

And tell me what is sweeter than an ivory night in June  
 When the clouds are drifting slowly across a silver moon :  
     When the scented south-wind breathes  
     Ah ! so softly through the trees  
 And seems to whisper secrets to the eager trembling leaves.

Ah ! 'tis passing sweet and my heart strings are in tune.  
 With all the wondrous rhythm of a golden day in June :  
     When my thought will wander free  
     As a child and careless be,  
 As I loll among the daisies trodding gaily on the lea.

L. J.



## The World's Great Poems.

### VI. Danté's Divina Commedia.



CARLYLE'S "Hero as Poet," as it is the least controversial, so it is,—to me, at least,—the most fascinating of all his minor writings. But, where he has written, and on such a subject, what remains to be said, in such "Introductions to Literature" as these profess to be? Yet, since Carlyle's essay is, in the best and strictest sense, literature, this may, possibly, serve as an introduction to the study of it.

Dante's life; his birth, his exile, and his death; is, or should be, familiar to all students of literature. And, when all is said, are not those these facts, birth, exile, death, the history of each and every one of us? "*Exsules filii Hevae*", so we say: "strangers and pilgrims"; who have "no continuing city". Well for us, if, of us, it can be said that "we seek one to come".

Dante's exile, however, was of more than ordinary bitterness, and hence, if it be permissible to say so, of more than ordinary profit to his fellow men. To himself, also, one cannot doubt; but it is our interest in it that chiefly concerns us here. Freely, to quote Carlyle: "We will not complain of Dante's miseries: had 'all gone right with him, as he wished it, he might have been Prior,