

languing that nane save the weary can know,' to interfere with his business prospects in a strange land. But this would not look well in numerous verse, so we have the happy (but old) device of the oft-repeated query, 'Oh, why did I leave thee?' . . . and so on *da capo*; but only echo answers, and its answer is 'why?' Furthermore, the true poet strikes a keynote of thought, and the groundlings echo it. Tennyson sings:

'My own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live for evermore,
Else earth is darkness at the core,
And dust and ashes all that is.

What then were God to such as I?'

and he answers his own expression of sceptical, doubtful, yearning, in the words we know so well:

'What hope of answer or redress?
Behind the veil, behind the veil!'

McLachlan (continues the Devil, who had read the foregoing lines from his own pocket—the pirated American—edition with much expression) can tell us the same tale with a difference. 'Oh! why have we longings infinite, and affections deep and high, and glorious dreams of immortal things, if they are but born to die? Are they will-o'-wisps that gleam where the deadly nightshade grows? Do they end in *dust and ashes* all? And the voice still cried, "Who knows?"' McLachlan also sings,

'The dark veil at last is withdrawn,
Rejoice in the light of the glorious dawn.'

One Wordsworth (continues the advocate, settling down to his work and placing the wisp of his tail on Tennyson to keep the place)—one Wordsworth, whose case, when it came before this honorable court, and my own well intentioned but, I am now willing to confess, mistaken endeavors to throw it out, I well remember, has written some pretty lines upon the daffodils. 'A poor thing, Sir, but my own,' he might well have said, for it was he who first pointed out the humanity—ay, and the divinity, that lay hidden in the flowers of the field. McLachlan sings that, 'There are gleams of Thee and glory in the daffodil,' and we can assure him that we would have taken Wordsworth's word for it, without any necessity for him to shove *his* oar in.

I could do more than all this, and could point out in our well-known poets the very Pierian springs which our friend McLachlan has used as mere taps at which to fill his pint pot. The stoup is his own, and like some wooden buckets, leaves a taste of its own upon the borrowed nectar. But, at the same time, we may safely assert that had Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Mrs. Browning never written, Mr. McLachlan would have produced a very different brewage. Is it your pleasure, my Lords, that his handiwork should be placed 'side by side with Wordsworth's Ode on the Intimations of Immortality?' Placet or non-placet? The non-placets have it.

—No doubt, Mr. Host, you and your staff of reviewers have other things to attend to than that of shedding light on the obfuscated intellect of a contemporary who happens to be preternaturally dull of comprehension. Doubtless, then, you will not object to allow a guest at this Table to expose the profound obtuseness or wilful blindness of the *Christian Guardian*, in the matter of your well deserved denunciation of the republication, at this time of day and in this country, of such a work as Gideon Ouseley's 'Old Catholicism.' The point—as to stigmatising Roman Catholics as idolaters—taken in the 'Note' printed in your last number under the head of 'Book Reviews,' was so obvious, that, had I not read the *Guardian's* reply, or what it intended for a reply, in its issue of the 10th Sept., I should have thought that no one of average intellect could have missed it. The point was, in effect, that a person guilty of what another holds to be idolatry, is not necessarily an idolater, and that to stigmatise him as such may be mere vulgar abuse. According to the logic of the *Guardian*, Moses must have been an idolater when he worshipped in front of the burning bush; and the Jewish high-priest was equally one, when, in the holy of holies, he paid adoration to what his senses assured him was a mere cloud. Mohammedans charge the Trinitarian with polytheism, as worshipping three Gods, and the Christian with idolatry, because he worships Christ—a mere man in their eyes. Professor Clifford, too, in the July number of the *Fortnightly Review* which the *Guardian* praised so highly, in one sweeping generalisation, which includes