

the pocket, his course suddenly and ingloriously ends. Similar to his will be the fate of the one who is on his own resources, with a line of action marked out, but who does not bring his Will to bear. How many of the latter class are found on the list of failures! For a while they pursue the course successfully; but a fit of the blues comes on, purpose flags, and another failure is scored.

But none need fail; for success, if it depends on such a purpose as has been named, is within the power of all. Just how much we make ourselves, or to what extent our lives are a product of other's influence, is a debatable question. He who considers man to be the architect of his own fortune is still thought by many of the wise to be within the bounds of orthodoxy; and there is a world of strength derived from such a belief. Indeed, the man who starts out on the sea of life at the mercy of wind and wave, without the helm of volition adjusted, ought not to be disappointed if he never reaches port. True purpose admits of no such possibility; it may be retarded, but it can never be defeated; it may be brought low, but it will rise again, every blast only causing it to strike deeper. There is encouragement in this consideration. The term "educated Will" implies the all-important fact that, in so far as this factor in purpose is concerned, it is susceptible of growth. The same is true of the other factor—personality. The student can withdraw himself from the crowd, let go his hold on all props and stays, and with trembling yet hopeful mien can stand alone; and when he has done this, and begins to feel proud of his manhood, he can, by a repeated exercise of his Will, accomplish anything within the limits of possibility. Let this fact be realized, and acted upon by those who come to her, and if Acadia lives to bless the world for another sixty years, a much larger proportion of those beginning the course will complete it; for such a purpose is the exponent of a manhood which cannot brook the disgrace attached to failure.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

CONCERNING the time at which the tragedy of *Julius Cæsar* was written, critics have been at variance; but the weight of evidence would seem to assign it to a period not later than the year 1601, A. D. At this

time the intellectual powers of Shakespeare were nearing the prime of their fulness and strength, and this second of his tragedies is not unworthy of its author. While not the greatest, it is artistically one of the most perfect of Shakespeare's productions. The equipoise between the thought and its expression is carefully maintained: light fancies are not drawn out and decked in jewelled robes that hide the form beneath; neither does a surging crowd of thick-coming thoughts, pressing and overleaping one another in tumultuous haste, struggle for utterance in broken, strong, and pregnant sentences. Shakespeare was far beyond the time of *Romeo and Juliet*: he was yet to conceive and give to the world a *Lear* and a *Macbeth*.

His historian is Plutarch. Throughout he follows his guide closely, yet so powerfully does the thrill of the poet's touch traverse his pen, that, as by magic, the even, unimpassioned historical narration rises in miraculous transformation into strong, soul-stirring tragedy. Introducing into his play little that receives not sanction from the truthful pages of history, it is most wonderful to observe how each character and each event receives from his master hand a life and without losing historic identity, stands out in a bold and certain light.

But, notwithstanding its evident merit, of all Shakespeare's plays this has, perhaps, in one respect, been the occasion of the most contradictory criticism. The point of controversy has been the representation of Julius Cæsar. Without doubt, Shakespeare's Cæsar is not the man which his *Commentaries*, that unparalleled of histories, shew him to be; he is not the man whom every student has revered as one of the greatest geniuses of any time. Instead of standing forth as the man who awed and ruled the world, who in versatility and breadth of genius has never been surpassed, whose character was firm and solid as the deep set rock, who was as unpretentious as he was great, the disappointed reader beholds in him nothing better than a vapouring arrogant boaster, vaunting himself most royally whilst his feet were on the brink of the depth to which a remorseless destiny was hurrying him. Only once or twice on the few occasions when he is brought out does he speak in true character. Shakespeare, however, had doubtless good and sufficient reason for what he did. The supposition that he was ignorant of Cæsar's real character is absurd, for it is observable that while Cæsar never does