

virtue. The young generation is growing up with ideas of its own, and does not hesitate to call the opinions and views of older persons, antiquated and dogmatic; and their authors, old fogies.

It was one of the grand customs of the Greeks that the youths received daily instruction from the old white-haired patriarchs; and, brought up under their beneficial teaching, they did not much develop that wayward independence so characteristic of young America, who too often forget that somethings, nay, almost everything, must be accepted upon another's testimony. So little can even the wisest really understand, for,

"In reasoning proud, blind leaders
Of the blind, through life we go:
And do not know the things we see
Nor see the things we know."

Egotism and vain-glory are but milder types of insanity, and Æsop thought this probably when he wrote of the fly that sat upon the axle-tree of the chariot wheel and said: "Ho! what a dust to make."

There are also too many flies, even in these boasted days of advancement, who are just as important in their own estimation as ever were those of old; quite as many, who, at the spider's invitation, will walk into his parlor and up those winding stairs, even with their eyes open, and they suffer the same fate. But we certainly have a right to expect more than this from an intelligent human being. The fly is perhaps excusable for rushing into the spider's web though he may see many of his companions suspended in its toils. But practical common sense and discriminating wisdom are supposed to be more efficient weapons to ward off the evil, and we may ward it off if we only will, because, although the race is to the swift and the battle to the strong, nevertheless there are some supplementary causes which contribute to the victory or to the defeat; and we would plead for more thoughtfulness, and less carelessness; more consideration, and less willfulness; more actions, and fewer words, for the earnest living of active lives; with

some noble end in view, to run the race swiftly and win the victors prize; to work for some good; to do what we can do with all our might; to "disdain neglect;" and to "ignore despair;" and on defeats that are past and gone, to plant our feet upon a stair and mount right up and on!

M. B. F.

CULTURE AND POLITICS.

Frederic Harrison, an English liberalist, says, "The man of culture is in politics one of the poorest mortals alive. For simple pedantry and want of good sense no man is his equal... Perhaps they are the only class of responsible beings in the community who cannot with safety be entrusted with power." We are not surprised to hear this clever writer disclaim so eloquently against culture when we hear him define it as "a smattering of the two dead languages of Greek and Latin." Now if culture consists of nothing but a knowledge of Greek, Latin and Mathematics, I think the English liberalist is right in declaring the man of culture unfit for the political arena. It is altogether probable that a man may be an adept in Greek roots and even appreciate Greek tragedy and yet not understand the simplest laws of exchange. It is not impossible that he should scan Latin verse with ease, or even indite a poem in that noble tongue, and still be ignorant of the well ascertained laws of currency. Nay, he may even excel in the intricacies of the calculus or calculate the movements of the heavenly bodies and yet be ignorant of the principles of taxation.

But he has only a mean conception of culture, who limits it to this narrow range. True culture is broader and more comprehensive; it is to know the best that has been thought and said as well as done in all past ages. I know we are apt to rely on education for the security of our institutions, but education must be something more than classic lore and abstruse theorems if it is to prove any