

thing, defiant of life's shifting sand; that they are true to their ideals, and hold their—

"Faith in the whispers of the lonely muse
When the whole world seems adverse to desert."

Why is it we are so moved when these men speak to us? It is that these were true; no wealth, celebrity, or applause could be good enough for them to live for. That Handel stirs our blood, when the heart of the cathedral throbs, and the very pave-stones tremble, as if the Deity trod them, at the breath of his "Messiah;" that, when again we hear the lofty strain of Paradise begin,—

"Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe:"

or, when we see the awful minstrel roll his sightless orbs to heaven, and hear the cry,—

"Descend from heaven, Urania!"

our souls are conscious of wings; or that when the muse of Rydal sings of Duty and of Immortality, we learn of new powers within us, flows from a parallel majesty of character in *them*,—