that are difficult to write of—I find a letter in *The Times*, from a French lady, which says all I want so beautifully, that I will print it just as it stands:

SIR,—It is often said that one example is worth many sermons. Shall I be judged presumptuous if I point out one, which seems to me so striking just now, that, however painful, I cannot help dwelling upon it?

It is the share, the sad and large share, that French society and its recent habits of luxury, of expenses, of dress, of indulgence in every kind of extravagant dissipation, has to lay to its own door in its actual crisis of ruin, misery, and humiliation. If our *ménagères* can be cited as an example to English housewives, so, alas! can other classes of our society be set up as an example—*not* to be followed.

Bitter must be the feelings of many a French woman

whose days of luxury and expensive habits are at an end; and whose bills of bygone splendour lie with a heavy weight on her conscience, if not on her purse!

With us the evil has spread high and low. Everywhere have the examples given by the highest ladies in the land been followed but too successfully.

Every year did dress become more extravagant, entertainments more costly, expenses of every kind more considerable. Lower and lower became the tone of society, its good breeding, its delicacy. More and more were *monde* and *demi-monde* associated in newspaper accounts of fashionable doings, in scandalous gossip, on racecourses, in *premières représentations*, in imitation of each other's costumes, *mobilier*s and slang.

Living beyond one's means became habitual—almost necessary—for every one to keep up with, if not to go beyond, every one else.

What the result of all this has been we now see in the wreck of our prosperity, in the downfall of all that seemed brightest and highest.

Deeply and fearfully impressed by what my own country has incurred and is suffering, I cannot help feeling sorrowful when I see in England signs of our besetting sins appearing also. Paint and chignons, slang and vaudevilles, knowing "Anonymas" by name, and reading doubtfully moral novels, are in themselves small offences, although not many years ago they would have appeared very heinous ones, yet they are quick and tempting conveyances on a very dangerous high-road.

I would that all Englishwomen knew how they are looked up to from abroad—what a high opinion, what honour and reverence we foreigners have for their principles, their truthfulness, the fresh and pure innocence of their daughters, the healthy youthfulness of their lovely children.

May I illustrate this by a short example which happened very near me? During the days of the *émeutes* of 1848, all the houses in Paris were being searched for firearms by the mob. The one I was living in contained none, as the master of the house repeatedly assured the furious and incredulous Republicans. They were going to lay violent hands on him, when his wife, an English lady, hearing the loud discussion, came bravely forward and assured them that no arms were concealed. “*Vous êtes anglaise, nous vous croyons; les anglaises disent toujours la vérité,*” was the immediate answer, and the rioters quietly left.

Now, Sir, shall I be accused of unjustified criticism if, loving and admiring your country, as these lines will prove, certain new features strike me as painful discrepancies in English life?

Far be it from me to preach the contempt of all that can make life lovable and wholesomely pleasant. I love nothing better than to see a woman nice, neat, elegant, looking her best in the prettiest dress that her taste and purse can afford, or your bright, fresh young girls fearlessly and perfectly sitting their horses, or adorning their houses as pretty [*sic*; it is not quite grammar, but it is better than if it were;] as care, trouble, and refinement can make them.

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It is the degree *beyond* that which to us has proved so fatal, and that I would our example could warn you from, as a small repayment for your hospitality and friendliness to us in our days of trouble.

May Englishwomen accept this in a kindly spirit as a new-year's wish from

FRENCH LADY.

Dec. 29.

That, then, is the substance of what I would fain say convincingly, if it might be, to my girl friends; at all events with certainty in my own mind that I was thus far a safe guide to them.

XVI. For other and older readers it is needful I should write a few words more, respecting what opportunity I have had to judge, or right I have to speak, of such things; for, indeed, too much of what I have said about women has been said in faith only. A wise and lovely English lady told me, when *Sesame and Lilies* first appeared, that she was sure the *Sesame* would be useful, but that in the *Lilies* I had been writing of what I knew nothing about. Which was in a measure too true, and also that it is more partial than my writings are usually: for as Ellesmere spoke his speech on the — intervention, not indeed otherwise than he felt, but yet altogether for the sake of Gretchen, so I wrote

the *Lilies* to please one girl ; and were it not for what I remember of her, and of few besides, should now perhaps recast some of the sentences in the *Lilies* in a very different tone : for as years have gone by, it has chanced to me, untowardly in some respects, fortunately in others (because it enables me to read history more clearly), to see the utmost evil that is in women, while I have had but to believe the utmost good. The best women are indeed necessarily the most difficult to know ; they are recognized chiefly in the happiness of their husbands and the nobleness of their children ; they are only to be divined, not discerned, by the stranger ; and, sometimes, seem almost helpless except in their homes ; yet without the help of one of them,* to whom this book is dedicated, the day would probably have come before now, when I should have written and thought no more.

XVII. On the other hand, the fashion of the time renders whatever is forward, coarse or senseless, in feminine nature, too palpable to all men :—the weak picturesqueness of my earlier writings brought me acquainted with much of their emptiest enthusiasm ; and the chances of later life gave me opportunities of watching women in

*φιλη.

states of degradation and vindictiveness which opened to me the gloomiest secrets of Greek and Syrian tragedy. I have seen them betray their household charities to lust, their pledged love to devotion ; I have seen mothers dutiful to their children, as Medea ; and children dutiful to their parents, as the daughter of Herodias : but my trust is still unmoved in the preciousness of the natures that are so fatal in their error, and I leave the words of the *Lilies* unchanged ; believing, yet, that no man ever lived a right life who had not been chastened by a woman's love, strengthened by her courage, and guided by her discretion.

XVIII. What I might myself have been, so helped, I rarely indulge in the idleness of thinking ; but what I am, since I take on me the function of a teacher, it is well that the reader should know, as far as I can tell him.

Not an unjust person ; not an unkind one ; not a false one ; a lover of order, labor, and peace. That, it seems to me, is enough to give me right to say all I care to say on ethical subjects : more, I could only tell definitely through details of autobiography such as none but prosperous and (in the simple sense of the word) faultless, lives could justify ;—and mine has been neither. Yet, if any one, skilled in reading the torn manuscripts

of the human soul, cares for more intimate knowledge of me, he may have it by knowing with what persons in past history I have most sympathy.

I will name three.

In all that is strongest and deepest in me,—that fits me for my work, and gives light or shadow to my being, I have sympathy with Guido Guinicelli.

In my constant natural temper, and thoughts of things and of people, with Marmontel.

In my enforced and accidental temper, and thoughts of things and of people, with Dean Swift.

Any one who can understand the natures of those three men, can understand mine; and having said so much, I am content to leave both life and work to be remembered or forgotten, as their uses may deserve.

Denmark Hill,

1st January, 1871.

SESAME AND LILIES

THREE LECTURES.

SESAME AND LILIES.

LECTURE I.—SESAME.

OF KINGS' TREASURIES.

“You shall each have a cake of sesame,—and ten pound.”

—LUCIAN : *The Fisherman*.

1. My first duty this evening is to ask your pardon for the ambiguity of title under which the subject of lecture has been announced : for indeed I am not going to talk of kings, known as regnant, nor of treasuries, understood to contain wealth ; but of quite another order of royalty, and another material of riches, than those usually acknowledged. I had even intended to ask your attention for a little while on trust, and (as sometimes one contrives, in taking a friend to see a favourite piece of scenery) to hide what I wanted most to show, with such imperfect cunning as I might, until we unexpectedly reached the best point of view by winding paths. But—and as also I have heard it said,

by men practised in public address, that hearers are never so much fatigued as by the endeavour to follow a speaker who gives them no clue to his purpose,—I will take the slight mask off at once, and tell you plainly that I want to speak to you about the treasures hidden in books; and about the way we find them, and the way we lose them. A grave subject, you will say; and a wide one! Yes; so wide that I shall make no effort to touch the compass of it. I will try only to bring before you a few simple thoughts about reading, which press themselves upon me every day more deeply, as I watch the course of the public mind with respect to our daily enlarging means of education; and the answeringly wider spreading on the levels, of the irrigation of literature.

2. It happens that I have practically some connexion with schools for different classes of youth; and I receive many letters from parents respecting the education of their children. In the mass of these letters I am always struck by the precedence which the idea of a “position in life” takes above all other thoughts in the parents’—more especially in the mothers’—minds. “The education befitting such and such a *station in*

life”—this is the phrase, this the object, always. They never seek, as far as I can make out, an education good in itself; even the conception of abstract rightness in training rarely seems reached by the writers. But, an education “which shall keep a good coat on my son’s back;—which shall enable him to ring with confidence the visitors’ bell at doubled-belled doors; which shall result ultimately in establishment of a doubled-belled door to his own house;—in a word, which shall lead to “advancement in life;”—*this* we pray for on bent knees—and this is *all* we pray for.” It never seems to occur to the parents that there may be an education which, in itself, *is* advancement in Life;—that any other than that may perhaps be advancement in Death; and that this essential education might be more easily got, or given, than they fancy, if they set about it in the right way; while it is for no price, and by no favour, to be got, if they set about it in the wrong.

3. Indeed, among the ideas most prevalent and effective in the mind of this busiest of countries, I suppose the first—at least that which is confessed with the greatest frankness, and put forward as the fittest stimulus to

youthful exertion—is this of “Advancement in life.” May I ask you to consider with me what this idea practically includes, and what it should include.

Practically, then, at present, “advancement in life” means, becoming conspicuous in life ;—obtaining a position which shall be acknowledged by others to be respectable or honourable. We do not understand by this advancement, in general, the mere making of money, but the being known to have made it ; not the accomplishment of any great aim, but the being seen to have accomplished it. In a word, we mean the gratification of our thirst for applause. That thirst, if the last infirmity of noble minds, is also the first infirmity of weak ones ; and, on the whole, the strongest impulsive influence of average humanity : the greatest efforts of the race have always been traceable to the love of praise, as its greatest catastrophes to the love of pleasure.

4. I am not about to attack or defend this impulse. I want you only to feel how it lies at the root of effort ; especially of all modern effort. It is the gratification of vanity which is, with us, the stimulus of toil, and balm of repose ; so closely does it touch the very springs of

life that the wounding of our vanity is always spoken of (and truly) as in its measure *mortal*; we call it "mortification," using the same expression which we should apply to a gangrenous and incurable bodily hurt. And although few of us may be physicians enough to recognize the various effect of this passion upon health and energy, I believe most honest men know, and would at once acknowledge, its leading power with them as a motive. The seaman does not commonly desire to be made captain only because he knows he can manage the ship better than any other sailor on board. He wants to be made captain that he may be *called* captain. The clergyman does not usually want to be made a bishop only because he believes no other hand can, as firmly as his, direct the diocese through its difficulties. He wants to be made bishop primarily that he may be called "My Lord." And a prince does not usually desire to enlarge, or a subject to gain, a kingdom, because he believes that no one else can as well serve the State, upon its throne; but, briefly, because he wishes to be addressed as "Your Majesty," by as many lips as may be brought to such utterance.

5. This, then, being the main idea of "advancement in life," the force of it applies, for all of us, according to

our station, particularly to that secondary result of such advancement which we call "getting into good society." We want to get into good society not that we may have it, but that we may be seen in it; and our notion of its goodness depends primarily on its conspicuousness.

Will you pardon me if I pause for a moment to put what I fear you may think an impertinent question? I never can go on with an address unless I feel, or know, that my audience are either with me or against me: I do not much care which, in beginning; but I must know where they are; and I would fain find out, at this instant, whether you think I am putting the motives of popular action too low. I am resolved, to-night, to state them low enough to be admitted as probable; for whenever, in my writings on Political Economy, I assume that a little honesty, or generosity,—or what used to be called "virtue"—may be calculated upon as a human motive of action, people always answer me, saying, "You must not calculate on that: that is not in human nature: you must not assume anything to be common to men but acquisitiveness and jealousy; no other feeling ever has influence on them, except accidentally, and in matters out of the way of business." I

begin, accordingly, to-night low in the scale of motives ; but I must know if you think me right in doing so. Therefore, let me ask those who admit the love of praise to be usually the strongest motive in men's minds in seeking advancement, and the honest desire of doing any kind of duty to be an entirely secondary one, to hold up their hands. (*About a dozen of hands held up—the audience, partly, not being sure the lecturer is serious, and, partly, shy of expressing opinion.*) I am quite serious—I really do want to know what you think ; however, I can judge by putting the reverse question. Will those who think that duty is generally the first, and love of praise the second, motive, hold up their hands? (*One hand reported to have been held up, behind the lecturer.*) Very good ; I see you are with me, and that you think I have not begun too near the ground. Now, without teasing you by putting farther question, I venture to assume that you will admit duty as at least a secondary or tertiary motive. You think that the desire of doing something useful, or obtaining some real good, is indeed an existent collateral idea, though a secondary one, in most men's desire of advancement. You will grant that moderately honest men desire place and office, at least in some measure, for the sake of beneficent power ;

and would wish to associate rather with sensible and well-informed persons than with fools and ignorant persons, whether they are seen in the company of the sensible ones or not. And finally, without being troubled by repetition of any common truisms about the preciousness of friends, and the influence of companions, you will admit, doubtless, that according to the sincerity of our desire that our friends may be true, and our companions wise,—and in proportion to the earnestness and discretion with which we choose both, will be the general chances of our happiness and usefulness.

6. But, granting that we had both the will and the sense to choose our friends well, how few of us have the power! or, at least, how limited, for most, is the sphere of choice! Nearly all our associations are determined by chance, or necessity; and restricted within a narrow circle. We cannot know whom we would; and those whom we know, we cannot have at our side when we most need them. All the higher circles of human intelligence are, to those beneath, only momentarily and partially open. We may, by good fortune, obtain a glimpse of a great poet, and hear the sound of his voice; or put a question to a man of science, and be answered good-humouredly. We may intrude ten minutes' talk

on a cabinet minister, answered probably with words worse than silence, being deceptive ; or snatch, once or twice in our lives, the privilege of throwing a bouquet in the path of a Princess, or arresting the kind glance of a Queen. And yet these momentary chances we covet ; and spend our years, and passions, and powers in pursuit of little more than these ; while, meantime, there is a society continually open to us, of people who will talk to us as long as we like, whatever our rank or occupation ;—talk to us in the best words they can choose, and of the things nearest their hearts. And this society, because it is so numerous and so gentle, and can be kept waiting round us all day long,—kings and statesmen lingering patiently, not to grant audience, but to gain it!—in those plainly furnished and narrow anterooms, our bookcase shelves,—we make no account of that company,—perhaps never listen to a word they would say, all day long!

7. You may tell me, perhaps, or think within yourselves, that the apathy with which we regard this company of the noble, who are praying us to listen to them ; and the passion with which we pursue the company, probably of the ignoble, who despise us, or who have nothing to teach us, are grounded in this,—that we can see the

faces of the living men, and it is themselves, and not their sayings, with which we desire to become familiar. But it is not so. Suppose you never were to see their faces;—suppose you could be put behind a screen in the statesman's cabinet, or the prince's chamber, would you not be glad to listen to their words, though you were forbidden to advance beyond the screen? And when the screen is only a little less, folded in two instead of four, and you can be hidden behind the cover of the two boards that bind a book, and listen all day long, not to the casual talk, but to the studied, determined, chosen addresses of the wisest of men;—this station of audience, and honourable privy council, you despise!

8. But perhaps you will say that it is because the living people talk of things that are passing, and are of immediate interest to you, that you desire to hear them. Nay; that cannot be so, for the living people will themselves tell you about passing matters, much better in their writings than in their careless talk. But I admit that this motive does influence you, so far as you prefer those rapid and ephemeral writings to slow and enduring writings—books, properly so called. For all books are divisible into two classes, the books of the hour,

and the books of all time. Mark this distinction—it is not one of quality only. It is not merely the bad book that does not last, and the good one that does. It is a distinction of species. There are good books for the hour, and good ones for all time ; bad books for the hour, and bad ones for all time. I must define the two kinds before I go farther.

9. The good book of the hour, then,—I do not speak of the bad ones—is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person whom you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you. Very useful often, telling you what you need to know ; very pleasant often, as a sensible friend's present talk would be. These bright accounts of travels ; good-humoured and witty discussions of question ; lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of novel ; firm fact-telling, by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history ;—all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar possession of the present age ; we ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them. But we make the worst possible use if we allow them to usurp the place of true books : for, strictly speaking, they are not books at all,

but merely letters or newspapers in good print. Our friend's letter may be delightful, or necessary, to-day: whether worth keeping or not, is to be considered. The newspaper may be entirely proper at breakfast time, but assuredly it is not reading for all day. So, though bound up in a volume, the long letter which gives you so pleasant an account of the inns, and roads, and weather last year at such a place, or which tells you that amusing story, or gives you the real circumstances of such and such events, however valuable for occasional reference, may not be, in the real sense of the word, a "book" at all, nor, in the real sense, to be "read." A book is essentially not a talked thing, but a written thing; and written, not with the view of mere communication, but of permanence. The book of talk is printed only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once; if he could, he would—the volume is mere *multiplication* of his voice. You cannot talk to your friend in India; if you could, you would; you write instead: that is mere *conveyance* of voice. But a book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to perpetuate it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows,

no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly and melodiously if he may; clearly, at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him;—this, the piece of true knowledge, or sight, which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down for ever; engrave it on rock, if he could; saying, “This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate, and drank, and slept, loved, and hated, like another; my life was as the vapour, and is not; but this I saw and knew: this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory.” That is his “writing;” it is, in his small human way, and with whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription, or scripture. That is a “Book.”

10. Perhaps you think no books were ever so written.

But, again, I ask you, do you at all believe in honesty, or at all in kindness? or do you think there is never any honesty or benevolence in wise people? None of us, I hope, are so unhappy as to think that. Well, whatever bit of a wise man's work is honestly and benevolently done, that bit is his book, or his piece of art.* It is

* Note this sentence carefully, and compare the *Queen of the Air*, § 106.

mixed always with evil fragments—ill-done, redundant, affected work. But if you read rightly, you will easily discover the true bits, and those *are* the book.

11. Now books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men:—by great readers, great statesmen, and great thinkers. These are all at your choice; and Life is short. You have heard as much before;—yet have you measured and mapped out this short life and its possibilities? Do you know, if you read this, that you cannot read that—that what you lose to-day you cannot gain to-morrow? Will you go and gossip with your housemaid, or your stable-boy, when you may talk with queens and kings; or flatter yourselves that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect that you jostle with the hungry and common crowd for *entrée* here, and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society, wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen, and the mighty, of every place and time? Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be outcast but by your own fault; by your aristocracy of companionship there, your own inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the

motives with which you strive to take high place in the society of the living, measured, as to all the truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in this company of the Dead.

12. "The place you desire," and the place you *fit yourself for*, I must also say; because, observe, this court of the past differs from all living aristocracy in this:—it is open to labour and to merit, but to nothing else. No wealth will bribe, no name overawe, no artifice deceive, the guardian of those Elysian gates. In the deep sense, no vile or vulgar person ever enters there. At the portières of that silent Faubourg St. Germain, there is but brief question, Do you deserve to enter? Pass. Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it. But on other terms?—no. If you will not rise to us, we cannot stoop to you. The living lord may assume courtesy, the living philosopher explain his thought to you with considerate pain; but here we neither feign nor interpret; you must rise to the level of our thoughts if you would be gladdened by them, and share our feelings, if you would recognize our presence."

13. This, then, is what you have to do, and I admit that it is much. You must, in a word, love these people, if you are to be among them. No ambition is of any use. They scorn your ambition. You must love them, and show your love in these two following ways.

1.—First, by a true desire to be taught by them, and to enter into their thoughts. To enter into theirs, observe ; not to find your own expressed by them. If the person who wrote the book is not wiser than you, you need not read it ; if he be, he will think differently from you in many respects.

Very ready we are to say of a book, “How good this is—that’s exactly what I think !” But the right feeling is, “How strange that is ! I never thought of that before, and yet I see it is true ; or if I do not now, I hope I shall, some day.” But whether thus submissively or not, at least be sure that you go to the author to get at *his* meaning, not to find yours. Judge it afterwards, if you think yourself qualified to do so ; but ascertain it first. And be sure also, if the author is worth anything, that you will not get at his meaning all at once ;—nay, that at his whole meaning you will not for a long time arrive in any wise. Not that he does not say what he means, and in strong words too ; but he cannot say it all ; and

what is more strange, *will* not, but in a hidden way and in parables, in order that he may be sure you want it. I cannot quite see the reason of this, nor analyse that cruel reticence in the breasts of wise men which makes them always hide their deeper thought. They do not give it to you by way of help, but of reward; and will make themselves sure that you deserve it before they allow you to reach it. But it is the same with the physical type of wisdom, gold. There seems, to you and me, no reason why the electric forces of the earth should not carry whatever there is of gold within it at once to the mountain tops, so that kings and people might know that all the gold they could get was there; and without any trouble of digging, or anxiety, or chance, or waste of time, cut it away, and coin as much as they needed. But Nature does not manage it so. She puts it in little fissures in the earth, nobody knows where: you may dig long and find none; you must dig painfully to find any.

14. And it is just the same with men's best wisdom. When you come to a good book, you must ask yourself, "Am I inclined to work as an Australian miner would? Are my pickaxes and shovels in good order, and am I in good trim myself, my sleeves well up to the elbow,

and my breath good, and my temper?" And, keeping the figure a little longer, even at cost of tiresomeness, for it is a thoroughly useful one, the metal you are in search of being the author's mind or meaning, his words are as the rock which you have to crush and smelt in order to get at it. And your pickaxes are your own care, wit, and learning; your smelting-furnace is your own thoughtful soul. Do not hope to get at any good author's meaning without those tools and that fire; often you will need sharpest, finest chiselling, and patientest fusing, before you can gather one grain of the metal.

15. And, therefore, first of all, I tell you, earnestly and authoritatively, (*I know I am right in this,*) you must get into the habit of looking intensely at words, and assuring yourself of their meaning, syllable by syllable—nay letter by letter. For though it is only by reason of the opposition of letters in the function of signs, to sounds in the function of signs, that the study of books is called "literature," and that a man versed in it is called, by the consent of nations, a man of letters instead of a man of books, or of words, you may yet connect with that accidental nomenclature this real fact;—that you might read all the books in the British Museum (if you could live long enough), and remain an utterly "illiter-

ate," uneducated person ; but that if you read ten pages of a good book, letter by letter,—that is to say, with real accuracy,—you are for evermore in some measure an educated person. The entire difference between education and non-education (as regards the merely intellectual part of it), consists in this accuracy. A well-educated gentleman may not know many languages,—may not be able to speak any but his own,—may have read very few books. But whatever language he knows, he knows precisely ; whatever word he pronounces, he pronounces rightly ; above all, he is learned in the *peerage* of words ; knows the words of true descent and ancient blood at a glance, from words of modern canaille ; remembers all their ancestry, their intermarriages, distant relationships, and the extent to which they were admitted, and offices they held, among the national noblesse of words at any time, and in any country. But an uneducated person may know, by memory, many languages, and talk them all, and yet truly know not a word of any,—not a word even of his own. An ordinarily clever and sensible seaman will be able to make his way ashore at most ports ; yet he has only to speak a sentence of any language to be known for an illiterate person : so also the accent, or turn of expression of

a single sentence, will at once mark a scholar. And this is so strongly felt, so conclusively admitted by educated persons, that a false accent or a mistaken syllable is enough, in the parliament of any civilized nation, to assign to a man a certain degree of inferior standing for ever.

16. And this is right; but it is a pity that the accuracy insisted on is not greater, and required to a serious purpose. It is right that a false Latin quantity should excite a smile in the House of Commons; but it is wrong that a false English *meaning* should *not* excite a frown there. Let the accent of words be watched; and closely: let their meaning be watched more closely still, and fewer will do the work. A few words well chosen and distinguished, will do work that a thousand cannot, when every one is acting, equivocally, in the function of another. { Yes; and words, if they are not watched, will do deadly work sometimes. There are masked words droning and skulking about us in Europe just now,—(there never were so many, owing to the spread of a shallow, blotching, blundering, infectious “information,” or rather deformation, everywhere, and to the teaching of catechisms and phrases at schools instead of human meanings)—there are masked words

abroad, I say, which nobody understands, but which everybody uses, and most people will also fight for, live for, or even die for, fancying they mean this or that, or the other, of things dear to them: for such words wear chamæleon cloaks—"groundlion" cloaks, of the colour of the ground of any man's fancy: on that ground they lie in wait, and rend him with a spring from it. There never were creatures of prey so mischievous, never diplomatists so cunning, never poisoners so deadly, as these masked words; they are the unjust stewards of all men's ideas: whatever fancy or favourite instinct a man most cherishes, he gives to his favourite masked word to take care of for him; the word at last comes to have an infinite power over him,—you cannot get at him but by its ministry. |

17. And in languages so mongrel in breed as the English, there is a fatal power of equivocation put into men's hands, almost whether they will or no, in being able to use Greek or Latin words for an idea when they want it to be awful; and Saxon or otherwise common words when they want it to be vulgar. What a singular and salutary effect, for instance, would be produced on the minds of people who are in the habit of taking the Form of the "Word" they live

by, for the Power of which that Word tells them, if we always either retained, or refused, the Greek form "biblos," or "biblion," as the right expression for "book"—instead of employing it only in the one instance in which we wish to give dignity to the idea, and translating it into English everywhere else. How wholesome it would be for many simple persons, if, in such places (for instance) as Acts xix. 19, we retained the Greek expression, instead of translating it, and they had to read—"Many of them also which used curious arts, brought their bibles together, and burnt them before all men; and they counted the price of them, and found it fifty thousand pieces of silver!" Or if, on the other hand, we translated where we retain it, and always spoke of "The Holy Book," instead of "Holy Bible," it might come into more heads than it does at present, that the Word of God, by which the heavens were, of old, and by which they are now kept in store,* cannot be made a present of to anybody in morocco binding; nor sown on any wayside by help either of steam plough or steam press; but is nevertheless being offered to us daily, and by us with contumely refused; and sown in us daily, and by us, as instantly as may be, choked.

* 2 Peter, iii. 5-7.

18. So, again, consider what effect has been produced on the English vulgar mind by the use of the sonorous Latin form “damno,” in translating the Greek *κατα-κρίνω*, when people charitably wish to make it forcible ; and the substitution of the temperate “condemn” for it, when they choose to keep it gentle ; and what notable sermons have been preached by illiterate clergymen on—“He that believeth not shall be damned ;” though they would shrink with horror from translating Heb. xi. 7, “The saving of his house, by which he damned the world ;” or John viii. 10, 11, “Woman, hath no man damned thee ? She saith, No man, Lord. Jesus answered her, Neither do I damn thee ; go and sin no more.” And divisions in the mind of Europe, which have cost seas of blood and in the defence of which the noblest souls of men have been cast away in frantic desolation, countless as forest leaves—though, in the heart of them, founded on deeper causes—have nevertheless been rendered practicably possible, namely, by the European adoption of the Greek word for a public meeting, “ecclesia,” to give peculiar respectability to such meetings, when held for religious purposes ; and other collateral equivocations, such as the vulgar English one of using the word “priest” as a contraction for “presbyter.”

19. Now, in order to deal with words rightly, this is the habit you must form. Nearly every word in your language has been first a word of some other language—of Saxon, German, French, Latin, or Greek (not to speak of eastern and primitive dialects). And many words have been all these;—that is to say, have been Greek first, Latin next, French or German next, and English last: undergoing a certain change of sense and use on the lips of each nation; but retaining a deep vital meaning, which all good scholars feel in employing them, even at this day. If you do not know the Greek alphabet, learn it; young or old—girl or boy—whoever you may be, if you think of reading seriously (which, of course, implies that you have some leisure at command), learn your Greek alphabet; then get good dictionaries of all these languages, and whenever you are in doubt about a word, hunt it down patiently. Read Max Müller's lectures thoroughly, to begin with; and, after that, never let a word escape you that looks suspicious. It is severe work; but you will find it, even at first, interesting, and at last, endlessly amusing. And the general gain to your character, in power and precision, will be quite incalculable.

Mind, this does not imply knowing, or trying to know,

Greek or Latin, or French. { It takes a whole life to learn any language perfectly. } But you can easily ascertain the meanings through which the English word has passed ; and those which in a good writer's work it must still bear.

20. And now, merely for example's sake, I will, with your permission, read a few lines of a true book with you, carefully ; and see what will come out of them. I will take a book perfectly known to you all. No English words are more familiar to us, yet few perhaps have been read with less sincerity. I will take these few following lines of Lycidas :

“ Last came, and last did go,
 The pilot of the Galilean lake ;
 Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain),
 He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake,
 ‘How well could I have spar’d for thee, young swain,
 Enow of such as for their bellies’ sake
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold !
 Of other care they little reckoning make,
 Than how to scramble at the shearers’ feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest ;
 Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
 A sheep-hook, or have learn’d aught else, the least
 That to the faithful herdsman’s art belongs !

What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
 And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
 But, swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said.' ”

Let us think over this passage, and examine its words.

First, is it not singular to find Milton assigning to St. Peter, not only his full episcopal function, but the very types of it which Protestants usually refuse most passionately? His “mitred” locks! Milton was no Bishop-lover; how comes St. Peter to be “mitred?” “Two massy keys he bore.” Is this, then, the power of the keys claimed by the Bishops of Rome, and is it acknowledged here by Milton only in a poetical licence, for the sake of its picturesqueness, that he may get the gleam of the golden keys to help his effect? Do not think it. Great men do not play stage tricks with doctrines of life and death: only little men do that. Milton means what he says; and means it with his might too—is going to put the whole strength of his spirit presently into the saying of it. For though not a lover of false bishops, he *was* a lover of true ones; and the Lake-pilot is here, in

his thoughts, the type and head of true episcopal power. For Milton reads that text, "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of Heaven" quite honestly. Puritan though he be, he would not blot it out of the book because there have been bad bishops; nay, in order to understand *him*, we must understand that verse first; it will not do to eye it askance, or whisper it under our breath, as if it were a weapon of an adverse sect. It is a solemn, universal assertion, deeply to be kept in mind by all sects. But perhaps we shall be better able to reason on it if we go on a little farther, and come back to it. For clearly this marked insistence on the power of the true episcopate is to make us feel more weightily what is to be charged against the false claimants of episcopate; or generally, against false claimants of power and rank in the body of the clergy; they who, "for their bellies' sake, creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold."

21. Never think Milton uses those three words to fill up his verse, as a loose writer would. He needs all the three; specially those three, and no more than those-- "creep," and intrude," and "climb;" no other words would or could serve the turn, and no more could be added. For they exhaustively comprehend the three

classes, correspondent to the three characters, of men who dishonestly seek ecclesiastical power. First, those who “*creep*” into the fold; who do not care for office, nor name, but for secret influence, and do all things occultly and cunningly, consenting to any servility of office or conduct, so only that they may intimately discern, and unawares direct, the minds of men. Then those who “intrude” (thrust, that is) themselves into the fold, who by natural insolence of heart, and stout eloquence of tongue, and fearlessly perseverant self-assertion, obtain hearing and authority with the common crowd. Lastly, those who “climb,” who by labour and learning, both stout and sound, but selfishly exerted in the cause of their own ambition, gain high dignities and authorities, and become “lords over the heritage,” though not “ensamples to the flock.”

22. Now go on :—

“ Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers’ feast.
Blind mouths—”

I pause again, for this is a strange expression; a broken metaphor, one might think, careless and unscholarly.

Not so : its very audacity and pithiness are intended

to make us look close at the phrase and remember it. Those two monosyllables express the precisely accurate contraries of right character, in the two great offices of the Church—those of bishop and pastor.

A “Bishop” means a “person who sees.”

A “Pastor” means a “person who feeds.”

The most unbishoply character a man can have is therefore to be Blind.

The most unpastoral is, instead of feeding, to want to be fed,—to be a Mouth.

Take the two reverses together, and you have “blind mouths.” We may advisably follow out this idea a little. Nearly all the evils in the Church have arisen from bishops desiring *power* more than *light*. They want authority, not outlook. Whereas their real office is not to rule; though it may be vigorously to exhort and rebuke; it is the king's office to rule; the bishop's office is to *oversee* the flock; to number it, sheep by sheep; to be ready always to give full account of it. Now it is clear he cannot give account of the souls, if he has not so much as numbered the bodies of his flock. The first thing, therefore, that a bishop has to do is at least to put himself in a position in which, at any moment, he can obtain the history, from childhood, of every living

soul in his diocese, and of its present state. Down in that back street, Bill, and Nancy, knocking each other's teeth out!—Does the bishop know all about it? Has he his eye upon them? Has he *had* his eye upon them? Can he circumstantially explain to us how Bill got into the habit of beating Nancy about the head? If he cannot, he is no bishop, though he had a mitre as high as Salisbury steeple; he is no bishop,—he has sought to be at the helm instead of the masthead; he has no sight of things. “Nay,” you say, “it is not his duty to look after Bill in the back street.” What! the fat sheep that have full fleeces—you think it is only those he should look after, while (go back to your Milton) “the hungry sheep look up, and are not fed, besides what the grim wolf, with privy paw” (bishops knowing nothing about it) “daily devours apace, and nothing said?”

“But that's not our idea of a bishop.”* Perhaps not; but it was St. Paul's; and it was Milton's. They may be right, or we may be; but we must not think we are reading either one or the other by putting our meaning into their words.

23. I go on.

“But, swollen with wind, and the rank mist they draw.”

* Compare the 13th Letter in *Time and Tide*.

This is to meet the vulgar answer that "if the poor are not looked after in their bodies, they are in their souls; they have spiritual food."

And Milton says, "They have no such thing as spiritual food; they are only swollen with wind." At first you may think that is a coarse type, and an obscure one. But again, it is a quite literally accurate one. Take up your Latin and Greek dictionaries, and find out the meaning of "Spirit." It is only a contraction of the Latin word "breath," and an indistinct translation of the Greek word for "wind." The same word is used in writing, "The wind bloweth where it listeth;" and in writing, "So is every one that is born of the Spirit;" born of the *breath*, that is; for it means the breath of God, in soul and body. We have the true sense of it in our words "inspiration" and "expire." Now, there are two kinds of breath with which the flock may be filled; God's breath, and man's. | The breath of God is health, and life, and peace to them, as the air of heaven is to the flocks on the hills; but man's breath—the word which *he* calls spiritual,—is disease and contagion to them, as the fog of the fen. They rot inwardly with it; they are puffed up by it, as a dead body by the vapours of its own decomposition. This is literally true

of all false religious teaching; the first and last, and fatalest sign of it is that “puffing up.” Your converted children, who teach their parents; your converted convicts, who teach honest men; your converted dunces, who, having lived in cretinous stupefaction half their lives, suddenly awakening to the fact of there being a God, fancy themselves therefore His peculiar people and messengers; your sectarians of every species, small and great, Catholic or Protestant, of high church or low, in so far as they think themselves exclusively in the right and others wrong; and pre-eminently, in every sect, those who hold that men can be saved by thinking rightly instead of doing rightly, by word instead of act, and wish instead of work:—these are the true fog children—clouds, these, without water; bodies, these, of putrescent vapour and skin, without blood or flesh: blown bag-pipes for the fiends to pipe with—corrupt, and corrupting,—“Swollen with wind, and the rank mist they draw.”

24. Lastly, let us return to the lines respecting the power of the keys, for now we can understand them. Note the difference between Milton and Dante in their interpretation of this power: for once, the latter is weaker in thought; he supposes *both* the keys to be of the gate of

heaven; one is of gold, the other of silver: they are given by St. Peter to the sentinel angel; and it is not easy to determine the meaning either of the substances of the three steps of the gate, or of the two keys. But Milton makes one, of gold, the key of heaven; the other, of iron, the key of the prison in which the wicked teachers are to be bound who "have taken away the key of knowledge, yet entered not in themselves."

We have seen that the duties of bishop and pastor are to see, and feed; and, of all who do so it is said, "He that watereth, shall be watered also himself." But the reverse is truth also. He that watereth not, shall be *withered* himself, and he that seeth not, shall himself be shut out of sight,—shut into the perpetual prison-house. And that prison opens here, as well as hereafter: he who is to be bound in heaven must first be bound on earth. That command to the strong angels, of which the rock-apostle is the image, "Take him, and bind him hand and foot, and cast him out," issues, in its measure, against the teacher, for every help withheld, and for every truth refused, and for every falsehood enforced; so that he is more strictly fettered the more he fetters, and farther outcast, as he more and more misleads, till at last the bars of the iron cage close

upon him, and as "the golden opes, the iron shuts amain."

25. We have got something out of the lines, I think, and much more is yet to be found in them; but we have done enough by way of example of the kind of word-by-word examination of your author which is rightly called "reading;" watching every accent and expression, and putting ourselves always in the author's place, annihilating our own personality, and seeking to enter into his, so as to be able assuredly to say, "Thus Milton thought," not "Thus *I* thought, in mis-reading Milton." And by this process you will gradually come to attach less weight to your own "Thus I thought" at other times. You will begin to perceive that what *you* thought was a matter of no serious importance;—that your thoughts on any subject are not perhaps the clearest and wisest that could be arrived at thereupon:—in fact, that unless you are a very singular person, you cannot be said to have any "thoughts" at all; that you have no materials for them, in any serious matters;*—no right to "think," but only to try to learn more of the

* Modern "Education" for the most part signifies giving people the faculty of thinking wrong on every conceivable subject of importance to them.

facts. Nay, most probably all your life (unless, as I said, you are a singular person) you will have no legitimate right to an "opinion" on any business, except that instantly under your hand. What must of necessity be done, you can always find out, beyond question, how to do. Have you a house to keep in order, a commodity to sell, a field to plough, a ditch to cleanse? There need be no two opinions about these proceedings; it is at your peril if you have not much more than an "opinion" on the way to manage such matters. And also, outside of your own business, there are one or two subjects on which you are bound to have but one opinion. That roguery and lying are objectionable, and are instantly to be flogged out of the way whenever discovered;—that covetousness and love of quarrelling are dangerous dispositions even in children, and deadly dispositions in men and nations;—that in the end, the God of heaven and earth loves active, modest, and kind people, and hates idle, proud, greedy, and cruel ones;—on these general facts you are bound to have but one and that a very strong, opinion. For the rest, respecting religions, governments, sciences, arts, you will find that, on the whole, you can know NOTHING,—judge nothing; that the best you can do, even though you may be

a well-educated person, is to be silent, and strive to be wiser every day, and to understand a little more of the thoughts of others, which so soon as you try to do honestly, you will discover that the thoughts even of the wisest are very little more than pertinent questions. To put the difficulty into a clear shape, and exhibit to you the grounds for *indecision*, that is all they can generally do for you!—and well for them and for us, if indeed they are able “to mix the music with our thoughts, and sadden us with heavenly doubts.” This writer, from whom I have been reading to you, is not among the first or wisest: he sees shrewdly as far as he sees, and therefore it is easy to find out his full meaning; but with the greater men, you cannot fathom their meaning; they do not even wholly measure it themselves,—it is so wide. Suppose I had asked you, for instance, to seek for Shakespeare’s opinion, instead of Milton’s, on this matter of Church authority?—or for Dante’s? Have any of you, at this instant, the least idea what either thought about it? Have you ever balanced the scene with the bishops in Richard III. against the character of Cranmer? the description of St. Francis and St. Dominic against that of him who made Virgil wonder to gaze upon him,—“disteso, tanto vil-

mente, nell' eterno esilio ;” or of him whom Dante stood beside, “ come 'l frate che confessa lo perfido assassin ? ”* Shakespeare and Alighieri knew men better than most of us, I presume ! They were both in the midst of the main struggle between the temporal and spiritual powers. They had an opinion, we may guess. But where is it ? Bring it into court ! Put Shakespeare's or Dante's creed into articles, and send *it* up for trial by the Ecclesiastical Courts !

26. You will not be able, I tell you again, for many and many a day, to come at the real purposes and teaching of these great men ; but a very little honest study of them will enable you to perceive that what you took for your own “ judgment ” was mere chance prejudice, and drifted, helpless, entangled weed of castaway thought : nay, you will see that most men's minds are indeed little better than rough heath wilderness, neglected and stubborn, partly barren, partly overgrown with pestilent brakes, and venomous, wind-sown herbage of evil surmise ; that the first thing you have to do for them, and yourself, is eagerly and scornfully to set fire to *this* ; burn all the jungle into wholesome ash heaps, and then plough and sow. All the true literary work

* Inf. xxiii. 125, 126 ; xix. 49, 50.

before you, for life, must begin with obedience to that order, "Break up your fallow ground, and *sow not among thorns.*"

27. II.* Having then faithfully listened to the great teachers, that you may enter into their Thoughts, you have yet this higher advance to make;—you have to enter into their Hearts. As you go to them first for clear sight, so you must stay with them, that you may share at last their just and mighty Passion. Passion, or "sensation." I am not afraid of the word; still less of the thing. You have heard many outcries against sensation lately; but, I can tell you, it is not less sensation we want, but more. The ennobling difference between one man and another,—between one animal and another,—is precisely in this, that one feels more than another. If we were sponges, perhaps sensation might not be easily got for us; if we were earth-worms, liable at every instant to be cut in two by the spade, perhaps too much sensation might not be good for us. But, being human creatures, *it is* good for us; nay, we are only human in so far as we are sensitive, and our honour is precisely in proportion to our passion.

28. You know I said of that great and pure society of the dead, that it would allow "no vain or vulgar person to

* Compare ¶ 13 above.

enter there." What do you think I meant by a "vulgar" person? What do you yourselves mean by "vulgarity?" You will find it a fruitful subject of thought; but, briefly, the essence of all vulgarity lies in want of sensation. Simple and innocent vulgarity is merely an untrained and undeveloped bluntness of body and mind; but in true inbred vulgarity, there is a deathful callousness, which, in extremity, becomes capable of every sort of bestial habit and crime, without fear, without pleasure, without horror, and without pity. It is in the blunt hand and the dead heart, in the diseased habit, in the hardened conscience, that men become vulgar; they are for ever vulgar, precisely in proportion as they are incapable of sympathy,—of quick understanding,—of all that, in deep insistence on the common, but most accurate term, may be called the "tact" or "touch-faculty" of body and soul; that tact which the Mimosa has in trees, which the pure woman has above all creatures;—fineness and fulness of sensation beyond reason;—the guide and sanctifier of reason itself. Reason can but determine what is true:—it is the God-given passion of humanity which alone can recognize what God has made good.

29. We come then to the great concourse of the Dead,

not merely to know from them what is True, but chiefly to feel with them what is just. Now, to feel with them, we must be like them ; and none of us can become that without pains. As the true knowledge is disciplined and tested knowledge,—not the first thought that comes,—so the true passion is disciplined and tested passion,—not the first passion that comes. The first that come are the vain, the false, the treacherous ; if you yield to them they will lead you wildly and far in vain pursuit, in hollow enthusiasm, till you have no true purpose and no true passion left. Not that any feeling possible to humanity is in itself wrong, but only wrong when undisciplined. | Its nobility is in its force and justice ; it is wrong when it is weak, and felt for paltry cause. | There is a mean wonder, as of a child who sees a juggler tossing golden balls, and this is base, if you will. | But do you think that the wonder is ignoble, or the sensation less, with which every human soul is called to watch the golden balls of heaven tossed through the night by the Hand that made them ? | There is a mean curiosity, as of a child opening a forbidden door, or a servant prying into her master's business ;—and a noble curiosity, questioning, in the front of danger, the source of the great river beyond the sand,—the

place of the great continents beyond the sea;—a nobler curiosity still, which questions of the source of the River of Life, and of the space of the Continent of Heaven,—things which “the angels desire to look into.” So the anxiety is ignoble, with which you linger over the course and catastrophe of an idle tale; but do you think the anxiety is less, or greater, with which you watch, or *ought* to watch, the dealings of fate and destiny with the life of an agonized nation? Alas! it is the narrowness, selfishness, minuteness, of your sensation that you have to deplore in England at this day;—sensation which spends itself in bouquets and speeches; in revellings and junketings; in sham fights and gay puppet shows, while you can look on and see noble nations murdered, man by man, without an effort or a tear.

30. I said “minuteness” and “selfishness” of sensation, but in a word, I ought to have said “injustice” or “unrighteousness” of sensation. For as in nothing is a gentleman better to be discerned from a vulgar person, so in nothing is a gentle nation (such nations have been) better to be discerned from a mob, than in this,—that their feelings are constant and just, results of due contemplation, and of equal thought. You can talk

a mob into anything; its feelings may be—usually are—on the whole, generous and right; but it has no foundation for them, no hold of them; you may tease or tickle it into any, at your pleasure; it thinks by infection, for the most part, catching an opinion like a cold, and there is nothing so little that it will not roar itself wild about, when the fit is on;—nothing so great but it will forget in an hour, when the fit is past. But a gentleman's or a gentle nation's, passions are just, measured and continuous. A great nation, for instance, does not spend its entire national wits for a couple of months in weighing evidence of a single ruffian's having done a single murder; and for a couple of years see its own children murder each other by their thousands or tens of thousands a day, considering only what the effect is likely to be on the price of cotton, and caring nowise to determine which side of battle is in the wrong. Neither does a great nation send its poor little boys to jail for stealing six walnuts; and allow its bankrupts to steal their hundreds or thousands with a bow, and its bankers, rich with poor men's savings, to close their doors "under circumstances over which they have no control," with a "by your leave;" and large landed estates to be bought by men who have made their money

by going with armed steamers up and down the China Seas, selling opium at the cannon's mouth, and altering, for the benefit of the foreign nation, the common highwayman's demand of "your money *or* your life," into that of "your money *and* your life." Neither does a great nation allow the lives of its innocent poor to be parched out of them by fog fever, and rotted out of them by dunghill plague, for the sake of sixpence a life extra per week to its landlords;* and then debate, with drivelling tears, and diabolical sympathies, whether it ought not piously to save, and nursingly cherish, the lives of its murderers. Also, a great nation having made up its mind that hanging is quite the wholesomest process for its homicides in general, can yet with mercy distinguish between the degrees of guilt in homicides; and does not yelp like a pack of frost-pinched wolf-cubs on the blood-track of an unhappy crazed boy, or grey-haired clodpate Othello, "perplexed i' the extreme," at the very moment that it is sending a Minister of the Crown to make polite speeches to a man who is bayoneting young girls in their father's sight, and killing noble youths in cool blood, faster than a country butcher kills

* See note at end of lecture. I have put it in large type, because the course of matters since it was written has made it perhaps better worth attention.

lambs in spring. And, lastly, a great nation does not mock Heaven and its Powers, by pretending belief in a revelation which asserts the love of money to be the root of *all* evil, and declaring, at the same time, that it is actuated, and intends to be actuated, in all chief national deeds and measures, by no other love.

