

and His Divine love, which now permeates all things, will then blossom and flame as a golden rose in the eternal kingdom. For immortality reaches through all great art, and the song of the reaper at sunset amid the golden sheaves has in it a note of as permanent value, and smites the ear of Heaven with a like joy and harmony as does that of the lark as he pours out in mid air his molten, liquid notes.

Yes, truly, poetry is one of the greatest of the arts—in its capacity, as Hamilton Mabie says, to receive, express and convey thought, emotion and experience. It is not solely dependent upon the intellectual in man, but resides more largely in the emotions. The drama has its root and being in action, the epic in recital, and the lyric in feeling. A poem to have any artistic value must be a unit, whether it deals with a deep emotion, a world-event or the objective presentation of life in action.

Now there is an approach to every poem of supreme value to the interpreter.