

relation to eternal truth, his fealty as a knight-errant of the race, his worship of beauty in every form, his rapt ecstasy of love, his unbroken pursuit of the divine gleam. They know by intuition and dower of God's gifts what our blind eyes cannot uncover through the most assiduous labor. Listen, then, to Tennyson as he tells us of the birth, mission and influence of "The Poet":

The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above;
Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love.

He saw thro' life and death, thro' good and ill,
He saw thro' his own soul.
The marvel of the everlasting will,
An open scroll,

Before him lay: with echoing feet he threaded
The secretest walks of fame:
The viewless arrows of his thoughts were headed
And wing'd with flame,

Like Indian reeds blown from his silver tongue,
And of so fierce a flight,
From Calpe unto Caucasus they sung,
Filling with light