31. My friends, I do not know why any of us should talk about reading. We want some sharper discipline than that of reading; but, at all events, be assured, we cannot read. No reading is possible for a people with its mind in this state. No sentence of any great writer is intelligible to them. It is simply and sternly impossible for the English public, at this moment, to understand any thoughtful writing,—so incapable of thought has it become in its insanity of avarice. Happily, our disease is, as yet, little worse than this incapacity of thought; it is not corruption of the inner nature; we ring true still, when anything strikes home to us; and though the idea that everything should “pay” has infected our every purpose so deeply, that even when we would play the good Samaritan, we never take out our twopence and give them to the host, without saying, “When I come again, thou shalt give me fourpence,” there is a capacity of noble passion left in our hearts’

core. We show it in our work—in our war,—even in those unjust domestic affections which make us furious at a small private wrong, while we are polite to a boundless public one: we are still industrious to the last hour of the day, though we add the gambler's fury to the labourer's patience; we are still brave to the death, though incapable of discerning true cause for battle; and are still true in affection to our own flesh, to the death, as the sea-monsters are, and the rock-eagles. And there is hope for a nation while this can be still said of it. As long as it holds its life in its hand, ready to give it for its honour (though a foolish honour), for its love (though a selfish love), and for its business (though a base business), there is hope for it. But hope only; for this instinctive, reckless virtue cannot last. No nation can last, which has made a mob of itself, however generous at heart. It must discipline its passions, and direct them, or they will discipline *it*, one day, with scorpion whips. Above all, a nation cannot last as a money-making mob: it cannot with impunity,—it cannot with existence,—go on despising literature, despising science, despising art, despising nature, despising compassion, and concentrating its soul on Pence. Do you think these are harsh or wild words? Have patience with

me but a little longer. I will prove their truth to you, clause by clause.

32. I. I say first we have despised literature. What do we, as a nation, care about books? How much do you think we spend altogether on our libraries, public or private, as compared with what we spend on our horses? If a man spends lavishly on his library, you call him mad—a biblio-maniac. But you never call any one a horse-maniac, though men ruin themselves every day by their horses, and you do not hear of people ruining themselves by their books. Or, to go lower still, how much do you think the contents of the book-shelves of the United Kingdom, public and private, would fetch, as compared with the contents of its wine-cellars? What position would its expenditure on literature take, as compared with its expenditure on luxurious eating? We talk of food for the mind, as of food for the body: now a good book contains such food inexhaustibly; it is a provision for life, and for the best part of us; yet how long most people would look at the best book before they would give the price of a large turbot for it! Though there have been men who have pinched their stomachs and bared their backs to buy a book, whose libraries were cheaper to them, I think, in the end, than

most men's dinners are. / We are few of us put to such trial, and more the pity; for, indeed, a precious thing is all the more precious to us if it has been won by work or economy; and if public libraries were half as costly as public dinners, or books cost the tenth part of what bracelets do, even foolish men and women might sometimes suspect there was good in reading, as well as in munching and sparkling; whereas the very cheapness of literature is making even wise people forget that if a book is worth reading, it is worth buying. No book is worth anything which is not worth *much*; nor is it serviceable, until it has been read, and reread, and loved, and loved again; and marked, so that you can refer to the passages you want in it, as a soldier can seize the weapon he needs in an armoury, or a housewife bring the spice she needs from her store. | Bread of flour is good: but there is bread, sweet as honey, if we would eat it, in a good book; and the family must be poor indeed which, once in their lives, cannot, for such multipliable barley-loaves, pay their baker's bill. We call ourselves a rich nation, and we are filthy and foolish enough to thumb each other's books out of circulating libraries!

33. II. I say we have despised science. "What!" you

exclaim "are we not foremost in all discovery,* and is not the whole world giddy by reason, or unreason, of our inventions?" Yes; but do you suppose that is national work? That work is all done *in spite of* the nation; by private people's zeal and money. We are glad enough, indeed, to make our profit of science; we snap up anything in the way of a scientific bone that has meat on it, eagerly enough; but if the scientific man comes for a bone or a crust to *us*, that is another story. What have we publicly done for science? We are obliged to know what o'clock it is, for the safety of our ships, and therefore we pay for an observatory; and we allow ourselves, in the person of our Parliament, to be annually tormented into doing something, in a slovenly way, for the British Museum; sullenly apprehending that to be a place for keeping stuffed birds in, to amuse our children. If anybody will pay for their own telescope, and resolve another nebula, we cackle over the discernment as if it were our own; if one in ten thousand of our hunting squires suddenly perceives that the earth was indeed made to be something else than a portion for

* Since this was written, the answer has become definitely—No; we have surrendered the field of Arctic discovery to the Continental nations, as being ourselves too poor to pay for ships.

foxes, and burrows in it himself, and tells us where the gold is, and where the coals, we understand that there is some use in that ; and very properly knight him : but is the accident of his having found out how to employ himself usefully any credit to *us*? (The negation of such discovery among his brother squires may perhaps be some *discredit* to us, if we would consider of it.) But if you doubt these generalities, here is one fact for us all to meditate upon, illustrative of our love of science. Two years ago there was a collection of the fossils of Solenhofen to be sold in Bavaria ; the best in existence, containing many specimens unique for perfectness, and one, unique as an example of a species (a whole kingdom of unknown living creatures being announced by that fossil). This collection, of which the mere market worth, among private buyers, would probably have been some thousand or twelve hundred pounds, was offered to the English nation for seven hundred : but we would not give seven hundred, and the whole series would have been in the Munich Museum at this moment, if Professor Owen * had not, with loss of his own time, and

* I state this fact without Professor Owen's permission : which of course he could not with propriety have granted, had I asked it ; but I consider it so important that the public should be aware of the fact that I do what seems to be right though rude.

patient tormenting of the British public in person of its representatives, got leave to give four hundred pounds at once, and himself become answerable for the other three! which the said public will doubtless pay him eventually, but sulkily, and caring nothing about the matter all the while; only always ready to cackle if any credit comes of it. Consider, I beg of you, arithmetically, what this fact means. Your annual expenditure for public purposes (a third of it for military apparatus), is at least fifty millions. Now 700*l.* is to 50,000,000*l.* roughly, as seven pence to two thousand pounds. Suppose then, a gentleman of unknown income, but whose wealth was to be conjectured from the fact that he spent two thousand a year on his park-walls and footmen only, professes himself fond of science; and that one of his servants comes eagerly to tell him that an unique collection of fossils, giving clue to a new era of creation, is to be had for the sum of seven pence sterling; and that the gentleman, who is fond of science, and spends two thousand a year on his park, answers, after keeping his servant waiting several months, "Well! I'll give you four pence for them, if you will be answerable for the extra three pence yourself, till next year!"

34. III. I say you have despised Art! "What!" you

again answer, "have we not Art exhibitions, miles long? and do we not pay thousands of pounds for single pictures? and have we not Art schools and institutions, more than ever nation had before?" Yes, truly, but all that is for the sake of the shop. You would fain sell canvas as well as coals, and crockery as well as iron; you would take every other nation's bread out of its mouth if you could;* not being able to do that, your ideal of life is to stand in the thoroughfares of the world, like Ludgate apprentices, screaming to every passer-by, "What d'ye lack?" You know nothing of your own faculties or circumstances; you fancy that, among your damp, flat, fields of clay, you can have as quick art-fancy as the Frenchman among his bronzed vines, or the Italian under his volcanic cliffs;—that Art may be learned as book-keeping is, and when learned will give you more books to keep. You care for pictures, absolutely, no more than you do for the bills pasted on your dead walls. There is always room on the walls for the bills to be read,—never for the pictures to be seen.

* That was our real idea of "Free Trade"—"All the trade to myself." You find now that by "competition" other people can manage to sell something as well as you—and now we call for Protection again. Wretches!

You do not know what pictures you have (by repute) in the country, nor whether they are false or true, nor whether they are taken care of or not ; in foreign countries, you calmly see the noblest existing pictures in the world rotting in abandoned wreck—(in Venice you saw the Austrian guns deliberately pointed at the palaces containing them), and if you heard that all the fine pictures in Europe were made into sand-bags to-morrow on the Austrian forts, it would not trouble you so much as the chance of a brace or two of game less in your own bags, in a day's shooting. That is your national love of Art.

35. IV. You have despised nature ; that is to say, all the deep and sacred sensations of natural scenery. The French revolutionists made stables of the cathedrals of France ; you have made racecourses of the cathedrals of the earth. Your *one* conception of pleasure is to drive in railroad carriages round their aisles, and eat off their altars.* You have put a railroad bridge over the fall of Schaffhausen. You have tunnelled the cliffs of Lucerne

* I meant that the beautiful places of the world—Switzerland, Italy, South Germany, and so on—are, indeed, the truest cathedrals—places to be reverent in, and to worship in ; and that we only care to drive through them : and to eat and drink at their most sacred places.

by Tell's chapel; you have destroyed the Clarens shore of the Lake of Geneva; there is not a quiet valley in England that you have not filled with bellowing fire; there is no particle left of English land which you have not trampled coal ashes into*—nor any foreign city in which the spread of your presence is not marked among its fair old streets and happy gardens by a consuming white leprosy of new hotels and perfumers' shops: the Alps themselves, which your own poets used to love so reverently, you look upon as soaped poles in a bear-garden, which you set yourselves to climb, and slide down again, with "shrieks of delight." When you are past shrieking, having no human articulate voice to say you are glad with, you fill the quietude of their valleys with gunpowder blasts, and rush home, red with cutaneous eruption of conceit, and voluble with convulsive, hiccough of self-satisfaction. I think nearly the two sorrowfullest spectacles I have ever seen in humanity, taking the deep inner significance of them, are the English mobs in the valley of Chamouni, amusing them-

* I was singularly struck, some years ago, by finding all the river shore at Richmond, in Yorkshire, black in its earth, from the mere drift of soot-laden air from places many miles away.

selves with firing rusty howitzers ; and the Swiss vintagers of Zurich expressing their Christian thanks for the gift of the vine, by assembling in knots in the "towers of the vineyards," and slowly loading and firing horse-pistols from morning till evening. It is pitiful to have dim conceptions of beauty ; more pitiful, it seems to me, to have conceptions like these, of mirth.

36. Lastly. You despise compassion. There is no need of words of mine for proof of this. I will merely print one of the newspaper paragraphs which I am in the habit of cutting out and throwing into my store-drawer ; here is one from a *Daily Telegraph* of an early date this year (1867) ; (date which, though by me carelessly left unmarked, is easily discoverable ; for on the back of the slip, there is the announcement that "yesterday the seventh of the special services of this year was performed by the Bishop of Ripon in St. Paul's" ;) it relates only one of such facts as happen now daily ; this, by chance having taken a form in which it came before the coroner. I will print the paragraph in red. Be sure, the facts themselves are written in that colour, in a book which we shall all of us, literate or illiterate, have to read our page of, some day.

“An inquiry was held on Friday by Mr. Richards, deputy coroner, at the White Horse Tavern, Christ Church, Spitalfields, respecting the death of Michael Collins, aged 58 years. Mary Collins, a miserable-looking woman, said that she lived with the deceased and his son in a room at 2, Cobb's court, Christ Church. Deceased was a ‘translator’ of boots. Witness went out and bought old boots; deceased and his son made them into good ones, and then witness sold them for what she could get at the shops, which was very little indeed. Deceased and his son used to work night and day to try and get a little bread and tea, and pay for the room (2s. a week), so as to keep the home together. On Friday night week deceased got up from his bench and began to shiver. He threw down the boots, saying, “Somebody else must finish them when I am gone, for I can do no more.” There was no fire, and he said, “I would be better if I was warm.” Witness therefore took two pairs of translated boots * to sell at the shop, but she could only get 14*l.* for the two pairs, for the

* One of the things which we must very resolutely enforce, for the good of all classes, in our future arrangements, must be that they wear no “translated” articles of dress. See the preface.

people at the shop said, "We must have our profit." Witness got 14lb. of coal, and a little tea and bread. Her son sat up the whole night to make the "translations," to get money, but deceased died on Saturday morning. The family never had enough to eat.—Coroner: "It seems to me deplorable that you did not go into the workhouse." Witness: "We wanted the comforts of our little home." A juror asked what the comforts were, for he only saw a little straw in the corner of the room, the windows of which were broken. The witness began to cry, and said that they had a quilt and other little things. The deceased said he never would go into the workhouse. In summer, when the season was good, they sometimes made as much as 10s. profit in the week. They then always saved towards the next week, which was generally a bad one. In winter they made not half so much. For three years they had been getting from bad to worse.—Cornelius Collins said that he had assisted his father since 1847. They used to work so far into the night that both nearly lost their eyesight. Witness now had a film over his eyes. Five years ago deceased applied to the parish for aid. The relieving officer gave him a 4lb. loaf, and told him if he came

again he should "get the stones."* That disgusted deceased, and he would have nothing to do with them since. They got worse and worse until last Friday week, when they had not even a halfpenny to buy a

* This abbreviation of the penalty of useless labour is curiously coincident in verbal form with a certain passage which some of us may remember. It may perhaps be well to preserve beside this paragraph another cutting out of my store-drawer, from the *Morning Post*, of about a parallel date, Friday, March 10th, 1865 :—"The salons of Mme. C—, who did the honours with clever imitative grace and elegance, were crowded with princes, dukes, marquises, and counts—in fact, with the same *male* company as one meets at the parties of the Princess Metternich and Madame Drouyn de Lhuys. Some English peers and members of Parliament were present, and appeared to enjoy the animated and dazzlingly improper scene. On the second floor the supper tables were loaded with every delicacy of the season. That your readers may form some idea of the dainty fare of the Parisian demi-monde, I copy the menu of the supper, which was served to all the guests (about 200) seated at four o'clock. Choice Yquem, Johannisberg, Lafitte, Tokay, and Champagne of the finest vintages were served most lavishly throughout the morning. After supper dancing was resumed with increased animation, and the ball terminated with a *chaîne diabolique* and a *canean d'enfer* at seven in the morning. (Morning-service—'Ere the fresh lawns appeared, under the opening eyelids of the Morn.—') Here is the menu :—"Consommé de volaille à la Bagration ; 16 hers-d'œuvres variés. Bouchées à la Talleyrand. Saumons froids, sauce Ravigote. Filets de bœuf en Bellevue, timbales milanaises chaudfroid de gibier. Dindes truffées. Pâtés de foies gras, buissons d'écrevisses, salades vénétiennes, gelées blanches aux fruits, gateaux mancini, parisiens et parisiennes. Fromages glacés Ananas. Dessert."

candle. Deceased then lay down on the straw, and said he could not live till morning.—A juror: “You are dying of starvation yourself, and you ought to go into the house until the summer.” Witness: “If we went in we should die. When we come out in the summer we should be like people dropped from the sky. No one would know us, and we would not have even a room. I could work now if I had food, for my sight would get better.” Dr. G. P. Walker said deceased died from syncope, from exhaustion, from want of food. The deceased had had no bedclothes. For four months he had had nothing but bread to eat. There was not a particle of fat in the body. There was no disease, but if there had been medical attendance, he might have survived the syncope or fainting. The coroner having remarked upon the painful nature of the case, the jury returned the following verdict, “That deceased died from exhaustion from want of food and the common necessaries of life; also through want of medical aid.”

37. “Why would witness not go into the workhouse?” you ask. Well, the poor seem to have a prejudice against the workhouse which the rich have not; for of course every one who takes a pension from Government

goes into the workhouse on a grand scale :* only the workhouses for the rich do not involve the idea of work, and should be called play-houses. But the poor like to die independently, it appears ; perhaps if we made the play-houses for them pretty and pleasant enough, or gave them their pensions at home, and allowed them a little introductory peculation with the public money, their minds might be reconciled to the conditions. Meantime, here are the facts : we make our relief either so insulting to them, or so painful, that they rather die than take it at our hands ; or, for third alternative, we leave them so untaught and foolish that they starve like brute creatures, wild and dumb, not knowing what to do, or what to ask. I say, you despise compassion ; if you did not, such a newspaper paragraph would be as impossible in a Christian country as a deliberate assassination permitted in its public streets.† “Christian” did I say ?

* Please observe this statement, and think of it, and consider how it happens that a poor old woman will be ashamed to take a shilling a week from the country—but no one is ashamed to take a pension of a thousand a year.

† I am heartily glad to see such a paper as the *Pall Mall Gazette* established ; for the power of the press in the hands of highly-educated men, in independent position, and of honest purpose, may indeed be.

Alas, if we were but wholesomely *un-Christian*, it would

come all that it has been hitherto vainly vaunted to be. Its editor will therefore, I doubt not, pardon me, in that, by very reason of my respect for the journal, I do not let pass unnoticed an article in its third number, page 5, which was wrong in every word of it, with the intense wrongness which only an honest man can achieve who has taken a false turn of thought in the outset, and is following it, regardless of consequences. It contained at the end this notable passage :—

“The bread of affliction, and the water of affliction—aye, and the bedsteads and blankets of affliction, are the very utmost that the law ought to give to *outcasts merely as outcasts.*” I merely put beside this expression of the gentlemanly mind of England in 1865, a part of the message which Isaiah was ordered to “lift up his voice like a trumpet” in declaring to the gentlemen of his day : “Ye fast for strife, and to smite with the fist of wickedness. Is not this the fast that I have chosen, to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor *that are cast out* (margin ‘afflicted’) *to thy house.*” The falsehood on which the writer had mentally founded himself, as previously stated by him, was this : “To confound the functions of the dispensers of the poor-rates with those of the dispensers of a charitable institution is a great and pernicious error.” This sentence is so accurately and exquisitely wrong, that its substance must be thus reversed in our minds before we can deal with any existing problem of national distress. “To understand that the dispensers of the poor-rates are the almoners of the nation, and should distribute its alms with a gentleness and freedom of hand as much greater and franker than that possible to individual charity, as the collective national wisdom and power may be supposed greater than those of any single person, is the foundation of all law respecting pauperism.” (Since this was written the *Pall Mall Gazette* has become a mere party paper—like the rest ; but it writes well, and does more good than mischief on the whole.)

be impossible: it is our imaginary Christianity that helps us to commit these crimes, for we revel and luxuriate in our faith, for the lewd sensation of it; dressing *it* up, like everything else, in fiction. The dramatic Christianity of the organ and aisle, of dawn-service and twilight-revival—the Christianity which we do not fear to mix the mockery of, pictorially, with our play about the devil, in our Satanellas,—Roberts,—Fausts; chanting hymns through traceried windows for back-ground effect, and artistically modulating the “Dio” through variation on variation of mimicked prayer: (while we distribute tracts, next day, for the benefit of uncultivated swearers, upon what we suppose to be the signification of the Third Commandment;)—this gas-lighted, and gas-inspired, Christianity, we are triumphant in, and draw back the hem of our robes from the touch of the heretics who dispute it. But to do a piece of common Christian righteousness in a plain English word or deed; to make Christian law any rule of life, and found one National act or hope thereon,—we know too well what our faith comes to for that! You might sooner get lightning out of incense smoke than true action or passion out of your modern English religion. You had better get rid of the smoke, and the organ

pipes, both : leave them, and the Gothic windows, and the painted glass, to the property man ; give up your carburetted hydrogen ghost in one healthy expiration, and look after Lazarus at the door-step. For there is a true Church wherever one hand meets another helpfully, and that is the only holy or Mother Church which ever was, or ever shall be.

38. All these pleasures, then, and all these virtues, I repeat, you nationally despise. You have, indeed, men among you who do not ; by whose work, by whose strength, by whose life, by whose death, you live, and never thank them. Your wealth, your amusement, your pride, would all be alike impossible, but for those whom you scorn or forget. The policeman, who is walking up and down the black lane all night to watch the guilt you have created there ; and may have his brains beaten out, and be maimed for life, at any moment, and never be thanked : the sailor wrestling with the sea's rage ; the quiet student poring over his book or his vial ; the common worker, without praise, and nearly without bread, fulfilling his task as your horses drag your carts, hopeless, and spurned of all : these are the men by whom England lives ; but they are not the nation ; they are only the body and

nervous force of it, acting still from old habit in a convulsive perseverance, while the mind is gone. Our National wish and purpose are to be amused; our National religion is the performance of church ceremonies, and preaching of soporific truths (or untruths) to keep the mob quietly at work, while we amuse ourselves; and the necessity for this amusement is fastening on us as a feverous disease of parched throat and wandering eyes—senseless, dissolute, merciless.*

39. When men are rightly occupied, their amusement grows out of their work, as the colour-petals out of a fruitful flower;—when they are faithfully helpful and compassionate, all their emotions become steady, deep, perpetual, and vivifying to the soul as the natural pulse of the body. But now, having no true business, we pour our whole masculine energy into the false business of money-making; and having no true emotion, we must have false emotions dressed up for us to play with, not innocently, as children with dolls, but guiltily and darkly, as the idolatrous Jews with their pictures on cavern walls,

* How literally that word *Dis-Ease*; the Negation and impossibility of Ease, expresses the entire moral state of our English Industry and its Amusements.

which men had to dig to detect. The justice we do not execute, we mimic in the novel and on the stage; for the beauty we destroy in nature, we substitute the metamorphosis of the pantomime, and (the human nature of us imperatively requiring awe and sorrow of *some* kind) for the noble grief we should have borne with our fellows, and the pure tears we should have wept with them, we gloat over the pathos of the police court, and gather the night-dew of the grave.

* 40. It is difficult to estimate the true significance of these things; the facts are frightful enough;—the measure of national fault involved in them is perhaps not as great as it would at first seem. We permit, or cause, thousands of deaths daily, but we mean no harm; we set fire to houses, and ravage peasants' fields; yet we should be sorry to find we had injured anybody. We are still kind at heart; still capable of virtue, but only as children are. Chalmers, at the end of his long life, having had much power with the public, being plagued in some serious matter by a reference to "public opinion," uttered the impatient exclamation, "The public is just a great baby!" And the reason that I have allowed all these graver subjects of thought to mix themselves up with an inquiry into methods of reading, is

that, the more I see of our national faults and miseries, the more they resolve themselves into conditions of childish illiterateness, and want of education in the most ordinary habits of thought. It is, I repeat, not vice, not selfishness, not dulness of brain, which we have to lament ; but an unreachable schoolboy's recklessness, only differing from the true schoolboy's in its incapacity of being helped, because it acknowledges no master.

41. There is a curious type of us given in one of the lovely, neglected works of the last of our great painters. It is a drawing of Kirkby Lonsdale churchyard, and of its brook, and valley, and hills, and folded morning sky beyond. And unmindful alike of these, and of the dead who have left these for other valleys and for other skies, a group of schoolboys have piled their little books upon a grave, to strike them off with stones. So, also, we play with the words of the dead that would teach us, and strike them far from us with our bitter, reckless will ; little thinking that those leaves which the wind scatters had been piled, not only upon a gravestone, but upon the seal of an enchanted vault — nay, the gate of a great city of sleeping kings, who would awake for us, and walk with us, if we knew but how to call them by their names. How often, even if

we lift the marble entrance gate, do we but wander among those old kings in their repose, and finger the robes they lie in, and stir the crowns on their foreheads; and still they are silent to us, and seem but a dusty imagery; because we know not the incantation of the heart that would wake them;—which, if they once heard, they would start up to meet us in their power of long ago, narrowly to look upon us, and consider us; and, as the fallen kings of Hades meet the newly fallen, saying, “Art thou also become weak as we—art thou also become one of us?” so would these kings, with their undimmed, unshaken diadems, meet us, saying, “Art thou also become pure and mighty of heart as we? art thou also become one of us?”

42. Mighty of heart, mighty of mind—“magnanimous”—to be this, is indeed to be great in life; to become this increasingly, is, indeed, to “advance in life,”—in life itself—not in the trappings of it. My friends, do you remember that old Scythian custom, when the head of a house died? How he was dressed in his finest dress, and set in his chariot, and carried about to his friends’ houses; and each of them placed him at his table’s head, and all feasted in his presence? Suppose it were offered to you, in plain words, as it is offered to

you in dire facts, that you should gain this Scythian honour, gradually, while you yet thought yourself alive. Suppose the offer were this: You shall die slowly; your blood shall daily grow cold, your flesh petrify, your heart beat at last only as a rusted group of iron valves. Your life shall fade from you, and sink through the earth into the ice of Caina; but, day by day, your body shall be dressed more gaily, and set in higher chariots, and have more orders on its breast—crowns on its head, if you will. Men shall bow before it, stare and shout round it, crowd after it up and down the streets; build palaces for it, feast with it at their tables' heads all the night long; your soul shall stay enough within it to know what they do, and feel the weight of the golden dress on its shoulders, and the furrow of the crown-edge on the skull;—no more. Would you take the offer, verbally made by the death-angel? Would the meanest among us take it, think you? Yet practically and verily we grasp at it, every one of us, in a measure; many of us grasp at it in its fulness of horror. Every man accepts it, who desires to advance in life without knowing what life is; who means only that he is to get more horses, and more footmen, and more fortune, and more public honour, and—*not* more personal

soul. (He only is advancing in life, whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into Living* peace.) And the men who have this life in them are the true lords or kings of the earth—they, and they only. All other kingships, so far as they are true, are only the practical issue and expression of theirs; if less than this, they are either dramatic royalties,—costly shows, set off, indeed, with real jewels instead of tinsel—but still only the toys of nations; or else, they are no royalties at all, but tyrannies, or the mere active and practical issue of national folly; for which reason I have said of them elsewhere, “Visible governments are the toys of some nations, the diseases of others, the harness of some, the burdens of more.”

43. But I have no words for the wonder with which I hear Kinghood still spoken of, even among thoughtful men, as if governed nations were a personal property, and might be bought and sold, or otherwise acquired, as sheep, of whose flesh their king was to feed, and whose fleece he was to gather; as if Achilles’ indignant epithet of base kings, “people-eating,” were the constant and proper title of all monarchs; and enlargement of a king’s dominion meant the same thing as the

* “το δὲ φρόνημα του πνεύματος ζωὴ καὶ εἰρήνη.”

increase of a private man's estate! Kings who think so, however powerful, can no more be the true kings of the nation than gad-flies are the kings of a horse; they suck it, and may drive it wild, but do not guide it. They, and their courts, and their armies are, if one could see clearly, only a large species of marsh mosquito, with bayonet proboscis and melodious, band-mastered, trumpeting in the summer air; the twilight being, perhaps, sometimes fairer, but hardly more wholesome, for its glittering mists of midge companies. The true kings, meanwhile, rule quietly, if at all, and hate ruling; too many of them make "il gran rifiúto;" and if they do not, the mob, as soon as they are likely to become useful to it, is pretty sure to make *its* "gran rifiúto" of *them*.

44. Yet the visible king may also be a true one, some day, if ever day comes when he will estimate his dominion by the *force* of it,—not the geographical boundaries. It matters very little whether Trent cuts you a cantel out here, or Rhine rounds you a castle less there. But it does matter to you, king of men, whether you can verily say to this man, "Go," and he goeth; and to another, "Come," and he cometh. Whether you can turn your people, as you can Trent—and where it is

that you bid them come, and where go. It matters to you, king of men, whether your people hate you, and die by you, or love you, and live by you. You may measure your dominion by multitudes better than by miles; and count degrees of love latitude, not from, but to, a wonderfully warm and infinite equator.

45. Measure! nay you cannot measure. Who shall measure the difference between the power of those who "do and teach," and who are greatest in the kingdoms of earth, as of heaven—and the power of those who undo, and consume—whose power, at the fullest, is only the power of the moth and the rust? Strange! to think how the Moth-kings lay up treasures for the moth; and the Rust-kings, who are to their peoples' strength as rust to armour, lay up treasures for the rust; and the Robber-kings, treasures for the robber; but how few kings have ever laid up treasures that needed no guarding—treasures of which, the more thieves there were, the better! Broidered robe, only to be rent; helm and sword, only to be dimmed; jewel and gold, only to be scattered;—there have been three kinds of kings who have gathered these. Suppose there ever should arise a Fourth order of kings, who had read, in some obscure writing of long ago, that there was a Fourth kind of treasure, which

the jewel and gold could not equal, neither should it be valued with pure gold. A web made fair in the weaving, by Athena's shuttle; an armour, forged in divine fire by Vulcanian force—a gold to be mined in the sun's red heart, where he sets over the Delphian cliffs;—deep-pictured tissue, impenetrable armour, potable gold!—the three great Angels of Conduct, Toil, and Thought, still calling to us, and waiting at the posts of our doors, to lead us, with their winged power, and guide us, with their unerring eyes, by the path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye has not seen! Suppose kings should ever arise, who heard and believed this word and at last gathered and brought forth treasures of—Wisdom—for their people?

46. Think what an amazing business *that* would be! How inconceivable, in the state of our present national wisdom! That we should bring up our peasants to a book exercise instead of a bayonet exercise!—organize, drill, maintain with pay, and good generalship, armies of thinkers, instead of armies of stabbers!—find national amusement in reading-rooms as well as rifle-grounds; give prizes for a fair shot at a fact, as well as for a leaden splash on a target. What an absurd idea it

seems, put fairly in words, that the wealth of the capitalists of civilized nations should ever come to support literature instead of war! |

47. Have yet patience with me, while I read you a single sentence out of the only book, properly to be called a book, that I have yet written myself, the one that will stand, (if anything stand,) surest and longest of all work of mine.

“ It is one very awful form of the operation of wealth in Europe that it is entirely capitalists’ wealth which supports unjust wars. Just wars do not need so much money to support them ; for most of the men who wage such, wage them gratis ; but for an unjust war, men’s bodies and souls have both to be bought; and the best tools of war for them besides, which makes such war costly to the maximum ; not to speak of the cost of base fear, and angry suspicion, between nations which have not grace nor honesty enough in all their multitudes to buy an hour’s peace of mind with ; as, at present France and England, purchasing of each other ten millions’ sterling worth of consternation, annually (a remarkably light crop, half thorns and half aspen leaves, sown, reaped, and granaried by the ‘science’ of the modern political economist, teaching covetousness instead of truth). And, all unjust war being supportable, if not by pillage of the enemy, only by loans from capitalists, these loans are repaid by subsequent taxation of the people, who appear to have no will in the matter, the capitalists’ will being the primary root of the war ; but its real root is the covetousness of the whole nation,

rendering it incapable of faith, frankness, or justice, and bringing about, therefore, in due time, his own separate loss and punishment to each person."

48. France and England literally, observe, buy *panic* of each other; they pay, each of them, for ten thousand-thousand-pounds'-worth of terror, a year. Now suppose, instead of buying these ten millions' worth of panic annually, they made up their minds to be at peace with each other, and buy ten millions' worth of knowledge annually; and that each nation spent its ten thousand thousand pounds a year in founding royal libraries, royal art galleries, royal museums, royal gardens, and places of rest. Might it not be better somewhat for both French and English?

49. It will be long, yet, before that comes to pass. Nevertheless, I hope it will not be long before royal or national libraries will be founded in every considerable city, with a royal series of books in them; the same series in every one of them, chosen books, the best in every kind, prepared for that national series in the most perfect way possible; their text printed all on leaves of equal size, broad of margin, and divided into pleasant volumes, light in the hand, beautiful, and strong, and thorough as examples of binders' work; and that these great li-

braries will be accessible to all clean and orderly persons at all times of the day and evening ; strict law being enforced for this cleanliness and quietness.

I could shape for you other plans, for art-galleries, and for natural history galleries, and for many precious—many, it seems to me, needful—things ; but this book plan is the easiest and needfullest, and would prove a considerable tonic to what we call our British constitution, which has fallen dropsical of late, and has an evil thirst, and evil hunger, and wants healthier feeding. You have got its corn laws repealed for it ; try if you cannot get corn laws established for it, dealing in a better bread ;—bread made of that old enchanted Arabian grain, the Sesame, which opens doors ;—doors, not of robbers', but of Kings' Treasuries.

50. Note to ¶ 30.—Respecting the increase of rent by the deaths of the poor, for evidence of which, see the preface to the Medical officer's report to the Privy Council, just published, there are suggestions in its preface which will make some stir among us, I fancy, respecting which let me note these points following :—

There are two theories on the subject of land now abroad, and in contention ; both false.

The first is that, by Heavenly law, there have always

existed, and must continue to exist, a certain number of hereditarily sacred persons to whom the earth, air, and water of the world belong, as personal property; of which earth, air, and water, these persons may, at their pleasure, permit, or forbid, the rest of the human race to eat, breathe, or to drink. This theory is not for many years longer tenable. The adverse theory is that a division of the land of the world among the mob of the world would immediately elevate the said mob into sacred personages; that houses would then build themselves, and corn grow of itself; and that everybody would be able to live, without doing any work for his living. This theory would also be found highly untenable in practice.

It will, however, require some rough experiments, and rougher catastrophes, before the generality of persons will be convinced that no law concerning anything, least of all concerning land, for either holding or dividing it, or renting it high, or renting it low—would be of the smallest ultimate use to the people—so long as the general contest for life, and for the means of life, remains one of mere brutal competition. That contest, in an unprincipled nation, will take one deadly form or another, whatever laws you make against it.

For instance, it would be an entirely wholesome law for England, if it could be carried, that maximum limits should be assigned to incomes according to classes ; and that every nobleman's income should be paid to him as a fixed salary or pension by the nation ; and not squeezed by him in variable sums, at discretion, out of the tenants of his land. But if you could get such a law passed to-morrow, and if, which would be farther necessary, you could fix the value of the assigned incomes by making a given weight of pure bread for a given sum, a twelve-month would not pass before another currency would have been tacitly established, and the power of accumulative wealth would have re-asserted itself in some other article, or some other imaginary sign. ¶ There is only one cure for public distress—and that is public education, directed to make men thoughtful, merciful, and just. There are, indeed, many laws conceivable which would gradually better and strengthen the national temper ; but, for the most part, they are such as the national temper must be much bettered before it would bear. A nation in its youth may be helped by laws, as a weak child by backboards, but when it is old it cannot that way straighten its crooked spine.

And besides ; the problem of land, at its worst, is a

bye one; distribute the earth as you will, the principal question remains inexorable,—Who is to dig it? Which of us, in brief words, is to do the hard and dirty work for the rest—and for what pay? Who is to do the pleasant and clean work, and for what pay? Who is to do no work, and for what pay? And there are curious moral and religious questions connected with these. How far is it lawful to suck a portion of the soul out of a great many persons, in order to put the abstracted psychical quantities together and make one very beautiful or ideal soul? If we had to deal with mere blood, instead of spirit, (and the thing might literally be done—as it has been done with infants before now)—so that it were possible by taking a certain quantity of blood from the arms of a given number of the mob, and putting it all into one person, to make a more azure-blooded gentleman of him, the thing would of course be managed; but secretly, I should conceive. But now, because it is brain and soul that we abstract, not visible blood, it can be done quite openly, and we live, we gentlemen, on delicatest prey, after the manner of weasels; that is to say, we keep a certain number of clowns digging and ditching, and generally stupefied, in order that we, being fed gratis, may have all the thinking and feeling

to ourselves. Yet there is a great deal to be said for this. A highly-bred and trained English, French, Austrian, or Italian gentleman (much more a lady), is a great production,—a better production than most statues ; being beautifully coloured as well as shaped, and plus all the brains ; a glorious thing to look at, a wonderful thing to talk to ; and you cannot have it, any more than a pyramid or a church, but by sacrifice of much contributed life. And it is, perhaps, better to build a beautiful human creature than a beautiful dome or steeple—and more delightful to look up reverently to a creature far above us, than to a wall ; only the beautiful human creature will have some duties to do in return—duties of living belfry and rampart—of which presently.

LECTURE II.—LILIES.

OF QUEENS' GARDENS.

“Be thou glad, oh thirsting Desert; let the desert be made cheerful, and bloom as the lily; and the barren places of Jordan shall run wild with wood.”—ISAIAH 35, i. (Septuagint.)

51. It will, perhaps, be well, as this Lecture is the sequel of one previously given, that I should shortly state to you my general intention in both. The questions specially proposed to you in the first, namely, *How and What to Read*, rose out of a far deeper one, which it was my endeavour to make you propose earnestly to yourselves, namely, *Why to Read*. I want you to feel, with me, that whatever advantages we possess in the present day in the diffusion of education and of literature, can only be rightly used by any of us when we have apprehended clearly what education is to lead to, and literature to teach. I wish you to see that both well-directed moral training and well-chosen reading lead to the possession of a power over the ill-guided and illiterate, which is, according to the measure of it, in the truest sense, *kingly*; conferring indeed the purest kingship that can exist among men: too many other kingships (however

distinguished by visible insignia or material power) being either spectral, or tyrannous ;—Spectral—that is to say, aspects and shadows only of royalty, hollow as death, and which only the “ Likeness of a kingly crown have on ;” or else tyrannous—that is to say, substituting their own will for the law of justice and love by which all true kings rule.

52. There is, then, I repeat—and as I want to leave this idea with you, I begin with it, and shall end with it—only one pure kind of kingship ; an inevitable and eternal kind, crowned or not : the kingship, namely, which consists in a stronger moral state, and a truer thoughtful state, than that of others ; enabling you, therefore, to guide, or to raise them. Observe that word “ State ;” we have got into a loose way of using it. It means literally the standing and stability of a thing ; and you have the full force of it in the derived word “ statue ”—“ the immoveable thing.” A king’s majesty or “ state,” then, and the right of his kingdom to be called a state, depends on the movelessness of both :—without tremor, without quiver of balance ; established and enthroned upon a foundation of eternal law which nothing can alter, nor overthrow.

53. Believing that all literature and all education are

only useful so far as they tend to confirm this calm, beneficent, and *therefore* kingly, power—first, over ourselves, and, through ourselves, over all around us, I am now going to ask you to consider with me farther, what special portion or kind of this royal authority, arising out of noble education, may rightly be possessed by women; and how far they also are called to a true queenly power. Not in their households merely, but over all within their sphere. And in what sense, if they rightly understood and exercised this royal or gracious influence, the order and beauty induced by such benignant power would justify us in speaking of the territories over which each of them reigned, as “Queens’ Gardens.”

54. And here, in the very outset, we are met by a far deeper question, which—strange though this may seem—remains among many of us yet quite undecided, in spite of its infinite importance.

We cannot determine what the queenly power of women should be, until we are agreed what their ordinary power should be. We cannot consider how education may fit them for any widely extending duty, until we are agreed what is their true constant duty. And there never was a time when wilder words were spoken,

or more vain imagination permitted, respecting this question—quite vital to all social happiness. The relations of the womanly to the manly nature, their different capacities of intellect or of virtue, seem never to have been yet estimated with entire consent. We hear of the “mission” and of the “rights” of Woman, as if these could ever be separate from the mission and the rights of Man;—as if she and her lord were creatures of independent kind, and of irreconcilable claim. This, at least, is wrong. And not less wrong—perhaps even more foolishly wrong (for I will anticipate thus far what I hope to prove)—is the idea that woman is only the shadow and attendant image of her lord, owing him a thoughtless and servile obedience, and supported altogether in her weakness, by the pre-eminence of his fortitude.

This, I say, is the most foolish of all errors respecting her who was made to be the helpmate of man. As if he could be helped effectively by a shadow, or worthily by a slave!

55. Let us try, then, whether we cannot get at some clear and harmonious idea (it must be harmonious if it is true) of what womanly mind and virtue are in power and office, with respect to man's; and how their relations,

rightly accepted, aid, and increase, the vigour, and honour, and authority of both.

And now I must repeat one thing I said in the last lecture: namely, that the first use of education was to enable us to consult with the wisest and the greatest men on all points of earnest difficulty. That to use books rightly, was to go to them for help: to appeal to them, when our own knowledge and power of thought failed: to be led by them into wider sight,—purer conception—than our own, and receive from them the united sentence of the judges and councils of all time, against our solitary and unstable opinion.

Let us do this now. Let us see whether the greatest, the wisest, the purest-hearted of all ages are agreed in any wise on this point: let us hear the testimony they have left respecting what they held to be the true dignity of woman, and her mode of help to man.

56. And first let us take Shakespeare.

Note broadly in the outset, Shakespeare has no heroes;—he has only heroines. There is not one entirely heroic figure in all his plays, except the slight sketch of Henry the Fifth, exaggerated for the purposes of the stage; and the still slighter Valentine in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. In his laboured and perfect

plays you have no hero. Othello would have been one, if his simplicity had not been so great as to leave him the prey of every base practice round him; but he is the only example even approximating to the heroic type. Coriolanus—Cæsar—Antony, stand in flawed strength, and fall by their vanities;—Hamlet is indolent, and drowsily speculative; Romeo an impatient boy; the Merchant of Venice languidly submissive to adverse fortune; Kent, in King Lear, is entirely noble at heart, but too rough and unpolished to be of true use at the critical time, and he sinks into the office of a servant only. Orlando, no less noble, is yet the despairing toy of chance, followed, comforted, saved, by Rosalind. Whereas there is hardly a play that has not a perfect woman in it, steadfast in grave hope, and errorless purpose: Cordelia, Desdemona, Isabella, Hermione, Imogen, Queen Katherine, Perdita, Sylvia, Viola, Rosalind, Helena, and last, and perhaps loveliest, Virgilia, are all faultless: conceived in the highest heroic type of humanity.

57. Then observe, secondly,

The catastrophe of every play is caused always by the folly or fault of a man; the redemption, if there be any, is by the wisdom and virtue of a woman, and fail-

ing that, there is none. The catastrophe of King Lear is owing to his own want of judgment, his impatient vanity, his misunderstanding of his children ; the virtue of his one true daughter would have saved him from all the injuries of the others, unless he had cast her away from him ; as it is, she all but saves him.

Of Othello I need not trace the tale ;—nor the one weakness of his so mighty love ; nor the inferiority of his perceptive intellect to that even of the second woman character in the play, the Emilia who dies in wild testimony against his error :—“ Oh, murderous coxcomb ! What should such a fool Do with so good a wife ? ”

In Romeo and Juliet, the wise and brave stratagem of the wife is brought to ruinous issue by the reckless impatience of her husband. In Winter's Tale and in Cymbeline, the happiness and existence of two princely households, lost through long years, and imperilled to the death by the folly and obstinacy of the husbands, and redeemed at last by the queenly patience and wisdom of the wives. In Measure for Measure, the foul injustice of the judge, and the foul cowardice of the brother, are opposed to the victorious truth and adamant purity of a woman. In Coriolanus, the mother's counsel, acted upon in time, would have saved her son from all evil ; his momentary forgetfulness of it is his

ruin ; her prayer at last granted, saves him—not, indeed, from death, but from the curse of living as the destroyer of his country.

And what shall I say of Julia, constant against the fickleness of a lover who is a mere wicked child?—of Helena, against the petulance and insult of a careless youth?—of the patience of Hero, the passion of Beatrice, and the calmly devoted wisdom of the “unlessoned girl,” who appears among the helplessness, the blindness, and the vindictive passions of men, as a gentle angel, bringing courage and safety by her presence, and defeating the worst malignities of crime by what women are fancied most to fail in,—precision and accuracy of thought.

58. Observe, further, among all the principal figures in Shakespeare’s plays, there is only one weak woman—Ophelia ; and it is because she fails Hamlet at the critical moment, and is not, and cannot in her nature be, a guide to him when he needs her most, that all the bitter catastrophe follows. Finally, though there are three wicked women among the principal figures, Lady Macbeth, Regan, and Goneril, they are felt at once to be frightful exceptions to the ordinary laws of life ; fatal in their influence also in proportion to the power for good which they have abandoned.

Such, in broad light, is Shakespeare's testimony to the position and character of women in human life. He represents them as infallibly faithful and wise counselors,—incorruptibly just and pure examples—strong always to sanctify, even when they cannot save.

59. Not as in any wise comparable in knowledge of the nature of man,—still less in his understanding of the causes and courses of fate,—but only as the writer who has given us the broadest view of the conditions and modes of ordinary thought in modern society, I ask you next to receive the witness of Walter Scott.

I put aside his merely romantic prose writings as of no value : and though the early romantic poetry is very beautiful, its testimony is of no weight, other than that of a boy's ideal. But his true works, studied from Scottish life, bear a true witness ; and, in the whole range of these, there are but three men who reach the heroic type*—Dandie Dinmont, Rob Roy, and Claverhouse :

* I ought, in order to make this assertion fully understood, to have noted the various weaknesses which lower the ideal of other great characters of men in the Waverley novels—the selfishness and narrowness of thought in Redgauntlet, the weak religious enthusiasm in Edward Glendinning, and the like ; and I ought to have noticed that there are several quite perfect characters sketched sometimes in the backgrounds ; three—let us accept joyously this courtesy to England

of these, one is a border farmer ; another a freebooter ; the third a soldier in a bad cause. And these touch the ideal of heroism only in their courage and faith, together with a strong, but uncultivated, or mistakenly applied, intellectual power ; while his younger men are the gentlemanly playthings of fantastic fortune, and only by aid (or accident) of that fortune, survive, not vanquish, the trials they involuntarily sustain. Of any disciplined, or consistent character, earnest in a purpose wisely conceived, or dealing with forms of hostile evil, definitely challenged, and resolutely subdued, there is no trace in his conceptions of young men. Whereas in his imaginations of women,—in the characters of Ellen Douglas, of Flora MacIvor, Rose Bradwardine, Catherine Seyton, Diana Vernon, Lilius Redgauntlet, Alice Bridgenorth, Alice Lee, and Jeanie Deans,—with endless varieties of grace, tenderness, and intellectual power we find in all a quite infallible and inevitable sense of dignity and justice ; a fearless, instant, and untiring self-sacrifice to even the appearance of duty, much more to its real claims ; and, finally, a patient wisdom of deeply restrained affection, which does infinitely more

and her soldiers—are English officers : Colonel Gardiner, Colonel Talbot, and Colonel Mannering.

than protect its objects from a momentary error; it gradually forms, animates, and exalts the characters of the unworthy lovers, until, at the close of the tale, we are just able, and no more, to take patience in hearing of their unmerited success.

So that, in all cases, with Scott as with Shakespeare, it is the woman who watches over, teaches, and guides the youth; it is never, by any chance, the youth who watches over, or educates his mistress.

