

lover of his country and his poems resound praises of "ocean-fashioned England." His patriotism is not of that hurtful kind which flatters the vanity of a nation at the expense of truth. He urges strongly that England's greatness depends alone on the character of her people. So long as they hold fast their ancient institutions she is safe, and not "all the world in arms can cleave or cross the watery belt that guards her"; but should she prove untrue to herself and barter away her dear-bought freedom for the sake of gain, Tarpeia's doom will be hers and she will die dishonoured. To the poet's anxious eye it seems as though this doom were already poised to fall, and in this mood of despair he pours forth denunciations against the base spirit of the age, as bitter as those of Tennyson in his "Maud."

"Forbidden are the steps where glory led,
No more from furrowed danger of the deep
We harvest greatness : all is love of money."

The vigor and spirit of such lines as these, together with the graceful tribute to the memory of the late Sir John Everett Millais, will satisfy most readers as to his ability to commemorate current events in a worthy manner. There is great beauty and sweetness of rhythm in Austin's poetry, for he, like the rest of our modern poets, has paid his vows at the shrine of our Lady of Music. The style is simple and direct, and on the whole well suited to the thought.

We cannot help feeling, though, that the charm lies in the rhythm more than in the sense. This fault is, however, so general among the poets of to-day, that we need not blame Austin very severely for it.

The author has expressed men's lighter moods of cheerfulness and hope, he has even written in a minor key of men's regrets and disappointments, but he has never risen to the sublimity of great joy or sorrow. He lacks the power of a great poet. He is not one of those who find for men the golden harbor "in seas of Death and sunless gulfs of Doubt." He has no triumphant message for the world, no victory over passion to portray, no solutions of life's problems to unfold.