

"This tract which the river of Time
Now flows through with us, is the plain.
Gone is the calm of its earlier shore.
Border'd by cities, and hoarse
With a thousand cries is its stream.
And we on its breast, our minds
Are confused as the cries which we hear,
Changing and shot as the sighs which we
see.

"And we say that repose has fled
Forever the course of the river of Time,
That cities will crowd to its edge
In a blacker, incessanter line;
That the din will be more on its banks,
Denser the trade on its stream,
Flatter the plain where it flows,
Fiercer the sun overhead,
That never will those on its breast
See an ennobling sight,
Drink of the feeling of quiet again.

"But what was before us we know not,
And we know not what shall succeed.

"Haply, the river of Time—
As it grows, as the towns on its marge
Fling their wavering lights
On a wider, statelier stream—
May acquire, if not the calm
Of its early mountainous shore,
Yet a solemn peace of its own.

"And the width of the waters, the hush
Of the grey expanse where he floats,
Freshening its current and spotted with
foam

As it draws to the Ocean, may strike
Peace to the soul of the man on its breast—
As the pale waste widens around him,
As the banks fade dimmer away,
As the stars come out, and the night-wind
Brings up the stream
Murmurs and scents of the infinite sea."

We cannot easily see the large
measure and abiding purpose of the
novel age in which we stand young
and confused. The view that shall
clear our minds and quicken us to act
as those who know their task and its
distant consummation will come with
better knowledge and completer self-
possession. It shall not be a night-
wind, but an air that shall blow out
of the widening east and with the
coming of the light, that shall bring
us, with the morning, "murmurs and
scents of the infinite sea." Who can

doubt that man has grown more and
more human with each step of that
slow process which has brought him
knowledge, self-restraint, the arts of
intercourse, and the revelations of
real joy? Man has more and more
lived with his fellow men, and it is
society that has humanized him—the
development of society into an in-
finitely various school of discipline
and ordered skill. He has been
made more human by schooling, by
growing more self-possessed—less
violent, less tumultuous; holding
himself in hand, and moving always
with a certain poise of spirit; not
forever clapping his hand to the hilt
of his sword, but preferring, rather, to
play with a subtler skill upon the
springs of action. This is our con-
ception of the truly human man: a
man in whom there is a just balance
of faculties, a catholic sympathy—no
brawler, no fanatic, no Pharisee; not
too credulous in hope, not too desper-
ate in purpose; warm, but not
hasty; ardent and full of definite
power, but not running about to be
pleased and deceived by every new
thing.

It is a genial image, of men we
love—an image of men warm and
true of heart, direct and unhesitating
in courage, generous, magnanimous,
faithful, steadfast, capable of a deep
devotion and self-forgetfulness. But
the age changes, and with it must
change our ideals of human quality.
Not that we would give up what we
have loved: we would add what a
new life demands. In a new age
men must acquire a new capacity,
must be men upon a new scale and
with added qualities. We shall need
a new Renaissance, ushered in by a
new "humanistic" movement, in
which we shall add to our present
minute, introspective study of our-
selves, our jails, our slums, our nerve-
centres, our shifts to live, almost as
morbid as mediæval religion, a redis-