

say in passing that the exercise books out of which Edward VI. and Elizabeth learned Latin can be seen here. Also the first book printed in the English language: "History of Troy," printed by Caxton in 1472; also the Gospels written in Latin in the eleventh century, and numberless other things.

Harold — A Tragedy.

A. TENNYSON.

GENIUS is more than an effect of either social or material causes. No science has ever yet revealed the process by which one mind in a century is created, reared high above all others—a crowned king. The great king-maker in the spiritual realm is God, who enkindles on whatsoever altar He will the divine fire, which cannot be bought by silver or gold, nor made hereditary in any family. Great truly is Genius. Great likewise is the age most fecund of Genius. From the needs of its deep heart, from its yearnings and aspirations, from its social, spiritual, and political necessities, spring those influences which mould and develop master-minds, and those tidal-waves of tendency which bear them into their appropriate channels. The sun which gives light and heat to the Universe is kept in his position by its invisible forces. Somewhat similar is the relationship between Genius and an Age. Just how far the age makes the man, and the man the age, we cannot say; but we know that there is an interchange of power and a constant reciprocity of products. The roots state and society generally, are spread through all the ramifications of morals and its hidden fibres enter into the whole mysterious fabric or mental being. Great men have either been the exponents of regnant principles of their age, or of the age itself. Every century or epoch has its bright pharos shining perennially with that light whose tints were taken from the elements which kindled and supplied the flame. Here is a Charlemagne, and there a Hildebrand; one system develops a Bayard, and another a Voltaire; one nation produces an Eschylus, another a Virgil, and another a Milton in the sense of directing and developing their infinite intellectual possibilities.

The drama had its reign. Every student of literature knows that prodigious culmination of the dramatic genius in the 16th century; how this great vortex absorbed almost every current of literature and how the kingdom of thought was appropriated. The dramatic fervor was of no mushroom growth and was kept alive not by intellectual wantonness or caprice but rather by the necessities of the people, by the craving of universal mind for food. The avenue of the stage was opened when almost every other was shut. In the history of the Saxon this has not happened twice. From the womb of the social and spiritual desires of a great nation issued the fair progeny which have become so renowned and cosmopolitan. Othello is ubiquitous; Macbeth is conversant in a hundred tongues and Julius Caesar has relinquished the proud distinction of a Roman citizen to become a citizen of the world and of time. Upon the powerful mind of Shakespeare were brought to bear more imperious forces to incline it to the drama, than were ever before exerted in any age or in any clime—not even excepting the age of the Grecian three Sophocles Euripides and Eschylus. Thrown into life at an early age, his intuitive knowledge of humanity became deepened, quickened and justified; by his social habits; he was sharpened by contact with minds inferior indeed in nature, but superior in culture and was stimulated by the rivalry of scores of competitors. Possessing doubtless the most many-sided and subtle genius ever vouchsafed to man he fell upon an age most eminently adapted to develop and nourish its peculiar powers. The age has passed away leaving behind it an eternal grandeur of light unseen before. One mind has enriched the world. It would seem as though the Creative genius of the drama had done its work; that it had soared into the highest realm and touched the summit of its greatness; that it had oared over the sea of imagination an argosy of richest gems from the Ultima Thule of the universe of Thought. All the tragedies which have appeared since have had their little day and are virtually dead.

Now, if we grant that genius is lawless, that it is in its province to make an age, to create a world, to transcend all cause, then, but not till