

It is because people will only read what is \_the newest\_ instead of what is the best of all ages, that writers remain in the narrow circle of prevailing ideas, and that the age sinks deeper and deeper in its own mire.

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There are at all times two literatures which, although scarcely known to each other, progress side by side--the one real, the other merely apparent. The former grows into literature that \_lasts\_. Pursued by people who live \_for\_ science or poetry, it goes its way earnestly and quietly, but extremely slowly; and it produces in Europe scarcely a dozen works in a century, which, however, are \_permanent\_. The other literature is pursued by people who live \_on\_ science or poetry; it goes at a gallop amid a great noise and shouting of those taking part, and brings yearly many thousand works into the market. But after a few years one asks, Where are they? where is their fame, which was so great formerly? This class of literature may be distinguished as fleeting, the other as permanent.