

place of this theory Dr. Church offers us 'the epic of the stupendous epoch of a world-transmigration.' 'The cells and somatic organization of all land-plants, as also all their reproductive cycles and mechanism, are but the continuation of the mechanisms evolved in the sea, to suit the conditions of life in the sea, as the best response possible under such conditions; and though the mechanism may be emended, modified, or superseded in innumerable details, the

primary plan of the architecture and the entire range of general principles of organization remain essentially marine.'

Such a view is in harmony with what we learn so often in the study of animal evolution, that apparent novelties are only very old structures transformed. New lamps out of old has been one of the great methods of evolution. And as to the maternal sea, why, its tides still echo in the chemical composition of our blood!

SONNET

BY ROY MELDRUM

[The Nation]

HERE are the woods, in whose soft echoing trees
 The birds sing sweeter; here the rounded hill
 Where sunning in the wild flowers merry bees
 Pack full their wallet for the fragrant still.
 Here, as I lie and down the valley gaze,
 Seven spires across the dappled fields peep out,
 Chaste with a medley of serener days,
 And with their lingering incense girt about.
 Like as a spirit pensive on the air
 Makes poetry spring immortal, so thy love
 Exhales a beauty fair as earth is fair,
 And yet in element the earth above.
 Lips, eyes, and all love's instruments soon perish;
 But what thy love is, earth and heaven cherish.

THE IMITATION OF NATURE

BY CHARLES MARRIOTT

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NOT long ago a well-known sculptor of animals, protesting against what he regarded as willful eccentricity, said that the only safe course for the artist was the imitation of Nature. In violation of this precept he then proceeded to copy in bronze the forms which Nature produces in bone and muscle. He forgot that one of Nature's first principles is to adapt her forms to the substance they are made in; and that if you would imitate Nature, except as the Indian tailor copied the patch on the trousers, you must do the same. This little story is only to illustrate the futility of catch-phrases. Sir Joshua Reynolds said pithily all that need be said about the sane imitation of Nature, and what he did not say Herbert Spencer said laboriously when he pointed out that if you cut locks of hair in marble 'to get anything like a true effect, the elevations and depressions in the marble must be far less than they are in fact.'

The limitation of Nature allows — nay, compels — considerable latitude but there are limits. As Reynolds pointed out, they are determined by the nature of the human mind. That is where some artists slip up. Some artists are deficient in natural feeling. By natural feeling I do not mean what is called sentiment, but the sense of things. The defect is common enough in other walks of life; Swift has a lot to say about it in describing *Laputa*; but it is comparatively rare in art, and that is what, apart from his technical powers, makes

Mr. Wyndham Lewis interesting. His 'Tyros,' at the Leicester Galleries, are revelations — about Mr. Wyndham Lewis. When you see them you say, 'Hallo!' as when a man says or does something which, without his knowing it, betrays him as the victim of some rare but recognized complaint. These 'Tyros' of Mr. Lewis are said by him to be satirical. Except the one of himself, they all represent the same type of person; a type resembling Mr. Woodrow Wilson. Now, the curious thing is that the temperamental defect generally attributed to that eminent man is the same as that which one feels in the artist. I can best describe it as a lack of the sense of form. Mr. Lewis has a keen intellectual appreciation of form; he can reason it out, as the *Laputan* with the sextant reasoned out the suit of clothes; but he does not feel it in his bones. In his imitation of Nature he is, in fact, at the opposite extreme to the Indian tailor who copied the patch on the trousers. Being calculated, and not felt, his 'Tyros' fail to be satirical. As regards the subjects, they are not cruel, but they are intensely cruel to Mr. Lewis in what they reveal.

This lack of sensibility — to give it the correct old-fashioned name, which includes, of course, the perverted sensibility of Swift — is not so evident in the portrait drawings by Mr. Lewis; which leads one to suppose that his real difficulty is with the medium. His drawings are still on the reasoned or calculated side, but he can, apparently,