

LITERARY ILLUSTRATIONS OF ECCLESIASTES.

xi. 8. Dean Stanley "told me that except the phrase *ἡλίου δύντος ἀργαῖς* he could hardly remember an instance in which a classical writer referred to the setting sun; the fact was, that they disliked the idea of sunset, and recoiled from the end of everything. Whether he was right—nay, whether he was quite serious in this opinion, I am not certain. At any rate, in modern as well as in ancient times, the *finifugal* tendency, as we may call it, is apparent. It takes manifold forms and disguises. It is especially noticeable in friends who, like Shelley, have a morbid abhorrence of wishing one good-bye; who feel this abhorrence strongly in proportion as they like one, and are fearful that they will never see one again; and who, though truthful in other matters, will resort to any evasion or artifice to throw dust in one's eyes as to the day of their departure" (*Tollemache's Safe Studies*, p. 374).

xi. 10. *Remove sorrow from thy heart.* "We are grateful to any one who reminds us that there is nothing especially meritorious in gloom. Virtue will not be its own reward unless we have the honesty to admit that we have not given up anything much pleasanter for its sake. *Un saint triste est un triste saint.* (The nearest thing in English may perhaps be: 'a sad saint is a sorry saint.') Apparently, too, people are apt to forget that cheerfulness of mind is a habit which requires cultivation like any other" (From *The Spectator*, August 27, 1904: p. 281). Cf. Dante's *Inferno*, vii. 121 f.

xi. 9–xii. 1. "When I first entered Ranelagh, it gave an expansion and gay sensation to my mind, such as I never experienced anywhere else. But . . . it went to my heart to consider that there was not one in all that brilliant circle

that was not afraid to go home and think" (Johnson to Boswell). Cf. *Rasselas*, ch. xvi.

"We have got a new family life, which is infinitely genial and charming and natural, which gives free vent to the feelings, and cares liberally for culture and advancement in life. Only the sense of obligation, of duty to God, of living forward into eternity has disappeared" (C. H. Pearson).

See also Jowett's *College Sermons*, pp. 133 f.

xii. 1. "I have made a sketch of a golden twelve-rayed sun with the clock in the centre. The rays correspond to the hours, and in each of the golden points a word is painted in Gothic letters. Here they are as they stand in succession: I. we begin, II. we want, III. we learn, IV. we obey, V. we love, VI. we hope, VII. we search, VIII. we suffer, IX. we wait, X. we forgive, XI. we resign, XII. we end. The advancing handle marks the hour and its word, and there is many a one we should like to pass quickly by, so as to tarry longer at others—but we must accept all the hours, the good and the bad ones, as they follow each other on life's inexorable great clock" (*The Letters Which Never Reached Him*, p. 206). See Jowett's *College Sermons*, pp. 1 f.

xii. 3-4. "After the water-skins a pair of mill-stones is the most necessary husbandry in an Arabian household. To grind their corn is the housewives' labour; and the dull rumour of the running mill-stones is as it were a comfortable voice of food in an Arabian village, when in the long sunny hours there is often none other human sound. The drone of mill-stones may be heard before the daylight in the nomad menzils" (Doughty's *Arabia Deserta*, ii. 180).

xii. 9. "That which the droning world, chained to appearances, will not allow the realist to say in his own words, it will suffer him to say in proverbs without contradiction. And this law of laws [i.e. nemesis] which the pulpit, the senate, and the college deny, is hourly preached in all markets

and workshops by flight of proverbs, whose teaching is as true and as omnipresent as that of birds and flies" (Emerson).

xii. 11. Bentham used to declare that his own thoughts were mainly excited by favourite aphorisms and proverbs, such as those of Bacon. These furnished the foundation for his arguments and the stimulus of his ideas and opinions. See Walton's description of Andrew Melville as "master of a great wit; a wit full of knots and clenches."

xii. 12. "Much reading deprives the mind of all elasticity; it is like keeping a spring perpetually under pressure" (Schopenhauer). Cf. *Religio Medici*, i. § xxiv.

"I have never cared much for books, except in so far as they might help to quicken our sense of the reality of life, and enable us to enter into its right and wrong" (F. J. A. Hort).

"More than thirty years ago I remember meeting on the Surrey downs a remarkable looking man: one who has been thought to be, as perhaps he was, a great teacher of this and a former generation. Shall I tell you his name? It was Thomas Carlyle. He said to me, 'I am wearied out with the burden of writing, and I am just come to spend a day or two in walking about among the hills'" (Jowett, in 1885).

"It is an uneasy lot, at best, to be what we call highly taught and yet not to enjoy; to be present at this great spectacle of life and never to be liberated from a small, hungry, shivering self—never to be fully possessed by the glory we behold, never to have our consciousness rapturously transformed into the vividness of a thought, the ardour of a passion, the energy of an action, but always to be scholarly and uninspired, ambitious and timid, scrupulous and dim-sighted" (George Eliot). See Emerson's *The American Scholar*, ii.

xii. 13. See Butler's *Sermons*, No. xv., at the close, and

the last paragraph of Sterne's *Sermon* on Ps. iv. 6, with his *Sermon* (No. xxxix.) on this text.

Fear God.

“It is because
Then thou didst fear, that now thou dost not fear.
Thou hast forestalled the agony, and so
For thee the bitterness of death is past.
Also, because already in thy soul
The judgment is begun.”

(Newman: *Dream of Gerontius.*)

“This is the day that must make good that great attribute of God, his justice; that must reconcile those unanswerable doubts that torment the wisest understandings; and reduce those seeming inequalities and respective distributions in this world to an equality and recompensive justice in the next. . . . This is the day whose memory hath, only, power to make us honest in the dark, and to be virtuous without a witness” (Sir Thomas Browne).

“I have too strong a sense of the value of religion myself, not to wish that my children should have so much of it (I speak of feeling, not of creed) as is compatible with reason. I have no ambition for them, and can only further say in the dying words of Julie, ‘*N'en faites point des savans — faites-en des hommes bienfaisants et justes*’ (W. Rathbone Greg).

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