

all others had drank in the spirit of Greek poetry ; the late Walter Savage Landor. He has given us nothing approaching the Artemis, but in some of his later poems a classical subjects he wrote with a strength and purity of expression, reminding us of Browning no less than of the Greek models. Want of space prevents us from analysing "Waring," or "Cristina," the latter containing the thought that love is the bliss and end of *this* life, whatever deeper blisses and ends there may be in another life, an idea rather more Platonic than Pauline. But remarkable as showing Browning's power of intensifying to a white heat, any given phase of faith or thought, are the poems entitled "Mad house Cells." Here with the faculty of reasoning correctly from wrong premises which Locke attributes to one kind of insanity, Johannes Agricola pursues the logical results of his theological system. Secure that he was chosen out from among mankind for salvation, before "God fashioned star or sun," secure in his predestined salvation even were he to "blend all hideous sins," in his own life, he contemplates the condition of those predestined to be lost, in spite of all their efforts to do good.

When life on earth aspired to be  
The altar smoke, so pure—to win  
If not love like God, love for me,  
At least to keep his anger in,  
And all their striving turned to sin  
Priest, doctor, hermit, monk, grown white  
With prayer, the broken-hearted nun,  
The martyr, the wan acolyte,  
The incense swinging child—*undone*  
*Before God fashioned star or sun*

"Porphyria" is a "sensation scene" of the wildest kind. With Porphyria's lover, love has reached the point of happiness beyond which it cannot go. He feels that she worships him :

"That moment she was mine, mine fair,  
Perfectly pure and good ; I found  
A thing to do at last. Her hair  
In one long yellow string I wound  
Three times her little throat around,  
And strangled her. No pain felt she.  
I am quite sure she felt no pain ;  
As a shut bud that holds a bee,  
I warily oped her lids, again  
Laughed the blue eyes without a stain.

And thus we sit together now,  
And all night long we have not stirr'd,  
And yet God has not said a word !"

It is a fitting *reductio ad absurdum* of the modern Manichæism.

"As  
What :

We I  
mitted or  
English  
stands at  
the asser  
feel quit

" Y  
Sun  
Blu  
In t  
' He  
Wh  
Whi

The of  
which are  
which the  
truer feeli  
Woman's  
minutely p  
of one of  
to knowled  
remarkable  
beauty, wh  
excellencies  
Of the phil  
epileptic w  
some learne  
his recovery  
child. He