

Cleanthes, a pantheist, in his "Hymn to Zeus" wrote pure poetry; while Lucretius, a materialist, in his "De Rerum Natura," accomplished the loveliest hexameters in Latin literature. Nor may we forget the religious burden of Dante's magnificent stanzas in his "Divine Comedy"; and that great Song of Sorrow wherein Tennyson in our own day commingled entrancingly science and religion, faith and love, terrene death and life everlasting. On the other hand, there stands that assiduous clergyman, Young, who in his "Night Thoughts," despite their religious sublimation, accomplished very doubtful poetry. Imaginative vision of reality and artistic treatment of theme—imagery, form, color, music: these first go to the making of indubitable and enduring verse and poetry.

What, then, in the Teuton or Sassenach is pure metaphysics and remains such, in the Kelt becomes essentially a poetic attitude, his deepest and most apt expression of reality imaginatively apprehended. With the Teuton metaphysics is the negation of poetry. With the Kelt poetic vision is the deepest metaphysical function. To him the universe is, literally, enchanted, haunted—with divinity: ghosts, spiritual presences, are everywhere,—in the hills, the streams, the mists, the clouds, the sunsets, and even in the daisies and the dew. This, then, is the essential formula of the Keltic genius: *A natural and lively sense of divinity in the universe.*

All this is said to raise a question which I shall answer significantly. How does it happen that in the Eastern sea provinces of my native country, almost as lovely in natural magic as the green isle of Eirinn and in the majesty and mystery of earth as ancient Albain in the Gaelic prime,—how does it happen that in this veritable new home of the Kelt Keltism itself has died, and we hear not the voice of an authentic poet in this fair Canadian land? Pray, do not object that Carman, Roberts, and others are authentic poets. They are nothing of the sort. Any man of equal culture and