

great mother nations supply us with an infinity of themes. Two great systems of law and two widely different systems of settlement broaden our outlook over the past and guide us in our forecast of the future.

In literature, then, we find unfolded the chequered story of the struggle of the human soul with time and circumstance. Often defeated, but never despairing, the race of man presses on in its allotted course. Faint, but still pursuing, it follows its ideals—the higher civilization in this world, the higher life in the next. Science tells us that force is never destroyed, but transformed, and our life here is a force, struggling, rebellious against its environment, and seeking something higher; as the dragon fly strains out of his muddy covering to become a living flash of light in the sunshine.

For the high gods took in hand  
Fire, and the falling of tears,  
And a measure of sliding sand  
From under the feet of the years;  
And froth and drift of the sea;  
And dust of the labouring earth;  
And bodies of things to be  
In the houses of death and of birth;  
And wrought with weeping and laughter,  
And fashioned with loathing and love,  
With life before and after  
And death beneath and above,  
For a day and a night and a morrow,  
That his strength might endure for a span  
With travail and heavy sorrow,  
The holy spirit of man.

*The holy spirit of man!!* Holy in its capacity, in its possibility; nay, more, in its ultimate destiny. The failures, the sorrows, the joys, the triumphs, of the "holy spirit of man"—*these are the subject matter of literature.*