

and muse. His books are full of references to them and to their lives, and to their writings. His talk is rich in allusion to those literary masters of his, and to the influence they have had upon his mind; and in the shaping of his career. He is not a sermonizer, nor a preacher, but a talking philosopher, a modern mystic, a teacher of the ideal, the emotional and the moral element which is in man's nature. All unmindful of the world's progress, in a utilitarian sense, he chases the sunbeam still, and adheres to the old faith, to the doctrine of his early years. For some the glittering bauble has lost its charm, and the day of the Transcendentalist has waxed and waned, and finally passed away forever, but Alcott still looks beyond the veil, still seeks to know more of the unfathomable, still pursues his airy vision, still upholds the bright and shining star of his destiny. The mystery of life and death is yet unsolved. Is Transcendentalism only a mental weakness after all? Is it nothing, or is it but the frothy effervescence of a mind shattered by disease? Are we mocked by its beautiful phantoms? Does it lure us silently to destruction? Ought we to call it madness?