

But to look at this description from a somewhat different standpoint. View it not as a description of a beautiful object, but as a beautiful description, a product of a human mind. Then have we not a definition, or perhaps better, a description of the next part of our mental Beauty, viewed from its purely intellectual side ; for in this is included and inseparably linked together, not only the beautiful mind, but the beautiful products of the mind ; remembering that when using the word mind, for the present, we are viewing the mind solely from its purely intellectual side.

Beauty of mind ! How shall I define it ? Is it to be defined ? Shall I not rather by the description of its products thus make its definition ? Is not the description of the effect the only possible definition both of the cause and of the effect ?

What other than a beautiful mind could have given us the beautiful and exquisite result, "Paradise Lost," with its vast conceptions, lofty images, and wonderful display of imagination all couched in the purest of words ? Surely none but a beautiful mind could have written the "Tale of Griselda," matchless in its tenderness, purity and pathos. What but a beautiful mind could have given us this beautiful result ?

"Hopes ! What are they ? Beads of morning
Strung on slender blades of grass,
Or a spider's web adorning
In a strait and treacherous pass.
What is peace ? When pain is over,
And love ceases to rebel,
Let the last faint sigh discover,
That precedes the passing knell."

Also the Allegro, the Penseroso, Longfellow's Evangeline.

And not poetry alone, although it shows its beauties most plainly. Washington Irving's "Alhambra," Matthew Arnold's "Sweetness and Light," Scott's writings, whether poetry or prose, and in the novel, Marie Corelli's "Barrabas." Are not all these the concept of beautiful minds, and their best definition and description ? How could a vulgar, debased mind have written these lines on "The Motions of the Sylphs ?"