

To know the heart of all things was his duty,  
 All things did sing to him to make him wise,  
 And, with a sorrowful and conquering beauty,  
 The soul of all looked grandly from his eyes.

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He knew that the One Soul no more rejoices  
 In the star's anthem than the insect's hum.  
 He in his heart was ever meek and humble,  
 And yet with kingly pomp his numbers ran,  
 As he foresaw how all things false should crumble  
 Before the free, uplifted soul of man ;  
 And, when he was made full to overflowing  
 With all the loveliness of heaven and earth,  
 Out rushed his song, like molten iron glowing,  
 To show God sitting by the humblest hearth."

The second strophe, characterizing the poet of the present as an "empty rhymers,"

"Who lies with idle elbow on the grass,"

utters a verdict of condemnation and protest.

"Not his the song, which, in its metre holy,  
 Chimes with the music of the eternal stars,  
 Humbling the tyrant, lifting up the lowly,  
 And sending sun through the soul's prison-bars.  
 Maker no more,—oh, no ! unmaker, rather,  
 For he unmakes who doth not all put forth  
 The power *given freely* by our loving Father  
 To show the body's dross, the spirit's worth."

In its third and last strophe the mission of the coming poet is portrayed. It is all surcharged with religious feeling, and recalls John Milton's noble words on the poet's calling. This poet of the future should, in Lowell's thinking, be one

"Who feels that God and heaven's great deeps are nearer  
 Him to whose heart his fellow-man is nigh,  
 Who doth not hold his soul's own freedom dearer  
 Than that of all his brethren, low or high ;  
 Who to the right can feel himself the truer  
 For being gently patient with the wrong,  
 Who sees a brother in the evil-doer,  
 And finds in Love the heart's-blood of his song ;  
 This —this is he for whom the world is waiting  
 To sing the beatings of its mighty heart,  
 Too long hath it been patient with the grating  
 Of scrannel-pipes, and heard it misnamed art."

These early lines of Lowell are prophetic of his own career. No one can study his poetry and not feel that for him, from the first and all the way through, poetic art has been consecrated to high and uplifting purposes. There is a later poem entitled "The Search," in somewhat similar