teaching, and the good and bad qualities of his peculiar style. But though not blind to his defects, he sums up his estimate thus: "A teacher with unequaled power of inspiration; a poet with rare gifts of imaginative insight; a subtly suggestive thinker; a writer whose phrases have enriched the proverbial currency of the world; a brilliant essayist, and a penetrating critic,—Emerson is, on the whole, the most striking figure in the American republic of letters. ... Nor is it strange that his nation should treasure the memory of the man who helped to throw a glow of warmth over gray realities of life to save his countrymen from absorption in mechanical pursuits, to give the New World literary and intellectual independence; in a word, to leaven society with the elements which a young country most urgently requires. In a period of great unrest, America beheld, to quote the words of Hawthorne, "through the midnight of this moral world, his intellectual fire as a beacon burning on a hill-top, and climbing the difficult ascent, looked forth into the surrounding obscurity more hopefully than before."

If I were asked for an antidote to the narrowing effect of the exclusive study of natural and physical science, I should prescribe the reading of Emerson. How narrowing that effect can be, is illustrated in the biography of even so great a student of physical science as Darwin, who sorrowfully confesses that in his latter days he found that his love of literature, of poetry, and art, had almost died out from disuse of the faculties they exercise. Surely this is a great calamity, and one which every student of physical science should guard himself against by familiarity with great writers in other departments of thought. Emerson's suggestiveness is beyond that of any other modern writer. One cannot go to him for a systematic scheme of philosophy, for he is the most unsystematic of writers; but what one can always get from him is inspiration. His doctrine of self-reliance may easily be carried too far. As his reviewer says: "His own standard of duty was so high, that he could with safety follow his instincts. ... But it scarcely needs the example of a Shelley to prove the peril of Emerson's maxim, 'Obey yourself.' If Emerson had had the passions of bad men, or if bad men adopted Emerson's principle, the world would be a pandemonium." But Emerson is always his own antidote, and no such result can follow from his teaching as a whole.

That is a pretty safe philosophy that can be summed up in these few lines:—

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, Thou must,
The youth replies, I can."

Or in these beautiful lines of one of his disciples:—

"I slept, and dreamed that Life was Beauty;
I woke, and found that Life was Duty.
Was then thy dream a shadowy lie?
Toil on, sad heart, courageously,
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A noonday light and truth to thee."

I have dwelt at such length on the subject, because I believe I can confer no greater benefit on the readers of The Tech than by inducing them to buy this article, and thus to make themselves acquainted with the works of the greatest of our writers. W. P. A.

[In my article in the last number, Ruskin's "Stories of Venice" should, of course, be "Stones of Venice;" "Lyly" should be "Lyly;" and "Sir Piercie Shaffon" should be "Sir Piercie Shafton." It is a good plan, which I did not follow, for all writers for the press to print with the pen the names of persons and places, and the titles of books. Neither printers nor proof-readers are omniscient.]

**Duty.**

The stillness of the evening hour
Has closed the abbey's door. The air
Is sweet with incense. And in all
There dwells the sanctity of prayer.

Before the altar kneels a priest
In deep submissive reverence;
The sweat of anguish on his brow
Bespeaks his heart-felt penitence.

He stands. Before his startled eyes
The Saviour's blessed form appears,
A hallowed vision dimly seen,
That charms his soul, allays his fears.

Yon steeple clock, that strikes the hour,
Awakes him from his silent bliss.
The feverish sick, the hungry poor
He leaves not, e'en for joy like this.

He smoothed the pillow, cooled the brow
Of many a sin-tossed erring child.
His duty done, he sought his cell,
And found there still the Saviour mild.

The vision spoke, and all around
The praise of blessed duty shed
Its radiance pure, its holy light.
"Hadst thou but stayed, I must have fled."

—Amherst Literary Monthly.