

approach closely to the Shakespearian form. But this is not after all the important matter. It is the beauty of idea that is essential. "Yes," said the artist, to the critic who wanted the painting improved, "but don't you see that I might make it so good that it would be good for nothing?" That is the true point of view. Technical skill, certainly, but it must not interfere with the spirit.

William Sharp, himself a true poet, yet when he writes about the sonnet, inclined like most artists to place too much importance on technique, in his "American Sonnets" speaks of Heavyside as "the poet who had the potentiality of becoming one of the greatest sonnet writers on either side of the Atlantic." Strong words, when he tells us elsewhere that Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, and Rossetti are the greatest of the English sonnet writers! And he praises highly the sonnets quoted below on "Annihilation," on "The Dead," and the "powerful Night" which contains the lovely quatrain in which the comparison is made of night to a nude Ethiop.

ANNIHILATION

"Up from the deep Annihilation came
 And shook the shore of nature with his frame;
 Vulcan nor Polyphemus of one eye,
 For size or strength could with the monster vie;
 Who, landed, round his sudden eyeballs rolled,
 While dripped the ooze from limbs of mighty mould.
 But who the bard that shall in song express
 (For he was clad) the more than Anarch's dress?
 All round about him hanging were decays,
 And ever-dropping remnants of the past;—
 But how shall I recite my great amaze
 As down the abyss I saw him coolly cast
 Slowly but constantly, some lofty name,
 Men thought secure in bright, eternal fame?"

THE DEAD

"How great unto the living seem the dead!
 How sacred, solemn; how heroic grown,
 How vast and vague, as they obscurely tread