

of Keats; and another of our great surgeons, present at this meeting, told me recently that on his way to and from every serious operation he dips into Shelley.

But it may be objected that the imagination, if sometimes stimulating and restorative in its influence, is often morbid in its tendencies, and that its indulgence is to be guarded against by those who desire to possess well regulated minds. "No habit can be more opposed to a healthy condition of the mental powers," says Abercrombie, "than that which permits the mind to wander in a mere vision or waking dream from scene to scene, unrestrained by reason, probability or truth;" and the answer to Abercrombie is supplied by Tyndall, who says that those who have denounced the imagination because they have seen its disastrous effect on weak vessels, "might with equal justice point to exploded boilers as an argument against the use of steam." But the weak vessels wrecked by imagination are really fewer than is commonly supposed. Now and again some erratic genius, of highly strung nervous temperament, gives himself up to pleasures of imagination till he becomes intoxicated with them, and staggers over the boundary of sanity. Now and again an intensely imaginative child, like Jerome Cardan or Hartley Coleridge, so indulges in day dreams that his fancies grow into phantoms that haunt him; but I do not hesitate to say that for one case of insanity caused by excess of imagination, there are a dozen caused by want of it. Apathetic dullness and torpor of mind are apt to deepen into dementia; and those entirely given up to "the care of this life and the deceitfulness of riches" are more likely to be choked by them than those who can surmount them, and breathe the free and ample air of æsthetical emotion. A vulgar error as to the nature of insanity has perhaps conduced to exaggeration as to the dangers of imagination. Visitors to asylums invariably arrive expecting to find growths of morbid invention and belief, wild, tangled, and luxuriant as a tropical forest, and leave much disappointed by the barrenness of the land, for the insane are the least imaginative of beings. At rare intervals a madman is encountered—a Blake or a Swedenborg—whom two intrepid doctors have certified, who dazzles all around him by the meteoric brilliancy of his conceptions; but, as a rule, the lunatic is as dull