

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 Immor-
tality, we learn of new powers within us, flows
from a parallel majesty of character in *them*,—