60. Next, take, though more briefly, graver testimony—that of the great Italians and Greeks. You know well the plan of Dante's great poem—that it is a love poem to his dead lady; a song of praise for her watch over his soul. Stooping only to pity, never to love, she yet saves him from destruction—saves him from hell. He is going eternally astray in despair; she comes down from heaven to his help, and throughout the ascents of Paradise is his teacher, interpreting for him the most difficult truths, divine and human, and leading him, with rebuke upon rebuke, from star to star.

I do not insist upon Dante's conception; if I began I could not cease: besides, you might think this a wild imagination of one poet's heart. So I will rather read to you a few verses of the deliberate writing of a knight

of Pisa to his living lady, wholly characteristic of the feeling of all the noblest men of the thirteenth, or early fourteenth century, preserved among many other such records of knightly honour and love, which Dante Rossetti has gathered for us from among the early Italian poets.

“For lo ! thy law is passed
That this my love should manifestly be
 To serve and honour thee :
And so I do ; and my delight is full,
Accepted for the servant of thy rule.

“Without almost, I am all rapturous,
 Since thus my will was set
 To serve, thou flower of joy, thine excellence :
Nor ever seems it anything could rouse
 A pain or regret,
 But on thee dwells mine every thought and sense ;
Considering that from thee all virtues spread
 As from a fountain head,—
That in thy gift is wisdom's best avail,
 And honour without fail;
With whom each sovereign good dwells separate,
Fulfilling the perfection of thy state.

“Lady, since I conceived
Thy pleasurable aspect in my heart,
 My life has been apart
In shining brightness and the place of truth ;

Which till that time, good sooth,
Groped among shadows in a darken'd place,
Where many hours and days
It hardly ever had remember'd good.
But now my servitude
Is thine, and I am full of joy and rest.
A man from a wild beast
Thou madest me, since for thy love I lived.

61. You may think, perhaps, a Greek knight would have had a lower estimate of women than this Christian lover. His spiritual subjection to them was indeed not so absolute ; but as regards their own personal character, it was only because you could not have followed me so easily, that I did not take the Greek women instead of Shakespeare's ; and instance, for chief ideal types of human beauty and faith, the simple mother's and wife's heart of Andromache ; the divine, yet rejected wisdom of Cassandra ; the playful kindness and simple princess-life of happy Nausicaa ; the housewifely calm of that of Penelope, with its watch upon the sea ; the ever patient, fearless, hopelessly devoted piety of the sister, and daughter, in Antigone ; the bowing down of Iphigenia, lamb-like and silent ; and, finally, the expectation of the resurrection, made clear to the soul of the Greeks in the return from her grave of that Alcestis, who, to

save her husband, had passed calmly through the bitterness of death.

62. Now I could multiply witness upon witness of this kind upon you if I had time. I would take Chaucer, and show you why he wrote a Legend of Good Women; but no Legend of Good Men. I would take Spenser, and show you how all his fairy knights are sometimes deceived and sometimes vanquished; but the soul of Una is never darkened, and the spear of Britomart is never broken. Nay, I could go back into the mythical teaching of the most ancient times, and show you how the great people,—by one of whose princesses it was appointed that the Lawgiver of all the earth should be educated, rather than by his own kindred;—how that great Egyptian people, wisest then of nations, gave to their Spirit of Wisdom the form of a woman; and into her hand, for a symbol, the weaver's shuttle; and how the name and the form of that spirit, adopted, believed, and obeyed by the Greeks, became that Athena of the olive-helm, and cloudy shield, to faith in whom you owe, down to this date, whatever you hold most precious in art, in literature, or in types of national virtue.

63. But I will not wander into this distant and mythical element; I will only ask you to give its legitimate value to the testimony of these great poets and men of the

world,—consistent as you see it is, on this head. I will ask you whether it can be supposed that these men, in the main work of their lives, are amusing themselves with a fictitious and idle view of the relations between man and woman ;—nay, worse than fictitious or idle ; for a thing may be imaginary, yet desirable, if it were possible : but this, their ideal of women, is, according to our common idea of the marriage relation, wholly undesirable. The woman, we say, is not to guide, nor even to think, for herself. The man is always to be the wiser ; he is to be the thinker, the ruler, the superior in knowledge and discretion, as in power.

64. Is it not somewhat important to make up our minds on this matter ? Are all these great men mistaken, or are we ? Are Shakespeare and Æschylus, Dante and Homer, merely dressing dolls for us ; or, worse than dolls, unnatural visions, the realization of which, were it possible, would bring anarchy into all households and ruin into all affections ? Nay, if you could suppose this, take lastly the evidence of facts, given by the human heart itself. In all Christian ages which have been remarkable for their purity or progress, there has been absolute yielding of obedient devotion, by the lover, to his mistress. I say *obedient* ;—not merely enthusiastic and worshipping in imagination, but entirely subject, receiving from the beloved woman,

however young, not only the encouragement, the praise, and the reward of all toil, but so far as any choice is open, or any question difficult of decision, the *direction* of all toil. That chivalry, to the abuse and dishonour of which are attributable primarily whatever is cruel in war, unjust in peace, or corrupt and ignoble in domestic relations; and to the original purity and power of which we owe the defence alike of faith, of law, and of love;—that chivalry, I say, in its very first conception of honourable life, assumes the subjection of the young knight to the command—should it even be the command in caprice—of his lady. It assumes this, because its masters knew that the first and necessary impulse of every truly taught and knightly heart is this of blind service to its lady; that where that true faith and captivity are not, all wayward and wicked passions must be; and that in this rapturous obedience to the single love of his youth, is the sanctification of all man's strength, and the continuance of all his purposes. And this, not because such obedience would be safe, or honourable, were it ever rendered to the unworthy; but because it ought to be impossible for every noble youth—it is impossible for every one rightly trained—to love any one whose gentle counsel he cannot trust, or whose prayerful command he can hesitate to obey.

65. I do not insist by any farther argument on this, for I think it should commend itself at once to your knowl-

I do not insist by any farther argument on this, for I think it should commend itself at once to your knowledge of what has been and to your feelings of what should be. You cannot think that the buckling on of the knight's armour by his lady's hand was a mere caprice of romantic fashion. It is the type of an eternal truth—that the soul's armour is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it; and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honour of manhood fails. Know you not those lovely lines—I would they were learned by all youthful ladies of England:—

“ Ah, wasteful woman!—she who may
 On her sweet self set her own price,
 Knowing he cannot choose but pay—
 How has she cheapen'd Paradise!
 How given for nought her priceless gift,
 How spoiled the bread and spill'd the wine,
 Which, spent with due, respective thrift,
 Had made brutes men, and men divine!”*

66. Thus much, then, respecting the relations of lovers I

* Coventry Patmore. You cannot read him too often or too carefully; as far as I know he is the only living poet who always strengthens and purifies; the others sometimes darken, and nearly always depress and discourage, the imagination they deeply seize.

believe you will accept. But what we too often doubt is the fitness of the continuance of such a relation throughout the whole of human life. We think it right in the lover and mistress, not in the husband and wife. That is to say, we think that a reverent and tender duty is due to one whose affection we still doubt, and whose character we as yet do but partially and distantly discern; and that this reverence and duty are to be withdrawn, when the affection has become wholly and limitlessly our own, and the character has been so sifted and tried that we fear not to entrust it with the happiness of our lives. Do you not see how ignoble this is, as well as how unreasonable? Do you not feel that marriage,—when it is marriage at all,—is only the seal which marks the vowed transition of temporary into untiring service, and of fitful into eternal love?

67. But how, you will ask, is the idea of this guiding function of the woman reconcileable with a true wifely subjection? Simply in that it is a *guiding*, not a determining, function. Let me try to show you briefly how these powers seem to be rightly distinguishable.

We are foolish, and without excuse foolish, in speaking of the “superiority” of one sex to the other, as if they could be compared in similar things. Each has

what the other has not : each completes the other, and is completed by the other : they are in nothing alike, and the happiness and perfection of both depends on each asking and receiving from the other what the other only can give.

68. Now their separate characters are briefly these. The man's power is active, progressive, defensive. He is eminently the doer, the creator, the discoverer, the defender. His intellect is for speculation and invention ; his energy for adventure, for war, and for conquest, wherever war is just, wherever conquest necessary. But the woman's power is for rule, not for battle,—and her intellect is not for invention or creation, but for sweet ordering, arrangement and decision. She sees the qualities of things, their claims, and their places. Her great function is Praise : she enters into no contest, but infallibly judges the crown of contest. By her office, and place, she is protected from all danger and temptation. The man, in his rough work in open world, must encounter all peril and trial :—to him, therefore, must be the failure, the offence, the inevitable error : often he must be wounded, or subdued ; often misled ; and *always* hardened. But he guards the woman from all this ; within his house, as ruled by her, unless she herself has sought

it, need enter no danger, no temptation, no cause of error or offence. This is the true nature of home—it is the place of Peace ; the shelter, not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt, and division. In so far as it is not this, it is not home : so far as the anxieties of the outer life penetrate into it, and the inconsistently-minded, unknown, unloved, or hostile society of the outer world is allowed by either husband or wife to cross the threshold, it ceases to be home ; it is then only a part of that outer world which you have roofed over, and lighted fire in. But so far as it is a sacred place, a vestal temple, a temple of the hearth watched over by Household Gods, before whose faces none may come but those whom they can receive with love,—so far as it is this, and roof and fire are types only of a nobler shade and light,—shade as of the rock in a weary land, and light as of the Pharos in the stormy sea ;—so far it vindicates the name, and fulfils the praise, of home.

{And wherever a true wife comes, this home is always round her. The stars only may be over her head ; the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot : but home is yet wherever she is ; and for a noble woman it stretches far round her, better than

ceiled with cedar, or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far, for those who else were homeless.

69. This, then, I believe to be,—will you not admit it to be,—the woman's true place and power? But do not you see that to fulfil this, she must—as far as one can use such terms of a human creature—be incapable of error? So far as she rules, all must be right, or nothing is. She must be enduringly, incorruptibly good; instinctively, infallibly wise—wise, not for self-development, but for self-renunciation: wise, not that she may set herself above her husband, but that she may never fail from his side: wise, not with the narrowness of insolent and loveless pride, but with the passionate gentleness of an infinitely variable, because infinitely applicable, modesty of service—the true changefulness of woman. In that great sense—“*La donna è mobile,*” not “*Qual piúm' al vento;*” no, nor yet “*Variable as the shade, by the light quivering aspen made;*” but variable as the *light*, manifold in fair and serene division, that it may take the color of all that it falls upon, and exalt it.

70. II. I have been trying, thus far, to show you what should be the place, and what the power of woman. Now, secondly, we ask, What kind of education is to fit her for these?

And if you indeed think this a true conception of her office and dignity, it will not be difficult to trace the course of education which would fit her for the one, and raise her to the other.

The first of our duties to her—no thoughtful persons now doubt this,—is to secure for her such physical training and exercise as may confirm her health, and perfect her beauty, the highest refinement of that beauty being unattainable without splendor of activity and of delicate strength. To perfect her beauty, I say, and increase its power; it cannot be too powerful, nor shed its sacred light too far: only remember that all physical freedom is vain to produce beauty without a corresponding freedom of heart. There are two passages of that poet who is distinguished, it seems to me, from all others—not by power, but by exquisite *rightness*—which point you to the source, and describe to you, in a few syllables, the completion of womanly beauty. I will read the introductory stanzas, but the last is the one I wish you specially to notice:—

“ Three years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, ‘ A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown.

This child I to myself will take ;
 She shall be mine, and I will make
 A lady of my own.

‘ Myself will to my darling be
 Both law and impulse ; and with me
 The girl, in rock and plain,
 In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
 Shall feel an overseeing power
 To kindle, or restrain.

‘ The floating clouds their state shall lend
 To her ; for her the willow bend ;
 Nor shall she fail to see
 Even in the motions of the storm
 Grace that shall mould the maiden’s form
 By silent sympathy.

‘ And *vital feelings of delight*
 Shall rear her form to stately height,
 Her virgin bosom swell.
 Such *thoughts* to Lucy I will give,
 While she and I together live,
 Here in this happy dell.” *

“*Vital feelings of delight*,” observe. There are deadly feelings of delight ; but the natural ones are vital, necessary to very life.

* Observe, it is “ Nature ” who is speaking throughout, and who says,

“ While she and I together live.”

And they must be feelings of delight, if they are to be vital. Do not think you can make a girl lovely, if you do not make her happy. There is not one restraint you put on a good girl's nature—there is not one check you give to her instincts of affection or of effort—which will not be indelibly written on her features, with a hardness which is all the more painful because it takes away the brightness from the eyes of innocence, and the charm from the brow of virtue.

71. This for the means: now note the end. Take from the same poet, in two lines, a perfect description of womanly beauty—

“ A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet.”

The perfect loveliness of a woman's countenance can only consist in that majestic peace, which is founded in the memory of happy and useful years,—full of sweet records; and from the joining of this with that yet more majestic childishness, which is still full of change and promise;—opening always—modest at once, and bright, with hope of better things to be won, and to be bestowed. There is no old age where there is still that promise.

72. Thus, then, you have first to mould her physical frame, and then, as the strength she gains will permit you, to fill and temper her mind with all knowledge and thoughts which tend to confirm its natural instincts of justice, and refine its natural tact of love.

All such knowledge should be given her as may enable her to understand, and even to aid, the work of men : and yet it should be given, not as knowledge,— not as if it were, or could be, for her an object to know ; but only to feel, and to judge. It is of no moment, as a matter of pride or perfectness in herself, whether she knows many languages or one ; but it is of the utmost, that she should be able to show kindness to a stranger, and to understand the sweetness of a stranger's tongue. It is of no moment to her own worth or dignity that she should be acquainted with this science or that ; but it is of the highest that she should be trained in habits of accurate thought ; that she should understand the meaning, the inevitableness, and the loveliness of natural laws ; and follow at least some one path of scientific attainment, as far as to the threshold of that bitter Valley of Humiliation, into which only the wisest and bravest of men can descend, owning themselves forever children, gathering pebbles on a boundless shore. It is of little

consequence how many positions of cities she knows, or how many dates of events, or names of celebrated persons—it is not the object of education to turn a woman into a dictionary; but it is deeply necessary that she should be taught to enter with her whole personality into the history she reads; to picture the passages of it vitally in her own bright imagination; to apprehend, with her fine instincts, the pathetic circumstances and dramatic relations, which the historian too often only eclipses by his reasoning, and disconnects by his arrangement: it is for her to trace the hidden equities of divine reward, and catch sight, through the darkness, of the fateful threads of woven fire that connect error with its retribution. But, chiefly of all, she is to be taught to extend the limits of her sympathy with respect to that history which is being for her determined as the moments pass in which she draws her peaceful breath: and to the contemporary calamity, which, were it but rightly mourned by her, would recur no more hereafter. She is to exercise herself in imagining what would be the effects upon her mind and conduct, if she were daily brought into the presence of the suffering which is not the less real because shut from her sight. She is to be taught somewhat to understand

the nothingness of the proportion which that little world in which she lives and loves, bears to the world in which God lives and loves ;—and solemnly she is to be taught to strive that her thoughts of piety may not be feeble in proportion to the number they embrace, nor her prayer more languid than it is for the momentary relief from pain of her husband or her child, when it is uttered for the multitudes of those who have none to love them,—and is, “ for all who are desolate and oppressed.”

73. Thus far, I think, I have had your concurrence; perhaps you will not be with me in what I believe is most needful for me to say. There is one dangerous science for women—one which they must indeed beware how they profanely touch—that of theology. Strange, and miserably strange, that while they are modest enough to doubt their powers, and pause at the threshold of sciences where every step is demonstrable and sure, they will plunge headlong, and without one thought of incompetency, into that science in which the greatest men have trembled, and the wisest erred. Strange, that they will complacently and pridefully bind up whatever vice or folly there is in them, whatever arrogance, petulance, or blind incomprehensiveness, into one bitter bundle of consecrated myrrh. Strange, in creatures born to be

Love visible, that where they can know least, they will condemn first, and think to recommend themselves to their Master, by scrambling up the steps of His judgment throne, to divide it with Him. Strangest of all, that they should think they were led by the Spirit of the Comforter into habits of mind which have become in them the unmixed elements of home discomfort; and that they dare to turn the Household Gods of Christianity into ugly idols of their own;—spiritual dolls, for them to dress according to their caprice; and from which their husbands must turn away in grieved contempt, lest they should be shrieked at for breaking them.

74. I believe then, with this exception, that a girl's education should be nearly, in its course and material of study, the same as a boy's; but quite differently directed. A woman, in any rank of life, ought to know whatever her husband is likely to know, but to know it in a different way. His command of it should be foundational and progressive; hers, general and accomplished for daily and helpful use. Not but that it would often be wiser in men to learn things in a womanly sort of way, for present use, and to seek for the discipline and training of their mental powers in such branches of study as will

be afterwards fittest for social service ; but, speaking broadly, a man ought to know any language or science he learns, thoroughly—while a woman ought to know the same language, or science, only so far as may enable her to sympathise in her husband's pleasures, and in those of his best friends.

75. Yet, observe, with exquisite accuracy as far as she reaches. There is a wide difference between elementary knowledge and superficial knowledge—between a firm beginning, and an infirm attempt at compassing. A woman may always help her husband by what she knows, however little ; by what she half-knows, or mis-knows, she will only tease him.

And indeed, if there were to be any difference between a girl's education and a boy's, I should say that of the two the girl should be earlier led, as her intellect ripens faster, into deep and serious subjects : and that her range of literature should be, not more, but less frivolous ; calculated to add the qualities of patience and seriousness to her natural poignancy of thought and quickness of wit ; and also to keep her in a lofty and pure element of thought. I enter not now into any question of choice of books ; only let us be sure that her books are not heaped up in her lap as they fall out of

the package of the circulating library, wet with the last and lightest spray of the fountain of folly.

76. Or even of the fountain of wit ; for with respect to that sore temptation of novel-reading, it is not the badness of a novel that we should dread, so much as its overwrought interest. The weakest romance is not so stupefying as the lower forms of religious exciting literature, and the worst romance is not so corrupting as false history, false philosophy, or false political essays. But the best romance becomes dangerous, if, by its excitement, it renders the ordinary course of life uninteresting, and increases the morbid thirst for useless acquaintance with scenes in which we shall never be called upon to act.

77. I speak therefore of good novels only ; and our modern literature is particularly rich in types of such. Well read, indeed, these books have serious use, being nothing less than treatises on moral anatomy and chemistry ; studies of human nature in the elements of it. But I attach little weight to this function : they are hardly ever read with earnestness enough to permit them to fulfil it. The utmost they usually do is to enlarge somewhat the charity of a kind reader, or the bitterness of a malicious one ; for each will gather, from the novel,

food for her own disposition. Those who are naturally proud and envious will learn from Thackeray to despise humanity ; those who are naturally gentle, to pity it ; those who are naturally shallow, to laugh at it. So, also, there might be a serviceable power in novels to bring before us, in vividness, a human truth which we had before dimly conceived ; but the temptation to picturesqueness of statement is so great, that often the best writers of fiction cannot resist it ; and our views are rendered so violent and one-sided, that their vitality is rather a harm than good.

78. Without, however, venturing here on any attempt at decision how much novel-reading should be allowed, let me at least clearly assert this, that whether novels, or poetry, or history be read, they should be chosen, not for their freedom from evil, but for their possession of good. The chance and scattered evil that may here and there haunt, or hide itself in, a powerful book, never does any harm to a noble girl ; but the emptiness of an author oppresses her, and his amiable folly degrades her. And if she can have access to a good library of old and classical books, there need be no choosing at all. Keep the modern magazine and novel out of your girl's way : turn her loose into the old library every wet day, and let her

alone. She will find what is good for her ; you cannot : for there is just this difference between the making of a girl's character and a boy's—you may chisel a boy into shape, as you would a rock, or hammer him into it, if he be of a better kind, as you would a piece of bronze. But you cannot hammer a girl into anything. She grows as a flower does,—she will wither without sun ; she will decay in her sheath, as the narcissus will, if you do not give her air enough ; she may fall, and defile her head in dust, if you leave her without help at some moments of her life ; but you cannot fetter her ; she must take her own fair form and way, if she take any, and in mind as in body, must have always

“ Her household motions light and free
And steps of virgin liberty.”

Let her loose in the library, I say, as you do a fawn in a field. It knows the bad weeds twenty times better than you ; and the good ones too, and will eat some bitter and prickly ones, good for it, which you had not the slightest thought would have been so.

79. Then, in art, keep the finest models before her, and let her practice in all accomplishments be accurate and thorough, so as to enable her to understand more than

she accomplishes. I say the finest models—that is to say, the truest, simplest, usefulest. Note those epithets; they will range through all the arts. Try them in music, where you might think them the least applicable. I say the truest, that in which the notes most closely and faithfully express the meaning of the words, or the character of intended emotion; again, the simplest, that in which the meaning and melody are attained with the fewest and most significant notes possible; and, finally, the usefulest, that music which makes the best words most beautiful, which enchants them in our memories each with its own glory of sound, and which applies them closest to the heart at the moment we need them.

80. And not only in the material and in the course, but yet more earnestly in the spirit of it, let a girl's education be as serious as a boy's. You bring up your girls as if they were meant for sideboard ornament, and then complain of their frivolity. Give them the same advantages that you give their brothers—appeal to the same grand instincts of virtue in them; teach *them*, also, that courage and truth are the pillars of their being:—do you think that they would not answer that appeal, brave and true as they are even now, when you know that there is

hardly a girl's school in this Christian kingdom where the children's courage or sincerity would be thought of half so much importance as their way of coming in at a door ; and when the whole system of society, as respects the mode of establishing them in life, is one rotten plague of cowardice and imposture—cowardice, in not daring to let them live, or love, except as their neighbours choose ; and imposture, in bringing, for the purpose of our own pride, the full glow of the world's worst vanity upon a girl's eyes, at the very period when the whole happiness of her future existence depends upon her remaining undazzled ?

81. And give them, lastly, not only noble teachings, but noble teachers. You consider somewhat, before you send your boy to school, what kind of a man the master is ;—whatsoever kind of a man he is, you at least give him full authority over your son, and show some respect for him yourself ;—if he comes to dine with you, you do not put him at a side table : you know also that, at his college, your child's immediate tutor will be under the direction of some still higher tutor, for whom you have absolute reverence. You do not treat the Dean of Christ Church or the Master of Trinity as your inferiors.

But what teachers do you give your girls, and what

reverence do you show to the teachers you have chosen? Is a girl likely to think her own conduct, or her own intellect, of much importance, when you trust the entire formation of her character, moral and intellectual, to a person whom you let your servants treat with less respect than they do your housekeeper (as if the soul of your child were a less charge than jams and groceries), and whom you yourself think you confer an honour upon by letting her sometimes sit in the drawing-room in the evening?

82. Thus, then, of literature as her help, and thus of art. There is one more help which we cannot do without—one which, alone, has sometimes done more than all other influences besides,—the help of wild and fair nature. Hear this of the education of Joan of Arc:—

“The education of this poor girl was mean according to the present standard; was ineffably grand, according to a purer philosophic standard; and only not good for our age, because for us it would be unattainable. * * *

“Next after her spiritual advantages, she owed most to the advantages of her situation. The fountain of Domrémy was on the brink of a boundless forest; and it was haunted to that degree by fairies, that the parish priest (*curé*) was obliged to read mass there once a year, in order to keep them in any decent bounds. * * *

“But the forests of Domrémy—those were the glories of the land; for in them abode mysterious powers and ancient secrets that towered into tragic strength. ‘Abbeys there were, and abbey windows,’—‘like Moorish temples of the Hindoos,’ that exercised even princely power both in Touraine and in the German Diets. These had their sweet bells that pierced the forests for many a league at matins or vespers, and each its own dreamy legend. Few enough, and scattered enough, were these abbeys, so as in no degree to disturb the deep solitude of the region; yet many enough to spread a network or awning of Christian sanctity over what else might have seemed a heathen wilderness.” *

Now, you cannot, indeed, have here in England, woods eighteen miles deep to the centre; but you can, perhaps, keep a fairy or two for your children yet, if you wish to keep them. But *do* you wish it? Suppose you had each, at the back of your houses, a garden large enough for your children to play in, with just as much lawn as would give them room to run,—no more—and that you could not change your abode; but that, if you chose, you could double your income, or quadruple it, by digging a coal shaft in the middle of the lawn, and turning the flower-beds into heaps of coke. Would you do it?

* “Joan of Arc: in reference to M. Michelet’s History of France.” De Quincey’s Works. Vol. iii. p. 217.

I hope not. I can tell you, you would be wrong if you did, though it gave you income sixty-fold instead of four-fold.

83. Yet this is what you are doing with all England. The whole country is but a little garden, not more than enough for your children to run on the lawns of, if you would let them *all* run there. And this little garden you will turn into furnace-ground, and fill with heaps of cinders, if you can; and those children of yours, not you, will suffer for it. For the fairies will not be all banished; there are fairies of the furnace as of the wood, and their first gifts seem to be "sharp arrows of the mighty;" but their last gifts are "coals of juniper."

84. And yet I cannot—though there is no part of my subject that I feel more—press this upon you; for we made so little use of the power of nature while we had it that we shall hardly feel what we have lost. Just on the other side of the Mersey you have your Snowdon, and your Menai Straits, and that mighty granite rock beyond the moors of Anglesea, splendid in its heatherly crest, and foot planted in the deep sea, once thought of as sacred—a divine promontory, looking westward; the Holy Head or Headland, still not without awe when its red light glares first through storm. These are the hills,

and these the bays and blue inlets, which, among the Greeks, would have been always loved, always fateful in influence on the national mind. That Snowdon is your Parnassus; but where are its Muses? That Holyhead mountain is your Island of Ægina; but where is its Temple to Minerva?

85. Shall I read you what the Christian Minerva had achieved under the shadow of our Parnassus, up to the year 1848?—Here is a little account of a Welsh school, from page 261 of the report on Wales, published by the Committee of Council on Education. This is a school close to a town containing 5,000 persons:—

“I then called up a larger class, most of whom had recently come to the school. Three girls repeatedly declared they had never heard of Christ, and two that they had never heard of God. Two out of six thought Christ was on earth now (‘they might have had a worse thought, perhaps’); three knew nothing about the crucifixion. Four out of seven did not know the names of the months, nor the number of days in a year. They had no notion of addition beyond two and two, or three and three; their minds were perfect blanks.”

Oh, ye women of England! from the Princess of that Wales to the simplest of you, do not think your own

children can be brought into their true fold of rest while these are scattered on the hills, as sheep having no shepherd. And do not think your daughters can be trained to the truth of their own human beauty, while the pleasant places, which God made at once for their school-room and their play-ground, lie desolate and defiled. You cannot baptize them rightly in those inch-deep fountains of yours, unless you baptize them also in the sweet waters which the great Lawgiver strikes forth for ever from the rocks of your native land—waters which a Pagan would have worshipped in their purity, and you only worship with pollution. You cannot lead your children faithfully to those narrow axe-hewn church altars of yours, while the dark azure altars in heaven—the mountains that sustain your island throne,—mountains on which a Pagan would have seen the powers of heaven rest in every wreathed cloud—remain for you without inscription; altars built, not to, but by, an Unknown God.

86. III. Thus far, then, of the nature, thus far of the teaching, of woman, and thus of her household office, and queenliness. We come now to our last, our widest question,—What is her queenly office with respect to the state?

Generally we are under an impression that a man's duties are public, and a woman's private. But this is not altogether so. A man has a personal work or duty, relating to his own home, and a public work or duty, which is the expansion of the other, relating to the state. So a woman has a personal work and duty, relating to her own home, and a public work and duty, which is also the expansion of that.

Now the man's work for his own home is, as has been said, to secure its maintenance, progress, and defence; the woman's to secure its order, comfort, and loveliness.

Expand both these functions. The man's duty, as a member of a commonwealth, is to assist in the maintenance, in the advance, in the defence of the state. The woman's duty, as a member of the commonwealth, is to assist in the ordering, in the comforting, and in the beautiful adornment of the state.

What the man is at his own gate, defending it, if need be, against insult and spoil, that also, not in a less, but in a more devoted measure, he is to be at the gate of his country, leaving his home, if need be, even to the spoiler, to do his more incumbent work there.

And, in like manner, what the woman is to be within her gates, as the centre of order, the balm of distress,

and the mirror of beauty; that she is also to be without her gates, where order is more difficult, distress more imminent, loveliness more rare.

And as within the human heart there is always set an instinct for all its real duties,—an instinct which you cannot quench, but only warp and corrupt if you withdraw it from its true purpose;—as there is the intense instinct of love, which, rightly disciplined, maintains all the sanctities of life and, misdirected, undermines them; and *must* do either the one or the other;—so there is in the human heart an inextinguishable instinct, the love of power, which, rightly directed, maintains all the majesty of law and life, and misdirected, wrecks them.

87. Deep rooted in the innermost life of the heart of man, and of the heart of woman, God set it there, and God keeps it there. Vainly, as falsely, you blame or rebuke the desire of power!—For Heaven's sake, and for Man's sake, desire it all you can. But *what* power? That is all the question. Power to destroy? the lion's limb, and the dragon's breath? Not so. | Power to heal, to redeem, to guide, and to guard. Power of the sceptre and shield; the power of the royal hand that heals in touching,—that binds the fiend and looses the captive; the throne that is founded on the rock of Jus-

tice, and descended from only by steps of mercy. Will you not covet such power as this, and seek such throne as this, and be no more housewives, but queens ?\}

88. It is now long since the women of England arrogated, universally, a title which once belonged to nobility only, and, having once been in the habit of accepting the simple title of gentlewoman, as correspondent to that of gentleman, insisted on the privilege of assuming the title of "Lady,"* which properly corresponds only to the title of "Lord."

I do not blame them for this; but only for their narrow motive in this. I would have them desire and claim the title of Lady, provided they claim, not merely the title, but the office and duty signified by it. Lady means "bread-giver" or "loaf-giver," and Lord means "maintainer of laws," and both titles have reference, not to the law which is maintained in the house, nor to the bread which is given to the household; but to law

* I wish there were a true order of chivalry instituted for our English youth of certain ranks, in which both boy and girl should receive, at a given age, their knighthood and ladyhood by true title; attainable only by certain probation and trial both of character and accomplishment; and to be forfeited, on conviction, by their peers, of any dishonorable act. Such an institution would be entirely, and with all noble results, possible, in a nation which loved honour. That it would not be possible among us is not to the discredit of the scheme.

maintained for the multitude, and to bread broken among the multitude. So that a Lord has legal claim only to his title in so far as he is the maintainer of the justice of the Lord of Lords; and a Lady has legal claim to her title, only so far as she communicates that help to the poor representatives of her Master, which women once, ministering to Him of their substance, were permitted to extend to that Master Himself; and when she is known, as He Himself once was, in breaking of bread.

89. And this beneficent and legal dominion; this power of the Dominus, or House Lord, and of the Domina, or House-Lady, is great and venerable, not in the number of those through whom it has lineally descended, but in the number of those whom it grasps within its sway; it is always regarded with reverent worship wherever its dynasty is founded on its duty, and its ambition correlative with its beneficence. Your fancy is pleased with the thought of being noble ladies, with a train of vassals. Be it so: you cannot be too noble, and your train cannot be too great; but see to it that your train is of vassals whom you serve and feed, not merely of slaves who serve and feed *you*; and that the multitude which obeys you is of those whom you have comforted,

not oppressed,—whom you have redeemed, not led into captivity.

90. And this, which is true of the lower or household dominion, is equally true of the queenly dominion;—that highest dignity is open to you, if you will also accept that highest duty. Rex et Regina—Roi et Reine—“*Right-doers* ;” they differ but from the Lady and Lord, in that their power is supreme over the mind as over the person—that they not only feed and clothe, but direct and teach. And whether consciously or not, you must be, in many a heart, enthroned: there is no putting by that crown; queens you must always be; queens to your lovers; queens to your husbands and your sons; queens of higher mystery to the world beyond, which bows itself, and will for ever bow, before the myrtle crown, and the stainless sceptre, of womanhood. But, alas! you are too often idle and careless queens, grasping at majesty in the least things, while you abdicate it in the greatest; and leaving misrule and violence to work their will among men, in defiance of the power, which, holding straight in gift from the Prince of all Peace, the wicked among you betray, and the good forget.

91. “Prince of Peace.” Note that name. When kings

rule in that name, and nobles, and the judges of the earth, they also, in their narrow place, and mortal measure, receive the power of it. There are no other rulers than they: other rule than theirs is but *misrule*; they who govern verily "Dei gratiâ" are all princes, yes, or princesses, of peace. There is not a war in the world, no, nor an injustice, but you women are answerable for it; not in that you have provoked, but in that you have not hindered. Men, by their nature, are prone to fight; they will fight for any cause, or for none. It is for you to choose their cause for them, and to forbid them when there is no cause. There is no suffering, no injustice, no misery in the earth, but the guilt of it lies with you. Men can bear the sight of it, but you should not be able to bear it. Men may tread it down without sympathy in their own struggle; but men are feeble in sympathy, and contracted in hope; it is you only who can feel the depths of pain; and conceive the way of its healing. Instead of trying to do this, you turn away from it; you shut yourselves within your park walls and garden gates; and you are content to know that there is beyond them a whole world in wilderness—a world of secrets which you dare not penetrate; and of suffering which you dare not conceive.

92. I tell you that this is to me quite the most amazing among the phenomena of humanity. I am surprised at no depths to which, when once warped from its honour, that humanity can be degraded. I do not wonder at the miser's death, with his hands, as they relax, dropping gold. I do not wonder at the sensualist's life, with the shroud wrapped about his feet. I do not wonder at the single-handed murder of a single victim, done by the assassin in the darkness of the railway, or reed-shadow of the marsh. I do not even wonder at the myriad-handed murder of multitudes, done boastfully in the daylight, by the frenzy of nations, and the immeasurable, unimaginable guilt, heaped up from hell to heaven, of their priests, and kings. But this is wonderful to me—oh, how wonderful!—to see the tender and delicate woman among you, with her child at her breast, and a power, if she would wield it, over it, and over its father, purer than the air of heaven, and stronger than the seas of earth—nay, a magnitude of blessing which her husband would not part with for all that earth itself, though it were made of one entire and perfect chrysolite :—to see her abdicate this majesty to play at precedence with her next-door neighbor! This is wonderful—oh, wonderful!—to see her, with every

innocent feeling fresh within her, go out in the morning into her garden to play with the fringes of its guarded flowers, and lift their heads when they are drooping, with her happy smile upon her face, and no cloud upon her brow, because there is a little wall around her place of peace : and yet she knows, in her heart, if she would only look for its knowledge, that, outside of that little rose-covered wall, the wild grass, to the horizon, is torn up by the agony of men, and beat level by the drift of their life-blood.

93. Have you ever considered what a deep under meaning there lies, or at least may be read, if we choose, in our custom of strewing flowers before those whom we think most happy? Do you suppose it is merely to deceive them into the hope that happiness is always to fall thus in showers at their feet?—that wherever they pass they will tread on herbs of sweet scent, and that the rough ground will be made smooth for them by depth of roses? So surely as they believe that, they will have, instead, to walk on bitter herbs and thorns; and the only softness to their feet will be of snow. But it is not thus intended they should believe; there is a better meaning in that old custom. The path of a good woman is indeed strewn with flowers: but they rise be-

hind her steps, not before them. "Her feet have touched the meadows, and left the daisies rosy."

94. You think that only a lover's fancy;—false and vain! How if it could be true? You think this also, perhaps, only a poet's fancy—

"Even the light harebell raised its head
Elastic from her airy tread."

But it is little to say of a woman, that she only does not destroy where she passes. She should revive; the harebells should bloom, not stoop, as she passes. You think I am rushing into wild hyperbole? Pardon me, not a whit—I mean what I say in calm English, spoken in resolute truth. You have heard it said—(and I believe there is more than fancy even in that saying, but let it pass for a fanciful one)—that flowers only flourish rightly in the garden of some one who loves them. I know you would like that to be true; you would think it a pleasant magic if you could flush your flowers into brighter bloom by a kind look upon them: nay, more, if your look had the power, not only to cheer, but to guard them;—if you could bid the black blight turn away, and the knotted caterpillar spare—if you could

bid the dew fall upon them in the drought, and say to the south wind, in frost—"Come, thou south, and breathe upon my garden, that the spices of it may flow out." This you would think a great thing? And do you think it not a greater thing, that all this (and how much more than this!) you *can* do, for fairer flowers than these—flowers that could bless you for having blessed them, and will love you for having loved them;—flowers that have thoughts like yours, and lives like yours; which, once saved, you save for ever? Is this only a little power? Far among the moorlands and the rocks,—far in the darkness of the terrible streets,—these feeble florets are lying, with all their fresh leaves torn, and their stems broken—will you never go down to them, nor set them in order in their little fragrant beds, nor fence them in their trembling from the fierce wind? Shall morning follow morning, for you, but not for them; and the dawn rise to watch, far away, those frantic Dances of Death;* but no dawn rise to breathe upon these living banks of wild violet, and woodbine, and rose; nor call to you, through your casement,—call (not giving you the name of the English poet's lady, but the name of Dante's great Ma-

* See note, p. 57.

tilda, who on the edge of happy Lethe, stood, wreathing flowers with flowers,) saying :—

“ Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad
And the musk of the roses blown ? ”

Will you not go down among them?—among those sweet living things, whose new courage, sprung from the earth with the deep colour of heaven upon it, is starting up in strength of goodly spire ; and whose purity, washed from the dust, is opening, bud by bud, into the flower of promise ;—and still they turn to you, and for you, “ The Larkspur listens—I hear, I hear ! And the Lily whispers—I wait.”

95. Did you notice that I missed two lines when I read you that first stanza ; and think that I had forgotten them ? Hear them now :—

“ Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown.
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate, alone.”

Who is it, think you, who stands at the gate of this sweeter garden, alone, waiting for you ? Did you ever

hear, not of a Maude, but a Madeleine, who went down to her garden in the dawn, and found one waiting at the gate, whom she supposed to be the gardener? Have you not sought Him often;—sought Him in vain, all through the night;—sought Him in vain at the gate of that old garden where the fiery sword is set? He is never there; but at the gate of *this* garden He is waiting always—waiting to take your hand—ready to go down to see the fruits of the valley, to see whether the vine has flourished, and the pomegranate budded. There you shall see with Him the little tendrils of the vines that His hand is guiding—there you shall see the pomegranate springing where His hand cast the sanguine seed;—more: you shall see the troops of the angel keepers, that, with their wings, wave away the hungry birds from the pathsides where He has sown, and call to each other between the vineyard rows, “Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes.” Oh—you queens—you queens; among the hills and happy greenwood of this land of yours, shall the foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; and in your cities, shall the stones cry out against you, that they are the only pillows where the Son of Man can lay His head?

LECTURE III.

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE AND ITS ARTS.

Lecture delivered in the theatre of the Royal College of Science,
Dublin, 1868.

96. WHEN I accepted the privilege of addressing you to-day, I was not aware of a restriction with respect to the topics of discussion which may be brought before this Society*—a restriction which, though entirely wise and right under the circumstances contemplated in its introduction, would necessarily have disabled me, thinking as I think, from preparing any lecture for you on the subject of art in a form which might be permanently useful. Pardon me, therefore, in so far as I must transgress such limitation; for indeed my infringement will be of the letter—not of the spirit—of your commands. In whatever I may say touching the religion which has been the foundation of art, or the policy which has contributed to its power, if I offend one, I shall offend all; for I shall take no note of any separations in creeds, or antagonisms in parties: neither do I

* That no reference should be made to religious questions.

fear that ultimately I shall offend any, by proving—or at least stating as capable of positive proof—the connection of all that is best in the crafts and arts of man, with the simplicity of his faith, and the sincerity of his patriotism.

97. But I speak to you under another disadvantage, by which I am checked in frankness of utterance, not here only, but everywhere; namely, that I am never fully aware how far my audiences are disposed to give me credit for real knowledge of my subject, or how far they grant me attention only because I have been sometimes thought an ingenious or pleasant essayist upon it. For I have had what, in many respects, I boldly call the misfortune, to set my words sometimes prettily together; not without a foolish vanity in the poor knack that I had of doing so; until I was heavily punished for this pride, by finding that many people thought of the words only, and cared nothing for their meaning. Happily, therefore, the power of using such pleasant language—if indeed it ever were mine—is passing away from me; and whatever I am now able to say at all, I find myself forced to say with great plainness. For my thoughts have changed also, as my words have; and whereas in earlier life, what little influence I obtained

was due perhaps chiefly to the enthusiasm with which I was able to dwell on the beauty of the physical clouds, and of their colours in the sky; so all the influence I now desire to retain must be due to the earnestness with which I am endeavouring to trace the form and beauty of another kind of cloud than those; the bright cloud, of which it is written—

“What is your life? It is even as a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.”

98. I suppose few people reach the middle or latter period of their age, without having, at some moment of change or disappointment, felt the truth of those bitter words; and been startled by the fading of the sunshine from the cloud of their life, into the sudden agony of the knowledge that the fabric of it was as fragile as a dream, and the endurance of it as transient as the dew. But it is not always that, even at such times of melancholy surprise, we can enter into any true perception that this human life shares, in the nature of it, not only the evanescence, but the mystery of the cloud; that its avenues are wreathed in darkness, and its forms and courses no less fantastic, than spectral and obscure; so that not only in the vanity which we cannot grasp, but in the shadow which we cannot pierce, it is true of this

cloudy life of ours, that "man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain."

99. And least of all, whatever may have been the eagerness of our passions, or the height of our pride, are we able to understand in its depth the third and most solemn character in which our life is like those clouds of heaven; that to it belongs not only their transience, not only their mystery, but also their power; that in the cloud of the human soul there is a fire stronger than the lightning, and a grace more precious than the rain; and that though of the good and evil it shall one day be said alike, that the place that knew them knows them no more, there is an infinite separation between those whose brief presence had there been a blessing, like the mist of Eden that went up from the earth to water the garden, and those whose place knew them only as a drifting and changeful shade, of whom the heavenly sentence is, that they are "wells without water; clouds that are carried with a tempest, to whom the mist of darkness is reserved for ever?"

100. To those among us, however, who have lived long enough to form some just estimate of the rate of the changes which are, hour by hour in accelerating catastrophe, manifesting themselves in the laws, the

arts, and the creeds of men, it seems to me, that now at least, if never at any former time, the thoughts of the true nature of our life, and of its powers and responsibilities, should present themselves with absolute sadness and sternness.

And although I know that this feeling is much deepened in my own mind by disappointment, which, by chance, has attended the greater number of my cherished purposes, I do not for that reason distrust the feeling itself, though I am on my guard against an exaggerated degree of it: nay, I rather believe that in periods of new effort and violent change, disappointment is a wholesome medicine; and that in the secret of it, as in the twilight so beloved by Titian, we may see the colours of things with deeper truth than in the most dazzling sunshine. And because these truths about the works of men, which I want to bring to-day before you, are most of them sad ones, though at the same time helpful; and because also I believe that your kind Irish hearts will answer more gladly to the truthful expression of a personal feeling, than to the exposition of an abstract principle, I will permit myself so much unreserved speaking of my own causes of regret, as may enable you to make just allowance for what, according

to your sympathies, you will call either the bitterness, or the insight, of a mind which has surrendered its best hopes, and been foiled in its favourite aims.

101. I spent the ten strongest years of my life, (from twenty to thirty,) in endeavouring to show the excellence of the work of the man whom I believed, and rightly believed, to be the greatest painter of the schools of England since Reynolds. I had then perfect faith in the power of every great truth or beauty to prevail ultimately, and take its right place in usefulness and honour; and I strove to bring the painter's work into this due place, while the painter was yet alive. But he knew, better than I, the uselessness of talking about what people could not see for themselves. He always discouraged me scornfully, even when he thanked me—and he died before even the superficial effect of my work was visible. I went on, however, thinking I could at least be of use to the public, if not to him, in proving his power. My books got talked about a little. The prices of modern pictures, generally, rose, and I was beginning to take some pleasure in a sense of gradual victory, when, fortunately or unfortunately, an opportunity of perfect trial undeceived me at once, and for ever. The Trustees of the National Gallery commis-

sioned me to arrange the Turner drawings there, and permitted me to prepare three hundred examples of his studies from nature, for exhibition at Kensington. At Kensington they were and are, placed for exhibition; but they are not exhibited, for the room in which they hang is always empty.

102. Well—this showed me at once, that those ten years of my life had been, in their chief purpose, lost. For that, I did not so much care; I had, at least, learned my own business thoroughly, and should be able, as I fondly supposed, after such a lesson, now to use my knowledge with better effect. But what I did care for, was the—to me frightful—discovery, that the most splendid genius in the arts might be permitted by Providence to labour and perish uselessly; that in the very fineness of it there might be something rendering it invisible to ordinary eyes; but, that with this strange excellence, faults might be mingled which would be as deadly as its virtues were vain; that the glory of it was perishable, as well as invisible, and the gift and grace of it might be to us, as snow in summer, and as rain in harvest.

103. That was the first mystery of life to me. But, while my best energy was given to the study of painting,

I had put collateral effort, more prudent, if less enthusiastic, into that of architecture; and in this I could not complain of meeting with no sympathy. Among several personal reasons which caused me to desire that I might give this, my closing lecture on the subject of art here, in Ireland, one of the chief was, that in reading it, I should stand near the beautiful building,—the engineers' school of your college,—which was the first realization I had the joy to see, of the principles I had, until then, been endeavouring to teach; but which alas, is now, to me, no more than the richly canopied monument of one of the most earnest souls that ever gave itself to the arts, and one of my truest and most loving friends, Benjamin Woodward. Nor was it here in Ireland only that I received the help of Irish sympathy and genius. When, to another friend, Sir Thomas Deane, with Mr. Woodward, was entrusted the building of the museum at Oxford, the best details of the work were executed by sculptors who had been born and trained here; and the first window of the façade of the building, in which was inaugurated the study of natural science in England, in true fellowship with literature, was carved from my design by an Irish sculptor.

