

is illustrated by the analogous contrast, in the sphere of religion, between the cold assent of reason and the warm embrace of faith. Accordingly, the difference between the poetic and scientific presentation of truth, though merely one of manner, is immeasurably great. To give a glimpse of this, allow me to present an example or two of the same facts stated scientifically and poetically. In a scientific work, you might perhaps find some such statement as this: "The extinction of man and of all that he has produced is assured by the action of certain forces on the terrestrial globe, which must ultimately result in the destruction of that body and its return to its primitive nebulous condition."

Shakespeare expresses the same idea:

And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous
palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And like this insubstantial pageant faded
Leave not a wrack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

Again in the closing chapter of the First Book of Samuel, we find an historic statement of certain facts:

"Now the Philistines fought against Israel; and the men of Israel fled before the Philistines, and fell down slain in Mount Gilboa. And the Philistines followed hard upon Saul and upon his son; and the Philistines slew Jonathan, and Abinadab and Melchishua, Saul's sons," and so forth.

In the following chapter this narrative is fused into form and beauty by the glowing emotion and imagination of the poet David:

"And David lamented with this lamentation over Saul and over Jonathan his son: The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen! Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of

Askelon; lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph. Ye mountains of Gilboa let there be no dew, neither let there be any rain upon you, nor fields of offerings; for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil. Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives and in their death they were not divided; they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions? How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle? O, Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places. I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been to me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women! How are the mighty fallen and the weapons of war perished!"

Thus in poetry we do not stand outside the thoughts and characters presented, we enter into them; not merely the range of our knowledge is widened, but the range of our experience, through that sympathy with emotion which it is the essence of poetry to kindle. To us, in the somewhat narrowing conditions of our daily lives, such stimulus and expansion are especially necessary. Our surroundings and education are wont to leave neglected the æsthetic side of our nature, and, except in literature, we have scarcely any means for its cultivation. In this land, the young and ardent spirit cannot find food for ideal aspiration in the masterpieces of Phidias, or of Praxiteles, of Raphael or of Titian. Our college towns are not Oxfords, nor can we feel the serene and majestic calm which clings about the cathedrals of England and Normandy, or the towers and basilicas of Tuscany. In our native province we grow to manhood untouched by, and for the most part ignorant of, the educating power of