

pure thought and contemplation will lead to some lasting result, to some abiding resting-place, and establish some firm ground upon which we can build, and which may become the property of all, affording an anchorage in the troubled sea of doubt.

The existence of this desire in the human heart is just as real and even more important than the unalloyed thirst for knowledge. But if the history of modern science has taught us any higher lesson at all, it is this—that this resting-place and firm ground cannot be found by methods of science. Truth in this sense cannot be the goal of science; the latter twirls on the spindle of logic its unending and innumerable threads which it weaves into a texture of extraordinary complexity and absorbing interest. Yet this process has no end. The tapestry is never finished, is always changing, and what one age designs and partially carries out is thrown aside by a succeeding age as of little lasting value.

The summit which methodical thought, combined with observation, endeavours to reach, recedes further and further as lesser summits and numberless valleys present themselves on the way.

Amidst this comparative failure, except for the practical results just mentioned, the hope of finding truth in the deeper sense as the revelation of the truly real, must be abandoned and some other way found for satisfying our desire. Fortunately Art here steps in and solves the problem—at least for moments during our journey through life. It does so by a process in which it shares with Science but which it applies in a different way.