

when they talk of their religious experience. How many a horny-handed son of toil will recognize a Christian brother in the scholar and nobleman who speaks thus from his heart:—

“Grant me to live that I may need from life
No more than life hath given me, and to die
That I may give to death no more than I
Have long abandoned. And if toil and strife
Yet in the portion of my days must be,
Firm be my faith and quiet be my heart !
That so my work may with my will agree,
And strength be mine to calmly fill my part
In nature’s purpose, questioning not the end.
For life is more than raiment or than food.
Shall I not take the evil with the good ?
Blessed to me be all which Thou dost send !
Nor blest the least, recalling what has been,
The knowledge of the evil I have known
Without me and within me. Since to lean
Upon a strength far mightier than my own
Such knowledge brought me. In whose strength I stand,
Firmly upheld even though in ruin hurled,
The fixed foundations of this rolling world
Should topple at the waving of Thy hand.”

The most popular, and some say the best, of Owen Meredith’s works is “*Lucile*,” published in 1860. It is a novel in verse. This poem is strongly influenced by French style, indeed the substance as well as the style of the work is peculiarly French. The verse is easy and flowing and well suited to the narrative. The action is swift and the colouring is strong. The motive, too, is popular,—love, jealousy and war. Altogether the book is one to please many readers. It is full of word-painting for those who do not care to think, and to the thoughtful it gives food for thought. There is a fault in this work that is, however, to be found in many modern works of fiction. The most extraordinary moral effects are brought about by moral forces that are utterly inadequate. The physical marvels of Jack the Giant Killer give no offence to childhood, and children of a larger growth show just as little sense of the enormous disproportion between the moral cause and the moral effect in a popular novel. In “*Lucile*” we have a gay woman of fashion changed into a saint of the first order, and the only cause assigned for the change is a disappoint-