

world that mysticism subsists, as naturally and luxuriantly as lush grass upon rich soil.

The mystic confines himself to the strictly subjective without going outside its bounds. His teeming mind is to him truly a kingdom. He does not go from logic to experience, from reasoning to sensation, that he may feel he touches ground and gains new strength. His mind, instead of being cast in the rigid, logical mould, is decidedly genial and poetical in its manner of acting. As a rule, the expression of the mystic is far from a systematic one, in the sense that the multiplication-table is systematic. But, like the wisdom of Edmund Burke, a saying from it is often worth a whole system. He is not progressive and self-insistent in the sense a steel trap is progressive and self-insistent. He is not a commonplace thinker. Sometimes he is like the addle-brain described by the satirist :

" Ten thousand great ideas filled his mind,
They flew like clouds, and left no trace behind."

But the typical mystic dreams nobly, and his actions are the reflex of his dreams. If he be a Christian, he endeavors to look through the veil of the material, in which all nature is embosomed, to behold the spiritual reality. In modern days, i.e. is generally a poet, giving voice to these half-heavenly, and if he be a non-Catholic, half-pantheistic expressions which have come to poets in all ages and in all civilizations, Hindu, Greek, Egyptain, and American. His is the ideal philosophy, the ideal method of thinking, that sustained such artists as Michael Angelo, Dante, Shelly, Hawthorne and Beethoven. It is the great Platonic teaching, a teaching which, in its philosophical applications, was fully shared by St. Thomas of Aquinas, whose immortal soul still pervades the schools ; a teaching which raises literary art higher than mere imitation, a teaching which shows the great enforcing spirit of the universe working through man as through any and every other mundane agency. By means of it men build for their souls, even here on earth, "a lordly pleasure-house" in comparison with which Tennyson's glittering "Palace of Art" is only the merest unadorned back-line shanty. The secret desire—would I had ability, clearly to define that term—which is the vitalizing principle of all the most heavenly poetry, the music that whirls us from earth and