

The matter would be bad enough if such discontented spirits merely dwelt within themselves, and made only themselves miserable. But it never ends there, as we all know. The situation is aggravated by the fact that discontent is one of the most contagious diseases. *It spreads.*

And yet we must always bear in mind that it is sometimes altogether wrong to be contented. There are forms of contentment that are simply forms of death. The patient who has been given an opiate may be contented for awhile. An idiot may be quite contented. Let us remind ourselves of certain forms of contentment which are to be condemned. For one thing it is wrong to be contented with ignorance where we might have knowledge, or with partial knowledge where we might have full knowledge. All human progress may be said to depend upon a divine discontent in the souls of men.

Francis Bacon, the great statesman and philosopher of Queen Elizabeth's reign, on the title page of his book, "The Advancement of Learning," printed as his motto, the Latin words: *Plus ultra*—more beyond.

That is the spirit of the discoverer, the spirit of the explorer, the spirit of the philosopher, the spirit of the modern scientist. There would have been no Columbus apart from this spirit of discontent with present imperfect knowledge.