104. You may perhaps think that no man ought to

speaking of disappointment, to whom, even in one branch of labour, so much success was granted. Had Mr. Woodward now been beside me, I had not so spoken; but his gentle and passionate spirit was cut off from the fulfilment of its purposes, and the work we did together is now become vain. It may not be so in future; but the architecture we endeavoured to introduce is inconsistent alike with the reckless luxury, the deforming mechanism, and the squalid misery of modern cities; among the formative fashions of the day, aided, especially in England, by ecclesiastical sentiment, it indeed obtained notoriety; and sometimes behind an engine furnace, or a railroad bank, you may detect the pathetic discord of its momentary grace, and, with toil, decipher its floral carvings choked with soot. I felt answerable to the schools I loved, only for their injury. I perceived that this new portion of my strength had also been spent in vain; and from amidst streets of iron, and palaces of crystal, shrank back at last to the carving of the mountain and colour of the flower.

105. And still I could tell of failure, and failure repeated as years went on; but I have trespassed enough on your patience to show you, in part, the causes of my discouragement. Now let me more deliberately tell you

its results. You know there is a tendency in the minds of many men, when they are heavily disappointed in the main purposes of their life, to feel, and perhaps in warning, perhaps in mockery, to declare, that life itself is a vanity. Because it has disappointed them, they think its nature is of disappointment always, or at best, of pleasure that can be grasped by imagination only; that the cloud of it has no strength nor fire within; but is a painted cloud only, to be delighted in, yet despised. You know how beautifully Pope has expressed this particular phase of thought:—

“ Meanwhile opinion gilds, with varying rays,
 These painted clouds that beautify our days;
 Each want of happiness by hope supplied,
 And each vacuity of sense, by pride.

Hope builds as fast as Knowledge can destroy;
 In Folly's cup, still laughs the bubble joy.
 One pleasure past, another still we gain,
 And not a vanity is given in vain.”

But the effect of failure upon my own mind has been just the reverse of this. The more that my life disappointed me, the more solemn and wonderful it became to me. It seemed, contrarily to Pope's saying, that the

vanity of it *was* indeed given in vain ; but that there was something behind the veil of it, which was not vanity. It became to me not a painted cloud, but a terrible and impenetrable one : not a mirage, which vanished as I drew near, but a pillar of darkness, to which I was forbidden to draw near. For I saw that both my own failure, and such success in petty things as in its poor triumph seemed to me worse than failure, came from the want of sufficiently earnest effort to understand the whole law and meaning of existence, and to bring it to noble and due end ; as, on the other hand, I saw more and more clearly that all enduring success in the arts, or in any other occupation, had come from the ruling of lower purposes, not by a conviction of their nothingness, but by a solemn faith in the advancing power of human nature, or in the promise, however dimly apprehended, that the mortal part of it would one day be swallowed up in immortality ; and that, indeed, the arts themselves never had reached any vital strength or honour but in the effort to proclaim this immortality, and in the service either of great and just religion, or of some unselfish patriotism, and law of such national life as must be the foundation of religion.

106. Nothing that I have ever said is more true or

necessary—nothing has been more misunderstood or misapplied—than my strong assertion, that the arts can never be right themselves, unless their motive is right. It is misunderstood this way : weak painters, who have never learned their business, and cannot lay a true line, continually come to me, crying out—“Look at this picture of mine ; it *must* be good, I had such a lovely motive. I have put my whole heart into it, and taken years to think over its treatment.” Well, the only answer for these people is—if one had the cruelty to make it—“Sir, you cannot think over *anything* in any number of years,—you haven’t the head to do it ; and though you had fine motives, strong enough to make you burn yourself in a slow fire, if only first you could paint a picture, you can’t paint one, nor half an inch of one ; you haven’t the hand to do it.”

But, far more decisively we have to say to the men who *do* know their business, or may know it if they choose—“Sir, you have this gift and a mighty one ; see that you serve your nation faithfully with it. It is a greater trust than ships and armies : you might cast *them* away, if you were their captain, with less treason to your people than in casting your own glorious power away, and serving the devil with it instead of men.

Ships and armies you may replace if they are lost, but a great intellect, once abused is a curse to the earth for ever."

107. This, then, I meant by saying that the arts must have noble motive. This also I said respecting them, that they never had prospered, nor could prosper, but when they had such true purpose, and were devoted to the proclamation of divine truth or law. And yet I saw also that they had always failed in this proclamation—that poetry, and sculpture, and painting, though only great when they strove to teach us something about the gods, never had taught us anything trustworthy about the gods, but had always betrayed their trust in the crisis of it, and, with their powers at the full reach, became ministers to pride and to lust. And I felt also, with increasing amazement, the unconquerable apathy in ourselves the hearers, no less than in these the teachers; and that, while the wisdom and rightness of every act and art of life could only be consistent with a right understanding of the ends of life, we were all plunged as in a languid dream—our heart fat, and our eyes heavy, and our ears closed, lest the inspiration of hand or voice should reach us—lest we should see with our eyes, and understand with our hearts, and be healed.

108. This intense apathy in all of us is the first great mystery of life ; it stands in the way of every perception, every virtue. There is no making ourselves feel enough astonishment at it. That the occupations or pastimes of life should have no motive, is understandable ; but—That life itself should have no motive—that we neither care to find out what it may lead to, nor to guard against its being for ever taken away from us—here is a mystery indeed. For, just suppose I were able to call at this moment to any one in this audience by name, and to tell him positively that I knew a large estate had been lately left to him on some curious conditions ; but that, though I knew it was large, I did not know how large, nor even where it was—whether in the East Indies or the West, or in England, or at the Antipodes. I only knew it was a vast estate, and that there was a chance of his losing it altogether if he did not soon find out on what terms it had been left to him. Suppose I were able to say this positively to any single man in this audience, and he knew that I did not speak without warrant, do you think that he would rest content with that vague knowledge, if it were anywise possible to obtain more ? Would he not give every energy to find some trace of the facts, and never rest till he had

ascertained where this place was, and what it was like? And suppose he were a young man, and all he could discover by his best endeavour was, that the estate was never to be his at all, unless he persevered, during certain years of probation, in an orderly and industrious life; but that, according to the rightness of his conduct, the portion of the estate assigned to him would be greater or less, so that it literally depended on his behaviour from day to day whether he got ten thousand a year, or thirty thousand a year, or nothing whatever—would you not think it strange if the youth never troubled himself to satisfy the conditions in any way, nor even to know what was required of him, but lived exactly as he chose, and never inquired whether his chances of the estate were increasing or passing away? Well, you know that this is actually and literally so with the greater number of the educated persons now living in Christian countries. Nearly every man and woman, in any company such as this, outwardly professes to believe—and a large number unquestionably think they believe—much more than this; not only that a quite unlimited estate is in prospect for them if they please the Holder of it, but that the infinite contrary of such a possession—an estate of perpetual misery, is in

store for them if they displease this great Land-Holder, this great Heaven-Holder. And yet there is not one in a thousand of these human souls that cares to think, for ten minutes of the day, where this estate is, or how beautiful it is, or what kind of life they are to lead in it, or what kind of life they must lead to obtain it.

109. You fancy that you care to know this: so little do you care that, probably, at this moment many of you are displeased with me for talking of the matter! You came to hear about the Art of this world, not about the Life of the next, and you are provoked with me for talking of what you can hear any Sunday in church. But do not be afraid. I will tell you something before you go about pictures, and carvings, and pottery, and what else you would like better to hear of than the other world. Nay, perhaps you say, "We want you to talk of pictures and pottery, because we are sure that you know something of them, and you know nothing of the other world." Well—I don't. That is quite true. But the very strangeness and mystery of which I urge you to take notice is in this—that I do not;—nor you either. Can you answer a single bold question unflinchingly about that other world—Are you sure there is a heaven? Sure there is a hell? Sure that men are dropping be-

fore your faces through the pavements of these streets into eternal fire, or sure that they are not? Sure that at your own death you are going to be delivered from all sorrow, to be endowed with all virtue, to be gifted with all felicity, and raised into perpetual companionship with a King, compared to whom the kings of the earth are as grasshoppers, and the nations as the dust of His feet? Are you sure of this? or, if not sure, do any of us so much as care to make it sure? and, if not, how can anything that we do be right—how can anything we think be wise; what honor can there be in the arts that amuse us, or what profit in the possessions that please?

Is not this a mystery of life?

110. But farther, you may, perhaps, think it a beneficent ordinance for the generality of men that they do not, with earnestness or anxiety, dwell on such questions of the future; because the business of the day could not be done if this kind of thought were taken by all of us for the morrow. Be it so: but at least we might anticipate that the greatest and wisest of us, who were evidently the appointed teachers of the rest, would set themselves apart to seek out whatever could be surely known of the future destinies of their race; and to teach this in no

rhetorical or ambiguous manner, but in the plainest and most severely earnest words.

Now, the highest representatives of men who have thus endeavoured, during the Christian era, to search out these deep things, and relate them, are Dante and Milton. There are none who for earnestness of thought, for mastery of word, can be classed with these. I am not at present, mind you, speaking of persons set apart in any priestly or pastoral office, to deliver creeds to us, or doctrines; but of men who try to discover and set forth, as far as by human intellect is possible, the facts of the other world. Divines may perhaps teach us how to arrive there, but only these two poets have in any powerful manner striven to discover, or in any definite words professed to tell, what we shall see and become there: or how those upper and nether worlds are, and have been, inhabited.

111. And what have they told us? Milton's account of the most important event in his whole system of the universe, the fall of the angels, is evidently unbelievable to himself; and the more so, that it is wholly founded on, and in a great part spoiled and degraded from, Hesiod's account of the decisive war of the younger gods with the Titans. The rest of his poem is a

picturesque drama, in which every artifice of invention is visibly and consciously employed; not a single fact being, for an instant, conceived as tenable by any living faith. Dante's conception is far more intense, and, by himself, for the time, not to be escaped from; it is indeed a vision, but a vision only, and that one of the wildest that ever entranced a soul—a dream in which every grotesque type or phantasy of heathen tradition is renewed, and adorned; and the destinies of the Christian Church, under their most sacred symbols, become literally subordinate to the praise, and are only to be understood by the aid, of one dear Florentine maiden.

112. I tell you truly that, as I strive more with this strange lethargy and trance in myself, and awake to the meaning and power of life, it seems daily more amazing to me that men such as these should dare to play with the most precious truths (or the most deadly untruths), by which the whole human race listening to them could be informed, or deceived;—all the world their audiences for ever, with pleased ear, and passionate heart;—and yet, to this submissive infinitude of souls, and evermore succeeding and succeeding multitude, hungry for bread of life, they do but play upon sweetly modulated pipes; with pompous nomenclature adorn

the councils of hell ; touch a troubadour's guitar to the courses of the suns ; and fill the openings of eternity, before which prophets have veiled their faces, and which angels desire to look into, with idle puppets of their scholastic imagination, and melancholy lights of frantic faith in their lost mortal love.

Is not this a mystery of life ?

113. But more. We have to remember that these two great teachers were both of them warped in their temper, and thwarted in their search for truth. They were men of intellectual war, unable, through darkness of controversy, or stress of personal grief, to discern where their own ambition modified their utterances of the moral law ; or their own agony mingled with their anger at its violation. But greater men than these have been—innocent-hearted—too great for contest. Men, like Homer and Shakespeare, of so unrecognized personality, that it disappears in future ages, and becomes ghostly, like the tradition of a lost heathen god. Men, therefore, to whose unoffended, uncondemning sight, the whole of human nature reveals itself in a pathetic weakness, with which they will not strive ; or in mournful and transitory strength, which they dare not praise. And all Pagan and Christian civilization thus becomes subject to them.

It does not matter how little, or how much, any of us have read, either of Homer or Shakespeare : everything round us, in substance, or in thought, has been moulded by them. All Greek gentlemen were educated under Homer. All Roman gentlemen, by Greek literature. All Italian, and French, and English gentlemen, by Roman literature, and by its principles. Of the scope of Shakespeare, I will say only, that the intellectual measure of every man since born, in the domains of creative thought, may be assigned to him, according to the degree in which he has been taught by Shakespeare. Well, what do these two men, centres of moral intelligence, deliver to us of conviction respecting what it most behoves that intelligence to grasp ? What is their hope ; their crown of rejoicing ? what manner of exhortation have they for us, or of rebuke ? what lies next their own hearts, and dictates their undying words ? Have they any peace to promise to our unrest—any redemption to our misery ?

114. Take Homer first, and think if there is any sadder image of human fate than the great Homeric story. The main features in the character of Achilles are its intense desire of justice, and its tenderness of affection. And in that bitter song of the Iliad, this man, though

aided continually by the wisest of the gods, and burning with the desire of justice in his heart, becomes yet, through ill-governed passion, the most unjust of men: and, full of the deepest tenderness in his heart, becomes yet, through ill-governed passion, the most cruel of men. Intense alike in love and in friendship, he loses, first his mistress, and then his friend; for the sake of the one, he surrenders to death the armies of his own land; for the sake of the other, he surrenders all. Will a man lay down his life for his friend? Yea—even for his *dead* friend, this Achilles, though goddess-born, and goddess-taught, gives up his kingdom, his country, and his life—casts alike the innocent and guilty, with himself, into one gulf of slaughter, and dies at last by the hand of the basest of his adversaries. Is not this a mystery of life?

115. But what, then, is the message to us of our own poet, and searcher of hearts, after fifteen hundred years of Christian faith have been numbered over the graves of men? Are his words more cheerful than the heathen's—is his hope more near—his trust more sure—his reading of fate more happy? Ah, no! He differs from the Heathen poet chiefly in this—that he recognizes, for deliverance, no gods nigh at hand; and that, by petty chance—by momentary folly—by broken message—by

fool's tyranny—or traitor's snare, the strongest and most righteous are brought to their ruin, and perish without word of hope. He indeed, as part of his rendering of character, ascribes the power and modesty of habitual devotion, to the gentle and the just. The death-bed of Katharine is bright with vision of angels; and the great soldier-king, standing by his few dead, acknowledges the presence of the hand that can save alike by many or by few. But observe that from those who with deepest spirit, meditate, and with deepest passion, mourn, there are no such words as these; nor in their hearts are any such consolations. Instead of the perpetual sense of the helpful presence of the Deity, which, through all heathen tradition, is the source of heroic strength, in battle, in exile, and in the valley of the shadow of death, we find only in the great Christian poet, the consciousness of a moral law, through which “the gods are just, and of our pleasant vices make instruments to scourge us;” and of the resolved arbitration of the destinies, that conclude into precision of doom what we feebly and blindly began; and force us, when our indiscretion serves us, and our deepest plots do pall, to the confession, that “there's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will.”

Is not this a mystery of life?

116. Be it so then. About this human life that is to be, or that is, the wise religious men tell us nothing that we can trust; and the wise contemplative men, nothing that can give us peace. But there is yet a third class, to whom we may turn—the wise practical men. We have sat at the feet of the poets who sang of heaven, and they have told us their dreams. We have listened to the poets who sang of earth, and they have chanted to us dirges, and words of despair. But there is one class of men more:—men, not capable of vision, nor sensitive to sorrow, but firm of purpose—practised in business: learned in all that can be, (by handling,—) known. Men whose hearts and hopes are wholly in this present world, from whom, therefore, we may surely learn, at least, how, at present, conveniently to live in it. What will *they* say to us, or show us by example? These kings—these councillors—these statesmen and builders of kingdoms—these capitalists and men of business, who weigh the earth, and the dust of it, in a balance. They know the world, surely; and what is the mystery of life to us, is none to them. They can surely show us how to live, while we live, and to gather out of the present world what is best.

117. I think I can best tell you their answer, by telling you a dream I had once. For though I am no poet, I have dreams sometimes :—I dreamed I was at a child's May-day party, in which every means of entertainment had been provided for them, by a wise and kind host. It was in a stately house, with beautiful gardens attached to it ; and the children had been set free in the rooms and gardens, with no care whatever but how to pass their afternoon rejoicingly. They did not, indeed, know much about what was to happen next day ; and some of them, I thought, were a little frightened, because there was a chance of their being sent to a new school where there were examinations ; but they kept the thoughts of that out of their heads as well as they could, and resolved to enjoy themselves. The house, I said, was in a beautiful garden, and in the garden were all kinds of flowers ; sweet grassy banks for rest ; and smooth lawns for play ; and pleasant streams and woods ; and rocky places for climbing. And the children were happy for a little while, but presently they separated themselves into parties ; and then each party declared, it would have a piece of the garden for its own, and that none of the others should have anything to do with that piece. Next, they quarrelled vio-

lently, which pieces they would have ; and at last the boys took up the thing, as boys should do, "practically," and fought in the flower-beds till there was hardly a flower left standing ; then they trampled down each other's bits of the garden out of spite ; and the girls cried till they could cry no more ; and so they all lay down at last breathless in the ruin, and waited for the time when they were to be taken home in the evening.*

118. Meanwhile, the children in the house had been making themselves happy also in their manner. For them, there had been provided every kind of in-doors pleasure : there was music for them to dance to ; and the library was open, with all manner of amusing books ; and there was a museum, full of the most curious shells, and animals, and birds ; and there was a workshop, with lathes and carpenter's tools, for the ingenious boys ; and there were pretty fantastic dresses, for the girls to dress in ; and there were microscopes, and kaleidoscopes ; and whatever toys a child could fancy ; and a table, in the dining-room, loaded with everything nice to eat.

* I have sometimes been asked what this means. I intended it to set forth the wisdom of men in war contending for kingdoms, and what follows to set forth their wisdom in peace, contending for wealth.

But, in the midst of all this, it struck two or three of the more "practical" children, that they would like some of the brass-headed nails that studded the chairs; and so they set to work to pull them out. Presently, the others, who were reading, or looking at shells, took a fancy to do the like; and, in a little while, all the children, nearly, were spraining their fingers, in pulling out brass-headed nails. With all that they could pull out, they were not satisfied; and then, everybody wanted some of somebody else's. And at last the really practical and sensible ones declared, that nothing was of any real consequence, that afternoon, except to get plenty of brass-headed nails; and that the books, and the cakes, and the microscopes were of no use at all in themselves, but only, if they could be exchanged for nail-heads. And, at last, they began to fight for nail-heads, as the others fought for the bits of garden. Only here and there, a despised one shrank away into a corner, and tried to get a little quiet with a book, in the midst of the noise; but all the practical ones thought of nothing else but counting nail-heads all the afternoon—even though they knew they would not be allowed to carry so much as one brass knob away with them. But no—it was—"who has most nails? I have a hundred, and

you have fifty; or, I have a thousand and you have two. I must have as many as you before I leave the house, or I cannot possibly go home in peace." At last, they made so much noise that I awoke, and thought to myself, "What a false dream that is, of *children*." The child is the father of the man; and wiser. Children never do such foolish things. Only men do.

119. But there is yet one last class of persons to be interrogated. The wise religious men we have asked in vain; the wise contemplative men, in vain; the wise worldly men, in vain. But there is another group yet. In the midst of this vanity of empty religion—of tragic contemplation—of wrathful and wretched ambition, and dispute for dust, there is yet one great group of persons, by whom all these disputers live—the persons who have determined, or have had it by a beneficent Providence determined for them, that they will do something useful; that whatever may be prepared for them hereafter, or happen to them here, they will, at least, deserve the food that God gives them by winning it honourably; and that, however fallen from the purity, or far from the peace, of Eden, they will carry out the duty of human dominion, though they have lost its felicity; and

dress and keep the wilderness, though they no more can dress or keep the garden.

These,—hewers of wood, and drawers of water—these bent under burdens, or torn of scourges—these, that dig and weave—that plant and build; workers in wood, and in marble, and in iron—by whom all food, clothing, habitation, furniture, and means of delight are produced, for themselves, and for all men beside; men, whose deeds are good, though their words may be few; men, whose lives are serviceable, be they never so short, and worthy of honour, be they never so humble;—from these, surely at least, we may receive some clear message of teaching: and pierce, for an instant, into the mystery of life, and of its arts.

120. Yes; from these, at last, we do receive a lesson. But I grieve to say, or rather—for that is the deeper truth of the matter—I rejoice to say—this message of theirs can only be received by joining them—not by thinking about them.

You sent for me to talk to you of art; and I have obeyed you in coming. But the main thing I have to tell you is,—that art must not be talked about. The fact that there is talk about it at all, signifies that it is ill done, or cannot be done. No true painter ever speaks,

or ever has spoken, much of his art. The greatest speak nothing. Even Reynolds is no exception, for he wrote of all that he could not himself do, and was utterly silent respecting all that he himself did.

The moment a man can really do his work, he becomes speechless about it. All words become idle to him—all theories.

121. Does a bird need to theorize about building its nest, or boast of it when built? All good work is essentially done that way—without hesitation, without difficulty, without boasting; and in the doers of the best, there is an inner and involuntary power which approximates literally to the instinct of an animal—nay, I am certain that in the most perfect human artists, reason does *not* supersede instinct, but is added to an instinct as much more divine than that of the lower animals as the human body is more beautiful than theirs; that a great singer sings not with less instinct than the nightingale, but with more—only more various, applicable, and governable; that a great architect does not build with less instinct than the beaver or the bee, but with more—with an innate cunning of proportion that embraces all beauty, and a divine ingenuity of skill that improvises all construction. But be that as it may

—be the instinct less or more than that of inferior animals—like or unlike theirs, still the human art is dependent on that first, and then upon an amount of practice, of science,—and of imagination disciplined by thought, which the true possessor of it knows to be incommunicable, and the true critic of it, inexplicable, except through long process of laborious years. That journey of life's conquest, in which hills over hills, and Alps on Alps arose, and sank,—do you think you can make another trace it painlessly, by talking? Why, you cannot even carry us up an Alp, by talking. You can guide us up it, step by step, no otherwise—even so, best silently. You girls, who have been among the hills, know how the bad guide chatters and gesticulates, and it is “put your foot here,” and “mind how you balance yourself there;” but the good guide walks on quietly, without a word, only with his eyes on you when need is, and his arm like an iron bar, if need be.

122. In that slow way, also, art can be taught—if you have faith in your guide, and will let his arm be to you as an iron bar when need is. But in what teacher of art have you such faith? Certainly not in me; for, as I told you at first, I know well enough it is only because you think I can talk, not because you think I know my

business, that you let me speak to you at all. If I were to tell you anything that seemed to you strange, you would not believe it, and yet it would only be in telling you strange things that I could be of use to you. I could be of great use to you—infinite use, with brief saying, if you would believe it; but you would not, just because the thing that would be of real use would displease you. You are all wild, for instance, with admiration of Gustave Doré. Well, suppose I were to tell you in the strongest terms I could use, that Gustave Doré's art was bad—bad, not in weakness,—not in failure,—but bad with dreadful power—the power of the Furies and the Harpies mingled, enraging, and polluting; that so long as you looked at it, no perception of pure or beautiful art was possible for you. Suppose I were to tell you that! What would be the use? Would you look at Gustave Doré less? Rather more, I fancy. On the other hand, I could soon put you into good humour with me, if I chose. I know well enough what you like, and how to praise it to your better liking. I could talk to you about moonlight, and twilight, and spring flowers, and autumn leaves, and the Madonnas of Raphael—how motherly! and the Sibyls of Michael Angelo—how majestic! and the Saints of Angelico—how pious! and the

Cherubs of Correggio—how delicious! Old as I am, I could play you a tune on the harp yet, that you would dance to. But neither you nor I should be a bit the better or wiser; or, if we were, our increased wisdom could be of no practical effect. For, indeed, the arts, as regards teachableness, differ from the sciences also in this, that their power is founded not merely on facts which can be communicated, but on dispositions which require to be created. Art is neither to be achieved by effort of thinking, nor explained by accuracy of speaking. It is the instinctive and necessary result of powers which can only be developed through the mind of successive generations, and which finally burst into life under social conditions as slow of growth as the faculties they regulate. Whole æras of mighty history are summed, and the passions of dead myriads are concentrated, in the existence of a noble art; and if that noble art were among us, we should feel it and rejoice; not caring in the least to hear lectures on it; and since it is not among us, be assured we have to go back to the root of it, or, at least, to the place where the stock of it is yet alive, and the branches began to die.

123. And now, may I have your pardon for pointing out, partly with reference to matters which are at this

time of greater moment than the arts—that if we undertook such recession to the vital germ of national arts that have decayed, we should find a more singular arrest of their power in Ireland than in any other European country. For in the eighth century, Ireland possessed a school of art in her manuscripts and sculpture, which, in many of its qualities—apparently in all essential qualities of decorative invention—was quite without rival; seeming as if it might have advanced to the highest triumphs in architecture and in painting. But there was one fatal flaw in its nature, by which it was stayed, and stayed with a conspicuousness of pause to which there is no parallel: so that, long ago, in tracing the progress of European schools from infancy to strength, I chose for the students of Kensington, in a lecture since published, two characteristic examples of early art, of equal skill; but in the one case, skill which was progressive—in the other, skill which was at pause. In the one case, it was work receptive of correction—hungry for correction—and in the other, work which inherently rejected correction. I chose for them a corrigible Eve, and an incorrigible Angel, and I grieve to say that the incorrigible Angel was also an Irish angel! *

* See *The Two Paths*, p. 27.

124. And the fatal difference lay wholly in this. In both pieces of art there was an equal falling short of the needs of fact; but the Lombardic Eve knew she was in the wrong, and the Irish Angel thought himself all right. The eager Lombardic sculptor, though firmly insisting on his childish idea, yet showed in the irregular broken touches of the features, and the imperfect struggle for softer lines in the form, a perception of beauty and law that he could not render; there was the strain of effort, under conscious imperfection, in every line. But the Irish missal-painter had drawn his angel with no sense of failure, in happy complacency, and put red dots into the palms of each hand, and rounded the eyes into perfect circles, and, I regret to say, left the mouth out altogether, with perfect satisfaction to himself.

125. May I without offence ask you to consider whether this mode of arrest in ancient Irish art may not be indicative of points of character which even yet, in some measure, arrest your national power? I have seen much of Irish character, and have watched it closely, for I have also much loved it. And I think the form of failure to which it is most liable is this, that being generous-hearted, and wholly intending always to

do right, it does not attend to the external laws of right, but thinks it must necessarily do right because it means to do so, and therefore does, wrong without finding it out; and then when the consequences of its wrong come upon it, or upon others connected with it, it cannot conceive that the wrong is in anywise of its causing or of its doing, but flies into wrath, and a strange agony of desire for justice, as feeling itself wholly innocent, which leads it farther astray, until there is nothing that it is not capable of doing with a good conscience.

126. But mind, I do not mean to say that, in past or present relations between Ireland and England, you have been wrong, and we right. Far from that, I believe that in all great questions of principle, and in all details of administration of law, you have been usually right, and we wrong; sometimes in misunderstanding you, sometimes in resolute iniquity to you. Nevertheless, in all disputes between states, though the strongest is nearly always mainly in the wrong, the weaker is often so in a minor degree; and I think we sometimes admit the possibility of our being in error, and you never do.

127. And now, returning to the broader question what these arts and labours of life have to teach us of

its mystery, this is the first of their lessons—that the more beautiful the art, the more it is essentially the work of people who *feel themselves wrong* ;—who are striving for the fulfilment of a law, and the grasp of a loveliness, which they have not yet attained, which they feel even farther and farther from attaining, the more they strive for it. And yet, in still deeper sense, it is the work of people who know also that they are right. The very sense of inevitable error from their purpose marks the perfectness of that purpose, and the continued sense of failure arises from the continued opening of the eyes more clearly to all the sacredest laws of truth.

128. This is one lesson. The second is a very plain, and greatly precious one, namely :—that whenever the arts and labours of life are fulfilled in this spirit of striving against misrule, and doing whatever we have to do, honourably and perfectly, they invariably bring happiness, as much as seems possible to the nature of man. In all other paths, by which that happiness is pursued, there is disappointment, or destruction : for ambition and for passion there is no rest—no fruition ; the fairest pleasures of youth perish in a darkness greater than their past light ; and the loftiest and purest love too often does but inflame the cloud of life with

endless fire of pain. But, ascending from lowest to highest, through every scale of human industry, that industry worthily followed, gives peace. Ask the labourer in the field, at the forge, or in the mine ; ask the patient, delicate-fingered artisan, or the strong-armed, fiery-hearted worker in bronze, and in marble, and with the colours of light ; and none of these, who are true workmen, will ever tell you, that they have found the law of heaven an unkind one—that in the sweat of their face they should eat bread, till they return to the ground ; nor that they ever found it an unrewarded obedience, if, indeed, it was rendered faithfully to the command—“Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do—do it with thy might.”

129. These are the two great and constant lessons which our labourers teach us of the mystery of life. But there is another, and a sadder one, which they cannot teach us, which we must read on their tombstones.

“Do it with thy might.” There have been myriads upon myriads of human creatures who have obeyed this law—who have put every breath and nerve of their being into its toil—who have devoted every hour, and exhausted every faculty—who have bequeathed their unaccomplished thoughts at death—who being dead,

have yet spoken, by majesty of memory, and strength of example. And, at last, what has all this "Might" of humanity accomplished, in six thousand years of labour and sorrow? What has it *done*? Take the three chief occupations and arts of men, one by one, and count their achievements. Begin with the first—the lord of them all—agriculture. Six thousand years have passed since we were set to till the ground, from which we were taken. How much of it is tilled? How much of that which is, wisely or well? In the very centre and chief garden of Europe—where the two forms of parent Christianity have had their fortresses—where the noble Catholics of the Forest Cantons, and the noble Protestants of the Vaudois valleys, have maintained, for dateless ages, their faiths and liberties—there the unchecked Alpine rivers yet run wild in devastation: and the marshes, which a few hundred men could redeem with a year's labour, still blast their helpless inhabitants into fevered idiotism. That is so, in the centre of Europe! While, on the near coast of Africa, once the Garden of the Hesperides, an Arab woman, but a few sunsets since, ate her child, for famine. And, with all the treasures of the East at our feet, we, in our own dominion, could not find a few grains of rice, for a people that asked of

us no more ; but stood by, and saw five hundred thousand of them perish of hunger.

130. Then, after agriculture, the art of kings, take the next head of human arts—weaving ; the art of queens, honored of all noble Heathen women, in the person of their virgin goddess—honoured of all Hebrew women, by the word of their wisest king—“ She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff ; she stretcheth out her hand to the poor. She is not afraid of the snow for her household, for all her household are clothed with scarlet. She maketh herself covering of tapestry, her clothing is silk and purple. She maketh fine linen, and selleth it, and delivereth girdles to the merchant.” What have we done in all these thousands of years with this bright art of Greek maid and Christian matron ? Six thousand years of weaving, and have we learned to weave ? Might not every naked wall have been purple with tapestry, and every feeble breast fenced with sweet colours from the cold ? What have we done ? Our fingers are too few, it seems, to twist together some poor covering for our bodies. We set our streams to work for us, and choke the air with fire, to turn our spinning-wheels—and,—*are we yet clothed ?* Are not the streets of the capitals

of Europe foul with the sale of cast clouts and rotten rags? Is not the beauty of your sweet children left in wretchedness of disgrace, while, with better honour, nature clothes the brood of the bird in its nest, and the suckling of the wolf in her den? And does not every winter's snow robe what you have not robed, and shroud what you have not shrouded; and every winter's wind bear up to heaven its wasted souls, to witness against you hereafter, by the voice of their Christ,—“I was naked, and ye clothed me not?”

131. Lastly—take the Art of Building—the strongest—proudest—most orderly—most enduring of the arts of man, that, of which the produce is in the surest manner accumulative, and need not perish, or be replaced; but if once well done, will stand more strongly than the unbalanced rocks—more prevalently than the crumbling hills. The art which is associated with all civic pride and sacred principle; with which men record their power—satisfy their enthusiasm—make sure their defence—define and make dear their habitation. And, in six thousand years of building, what have we done? Of the greater part of all that skill and strength, *no* vestige is left, but fallen stones, that encumber the fields and impede the streams. But, from this waste of dis-

order, and of time, and of rage, what *is* left to us? Constructive and progressive creatures, that we are, with ruling brains, and forming hands, capable of fellowship, and thirsting for fame, can we not contend, in comfort, with the insects of the forest, or, in achievement, with the worm of the sea. The white surf rages in vain against the ramparts built by poor atoms of scarcely nascent life; but only ridges of formless ruin mark the places where once dwelt our noblest multitudes. The ant and the moth have cells for each of their young, but our little ones lie in festering heaps, in homes that consume them like graves; and night by night, from the corners of our streets, rises up the cry of the homeless—"I was a stranger, and ye took me not in."

132. Must it be always thus? Is our life for ever to be without profit—without possession? Shall the strength of its generations be as barren as death; or cast away their labour, as the wild figtree casts her untimely figs? Is it all a dream then—the desire of the eyes and the pride of life—or, if it be, might we not live in nobler dream than this? The poets and prophets, the wise men, and the scribes, though they have told us nothing about a life to come, have told us much about

the life that is now. They have had—they also,—their dreams, and we have laughed at them. They have dreamed of mercy, and of justice; they have dreamed of peace and good-will; they have dreamed of labour undisappointed, and of rest undisturbed; they have dreamed of fulness in harvest, and overflowing in store; they have dreamed of wisdom in council, and of providence in law; of gladness of parents, and strength of children, and glory of grey hairs. And at these visions of theirs we have mocked, and held them for idle and vain, unreal and unaccomplishable. What have we accomplished with our realities? Is this what has come of our worldly wisdom, tried against their folly? this our mightiest possible, against their impotent ideal? or have we only wandered among the spectra of a baser felicity, and chased phantoms of the tombs, instead of visions of the Almighty; and walked after the imaginations of our evil hearts, instead of after the counsels of Eternity, until our lives—not in the likeness of the cloud of heaven, but of the smoke of hell—have become “as a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away?”

133. *Does it vanish then? Are you sure of that?—sure, that the nothingness of the grave will be a rest*

from this troubled nothingness ; and that the coiling shadow, which disquiets itself in vain, cannot change into the smoke of the torment that ascends for ever ? Will any answer that they *are* sure of it, and that there is no fear, nor hope, nor desire, nor labour, whither they go ? Be it so ; will you not, then, make as sure of the Life, that now is, as you are of the Death that is to come ? Your hearts are wholly in this world—will you not give them to it wisely, as well as perfectly ? And see, first of all, that you *have* hearts, and sound hearts, too, to give. Because you have no heaven to look for, is that any reason that you should remain ignorant of this wonderful and infinite earth, which is firmly and instantly given you in possession ? Although your days are numbered, and the following darkness sure, is it necessary that you should share the degradation of the brute, because you are condemned to its mortality ; or live the life of the moth, and of the worm, because you are to companion them in the dust ? Not so ; we may have but a few thousands of days to spend, perhaps hundreds only—perhaps tens ; nay, the longest of our time and best, looked back on, will be but as a moment, as the twinkling of an eye ; still, we are men, not insects ; we are living spirits, not passing clouds. “ He maketh the winds

His messengers ; the momentary fire, His minister ; ” and shall we do less than *these* ? Let us do the work of men while we bear the form of them ; and, as we snatch our narrow portion of time out of Eternity, snatch also our narrow inheritance of passion out of Immortality—even though our lives *be* as a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.

134. But there are some of you who believe not this—who think this cloud of life has no such close—that it is to float, revealed and illumined, upon the floor of heaven, in the day when He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him. Some day, you believe, within these five, or ten, or twenty years, for every one of us the judgment will be set, and the books opened. If that be true, far more than that must be true. Is there but one day of judgment ? Why, for us every day is a day of judgment—every day is a *Dies Iræ*, and writes its irrevocable verdict in the flame of its West. Think you that judgment waits till the doors of the grave are opened ? It waits at the doors of your houses—it waits at the corners of your streets ; we are in the midst of judgment—the insects that we crush are our judges—the moments we fret away are our judges—the elements that feed us, judge, as they minister—and the pleasures that deceive

us, judge as they indulge. Let us, for our lives, do the work of Men while we bear the Form of them, if indeed those lives are *Not* as a vapour, and do *Not* vanish away.

135. "The work of men"—and what is that? Well, we may any of us know very quickly, on the condition of being wholly ready to do it. But many of us are for the most part thinking, not of what we are to do, but of what we are to get; and the best of us are sunk into the sin of Ananias, and it is a mortal one—we want to keep back part of the price; and we continually talk of taking up our cross, as if the only harm in a cross was the *weight* of it—as if it was only a thing to be carried, instead of to be—crucified upon. "They that are His have crucified the flesh, with the affections and lusts." Does that mean, think you, that in time of national distress, of religious trial, of crisis for every interest and hope of humanity—none of us will cease jesting, none cease idling, none put themselves to any wholesome work, none take so much as a tag of lace off their footman's coats, to save the world? Or does it rather mean, that they are ready to leave houses, lands, and kindreds—yes, and life, if need be? Life!—some of us are ready enough to throw that away, joyless as we have made it. But "*station in Life*"—how many of us are ready to

quit *that*? Is it not always the great objection, where there is question of finding something useful to do—
“We cannot leave our stations in Life?”

Those of us who really cannot—that is to say, who can only maintain themselves by continuing in some business or salaried office, have already something to do; and all that they have to see to, is that they do it honestly and with all their might. But with most people who use that apology, “remaining in the station of life to which Providence has called them,” means keeping all the carriages, and all the footmen and large houses they can possibly pay for; and, once for all, I say that if ever Providence *did* put them into stations of that sort—which is not at all a matter of certainty—Providence is just now very distinctly calling them out again. Levi’s station in life was the receipt of custom; and Peter’s, the shore of Galilee; and Paul’s, the ante-chambers of the High Priest,—which “station in life” each had to leave, with brief notice.

And, whatever our station in life may be, at this crisis, those of us who mean to fulfil our duty ought, first, to live on as little as we can; and, secondly, to do all the wholesome work for it we can, and to spend all we can spare in doing all the sure good we can.

And sure good is first in feeding people, then in dressing people, then in lodging people, and lastly in rightly pleasing people, with arts, or sciences, or any other subject of thought.

136. I say first in feeding ; and, once for all, do not let yourselves be deceived by any of the common talk of "indiscriminate charity." The order to us is not to feed the deserving hungry, nor the industrious hungry, nor the amiable and well-intentioned hungry, but simply to feed the hungry. It is quite true, infallibly true, that if any man will not work, neither should he eat—think of that, and every time you sit down to your dinner, ladies and gentlemen, say solemnly, before you ask a blessing, "How much work have I done to-day for my dinner?" But the proper way to enforce that order on those below you, as well as on yourselves, is not to leave vagabonds and honest people to starve together, but very distinctly to discern and seize your vagabond ; and shut your vagabond up out of honest people's way, and very sternly then see that, until he has worked, he does *not* eat. . But the first thing is to be sure you have the food to give ; and, therefore, to enforce the organization of vast activities in agriculture and in commerce, for the production of the wholesomest food, and proper storing

and distribution of it, so that no famine shall any more be possible among civilized beings. There is plenty of work in this business alone, and at once, for any number of people who like to engage in it.

137. Secondly, dressing people—that is to say, urging every one within reach of your influence to be always neat and clean, and giving them means of being so. In so far as they absolutely refuse, you must give up the effort with respect to them, only taking care that no children within your sphere of influence shall any more be brought up with such habits ; and that every person who is willing to dress with propriety shall have encouragement to do so. And the first absolutely necessary step towards this is the gradual adoption of a consistent dress for different ranks of persons, so that their rank shall be known by their dress ; and the restriction of the changes of fashion within certain limits. All which appears for the present quite impossible ; but it is only so far as even difficult as it is difficult to conquer our vanity, frivolity, and desire to appear what we are not. And it is not, nor ever shall be, creed of mine, that these mean and shallow vices are unconquerable by Christian women.

138. And then, thirdly, lodging people, which you

may think should have been put first, but I put it third, because we must feed and clothe people where we find them, and lodge them afterwards. And providing lodgment for them means a great deal of vigorous legislature, and cutting down of vested interests that stand in the way, and after that, or before that, so far as we can get it, thorough sanitary and remedial action in the houses that we have; and then the building of more, strongly, beautifully, and in groups of limited extent, kept in proportion to their streams, and walled round, so that there may be no festering and wretched suburb anywhere, but clean and busy street within, and the open country without, with a belt of beautiful garden and orchard round the walls, so that from any part of the city perfectly fresh air and grass, and sight of far horizon might be reachable in a few minutes' walk. This the final aim; but in immediate action every minor and possible good to be instantly done, when, and as, we can; roofs mended that have holes in them—fences patched that have gaps in them—walls buttressed that totter—and floors propped that shake; cleanliness and order enforced with our own hands and eyes, till we are breathless, every day. And all the fine arts will healthily follow. I myself have washed a flight of stone

stairs all down, with bucket and broom, in a Savoy inn, where they hadn't washed their stairs since they first went up them? and I never made a better sketch than that afternoon.

139. These, then, are the three first needs of civilized life; and the law for every Christian man and woman is, that they shall be in direct service towards one of these three needs, as far as is consistent with their own special occupation, and if they have no special business, then wholly in one of these services. And out of such exertion in plain duty all other good will come; for in this direct contention with material evil, you will find out the real nature of all evil; you will discern by the various kinds of resistance, what is really the fault and main antagonism to good; also you will find the most unexpected helps and profound lessons given, and truths will come thus down to us which the speculation of all our lives would never have raised us up to. / You will find nearly every educational problem solved, as soon as you truly want to do something; everybody will become of use in their own fittest way, and will learn what is best for them to know in that use. Competitive examination will then, and not till then, be wholesome, because it will be daily, and calm, and in practice; and

on these familiar arts, and minute, but certain and serviceable knowledges, will be surely edified and sustained the greater arts and splendid theoretical sciences.

140. But much more than this. On such holy and simple practice will be founded, indeed, at last, an infallible religion. | The greatest of all the mysteries of life, and the most terrible, is the corruption of even the sincerest religion, which is not daily founded on rational, effective, humble, and helpful action. | Helpful action, observe! for there is just one law, which obeyed, keeps all religions pure—forgotten, makes them all false. Whenever in any religious faith, dark or bright, we allow our minds to dwell upon the points in which we differ from other people, we are wrong, and in the devil's power. That is the essence of the Pharisee's thanksgiving—"Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men are." At every moment of our lives we should be trying to find out, not in what we differ with other people, but in what we agree with them; and the moment we find we can agree as to anything that should be done, kind or good, (and who but fools couldn't?) then do it; push at it together; you can't quarrel in a side-by-side push; but the moment that even the best men stop pushing, and begin talking, they mistake their pugnacity

for piety, and it's all over. I will not speak of the crimes which in past times have been committed in the name of Christ, nor of the follies which are at this hour held to be consistent with obedience to Him ; but I *will* speak of the morbid corruption and waste of vital power in religious sentiment, by which the pure strength of that which should be the guiding soul of every nation, the splendour of its youthful manhood, and spotless light of its maidenhood, is averted or cast away. You may see continually girls who have never been taught to do a single useful thing thoroughly ; who cannot sew, who cannot cook, who cannot cast an account, nor prepare a medicine, whose whole life has been passed either in play or in pride ; you will find girls like these when they are earnest-hearted, cast all their innate passion of religious spirit, which was meant by God to support them through the irksomeness of daily toil, into grievous and vain meditation over the meaning of the great Book, of which no syllable was ever yet to be understood but through a deed ; all the instinctive wisdom and mercy of their womanhood made vain, and the glory of their pure consciences warped into fruitless agony concerning questions which the laws of common serviceable life would have either solved for them in an

instant, or kept out of their way. Give such a girl any true work that will make her active in the dawn, and weary at night, with the consciousness that her fellow-creatures have indeed been the better for her day, and the powerless sorrow of her enthusiasm will transform itself into a majesty of radiant and beneficent peace.

So with our youths. We once taught them to make Latin verses, and called them educated ; now we teach them to leap and to row, to hit a ball with a bat, and call them educated. Can they plow, can they sow, can they plant at the right time, or build with a steady hand ? Is it the effort of their lives to be chaste, knightly, faithful, holy in thought, lovely in word and deed ? Indeed it is, with some, nay with many, and the strength of England is in them, and the hope ; but we have to turn their courage from the toil of war to the toil of mercy ; and their intellect from dispute of words to discernment of things ; and their knighthood from the errantry of adventure to the state and fidelity of a kingly power. And then, indeed, shall abide, for them, and for us an incorruptible felicity, and an infallible religion ; shall abide for us Faith, no more to be assailed by temptation, no more to be defended by wrath and by fear ; —shall abide with us Hope, no more to be quenched by

the years that overwhelm, or made ashamed by the shadows that betray ; shall abide for us, and with us, the greatest of these ; the abiding will, the abiding name, of our Father. For the greatest of these, is Charity.

EXPLANATION.

THE references are to the American *Popular Edition* of Ruskin, with the exception of those from *Praeterita*, which are to the English edition.

Look in the index to find on what pages of the Text and Notes any annotated word is found ; the full-face numbers show the page of Notes, and the plain type, page of Text.

K. T. = Kings' Treasuries. .

Q. G. = Queens' Gardens.

M. of L. = Mystery of Life.

NOTES ON PREFACE.

THE EDITIONS OF SESAME AND LILIES.

THE title-page of the first edition describes the book as :—**SESAME AND LILIES.** Two Lectures delivered at Manchester in 1864, by John Ruskin, M.A. 1. Of Kings' Treasuries. 2. Of Queens' Gardens, pp. 196. London : Smith, Elder & Co., 1865.

This had no preface, but a second edition, with a preface, was published the same year. The third edition, of which this volume is the American reprint, is a "Revised and Enlarged Edition, being the first volume of a Collected Series of Mr. Ruskin's Works, with the old preface 'detached for use elsewhere,' a new preface to the series, dated 'Denmark Hill, 1st January, 1871.' and the addition of the Dublin Lecture (1868) on 'The Mystery of Life and its Arts,' pp. xxviii., 172. London : Smith, Elder & Co., 1871." [Shepherd's Bibliography of Ruskin.]

Four more editions have appeared since this, of which the seventh and last, published in 1882, is an exact reprint of the first, and has a new preface which explains that the book has been re-produced at the request of a friend. See Note on the two following ones.

I. **Fifty-one years old.**—John Ruskin was born in London, Feb. 8, 1819.

temporary purposes.—Much of Ruskin's work has been in the form of lectures and addresses, letters to newspapers and reviews, and catalogues of collections of paintings. It has often dealt with subjects of temporary interest, or discussed questions since decided. Having served its purpose,

some of it has become "unnecessary," and its value is now purely literary.

