

which is not the case, for there are many good authors of whom each has his peculiar style of writing. With this truth before us, to say that all should conform to one style of writing is false. If criticism, then, is a matter of opinion with the critic, how absurd it is for one to set up a standard of his own and criticise everything as though there was no other style of writing, no other opinion.

ORTEGA.

"NIL ADMIRARI."

The power of self-government is one of the most valuable acquisitions of man. To be able to resist the fascinating allurements of honor, fame or wealth, until reason has time to assert her sway over desire, is a rare possession. The man of impulses is continually going wrong. His view is always superficial; his first impression is the one always acted upon. His decisions are made under the influence of temporary excitement, and his course generally completed before the voice of reason can be heard.

The man of passion is still more unfortunate. In his case reason is never heeded, but he madly pursues the object of his desires until he is worn out by the chase; while the prize that has seemed continually within his reach, fades away like the "fatal fire," leaving him entangled in the mud and brier of the swamp.

But the man, who under all circumstances is able to stop and consider, makes no such mistakes. While all around are swayed by seemingly uncontrollable impulses, he remains calm and unmoved. In the whirl and din of the flying throng his reason firmly retains her seat. His eye is never dimmed by the film of passion, but its clear, penetrating light sees every rut and miry place in which he may stumble. He judges not the depth of the stream, when the storm sweeps over it, and the tossing water is darkened; but when the wind has passed, and through the clear depths the bed is again visible. His opin-

ion is to be relied upon. He carefully weighs every argument, counts every move, reasons and calculates, and, finally, after having looked upon every possible side, he makes his decision, and if he goes wrong it is a mathematical error.

The acme of virtue is undoubtedly best attained by a mind that does not regard the false colorings of excitement; whose decisions are made when undisturbed by grief or joy, desire or fear. But there is another phase of the question. The Stoic principle of allowing the mind on no consideration to rise above or sink below the same general level, seems an unnecessary and an unnatural restriction? Who is there that has never felt the promptings of passion, or the glowing of the poetic fire; whose heart has not beat faster at the cry of patriotism, or whose blood has not rushed to his cheeks and the tears to his eyes at the tale of pathos? In the world of art there is a constant appeal to something more than mathematical accuracy, a necessity for something besides a calm, unchanging temperament. It is an appeal to passion itself. All the really great works of art are the offsprings of minds that must have been influenced by the passions they have portrayed. It is impossible to produce in others the emotions we cannot create in ourselves. No artist can stand outside of his work and with a mind undisturbed by any feeling lay upon canvas a delineation of passion, or coolly carve in marble the writhing agonies of the Laocoon. Does it seem as if the lovely picture of the Madonna was the product of a mind that had never been swayed by a stronger impulse than methodical judgment? Does the passionate warmth of Lalla Rookh indicate a soul whose fire was carefully covered that the heat might be unvarying? The man who has never known a passion is a nonentity. Better the burning heat of a tropic sun, followed by the refreshing breezes of evening, than the dim, unending glare of a polar twilight.

The influence of pure passions is inval-