

Take, for instance, this so often repeated line of Pope, in his Essay on Man,

An honest man 's the noblest work of God,

and try to render the idea that it expresses in other English words, in verse or in prose. You will infallibly fail in every attempt. But suppose Pope had written in French, and expressed himself thus:

Le chef d'œuvre du ciel est un homme de bien,

you might have rendered the idea in English in the words that he has used, and the poetry would have been your own.

Thus Milton adopted the beautiful idea of Dante, who inscribes over the gate that leads to the infernal regions:

Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'intrate.

The English poet, in describing hell, says,

—— Hope never comes,
That comes to all ——

Thus Spenser has received well-deserved praise for his charming sonnet:

Sweet warrior, when shall I have peace with you?

although the idea is taken from the well known sonnet of Petrarch:

*Mille fiate, O dolce mia guerrera
Per aver co' begli occhi vostri pace, &c.*

The imitator here has surpassed his model.

Thus Hammond has rendered, though not so happily, the delightful lines of Tibullus:

*Te spectem, suprema mihi cum venerit hora,
Te teneam moriens, deficiente manu.*

On her I'll gaze when other loves are o'er,
And dying press her with my clay-cold hand.

It is lawful for you to follow the example of those British writers, by sucking, like the bee, the flowers of the literature of other nations, and bringing the sweet juices to the hive of your own language, where you will work them up into delicious honey. Thus, when you read in Schiller's Wallenstein the description of peace suddenly proclaimed at the head of