What I wrote about religion.—For specimens of this see *Seven Lamps*, p. 199; *Stones of Venice*, vol. I., p. 384; *Modern Painters*, Part V., p. 333.

educated in . . . a narrow sect.—The following quotations show as clearly as it can be explained the influences which gave a decided bent to Mr. Ruskin's religious convictions, and yet led him to say in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter XL., p. 55 :—"4th March, 1874.—I have been horribly plagued and misguided by evangelical people, all my life; and most of all lately; but my mother was one, and my Scotch aunt; and I have yet so much of the superstition left in me, that I can't help sometimes doing as evangelical people wish,—for all I know it comes to nothing."

"My mother had, as she afterwards told me, solemnly 'devoted me to God' before I was born; in imitation of Hannah. 'Devoting me to God' meant, as far as my mother knew herself what she meant, that she would try to send me to college, and make a clergyman of me: and I was accordingly bred for 'the Church.' My father, who—rest be to his soul—had the exceedingly bad habit of yielding to my mother in large things and taking his own way in little ones, allowed me to be thus withdrawn from the sherry trade as an unclean thing; not without some pardonable participation in my mother's ultimate views for me. For, many and many a year afterwards, I remember, while he was speaking to one of our artist friends, who admired Raphael, and greatly regretted my endeavors to interfere with that popular taste,—while my father and he were con-doling with each other on my having been impudent enough to think I could tell the public about Turner and Raphael,—instead of contenting myself, as I ought, with explaining the way of their souls' salvation to them—and what an amiable clergyman was lost in me,—'Yes,' said my father, with tears in his eyes—'he would have been a Bishop.'" *Prae-terita*, vol. I., p. 22.

"My mother's unquestioning evangelical faith in the literal truth of the Bible placed me, as soon as I could conceive or think, in the presence of an unseen world; and set

my active analytic power early to work on the questions of conscience, free will, and responsibility, which are easily determined in days of innocence; but are approached too often with prejudice, and always with disadvantage, after men become stupefied by the opinions, or tainted by the sins, of the outer world." *Praeterita*, vol. I., p. 224.

At the age of ten or eleven—"It began now to be of some importance what church I went to on Sunday morning. My father, who was still much broken in health, could not go to the long Church of England service, and, my mother being evangelical, he went contentedly, or at least submissively, with her and me to Beresford Chapel, Walworth, where the Rev. D. Andrews preached, regularly, a somewhat eloquent, forcible, and ingenious sermon, not tiresome to him:—the prayers were abridged from the Church Service. On the Sunday evening my father would sometimes read us a sermon of Blair's, or . . . Mary [his cousin] and I got through the evening how we could, over the Pilgrim's Progress, Bunyan's Holy War," etc. *Praeterita*, vol. I., p. 112.

"I was in 1839 by training, thinking, and the teaching of such small experience as I had, as zealous, pugnacious, and self-sure a Protestant as you please. The first condition of my being so was, of course, total ignorance of Christian history; the second,—one for which the Roman Church is indeed guiltily responsible,—that all the Catholic Cantons of Switzerland are idle and dirty, and all the Protestant ones busy and clean—a most impressive fact to my evangelical mother, whose first duty and first luxury of life consisted in purity of person and surroundings. The third reason for my strength of feeling at this time was a curious one. In proportion to the delight I felt in the ceremonial of foreign churches, was my conviction of the falseness of religious sentiment founded on these enjoyments. I had no foolish scorn of them, as the proper expressions of the Catholic Faith; but infinite scorn of the lascivious sensibility which could change its beliefs because it delighted in these.

I never suspected Catholic priests of dishonesty, nor doubted the purity of the former Catholic Church." [Abridged.] *Praeterita*, vol. II., chap. I.

It is difficult to define Mr. Ruskin's present position, but, in general terms, he may be said to be a Broad Churchman.

Modern Painters.—The whole title is *Modern Painters: their Superiority in the Art of Landscape Painting to all the Ancient Masters proved by examples of the true, the beautiful, and the intellectual, from the works of Modern Artists, especially from those of J. M. W. Turner, Esq., R. A.*

The Preface to the first edition (1843) shows that this work had, in the beginning, a much narrower scope, and aimed at effects much more transitory than it afterward produced. It begins:—"The work now laid before the public originated in indignation at the shallow and false criticism of the periodicals of the day on the works of the great living artist to whom it principally refers [Turner]. It was intended to be a short pamphlet, reprobating the matter and style of those critiques, and pointing out their perilous tendency, as guides of public feeling. But, as point after point presented itself for demonstration, I found myself compelled to amplify what was at first a letter to the Editor of a Review, into something very like a treatise on art, to which I was obliged to give the more consistency and completeness, because it advocated opinions which, to the ordinary connoisseur, will sound heretical."

The second volume, (1846) here referred to, treats *Of the Imaginative and Theoretic Faculties.*

then favorite; favorite at that time. *Then* is often used elliptically like an adjective; for *then chosen*, in this instance.

Richard Hooker, (1553-1600) an English clergyman. His great work was *Ecclesiastical Polity*. His language is beautiful and rhythmic, but his sentences are too long and intricate.

In *Praeterita*, vol. II., chap. X., Ruskin says of the second volume of *Modern Painters*:—"The style of the book was formed on a new model, given me by Osborne Gordon. I was old enough now to feel that neither Johnsonian balance nor Byronic alliteration were ultimate virtues in English prose; and I had been reading with care, on Gordon's counsel, both for its arguments and its English, Richard Hooker's "*Ecclesiastical Polity*." I had always a

trick of imitating, more or less, the last book I had read with admiration; and it farther seemed to me that for the purposes of argument, (and my own theme was, according to my notion, to be argued out invincibly) Hooker's English was the perfectest existing model." And in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter X., p. 182, he says:—"The affectation of trying to write like Hooker and George Herbert was the most innocent I could have fallen into."

II. **morality as distinct from religion.**—"I use then to-day [1870], as I shall in future use, the word 'religion' as signifying the feelings of love, reverence, or dread with which the human mind is affected by its conceptions of spiritual being; and you know well how necessary it is, both to the rightness of our own life, and to the understanding the lives of others, that we should always keep clearly distinguished our ideas of religion, as thus defined, and of morality, as the law of rightness in human conduct. For there are many religions, but there is only one morality. There are moral and immoral religions, which differ as much in precept as in emotion; but there is only one morality, which has been, is, and must be forever, an instinct in the hearts of all civilized men, as certain and unalterable as their outward bodily form, and which receives from religion neither law, nor peace; but only hope, and felicity." *Lectures on Art*, II., p. 40.

I shall reprint scarcely anything in this series.—This resolution was made in 1871. But, in 1873, appeared another edition of *Modern Painters*, with a new Preface in which Ruskin says:—"I have been lately so often asked by friends on whose judgment I can rely, to permit the publication of another edition of "*Modern Painters*" in its original form, that I have at last yielded, though with some violence to my own feelings; for many parts of the first and second volumes were written in a narrow enthusiasm, and the substance of their metaphysical and religious speculation is only justifiable on the ground of its absolute honesty. Of the third, fourth, and fifth volumes I indeed mean eventually to re-arrange what I think of permanent interest, for the complete edition of my works, but with fewer and less elaborate illustrations: nor have I any serious grounds for

refusing to allow the book once more to appear in the irregular form which it took as it was written, since of the art-teaching and landscape description it contains I have little to retrench, and nothing to retract. This final edition must, however, be limited to a thousand copies, for some of the more delicate plates are already worn."

In 1883, a reprint of the second volume was published, in the Preface to which he says:—"My reasons for this carefully revised reprint of the second volume of "*Modern Painters*," after so often declaring that I would reprint none of the book except the pieces relating to natural history, are given in the eighth number of "*Deucalion*": . . . I have made no attempt to amend the text. Not a word is omitted; and, I believe, only three or four changed, which were too obscure, or evidently at the time inadvertent. A few, now useless, notes . . . have been cancelled,—and a few pedantic ones shortened." See *Deucalion*, vol. II., p. 45. The re-arrangement of the third, fourth, and fifth volumes, promised in the Preface to the edition of 1873, has not yet been made.

shall omit much of the Seven Lamps.—The Preface to the first edition (1849) thus explains the origin of *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*: "The memoranda which form the basis of the following essay have been thrown together during the preparation of one of the sections of the third volume of '*Modern Painters*.'" See also **Stones of Venice**. Ruskin begins the Preface to the third edition (1880):—"I never intended to have republished this book, which has become the most useless I ever wrote, the buildings it describes with so much delight being now either knocked down or patched up into smugness and smoothness more tragic than uttermost ruin. But I find the public still like the book, . . . and as the germ of what I have since written is indeed here,—however overlaid with gilding, and, overshot, too splashily and cascade fashion, with gushing of words,—here it is given again in the old form; all but some pieces of rabid and utterly false Protestantism, which are cut out from book and appendix alike." The fourth and last edition (1883) is a reprint of the third, so the work is not yet much abbreviated.

Stones of Venice.—Ruskin says in the Preface to the first edition, (3 vols. 1851–1853):—“I believe there will be found in the following pages the only existing account of the details of early Venetian architecture on which dependence can be placed as far as it goes,” and in *The Crown of Wild Olive*, p. 60:—“The book I called ‘The Seven Lamps’ was to show that certain right states of temper and moral feeling were the magic powers by which all good architecture, without exception, had been produced. ‘The Stones of Venice’ had, from beginning to end, no other aim than to show that the Gothic architecture of Venice had arisen out of, and indicated in all its features, a state of pure national faith, and of domestic virtue; and that its Renaissance architecture had arisen out of, and in all its features indicated, a state of concealed national infidelity, and of domestic corruption.”

The fourth edition of “Stones of Venice” (1886) contains no new preface, and, in a note in *Praeterita*, vol. II., chap. II., Ruskin says:—“I have authorized the republication of this book in its original text and form, chiefly for the sake of its clear, and the reader will find, wholly incontrovertible, statement of the deadly influence of Renaissance Theology on the Arts in Italy, and on the religion of the world.” But in 1883, appeared an unnumbered edition the Preface to which states that “this volume is the first of a series designed by the author with the purpose of placing in the hands of the public, in more serviceable form, those portions of his earlier works which he thinks deserving of a permanent place in the system of his general teaching. They were at first intended to be accompanied by photographic reductions of the principal plates in the larger volumes; but this design has been modified by the Author’s increasing desire to gather his past and present writings into a consistent body, . . . The second volume of this edition [also published] will contain the most useful matter out of the third volume of the old one, closed by its topical index, abridged and corrected. 3rd May, 1879.” From this it seems probable that Mr. Ruskin intends to issue still another edition of *Seven Lamps* and *Modern Painters*, uniform with this, and with the edition of his

later works of which *Sesame and Lilies* forms the first volume. Of this edition have now appeared :—

I. <i>Sesame and Lilies</i>	1871
II. <i>Munera Pulveris</i>	1872
III. <i>Aratra Pentilici</i>	1872
IV. <i>The Eagle's Nest</i>	1872
V. <i>Time and Tide</i>	1872
VI. <i>The Crown of Wild Olive</i>	1873
VII. <i>Ariadne Florentina</i>	1873-76
VIII. <i>Val d'Arno</i>	1874
IX. <i>The Queen of the Air</i>	1874
X. <i>The Two Paths</i>	1878
XI. <i>A Joy Forever</i>	1880

III. *Sesame and Lilies*. Like *Seven Lamps*, *Notes on the Construction of Sheep-folds*, and many of Ruskin's other titles, this is figurative. *Sesame* is most familiar in the *Arabian Nights*, where it serves as a pass-word for the robbers in the tale of *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*. It is a herbaceous plant with sweet oily seeds from which is made an oil used for food and medicinal purposes. It is a native of tropical countries where it has been cultivated from very ancient times. The lily is the Biblical type of natural beauty.

In these lectures, Ruskin pleads for the necessary union of use and beauty; *Sesame*, the useful grain, and *Lilies*, the type of unconscious beauty, symbolize these two qualities most essential to perfect human development.

the old preface; the preface to the second edition. The substance of it was afterward incorporated into the first volume of *Deucalion* (1883). In it, Ruskin deplors the desecration of the most beautiful parts of Switzerland by tourists whose only aim is to perform feats of reckless daring for notoriety, and who can not appreciate the grandeur of the scenery they deface. Cf. K. T., ¶ 35.

A lecture given in Ireland.—*The Mystery of Life*. See *Mystery of Life*.

fain, gladly.

passionately (Latin *patior*, I suffer), under the influence of strong feeling. "I mean under the term 'passion' to include the entire range and agency of the moral feelings;

from the simple patience and gentleness of mind which will give continuity and fineness to the touch, or enable one person to work without fatigue, and with good effect, twice as long as another, up to the qualities of character which render science possible, and to the incommunicable emotion and imagination which are the first and mightiest sources of all value in art." *Unto This Last*, p. 76.

IV. **reading valueless books.**—"You ought to read books, as you take medicine, by advice and not advertisement, . . . ask some one who knows good books from bad ones to tell you what to buy, and be content." *Fors Clavigera*, Letter XXI., p. 147.

vile price.—Note that *vile* is here used in its primary meaning of cheap, low priced, and, from the context, includes the idea of its secondary signification, mean, base.

"Nay, I will even go so far as to say, that we ought not to get books too cheaply. No book, I believe, is ever worth half so much to its reader as one that has been coveted for a year at a book-stall, and bought out of saved half-pence, and perhaps a day or two's fasting."

wretched and poverty-struck nation.—"We have all lately [this was written in 1871] lived ourselves in the daily endeavor to get as much out of our neighbors and friends as we could; and having by this means, indeed, got a good deal out of each other, and put nothing into each other, the actually obtained result, this day, is a state of emptiness in purse and stomach, for the solace of which our boasted 'insular position' is ineffectual. I have listened to many ingenious persons, who say we are better off now than ever we were before; but I know positively that many very deserving persons of my acquaintance have great difficulty in living under these improved circumstances: . . . and that we cannot be called, as a nation, well off, while so many of us are living either in honest or in villainous beggary." *Fors Clavigera*, Letter I., p. 2.

V. **Kings' Treasuries; books.** Men are the Kings of the earth, and books are the storehouses in which the wealth of men's thought is treasured.

the two following ones, *Queens' Gardens* and *The Mystery of Life*.—Women are the Queens, ruling with men, and the

gardens in which they work are their homes. The third lecture, *The Mystery of Life*, discusses the motives, aims, and end of living, and Ruskin explains in the preface to the seventh edition that it has been withdrawn from that edition, "not as irrelevant, but as following the subject too far, and disturbing the simplicity in which the two original lectures dwell on their several themes—the majesty of the influence of good books and of good women, if we know how to read them and how to honor. I might just as well have said the influence of good men and good women, since the best strength of a man is shown in his intellectual work, as that of a woman in her daily deed and character."

VI. **gist**, main point, pith of the matter.

the letters begun.—*Fors Clavigera*; *Letters to the Workmen and Laborers of Great Britain* (1871–1880). These letters, ninety-six in number, were published serially, at first monthly, but, toward the last, irregularly; they had for their prime object the accumulation of a fund to be called St. George's Fund. This was to be used to begin "the buying and securing of land in England which shall not be built upon, but cultivated by Englishmen with their own hands, and such help of force as they can find in wind and wave." Of the title Ruskin says: "I mean it to be read in English as Fortune the Nail-bearer," and "Fors the Nail-bearer means the strength of Lyncurgus or of Law."

recent events, the Franco-Prussian War (1870–1871).

Orissa, a province of British India, forms the extreme south-western portion of Bengal. Its geographical position is such that the water supply varies greatly at different seasons, and the country is subject both to drought and inundation. Thus the famine in 1865–66, here referred to, which destroyed one-fourth of the entire population, was followed in 1866 by a flood which caused £3,000,000 worth of damage.

Ruskin refers to this famine again in ¶ 129, and also in *The Eagle's Nest*, p. 34. where he says: "But we men of London slew, a little while since, *five hundred thousand men* (I speak in official terms, and know my numbers); and these we slew, fathers and children together, by slow starvation—simply because, while we contentedly kill our own children in competition for places in the Civil Service, we never ask,

when once they have got the places, whether the Civil Service is done. That was our missionary work in Orissa, some three or four years ago." [Abridged.]

rhetorical; exaggerated, or distorted for the purpose of convincing.

modern political economy.—Ruskin's idea of *true* political economy is found in *Unto This Last*, p. 45:—"Political economy (the economy of a state, or of citizens) consists simply in the production, preservation, and distribution, at fittest time and place, of useful or pleasurable things"; and (p. 87) "My principles of Political Economy were all involved in a single phrase, spoken three years ago at Manchester: "Soldiers of the Plow-share as well as Soldiers of the Sword": and they were all summed in a single sentence in the last volume of *Modern Painters*—'Government and co-operation are in all things the Laws of Life; Anarchy and competition the Laws of Death.'"

He begins *Unto This Last* with the following condemnation of *modern* political economy:—"Among the delusions which at different periods have possessed themselves of the minds of large masses of the human race, perhaps the most curious—certainly the least creditable—is the modern *soi-disant* science of political economy, based on the idea that an advantageous code of social action may be determined irrespectively of the influence of social affection." See also **economy**.

Ruskin does not consider the subject from the standpoint of the practical political economists, who treat political economy as a science investigating the nature of wealth and the laws of its production and distribution. His theories are regarded as visionary and irrational by all but a few devoted disciples.

Supply and Demand.—It is difficult to give a short and clear definition of these terms, but, broadly speaking, they are used in the science of political economy to designate respectively the *offer* of commodities or valuable articles which are to be exchanged for other commodities, and the *desire* for commodities which can be obtained by the offer of other commodities.

Ruskin gives *his* definition of Demand in *Unto This Last*,

p. 98 :—“ It must be kept in mind, however, that I use the word “ demand ” in a somewhat different sense from economists usually. They mean by it “ the quantity of a thing sold. ” I mean by it “ the force of the buyer’s capable intention to buy. ” In good English, a person’s “ demand ” signifies, not what he gets, but what he asks for. ”

summarily, briefly, concisely. “ A young lady writing to me the other day to ask what I really wanted girls to do, I answered as follows, requesting her to copy the answer that it might serve once for all. I print it accordingly, as perhaps a more simple statement than the one given in *Sesame and Lilies*.

Woman’s work is—

- I. To please people.
- II. To feed them in dainty ways.
- III. To clothe them.
- IV. To keep them orderly.
- V. To teach them.

I. To please.—A woman must be a pleasant creature. Be sure that people like the room better with you in it than out of it ; and take all pains to get the power of sympathy, and the habit of it.

II. Can you cook plain meats and dishes economically and savourily ? If not, make it your first business to learn, as you find opportunity. When you can, advise and personally help, any poor woman within your reach who will be glad of help in that matter ; always avoiding impertinence or discourtesy of interference. Acquaint yourself with the poor, not as their patroness, but their friend. . . .

III. To clothe.—Set aside a quite fixed portion of your time for making strong and pretty articles of dress of the best procurable materials. You may use a sewing machine ; but what work is to be done (in order that it may be entirely sound) with finger and thimble, is to be your special business. First-rate material, however costly, sound work, and such prettiness as ingenious choice of color and adaptation of simple form will admit, are to be your aims. Head-dress may be fantastic, if it be stout, clean, and consistently worn, as a Norman paysanne’s cap. And you will be more useful in getting up, ironing, etc., a pretty cap for a poor

girl who has not taste or time to do it for herself, than in making flannel petticoats or knitting stockings. But do both, and give—(don't be afraid of giving; Doreas was n't raised from the dead that modern clergymen might call her a fool)—the things you make to those who verily need them. What sort of persons these *are* you have to find out. It is a most important part of your work.

IV. To keep them orderly,—primarily clean, tidy, regular in habits.—Begin by keeping *things* in order; soon you will be able to keep people, also.

Early rising—on all grounds is for yourself indispensable. You must be at work by latest by six in summer and seven in winter. (Of course that puts an end to evening parties, and so it is a blessed condition in two directions at once.) Every day do a little bit of housemaid's work in your own house, thoroughly, so as to be a pattern of perfection in that kind. Your actual housemaid will then follow your lead, if there's an atom of woman's spirit in her—(if not, ask your mother to get another).

If you have a garden, spend all spare minutes in it in actual gardening. If not, get leave to take care of part of some friend's, a poor person's, but always out of doors. Have nothing to do with greenhouses, still less with hot-houses.

When there are no flowers to be looked after, there are dead leaves to be gathered, snow to be swept, or matting to be nailed, and the like.

V. Teach—yourself first—to read with attention, and to remember with affection, what deserves both, and nothing else. Never read borrowed books. To be without books of your own is the abyss of penury. Don't endure it. And when you've to buy them, you'll think whether they're worth reading; which you had better on all accounts." *Fors Clavigera*. Notes and Correspondence to Letter XXXIV.

VII. **theology**; the science which treats of the existence, character, and attributes of God, his laws and government, the doctrines we are to believe and the duties we are to practise. Theology is objective, it explains man's ideas of God; religion is subjective, it pertains to the relations of man to the God in whom his theology teaches him to be-

lieve. In *The Eagle's Nest*, p. 60, Ruskin calls theology, "the science of Deity."

foolishest.—Notice that Ruskin prefers the terminal form of comparison to the adverbial, even when euphony would seem to demand the latter.

Fates; the Latin *Pareæ* (from the root *pars*, a part or lot), who were the goddesses of Fate, and assigned to every one his part, or lot. They were three: Clotho, who held the distaff and spun out the thread of human life; Lachesis, the disposer of destinies, who twirled the spindle; and Atropos, the inevitable, who cut the thread when it had reached its allotted length.

nick of time.—A nick (from the Icelandic, meaning to seize and carry off) is a hit, a fortunate combination; hence, the nick of time means the time when everything is favorable.

punctual; usually, prompt; here used in its rare sense to denote exact locality.

Immaculate and final verity, pure undoubted truth. Ruskin begins Heavens, Divine, Nations, and Immaculate with capitals to give them a slightly satirical conspicuousness. He also often uses capitals to make words emphatic.

most abstruse of all possible subjects.—See **theology.**

VIII. Idleness and Cruelty.—When he wrote this passage, Ruskin evidently had in mind the Seven Deadly Sins of the Roman Catholic Church, which are murder, lust, covetousness, gluttony, pride, envy, and idleness.

He explains himself more fully in *Seven Lamps*, p. 195 :—
 "The recklessness of the demagogue, the immorality of the middle class, and the effeminacy and treachery of the noble, are traceable in all these [European] nations to the commonest and most fruitful cause of calamity in households—idleness. We think too much in our benevolent efforts, more multiplied and more vain day by day, of hetering men by giving them advice and instruction. There are few who will take either: the chief thing they need is occupation. I do not mean work in the sense of bread,—I mean work in the sense of mental interest."

Of the importance of work he says further, in *The Two Paths*, p. 113, "Though you may have known clever men

who were indolent, you never knew a *great* man who was so. When I hear a young man spoken of, as giving promise of high genius, the first question I ask about him is always—Does he work ?”

See ¶ XI., and also K. T., ¶ 36 and 37, and Q. G. ¶ 91 and 94 for explanation of **Cruelty**. It will be seen that Ruskin's conception of it embraces thoughtless, and even unconscious, neglect as well as active unkindness and abuse. He seldom considers especially and distinctively the relations of man to the lower animals, but in *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. II., p. 142, he says :—“Christ sums them all [the Commandments] into two rigorous positions, and the first position for young people is active and attentive kindness to animals. . . . There is scarcely any conception left of the character which animals and birds might have if kindly treated in a wild state.”

six thousand years ; that is, since 4004 B. C., the date of the creation of man, according to Biblical chronology.

✕ **the light of morning, youth**.—“The whole period of youth is one essentially of formation, edification, instruction, I use the words with their weight in them ; intaking of stores, establishment in vital habits, hopes and faiths. There is not an hour of it but is trembling with destinies,—not a moment of which, once past, the appointed work can ever be done again, or the neglected blow struck on the cold iron.” *Modern Painters*, Part V., p. 403.

sentimentally regret ; to regret with an emotion springing from affection and feeling rather than from reasonable sorrow for lost opportunities ; to look back with longing to youth as a time of pleasure and of hopes since unfulfilled.

solemn and sollennis (Latin *sollennis* or *solennis*, from Oscan *sollus*, all, and Latin *annus*, a year), properly that which takes place every year, used especially of religious anniversaries ; hence, marked with festal religious rites, sacred, and also joyful, in all its character and method.

Compare the passage beginning, **Now, therefore, see that no day passes** with the following :—“You must be thankful that your Maker has veiled whatever is fearful in your frame under a sweet and manifest beauty ; and has made it your duty, and your only safety, to rejoice in that, both in your-

self and in others :—not indeed concealing, or refusing to believe in sickness, if it come ; but never dwelling on it.

Now, your wisdom and duty touching soul sickness are just the same.

Ascertain clearly what is wrong with you ; . . . take steady means to check yourself in whatever fault you have ascertained, and justly accused yourself of. And as soon as you are in active way of mending, you will be no more inclined to moan over an undefined corruption. For the rest, you will find it less easy to uproot faults, than to choke them by gaining virtues.

Do not think of your faults ; still less of others' faults : in every person who comes near you, look for what is good and strong : honor that ; rejoice in it ; and, as you can, try to imitate it : and your faults will drop off, like dead leaves when the time comes." *Ethics of the Dust*, V., p. 107.

IX. Write down, then.—"Men's proper business in this world falls mainly into three divisions :

First, to know themselves, and the existing state of things they have to do with.

Second, to be happy in themselves, and in the existing state of things.

Thirdly, to mend themselves, and the existing state of things, as far as either are marred or mendable." *Modern Painters*, Part IV., p. 44.

compass means, from its Latin signification, a passing around, hence, whole extent, and in music, the range of notes or sound comprehended by any voice or instrument.

concerted piece, a composition in parts, for several voices or instruments, as a trio.

if you have any soul worth expressing.—"A well-disposed group of notes in music will make you sometimes weep and sometimes laugh. You can express the depth of all affections by those dispositions of sound." *The Two Paths*, p. 119.

vulgar (Latin *vulgus*, the common people, the multitude), here ordinary, common, every-day, not coarse and low, which are secondary meanings originating in the fact that coarseness and ignorance are almost invariable characteristics of the vulgar, or lower classes. See also K. T., ¶ 28.

economy.—“ Now we have warped the word ‘economy’ in our English language into a meaning which it has no business whatever to bear. In our use of it, it constantly signifies merely sparing or saving. . . . But that is a wholly barbarous use of the word. . . . Economy no more means saving money than it means spending money. It means, the administration of a house; its stewardship; spending or saving, that is, whether money or time, or anything else, to the best possible advantage. In the simplest and clearest definition of it, economy, whether public or private, means the wise management of labour; and it means this mainly in three senses: namely, first, *applying* your labour rationally; secondly, *preserving* its produce carefully; lastly, *distributing* its produce seasonably.” *Political Economy of Art*, p. 15.

go and help in the cooking.—“ Cooking means the knowledge of Medea, and of Circe, and of Calypso, and of Helen, and of Rebekah, and of the Queen of Sheba. It means knowledge of all herbs, and fruits, and balms, and spices; and of all that is healing and sweet in fields and groves, and savory in meats; it means carefulness, and inventiveness, and watchfulness, and willingness, and readiness of appliance; it means the economy of your great-grandmothers, and the science of modern chemists; it means much tasting and no wasting; it means English thoroughness, and French art, and Arabian hospitality; and it means, in fine, that you are to be perfectly and always ‘ladies’—‘loaf-givers’; and, as you are to see, imperatively, that everybody has something pretty to put on—so you are to see, yet more imperatively, that everybody has something nice to eat.”—*Ethics of the Dust*, VII., p. 145.

X. sewn with your own fingers.—“ No machine yet contrived, or hereafter contrivable, will ever equal the fine machinery of the human fingers.”—*The Two Paths*, p. 54.

embroider it.—“ Ornamentation involving design, such as embroidery, etc., produced *solely* by industry of *hand*, is highly desirable in the state dresses of all classes, down to the lowest peasantry.”—*Arrows of the Chace*, vol. II., p. 155.

the pawnbroker must sell them.—A makeshift argument,

in Ruskin's desire to encourage the almsgiving which benefits the giver as well as the receiver.

“We have heard only too much lately of “Indiscriminate Charity;” with implied reproof, not of the Indiscrimination merely, but of the Charity also. We have partly succeeded in enforcing on the minds of the poor the idea that it is disgraceful to receive; and are likely, without much difficulty, to succeed in persuading not a few of the rich that it is disgraceful to give. But the political economy of a great state makes both giving and receiving graceful; and the political economy of true religion interprets the saying that “it is more blessed to give than to receive,” not as the promise of reward in another life for mortified selfishness in this, but as a pledge of bestowal upon us of that sweet and better nature, which does not mortify itself in giving.” *Munera Pulveris*, p. 164.

Proverbs XXXI. is the chapter containing a description of a virtuous woman.

XI. you are not to be cruel.—“You know that to give alms is nothing unless you give thought also; . . . and you know that a little thought and a little kindness are often worth more than a great deal of money. Now this charity of thought is not merely to be exercised towards the poor; it is to be exercised towards all men. There is assuredly no action of our social life, however unimportant, which, by kindly thought, may not be made to have a beneficial influence upon others; and it is impossible to spend the smallest sum of money, for any not absolutely necessary purpose, without a grave responsibility attaching to the manner of spending it. . . . Whatever we wish to buy, we ought first to consider not only if the thing be fit for us, but if the manufacture of it be a wholesome and happy one; and if, on the whole, the sum we are going to spend will do as much good spent in this way as it would if spent in any other way.

It may be said that we have not time to consider all this before we make a purchase. But no time could be spent in a more important duty. . . . The plea of ignorance will never take away our responsibilities.” *Lectures on Architecture*, II., p. 72.

there are degrees of pain.—“All measures of reformation

are effective in exact proportion to their timeliness : partial decay may be cut away and cleansed ; incipient error corrected ; but there is a point at which corruption can no more be stayed, nor wandering recalled ; it has been the manner of modern philanthropy to remain passive until that precise period, and to leave the sick to perish and the foolish to stray, while it exhausted itself in frantic exertions to raise the dead and reform the dust.

“The recent direction of a great weight of public opinion against capital punishment is, I think, the sign of an awakening perception that punishment is the last and worst instrument in the hands of the legislature for the prevention of crime. The true instruments of reformation are employment and reward—not punishment. Aid the willing, honour the virtuous, and compel the idle into occupation, and there will be no need for the compelling of any one into the great and last indolence of death.”—*Arrows of the Chace*, vol. II., p. 133.

Believe me the only right principle.—Discipline and Interference lies at the very root of all human progress or power ; the “Let alone” principle is, in all things which man has to do with, the principle of death ; that it is ruin to him, certain and total, if he lets his land alone—if he lets his fellow-men alone—if he lets his own soul alone. That his whole life, on the contrary, must, if it is a healthy life, be continually one of ploughing and pruning, rebuking and helping, governing and punishing ; and that therefore it is only in the concession of some great principle of restraint and interference in national action that he can ever hope to find the secret of protection against national degradation. *Political Economy of Art*, p. 21. See also *Unto This Last*, p. 21.

XIV. Sister of Charity.—“Remember that I do not deny, though I can not affirm, the spiritual advantages resulting, in certain cases, from enthusiastic religious reverie, and from the other practises of saints and anchorites. The evidence respecting them has never yet been honestly collected, much less dispassionately examined : but assuredly, there is in that direction a probability, and more than a probability, of dangerous error, while there is none whatever in the practice of an active, cheerful, and benevolent life. The

hope of attaining a higher religious position, which induces us to encounter, for its exalted alternative, the risk of unhealthy error, is often, as I said, founded more on pride than piety." *Ethics of the Dust*, VII., p. 160.

XV. **It is the large and sad share.**—"During the entire period of the reign of the late Emperor it was assumed in France, as the first principle of fiscal government, that a large portion of the funds received as rent from the provincial labourer should be expended in the manufacture of ladies' dresses in Paris. . . . As early as the year 1857, I had done my best to show the nature of the error, and to give warning of its danger; . . . but the powers of trade in Paris had their full way for fourteen years more,—with this result, to-day,—as told us in precise and curt terms by the Minister of Public Instruction,—'We have replaced glory by gold, work by speculation, faith and honour by scepticism. To absolve or glorify immorality; to make much of loose women; to gratify our eyes with luxury, our ears with the tales of orgies; to aid in the manœuvres of public robbers, or to applaud them; to laugh at morality, and only believe in success; to love nothing but pleasure, adore nothing but force; to replace work with a fecundity of fancies; to speak without thinking; to prefer noise to glory; to erect sneering into a system, and lying into an institution—is this the spectacle that we have seen?—is this the society that we have been?' Of course, other causes, besides the desire of luxury in furniture and dress, have been at work to produce such consequences; but the most active cause of all has been the passion for these; passion unrebuked by the clergy, and, for the most part, provoked by economists, as advantageous to commerce; nor need we think that such results have been arrived at in France only; we are ourselves following rapidly on the same road. France, in her old wars with us, never was so fatally our enemy as she has been in the fellowship of fashion, and the freedom of trade." Preface to *Munera Pulveris*.

ménagères, French housewives.

monde and demi-monde, fashionable society, and a class of Parisian society composed of disreputable women.

premières representations.—In France, the audience at the

first performance (*première représentation*) of a new play or opera is principally composed of the leaders of the fashionable and literary worlds, and the success or failure of the production depends in a great measure upon its reception by this "first night" audience, who express their approval or disapproval most vehemently.

mobiliers, furniture.

vaudevilles, songs of lively character, frequently embodying a satire on some person or event; street-songs often of doubtful morality. The name comes from Vau-de-vire, a village in Normandy, where Oliver Basselin, at the end of the fourteenth century, composed such songs.

Anonymas, women of doubtful moral character.

émeutes, riots.

vous êtes anglaise, etc. — "You are English; we believe you; the English always speak the truth."

XVI. **Ellesmere**, Francis Egerton, first Earl of (1800-1857). He is chiefly known for his services to literature and the fine arts. When he was about twenty, he published a translation of *Faust*.

It is probable that the speech here mentioned is the one made by Lord Ellesmere, May 28, 1852, in behalf of the Baroness von Beck. She was an authoress of some note, who, shortly after her arrival in England, was arrested on some obscure charge as she was returning from a reception. Being thrown into prison in her ball dress, she died from exposure in a few days. A petition was presented complaining of the conduct of her persecutors, and it is presumable that some circumstances in her case may have suggested to Lord Ellesmere the Gretchen of *Faust*.

(note) *φίλη*, Gr., dear.

XVII. **Medea** was the daughter of Aetes, king of Colchis, and wife of Jason. When her husband deserted her to marry Creusa, she sent a poisoned robe as a gift to the bride, *killed her children*, and fled to Athens where she married Aegæus.

the daughter of Herodias.—At the probable instigation of Herodias, her daughter obtained from Herod the promise of anything she might ask for, and, at her mother's command, demanded the head of John the Baptist, which was given her.

She is an example of willing obedience to a command prompted by hate and revenge; an obedience which shirks the responsibility of the crime which it desires and causes.

XVIII. what I am . . . it is well the reader should know; because, as Ruskin says in *Lectures on Art*, p. 71: "You can, in truth, understand a man's word only by understanding his temper."

ethical, relating to manners or morals.

autobiography. *Praeterita, Outlines of Scenes and Thoughts perhaps Worthy of Memory in my Past Life* (1886) contains in the twenty-four chapters now (1888) published sufficient "details of autobiography" to give a very satisfactory idea of Ruskin's early life, and his "methods of study and general principles of work."

Guido Guinicelli or Guinizelli was an Italian poet born at Bologna, of the celebrated family of de Principe. He was a soldier or, some say, a magistrate, but, in 1274, was expelled from Bologna, for having espoused the cause of the Emperor Frederick. He died in 1276. He is considered the reviver of Italian poetry. Dante, in *The Purgatory*, says, in addressing him, "You are my father, and the father of other poets better than I, whom you taught to compose love verses, full of sweetness and grace." He depicted chivalric love, and introduced, in his love poetry, philosophic ideas and lofty sentiments. He left five sonnets, four canzone, and some unpublished pieces preserved in the Vatican library.

Marmontel, Jean François (1723-1799), was a poet and moralist, but is best known by his *Éléments de Littérature*.

Ruskin describes him thus:—"He was a French Gentleman of the old school; not noble, nor, in French sense, even 'gentilhomme'; but a peasant's son, who made his way into Parisian society by gentleness, wit, and a dainty and candid literary power. He became one of the humblest, yet honestest, placed scholars at the court of Louis XV., and wrote pretty, yet wise, sentimental stories in finished French." [Contes Moraux.] *Fors Clavigera*. Letter XIV., p. 27.

Swift, Jonathan, Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin (1667-1745), was the greatest of English satirists. Born in pov-

erty, and educated at the expense of a relative, he felt keenly the disadvantages of his position. His nature, naturally proud, egotistical and arbitrary, became more so under the influence of many galling disappointments, and he revenged himself against the world in a succession of books and political pamphlets, written in a strong, pure, English style, and satirizing mercilessly all the weaknesses, follies, and vices of men. His best known works are *The Tale of a Tub*, *Drapier Letters*, and *Gulliver's Travels*.



KINGS' TREASURIES.

1. Sesame; see **Sesame and Lilies**.

Kings' Treasuries; see **two following ones**.

Lucian: the Fisherman.—Lucian, one of the principal essay-writers and satirists of the post-Christian era, lived about the middle of the second century. In his dialogue of the Fisherman (Piscator), Lucian holds up to ridicule the philosophers of his time, and when asked by what means he can bring them together, replies,—Easy enough; not by discussing truth, but by a bribe of “a cake of sesame and two minae (ten pounds).” This quotation expresses Ruskin's estimate of the aims of modern education; for he considers that the modern education leads men to desire wisdom, not for itself, but for the material advantages that it brings, the cake of sesame and the ten pounds.

Instead of the quotation from Lucian given here, the first edition has *ἐξ αὐτῆς ἐξελεύσεται ἄρτος . . . καὶ χῶμα χουσίον.*—Job xxviii. 5, 6.

In the first edition, this lecture begins, “I believe, ladies and gentlemen, that my first duty, etc. ;” and there are a few other variations in this paragraph from the text as given here.

ambiguity.—The title is ambiguous, because it gives no hint of the subject-matter of the lecture.

regnant [Lat. *regnare*, to rule] is the usual term applied to ruling sovereigns.

2. “**position in life.**”—“The very removal of the massy bars which once separated one class of society from another, has rendered it tenfold more shameful in foolish people's, *i. e.*, in most people's eyes, to remain in the lower grades of it than ever it was before. When a man born of an artisan was looked upon as an entirely different species of animal, from a man born of a noble, it made him no more uncomfortable or ashamed to remain that different species of animal, than it makes a horse ashamed to remain a horse, and

not to become a giraffe. But now that a man may make money, and rise in the world, and associate himself unapproached, with people once far above him, not only is the natural discontentedness of humanity developed to an unheard-of extent, whatever a man's position, but it becomes a veritable shame to him to remain in the state he was born in, and everybody thinks it his *duty* to try to be a "gentleman." Persons who have any influence in the management of public institutions for charitable education know how common this feeling has become. . . . There is no real desire for the safety, the discipline, or the moral good of the children, only a panic horror of the inexpressibly pitiable calamity of their living a ledge or two lower on the molehill of the world—a calamity to be averted at any cost whatever, of struggle, anxiety, and shortening of life itself. I do not believe that any greater good could be achieved for the country, than the change in public feeling on this head, which might be brought about by a few benevolent men undeniably in the class of "gentlemen," who would, on principle, enter into some of our commonest trades, and make them honorable; showing that it was possible for a man to retain his dignity, and remain, in the best sense, a gentleman, though part of his time was every day occupied in manual labor, or even in serving customers over a counter. I do not in the least see why courtesy, and gravity, and sympathy with the feelings of others, and courage, and truth, and piety, and what else goes to make up a gentleman's character should not be found behind a counter as well as elsewhere, if they were demanded, or even hoped for, there." *Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 8 and 9.

But an education.—"And this has been the real cause of failure in efforts for education hitherto—whether from above or below. There is no honest desire for the thing itself. The cry for it among the lower orders is because they think that, when once they have got it, they must become upper orders. . . . And very sternly I say to you—and say from sure knowledge—that a man had better not know how to read or write, than receive education on such terms." *Time and Tide*, Letter XVI., p. 102.

"The healthy sense of progress, which is necessary to the

strength and happiness of men, does not consist in the anxiety of a struggle to attain higher place or rank, but in gradually perfecting the manner, and accomplishing the ends, of the life which we have chosen, or which circumstances have determined for us." *Time and Tide*, Letter II., p. 8.

double-belled doors.—In London, the first-class houses have two bells at the principal door; one for visitors and the other for persons calling on business. The area, or basement door, is for servants and tradespeople.

"**this we pray . . . all we pray for,**" is not in the first edition.

3. the last infirmity of noble minds.—From Milton's *Lycidas* :—

"Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise,
That last infirmity of noble minds."

impulsive is used here in its primary sense of driving or impelling.

catastrophe [from Greek words meaning *down* and *to turn*]; an event producing a subversion or overturning of the order of things; or, as used here, a final event of a disastrous nature.

4. especially of all modern effort.—"We have absolutely no motive but vanity and the love of money—no others, as nations, than these, whatever we may have as individuals. And as the thirst of vanity thus increases, so the temptation to it." *The Study of Architecture*, p. 14.

mortal [from Lat. *mors*, death], deadly.—"Recollect that 'mors' means death and delaying; and 'vita' means life and growing: and try always, not to mortify yourselves, but to vivify yourselves." *Ethics of the Dust*, p. 130.

gangrenous; gangrene is the first stage of mortification, or loss of life, in living flesh.

various.—In the sense of diversified, Ruskin often uses this word, with a noun in the singular.

diocese [from a Greek word meaning *housekeeping*] is the district over which a bishop exercises his authoritative power.

My Lord.—The bishops of the Church of England are members of the House of Lords, and are addressed as "My Lord."

5. **acquisitiveness**, desire of possession.

collateral means by the side of, accompanying.

beneficent, doing well (Lat. *bene*, well, and *faciens*, doing), should be distinguished from benevolent (Lat. *bene*, well, and *volens*, wishing), though the words are often used interchangeably.

6. **associations**.—This word is here used in the sense of associates, *i.e.*, persons joined to us.

7. **apathy**, insensibility to sensation either of pleasure or pain.

privy council; “a number of distinguished persons selected by a sovereign to advise in the administration of government.”—Blackstone.

8. **ephemeral**; literally, that which lasts but a day.

9. Cf. “Perhaps you think that literature means nothing else than talking? that the triple powers of science, art, and scholarship, mean simply the powers of knowing, doing, and saying. But that is not so in any wise. The faculty of saying or writing anything well, is an art, just as much as any other; and founded on a science as definite as any other.” *The Eagle's Nest*, p. 3.

10. “**Queen of the Air**,” § 106.—“Now I have here asserted two things,—first, the foundation of art in moral character; next, the foundation of moral character in war. I must make both these assertions clearer, and prove them.

First, of the foundation of art in moral character. Of course art-gift and amiability of disposition are two different things; a good man is not necessarily a painter, nor does an eye for colour necessarily imply an honest mind. But great art implies the union of both powers; it is the expression, by an art-gift, of a pure soul. If the gift is not there, we can have no art at all; and if the soul—and a right soul too—is not there, the art is bad, however dexterous.”

11. **readers**.—The first edition has *leaders*.

entrée. Fr., right of entrance.

inherent, closely connected, hence, and more commonly, inborn.

12. **Elysian gates** close the entrance to Elysium, which is, in Grecian mythology, the dwelling-place assigned to happy souls after death.

Faubourg St. Germain is the aristocratic quarter of Paris; it has become a synonyme for any exclusive and desirable society.

13. parables, tales of something real in life or nature from which morals are drawn for instruction. "But a fate rules the words of wise men, which make their words truer, and worth more, than the men themselves know." *Proserpina*, p. 19.

15. "literature."—In *Mornings in Florence*, p. 113, Ruskin calls Literature or the Art of Letters, "the art of faithfully reading what has been written for our learning; and of clearly writing what we would make immortal of our thoughts. Power which consists first in recognizing letters; secondly, in forming them; thirdly, in the understanding and choice of words which errorless shall express our thought. Severe exercises all, reaching—very few living persons know, how far; beginning properly in childhood, then only to be truly acquired."

He again defines *literature* in the *Eagle's Nest*, pp. 5 and 6, as,—“The modification of Ideal things by our ideal Power,” and says,—“But now observe. If this [definition] be a just one, we ought to have a word for literature, with the ‘Letter’ left out of it. It is true that, for the most part, the modification of ideal things by our ideal power is not complete till it is expressed; nor even to ourselves delightful, till it is communicated. To letter it and label it—to inscribe and to word it rightly,—this is a great task, and it is the part of literature which can be most distinctly taught. But it is only the formation of its body—and the soul of it can exist without the body; but not at all the body without the soul; for that is true no less of literature than of all else in us or of us—“*litera occidit, spiritus autem vivificat*” [the letter kills, but the spirit makes alive].

nomenclature, calling of things by their names, from the Lat. *nomen*, name, and *calare*, to call.

peerage, a body of peers or nobles, suggests that words acquire rank through long usage by the best authors; and thus a body of words whose history is ancient and splendid is aptly compared with the peerage.

canaille, Fr., rabble.

noblesse, Fr., nobility.

parliament, an assembly for speaking.

16. quantity.—Latin poetry does not depend, like English, upon accent and rhyme ; but is measured like musical strains by the length, or quantity, of its syllables.

equivocally [Lat. *aequus*, equal, and *vox*, voice], literally, with two voices ; in a double sense.

masked words.—“The reader must not think that any care can be misspent in tracing the connexion and power of the words which we have to use in the sequel. Much education sums itself in making men economize their words, and understand them. Nor is it possible to estimate the harm which has been done, in matters of higher speculation and conduct, by loose verbiage, though we may guess at it by observing the dislike which people show to having anything about their religion said to them in simple words, because then they understand it.” *Munera Pulveris*, p. 91.

chamae-leon [literally, in the Greek, *ground-lion*], is a kind of lizard that changes with the color of the objects about it.

17. mongrel, of mixed breed.

Greek or Latin words.—“Whenever you write or read English, write it pure, and make it pure if ill-written, by avoiding all unnecessary foreign, especially Greek, forms of words yourself, and translating them when used by others. Above all, make this a practice in science. Great part of the supposed scientific knowledge of the day is simply bad English, and vanishes the moment you translate it.” *Devotional*, Vol. I., p. 201.

words for an idea.—The first edition has *forms for a word*.

awful.—The first edition has *respectable*.

it to be vulgar.—The first edition has *to discredit it*.

