

light in the gross or sensual; he is too gay and careless to look upon sadness, and he is too good-natured to understand the severe. He cannot see the supernal promise depicted in the countenance of the child as it rises above the three masks. It is the same limitation as before. He cannot see the spiritual, he knows not of a higher life.

Fortune seemed to smile upon the young Greek once he set foot upon the streets of Florence. Along with his good fortune came a purchaser for his jewels which he had saved from the wreck. With the sale of the gems came the necessity for action, and this brought on Tito's first struggle with himself. But this battle, like a great many others, was decided before it was commenced. Through various incidents in his life in Florence we can see the gradual growth of the thought not to go to seek his father. The result of the battle is the resolve to remain in Florence, and the reason he gives himself for so doing, is his belief that his father is not living. In this struggle we catch but a glimpse of the selfishness of Tito. "Does he not owe something to himself?"

The writer now passed hurriedly over some of the main events in Tito's life. In his second struggle, after the receipt of Baldassarre's message, the selfishness of Tito appears in full view. He will not sacrifice his young life for an old man past sixty. Gradually he breaks away from his past, selling his ring for fear of recognition. He wishes his father was dead; he wishes the monk would die. But he has not come yet to that stage where he can willingly inflict pain on any mortal. He will save himself by deceit or a chain armour. He has long passed the merely non-committal stage; he can lie and deceive, but he has not yet reached the stage of active malignity. The purchase of the chain vest shows a new side to Tito's character, his fear of present harm. His love of pleasure and his hatred of inflicting pain cease now to be the sole motives of action. Fear now urges him on to harsh and selfish actions. Under the influence of a love for pleasure he has passed from passive to active deceit, and now under the influence of fear he passes to deceitful and treacherous actions. 'Tis curious to note that Romola, whom he professes to love, is the first being whom he deliberately pains.

After the selling of the library he falls easily from one treachery to another. From practising treachery for the sake of the pleasure in view, he comes to practise it for its own sake. Had he quit Florence as he intended, he would have been the old Tito still. We cannot get clear of the past by changing our place of abode. But he does not get away. Baldassarre gets his revenge.

The paper closed with a short study of the life and character of Romola.

POETRY.

EVENING IN SUMMER.

CALM and restful 'tis at even,
When the day draws to a close,
In the peaceful hour at gloaming,
When the spirit seeks repose,

While fast the lengthening shadows
Are mingling with the night,
And the gloom steals o'er the meadows,
'Tween the darkness and the light;

To wander by the brookside,
Down through the deepening glen,
And skirt the threatening woodlands,
Hard by the brake and fen;

To mount the bracing hillside,
With the sun's last rays aglow,
To dwell in the heart of nature,
And her inmost secrets know.

H. R. G.

FRAGMENTS FROM SHELLEY.

TO MUSIC.

Silver key of the fountain of tears,
Where the spirit drinks till the brain is wild;
Softest grave of a thousand fears,
Where their mother, Care, like a drowsy child,
Is laid asleep in flowers.

THE ISLE.

There was a little lawny islet,
By anemone and violet,
Like mosaic graven:
And its roof was flowers and leaves,
Which the summer's breath enweaves;
Where nor sun nor showers nor breeze,
Pierce the pines and tallest trees,
Each a gem engraven,
Girt by many an azure wave,
With which the clouds and mountains pave
A lake's blue chasm.

THOUGHTS IN SOLITUDE.

My thoughts arise and fade in solitude,
The verse that would invest them melts away
Like moonlight in the heaven of spreading day;
How beautiful they were, how firm they stood,
Flecking the starry sky like woven pearl.

FELLOWSHIP OF SOULS.

I am as a spirit who has dwelt
Within his heart of hearts, and I have felt
His feelings, and have thought his thoughts, and known
The inmost converse of his soul, the tone
Unheard but in the silence of his blood,
When all the pulses in their multitude
Image the trembling calm of summer seas.
I have unlocked the golden melodies
Of his deep soul, as with a master key,
And loosened them and bathed myself therein—
Even as an eagle in a thunder-mist
Clothing his wings with lightning.