in poetry would be called a poetic image, becomes a necessary part of the economy of speech.

Now suppose for a moment that Cromwell had used the same figure but in a slightly different form. Suppose he had said, "It was like a dagger going to my heart." Here the figure is employed wholly as a simile, probably with more scientific propriety, but with much less force. Put the original and the suggested alternative side by side and you will notice a distinct difference in their impacts. This distinction between the effects of metaphor and simile is of the utmost importance in poetry as I hope to show later.

But it is not only from the use of the figure that the force of Cromwell's sentence is derived. If we examine the rhythm I think we shall find something in it that is well worth noting. Divide the sentence into short and long syllables and you will see that they form an interesting pattern :—

It went / to my heart / like a dagger :

The sentence we perceive falls into three rhythmical sections, the first with two, and the second and third with three syllables. Now note the effect of the change from short syllables to long. Read the sentence aloud and you will observe that the voice rises with a sharply defined rhythm from the short syllables to an emphatic stress on the heavy syllables. This rhythmical pattern is important in its power to reflect subtleties of meaning implicit in the sentence. Compare it with the suggested alternative and you will find the latter flat almost to insipidity.

Now let us look at the second half of the sentence. Here we have no addition to the factual meaning of the statement. But are we sure that the addition of "indeed it did" gives no more than emphasis to the first half of the sentence? Does it not convey something more concerning the state of the consciousness of the man who uttered it? Gravely and painfully reminiscent perhaps, or suddenly, eagerly urgent? The rhythm,

indeed it did,

makes either of these nuances possible. But whichever it is, much of the essential pathos of the whole statement is carried by the second part. Take the first part of the sentence alone, and you have what is apparently a complete answer to the question asked. Add the second part and you feel that a greater depth of life and truth has been added where no addition seemed necessary.

Well here, in this spontaneous and wholly artless sentence of Cromwell's, we have the very stuff of poetry where image and sound and rhythm combine to transmit the consciousness of one person to the consciousness of another. When this stuff of poetry becomes objectively organised so as to transmit and sublimate consciousness into something which has an independent life of its own, then it becomes an art. I will illustrate this point with a passage from a poem which I expect most of you know quite well, Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind."

In this poem Shelley gives you an impression of dead leaves being driven by the wind. He says they are :—

"... driven like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
"Yellow and black and pale and hectic red,
"Pestilence stricken multitudes."

Consider first the images given in the first and third lines. Note how Shelley first implants into the consciousness of the reader the gentle and subtle simile of "like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing," which carries the sense of almost bodiless motion in leaves given up to the sweep of the unseen wind, and at the same time prepares for the direct impact of the more daring metaphor, "pestilence stricken multitudes." In this relationship the images render what is not literally true into something very deeply and poetically true. We are given the very essence of the motion of dead leaves in a gust of wind—the dead and impassive motivated and unified by a force unseen.

Now observe the sounds and rhythms in the arrangement of words. See how word "ghosts" seems to lift and waft, while the series "pestilence stricken multitudes" dryly hisses. Both sounds assist in rendering the reader conscious of the central truth or essence of the subject. The rhythm works to the same end. Take that of the second line :—

"Yellow and black and pale and hectic red,"

Note the rolling movement from long syllable to short until you come to the little staccatto bounce of "hectic red." Have you ever watched dead leaves turning over and over in the wind when a few have jumped into an upright position bouncing crisply on their edges? Well here Shelley gives it to you as a rhythmical value while he is evoking the visual senses in his description of colour. Finally, note how, in the third line, he breaks the rhythm into a wild skating jumble.

Now Shelley does all these things through art. He organises the rhythms and the images and the sounds of language into a statement of living consciousness, conveying to the reader the essential truth or "music" of his subject. His purpose categorically does not differ from that of Cromwell. It is in Shelley's objectification of the process that the difference lies.

I want you to consider next and finally a verse of poetry written without the use of images. For it is not always that the poet employs visual images in arriving at his meaning. His purpose, if he is a good poet, is to make the clearest possible statement with the greatest possible economy. I have chosen this verse, which was written by Sir Thomas Wyatt, who lived during the sixteenth century, partly because of its simplicity, and partly because it reveals in a remarkable way the poet's interpretation of the universal significance of truth to man

"Forget not yet, the tried intent,
"Of such a truth, as I have meant,
"My great travail, so gladly spent.
"Forget not yet."

Now this verse was written as the plea of a lover to his mistress. But instead of using the general term, "love," he speaks of "truth meant." This transposition is important because it reveals the poet in the face of the indefinable. Wyatt sublimates the stress of this condition exquisitely, as you will see if you read the verse aloud. Note how each line is divided into two parts of equal length, and how the greatest emphasis falls on the last word of each part. And note also how the three nouns "intent," "truth," and "travail" are brought out and made salient by an emphasis which is heavy on the first, heavier on the second and heaviest on the last. This gradation of stress from noun to noun becomes the chief means of conveying the inner meaning of the verse. Consider for a moment what the "intent of truth" means in terms of actual experience. The truth of love or anything else abstract is not absolutely definable. One has a certain "feeling" in relation to it because one is drawn towards it. But the feeling is not the truth though perhaps it is the nearest we can ever get to the truth. In actual experience the feeling is one of pain caused by the stress between many things. Wyatt in his verse expresses this exactly by making his pattern of rhythm bear with overwhelming weight on the word "travail" before it falls away to the final gentle but insistent plea. His poem is a great love poem, but it is also more than this. It is a master pattern of the poet's approach to his subject, the truth of things. All great poems are a "truth meant" given in terms of experience. To the poets they are statements made under an urge, not peculiar to him, but common to all men and women.

FRANCIS EDWARDS.

Fellows, Members and their friends reluctantly bade farewell to the Lecturer, Mr. Francis Edwards, and were anxious that their appreciation be conveyed to him, which Miss A. Stewart Bryson did in her own graceful manner.

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