“biblos,” inner bark of the papyrus ; the paper made of this bark ; hence, a paper, book.

“biblion” [diminutive of *biblos*], a paper, scroll. Its stem, *biblio*, appears in such compounds as bibliographer, a writer of books ; bibliolatry, excessive reverence for the mere letter of the Bible ; and bibliomaniac ;—“If a man spends lavishly on his library, you call him mad—a bibliomaniac.” *Sesame and Lilies*, ¶ 32.

many simple persons.—The first edition adds, *who worship the Letter of God's Word instead of its Spirit, just as other idolators worship His picture instead of His presence.*

18. *κατακρίνω*, to condemn.

“*ecclesia*” was originally the public legislative assembly of the Athenians. It now means a congregation, a church; and is found in such words as, *ecclesiarch*, a ruler of the church, and ecclesiastic, or ecclesiastical, pertaining to the church.

“*priest*” “*presbyter*.”—“We should never have known that *priest* meant originally an elder, unless we had traced it back to its original form *presbyter*, in which a Greek scholar at once recognizes the comparative of *presbys*, old.” Max Müller.

There has been great controversy whether in the Christian church, there be properly any such officer as priest, *i.e.*, a person set apart for the performance of sacrifice. Concerning this discussion, Ruskin says,—“It would have been just as possible for the Clergy of the early Church to call themselves Levites, as to call themselves (ex officio) Priests. The whole function of Priesthood was, on Christmas morning, at once and forever gathered into His Person who was born at Bethlehem; and thenceforward all who are united with Him, and who with Him make a sacrifice of themselves; that is to say, all members of the Invisible Church, become at the instant of their conversion, Priests. As for the unhappy retention of the term Priest in our English Prayer-book, so long as it was understood to mean nothing but an upper order of Church officer, licensed to tell the congregation from the reading-desk that “God pardoneth all them that truly repent”—there was little harm in it; but, now that this order of Clergy begins to presume upon a title which, if it means anything at all, is simply short for *Presbyter*, and has no more to do with the word *Hiereus* [a sacrificer] than with the word *Levite*, it is time that some order should be taken both with the book and the Clergy.” [Abridged] *Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds*, pp. 19 and 20.

The early Christian Church by adopting the word *ecclesia*

for a meeting of the church, assumed thereby the temporal [see **temporal**] power of the *ecclesia*, or "citizen-assembly." To this usurpation of temporal power, many of the wars in Europe,—wars arising from the struggles between the Guelphs and Ghibellines, between the Church of Rome and the Protestants, may be traced, though they were "in the heart of them founded on deeper causes."

19. dialects [literally, a *speaking through*] are spoken languages as distinct from literary ones; especially the natural varieties of expression that spring up in different parts of a country.

Greek alphabet.—"Whether you can learn Greek or not, it is well (and perfectly easy,) to learn the Greek alphabet, that, if by chance a questionable word occur in your Testament, or in scientific books, you may be able to read it, and even look it out in a dictionary." *Fors Clavigera*, Letter LXI., p. 11.

Max Müller (born 1823).—"Prof. Max Müller teaches you the science of language." *Eagle's Nest*, p. 4. He is a German by birth, but has lived in England the greater part of his life. He was at one time professor of Modern Languages at Oxford.

20. Lycidas was written by Milton in 1637. "In this monody the author bewails a learned friend unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish seas, 1637—and by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted clergy, then in their height."

pilot, St. Peter.

amain, with sudden force.

enow, the old form, usually plural, of enough.

scrannel, poor, withered.

grim wolf, the devil, the great enemy of the Christian sheepfold.

Milton (1608–1674), one of the most celebrated English authors; now chiefly known by his great poems, but, during his life, intimately associated in the political and religious conflicts of the time, and the author of voluminous tracts and treatises.

episcopal function, office and authority as a bishop. Episcopal, governed by, or belonging to bishops, comes from

the Greek *episcopos*, overseer; whence bishop is also derived.

Bishops of Rome.—According to Church history, St. Peter, to whom Christ gave the keys of the kingdom of heaven [Matt. xvi. 19] was the first bishop of Rome. This bishopric afterwards grew so powerful that its holder became the head of the Roman Catholic Church and is known as the Pope, from the Latin *papa*, father.

21. "lords over . . . to the flock."—1 Peter v., 3.

22. **metaphor** is a rhetorical figure founded upon the resemblance which one object bears to another.

bishop's office.—"If then, the reader will look at the analysis of Episcopacy in "Sesame and Lilies," the first volume of all my works; next at the chapter on Episcopacy in "Time and Tide;" and lastly, refer to what he can gather in the past series of 'Fors,' he will find the united gist of all to be that Bishops cannot take, much less give, account of men's souls unless they first take and give account of their bodies; and that, therefore, all existing poverty and crime in their dioceses, discoverable by human observation, must be, when they are Bishops indeed, clearly known to, and describable by them, or their subordinates." *Fors Clavigera*, Letter LXII., p. 27.

23. **cretinous**, idiotic. A cretin is a kind of idiot frequent in the low valleys of the Alps.

putrescent, becoming foul through decay.

24. **Dante.**—It is impossible to read Ruskin with full appreciation, without knowing at least the outline of Dante's life and of his greatest work, the *Divina Commedia*, and without striving to enter into the calm spirit of this man, by whom more than any other, Ruskin has been influenced. For to Ruskin, Dante is not only "the greatest poet of that [the close of the 13th] century or perhaps any age" but he is also "the central man of all the world, as representing in perfect balance the imaginative, moral, and intellectual faculties all at their highest" *Modern Painters*, Part IV., p. 18. *Stones of Venice*, Vol. III., p. 158.

Dante degli Alighieri was born at Florence, in 1265, of a noble family. When he was only nine years old, he met

Beatrice Portinari. This meeting with her, who, during life, was ever the "glorious lady" to Dante, and who, after death, became a holy ideal of perfect womanhood to him, colored all the after course of his life. He himself writes,—"I say that from that time forward Love swayed my soul, which was even then espoused to him."

It is probable that Dante never sought Beatrice in marriage, nor is there any reason to believe that she ever knew of his love; at an early age, she was affianced to Simonedei Bardi, whose wife she became at the age of twenty. In 1290, she died, at the age of twenty-four, and Dante wrote concerning her death,—“If it be the pleasure of him through whom all things live, that my life hold out yet a few years, I hope to say that of her, which was never yet said of any woman.”

Dante himself married in 1291, but never saw his wife or family after 1301; for in this year he was exiled from Florence for political reasons and never again returned to his native city. He died in Ravenna in 1331. Of his exile he says, “Through almost all parts where this language [Italian] is spoken, a wanderer, well-nigh a beggar, I have gone, showing against my will the wound of fortune. Truly I have been a vessel without or sail or rudder, driven to distant ports, estuaries, and shores, by that hot blast, the breath of grievous poverty.”

His great poem, the Divine Comedy (*Divina Commedia*), which Ruskin calls “a love-poem to his dead lady,” was written during these years of exile. It consists of three parts, Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise, and its “literal subject is,” as Dante says, “the state of the soul after death simply considered.” It pictures Dante, beset with doubts and fears, met by Virgil and led by him through Hell and Purgatory to the Terrestrial Paradise. Here Beatrice descends to meet him, and “throughout the ascents of Paradise she is his teacher, interpreting for him the most difficult truths, divine and human, and leading him, with rebuke upon rebuke from star to star”; until at last he attains the end of his vision in the final blessedness of the entire surrender of his will to the love of God.

“have taken away . . . themselves.”—Luke xi. 52.

"he that watereth . . . himself."—Prov. xi. 25.

rock-apostle, St. Peter. Cf. Matt. xvi. 18.

"Take him . . . cast him out."—Matt. xxii. 13.

25. "to mix the . . . heavenly doubts."—In Emerson's poem, *To Rhea*, these lines occur :—

"He mixes music with her thoughts,
And saddens her with heavenly doubts."

The foot-note to ¶ 25 is not in the first edition.

Shakespeare (1564–1616).—See Shakespeare.

Richard III. . . . Cranmer.—In Richard III.,—where the Mayor and citizens of London are gulled into a belief in Richard's piety by his hypocritical appearance before them reading a book of prayers and attended by two bishops,—Shakespeare evinces no sympathy with their credulous veneration for established forms of religion; while in Henry VIII. he shows very plainly, in his delineation of Cranmer, the founder of the English Protestant Church, his sympathy with the spirit of freedom that Protestantism seemed to embody. See Rich. III., Act iii., sc. vii., and Henry VIII., Act v., sc. iv.

St. Francis and St. Dominic.—St. Francis (1182–1226) was the founder of the great order of Franciscan friars and St. Dominic (1170–1221) of the Dominicans. Dante says of them, "Meet is it that where the one is the other should be brought in, so that as they served in one warfare, so their glory should shine together. The one [St. Francis] was all seraphic in ardour, the other [St. Dominic] was upon earth a splendour of cherubic light." See Dante's *Paradiso*, Cantos XI. and XII. For Ruskin's description of these saints, read *Mornings in Florence*.

Virgil (70 B. C.–19 B. C.).—In the *Divina Commedia*, Virgil, typifies Earthly Wisdom, and is Dante's guide through Hell and Purgatory and is constantly spoken of by him with great respect and love.

him who made—Caiaphas the high-priest. "Now Caiaphas was he which gave counsel to the Jews that it was expedient that one man should die for the people," John xviii. 14. For this sin Dante represents him in the *Inferno*, 'cross-fixed in the ground with three stakes;' and Virgil

says, as he looks upon him there, "**disteso (in croce) tanto vilmente nell'eterno esilio.**" *i.e.*, "distended (on the cross) so ignominiously in the eternal exile."

him whom Dante . . . "**come il frate che confessa lo perfido assassin,**" "(I stood) like a friar who is confessing a treacherous assassin;" the treacherous assassin is Pope Nicholas III., who died in 1281, after having enriched his nephews by open simony, and by every other means in his power.

Alighieri, Dante.

temporal. [From the Lat. *tempus*, time] Of, or pertaining to time, that is, to passing time as opposed to the eternity; secondarily, as used here, civil or political as opposed to spiritual or ecclesiastical.

articles, statements of belief; as for instance, the Thirty-nine Articles of the English Church.

Ecclesiastical Courts.—Ecclesiastical, of, or pertaining to the Church; see **ecclesia**.

Ecclesiastical Courts are courts presided over by bishops, and held to determine questions concerning the faith, rites, and discipline of the church.

26. "Break up . . . thorns."—Jer. iv. 3.

"You can know what you are, only by looking *out* of yourself. Measure your own powers with those of others; compare your own interests with those of others; try to understand what you appear to them, as well as what they appear to you: and judge of yourselves, in all things relatively and subordinately; not positively: starting always with the wholesome conviction of the probability that there is nothing particular about you." *Ethics of the Dust*, p. 109.

fallow ground; ground that has been left unplanted for some time after having been ploughed, and consequently supposed to be better adapted for seed.

27. "sensation."—"By sensibility, I mean natural perceptions of beauty, fitness, and rightness; or of what is lovely, decent, and just; faculties dependent much on race, and the primal signs of fine breeding in man; but cultivable also by education, and necessarily perishing without it. True education has, indeed, no other function than the development of these faculties, and of the relative will. It

has been the great error of modern intelligence to mistake science for education. You do not educate man by telling what he knew not, but by making him what he was not." *Munera Pulveris*, p. 99.

28. "vulgarity."—"Vulgarity is indicated by coarseness of language or manners, only so far as this coarseness has been contracted under circumstances not necessarily producing it. The illiterateness of a Spanish or Calabrian peasant is not vulgar, because they had never an opportunity of acquiring letters; but the illiterateness of an English school-boy is. So again, provincial dialect is not vulgar; but cockney dialect, the corruption, by blunted sense of a finer language continually heard, is so in a deep degree . . . So also of personal defects, those only are vulgar which imply insensibility or dissipation. . . . We may conclude that vulgarity consists in a deadness of the heart and body, resulting from prolonged, and especially from inherited conditions of "degeneracy," or literally "unracing;"—gentlemanliness, being another word for an intense humanity. And vulgarity shows itself primarily in dulness of heart, not in rage or cruelty, but in inability to feel or conceive noble character or emotion. This is its essential, pure, and most fatal form. Dulness of bodily sense and general stupidity, with such forms of crime as peculiarly issue from stupidity are its material manifestations." *Modern Painters*, Part IX., pp. 270 and 274.

The **Mimosa**, better known as the sensitive plant, closes its leaves at a touch. The name "mimosa" comes from a Greek word, to *mimic*, because in this movement of shrinking from rude handling, it imitates an animal faculty.

29. just.—The first edition has *righteous*.

catastrophe means, here, a change that produces the final event; see **catastrophe**.

man by man.—The first edition adds *woman by woman, child by child*.

30. an opinion.—The first edition has *a passion*.

Neither does a great nation . . . "We have taken up the benevolent idea, forsooth, that justice is to be preventive instead of vindictive; and we imagine that we are to punish, not in anger, but in expediency; not that we may

give deserved pain to the person in fault, but that we may frighten other people from committing the same fault. The beautiful theory of this non-vindictive justice is, that having convicted a man of a crime worthy of death, we entirely pardon the criminal, restore him to his place in our affection and esteem, and then hang him, not as a malfactor, but as a scarecrow. That is the theory. And the practice is, that we send a child to prison for a month for stealing a handful of walnuts, for fear that other children should come to steal more of our walnuts. And we do not punish a swindler for ruining a thousand families, because we think swindling is a wholesome excitement to trade." *Lectures on Art*, p. 89.

"Crime cannot be hindered by punishment; it will always find some shape and outlet, unpunishable or unclosed. Crime can only be truly hindered by letting no man grow up a criminal—by taking away the *will* to commit sin; not by mere punishment of its commission. Crime, small and great, can only be truly stayed by education—not the education of the intellect only, which is, on some men, wasted, and for others mischievous; but education of the heart, which is alike good and necessary for all." *Time and Tide*, Letter XV., pp. 90, 97.

opium at the cannon's mouth.—In the first part of this century the Chinese government began to make strong efforts to keep British merchants from importing opium into China, but unsuccessfully; for large quantities were smuggled into the country in spite of promises to the contrary made by the British government. Finally, a war arose between the two countries, 1840-42, in which the English obtained such decided advantages that they were able to dictate terms to the Chinese and force them to import opium. There was trouble between the two countries again in 1856 and in 1860, resulting in favor of the English.

unhappy crazed boy and clodpate Othello.—These refer probably to some newspaper notices of events of temporary interest.

perplexed in the extreme.—Othello: Act V., Sc. 2.

And, lastly, a great nation. . . . "We English, as a nation, know not, and care not to know, a single broad or

basic principle of human justice. We have only our instincts to guide us. We will hit anybody again who hits us. We will take care of our own families and our own pockets; and we are characterized in our present phase of enlightenment mainly by rage in speculation, lavish expenditure on suspicion or panic; generosity whereon generosity is useless; anxiety for the souls of savages, regardlessness of those of civilized nations; enthusiasm for liberation of blacks, apathy to enslavement of whites; proper horror of regicide, polite respect for populicide; sympathy with those whom we can no longer serve, and reverence for the dead, whom we have ourselves delivered to death." *Arrows of the Chace*, Vol. II., p. 19.

30, foot note. **Who is to do no work, and for what pay?**—"This ought to be the first lesson of every rich man's political code. "Sir," his tutor should early say to him, "you are so placed in society—it may be for your misfortune, it *must* be for your trial—that you are likely to be maintained all your life by the labour of other men. You will have to make shoes for nobody, but some one will have to make a great many for you. You will have to dig ground for nobody, but some one will have to dig through every summer's hot day for you. You will build houses and make clothes for no one, but many a rough hand must knead clay, and many an elbow be crooked to the stitch, to keep that body of yours warm and fine. Now remember, whatever you and your work may be worth, the less you keep costs, the better. It does not cost money only. It costs degradation. You do not merely employ these people. You also tread upon them. It cannot be helped;—you have your place, and they have theirs; but see that you tread as lightly as possible, and on as few as possible. What food, and clothes, and lodging, you honestly need, for your health and peace, you may righteously take. See that you take the plainest you can serve yourself with—that you waste or wear nothing vainly;—and that you employ no man in furnishing you with any useless luxury. That is the first lesson of Christian—or human—economy." *Time and Tide*, Letter XXI., pp. 141 and 142.

31. **And there is hope for a nation.** . . . "There is

a destiny now possible to us—the highest ever set before a nation to be accepted or refused. We are still undegenerate in race; a race mingled of the best northern blood. We are not yet dissolute in temper, but still have the firmness to govern, and the grace to obey. We have been taught a religion of pure mercy, which we must either now finally betray, or learn to defend by fulfilling. And we are rich in an inheritance of honour, bequeathed to us through a thousand years of noble history, which it should be our daily thirst to increase with splendid avarice; so that Englishmen, if it be a sin to covet honour, should be the most offending souls alive." *Lectures on Art*, p. 28.

32. We have despised literature.—"And alas! this continually increasing deadness to the pleasures of literature leaves your minds, even in their most conscientious action, sensitive with agony to the sting of vanity, and at the mercy of the meanest temptation held out by the competition of the schools. Often do I receive letters from young men of sense and genius, lamenting the loss of their strength and waste of their time, but ending always with the same saying, "*I must take as high a class as I can, in order to please my father.*" And the fathers love the lads all the time, but yet, in every word they speak to them, prick the poison of the asp into their young blood, and sicken their eyes with blindness to all the true joys, the true aims, and true praises of science and literature; neither do they themselves any more conceive what was once the only true faith of Englishmen; that the only path of honour, is that of rectitude, and the only place of honour, the one that you are fit for." *Deucalion*, vol. II. p. 43.

33. The foot-note to ¶ 33 is not in the first edition.

nebula, a faint, misty appearance seen among the stars, which under a powerful telescope resolves itself into innumerable stars; as for instance the Milky Way.

negation. [Lat. *negare*, to say no] denial, absence,—the opposite of affirmation.

34. Art.—"National ignorance of decent art is always criminal, unless in earliest conditions of society; and then it is brutal." *Eagle's Nest*, p. 16.

"Enormous sums are spent annually by this country in

what is called patronage of art, but in what is for the most part merely buying what strikes our fancies. True and judicious patronage there is indeed ; many a work of art is bought by those who do not care for its possession, to assist the struggling artist, or relieve the unsuccessful one. But for the most part, I fear we are too much in the habit of buying simply what we like best, wholly irrespective of any good to be done, either to the artist or to the schools of the country. Now let us remember that every farthing we spend on objects of art has influence over men's minds and spirits, far more than over their bodies." *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, p. 74.

"I have been complaining of England that she despises the Arts ; but I might with still more appearance of justice, complain that she does not rather dread them than despise. For what has been the source of the ruin of nations since the world began ? Has it been plague, or famine, earthquake-shock or volcano-flame ? None of these ever prevailed against a great people, so as to make their name pass from the earth. In every period and place of national decline, you will find other causes than these at work to bring it about, namely, luxury, effeminacy, love of pleasure, fineness in Art, ingenuity in enjoyment. What is the main lesson which, as far as we seek any in our classical reading, we gather for our youth from ancient history ? Surely this—that simplicity of life, of language, and of manners gives strength to a nation ; and that luxuriousness of life, subtlety of language, and smoothness of manners bring weakness and destruction to a nation." *Inaugural Address at the Cambridge School of Art*, pp. 11, 12.

Ludgate Apprentices.—Ludgate Hill is the part of London where St. Paul's Cathedral stands. The name is derived from the legendary King Lud, who is said to have built here one of the ancient gates (Lud's gate) of the city sixty-three years before Christ. The apprentices of the London tradesmen near Ludgate Hill used to keep up "the cry of 'What d'ye lack ? what d'ye lack ?' accompanied with appropriate recommendations of the articles in which they dealt." *Scott's Fortunes of Nigel*, Chap. I.

Austrian guns.—"In the bombardment of Venice in 1848,

[by the Austrians] hardly a single palace escaped without three or four balls through its roof; three came into the Scuola di San Rocco, tearing their way through the pictures of Tintoret, of which the ragged fragments were still hanging from the ceiling in 1851; and the shells had reached to within a hundred yards of St. Mark's Church itself, at the time of the capitulation." *Stones of Venice*, Appendix 3.

fine pictures. The first edition has *Titians*. The footnote to ¶ 34 was not given in the first edition.

34, foot-note. Free Trade.—"The principle of Free Trade is, that French gentlemen should employ English workmen, for whatever the English can do better than the French; and English gentlemen should employ French workmen, for whatever the French can do better than the English." *Fors Clavigera*, Letter I., p. 12.

Protection. "All enmity, jealousy, opposition, and secrecy are wholly, and in all circumstances, destructive in their nature—not productive; and all kindness, fellowship, and communicativeness are invariably productive in their operation,—not destructive; and the evil principles of opposition and exclusiveness are not rendered less fatal, but more fatal, by their acceptance among large masses of men." *Political Economy of Art*, p. 87.

35. fall of Schaffhausen.—Ruskin's first sight, in his boyhood, of the fall of the Rhine at Schaffhausen marks an epoch in his life. Concerning it, he says,—“I went down that evening from the garden-terrace of Schaffhausen with my destiny fixed in all of it that was to be sacred and useful. To that terrace, and the shore of the Lake of Geneva, my heart and faith return to this day, in every impulse that is yet nobly alive in them, and every thought that has in it help or peace.” *Praeterita*, Vol. I., p. 196.

Clarens shore.—"The head of the Lake of Geneva being precisely and accurately the one spot of Europe whose character, and influence on human mind, are special; and unreplaceable if destroyed, no other spot resembling, or being in any wise comparable to it, in its peculiar way." *Modern Painters*, Part V., p. 374.

"We English, had we loved Switzerland indeed, should have striven to elevate, but not to disturb, the simplicity of

her people, by teaching them the sacredness of their fields and waters, the honour of their pastoral and burgher life, and the fellowship in glory of the grey turreted walls round their ancient cities, with their cottages in their fair groups by the forest and lake. Beautiful, indeed, upon the mountains, had been the feet of any who had spoken peace to their children ;—who had taught those princely peasants to remember their lineage, and their league with the rocks of the field ; that so they might keep their mountain waters pure, and their mountain paths peaceful, and their traditions of domestic life holy.” *Preface to First Edition of Sesame and Lilies.* p. xli.

cutaneous, affecting, or belonging to, the skin.

Swiss vintagers of Zurich.—“ I happened to pass the autumn of 1863 in one of the great vine districts of Switzerland, under the slopes of the outlying branch of the Jura which limits the arable plain of the Canton Zurich, some fifteen miles north of Zurich itself. That city has always been a renowned stronghold of Swiss Protestantism, next in importance only to Geneva. . . . I was somewhat anxious to see what species of thanksgiving or exultation would be expressed, at *their* vintage, by the peasantry in the neighborhood of this much enlightened evangelical and commercial society. It consisted in two ceremonies only. During the day, the servants of the farms where the grapes had been gathered, collected in knots about the vineyards, and slowly fired horse-pistols, from morning to evening. At night they got drunk, and staggered up and down the hill paths, uttering at short intervals yells and shrieks, differing only from the howling of wild animals by a certain intended and insolent discordance, only attainable by the malignity of debased human creatures. . . . The peculiar ghastliness of this Swiss mode of festivity is in its utter failure of joy ; the paralysis and helplessness of a vice in which there is neither pleasure, nor art.” *Time and Tide*, Letter IX., pp. 49, 50, 51.

35. Foot-notes.—These foot-notes are not in the first edition. The first edition, however, contained some extraneous matter relating to the slip of paper taken from the *Daily Telegraph*.

36. "compassion is the Latin form of the Greek word sympathy—the English word for both is 'fellow-feeling ;' . . . the imaginative understanding of the natures of others, and the power of putting ourselves in their place, is the faculty on which the virtue depends." *Fors Clavigera*, Letter XXXIV., p. 166.

The extract beginning, *An inquiry was held*, etc., is printed in *red* in the English editions.

translated boots.—The foot-note to this is not in the first edition.

syncope ; a fainting fit ; occasioned usually by a sudden loss of blood or by starvation.

"But if you put [a man] to base labour, if you bind his thoughts, if you blind his eyes, if you blunt his hopes, if you steal his joys, if you stunt his body, and blast his soul, and at last leave him not so much as to reap the poor fruit of his degradation, but gather that for yourself, and dismiss him to the grave, when you have done with him, having, so far as in you lay, made the walls of that grave everlasting (though, indeed, I fancy the goodly bricks of some of our family vaults will hold closer in the resurrection day than the sod over the labourer's head), this you think no waste, and no sin." *The Crown of Wild Olive*, p. 36.

"The nets which we use against the poor are just those worldly embarrassments which either their ignorance or their improvidence are almost certain at some time or other to bring them into ; then, just at the time when we ought to hasten to help them and disentangle them, and teach them to manage better in future, we rush forward to *pillage* them, and force all we can out of them in their adversity. For, to take one instance only, remember this is literally and simply what we do, whenever we buy, or try to buy, cheap goods—goods offered at a price which we know cannot be remunerative for the labour involved in them. Whenever we buy such goods, remember we are stealing somebody's labour. Don't let us mince the matter. I say, in plain Saxon, **STEALING**—taking from him the proper reward of his work, and putting it into our own pocket. You know well enough that the thing could not have been offered you at that price, unless distress of some kind had

forced the producer to part with it. You take advantage of this distress, and you force as much out of him as you can under the circumstances. The old barons of the middle ages used, in general, the thumbscrew to extort property; we moderns use, in preference, hunger, or domestic affliction: but the fact of extortion remains precisely the same." *Two Paths*, p. 185. Read the whole of "*The Work of Iron*" in the *Two Paths*.

37. peculation, the stealing of public money.

Satanella, **Robert le Diable** and **Faust** are operas.

"**Dio.**"—Neither is singing songs about God, serving God. It is enjoying ourselves, if it's anything; most probably it is nothing; but if it's anything, it is serving ourselves, not God. And yet we are impudent enough to call our beggings and chauntings 'Divine Service': we say 'Divine service will be "performed"' (that's our word—the form of it gone through) 'at eleven o'clock.' Alas!—unless we perform Divine service in every willing act of our life, we never perform it at all. The one Divine work—the one ordered sacrifice—is to do justice; and it is the last we are ever inclined to do." *The Crown of Wild Olive*, p. 28.

heretics.—A heretic is one who believes some doctrine contrary to the Christian religion.

modern English religion.—"There is the danger of Artistical Pharisaism. Of all the forms of pride and vanity, there are none more subtle, so I believe none more sinful, than those which are manifested by the Pharisees of art. To be proud of birth, of place, of wit, of bodily beauty is comparatively innocent, just because such pride is more natural, and more easily detected. But to be proud of our sanctities; to pour contempt upon our fellows, because, forsooth, we like to look at Madonnas in bowers of roses, better than at plain pictures of plain things; and to make this religious art of ours the expression of our own perpetual self-complacency—congratulating ourselves, day by day, on our purities, proprieties, elevations, and inspirations, as above the reach of common mortals,—this I believe to be one of the wickedest and foolishlest forms of human egotism." *Modern Painters*, Part IV., p. 60.

Gothic.—“We shall find Gothic architecture has external forms, and internal elements. Its elements are certain mental tendencies of the builders, legibly expressed in it; as fancifulness, love of variety, love of richness, and such others. Its external forms are pointed arches, vaulted roofs, etc. And unless both the elements and the forms are there, we have no right to call the style Gothic. It is not enough that it has the Form, if it have not also the power and life. It is not enough that it has the Power, if it has not also the form.” *Stones of Venice*, vol. II., Chap. VI., p. 153. Read chapters VI. and VII.

38. wish, the first edition has *mind*.

soporific; causing sleep, stupefying.

The foot-note of ¶ 38 is not in the first edition.

39. **metamorphosis** is literally a change of shape, a transformation.

pantomime, a theatrical entertainment which is carried on without spoken words.

40. **we mean no harm.**—“You may indeed, perhaps, think there is some excuse for many in the matter, just because the sin is so unconscious; that the guilt is not so great when it is unapprehended, and that it is much more pardonable to slay heedlessly than purposefully. I believe no feeling can be more mistaken, and that in reality, and in the sight of heaven the callous indifference which pursues its own interests at any cost of life though it does not definitely adopt the purpose of sin, is a state of mind at once more heinous and more hopeless than the wildest aberrations of ungoverned passion. There may be, in the last case, some elements of good and of redemption still mingled in the character; but, in the other, few or none. There may be hope for the man who has slain his enemy in anger; hope even for the man who has betrayed his friends in fear; but what hope for him who trades in unregarded blood, and builds his fortune in unrepented treason?” *The Two Paths*, p. 190.

Chalmers, Dr. Thomas (1780–1847), was a great Scottish divine who did much to organize and establish the Free Church of Scotland. He was noted not only for his eloquent preaching and writing, but also for the practical good that he accomplished in many ways.

41. the last of our great painters.—J. M. W. Turner. See Turner.

Kirkby Lonsdale, Yorkshire. “Another feeling traceable in several of [Turner’s] former works, is an acute sense of the contrast between the careless interests and idle pleasures of daily life, and the state of those whose time for labor or knowledge, or delight is passed for ever. There is evidence of this feeling in the introduction of the boys at play in the churchyard of Kirkby Lonsdale.” *Modern Painters*, Part V., p. 315.

incantation. [Lat. *incantare*, to chant a magic formula over one.] The act of using certain formulas of words, for the purpose of raising spirits.

42. Scythian custom.—“When the master of a Scythian family died he was placed in his state chariot, and carried to visit every one of his blood relations. Each of them gave him and his attendants a splendid feast at which the dead man sat at the head of the table, and a piece of everything was put on his plate. In the morning he continued his circuit. This round of visits generally occupied nearly forty days, and he was never buried till the whole number had elapsed.” Note by Ruskin on his poem *The Scythian Guest*.

Caina, in Dante’s *Inferno*, is the place where Betrayers of kindred are immersed up to their necks; so called from Cain. It is in the lowest circle of Hell.

“The sins done in cold blood, without passion, or, more accurately, contrary to passion, far down *below* the freezing point are put in the lowest hell; the ninth circle, the hell of Traitors; . . . and know, what people do not usually know of treachery, that it is not the fraud, but the cold-heartedness, which is chiefly dreadful in it. Therefore, this nether Hell is of ice, not fire; and of ice that nothing can break.” *Fors Clavigera*, Letter XXIII., p. 210.

Would you take the offer? . . . “Make, then, your choice boldly and consciously, for one way or other it *must* be made. On the dark and dangerous side are set, the pride which delights in self-contemplation—the indolence which rests in unquestioned forms—the ignorance that despises what is fairest among God’s creatures, and the dul-

ness that denies what is marvellous in His working,
 And, on the other side, is open to your choice the life of the
 crowned spirit, gaining every hour in strength,
 yet bowed down every hour into deeper humility ;—sure of
 being right in its aim, sure of being irresistible in its prog-
 ress ; happy in what it has securely done—happier in what,
 day by day, it may as securely hope ; happiest at the close
 of life.” *The Two Paths*, p. 50.

Living.—“ τὸ δὲ πρόνοιμα τοῦ πνεύματος ζωὴ καὶ
 εἰρήνη.” Romans viii. 6. “To be spiritually-minded is
 life and peace.”

kings of the earth.—“ Now, mind you this first,—that I
 speak either about kings, or masses of men, with a fixed
 conviction that human nature is a noble and beautiful
 thing ; not a foul nor a base thing. All the sin of men I
 esteem as their disease, not their nature ; as a folly which
 may be prevented, not a necessity which must be accepted.”
The Crown of Wild Olive, p. 102.

Visible governments are *Munera Pulveris*, p. 113.

43. Achilles.—See **great Homeric story**.

base kings.—“ Conclusively you will find that because you
 are king of a nation, it does not follow that you are to
 gather for yourself all the wealth of that nation ; neither,
 because you are king of a small part of the nation, and lord
 over the means of its maintenance—over field, or mill, or
 mine, are you to take all the produce of that piece of the
 foundation of natural existence for yourself.” *The Crown
 of Wild Olive*, p. 75.

“ **il gran rifiuto**,” the great refusal. Dante’s *Inferno*, III., 60.

“ There is indeed a course of beneficent glory open to us,
 such as never was yet offered to any poor group of mortal
 souls. But it must be—it is with us, now, ‘Reign or die.’
 And if it shall be said of this country, ‘Fece per viltate, il
 gran rifiuto, [It made through cowardice the great refusal.]
 that refusal of the crown will be, of all yet recorded in his-
 tory, the shamefullest and most untimely.” *Lectures on
 Art*, p. 29.

44. by the force of it.—“ The strength is in the men,
 and in their unity and virtue, not in their standing room :
 a little group of wise hearts is better than a wilderness full

of fools; and only that nation gains true territory, which gains itself. Remember, no government is ultimately strong, but in proportion to its kindness and justice; and that a nation does not strengthen, by merely multiplying and diffusing itself. It multiplies its strength only by increasing as one great family, in perfect fellowship and brotherhood." [Abridged] *The Crown of Wild Olive*, p. 109.

cantel, [old French] a corner, a piece.

45. In this paragraph, which is the climax of the whole lecture, Ruskin contrasts worthy ambitions with unworthy ones. Men strive, he says, to live a life merely of selfish pleasure, (Moth-kings with "broidered robe, only to be rent"); to contend for selfish power and glory, (Rust-kings with "helm and sword, only to be dimmed"); to aim only for the acquisition of wealth (Robber-kings with "jewel and gold, only to be scattered"). The influence of all these is negative and destructive, theirs is the power of those "who undo and consume." He would establish a Fourth order,—men whose influence is positive and constructive, whose power is "to do and teach." In them are combined the virtues of conduct, toil, and thought, in a word—Wisdom. They are to have power, but it is to be spent for the guidance of others and not for their own advancement.

those who undo.—"You talk of the scythe of Time, and the tooth of Time: I tell you, Time is scytheless and toothless; it is we who gnaw like the worm—we who smite like the scythe. It is ourselves who abolish—ourselves who consume: we are the mildew, and the flame, and the soul of man is to its own work as the moth, that frets when it cannot fly, and as the hidden flame that blasts where it cannot illumine." *Pol. Econ. of Art*, p. 57.

Fourth kind of treasure.—The wisdom that comes from right conduct, right industry, and right thinking.

Suppose there should . . . valued with pure gold. Cf. Job xviii. 16-19.

Athena.—"This great goddess, the Neith of the Egyptians, the Athena, or Athenaia of the Greeks, and with broken power, half- usurped by Mars, the Minerva of the Latins" is the goddess of "wisdom of conduct and of the

heart, as opposed to the wisdom of the imagination and the brain; moral, as distinct from intellectual, inspired as distinct from illuminated." *Queen of the Air*, p. 13.

Vulcanian force.—"Over earthly fire, the assistant of human labour, is set Hephætus [Vulcan], lord of all labour in which is the flush and sweat of the brow." *Queen of the Air*, p. 12.

sun's red heart.—"Over heavenly fire, the source of day, is set Apollo, the spirit of all kindling, purifying, and illuminating wisdom." *Queen of the Air*, p. 12.

Delphian cliffs symbolize a prophetic and cosmic power; for, remember that Apollo was worshipped at the temple of Delphi, and that there the priestess gave answers to the inquiries of those who came from all parts to seek wisdom of Apollo, then you will see that the meaning of "a gold to be mined in the sun's red heart, where he sets over the Delphian cliffs" is that this wisdom is to be a guiding power that "illuminates as the sun, with a constant fire whatever in humanity is skilful and wise."

deep-pictured tissue woven by Athena's shuttle; for "Athena presides over industry . . . typically over woman's industry that brings comfort with pleasantness."

impenetrable armour forged by Vulcan. Cf. "For wisdom is a defence." Ecc. vii. 12.

potable, that which can be drunk. Cf. "The words of a man's mouth are as deep waters, and the wellspring of wisdom as a flowing brook." Prov. xviii. 4.

the three great angels.—"And thus, as Hephætus [Toil] is lord of the fire of the hand, and Apollo [Thought] of the fire of the brain, so Athena [Conduct] of the fire of the heart."—*Queen of the Air*, p. 61.

by the path . . . eye has not seen. Cf. Job xxviii. 7.

For fuller knowledge of Ruskin's mythological symbolism, read *Queen of the Air*.

Wisdom.—"But if you seek wisdom only that you may get money, believe me, you are exactly on the foolishness of all fools' errands. "She is more precious than rubies"—but do you think that is only because she will help you to buy rubies? "All the things thou canst desire are not to be compared to her." Do you think that is only because she is

offered to you as a blessing *in herself*? She is the reward of kindness, of modesty, of industry. She is the Prize of Prizes—and alike in poverty or in riches—the strength of your Life now, the earnest of whatever life is to come. *A Joy Forever*, p. 140.

47. a single sentence out of the only book. *Unto This Last*; note, p. 124.

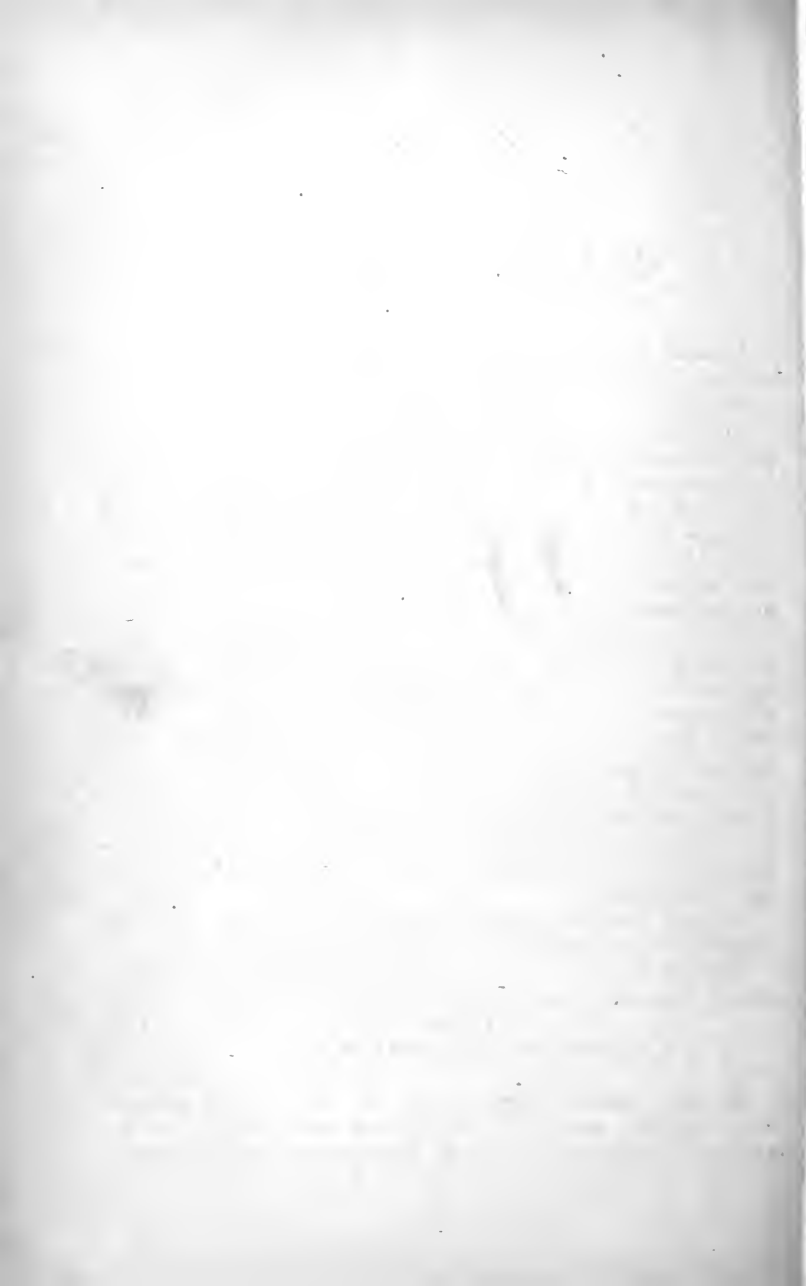
48. **panic**, a sudden fright, originally an adjective, as a panic fear, and still used as such; because Pan was said to have assisted the Athenians at the battle of Marathon by striking terror into the Persians.

“The fear which France and England have of each other costs each nation about fifteen millions sterling annually, besides various paralyses of commerce; that sum being spent in the manufacture of means of destruction instead of means of production. There is no more reason in the nature of things that France and England should be hostile to each other than that England or Scotland should be, or Lancashire and Yorkshire. *Munera Pulveris*, Appendix I., p. 157.

49. **corn laws**.—From the beginning of this century, the import duties in England on corn and other bread-stuffs were so heavy and occasioned such great distress among the poorer classes of the English people that there was great agitation of the subject, until they were repealed in the ministry of Sir Robert Peel. Although this repeal of the corn duties was carried in 1846, yet it did not come into complete operation until 1849.

“The corn-laws were rightly repealed; not, however, because they directly oppressed the poor, but because they indirectly oppressed them in causing a large quantity of their labour to be consumed unproductively.” *Unto this Last*, p. 84.

The first edition has this final sentence.—*Friends, the treasuries of true kings are the streets of their cities; and the gold they gather, which for others is as the mire of the streets, changes itself, for them and their people, into a crystalline pavement for evermore.*



QUEENS' GARDENS.

Instead of the quotation from Isaiah given here, the first edition has, *ὡς κρίνον ἐν μέσῳ, οὕτως ἡ πλησίον μου* Canticles ii., 2.

51. **kingly.** “Now this [a sense of the nobleness and virtue of human nature] being the true power of our inherent humanity, and seeing that all the aim of education should be to develop this;—and seeing also what magnificent self-sacrifice the higher classes of men are capable of, for any cause that they understand or feel,—it is wholly inconceivable to me how well-educated princes, who ought to be of all gentlemen the gentlest, and of all nobles the most generous, and whose titles of royalty mean only their function of doing every man *right*—how these, I say, throughout history, should so rarely pronounce themselves on the side of the poor, and of justice, but continually maintain themselves and their own interests by oppression of the poor, and by wresting of justice; and how this should be accepted as so natural, that the word loyalty, which means faithfulness to law, is used as if it were only the duty of a people to be loyal to their king, and not the duty of a king to be infinitely more loyal to his people.” *Crown of Wild Olive*, pp. 104 and 105.

insignia, badges; neuter plural of the Lat. adjective *insignis*, distinguished by some mark.

“**Likeness**” . . . In Milton’s description of Death, one of the gate-keepers of hell, these words occur:—

“What seem’d his head

The likeness of a kingly crown had on.”

Paradise Lost, Bk. II.

53. **true queenly power.** “It is taught with all the faculty I am possessed of, in ‘Sesame and Lilies,’ that in a state of society in which men and women are as good as

they can be, (under mortal limitation,) the women will be the guiding and purifying power. In savage and embryo countries, they are openly oppressed, as animals of burden; in corrupted and fallen countries, more secretly and terribly."—*Fors Clavigera*, Letter XC., p. 102.

56. Shakespeare's heroes and heroines. Henry the Fifth, Othello, Coriolanus, and Hamlet are heroes of plays named from them. Cæsar is in *Julius Cæsar*; Antony, *Antony and Cleopatra*; Romeo, *Romeo and Juliet*; the Merchant of Venice is Antonio in the play of *The Merchant of Venice*; Orlando and Rosalind are hero and heroine of *As You Like It*; Cordelia, *King Lear*; Desdemona, *Othello*; Isabella, *Measure for Measure*; Hermione, *Winter's Tale*; Imogen, *Cymbeline*; Queen Katherine, *Henry VIII.*; Perdita, *Winter's Tale*; Sylvia, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*; Viola, *Twelfth Night*; Rosalind, *As You Like It*; Helena, *Midsummer Night's Dream*; Virgilia, *Coriolanus*.

"It may be well quickly to mark for you the levels of loving temper in Shakespeare's maids and wives, from the greatest to the least.

Isabel [Isabella]. All earthly love, and the possibilities of it, held in absolute subjection to the laws of God, and the judgments of His will. She is Shakespeare's only 'Saints.' Queen Katherine, whom you might next think of, is only an ordinary woman of trained religious temper. See **Katherine**.

Cordelia. The earthly love consisting in diffused compassion of the universal spirit; not in any conquering personally fixed feeling.

Portia. [See **unlessoned girl**.] The maidenly passion now becoming great, and chiefly divine in its humility, is still held absolutely subordinate to duty. She is highest in intellect of all Shakespeare's women, and this is the root of her modesty; her "unlessoned girl" is like Newton's simile of the child on the seashore. Her perfect wit and stern judgment are never disturbed for an instant by her happiness: and the final key to her character is given in her silent and slow return from Venice, where she stops at every wayside shrine to pray.

Hermione. Fortitude and Justice personified, with un-

wearying affection. She is Penelope, tried by her husband's fault as well as error.

Virgilia. Perfect type of wife and mother, but without definiteness of character, nor quite strength of intellect enough entirely to hold her husband's heart. Else, she had saved him: he would have left Rome in his wrath—but not her. Therefore it is his mother [Volumnia] only who bends him: but she cannot save.

Imogen. The ideal of grace and gentleness; but weak; enduring too mildly and forgiving too easily.

Desdemona, Ophelia [see ¶ 58], Rosalind. They are under different conditions from all the rest, in having entirely heroic and faultless persons to love. I can't class them, therefore,—fate is too strong, and leaves them no free will.

Perdita. Rather a mythic vision of maiden beauty than a mere girl.

Viola and Juliet. Love the ruling power in the entire character: wholly virginal and pure, but quite earthly, and recognizing no other life than his own. Viola is, however, far the nobler. Juliet will die unless Romeo loves *her*: 'If he be wed, the grave is like to be my wedding bed;' but Viola is ready to die for the happiness of the man who does *not* love her; faithfully doing his messages to her rival, whom she examines strictly for his sake. It is not in envy that she says, 'Excellently done,—if God did all'' [abridged]. *Proserpina*, pp. 39, 41.

57. one true daughter, Cordelia.

one weakness, jealousy.

Oh, murderous . . . Othello, Act v., sc. ii.

adamantine, incapable of being destroyed, from the Lat., *adamas*, a diamond.

Julia is in *Two Gentlemen of Verona*; **Hero** and **Beatrice**, *Much Ado about Nothing*.

unlessoned girl. Portia, in the *Merchant of Venice* says of herself,—

“You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,

Such as I am . . .

