

ally poetry, and this poetry being natural and attractive to simple natures must contain within itself sympathetic gems of the necessary and the good. "Let me make the songs of a people," says one wise in his generation, "and I care not who makes its laws."

Now I can not and will not attempt to defend the troubadour as an institution from all points of view, neither am I such a stickler for the good old times as to close my eyes to the very great advantages of practical life, and the immense strides made in other directions than poetry and song, even in "this Canada of ours," since the age of the minnesingers. But I do aver and am prepared to defend my position, that man, intellectually, is at least a double-sided creature, a rational being, and at the same time an imaginative one, and that unless the pure reasoning faculties and the imaginative ones are concurrently encouraged and developed, the result must be disappointing; for a creature of pure reason is a mere calculating machine, and a being of pure imagination is a sentient whirligig, a human waif which every wind of chance or fancy turns according to its passing whim.

Too much attention paid to the development of the judgment tends to make man judicially opposed to all theories, questions and problems, etc., etc., that cannot be proved. He is a critical automaton with but one movement, the slow, ponderous, and, to some extent, debasing stride of the utilitarian mastodon. On the other hand, we must all admit that too much attention paid to the development of the mere æsthetical faculties tends to deprive judgment itself of that strength which is the proudest attribute of the so-called rational mind. It is enervating. It surfeits with its very sweets, and clogs the

passages of the deeper insight into the true essences of things and actions. But a judge, without some poetry in his composition, is simply a forensic hangman, and a visionary without some judgment is only an æsthetic harlequin. Between the extremes is the true creation; the mind, so evenly balanced as not to be warped by mechanical prejudice and dry-as-dust logic or fact, nor yet relaxed by those drowsy mental syrups that induce mere chimerical dreaming, enervating draughts drawn exclusively from the poppy and mandragora of unreality.

Let Poetry walk evermore hand-in-hand with Reason; she tempering Dignity and Exact Learning with the sovereign whiteness of her virgin mantle; he, supreme in excellence of practical vigour and achievement, not neglectful of the new attractiveness, the softer radiance, the more enchanting splendour cast by that virgin presence over the toga of his austere and matured virility of acquisition.

The mariner's compass has united the spheres by its magic. The ocean has receded and shores are one which erst were two. But poetry has united the worlds of matter and spirit by its magic, the gulf of darkness that once separated them has vanished, and realms are now filled with the spirits of love, which once held nought but the gruesome fetishes of fear and hate. Columbus and Newton have done much for man. Who shall say that Shakespeare and Tennyson have not done more?

The materialist has said: "There is no life, for all existence is but the prelude to eternal night"; but the poet says: "There is no death, what seems so is transition."

The Calvinistic pessimist says: "All are lost, the mind of man is sinful from his youth up; he is fore-judged and fore-doomed." The poet says: