

look any true poet in the eyes, and the process never fails to add something to our mentality. Capacity for passing from the finite to the infinite, for interpreting the high instincts of our nature, have been adduced as cardinal marks of all lofty imaginations. But lofty imaginations are not too plentiful. In general, it is as easy for a barn-yard fowl to keep pace with the flight of an eagle, as it is for an average intelligence to vie with the soaring mind of a poet. Yet, the barn-yard fowl, if it possess the smallest atom of hen-sense, a single gleam of instinct above the worm it devours, must find a thrilling and ennobling sensation in following the eagle afar off, and the analogy, as it touches that multitudinous identity, the average intelligence, is surely too obvious to require statement in words.

The poet, in a sonnet on, "Poetic Reserve," assures us :

"Not unwillingly the muses sing of love."

That he would experience no trouble in amassing an enormous mass of evidence to prove his proposition, readers of poetry will, I have no doubt, agree. His own contributions to the shrine of Cupid are, however, like angels visits, few and far between. But the few examples he has given deserve attention. Be the subject a sweetheart or a cloistered nun, and she might be either, the following lovely sonnet, entitled "Her Beauty," was written in close sympathy with that love of beauty, pure and simple, of which Keats was the first prophet to the British barbarians :

HER BEAUTY.

A tranced beauty dwells upon her face,
A lustrous summer-calm of peace and prayer ;
In those still eyes the keenest gaze can trace
No sad disturbance, and no trace of care.
Peace rests upon her lips, and forehead fair,
And temples unadorned, a cloistral grace
Says to the gazer over-bold, "Beware,"
Yet love hath made her breast his dwelling-place.
An awful night abideth with the pure,
And theirs the only wisdom from above.
She seems to listen to some strain obscure
Of music in sidereal regions wove,
Or to await some more transcendent dower
From heaven descending on her like a dove.