

perished with the originator, and are the old traditions after all but faint and distant echoes of centuries in the march of the human mind. Is thought, as some theorists assert, written on the universe vibrating to eternity? Where is its distant shore, its final resting place? The evidence of the centuries tell us that the climax of individual thought is usually reached in some one grand production. Hence the "blind bard of Choix" lonely isle, gave to Greece but one Iliad. Dante wrote but one epic. Virgil but one Aeneid. Milton in poverty and blindness "Saw with that spiritual eye which no calamity could darken," the immortal scenes of *Paradise Lost*. His mind soared beyond all relations of time or space—beyond the stars—away into the infinite. His imagination was unfettered by the lapse of time. While Milton's *Paradise Lost* is one of the grandest bursts of thought on record, there are many things which would have been better "unattempted yet in prose or rhyme." Can we not then from Milton's errors give more latitude to the old philosophers and understand better the winding mazes of ancient thought, which they had to tread in darkness and alone. Credit them for their great and noble thoughts, for their lofty aspirations after the highest good! It follows then that when mind surpasses itself a work of art is produced. The greatest paintings are those which the artist could not do again. The most subtle symphony is that which the musician cannot recall. The most elevating thoughts are from the inspiration of genius, ideas and images, all crowding in succession, faster than the pen can record them. Pope's best thoughts came to him like owls in the night. A careful perusal of Shakespeare's plays reveal to the reader one image after another. One change after another is rung on the human passions. It is not the result of careful study, it bursts forth lava like, the out-pouring of genius. No author has transmitted more truly great thoughts than Shakespeare:

"There is a destiny that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we will,"

has become trite. One writer says "there is Gethsamene wherever a great thought is born." Tennyson had passed through the fiery furnace before he took his pen and wrote:

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell,
That soul and mind according well,
May make one music as before."

Thought can work miracles. Witness the marvellous transformations of the chemical laboratory, and then call to wonder at the mediæval belief in the power of magic or the supernatural. Thought cannot be measured by the yard-stick, or recalled at will, it will not yield its brightest treasures on demand.

There is a beautiful old legend of a monk who was vainly trying to paint the Christ-face. Each attempt proved a failure. But suddenly—

"He raised his eyes within his cell—O wonder!
There stood a visitor, thorn crowned was he,
And a small voice the silence rent asunder,
I scorn no work that's done for love of Me.

And round the walls the paintings shone
resplendent,

With lights and colors to this world unknown.
A perfect beauty and a hue transcendent,
That never yet on mortal canvas shone.

The grandest, most beautiful thoughts, have survived the ravages of time and are reset in new form by modern authors. Ideal thought as presented by Tennyson, Browning, Longfellow, Carlyle and Emerson, has proved a powerful stimulus in aiding modern thought to reach a higher plane. To the student these are especially valuable.

Education means more than a mere cram, it means training for life. Plato's ideal of education was as follows: "A good education is that which gives to the body and to the soul all the beauty and the perfection of which they are capable."