

the poem must centre in the beauty of the thought, and not in the rhythm of the verse. The setting of the diamond is beautiful, but in a lesser degree ; so the verse, if smooth and harmonious, possesses a beauty not to be despised. In the English language we have a few examples of sweet, true poetry in the form of prose. Among these are Dickens' " Wild Night at Sea," and his " Death of Little Nell."

Every science and every art has its own particular province. Thus, astronomy treats of the heavenly bodies, botany of plants, and metaphysics of the human mind. The art of painting teaches us to figure upon canvas the images of natural objects. But what is the province of poetry ? Of what does the poet speak ? Truly his is a wide field. His science embraces all others. With the astronomer he can contemplate the immensity of the universe. He sees " the world a spot, a grain, an atom, with the firmament compared." Soaring in imagination far beyond the regions penetrated by the astronomer's gaze, he sings of worlds unknown ; far-off planets are by him peopled, and brought nigh unto us. Like the botanist, he speaks of plants. The

" Wee modest crimson-tipped flower "

is made the subject of his song ; and often he pauses in his sublimest musings to admire the fairy drapery of the forest trees. Like the metaphysician, he speaks of the mighty passions and gentle emotions of the human mind. The poet seems to have no limit to his subjects. All spheres are included in his. Everything, great or small, may form a theme " for his discourse." He finds " tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." His imagination, like the fairy chariots of old, stops not before barred doors, nor does distance weaken its flight. The poet confines himself not to earth. Milton stayed not outside the pearly gates, but traversed the golden