

This onward look makes us susceptible of a thousand joys and, if not understood, the dupes of as many superstitions.

While hope is joined with the freshness of imagination, the simplicity of belief and entire uncritical enjoyment, the soul revels in the works of imagination, such as the old world tales of Achilles, Hector, and Agamemnon king of men; of august Juno and divine Helen. Hannibal crosses the Alps for our delectation, and Fabius Cunctator keeps him at bay much to our satisfaction. The grand, resistless rush at Marathon of Miltiades, makes the blood pulse more strongly; the sternness of Brutus, the heroism of Regulus, and the undauntedness of Socrates bring up a glow of enthusiasm, and we are as willing to raise these heroes to the number of the gods as were the ancients.

In studying the works of Virgil, those splendors of imagination; the oratory of Cicero, the history of Tacitus or the lyrics of Horace, with what soul outflow we come in contact, and it finds a response in us all; deep in some, more superficial in others. Let us enjoy it all, *consciously* enjoy it. Let the Future Tense alone, so far as enjoyment goes. "I am," "I enjoy,"—let these suffice. The "I shall be," "I shall do," these notes we love to prelude, may pass into silence or sink into a wail. At best, the gilded east at noon-tide will be grey, the misty veil will grow thin under the burning sun.

There is something pathetic in the meditations of the care-tossed man, contemplating his school days:—

"Then be contented. Thou hast got
The most of heaven in thy young lot:
There's sky-blue in thy cup!
Thou'lt find thy manhood all too fast,
Soon come, soon gone! And age at last
A sorry breaking up!"

Though this may be regarded as lingering over mere sentiment, yet it is no altogether useless sentiment, for the soul must keep the pleasant avenues of memory open, and walk in them sometimes, to overcome the warping effects of the sterner aspects of life.

We have, however, something more to do with the future in the present than merely find enjoyment. Important among the many things of which youth is the seed-time, is a cultured, active imagination. A mind incapable of much mental picturing is like a house scantily supplied with appliances for work, the daily labor may be performed, but with torture for the laborer and the waste of much otherwise productive

energy. On the other hand, an active imagination, *ceteris paribus*, gives a broader intelligence, a keener relish for knowledge, a deeper insight into the crystal depths of truth, and a power of vivid expression.

The mind of youth, though callow, is wide-mouthed, and not easily satiated; it gathers up, from many sources, materials for reflection; but it seems that at this point mental vigor sometimes becomes exhausted, and the power of revolving truth in the mind, and seeing its many facets and their relations to other truths, as well as the face first presented, is never acquired to any extent. While the former process is necessary, the latter is indispensable to him who would lay claim to originality.

While high ideals of beauty, courage, fidelity and honor are being cherished, and at the same time in which the mind is storing knowledge and finding out how to use it, there are weaving into the texture of our being habits which will determine the character, whether it shall stem the mid-current of life or sink in its surges. As the coral growing up from the depths leaves behind it a fixed, unchanging shape, so the mind in its progress of growth and discipline comes to assume its peculiar mould. Habits of thought, habits of action, may be broken off, but it is a wasteful process, and leaves ugly scars. The old saw, "that a man is known by the books he reads and the company he keeps," may have some truth in it, but instantaneous decisions afford a far surer test of what we are. "The person who has always to *think* of his manners is seldom polite, and we are apt to suspect him who has to *think* whether he is honest or not." Let us, while the mind is plastic, see what mould it is taking, that there may not be too great a discrepancy between our ideals and ourselves.

"Tis education forms the common mind; just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.—*Pope*.

The great principle of human satisfaction is engagement.—*Palry*.

The faculty of imagination is the great spring of human activity and the principal source of human improvement.—*Stewart*.

Every man's life lies within the present; for the past is spent and done with, and the future is uncertain.—*Antonius*.