

not be angry with me that I incline to agree with Mr. Duvar, in preferring the wife to the husband *as a poet*; I say nothing as to his psychological analysis or just and keen satire, or the theosophy of "*Caliban on Setebos*."

Since you ask me, gentle Lockhart,
 Leader of the band of minstrels
 in the songs of our Dominion,
 What I think of Robert Browning--
 Take my thoughts for your symposium.
 What he wrote, and what he taught
 Is bright with wit, with wisdom fraught,
 Large and lofty, strong and pure.
 His pregnant verse at times obscure,
 But still with some deep thought behind it--
 So deep that many fail to find it.
 Old proverbs say, that of the dead
 Nothing but good should e'er be said;
 Yet, I should better like our bard
 If his hard things were not so hard.
 Is there not something of the sphinx
 In Caliban's mysterious "Thinks"?
 Something not Hebrew, Greek or Asian,
 And not exactly Athanasian?
 Some hidden thing we long to see
 In that deep, mystical "So he"?
 Must we not Browning's spirit call
 To lift the veil, and, once for all,
 These riddles to explain and solve
 With all the mysteries they involve,
 And thus from all reproach our honoured bard absolve?

Ottawa, 1890

W.