

(GOETHE, *Conversations with Eckermann*, Trans. by J. Oxenford, Bohn's ed., p. 84.) Will you enter to-day, my friends, into Goethe's brain at that instant, and remain there during this discussion, lynx-eyed, I care not how thoroughly so, but earnest? It is incontrovertible that we, too, a little while ago, were not in the world, and that we, too, a little while hence, shall be here no longer. The sun hastes to the west as fast at noon as in the last moment before sunset.

New lands in our age can be discovered only in old lands. Schliemann, on the Plain of Troy, has shown us a city of great antiquity; and he has done so by studying an old land beneath its soil. We are reaching the bottom of the Roman forum; we understand, as never before, the environment of the Acropolis, because we are looking with the spade for new lands in the old lands. If a new continent has been discovered anywhere in the last twenty-five years, it has been in the ancient continent of *living tissues*. We are to enter on that strange country; we draw near to it across turbulent seas; and I think, that, as the Santa Maria ploughs tossing across the waves toward the West, we already begin to see carved wood occasionally, symbol of life behind the watery horizon. Already, as we approach this new continent, do we not find now and then a poor floating spray of red berries? Are these little birds not of a kind always cradled on the land? Are not the shapes of the very clouds, as the sun goes down, some indication that we shall at last reach the firm,