

streets of heaven itself. Dante was not intimidated by the dire sight of the infernal regions, but penetrated them to their profoundest depths.

While the poet speaks on the same subjects as the philosopher, how different is his discourse. The philosopher addresses himself to the head, the poet to the heart. As the player of the harp sweeps his hands over the chords of his instrument, so the poet sweeps his hand over the chords of the heart. Now he touches a joyful note, and immediately our whole nature vibrates in unison with it. Who could resist the innocent gladness, the youthful joy, breathed in the first stanzas of Tennyson's "May Queen?"

"You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad new-year;
Of all the glad new-year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
the May."

Then the poet touches a melancholy chord, and the tears are ready to flow. The glad new-year is gone; the rosy cheeks are pale. Hark! how weak the voice and how sad the words:

"If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad new-year.
It is the last new-year that I shall ever see;
Then you may lay me low i' the mould and think no more of me."

When the poet touches a martial chord, immediately we are filled with patriotic fire. The clash of arms seems to surround us; our country's heroes are before us, and we are almost ready to exclaim with them, "Give us liberty, or give us death."

But now his music breathes a solemn, mysterious tone, and we are filled with awe. We are transported to heaven itself, and