

his work for the university had been finished, and that some one should come to take his place—but there he should have stopped.

"I have known Dr. Osler so long that I have become accustomed to his views. When I first met him some sixteen years ago I was not in the first blush of youth. At that time Dr. Osler was not quite forty, and he said that he thought a man's work should cease at forty. After a few years he said no man should attempt to do anything after he had reached fifty. Now that he has passed fifty he says that sixty is the limit, and I venture to say that within a few years he will declare that seventy is not a bad time to quit.

"Many of us feel that the address was unfortunate. It is safe to say that when man reaches the limit, and not until then, he advertises the fact by poor work."

"Cato learned Greek at eighty, Sophocles
Wrote his grand 'Œdipus,' and Simonides
Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers
When each had numbered more than fourscore years.
And Theophrastus, at fourscore and ten,
Had but begun his 'Characters of Men.'
Chaucer, at Woodstock, with his nightingales,
At sixty wrote the 'Canterbury Tales.'
Goethe, at Weimar, toiling to the last,
Completed 'Faust' when eighty years had passed.
Something remains for us to do or dare;
Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear,
For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress."

In this fashion did Longfellow anticipate and refute the paradox put forward that men should be laid upon the shelf at the age of sixty.

S. E. Kiser, in the *Chicago Record*, among other things says :

"There's poor old Tolstoi ; how unwise and mean his actions are
Compared with those of Nicholas, the glorious young Czar !
How grand the world might be to-day if Gladstone, Tennyson,
Grim Bismarck and great Hugo all had died at forty-one !"

Lord Macaulay said in the House of Commons in 1841 : "It is the law of our nature that the mind shall attain its full power by slow degrees ; and this is especially true of the most vigorous minds. It would be impossible to name any writer of the first order whose juvenile performances were his best. That all the most valuable books of history, of philology, of physical and metaphysical science, of divinity, of political economy, have been produced by men of mature years, will hardly be disputed. The case may not be quite so clear as respects works of the imagination. And yet I know no work of the imagination of