. . . an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd;

Happy in this she is not yet so old

But she may learn.” Act iii., sc. ii.

bringing courage . . . accuracy of thought. The first edition has, *to save merely by her presence, and defeat the worst intensities of crime by her smile.*

58. **Ophelia**, *Hamlet*; **Lady Macbeth**, *Macbeth*; **Regan and Goneril**, the unfilial daughters of King Lear.

59. **Walter Scott**.—"But what good Scott has in him to do, I find no words full enough to tell. His ideal of honour in men and women is inbred, indisputable; fresh as the air of his mountains; firm as their rocks. His conception of purity in woman is even higher than Dante's; his reverence for the filial relation, as deep as Virgil's; his sympathy universal;—there is no rank or condition of men of which he has not shown the loveliest aspects; his code of moral principles is entirely defined, yet taught with a reserved subtlety like Nature's own, so that none but the most earnest readers perceive the intention: and his opinions on all practical subjects are final; the consummate decisions of accurate and inevitable common sense, tempered by the most graceful kindness." *Fors Clavigera*, Letter XXXI., pp. 107 and 108. Read the whole of Letters XXXI. and XXXIV.

Dandie Dinmont is in *Guy Mannering*; **Rob Roy**, *Rob Roy*; **Claverhouse**, *Old Mortality*; **Redgauntlet**, *Redgauntlet*; **Edward Glendinning**, *The Monastery*; **Colonel Gardiner**, and **Colonel Talbot**, *Waverly*; **Colonel Mannering**, *Guy Mannering*.

young men.—The adjective *young* was added in the third edition.

Ellen Douglas is in the poem. *Lady of the Lake*; **Flora Mac Ivor**, *Waverly*; **Rose Bradwardine**, *Waverly*; **Catherine Seyton**, *The Abbot*; **Diana Vernon**, *Rob Roy*; **Lilias Redgauntlet**, *Redgauntlet*; **Alice Bridgenorth**, *Peveril of the Peak*; **Alice Lee**, *Woodstock*; **Jeanie Deans**, *Heart of Mid Lothian*.

60. **Dante's great poem**.—*Divina Commedia*; see **Dante**.

dead lady.—**Beatrice Portinari**; see **Dante**.

knight of Pisa.—**Pannuccio dal Bagno**, 1250 (date given by Rossetti). The words *early fourteenth* are not found in the first edition of *Sesame and Lilies*, but are inserted here, probably to cover 1340, which is the date assigned to Pannuccio in the *Cenni Biographici*.

Rossetti, Dante Gabriel, (1828-1882). The stanzas beginning "*For lo! thy law . . .*" are from a canzone by Pannuccio dal Bagno entitled "Of his Change through Love," which may be found in Rossetti's *Early Italian Poets*.

61. His spiritual subjection.—"But one fact, the most vital of all, they [the Greeks] could not in its fulness perceive namely that the intensity of other perceptions of beauty is exactly commensurate with the imaginative purity of the passion of love and the singleness of its devotion. They were not fully conscious of, and could not therefore either mythically or philosophically express, the deep relation within themselves between their power of perceiving beauty and the honour of domestic affection which found their sternest themes of tragedy in the infringement of its law;—which made the rape of Helen the chief subject of their epic poetry, and which fastened their clearest symbolism of resurrection on the story of Alcestis." *Lectures on Art*, p. 91.

Andromache, one of the sweetest and noblest women in the Iliad, was the wife of Hector and the mother of Astyanax. The account that Homer gives us of her tenderness and love for her husband and son is very touching. At the downfall of Troy, she was captured by Pyrrhus, and subsequently became the wife of Helenus, King of Epirus.—See **Great Homeric Story**.

Cassandra, the daughter of Priam, was endowed with the gift of prophecy by the god Apollo, who, at the same time, rendered the gift useless by decreeing that no one should believe her. She continually foretold the capture of Troy, but could not save the city, because of the fatality attending her prophecies. At the downfall of Troy, she became the captive of Agamemnon, and was killed by his wife Clytemnestra.

Nausicaa.—Homer, in the sixth and seventh books of the Odyssey, gives a pretty description of the daughter of Alcinous, Nausicaa, who goes to the river to wash her clothes, and while there meets the shipwrecked Ulysses. Her greeting and care of Ulysses, and the way in which she conducts him back to her father's palace are delightfully girlish and simple.

Penelope was the wife of Ulysses, king of Ithaca. During

his absence at the siege of Troy, she was sought in marriage by many suitors, whom she put off from day to day believing always that her husband would come back to her. After watching and waiting for twenty years she was rewarded by the return of Ulysses.

Antigone was a noble maiden distinguished by her heroic attachment to her father and brothers, which showed itself in her patient care and guidance of her father Œdipus in his blindness and exile, and in her fearless attempts to bury her brothers' bodies, in defiance of the tyrant Creon's orders. For this defiance, she was imprisoned by Creon in a subterranean cave, where she killed herself.

Iphigenia was the daughter of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra. The Grecian fleet which sailed for Troy having been detained by unpropitious winds, Agamemnon was summoned by the other chiefs to sacrifice his daughter to propitiate the gods. He was obliged to deliver her up, but Diana intervened to save her, carried her away and made her a priestess in the temple at Taurus.

Alcestis.—The death of Admetus, the husband of Alcestis, had been decreed by the gods, unless he could find some one to die in his stead. His father and mother having refused to take his place, Alcestis gladly offered herself, sickened and died. She was brought back to life by Hercules; and the Greeks "fastened their clearest symbolism of resurrection on the story of Alcestis."

62. Chaucer (1328 or 40-1400).—"I think the most perfect type of a true English mind in its best possible temper, is that of Chaucer; and you will find that, while it is for the most part full of thoughts of beauty, pure and wild like that of an April morning, there are even, in the midst of this, sometimes momentarily jesting passages which stoop to play with evil." *Lectures on Art*, p. 14.

Spenser (1552-1599).—"No time devoted to profane literature will be better rewarded than that spent *earnestly* on Spenser." *Stones of Venice*, Vol. II., p. 328.

Una is in the first book of Spenser's great allegory, *The Faerie Queen*. She typifies Truth, and it is through her purity and steadfastness that her lover, the Red Cross Knight, is helped to overcome his foes.

Britomart.—The adventures of Britomartis, who typifies Chastity, are related in the third book of the *Faerie Queen*. “The peculiar superiority of his [Spenser’s] system is in its exquisite setting forth of Chastity under the figure of Britomart; not monkish chastity, but that of the purest Love.” *Stones of Venice*, Vol. II., p. 327.

one of whose princesses.—Pharaoh’s daughter. Exodus ii. 10.

Lawgiver of all the earth.—Moses.

Spirit of Wisdom.—“Neith is the Egyptian spirit of divine wisdom and the Athena of the Greeks.” *Ethics of the Dust*, Note III. See **Athena**.

Athena of the olive helm and cloudy shield.—The olive was sacred to Athena; because by producing it, she was judged by the gods to have given the gift most useful to mortals. “From perfect knowledge, given by the full-revealed Athena, [sprang] strength and peace, in sign of which she is crowned with the olive spray, and bears the resistless spear.” *Crown of Wild Olive*, p. 63.

Athena was queen of “the air, which includes all cloud and rain, and dew, and darkness, and peace, and wrath of heaven,” and as such, was represented by the Greeks with a shield “the colour of heavy thunder-cloud fringed with lightning.” *The Queen of the Air*, pp. 34 and 96.

“It is by the helmet and the shield, oftener than by the shuttle that she is distinguished from other deities.” *Crown of Wild Olive*, p. 58.

64. Æschylus (525 B.C.–456 B.C.) was the first and the grandest of the Greek tragedians.

Homer (Before 800 B.C.).—“And without doubt, in his influence over future mankind, Homer is eminently the Greek of Greeks, . . . he is the great type and the more notable one because of his influence on Virgil, and, through him, on Dante, and all the after ages.” *Modern Painters*, Part IV., p. 88.

65. The lines beginning, “Ah, wasteful woman,” are found in the earlier editions of Patmore’s *The Angel in the House*, Part VII. of *The Betrothal*.

Patmore, Coventry Kearsley Dighton, (1823–). “I am bound, for my own part, to express my obligation to

Mr. Patmore, as one of my severest models and tutors in use of English, and my respect for him as one of the truest and tenderest thinkers who have ever illustrated the most important, because commonest, states of noble human life." *Arrows of the Chace*. Vol. II., p. 170.

The footnote given here is not in the first edition of *Sesame and Lilies*.

68. **Her great function is Praise.**—“We yet, thank Heaven, are not ashamed to acknowledge the power of love; but we confusedly and doubtfully allege that of honour; and though we cannot but instinctively triumph still, over a won boat-race, I suppose the best of us would shrink somewhat from declaring that the love of praise was to be one of the chief motives of their future lives. But I believe you will find it, if you think, not only one of the chief, but absolutely the chief, motive of human action; nay, that love itself is, in its highest state, the rendering of an exquisite praise to body and soul; and our English tongue is very sacred in this; for its Saxon word, love, is connected, through the old French verb, loer, (whence louange) with the Latin ‘laus’ [praise] not ‘amor.’ And you may sum the duty of your life in the giving of praise worthily, and being yourselves worthy of it.” *The Eagle’s Nest*, pp. 180–181.

vestal temple, a home of purity.—Among the Romans, vestal temples were temples to the goddess of purity, Vesta, who was worshipped by a fire kept perpetually burning by the vestals, or virgin priestesses. She was the embodiment of the idea that the state is one great family, and, in this connection, becomes one of the Penates, or Household Gods.

Household Gods.—The Penates, who were the great deities such as Jupiter, Juno, etc., and the Lares and Manes, who were the deified family ancestors, were all supposed to dwell in the innermost parts of a house and to watch over the welfare and prosperity of the family.

Pharos, a lighthouse; so called from the island Pharos, off the coast of Egypt, on which Ptolemy I. built a lighthouse that was considered one of the seven wonders of the world.

69. “*La donna è mobile.*”—“The lady is variable.”
Qual pium’al vento, “like a feather in the wind.”

“Variable as . . . aspen made.”—Scott: *Marmion*, Canto VI.

70. physical training and exercise.—“No physical error can be more profound, no moral error more dangerous, than that involved in the monkish doctrine of the opposition of body to soul. No soul can be perfect in an imperfect body; no body perfect without perfect soul. Every right action and true thought sets the seal of its beauty on person and face; every wrong action and foul thought its seal of distortion; and the various aspects of humanity might be read as plainly as a printed history, were it not that the impressions are so complex that it must always in some cases (and, in the present state of our knowledge, in all cases) be impossible to decipher them completely. Nevertheless, the face of a consistently just, and of a consistently unjust person, may always be rightly distinguished at a glance.” *Munera Pulveris*, p. 4.

without a corresponding freedom of heart.—“For there is not any virtue the exercise of which, even momentarily, will not impress a new fairness upon the features, neither on them only, but on the whole body; both the intelligence and the moral faculties have operation, for even all the movements and gestures, however slight, are different in their modes according to the mind that governs them, and on the gentleness and decision of just feeling there follows a grace of action, and through continuance of this a grace of form, which by no discipline may be taught or attained.” *Modern Painters*, Part III., p. 115.

that poet.—William Wordsworth (1770–1850), “the keenest-eyed of all modern poets for what is deep and essential in nature.” *Modern Painters*, Part II., p. 177.

“Three years”—From Wordsworth’s poem entitled “*Three Years She Grew.*”

“Observe it is”—This footnote is not found in the first edition.

“Vital feelings of delight.”—[The] first perfection, therefore, relating to vital beauty, is the kindness and unselfish fulness of heart, which receives the utmost amount of pleasure from the happiness of all things.” *Modern Painters*, Part III., p. 90.

71. "A countenance . . ."—From Wordsworth's poem entitled, "*She Was a Phantom of Delight.*"

72. not as knowledge.—"And the entire object of true education is to make people not merely *do* the right things, but *enjoy* the right things—not merely industrious, but to love industry—not merely learned, but to love knowledge—not merely pure, but to love purity—not merely just, but to hunger and thirst after Justice." *Crown of Wild Olive*, p. 50.

equities. "*Equity* is the giving, or desiring to give, to each man his due, according to reason and the law of God to man; distinguished from *justice* in requiring a more perfect standard than any positive enactment or custom."

suffering which is not the less real . . . "If, suddenly in the midst of the enjoyments of the palate and lightnesses of heart of a London dinner-party, the walls of the chamber were parted, and through their gap, the nearest human beings who were famishing, and in misery, were borne into the midst of the company—feasting and fancy-free—if, pale with sickness, horrible in destitution, broken by despair, body by body, they were laid upon the soft carpet, one beside the chair of every guest, would only the crumbs of the dainties be cast to them—would only a passing glance, a passing thought be vouchsafed to them? Yet the actual facts, the real relation of each Dives and Lazarus, are not altered by the intervention of the house wall between the table and the sick-bed—by the few feet of ground (how few!) which are indeed all that separate the merriment from the misery." *The Opening of the Crystal Palace*, p. 12.

73. they must. The first edition has,—*let them*. Notice the difference in strength.

theology, see *theology*.

74. girl's education.—"You are to note this, that the end of all right education for a woman is to make her love her home better than any other place; that she should as seldom leave it as a queen her queendom; nor ever feel entirely at rest but within its threshold." *Fors Clavigera*, Letter XXXIII., p. 158; see *summarily*.

only so far as . . . —"For all the arts of mankind and womankind are only rightly learned, or practised,

when they are so with the definite purpose of pleasing or teaching others." *Fors Clavigera*, Letter LIX., p. 191.

75. infirm attempt at compassing. The first edition has,—*a feeble smattering.*

her range of literature.—"And I doubt not that it is truly possible, by first insisting on a girl's really knowing how to read, and then by allowing her very few books, and those absolutely wholesome,—and not amusing!—to give her a healthy appetite for reading." *Fors Clavigera*, Letter XXXIII., p. 179.

"You must read, for the nourishment of your mind, precisely under the moral laws which regulate your eating for the nourishment of the body. That is to say, you must not eat for the pleasure of eating, nor read, for the pleasure of reading. But, if you manage yourself rightly, you will intensely enjoy your dinner, and your book. If you have any sense, you can easily follow out this analogy; I have not time at present to do it for you; only be sure it holds, to the minutest particular, with the difference only, that the vices and virtues of reading are more harmful on the one side, and higher on the other, as the soul is more precious than the body. Gluttonous reading is a worse vice than gluttonous eating; filthy and foul reading, a much more loathsome habit than filthy eating. Epicurism in books is much more difficult of attainment than epicurism in meat, but plain and virtuous feeding the most entirely pleasurable." *Fors Clavigera*, Letter LXI., p. 16.

77. Thackeray (1811–1863) was one of the great English novelists. Ruskin's characterization is peculiarly true of Thackeray, for his portrayal of character appears either cynical or impartially critical according to the sympathies of the reader.

78. their freedom . . . of good. The first edition has,—*what is out of them, but for what is in them.*

Her household motions . . .—From Wordsworth's *She Was a Phantom of Delight*.

79. music.—"I would first insist on the necessity of a sound system in elementary music. Musicians, like painters, are almost virulently determined in their efforts to abolish the laws of sincerity and purity; and to invent, each for his

own glory, new modes of dissolute and lascivious sound. No greater benefit could be conferred on the upper as well as the lower classes of society than the arrangement of a grammar of simple and pure music, of which the code should be alike taught in every school in the land." *Fors Clavigera*, Letter XCV., p. 169.

80. truth.—"This teaching of truth as a habit will be the chief work the master has to do; and it will enter into all parts of education. First, you must accustom the children to close accuracy of statement; this both as a principle of honour, and as an accomplishment of language, making them try always who shall speak truest, both as regards the fact he has to relate or express (not concealing or exaggerating), and as regards the precision of the words he expresses it in, thus making truth (which, indeed, it is) the test of perfect language, and giving the intensity of a moral purpose to the study and art of words; then carrying this accuracy into all habits of thought and observation also, so as always to *think* of things as they truly are, and to *see* them as they truly are, as far as in us rests. And it *does* rest much in our power, for all false thoughts and seeings come mainly of our thinking of what we have no business with, and looking for things we want to see, instead of things that ought to be seen." *Time and Tide*, Letter XVI., p. 107: "Speaking truth is like writing fair, and comes only by practice; it is less a matter of will than of habit, and I doubt if any occasion can be trivial which permits the practice and formation of such a habit. To speak and act truth with constancy and precision is nearly as difficult, and perhaps as meritorious, as to speak it under intimidation or penalty; and it is a strange thought how many men there are, as I trust, who would hold to it at a cost of fortune or life, for one who would hold to it at the cost of a little daily trouble." *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, p. 29.

81. not only noble teachings, but noble teachers. "Next to bodily accomplishments, the two great mental graces should be taught, Reverence and Compassion: not that these are in a literal sense to be "taught," for they are innate in every well-born human creature, but they have to be developed, exactly as the strength of the body must be,

by deliberate and constant exercise. I never understood why Goethe (in the plan of education in *Wilhelm Meister*) says that reverence is not innate, but must be taught from without; it seems to me so fixedly a function of the human spirit, that if men can get nothing else to reverence they will worship a fool, or a stone, or a vegetable. But to teach reverence rightly is to attach it to the right persons and things; first, by setting over your youth masters whom they cannot but love and respect; next by gathering for them, out of past history, whatever has been most worthy, in human deeds and human passion; and leading them continually to dwell upon such instances, making this the principal element of emotional excitement to them; and, lastly, by letting them justly feel, as far as may be, the smallness of their own powers and knowledge, as compared with the attainments of others." *Time and Tide*, Letter XVI., pp. 104 and 105.

The **Dean** is the head of **Christ Church**, the largest college of the University of Oxford; while the head of **Trinity**, the largest college of the University of Cambridge, is known as the **Master**.

82. Joan of Arc, Maid of Orleans, was a peasant-girl of Lorraine who believed herself to be selected by God to save the fortunes of France. Inspired by her enthusiasm, the French armies routed the English, raised the siege of Orleans and crowned Charles VII. at Rheims. Afterwards Joan was captured by the English, accused and convicted of witchcraft, and burned at Rouen, in 1431.

83. Cf. "The idea of self-denial for the sake of posterity, of practising present economy for the sake of debtors yet unborn, of planting forests that our descendants may live under their shade, or of raising cities for future nations to inhabit, never, I suppose, efficiently takes place among publicly recognized motives of exertion. Yet these are not the less our duties; nor is our part fitly sustained upon the earth, unless the range of our intended and deliberate usefulness include not only the companions, but the successors, of our pilgrimage. God has lent us the earth for our life; it is a great entail. It belongs as much to those who are to come after us, and whose names are already written in the book of creation, as to us; and we have no right, by any-

thing that we do or neglect, to involve them in unnecessary penalties, or deprive them of benefits which it was in our power to bequeath." *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, p. 172.

"sharp arrows . . . of juniper."—Psal. cxx. 4.

84. Parnassus, a mountain of Greece, and **Snowdon**, a mountain of Wales, are both famed for their beauty. Parnassus was dedicated to Bacchus, Apollo, and the Muses; for the Greeks were a beauty-worshipping people and held sacred the natural objects that they most admired.

Holyhead island, taken together with the island of **Anglesea**, holds somewhat the same relative geographical position to the northern coast of Wales that the island of **Ægina** does to the southwestern coast of Attica. From the ruins of the ancient **Temple of Minerva** in Ægina have been taken a valuable series of statues.

85. You cannot baptize them . . .—"From the lowest to the highest class, every child born in this island should be required by law to receive these general elements of human discipline, and to be baptized—not with a drop of water on its forehead—but in the cloud and sea of heavenly wisdom and of earthly power . . . Therefore, first teach—as I said in the preface to *Unto this Last*—"The Laws of Health, and exercises enjoined by them"; and to this end your schools must be in fresh country, and amidst fresh air, and have great extents of land attached to them in permanent estates." *Time and Tide*, Letter XVI., pp. 103 and 104.

Pagan [Lat. *paganus*, a villager] was the name given to idolaters in the early Christian church, because the villagers, being most remote from the centres of instruction, remained for a long time unconverted." Most pagan peoples deified natural objects.

You cannot lead your children . . . "Now, you feel, as I say this to you—I know you feel—as if I were trying to take away the honour of your churches. Not so; I am trying to prove to you the honour of your houses and your hills; I am trying to show you—not that the Church is not sacred—but that the whole Earth is. I would have you feel, what careless, what constant, what infectious sin there is in all modes of thought, whereby, in calling your churches

only 'holy,' you call your hearths and homes profane ; and have separated yourselves from the heathen by casting all your household gods to the ground, instead of recognizing, in the place of their many and feeble Lares, the presence of your One and Mighty Lord and Lar." *Crown of Wild Olive*, p. 59.

Unknown God.—*Cf.* St. Paul's words spoken on Mars' hill, Acts xvii. 22–31.

88. arrogated ; to arrogate, means to assume proudly and unreasonably, to make undue claims to, from vanity or false pretensions.

"Lady," "Lord."—The original form in the Anglo Saxon of lady is *hlæfdige*, that of lord is *hlāford*. *Hlāf* is the old English word for loaf, and *hlæfdige* and *hlaford*, which time has softened into lady and lord, meant giver of bread or loaf. The giving of bread carried with it the responsibility of giving it justly, of maintaining the laws, and so the title of lord came to mean a "maintainer of laws" as well as "giver of bread. See **Cooking.**"

"The giving of loaves is indeed the lady's first duty ; the first, but the least. Next, comes the giving of brooches :—seeing that her people are dressed charmingly and neatly, as well as herself, and have pretty furniture, like herself. But her chief duty of all—is to be Herself, lovely. . . . lovely, not by candlelight, but by sunshine ; not out of a window or opera-box, but on the bare ground." *Fors Clavigera*, Letter XLV., p. 136.

89. Dominus and Domina, from the Lat. *domus*, a house, mean literally "House Lord" and "House Lady."

dynasty [from a Greek word meaning to hold power or lordship] is authority of government, the right to exercise supreme power.

correlative, having relations each to each.

vassals.—A vassal is one who receives gifts from his superior in rank and who vows fidelity and homage to him.

90. Rex et Regina [Lat.]. **Roi et Reine** [Fr.], king and queen.

Right comes from the Latin word *regere*, to keep from going wrong, to rule ; from which both *rex* and *regina* are derived, and from them the French words *roi* and *reine*.

queens you must always be.—“Believe me, the whole course and character of your lovers' lives is in your hands ; what you would have them be, they shall be, if you not only desire to have them so, but deserve to have them so ; for they are but mirrors in which you will see yourselves imaged. If you are frivolous, they will be so also ; if you have no understanding of the scope of their duty, they also will forget it ; they will listen,—they *can* listen.—to no other interpretation of it than that uttered from your lips. Bid them be brave ;—they will be brave for you ; bid them be cowards ; and how noble soever they be, they will quail for you. Bid them be wise, and they will be wise for you ; mock at their counsel, they will be fools for you : such and so absolute is your rule over them. You fancy, perhaps, as you have been told so often, that a wife's rule should only be over her husband's house, not over his mind. Ah, no ! the true rule is just the reverse of that ; a true wife, in her husband's house, is his servant ; it is in his heart that she is queen. Whatever of the best he can conceive, it is her part to be ; whatever of highest he can hope, it is hers to promise ; all that is dark in him she must purge into purity ; all that is failing in him she must strengthen into truth ; from her, through all the world's clamour, he must win his praise ; in her, through all the world's warfare, he must find his peace.” *Crown of Wild Olive*, p. 124.

myrtle crown.—Among the ancient Greeks, the myrtle was sacred to Venus, as the symbol of youth and beauty.

91. Dei gratiâ, Literally, by the grace of God.—“Graciousness joined with the Greatness, or Love with Majestas, is the true Dei Gratiâ or Divine Right, of every form and manner of King.” *Munera Pulveris*, 96.

There is not a war . . . “And the real, final reason for all the poverty, misery, and rage of battle, throughout Europe, is simply that you women, however good, however religious, however self-sacrificing for those whom you love, are too selfish and too thoughtless to take pains for any creature out of your own immediate circles. You fancy that you are sorry for the pain of others. Now I just tell you this, that if the usual course of war, instead of unroofing peasants' houses, and ravaging peasants' fields, merely

broke the china upon your own drawing-room tables, no war in civilized countries would last a week. I tell you more, that at whatever moment you chose to put a period to war, you could do it with less trouble than you take any day to go out to dinner. You know, or at least you might know if you would think, that every battle you hear of has made many widows and orphans. We have, none of us, heart enough truly to mourn with these. But at least we might put on the outer symbols of mourning with them. Let but every Christian lady who has conscience toward God, vow that she will mourn, at least outwardly, for His killed creatures. Your praying is useless, and your churchgoing mere mockery of God, if you have not plain obedience in you enough for this. Let every lady in the upper classes of civilised Europe simply vow that, while any cruel war proceeds, she will wear *black*; a mute's black,—with no jewel, no ornament, no excuse for, or evasion into, prettiness.—I tell you again no war would last a week.”—*Crown of Wild Olive*, pp. 125 and 126.

92. phenomena is the plural of phenomenon, an appearance, anything visible; sometimes, a remarkable or unusual appearance.

chrysolite is a transparent gem, varying in color from pale to bottle-green. Othello says of Desdemona after her death:—

“Nay, had she been true,
If Heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.”—Othello, Act V., sc. II.

and yet she knows . . . —“You also, you tender and delicate women, for whom, and by whose command, all true battle has been, and must ever be; you would perhaps shrink now, though you need not, from the thought of sitting as queens above set lists where the jousting game might be mortal. How much more, then, ought you to shrink from the thought of sitting above a theatre pit in which even a few condemned slaves were slaying each other only for your delight! And do you *not* shrink from the *fact* of sitting above a theatre pit, where,—not condemned slaves,—but the

best and bravest of the poor sons of your people, slay each other,—not man to man,—as the coupled gladiators; but race to race, in duel of generations? You would tell me, perhaps, that you do not sit to see this; and it is indeed true, that the women of Europe—those who have no heart interests of their own at peril in the contest—draw the curtains of their boxes, and muffle the openings; so that from the pit of the circus of slaughter there may reach them only at intervals a half-heard cry and a murmur as of the wind's sighing, when myriads of souls expire. They shut out the death-cries; and are happy, and talk wittily among themselves. That is the utter literal fact of what our ladies do in their pleasant lives." *Crown of Wild Olive*, pp. 92 and 93.

93. "Her feet . . . daisies rosy."—Tennyson: *Maud*, Part XII.

94. "Even the light . . . airy tread."—Scott: *Lady of the Lake*, Canto I., 18.

hyperbole, a statement which exaggerates through passion or intense excitement.

"Come thou . . . may flow out."—Sol. Songs, iv., 16.

feeble florets . . .—"The last and worst thing that can be said of a nation is, that it has made its young girls sad and weary." *Ethics of the Dust*, p. 141.

will you never go . . .—"Try to estimate what might have been the better result, for the righteousness and felicity of mankind, if women had been taught the deep meaning of the last words that were ever spoken by their Master to those who had ministered to Him of their substance: 'Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children.' If they had but been taught to measure with their pitiful thoughts the tortures of battle-fields;—the slowly consuming plagues of death in the starving children, and wasted age, of the innumerable desolate those battles left; nay in our own life of peace, the agony of unnurtured, untaught, unhelped creatures, awaking at the grave's edge to know how they should have lived; and the worse pain of those whose existence, not the ceasing of it, is death; those to whom the cradle was a curse, and for whom the words they cannot hear, 'ashes to ashes,' are all that they have ever received of benediction. These,—

you who would fain have wept at His feet, or stood by His cross,—these you have always with you, Him you have not always.”—*Lectures on Art*, p. 57.

English poet's lady.—Tennyson's Maud, to whom her lover calls :—

“ Come into the garden, Maud,
 For the black bat, night, has flown,
 Come into the garden, Maud,
 I am here at the gate alone ;
 And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
 And the musk of the rose is blown.”

Dante's great Matilda.—Matilda, in Dante's *Purgatorio*, represents the glorified active life, and “is with reason supposed by the commentators to be the great Countess Matilda of the eleventh century, notable equally for the ceaseless activity, her brilliant political genius, her perfect piety, and her deep reverence for the see of Rome. This Countess Matilda is therefore Dante's guide in the terrestrial paradise, as Beatrice is afterwards in the celestial ; each of them having a spiritual and symbolic character in their glorified state, yet retaining their definite personality.”

“This lady, observe, stands on the opposite side of the little stream, which, presently, she explains to Dante is **Lethe**, having power to cause forgetfulness of all evil, and she stands just among the bent blades of grass at its edge. She is first seen gathering flower from flower, then passing continually the multitudinous flowers through her hands.”—*Modern Painters*, Part IV., p. 215. See **Dante**.

This comparison between Maud and Matilda may have been suggested by the likeness in name, for Maud is the diminutive of Matilda.

Maud is the type of her who goes “out in the morning into her garden to play with the fringes of its guarded flowers, and lift their heads when they are drooping, with her happy smile upon her face, and no cloud upon her brow, because there is a little wall around her place of peace” ; while Matilda goes “outside of that little rose-covered wall” “to love and to bless the flowers that have thoughts like yours

and lives like yours and are lying with all their fresh leaves torn, and their stems broken.'

"**The Larkspur . . . I wait.**"—Tennyson : *Maud*, Part XII.

95. Madeleine is the French form of Magdalene ; see St. John, xx., 1-18.

vine has flourished. . . .—Sol. Songs, vi. 11.

Take us the foxes. . . .—Sol. Songs, ii. 15.

NOTES ON THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

The Mystery of Life was one of a series of lectures begun in 1863, and continued through several years. They were delivered by different speakers, in the Theatre of the Museum of Industry in Dublin, and published in the annual report of the Committee, which was entitled *The Afternoon Lectures on English Literature*.

The Preface to the first report says that the lectures were intended "for young men whose daily pursuits shut them out from the ordinary means of mental improvement," and that "some of the restrictions of the projected course were as follows:—They were to be given on important subjects connected with English Literature, and by the best lecturers whose aid could be secured. It was considered essential that the new lectures should be delivered in some suitable building of unsectarian or neutral character."

96. The religion which has been the foundation of art.—
"In all my past work, my endeavor has been to show that good architecture is essentially religious—the production of a faithful and virtuous, not of an infidel and corrupted people. But in the course of doing this, I have had also to show that good architecture is not *ecclesiastical*. People are so apt to look upon religion as the business of the clergy, not their own, that the moment they hear of anything depending on 'religion,' they think it must also have depended on the priesthood; and I have had to take what place was to be occupied between these two errors, and fight both, often with seeming contradiction." *The Crown of Wild Olive*, p. 60.

the policy which has contributed to its power. See *Stones*

of *Venice*, vol. I., chap. I., for an illustration of the relation of religion to art.

crafts and arts.—In *The Two Paths*, p. 54, Ruskin defines an art as “the operation of the hand and intelligence of man together,” and a Fine Art as “that in which the hands, the head, and the *heart* of man go together,” and in *Stones of Venice* vol. I., p. 397, distinguishes a craft as “an Art whose chief element is bodily dexterity.” See also *Stones of Venice* vol. I., p. 395.

97. I am never fully aware, etc.—The same desire for a complete understanding with the audience which shows itself in K. T. ¶ 5.

physical clouds.—Sec. III. Part II. of *Modern Painters* treats entirely of clouds and cloud-effects in painting, and throughout Ruskin’s work there are constant evidences of his careful study of them. See especially *Modern Painters*, Part VII., chap. I., and *Coeli Enarrent*. “I used to fancy that everybody would like clouds and rocks as well as I did, if once told to look at them; whereas, after fifty years of trial, I find that it is not so, even in modern days; having long ago known that, in ancient ones, the clouds and mountains which have been life to me, were mere inconvenience and horror to most of mankind.” *Praeterita*, vol. II., chap. I.

What is your life?—James iv. 14.

98. courses; course is manner of progress and development.

man walketh.—Psalms xxxix., 6.

99. in the cloud of the human soul.—“Other symbols [besides the leaves of trees] have been given often to show the evanescence and slightness of our lives—the foam upon the water, the grass on the housetop, the vapour that vanishes away; yet none of these are images of true human life. That life, when it is real, is *not* evanescent; it is *not* slight; does *not* vanish away. Every noble life leaves the fibre of it interwoven forever in the work of the world; by so much, evermore, the strength of the human race has gained.” *Proserpina*, p. 62.

the mist of Eden, Genesis ii. 6.

wells without water, 2 Peter ii. 17.

100. Titian (1477–1576) was a Venetian painter. “Titian’s

power is simply the power of doing right. Whatever came before Titian he did wholly as it *ought* to be done. 'Titian is the greatest painter who ever lived.' *The Two Paths*, p. 74.

twilight of Titian.—“It is always to be remembered that Titian hardly ever paints sunshine, but a certain opalescent twilight which has as much of human emotion as of imitative truth in it.” *Modern Painters*, Part II., p. 91. See also *Lectures on Art*, p. 191.

101. Reynolds, Sir Joshua (1723–1792), “The greatest of English painters: one, also, than whom there is indeed no greater among those of any nation, or any time,—our own gentle Reynolds.” *Lectures on Art*, p. 129. See also *The Two Paths*, p. 67.

the greatest painter . . . since Reynolds, Joseph Mallord William Turner (1775–1851). In *Praeterita*, vol. I., chap. XII., Ruskin thus describes the beginning of *Modern Painters* and Turner's feeling in the matter: “In 1836 Turner exhibited three pictures, in which the characteristics of his later manner were developed with his best skill and enthusiasm: Juliet and her Nurse, Rome from Mount Aventine, and Mercury and Argus. His freak in placing Juliet at Venice instead of Verona, and the mysteries of lamp-light and rockets with which he disguised Venice herself, gave occasion to an article in Blackwood's Magazine of sufficiently telling ribaldry, expressing, with some force, and extreme discourtesy, the feelings of the pupils of Sir George Beaumont at the appearance of these unaccredited views of Nature.

“The review raised me to the height of ‘black anger’ in which I have remained pretty nearly ever since; and having by that time some confidence in my power of words, and—not merely judgment, but sincere *experience*—of the charm of Turner's work, I wrote an answer to Blackwood, of which I wish I could now find any fragment. But my father thought it right to ask Turner's leave for its publication; it was copied in my best hand, and sent to Queen Anne Street, and the old man returned kindly answer, as follows:

‘47, Queen Ann (sic) Street West,
October 6th, 1836.

‘My Dear Sir,—I beg to thank you for your zeal, kindness, and the trouble you have taken in my behalf, in regard of the criticism of Blackwood’s Magazine for October, respecting my works; but I never move in these matters, they are of no import save mischief and the meal tub, which Maga fears for by my having invaded the flour tub.

“‘P. S.—If you wish to have the manuscript back, have the goodness to let me know. If not, with your sanction, I will send it on to the possessor of the picture of Juliet.’ I can not give the signature of this letter, which has been cut off for some friend.”

See also *Preface to Modern Painters*, vol. III; *Lectures on Architecture*, III., p. 138; *Mr. Ruskin’s Notes on his Collection of Drawings by the late J. M. W. Turner*, R. A.

The **National Gallery** of Painting in London originated in the purchase by Parliament, in 1824, of a private collection. It now contains many fine examples of the old masters, as well as some of the best pictures of the English school.

Turner bequeathed to the Gallery a fine collection of his works, including nineteen thousand drawings, more than half pencil sketches in note-books. In 1856, Ruskin offered, through the columns of *The Times*, to arrange and frame, at his own cost, and furnish with a printed catalogue, one hundred of these drawings, on condition that the entire management of them should be intrusted to him. The trustees could then decide if it would be best to have any more treated in the same way. His offer was accepted, and he eventually arranged the drawings, four hundred of them being framed as he recommends. See *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. I., p. 81, and *Preface to Modern Painters*, vol. V.

The **South Kensington Museum** was founded by the Prince Consort in 1852. It contains a fine collection of water-color paintings, sculpture, etc.

In a letter to the *Daily Telegraph*, July 5, 1876 (*Arrows of the Chace*, vol. I., p. 100), Ruskin says: “You appear not to be aware that three hundred of the finest examples including all the originals of the Tiber Studiorum, were

framed by myself, especially for the public, in the year 1858. and have been exhibited every day, and all day long, ever since in London. But the public never stops a moment in the room at Kensington where they hang; and the damp, filth, and gas (under the former management of that institution) soiled their frames and warped the drawings, 'by friend remembered not.'"

These pictures have since been moved to the National Gallery, and the only works of Turner now at Kensington are a few oil and water-color paintings.

102. faults might be mingled.—The "faults" alluded to are Turner's well-known coarseness and sensuality, which Ruskin accounts for in general terms in *The Political Economy of Art*, p. 29: "I am sorry to say, that of all parts of an artist's education this [to make, in the noble sense of the word, gentlemen of them] is the most neglected among us; and that even where the natural taste and feeling of the youth have been pure and true, when there was the right stuff in him to make a gentleman of, you may too frequently discern some jarring rents in his mind, and elements of degradation in his treatment of subject, owing to a want of gentle training, and of the liberal influence of literature. This is quite visible in our greatest artists, even in men like Turner and Gainsborough."

103. Sir Thomas Deane (1792–1871) was a well-known Irish architect, and

Benjamin Woodward (died 1861) was his pupil and partner. Together, and aided by Deane's son Thomas, they built the Museum at Oxford, of which Ruskin says:—"The Oxford Museum is, I believe, the first building in this country which has had its ornamentation, in any telling parts, trusted to the invention of the workman: the result is highly satisfactory." See letter on *Gothic Architecture and the Oxford Museum* in *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. I., p. 125.

façade, the exterior front or face of a building; usually used only of buildings of considerable size, as palaces.

104. Cf. *The Study of Architecture*, p. 8.

105. Ruskin is apt to quote carelessly. The concluding lines of the *Second Epistle* of Pope's *Essay on Man* are these:

“Meanwhile opinion gilds with varying rays
 Those painted clouds that beautify our days ;
 Each want of happiness by hope supplied,
 And each vacuity of sense by pride,
 These build as fast as knowledge can destroy ;
 In folly’s cup still laughs the bubble joy ;
 One prospect lost, another still we gain,
 And not a vanity is given in vain :
 E’en mean self-love becomes, by force divine,
 The scale to measure others’ wants by thine.
 See ! and confess one comfort still must rise ;
 ’Tis this,—Though man’s a fool, yet God is wise.”

mirage.—A natural phenomenon which is the result of a peculiar state of the atmosphere. It consists in the reflection in the atmosphere of distant objects as if double or suspended in air, either erect or inverted. The deception is so perfect, as frequently fatally to mislead travellers.

poor, the first edition has *various* instead of *poor*.

106. “I am sometimes accused of trying to make art too moral ; yet, observe, I do not say in the least that in order to be a good painter you must be a good man ; but I do say that in order to be a good natural painter there must be strong elements of good in the mind, however warped by other parts of the character.” *The Two Paths*, p. 70.

the only answer . . . is.—Again, in *Modern Painters*, Part VIII., p. 191, Ruskin says :—“No vain or selfish person can possibly paint in the noble sense of the word. . . . It is gratuitous to add that no shallow or petty person can paint. Mere cleverness or special gift never made an artist. It is only perfectness of mind, unity, depth, decision, and the highest qualities, in fine, of the intellect which will form the imagination. And lastly, no false person can paint.”

And, *The Two Paths*, p. 98, “Alas ! I could as soon tell you how to make or manufacture an ear of wheat as to make a good artist of any kind.”

“**Sir, you have this gift.**”—In proportion to the nobleness of the power is the guilt of its use for purposes vain or vile ; and hitherto the greater the art, the more surely has it been used, and used solely, for the decoration of pride,

or the provoking of sensuality." *The Two Paths*, p. 107. See also *Ibid*, p. 49.

107. Cf. the following from *The Two Paths*, p. 23 :—"So long as Art is steady in the contemplation and exhibition of natural facts, so long she herself lives and grows ; and in her own life and growth partly implies, partly secures, that of the nations in the midst of which she is practised. But a time has always hitherto come, in which, having thus reached a singular perfection, she begins to contemplate that perfection, and to imitate it, and deduce rules and forms from it : and thus to forget her duty and ministry as the interpreter and discoverer of Truth. And in the very instant when this diversion of her purpose and forgetfulness of her function take place—forgetfulness generally coincident with her apparent perfection—in that instant, I say, begins her actual catastrophe ; and by her own fall—so far as she has influence—she accelerates the ruin of the nation by which she is practised."

108. **that life should have no motive.**—What Ruskin means by "motive" is further explained in *Lectures on Art*, p. 31 :—"All that I ask of you is to have a fixed purpose of some kind for your country and yourselves ; no matter how restricted, so that it be fixed and unselfish. I know what stout hearts are in you, to answer acknowledged need ; but it is the fatalest form of error in English youth to hide their best hardihood till it fades for lack of sunshine, and to act in disdain of purpose, till all purpose is vain. It is not by deliberate, but by careless selfishness ; not by compromise with evil, but by dull following of good, that the weight of natural evil increases upon us daily. Break through at least this pretence of existence ; determine what you will be, and what you would win. You will not decide wrongly if you resolve to decide at all." See also *Arrows of the Chace*. vol. II., p. 142, and *Seven Lamps*, p. 138.

Antipodes (Greek *ἀντίπους*, with the feet opposite) ; those whose feet are directly opposite, hence those who live on the other side of the world ; here the opposite side of the world.

rightness, the first edition has *circumspection*. Notice the difference in meaning, and the gain in force and directness.

110. future ; because the business, the first edition has *and that the business.*

Christian era (Late Latin *aera*, and often so spelled by Ruskin, See ¶ 122), an epoch of time ; a fixed point of time from which a series of years is reckoned, here used in the former sense.

divines ; men skilled in theology, commonly applied to clergymen.

111. the fall of the angels, in *Paradise Lost*, Books V. and VI.

Hesiod, one of the earliest Greek poets, lived about 850 B. C. The account referred to is contained in his *Theogony*, a work which, beginning with Chaos, traces the descent and wars of the gods to the triumphs of the Olympians over the Titans.

Florentine maiden, Beatrice. See Q. G., ¶ 60.

112. lethargy and trance ; *lethargy* is a state of morbid drowsiness, and *trance* is a condition in which a person is not necessarily insensible, but has lost all power of voluntary motion and thought.

pompous nomenclature refers probably to Milton's description of the council at Pandemonium. *Paradise Lost*, Book II.

troubadour's guitar. The troubadours formed a school of poets which flourished in the south of France and adjoining portions of Spain and Italy, from the eleventh to the latter part of the thirteenth century. Their poetry was purely lyric, and generally described the charms of a mistress or the virtues of a patron. It was sung to the accompaniment of some musical instrument, often a guitar, and while of course rhythmic and musical in structure, had little depth of sentiment, and was ill-fitted to express strong emotion and intense feeling.

the courses of the suns, that is, the movement of the heavenly bodies constituting the universe, which is so harmonious that it is sometimes called "the music of the spheres." To "touch a troubadour's guitar to the courses of the suns," would, therefore, be to endeavor to play an accompaniment to the music of the spheres. And Ruskin further means that these men have tried with verse and thought as im-

tent as such music would be to follow the course of fate, and explain the mystery of life.

idle puppets, etc. Ruskin says that Milton and Dante have in *Paradise Lost*, and *Regained*, and the *Divina Commedia*, attempted to describe Heaven and Hell, "before which prophets veil their faces;" Milton has pictured only a creation of his imagination which, warped by his constant study of theory, is unfitted to be a guide, and Dante has simply shown his unfaltering faith in Beatrice.

"It is a strange habit of wise humanity to speak in enigmas only, so that the highest truths and usefulest laws must be hunted for through whole picture galleries of dreams, which to the vulgar seem dreams only.

We shall feel ourselves more and more wonderstruck that men such as Homer and Dante (and, in an inferior sphere, Milton), not to speak of the great sculptors and painters of every age, have permitted themselves, though full of all nobleness and wisdom, to coin idle imaginations of the mysteries of eternity, and guide the faiths of the families of the earth by the courses of their own vague and visionary arts: while the indisputable truths of human life and duty, respecting which they all have but one voice, lie hidden behind these veils of phantasy, unsought, and often unsuspected." *Munera Pulveris*, p. 73.

113. Of **Shakespeare**, Ruskin says in *Modern Painters*, Part V., p. 362:—"He seems to have been sent essentially to take universal and equal grasp of the *human* nature; and to have been removed, therefore, from all influences which could in the least warp or bias his thoughts. It was necessary that he should lean *no* way; that he should contemplate, with absolute equality of judgment, the life of the court, cloister, and tavern, and be able to sympathize so completely with all creatures as to deprive himself, together with his personal identity, even of his conscience, as he casts himself into their hearts. He must be able to enter into the soul of Falstaff or Shylock with no more sense of contempt or honor than Falstaff or Shylock themselves feel for or in themselves; otherwise his own conscience and indignation would make him unjust to them; he would turn

aside from something, miss some good, or overlook some essential palliation. He must be utterly without anger, utterly without purpose; for, if a man has any serious purpose in life, that which runs counter to it, or is foreign to it, will be looked at frowningly or carelessly by him.

Shakespeare was forbidden by Heaven to have any *plans*. To *do* any good or get any good, in the common sense of good, was not to be within his permitted range of work. . . . Neither he nor the sun, did on any morning that they rose together, receive charge from their Maker concerning such things [as founding of institutions]. They were both of them to shine on the evil and good; both to behold unoffendedly all that was upon the earth."

114. the great Homeric story; the Iliad.—The part referred to is in substance this: Discord, angry because she was not invited to the feast at the wedding of Peleus and Thetis, a sea-nymph, and one of the immortals, threw into the midst of the guests a golden apple on which was written "For the fairest." Juno, Venus, and Minerva each claiming it, Paris, son of Priam and Hecuba, king and queen of Troy, was appointed judge by Jupiter. Juno tried to bribe him by power and riches, Minerva, by glory and renown in war, but he gave the apple to Venus, who promised him the most beautiful woman in the world for his wife. Guided by Venus, Paris persuaded this "most beautiful woman," Helen, wife of Menelaus, king of Sparta, to flee with him to Troy. Menelaus at once called on the warriors of Greece to help him recover his wife. The result was the Trojan war. Agamemnon, brother of Menelaus, was commander-in-chief of the Greeks, and the other most celebrated heroes were Achilles, Ajax, Ulysses, and Nestor. On the side of the Trojans were Hector, another son of Priam, Aeneas, Deiphobus, Glaucus, and Sarpedon.

