

amples is "The Sphinx," the interpretation of which may be greatly aided by reading the paragraph on the ancient myth of the sphinx in the essay on History.

The individualism which he so strongly champions in his essays is observable in his poems also. Take, for instance, "The Problem," which begins with the familiar lines :

"I like a church ; I like a cowl ;
I like a prophet of the soul ;
And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains or pensive smiles ;
Yea not for all his faith can see,
Would I that cowl'd churchman be."

There are some of Emerson's poems which for exquisite form as well as for pure poetic meaning, deserve a place almost in the first rank. Of these are "Each and All," "The Rhodora," "The Humble Bee," "Woodnotes," and "Friendship." One, "Forerunners," I cannot forbear to quote in full, because it seems to represent the best of Emerson's poetry, beautiful in expression, almost perfect in rhythm, and withal embodying a spiritual truth realized in every one's experience.

"Long I followed happy guides,
I could never reach their sides ;
Their step is forth, and, ere the day
Breaks up their leaguer, and away.
Keen my sense, my heart was young,
Right good will my sinews strung,
But no speed of mine avails
To hunt upon their shining trails.
On and away, their hasting feet
Make the morning proud and sweet ;
Flowers they strew,—I catch the scent ;
Or tone of silver instrument
Leaves on the wind melodious trace ;
Yet I could never see their face.
On eastern hills I see their smokes
Mixed with mists by distant lochs.
I met many travellers
Who the road had surely kept ;
They saw not my fine revellers,—
These had crossed them while they slept.
Some had heard their fair report,
In the country or the court.
Fleatest couriers alive
Never yet could once arrive,
As they went or they returned.
At the house where these sojourned,
Sometimes their strong speed they slacken,

Though they are not overtaken ;
In sleep their jubilant troop is near,—
I tuneful voices overhear ;
It may be in wood or waste,—
At unawares 'tis come and past.
Their near camp my spirit knows
By signs gracious as rainbows.
I thenceforward, and long after,
Listen for their harp-like laughter,
And bear within my heart, for days,
Peace that hallows rudest ways."

Just a few more words about the life of the great man. It was a beautiful life at Concord among his family and friends, a life above reproach. Those who knew him best loved him best and esteemed him most—the highest praise, I think, that can be given to any man. His biographers are absolutely free from that grave embarrassment which arises sometimes from a discrepancy between the life and the writings of an eminent man. In the retirement of a quiet New England town he exemplified the noblest teachings he gave to the world. Modest, domestic in his tastes, loyal to his own ideals, rigid in his requirements of himself, associating himself only with what was pure and lofty and harmonious, and refusing all that was evil or ugly, by his serene, loyal nature, his magnetic personality, he exerted a gentle and gracious influence on all around him. The Concord home was one that dispensed hospitality freely and gracefully. One who knows Emerson well, says of him: "He has a genius for friendship."

Many are the tributes paid to Emerson's life, even by those who were widely divergent from him in creed and doctrine. Hawthorne said of him: "It was good to meet him in the wood-paths, or sometimes in our avenue, with that pure intellectual gleam diffusing about his presence, like the garment of a shining one: and he, so quiet, so simple, so without pretension, encountering each man alive as if expecting to receive more than he