

allegory, Queen Bess and Leicester were quite out of place There, but Holiness, and Truth, and Courage, and Courteous Chivalry, and Rustic Simplicity, and all the rest moving in bodily shape. Chiefly that tenth book, Faith, Hope, and Charity and their teachings, the penance and heavenward rising of the Knight, the bells rang the meaning into it, and the sound rises and falls and eddies about their till

"Leave they take of Caelia and her daughters three,"

and Una and S. George ride away through the oak trees.

Some can understand, not all, how the archaic forms added to the charm, and now nothing can rob me of my possession, the jewel is set and the setting is mine, and it holds the treasure for ever. I owe perhaps a greater treasure than this, to that old seat among the oaks, my first insight into Wordsworth's Ode, Intimations of immortality. I had often read it before without the slightest perception of its meaning, but coming on

"those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings."

suddenly I understood. Many poems went with me there but only two were "set." There I read the Idylls of the King, but my setting for Guinevere is Haddon and the Yews. The beginning of the Ancient Mariner always recalls a long stretch of sand with one or two stranded fishing boats, a dark sea line far off and a dull grey sky. But the remembrance vanishes after a stanza or two, for the Ancient Mariner is one of the few poems which need no setting, which take possession of you, not you of them. One Canto of the Purgatorio carries me to a certain Churchyard in Devon, a low stone stile and a bank covered with periwinkle.

The Rhythm of Bernard de Morlaix was set on a hillside with a waving sheet of ox eye daisies, and once and again a far off vision of the towers of Durham Cathedral. The lines

"Stant Syonatria, conjubilantia, martyro plena,
Civo micantia, Principe stantia, luce serena."

recall to me those towers of S. Cuthbert as I saw them afterwards on a lovely sunny evening with their perfect reflection in the Wear below, and the bells chiming overhead. Some would think it better to have no material image connected with such a subject. It may be so, but the lines are dearer to me because I have it. Some of my gems are set in N. Wales, some by the sound of the sea, one by the rush and murmur of a weir on the Trent, but I have more than illustrated my subject. In these places the poems gave out their beauty as some flowers at night, and all their scent.

But my settings are not other people's, no one can set his jewels as I mine. But he may do it for himself; only first the jeweller's art must be learnt. We must learn to love flowers and trees, and hills and rivers, to see them not with other people's eyes, but with our own, and, when we come to take a real delight in wind and rain, and sunshine and cloud, and the shadows on the ground, and the colours

of the leaves and the moss, and the sounds and scents of the woods, then the volume of poems may go with us, and some verses will surely find their setting. It may seem a little thing to learn to love a poem, but only to those who do not know.

Of course much poetry will hardly show itself read out of doors in this fashion, Milton's longer poems will not to my thinking, but let any one read *Comus* as I did on a Devonshire moorland amongst the gorse, and he will not think his former indoor reading gave him any notion of its beauty. Not so, I am trying to set other people's jewels. Some poems need a still room in a noisy town, all sorts of settings are ready.

I have spoken but of English scenery, but surely Canada has forest and lakes enough to learn from, and good poetry is Catholic.

After all, this is only another comment on the old text:

"All things by season seasoned are
To their right praise and true perfection."

but then how many of us understand the text?

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The all absorbing question in certain quarters at the present time is earthquakes. The great loss of life and property by earthquakes is phenomenal, as many as 200,000 human beings having been killed at one time. The Japanese empire is a great centre of earthquakes, and considerable progress has been made there by European scientists in the investigation of the causes producing these mysterious convulsions of nature.

The earth is scarred and fissured all over its visible surface; volcanic 'necks,' extinct craters, and dislocations and foldings of the sedimentary rock strata occur in vast profusion. These point to the existence of an internal molten mass of intensely heated materials extending over an almost incalculable period of time. Indeed there is evidence suggestive of the earth as a molten sphere at a white heat, from which it gradually cooled until condensation of vapors took place and water swept its primeval bosom.

After the crust cooled, the confined molten mass would urge itself upwards through the thinnest portions of the crust; many evidences of which exist in the volcanic pipes of Palaeozoic times, immense plateaus like the great table land of the Deccan being formed by the ejection of lava. These pipes or 'necks,' often a mile in diameter, come up vertically through sedimentary strata, and are composed of the congealed materials of internal constituents of molten rocks. They throw light on the operations of the internal forces in the most ancient as well as subsequent epochs of the earth's history.

The dislocations, foldings, crumbings, and other movements of the earth's rock materials are caused by various agencies, notably, the shrinkage of the earth by cooling.