

a might of manhood, yea, of godhood, coequal with the song. Thus it moves us the more that they live and practice the nobleness they teach in song; and we are stirred by a heroic strain of uniform character, a might of personality, superbly beyond the dashing courage that wins a battle, or the hungry tenacity that resists a siege. Then—

“Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low.”

XVIII.

Now, the flame of the forest burns low, and the “dreamy magical light” of “the summer of All Saints” has been over us.

“Now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove.”

A few embers remain; all the rest are ashes. The “carmine glare,” and the golden haze, that seemed neighbors of the sunset, linger no longer. Little birds, that cheered us of late, sing no longer in their green tents. They said to one another, “Let us go!” and the poet,