

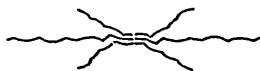
Macaulay, in his "Essay on Milton," says of Poetry:—"It is the art of employing words in such a manner as to produce an illustration on the imagination — the art of doing by *words* what the painter does by means of *colors*. I think this expression is borrowed from Aristotle.

Shakespeare expresses the same thought when he says:—

"As imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the Poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothings
A local habitation and a name."

The Poet is essentially an artist, not an artisan; he creates, but does not necessarily fashion. Mechanics, whilst desirable, is not essential. "Poeta omnis scriptor," says the author of the "Ars Poetica,"— the greatest literary monument of the Augustan age. Not one or two faculties (as with the metaphysician) or several (as with the scientist) but the *whole man* is necessary to make up the poet. He is not to be measured with a foot-rule; and he cannot be categorized or labelled. "His office," says Macaulay, "is to portray, not to analyze; and he who aspires to become a great poet must first become a little child." Now, young collaborators, you will realize the difficulties that beset those who "climb Parnassus."

P. W. B.



Aye, Contemplation, ev'n in earliest youth,
I woo'd thy heavenly influence! I would walk
A weary way when all my toils were done,
To lay myself at night in some lone wood,
And hear the sweet song of the nightingale.
Oh, those were times of happiness, and still
To memory doubly dear; for growing years
Had not then taught me man was made to mourn:
And a short hour of solitary pleasure,
Stolen from sleep, was ample recompense
For all the hateful bustles of the day.

—White.