

philosophizing neighbors, kept so much of her ancient lore? Yeats would lead us to believe that much of the poetry of her pagan days still lives among the people who have not become modernized, and who have never dreamed of America. Lady Gregory's delightful way of telling these old stories proves that there are still nurses who know how to charm the wee ones. She says she has found it more natural to tell them in the manner of the thatched houses, where she has heard so many of the wonderful deeds of Finn and O'Connell and Patrick, the ever-living ones, rather than in the manner of the slated houses, where she has not heard them; and this is precisely the charm of these tales now told in English, but thought in Irish. It does not require an effort to smell the peat burning, and when the smoke compels the falling of eyelids, why should not the wind in the chimney or at the loose door and panes give all sorts of tokens that these loved ones are indeed. "ever living?" Another reason Lady Gregory gives for telling these stories in the way of the believers is to answer back Dr. Atkinson, an Englishman of Trinity, Dublin, who, four years ago, pronounced Irish literature "low, something to be despised and absolutely devoid of idealism," though he found a positive pleasure in reading the same stories in Greek and Latin or French. Napoleon doesn't seem to have had any other purely poetic delight, and he had only Macpherson's humbug Ossian. Mr. Roosevelt has Cuchulain with him now in his wild-west vacation, and what time he is not putting his rough bullets into old Bruin's heart, he is renewing his faith with the valiant old Irish sportsman who swore that "by the oath of my people, I will make my doings be spoken of among the great doings of heroes in their strength!" Is it any wonder this poetico-politico hero of to-day has an open ear for the tales? Mr. Alfred Nutt says that were all Ossianic texts preserved in MSS. older than this century to be printed, they would fill some eight or ten thousand octavo pages. And we must not forget that for the last five hundred years this body of romance has formed the the chief imaginative recreation of Gaeldom, Scotch and Irish, and reading and writing are not the condition upon which this treasure of curious lore has depended for survival.

The notes at the end of each of these volumes of Lady Gregory's are of great interest to the reader who wants to know all he can about these well preserved sagas, etc., and it is pleasant to find at