

cally beautiful is his only province ; but in it he excels. He is the language artist, representing to the mental eye by words and verbal images what the landscape painter conveys to the eye corporeal through the instrumentality of pencil and pigment. He is, *par excellence*, the word-painter, picturesque, original, unique, in his special department without a peer. Let the illustrations I shall presently adduce speak for themselves.

The perceptive centre of the physically beautiful is the eye. Without the eye there is no such thing as physical beauty or ugliness. It holds within its mystic round, not, indeed, the glorious pageant of Creation, but that creation's potentialities ; that is, although the material universe is not in the human eye, the possibility of its realization and enjoyment is. Destroy the eye, and what remains to its once possessor ? The blurred picture of a fallible memory or an untrustworthy imagination. Take a being born without sight and even this poor consolation is not left him. He has to imbibe his notions of created perfection second hand or not at all. His other senses are valueless in a measure, valueless to paint in living colours the pictures of Nature's every varying panorama. He may by touch appreciate the soft texture of the moss and the rugged outline of the rock, but who, in very deed, shall show him the iridescent vestures of the one fleeing with ever changing loveliness the changeless, silent, savage majesty of the other, that else were nude and defenceless against the inclement breath of winter and the lash of the pitiless gale ?

Ay, but, says one, even though an individual lack eyesight, the description of a companion, if well rendered, will give some idea of nature and natural object forms and colours, so that the beauty of nature is not des-

troyed, it is apparent to some, if not to others. Granted. But let us destroy universal sight. Imagine a world populated by 1,400,000,000 of eyeless beings and then call up if you can a conception of the result. Form will remain of course, and texture of a certain sort, though not at once manifest,—outline and substance that may be felt. But what of colour and distant texture ? Abstract light and what remains of Paradise ? What is inanimate Nature without man ? Without the visual power, whether in man or beast ? Is there such a thing ? Well, there may be. But we must recollect that beauty resides in ourselves. Causes lie outside of humanity, are external. Realizations are internal and when the power of appreciation dies, beauty and enjoyment vanish. There is nothing outside of the appreciative sense.

"The mind is its own place and of itself
Can make a hell of heaven a heaven of hell."

Is Nature self-appreciative ? Can the sun see itself rise in glory from the wave and laugh to view the shadows flee like ghosts before his triumphant ascension ? Can the clouds see themselves as they form and curl their snowy ringlets round the bald summit of some Alpine peak, that, in turn, rejoices to see itself mirrored in the blue, translucent expanse at its feet ? Can the rose appreciate its own tints ? It may its perfume. Does it know that it is in itself, red or yellow or white or bluish, a very queen, whose emerald vestments brodered with daisies, sweep through the courts of summer, lusty with variegated life and lush with the fragrant juices of deep-bladed grass and blossoming clover ? The animals and the birds and the insects may see it all. But, destroy *their* power of visions. Darken the universal eye of life, and the beauty of Creation is over. There is no world ; for all that