Achilles, son of Thetis, is the hero of the Iliad, which begins with a quarrel between Agamemnon and Achilles, the cause of which was this. In one of the first battles of the war, Agamemnon had captured Chryseis, daughter of Chryses, a priest of Apollo, and refused to give her up. Thereupon Apollo sent a pestilence into the Grecian camp,

and Achilles at once accused Agamemnon of being the cause of the calamity and demanded that he should part with Chryseis. Agamemnon consented, on condition that Achilles should give him, in her stead, Briseis, a beautiful captive who had been given to Achilles when the spoils were divided. She is the "mistress" of whom Ruskin speaks.

Achilles, furious at the injustice of Agamemnon, yielded to him, but at once withdrew his forces, and declared his intention of returning to Greece. Thetis, interceding for her son, persuaded Jupiter to give the next victory to the Trojans. The Greeks, alarmed, prevailed on Agamemnon to give up Briseis, and sent messages to that effect to Achilles, who remained determined to return home. A second battle with the Trojans, seeming likely to result in more complete defeat, Achilles at last consented to allow his myrmidons to engage in it, led by Patroclus, his dearest friend, wearing the armor of Achilles, in order to terrify the enemy. For a time, Patroclus carried all before him, but at last he was killed by Hector.

When news of the death of Patroclus was brought to Achilles, he was wild with rage and grief. His only thought and desire was to avenge his friend. Aided by Pallas, "the wisest of the gods," he wounded Hector fatally, and dragged his body, tied to his chariot, around the city of Troy and the tomb of Patroclus.

Achilles was at last killed by Paris, "the basest of his adversaries," while he was arranging a marriage with Polyxena, the daughter of Priam, with whom he had fallen in love, and for whose sake he had tried, ineffectually, to arrange a peace between the Greeks and Trojans.

115. our own poet, Shakspeare, see K. T., ¶ 25.

He, indeed, as part of his rendering of character; the first edition has, "*With necessary truth of insight, he indeed.*"

Katherine of Arragon, first wife of Henry VIII. The following scene on her death-bed is from Shakspeare's Henry VIII., Act iv. Sc. ii. :—

Katherine. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone, and leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Griffith. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for :
Saw ye none enter since I slept ?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No ? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet ; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun ?
They promised me eternal happiness,
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear : I shall, assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.

the great soldier-king, Henry V. of England.—Shakspeare
makes him say in Henry V., Act iv. Sc. viii. :—

Where is the number of our English dead ?

[*Herald presents another paper.*]

Edward the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketley, Davy Gam, esquire :
None else of name ; and of all other men,
But five and twenty. O God ! Thy arm was here,
And not to us but to Thy arm alone
Ascribe we all.—When without stratagem
But in plain shock, and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss,
On one part and on the other ?—Take it, God,
For it is only Thine !

Exeter. 'Tis wonderful !

King. Come, go we in procession to the village,
And be it death proclaimed through our host
To boast of this, or take that praise from God,
Which is His only.

Fluellen. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell
how many is kill'd ?

King. Yes, captain ; but with this acknowledgment,
That God fought for us.

the gods are just.—King Lear, Act v., Sc. iii.

arbitration, a deciding according to one's will or pleasure,
uncontrolled or absolute decision ; an obsolete meaning.

there's a divinity.—Hamlet, Act v., Sc. ii.

Instead of the perpetual sense, etc., Cf. the following

from *Deucalion*, vol. II., p. 50 :—"I have again and again pointed out in passages scattered through writings carefully limited in assertion, between 1860 and 1870, that the heroic actions on which the material destinies of this world depend are almost invariably done under the conception of death as a calamity, which is to be endured by one for the deliverance of many, and after which there is no personal reward to be looked for, but the gratitude or fame of which the victim anticipates no consciousness." See also *Aratra Penitilici*, p. 42.

118. **The child is father of the man;** from Wordsworth's poem :—

"MY HEART LEAPS UP."

My heart leaps up when I behold
 A rainbow in the sky.
 So was it when my life began ;
 So is it now I am a man ;
 So be it when I shall grow old
 Or let me die !
 The child is father of the man ;
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety.

120. **You sent for me.**—Cf. this with the following :—
 "Does it never occur to you, then, that to some of the best and wisest artists among ourselves, it may not be always possible to explain what pretty things they are making ; and that, perhaps, the very perfection of their art is in their knowing so little about it ? . . . The greatest artists, indeed, will condescend, occasionally, to be scientific;—will labour, somewhat systematically, about what they are doing, as vulgar persons do ; and are privileged, also, to enjoy what they have made more than birds do ; yet seldom, observe you, as being beautiful, but very much in the sort of feeling which we may fancy the bullfinch had also,—that the thing, whether pretty or ugly, could not have been better done ; that they could not have made it otherwise, and are thankful it is no worse. And, assuredly, they have nothing like the delight in their own work which it gives to other people." *The Eagle's Nest*, p. 46.

Even Reynolds is no exception.—Sir Joshua Reynolds wrote several lectures on art and numerous articles on miscellaneous subjects.

121. approximates, comes close to; commonly signifying an approach to similarity, identity, or accuracy, in any respect.

innate (Latin prefix *in*, and *natus*, born) inborn, native, natural.

improvises, to improvise is to bring about off hand.

In an architect, "*innate cunning of proportion*" leads to the production of forms of beauty, and "*divine ingenuity of skill*" solves immediately all problems of construction.

Alps on Alps.—In *The Poetry of Architecture*, p. 32, note, Ruskin says in reference to the phrase, "their summer pasture on the high Alps";—"I use the word Alp, here and in future, in its proper sense, of a high mountain pasture; not in its secondary sense, of a snowy peak."

122. Gustave Doré, (1832-1883) a French artist. "Gustave Doré's is not a common mind. and, if born in any other epoch, he would probably have done valuable (though never first-rate) work; but, by glancing (it will be impossible for you to do more than glance) at his illustrations of Balzac's "*Contes Drolatiques*," you will see further how this "*drolatique*," or semi-comic mask, is, in the truth of it, the mask of a skull, and how the tendency to burlesque jest is both in France and England only an effervescence from the *cloaca maxima* of the putrid instincts which fasten themselves on national sin; . . . the mocking levity and mocking gloom being equally signs of the death of the soul; just as, contrariwise, a passionate seriousness and passionate joyfulness are signs of its full life in works such as those of Angelico, Luini, Ghiberti, or La Robbia." *The Study of Architecture*, p. 21.

Furies.—The Furies (true name Erinnyes, from *erin-no*, I am angry) three in number, were avenging goddesses who shared with the Fates the control of the destiny of man, and punished crime. They were sometimes described as horrible, like the Harpies, and sometimes, more attractively, as winged virgins with torches.

The **Harpies** were fabulous monsters in Greek mythology.

They were two or three in number and described as fearful and loathsome in appearance, and living in an atmosphere of filth and stench. They executed the vengeance of the gods.

The *anger* of which Ruskin speaks here, he calls in *Lectures on Art*, p. 160 :—"The anger of fate, whether predestined or avenging ; the root and theme of all Greek tragedy ; the anger of the Erinyes and Demeter Erinyes, compared to which the anger either of Apollo or Athena is temporary and partial."

For, indeed, the arts . . . created.—Cf. "There is a noble way of carving a man, and a mean one ; and there is a noble way of carving a beetle, and a mean one ; . . . And it is a sorrowful truth, yet a sublime one, that this greatness of treatment can not be taught by talking about it. No, nor even by enforced imitative practice of it. Men treat their subjects nobly only when they themselves become noble ; not till then. . . ."

Art, national or individual, is the result of a long course of previous life and training ; a necessary result, if that life has been loyal, and an impossible one, if it has been base." *The Study of Architecture*, p. 7.

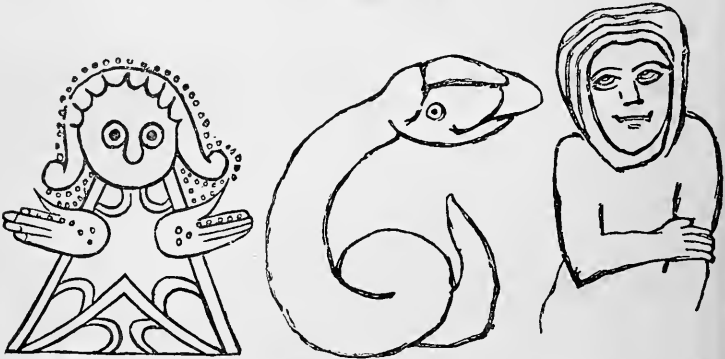
Whole aeras of mighty history.—"For, be assured, that all the best things and treasures of this world are not to be produced by each generation for itself ; but we are all intended, not to carve our work in snow that will melt, but each and all of us to be continually rolling a great white gathering snow-ball, higher and higher—larger and larger—along the Alps of human power. Thus the science of nations is to be accumulative from father to son : each learning a little more and a little more ; each receiving all that was known, and adding its own gain : the history and poetry of nations are to be accumulative ; each generation treasuring the history and the songs of its ancestors, adding its own history and its own songs ; and the art of nations is to be accumulative, just as science and history are ; the work of living men not superseding, but building itself upon the work of the past. Nearly every great and intellectual race of the world has produced, at every period of its career, an art with some peculiar and precious character about it, wholly

unattainable by any other race, and at any other time ; and the intention of Providence concerning that art, is evidently that it should all grow together into one mighty temple ; the rough stones and the smooth all finding their place, and rising, day by day, in richer and higher pinnacles to Heaven.” *Political Economy of Art*, p. 56. See also *Lectures on Art*, p. 7, and *Mornings in Florence*, p. 43.

123. recession ; the act of receding or withdrawing, with an implied acknowledgment of error in our position.

lecture since published. The title of this lecture was *The Deteriorative Power of Conventional Art over Nations*. It was delivered at the Kensington Museum in Jan., 1858, and published in 1859 with four other lectures on art in a volume entitled *The Two Paths*.

124. The “Irish angel” is copied from a psalter of the eighth century in the library of St John’s College, Cambridge, and the “Lombardic Eve” is from the “Serpent beguiling Eve” in the church of St. Ambrogio of Milan.



Ruskin calls them “two examples of the barbarism out of which Gothic art emerges, approximately contemporary in date and parallel in executive skill ; but the one, a barbarism that did not get on, and could not get on ; the other, a barbarism that could get on, and did get on.”

“The Eve, rude and ludicrous as it is, has the elements of life in their first form. The workman’s whole aim is

straight at the facts, as well as he can get them, and not merely at the facts, but at the very heart of the facts. A common workman might have looked at nature for his serpent, but he would have thought only of its scales. But this fellow does not want scales, nor coils; he wants the serpent's heart—malice and insinuation;—and he has actually got them to some extent. So also a common workman, even in this barbarous stage of art, might have carved Eve's arms and body a good deal better; but this man does not care about arms and body, if he can only get at Eve's mind—show that she is pleased at being flattered, and yet in a state of uncomfortable hesitation. And some look of listening, of complacency, and of embarrassment he has verily got:—note the eyes slightly askance, the lips compressed, and the right hand nervously grasping the left arm: nothing can be declared impossible to the people who could begin thus—the world is open to them, and all that is in it; while, on the contrary, nothing is possible to the man who did the symmetrical angel—the world is keyless to him; he has built a cell for himself in which he must abide, barred up forever.” *The Two Paths*, p. 28.

125. arrest in Irish art.—Cf. *Crown of Wild Olive*, p. 52, where Ruskin says:—“I could show you that a nation cannot be affected by any vice or weakness, without expressing it, legibly and forever, either in bad art, or by want of art; and that there is not a national virtue, small or great, which is not manifestly expressed in all the art which circumstances enable the people possessing that virtue to produce.” See also, pp. 49 and 51 in *C. of W. O.*

127. feel themselves wrong.—“The more readily we admit the possibility of our own cherished convictions being mixed with error, the more vital and helpful whatever is right in them will become.” *Ethics of the Dust*, X. p. 231.

and the grasp of, the first edition has *realization of*.

128. “By far the greater part of the suffering and crime which exist at this moment in civilized Europe, arises simply from the people not understanding this truism—not knowing that produce or wealth is eternally connected by the laws of heaven and earth with resolute labor; but hoping in some way to cheat or abrogate this everlasting law of life,

and to feed where they have not furrowed, and be warm where they have not woven. . . . The law of nature is, that a certain quantity of work is necessary to produce a certain quantity of good, of any kind whatever. If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it. But men do not acknowledge this law, or strive to evade it, hoping to get their knowledge, and food, and pleasure for nothing; and in this effort they either fail of getting them, and remain ignorant and miserable, or obtain them by making other men work for their benefit; and then they are tyrants and robbers." *The Two Paths*, p. 178. See also *Modern Painters*, Part III., p. 108.

whatsoever thy hand findeth to do.—Ecclesiastes, ix., 10.

129. Forest Cantons. In 1291, Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden, three small mountainous districts, bordering upon Germany, France, and Italy, and under the protection of the German emperor, formed a league for mutual protection against the powerful nobles whose domains surrounded them. In 1332, Lucerne joined the confederacy which then received the name of the Four Forest Cantons. From time to time other cantons joined the league, and the whole came to be known by the name of one canton, Schwyz, the modern Switzerland.

The Reformation in the 16th century was the cause of much civil war in the cantons in which the victorious Roman Catholic religion was defended by the Forest Cantons. Switzerland became independent of Germany in 1648.

Vaudois or Waldenses, a religious sect found mostly in the valleys of the Western Alps. The sect probably originated about 1170, in the efforts of Petrus Waldus, a citizen of Lyons, to reform the Roman Catholic Church. He and his followers were excommunicated, and, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the sect was very much persecuted by the Romish Church. They clung to their faith, however, and now have full civil and religious liberty. See *Deucalion*, vol. II., p. 52; and, for a eulogy of the Swiss, *Modern Painters*, Part VI., p. 84.

Garden of the Hesperides.—"The Garden of the Hesperides was supposed to exist in the westernmost part of the Cyre-

naica; it was generally the expression for the beauty and luxuriant vegetation of the coast of Africa in that district" [the northwestern part]. *Modern Painters*, Part IX., p. 300.

our own dominion; India, see **Orissa**.

130. Virgin goddess, Minerva; see **Minerva**.

wisest king, Solomon, Proverbs xxxi. 10-31. Of this passage Ruskin says:—

"Now you will observe that in this description of the perfect economist, or mistress of a household, there is a studied expression of the balanced division of his case between the two great objects of utility and splendor; in her right hand, food and flax, for life and clothing; in her left hand, the purple and the needle—work for honour and for beauty, all perfect housewifery or national economy is known by these two divisions; wherever either is wanting, the economy is imperfect."

clouts (Anglo-Saxon *clut*, a little cloth), patches.

I was naked, etc., Matthew xxv., 43.

131. civic pride (Latin *civis*, a citizen). "Take care that in every town the little roofs are built before the large ones, and that everybody who wants one has got one. And we must try also to make everybody want one. That is to say, at some not very advanced period of life, men should desire to have a home, which they do not wish to quit any more, suited to their habits of life, and likely to be more and more suitable to them until their death. And men must desire to have these dwelling places built as strongly as possible, and furnished and decorated daintily, and set in pleasant places, in bright light and good air, being able to choose for themselves that, at least, as well as swallows. And when the houses are grouped together in cities, men must have so much civic fellowship as to subject their architecture to a common law, and so much civic pride as to desire that the whole gathered group of human dwellings should be a lovely thing, not a frightful one, on the face of the earth." *Lectures on Art*, p. 120.

the ramparts built by poor atoms; the reefs formed by coral polyps, a low order of aquatic animals.

132. cast away their labour.—"Of all wastes, the greatest

waste that you can commit is the waste of labor." *Crown of Wild Olive*, p. 35.

what have we accomplished.—"We think ourselves privileged, first among men, to know the secrets of Heaven, and fulfil the economy of earth; and the result is, that of all the races that yet have been put to shame by their false wisdom or false art,—which have given their labour for that which is not bread, and their strength for that which satisfieth not,—we have most madly abandoned the charity which is for itself sufficing, and for others serviceable, and have become of all creatures the most insufficient to ourselves, and the most malignant to our neighbours." *Eagle's Nest*, p. 73.

133. although your days are numbered.—"Men's proper business in this world falls mainly into three divisions: First, to know themselves, and the existing state of things they have to do with. Secondly, to be happy in themselves, and in the existing state of things. Thirdly, to mend themselves, and the existing state of things, as far as either are marred or mendable." *Modern Painters*, Part IV., p. 44.

He maketh the winds his messengers, Hebrews i., 7, and Psalms civ., 4.

134. Dies Irae, the name generally given to the famous mediæval hymn on the last judgment, of which the first stanza is :

Dies irae, dies illa
Solvat saeculum in favilla
Teste David cum Sybilla.

135. Ananias, Acts x., 1-10.—"There is not a building that I know of, lately raised, wherein it is not sufficiently evident that neither architect nor builder has done his best. It is the especial characteristic of modern work. All old work nearly has been hard work. . . . Ours has as constantly the look of money's worth, of a stopping short wherever and whenever we can, of a lazy compliance with low conditions; never of a fair putting forth of our strength." *Seven Lamps*, p. 20.

taking up our cross.—" 'Taking up one's cross' means simply that you are to go the road which you see to be the straight one; carrying whatever you find is given you to carry, as well and stoutly as you can. . . . Above all,

you are neither to load, nor unload, yourself ; nor cut your cross to your own liking. . . . But all that you have really to do is to keep your back as straight as you can ; and not think about what is upon it—above all, not to boast of what is upon it. The real and essential meaning of ‘virtue’ is in that straightness of back.” *Ethics of the Dust*, VII. p. 148.

Levi, Luke v. 27 ; **Peter**, Matthew iv. 18 ; **Paul**, Acts ix. 3.—“ ‘Mind your own business.’ It is a serviceable principle enough for men of the world, but a surprising one in the mouth of a person who professes to be a Bible obeyer. For, as far as I remember the tone of that obsolete book, ‘our own’ is precisely the last business which it tells us to mind. It tells us often to mind God’s business, often to mind other people’s business ; our own, in any eager or earnest way, not at all. ‘What thy hand findeth to do.’ Yes : but in God’s fields, not ours. One can imagine the wiser fishermen of the Galileean lake objecting to Peter and Andrew that they were not minding their business, much more the commercial friends of Levi speaking with gentle pity of him about the receipt of custom.” *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. II., p. 7.

136. indiscriminate charity.—“No almsgiving of money is so helpful as almsgiving of care and thought ; the giving of money without thought is indeed continually mischievous, but the invective of the economist against *in*-discriminate charity is idle, if it be not coupled with pleading for discriminate charity, and, above all, for that charity which discerns the uses that people may be put to, and helps them by setting them to work in those services. That is the help beyond all others ; find out how to make useless people useful, and let them earn their money instead of begging it. Few are so feeble as to be incapable of all occupation, none so faultful but that occupation, well chosen, and kindly compelled, will be medicine for them in soul and body.” *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. II., p. 131. See also *Notes on the General Principles of Employment for the Destitute and Criminal Classes*, *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. II., p. 133.

137. always neat and clean.—“Moral education begins in making the creature to be educated, clean and obedient.

This must be done thoroughly, and at any cost, and with any kind of compulsion rendered necessary by the nature of the animal, be it dog, child, or man." *Fors Clavigera*, Letter LXVII., p. 150.

consistent dress for different ranks—Ruskin has always held this opinion, for in his early work, *Modern Painters*, Part IX., p. 329, he says:—"Every effort should be made to induce the adoption of a national costume. Cleanliness and neatness in dress ought always to be rewarded by some gratification of personal pride; and it is the peculiar virtue of a national costume that it fosters and gratifies the wish to look well, without inducing the desire to look better than one's neighbors—or the hope, peculiarly English, of being mistaken for a person in a higher position of life," and in his latest, *Praeterita*, Chap. X., he approves the feeling which he says largely influenced his father in making a Gentleman-Commoner rather than a Commoner of him at Oxford, because the gown was more attractive. Instead of abolishing distinctions of dress at the University, he would have them "extended into the entire social order of the country," and adds, "I think that nobody but duchesses should be allowed to wear diamonds; that lords should be known from common people by their stars, a quarter of a mile off; that every peasant girl should boast her county by some dainty ratification of cap or bodice; and that in the towns a vintner should be known from a fishmonger by the cut of his jerkin."

Of the responsibility of women in the matter, he affirms that "after recovering, for the poor, wholesomeness of food, your next step towards founding schools of art in England must be in recovering, for the poor, decency and wholesomeness of dress; thoroughly good in substance, fitted for their daily work, becoming to their rank in life, and worn with order and dignity. And this order and dignity must be taught them by the women of the upper and middle classes, whose minds can be in nothing right, as long as they are so wrong in this matter as to endure the squalor of the poor, while they themselves dress gaily." *Lectures on Art*, p. 118.

vested interests.—This refers to the many large estates in

England that have for centuries been held by the possessors under conditions fixed by law, so that the holder can not dispose of the estate.

138. cleanliness and order.—“No true luxury, wealth, or religion is possible to dirty persons; nor is it decent or human to attempt to compass any temporal prosperity whatever by the sacrifice of cleanliness. The speedy abolition of all abolishable filth is the first process of education.” *Fors Clavigera*, Letter LXVII., p. 150.

Savoy inn.—“The little inn at Samoens where I washed the stairs down for my mother.” *Praeterita*, vol. II., chap. XI.

“The quite happiest bit of manual work I ever did was for my mother in the old inn at Sixt, where she alleged the stone staircase to have become unpleasantly dirty, since last year. Nobody in the inn appearing to think it possible to wash it, I brought the necessary buckets of water from the yard myself, poured them into beautiful image of Versailles water-works down the fifteen or twenty steps of the great staircase, and with the strongest broom I could find, cleaned every step into its corners. It was quite lovely work to dash the water and drive the mud, from each, with accumulating splash down the next one.” *Praeterita*, vol. II., chap. X.

139. the speculation of all our lives.—“It is as little the part of a wise man to reflect much on the nature of beings above him, as of beings beneath him. It is immodest to suppose that he can conceive the one, and degrading to suppose that he should be busied with the other. To recognize his everlasting inferiority, and his everlasting greatness; to know himself and his place; to be content to submit to God without understanding Him; and to rule the lower creation with sympathy and kindness, yet neither sharing the passion of the wild beast, nor imitating the science of the insect;—this you will find is to be modest toward God, gentle to His creatures, and wise for himself.” *The Eagle's Nest*, p. 28.

competitive examination.—“It is necessary to distinguish carefully between the competition which is for the means of existence, and that which is for the praise of learning.

For my own part, so far as they affect our studies here, I equally regret both : but competition for money I regret absolutely ; competition for praise, only when it sets the reward for too short and narrow a race. I want you to compete, not for the praise of what you know, but for the praise of what you become ; and to compete only in that great school, where Death is the examiner, and God the judge." *Eagle's Nest*, p. 180.

"All that you can depend upon in a boy, as significative of true power, likely to issue in good fruit, is his will to work for the work's sake, not his desire to surpass his school-fellows ; and the aim of the teaching you give him ought to be, to prove to him and strengthen in him his own separate gift, not to puff him into swollen rivalry with those who are everlastingly greater than he ; still less ought you to hang favours and ribands about the neck of the creature who is the greatest, to make the rest envy him. Try to make them love him and follow him, not struggle with him.

There must of course be examination to ascertain and attest both progress and relative capacity ; but our aim should be to make the students rather look upon it as a means of ascertaining their own true positions and powers in the world, than as an arena in which to carry away a present victory." *Political Economy of Art*, p. 109.

140. Pharisee's thanksgiving, Luke xviii., 10.—“The pride of Faith is now, as it has been always, the most deadly, because the most complaisant and subtle ;—because it invests every evil passion of our nature with the aspect of an angel of light, and enables the self-love, which might otherwise have been put to wholesome shame, and the cruel carelessness of the ruin of our fellow-men, which might otherwise have warmed into human love, or at least been checked by human intelligence, to congeal themselves into the mortal intellectual disease of imagining that myriads of the inhabitants of the world for four thousand years have been left to wander and perish, many of them everlastingly, in order that, in fulness of time, divine truth might be preached sufficiently to ourselves ; with this further ineffable mischief for direct result, that multitudes of kindly disposed, gentle, and submissive persons, who might else, by

their true patience, have alloyed the hardness of the common crowd, and by their activity for good, balanced its misdoing, are withdrawn from all such true service of man, that they may pass the best part of their lives in what they are told is the service of God ; namely, desiring what they cannot obtain, lamenting what they cannot avoid, and reflecting on what they cannot understand." *Lectures on Art*, p. 42.

push at it together.—"You have not often heard me use that word 'independence.' And in the sense in which it has of late been accepted, you have never heard me use it but with contempt. For the true strength of every human soul is to be dependent on as many nobler as it can discern and to be depended upon by as many inferior as it can reach."

grievous and vain meditation.—"That abandonment of the mind to religious theory, or contemplation, is the very thing I have been pleading with you against. I never said you should set yourself to discover the meanings ; but you should take careful pains to understand them, so far as they *are* clear ; and you should always accurately ascertain the state of your mind about them. I want you never to read merely for the pleasure of fancy ; still less as a formal religious duty (else you might as well take to repeating Paters at once ; for it is surely wiser to repeat one thing we understand than read a thousand which we can not. . . . Do not go on, all through your life believing nothing intelligently, and yet supposing that your having read the words of a divine book must give you the right to despise every religion but your own." *Ethics of the Dust*, X., p. 225.

can they plough.—"I believe all youths of whatever rank, ought to learn some manual trade thoroughly ; for it is quite wonderful how much a man's views of life are cleared by the attainment of the capacity of doing any one thing well with his hands and arms. . . . Then, in literary and scientific teaching, the great point of economy is to give the discipline of it through knowledge which will immediately bear on practical life." *Political Economy of Art*, p. 100.

And then shall abide for them.—“To watch the corn grow and the blossoms set ; to draw hard breath over plowshare or spade ; to read, to think, to love, to hope, to pray,—these are the things which make men happy ; they have always had the power of doing these, they never *will* have power to do more. The world’s prosperity or adversity depends upon our knowing and teaching these few things : but upon iron, or glass, or electricity, or steam, in no wise.” *Modern Painters*, Part IV., p. 303.

Charity.—“Among the many mistakes we have lately fallen into, touching that same charity, one of the worst is our careless habit of always thinking of her as pitiful, and to be concerned only with miserable and wretched persons ; whereas her chief joy is in being reverent, and concerned mainly with noble and venerable persons. Her poorest function is the giving of pity ; her highest is the giving of *praise*. For there are many men who, however fallen, do not like to be pitied ; but all men, however far risen, like to be praised.” *The Eagle’s Nest*, p. 179.

INDEX.

A.

Abide for them, and then shall.....	288, 187
abstruse of subjects.....	204, xi
accomplished, what have we.....	282, 176
Achilles.....	272, 72, 154
acquisitiveness.....	218, 10
adamantine.....	245, 89
Ægina.....	256, 120
aeras of mighty history.....	277, 166
Æschylus.....	249, 97
Ah, wasteful woman.....	249, 99
Alcestis.....	248, 95
Alice Bridgenorth.....	246, 92
Alice Lee.....	246, 92
Alighieri.....	226, 41
alphabet, Greek.....	222, 28
Alps on Alps.....	276, 164
amain.....	222, 29
ambiguity.....	215, 5
Ananias.....	282, 179
Andromache.....	247, 95, 272
angels, the fall of the.....	270, 151
angels, the three great.....	240, 75
anglaise, vous êtes.....	211, xxvi
Anglesea.....	256, 119
Anonymas.....	211, xxv
answer, the only.....	268, 145
Antigone.....	248, 95
Antipodes.....	269, 147
Antony.....	244, 88

anything in this series	195, iv
apathy	218, 13, 146, 147
approximates	276, 163
arbitration	274, 156
armour, impenetrable	240, 75
arrest in Irish art	279, 168
arrogated	257, 124
arrows . . . of juniper	256, 119
art	230, 54
art, arrest in Irish	279, 168
articles	226, 41
arts, crafts and	264, 135
arts . . . created	277, 166
associations	218, 12
Athena	239, 75; 249, 96
atoms, ramparts built by poor	281, 175
attempt at compassing, infirm	253, 111
Austrian guns	231, 56
autobiography	212, xxix
aware, never fully	264, 135
awful	220, 25

B.

Baptise them, you cannot	256, 121
Beatrice	245, 90
Believe me, the only right principle	209, xx
beneficent	218, 11, 85, 125, 161
biblion	220, 26
biblos	220, 26
Bishops of Rome	223, 30
books, reading valueless	199, vi
boy, unhappy crazed	228, 47
Break up . . . thorns	226, 42
Britomart	249, 96
business, because the	270, 150

C.

Cæsar	244, 88
Caina	237, 71

canaille	219, 23
cantel	239, 73
Cantons, Forest	280, 172
Cassandra	247, 95
catastrophe	217, 8, 45, 88
Catherine Seyton	246, 92
Chalmers	236, 68
chamae-leon	220, 25
character, rendering of	273, 156
Charity	288, 188
charity, indiscriminate	283, 181
Charity, Sister of	209, xxiii
Chaucer	248, 96
child, is father of the man	275, 161
children, you cannot lead your	256, 121
Christian era	270, 151
chrysolite	259, 128
Clarens shore	232, 57
Claverhouse	246, 91
clean, always neat and	283, 182
cleanliness and order	285, 183
cliffs, Delphian	240, 75
cloud of the human soul	264, 137
clouds, physical	264, 136
clouts	281, 174
collateral	218, 11, 27, 141
come il frate, etc	226, 41
Come thou . . . may flow out	260, 131
compass	206, xv, 6
compassion	234, 58, 63
concerted piece	206, xv
cooking, go and help in the	207, xvi
Cordelia	244, 88
Coriolanus	244, 88
corn laws	241, 78
correlative	257, 125
council, privy	218, 14
countenance	252, 106
courage, bringing	246, 90

courses	264, 136, 91
courses of the suns	270, 153
coxcomb, oh murderous	245, 89
crafts and arts	264, 135
Cranmer	225, 40
cretinous	223, 36
cross, taking up our	282, 179
crown, myrtle	258, 126
Cruelty, Idleness and	204, xi
cruel, you are not to be	208, xviii
custom, Scythian	237, 70
cutaneous	233, 57

D.

Dandie Dinmont	246, 91
Dante	223, 36, 97, 151
daughter of Herodias	211, xxix
daughter, one true	245, 89
day passes, now, therefore, see that no	205, xiii
days are numbered, although your	282, 177
Deane, Sir Thomas	267, 141
Dean of Christ Church	255, 116
degrees of pain	208, xix
Dei gratiâ	258, 127
Delphian cliffs	240, 75
Demand and Supply	201, ix
demi-monde, monde and	210, xxv, 61
Desdemona	244, 88
dialects	222, 28
Diana Vernon	246, 92
Dies Irae	282, 178
Dio	235, 65
diocese	217, 9
disteso, tanto vilmente, etc.	226, 40
divines	270, 151
divinity, there's a	274, 156
dominion, our own	281, 172
Dominus and Domina.	257, 125
Donna è mobile, La.	250, 103

Doré, Gustave	276, 165
double-belled doors	217, 7
doubts, heavenly	225, 40
dress for different ranks, consistent	284, 183
dynasty	257, 125

E.

Ecclesia	221, 27
Ecclesiastical Courts	226, 41
economy	207, xv
economy, modern political	201, ix
Eden, the mist of	264, 137
educated in a narrow sect	192, iii
education, but an	216, 7
education, girl's	252, 110
effort, especially of all modern	217, 8
Ellen Douglas	246, 92
Ellesmere, Francis Egerton	211, xxvii
Elysian gates	218, 19
embroider it	207, xvii
émeutes	211, xxvi
English poet's lady	261, 131
enow	222, 29
entrée	218, 18
ephemeral	218, 14
episcopal function	222, 30
equities	252, 108
equivocally	220, 24
era, Christian	270, 151
ethical	212, xxix
even the light harebell	260, 130
events, recent	200, viii
examination, competitive	285, 184,
exercise, physical training and	251, 104

F.

Façade	267, 141
fain	198, vi, xxvi, 17

fall of the angels	270, 151
fall of Schaffhausen	232, 56
fallow ground	226, 42
Fates	204, x
Faubourg St. Germain	219, 19
faults might be mingled	267, 140
Faust	235, 65
favorite, then	194, iv
feelings of delight	251, 105
feel themselves wrong	279, 170
feet . . daisies rosy	260, 130
fifty-one years old	191, iii
fingers, your own	207, xvii
Fisherman, the, Lucian	215, 5
flock, ensamples to	223, 32,
Flora Mac Ivor	246, 92
Florentine maiden	270, 152
fiorets feeble	260, 131
foolishest	204, x
force of it	238, 73
Forest Cantons	280, 172
foundation, religion which has been the	263, 134
foxes, take us the	262, 133
freedom . . of good	253, 113
freedom of heart, without a corresponding	251, 104
Free Trade	232, 55 note
function, episcopal	222, 30
function is praise	250, 101
Furies	276, 165
future, because the business	270, 150

G.

Gallery, the National	266, 139
gangrenous	217, 9
Gardiner	246, 91 note
Garden of the Hesperides	280, 172
gift, Sir, you have this	268, 145
girl, unlessoned	245, 90
gist	200, viii

Glendinning	246, 91 note
goddess, virgin.....	281, 173
gods are just.....	274, 156
God, Unknown	256, 121
gold.....	239, 75
Goneril	246, 90
Gothic	236, 66
governments, visible.....	238, 72
grasp of, and the.....	279, 170
Greek alphabet	222, 28
Greek or Latin words	220, 25
Guinicelli, Guido	212, xxx
guitar, troubadour's.....	270, 153

H.

Hamlet	244, 88, 90
hand findeth to do.....	280, 171
harm, we mean no.....	236, 68
Harpies	276, 165
heart, sun's red.....	240, 75
He, indeed, as part of	273, 156
Helena	244, 88, 90
Henry the Fifth	244, 87, 156
Her household motions	253, 114
heretics.....	235, 65
Hermione	244, 88
Hero	245, 90
heroes and heroines, Shakespeare's.....	244, 87
Herodias, daughter of	211, xxix
Hesiod	270, 151
Hesperides, Garden of the	280, 172
him who made.....	225, 40
history, whole aeras of mighty.....	277, 166
Holyhead	256, 119
Homer	249, 97, 153, 154
Hooker, Richard	194, iv
hope for a nation.....	229, 49
Household Gods	250, 103
hyperbole.....	260, 130

I.

Idleness and Cruelty.....	204, xi
il gran rifiuto.....	238, 73
Immaculate and final verity.....	204, x
Imogen.....	244, 83
improvises.....	276, 163
impulsive.....	217, 8
incantation.....	237, 70
infirmity of noble minds.....	217, 8
inherent.....	218, 18
innate.....	276, 163, 186
inquiry was held.....	234, 59
inn, Savoy.....	285, 184
insignia.....	243, 84
interests, vested.....	284, 183
Iphigenia.....	248, 95
Ireland, lecture given in.....	198, v
Irish angel.....	278, 167
Isabella.....	244, 88

J.

Jeanie Deans.....	246, 92
Joan of Arc.....	255, 117
Julia.....	245, 90
just.....	227, 44

K.

<i>Κατακρίνω</i>	221, 27
Katherine.....	244, 88, 273, 156
Kensington.....	266, 140, 167
key of knowledge, taken away the.....	224, 37
king, wisest.....	281, 173
kingly.....	243, 83
kings, base.....	238, 72
kings of the earth.....	238, 72
Kings' Treasuries.....	199, vii, 5
Kirkby Lonsdale.....	237, 69

knight of Pisa	246, 93
knowledge, not as	252, 107
knows, and yet she	259, 129

L.

Labour, cast away their	281, 175
La donna é mobile	250, 103
Lady	257, 124
lady, dead	246, 93
lady, English poet's	261, 131
Lady Macbeth	246, 90
Lamps, Seven	196, iv
Larkspur	262, 132
Latin words, Greek or	220, 25
Lawgiver of all the earth	249, 96
lecture given in Ireland	198, v
lecture since published	278, 167
lethargy and trance	270, 152
Lethe	261, 132
letters begun	200, viii
Levi	283, 180
life, position in	215, 6, 71
life should have no motive	269, 147
Life, the Mystery of	263, 134
life, what is your	264, 136
light of morning	205, xii
Likeness of a kingly crown	243, 84
Lilias Redgauntlet	246, 92
Lilies, Sesame and	198, v, xxvi, 5
literature	219, 22
literature, we have despised	230, 50
lives, the speculation of all our	285, 184
Living peace	238, 72
Lord	257, 124
Lord, My	217, 9
lords over . . . the flock	223, 32
Lucian, the Fisherman	215, 5
Ludgate apprentices	231, 55
Lycidas	222, 29

M.

- Madeleine** 262, 133
 maiden, Florentine 270, 152
 man by man 227, 45
 man walketh 264, 137
Mannering 246, 91 note
Marmontel 212, xxx
 masked words 220, 24
Master of Trinity 255, 116
Matilda, Dante's great 261, 131
Meanwhile opinion gilds 267, 143
Medea 211, xxix
 meditation, grievous and vain 237, 186
 men, young 246, 92
 ménagères 210, xxiv
Merchant of Venice 244, 88
 metamorphosis 236, 68
 metaphor 223, 32
Milton 222, 30, 151
Mimosa 227, 43
 minds, infirmity of noble 217, 8
 mirage 263, 144
 mist of Eden 264, 137
 mobiliers 211, xxv
Modern Painters 194, iv
 monde and demi-monde 210, xxv, 61
 mongrel 220, 25
 morality as distinct from religion 195, iv
 morning, light of 205, xii
 mortal 217, 9
 motions, her household 253, 114
 motive, that life should have no 269, 147
Müller, Max 222, 28
Museum, South Kensington 266, 140
 music 253, 115, xv
 music, mix the 225, 40
Mystery of Life 263, 134
 myrtle crown 258, 126

N.

Naked, I was	281, 174
nation, a great	227, 46; 228, 48
nation, wretched and poverty-struck	199, vi
National Gallery	266, 139
Nausicaa	247, 95
neat and clean, always	283, 182
nebula	230, 52
negation	230, 53
nick of time	204, x
noblesse	220, 23
nomenclature	219, 22, 152, 270, 152
now, therefore, see that no day passes	205, xiii

O.

Observe it is	251, 105 note
offer, would you take the	237, 71
office, bishop's	223, 33
ones, two following	199, viii
only so far as	252, 111
Ophelia	246, 90
opinion	227, 46
opium at the cannon's mouth	228, 47
order, cleanliness and	285, 183
Orissa	200, ix, 173
Orlando	244, 88
Othello	244, 88
Othello, clodpate	228, 47

P.

Pagan	256, 121, 153
pain, degrees of	208, xix
painter, the greatest	265, 139
Painters, Modern	194, iv
painters, the last of our great	237, 69; 265, 139
panic	241, 77
pantomime	236, 68
parables	219, 21
Paragraph 9	218, 15

Paragraph 33	230, 52 note
Paragraph 35, Footnotes	233, 56, 57
Paragraph 38	236, 67
Paragraph 45	239, 74
Paragraph 83	255, 119
Paragraph 104	267, 141
Paragraph 106	268, 144
Paragraph 107	269, 146
Paragraph 124	278, 168
Paragraph 128	279, 170
parliament.....	220, 24
Parnassus	256, 119
passionately.....	198, vi, 42, 103, 142, 152, 156, 178, 186
path . . . eye has not seen.....	240, 75
Patmore	249, 99 note
Paul	283, 180
pawnbroker must sell them	207, xvii
peculation....	235, 63
peerage.....	219, 23
Penelope	247, 95
Perdita	244, 88
perplexed in the extreme.....	228, 47
persons, many simple.....	221, 26
Peter	283, 180
Pharisee's thanksgiving	286, 185
Pharos	250, 102
phenomena.....	259, 128
pictures, fine.....	232, 56
piece, concerted.....	206, xv
pilot.....	222, 29
plough, can they.....	287, 187
poem, Dante's great.....	246, 93
poet, our own.....	273, 155
poet, that.....	251, 104
policy, which has contributed to its power	263, 134
political economy.....	201, ix, 10
poor.....	268, 144
position in life	215, 6, 71
potable....	240, 75

power, true queenly	243, 85
pray for, this is all we	217, 7
preface, the old	198, v
premières representations	210, xxv
presbyter	221, 27
price, vile	199, vi
pride, civic	281, 174
priest presbyter	221, 27
princesses, one of whose	249, 96
principle, the only right	209, xx
privy council	218, 14
Protection	232, 55 note
Proverbs XXXI	208, xvii
punctual	204, x
puppets, idle	271, 153
purposes, temporary	191, iii
push at it together	287, 185
putrescent	223, 36

Q.

Qual pium' al vento	250, 103
quantity	220, 24
Queen Katherine	244, 88
Queen of the Air	218, 17 note
queens you must always be	258, 126

R.

Ramparts built by poor atoms	281, 175
range of literature, her	253, 111
ranks, consistent dress for different	284, 182
readers	218, 18
reader should know	212, xxix
reading valueless books	199, vi
recession	278, 167
Redgauntlet	246, 91 note
Regan	246, 90
regnant	215, 5
regret, sentimentally	205, xii
religion, modern English	235, 65, 161

religion, morality as distinct from.....	195, iv, 185
religion, what I wrote about.....	192, iii
religion which has been the foundation.....	263, 134, 144
representations, premières.....	210, xxv
reprint scarcely anything.....	195, iv
Reynolds.....	265, 139
Reynolds is no exception.....	276, 162
Rex et Regina.....	257, 126
rhetorical.....	201, ix
Richard III.....	225, 40
rifiuto, il gran.....	238, 73
Right.....	257, 126
rightness.....	269, 148
Robert.....	235, 65
Rob Roy.....	246, 91
rock-apostle.....	225, 37
Roi et Reine.....	257, 126
Rome, Bishops of.....	223, 30
Romeo.....	244, 88, 89
Rosalind.....	244, 88
Rose Bradwardine.....	246, 92
Rossetti.....	247, 94

S.

Satanella.....	235, 65
Savoy inn.....	285, 184
Schaffhausen, fall of.....	232, 56
Scott, Walter.....	246, 91, 93
scrannel.....	222, 30
sect, educated in a narrow.....	192, iii
sensation.....	226, 42
sense, instead of the perpetual.....	274, 156
sentence out of the only book.....	241, 76
series, anything in this.....	195, iv
Sesame and Lilies.....	198, v, xxvi, 5
Seven Lamps, omit much of.....	196, iv
sewn with your own fingers.....	207, xvii
Shakespeare.....	271, 40, 87, 91, 93, 97, 153
share, the large and sad.....	210, xxiv

Sir, you have this gift	268, 145
Sister of Charity	209, xxiii
six thousand years	205, xii
Snowdon	256, 119
soldier-king, the great	274, 156, 87
solemn and sollemnis	205, xiii
sollemnis	205, xiii
soporific	236, 67
soul, in the cloud of the human	264, 137
soul worth expressing	206, xv
South Kensington Museum	266, 140
speculation of all our lives	285, 184
Spenser	248, 96
Spirit of Wisdom	249, 96
St. Dominic	225, 40
St. Francis	225, 40
Stones of Venice	197, iv
story, great Homeric	272, 154
subjection, his spiritual	247, 95
subjects, most abstruse of	204, xi
suffering, which is not the less real	252, 108
summarily	202, ix
suns, courses of the	270, 153
sun's red heart	240, 75
Supply and Demand	201, ix
Swift, Jonathan	212, xxx
Sylvia	244, 88
syncope	234, 62
Scythian custom	237, 70

T.

Take him . . . cast him out	225, 37
Talbot	246, 91 note
teachers, noble	254, 116
teachings, not only noble	254, 116
Temple of Minerva	256, 120
temple, vestal	250, 102
temporal	226, 41
temporary purposes	191, iii

Thackeray.....	253, 113
thanksgiving, Pharisee's	286, 185
theology.....	203, x, 109
they must	252, 109
Three years.....	251, 104
time, nick of.....	204, x
tissue, deep-pictured.....	240, 75
Titian.....	264, 138
Titian, twilight of.....	265, 138
training and exercise.....	251, 104
trance, lethargy and.....	270, 152
translated boots.....	234, 59
tread, light airy	260, 130
Treasure, fourth kind of.....	239, 74
Treasuries, Kings'.....	199, vii, 5
truth.....	254, 115
Turner.....	265, 139
twilight of Titian.....	265, 138
two following ones.....	199, viii, 85

U.

Una.....	248, 96
undo, those who.....	239, 74

V.

Valued with pure gold.....	239, 75
Variable as . . . aspen made.....	251, 103
various.....	217, 9
vassals.....	257, 125
vaudevilles.....	211, xxv
Vaudois.....	280, 172
Venice, Stones of.....	197, iv
verity, Immaculate and final.....	204, x
vestal temple... ..	250, 102
vile price.....	199, vi
vine has flourished.....	262, 133
vintagers of Zurich.....	233, 58
Viola.....	244, 88
Virgil.....	225, 40

Virgilia	244, 88
visible governments	238, 72
vous êtes anglaise	211, xxvi
Vulcanian force	240, 75
vulgar	206, xv, 25, 27, 35, 43, 45
vulgar, to be	220, 25
vulgarity	227, 43

W.

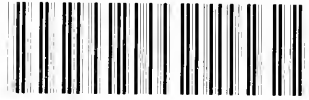
War, there is not a	238, 127
water, wells without	264, 137
watereth himself, he that	225, 37
weakness, our	245, 89
wells without water	264, 137
what I am	212, xxix
whatsoever thy hand findeth	280, 171
who is to do no work	229, 81
will you never go	260, 131
winds his messengers, he maketh the	282, 177
Wisdom	240, 75
wish	236, 67
wolf, grim	222, 30
Woodward, Benjamin	267, 141
words for an idea	220, 25
words, Greek or Latin ...	220, 25
words, masked	220, 24
Write down, then	206, xiv
wrong, feel themselves	279, 170
wrote about religion	192, iii

Y.

Years, six thousand	205, xii
you cannot baptise them ...	256, 121
you sent for me	275, 162
young men	246, 92



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