

conspired to create an epoch in the world of literature," but the same conditions were fatal to the ideal society for which we seek. We look in vain for our Saturnian.

Another age has been called the Golden. But this is so distinctly an age of literature that that view eclipses all others. In so far as the literature of a people reflects the character of the people, we perhaps could trace in the Elizabethan Age of England some resemblance to our ideal. This centered on court and church and theatre; is characterized by vigor, strength and originality, being a result of vigorous activity on the part of its own nation and those surrounding. It was one of the results of the great movement of the European mind caused by the invention of printing, the revival of learning, the restoration of lost arts, the expansion of astronomy, and indeed the expansion of our own planet through exploration and travel. These causes quickened men's intellects and stimulated their ambition. All these had their effect, but one other cause enters, the potency of which has but its beginning in this age. It tempered the literature, but went further; down past the writers, past the actors, past the printers and the preachers, in among the people, and there in congenial soil brought to rich fruition a promise of Saturnian times. The Protestant Reformation was a powerful factor in the literary history, but a still greater power and source of life to the political and the social history. Here was a bud of promise of Saturnian times, the herald of a new era. To be sure, among the most momentous periods of history but purity is a characteristic long sought for; integrity belonged to the few; harmony is but being appreciated; happiness is grounded in conquest and piracy; mildness is yet below the horizon. Wisdom alone seems predominant.

Our Saturnian not here? Then, where? If it required all past aeons, cycles, ages and centuries to make possible the present, and if we gather to ourselves the experiences of the past and profit by them, surely the present must approach nearer to our ideal. Do we find it here? Europe is a powder magazine which needs only a spark to change its whole geography. Asia, the sleeping leviathan, has roused and takes a preliminary survey. Humanity's physician is applying the healing balm to Africa. The eastern horizon of South America is but streaked with gray. Our own beloved continent seems in the van. International intercourse is more extended and of a peaceful nature, while difficulties are going to a juster settlement in halls of arbitration. Purity, sincerity of life, integrity, harmony, happiness, mildness, wisdom, are all component parts of the *still murky* atmosphere.

But there is movement. Retrograde or progression? Movement? then our ideal is still beyond us. The outlines though are clearer and more distinct. Tyranny forbids the Greeks to