

own lifetime, come by their own in some degree. Mr. Bridges is no longer, to his ever-widening circle of readers, the author only of his "Shorter Poems," but from the poetical throne of his generation rules as many provinces as any of his august predecessors. Mr. Binyon, of whom we wrote two months ago, has been welcomed to his due fame by a tardy but unanimous acclamation; and we shall be disappointed if the same distinction is not now accorded to Mr. Sturge Moore, whose two little volumes¹ just published finally mark him off from the minor or the amateur writer of verse.

These poems are idylls of the more dramatic kind; their motive is description, whether of things seen or things felt—their method is that of vivid dialogue. Seeing that Browning has already turned the name "Dramatic Idyll" to his own uses, it would be safer, perhaps, to speak of them as Idyllic Dramas; and there can be no doubt that but for the difficulty of representing the half-human upon the stage they might be acted with charming effect. As it is, they raise in the mind pictures after the manner of Piero di Cosimo, fit for an Italian frieze or a wedding-chest; and with these we must be content, as well we may.

The old Centaur, Pholus, lies among the boulders on the Thracian hills, gazing forth into the deepening twilight. In the city below he sees the torches of an angry mob, pursuing his brother Medon to a cruel death. He himself will be now the last of the Centaurs, powerless even to avenge.

Nor will I shed a tear,
Who still have known
How vain hope would appear
When truth was known;
We were not born to grow
And gather sway,
But to a weakling foe
To yield each day;

¹ "The Centaur's Booty" and "The Rout of the Amazons." By T Sturge Moore. Duckworth & Co., 1903. Each 1s. net.