

food. A military band playing stirring martial airs, causes eyes to flash, figures, bowed, to stand erect, whilst feet keep cheerful time, and voices, more or less melodious, join lustily in chorus. It is not the scene which works the transformation but the stirring harmony that

Raises the soul above all earthly storms,
With melting airs, or martial, brisk or grave;
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touched within us and the heart replies.

So with poetry. Wordsworth, Southey, Cowper, Goldsmith, Browning, Swinburne, even Milton's magnificent word painting, do not appeal to people generally. To appreciate poetry there must be affinity of spirit between reader and author, a development, more or less marked, of that mysterious sixth sense, so often quoted, so little understood. In all is a rudimentary spirit of poetry, undeveloped and untrained, may be, but ready to respond on occasion.

The first recorded War Lyrics are the songs of Moses and of Miriam. They will be found in the 15th chapter of Exo-