

While the latter are running with socialism, realism, "veritism," the New Ethic, the New Education, the New Granny's Nightcap, and all sorts of feather-toppers whatever, the former are frittering away their efforts in symbolism and the deceptive sound. In matters of faith, too, the latter are devoured by a thousand untried notions and nostrums for the betterment of this precious race of pigmies, while the former have turned back to a paganism older than Athens, a paganism on which the shadow of the time has passed as a cloud on the sea. "To a Dog's Memory," "Open Time," "Athassel Abbey," "A Friend's Song for Limdisius," there is no more gracious and winning and impassioned note in English letters to-day than rings through these beautiful and pagan, perfectly pagan, lyrics. Listen to the opening of the last :

"The breath of dew, and twilight's grace,
Be on the lonely battle place ;
And to so young, so kind a face,
The long protecting grasses cling !
(Alas, alas,
The one inexorable thing !)

"In rocky hollows cool and deep,
The bees our boyhood hunted sleep ;
The early moon from Ida's steep
Comes to the empty wrestling-ring.
(Alas, alas,
The one inexorable thing !)

"Upon the widowed wind recede
No echoes of the shepherd's reed,
And children without laughter lead
The war-horse to the watering.
(Alas, alas,
The one inexorable thing !)"