

as the blackbird's eggs ; warm streams of mead and wine flow through that country ; there is no care, nor sorrow on any person ; we see others but we ourselves are not seen. These gods are more beautiful than men, but men, when they are great are stronger than they, for men are, as it were, the foaming tide-line of the sea." Is it any wonder the people of those days believed the Druids made the world ? Is it any wonder, Oisín in his protest to Saint Patrick, is so melancholy at the contrast of the grace of the day that was dead with the grace of the new day ! The country people have remembered that he assured the saint he would "cry his fill because Finn and the Fianna are not living."

And who is going to talk the country people away from their belief in the wonders not yet quite withdrawn from Irish hills and lakes and woods ? We are every now and then told there's a "slump in poetry," Well, perhaps Yeats is right when he says—"We do know that, unless those that have made many inventions are about to change the nature of the poetry, we may have to go where Homer went, if we are to sing a new song." Is it because all that is under the moon thirsts to escape out of its bounds, to lose itself in some unbounded tidal stream ; that the songs of the folk are mournful ; and that the story of Fianna, whenever the queens lament for their lovers remind us of songs that are still sung in country-places ? In trying to get at the true Irish art, these books show how large a part one must make for the influence of the sunshine. For all the old writers stand for power of discipline in the sunshine, for the joy it brings into life, and what is more beautiful in our own latter day poets than their sun worship ? Yeats says, and he will do for old and new, as to nature worship : "When one has drunk of the cold cup of the moon's intoxication, one thirsts for something beyond one's self, and the mind grows outward to a natural immensity ; but if one has drunk from the hot cup of the sun, one's own fullness awakens, one desires little, for wherever one goes one's heart goes too ; and if any ask what music is sweetest, one can but answer, as Finn answered : 'what happens' and yet the songs and stories that have come from either influence are a part, neither less than the other, of the pleasure that is the bride-bed of poetry." Why have a few countries always had a popular literature, a folk-lore not absolutely a "curiosity of literature to-day ?" Why has Ireland, so near the