

hurrying tramp of feet, but in the solitary midnight watch of the General. The ideal of the leader must be sufficiently in advance of the ideals of the men to inspire them with indomitable courage, something like that of the Spartans. Courage to conquer or perish in the attempt. Turn back the shadow over the centuries. The image of a Carthaginian warrior presents itself. It is that of Hannibal. From childhood one great and supreme thought possessed his mind, to subdue the power of Rome. Before this lofty ideal, all others must give way. The Alps must be scaled in order to reach Cannae. Wellington knew best how often Waterloo was fought before 1815.

Again, the ideals of past ages have aided in making the boasted wisdom of the nineteenth century what it is. Modern thought owes much to the glowing fervor of Isaiah, and Ezekiel the father of Jeremiah, the winged words of Homer and of Shakespeare, and the profound logic of Newton, Kant, Pascal and Bacon. In the great literary emporium ideas are constantly being exchanged, until they, owing to the friction of frequent use, assume a symmetrical form, polished and beautiful. Emerson says thought is the property of him who can entertain it, of him who can adequately place it. From time immemorial the ideals of the ages have been constantly changing. The age when the whole earth was of one language and one speech, saw in its ideal a tower reaching unto heaven. The Pyramids represent the lofty aspirations of Egypt. The ideals of Assyria and Persia lay in the path of conquest, that of the old Greek philosophers in the highest good. The wisdom of the Mediaeval ages bends its energies to the search after the philosopher's stone. Three hundred years ago the ideal of Columbus lay beyond the Atlantic, to-day the spirit of exploration is centered in Africa.

The ideal largely pervades all thought. Looming brightly through the mist that veils the past, embalmed in heroic song are the brave deeds of yore. With what rapt attention the boy Macaulay conned

these old Greek and Latin legends can be inferred from his *Lays of Ancient Rome*. Readers usually agree that history never seemed so real to them before as when scanning these thrilling lines.

And after all it seems as though each ancient writer (poetry or prose) had some great thought peculiarly his own, the condensed thought of years. While some of the grandest utterances fell unheeded on Mars Hill, some thoughts of equal beauty have been preserved to us. From the remotest period of time the human heart has given voice to its sentiments in many ways. The silence of the middle ages was broken when Mendelssohn gave to Europe his songs without words. When Beethoven composed his memorable harmonies, when Hayden in most modern times gave to Austria and to Vienna one of the grandest oratorios on record, the "Creation." In the seventeenth century Handel thrilled his German audiences with the "Messiah" and "Judas Maccabees. Many gems of thought are also crystalized in the mystic beauty of the Greek and Gothic legends, in the old Anglo Saxon prose, which for sublime imagery, more resembled poetry than prose. Sir Christopher Wren left a memorial of his inventive genius in the massive Cathedral of St. Pauls. The memory of Michael Angelo still survives in St. Peters at Rome. The visitor to the Vatican still thinks on glancing at the walls, of Raphael.

Geology tells us whole races of life have passed away in bygone ages, leaving in some forsaken nook a few scattered memorials of their existence. Here a leaf has fallen in the soft clay, yonder a clam is imbedded in the earth. To-day the geologist wanders along some mountain cliff, one blow of the hammer reveals the skeleton of the leaf and the delicate marking of the shell fish. It is a principle in the grand old economy of nature, that nothing is ever lost. The question naturally rises, is thought ever lost? What of the thought of these geological ages, if any existed. Has it too, been embalmed neath the sod, or