

must have been sown by those robust and individual poets of the Elizabethan times. I find none of the verse-makers of to-day whose product is so markedly original and at the same time so free from affectation. It is easy to adopt this or that sort of originality at will,—to acquire a mannerism. But real style is an attitude of the heart, a frame of mind, quite impossible to imitate. When suffused by an abundant wholesome imagination, as in the author of "A Roadside Harp," such an attitude of spirit, such a power of style, becomes capable of the rarest self-revelation and expression in art. Take for instance that lovely "Ballad of Kenelm." So absolutely fresh and unhackneyed in every line, yet so free from any taint of affectation, it could only have been born of the most genuine poetic impulse working through the sincerest and most unconscious style.

"They travelled down the lane,
An hour's dust they made."

"But once I hear the blackbird in Leighlin hedges call,
The foolishness is on me, and the wild tears fall"

"He has done with roofs and men,
Open, Time, and let him pass."

"The gusty morns are here,
When all the reeds ride low with level spear."

These are the things, so simple in their loveliness, which look so easy to do, and which none but a master ever achieves. Like Browning, Miss Guiney has often a too curious and irresponsible fancy which leads her through perplexities of speech; she wrecks expression upon some thought too trivial or vague or remote to be worth the while; and yet like the great Victorian of "Pippa Passes" or "Home Thoughts from Abroad," she has at command a golden unmarred deliciousness of cadence and a smooth sufficiency of utterance, that make all rival effort toil in vain.