

our modern poets and a "hidden stream of imaginative energy flows down the ages."

A truly great poet possesses a splendid poise of intellectual powers. Underneath the harmony and imaginativeness of his works there lie the rigid threads of severe poetical logic that give the whole coherence. His capacity is gauged by his ability to assimilate a vast amount of outside influences. The measure of his originality is his ability to react on those influences in such a way as to stamp his own personality through them upon the succeeding ages. In Tennyson, for example, we fail to find an absolute balance of parts. Though he takes up life just as it is, and deals with it in the concrete, still his powers of assimilation were developed to excess. And in this last respect, he represents the Victorian age. His poetry, always beautiful indeed, expresses rather much of current opinion in the philosophy, politics and religion of his own time. His works, while immortal in many respects, do not approach to "the organ tones of Milton, the piercing sweetness of Shelley, the grave simplicity of Wordsworth, and the concentrated richness of phrase of Keats."

To the mild realism of Tennyson may be compared with effect the strong materialism of Kipling. The poetry of the latter rests not so much upon literary influence as upon the primitive, hunting, slaying instinct in our blood. In his verse, we seem to hear the whir of the machinery that moves the world. In these respects he is resembled by our Canadian poets,—to such a degree in fact, and of such a nature in this country, that "a sponge might be wiped over the surface of Canada, and intellectually the world would be hardly the poorer." However this may be, it is no more correct to say that Canadians have not poetry in potential than it is to say that Kipling across the seas is wholly destitute of the harmony and imagination of Keats.

Keats, Wordsworth and Yeats represent the absolute idealists. Yeats represents the Celtic element in our poetry. The influence of Celtic legends and myths has always been felt through the medium of the Welsh and Breton traditions. The Scotch and Irish civilization, however, through political isolation have not been able to occupy their just sphere in European literature. Now, however, there dawns the first faint gleam of hope through the renewal of intellectual life in Ireland. And in this hope, be it remembered, are centred the highest of our Celtic desires. The Gaelic League succeeds Parnellism, and its immediate purpose at least is to create an Irish literary awaken-