

inspiration than were ever wafted over Thes-
saly to blow through, and through all their
chambers float echoes of

"The eternal deep
Haunted forever by the eternal mind."

They come and go, and return again, like these
birds. Who has not felt the sudden accession,
and again desertion, of ideas and powers; the
inflowing, the overflowing and entire posses-
sion of the soul; and then again, the

"Fallings from us, vanishings,
Blank misgivings,"

as if premonitory of that day when "desire shall
fail . . . and those that look out of the
windows be darkened," or when

"Life and thought have gone away
Side by side."

Never, never three sympathetic people shall
come together but ideas and persentiments shall
flit from brain to brain, like these birds from
tree to tree. "That very thought occurred to
me just before you uttered it," said my com-
panion, as we sat together in the twilight here
yesterday evening. Did poet or philosopher