

ored son resound throughout the land! 'Twas God himself who brought him into your midst, and gave direction to his mind—a mind which concentrates around his name a halo of splendor which will shine as long as time shall endure. It then needs no poetic thought, no eloquent tongue to make it great; but, like the orb of day, it holds within itself a grandeur greater than the world can give.

POETIC CULTURE.

From the time Adam ate the apple of knowledge, man has been continually searching for the hidden, deep, mysterious. Through the chinks of our heavy, earthy nature, some stray beams of a higher, brighter existence seem to shine, and the soul is constantly striving to get out of its clay prison and travel toward the Light of which it has caught occasional, uncertain and tantalizing glimpses. The Adamic hankering after the apple is still in our mouths. We burn to know the sacred secrets. The old Sphinx with her riddle is ever recurring, glassing herself in a drop of water, vailing herself in clouds, hissing in the crackling flame, spiring into trees, sitting upon the Western hills at sunset, leaping all night from star to star, and peering over the Eastern horizon as the morning comes forth. Man never wearies of this problem, this mortal link between two eternities. Paths lie in all directions, beaten hard by the ceaseless tramp of explorers into the Unknown. Only occasionally a poet peeps through the crevices of nature and repeats his experience, but the few bars of music that he gives us are imperfect and unsatisfying.

The spirit feels that it is an exile in this fleshy tabernacle, and is continually making pictures of its unknown home, which we call the ideals of imagination, while in fact to the inner sight they are pure reality. The soul would talk, if