

esans, or raked from Gaulish slums. Thank God that there are women left to appreciate the beautiful and sentimental in literature, and that the disgusting effronteries of the fleshly school, the priggish automata of the realist, and the platitudes of fossils of the *Review* type, are not the all-in-all, the alpha and omega of letters. There are some who would rather be Hans Andersen than Jeffrey, who would rather pin their faith to the imaginings of Haggard and the mysteries of Stevenson, than grow old and crusty beneath the cobwebs of a rationalist's cellar, or "spindle" into matter-of-fact skeletons upon the parritch and browse of a reviewer's logic.

It is in Mr. Arnold's poetry we best learn the man. His prose is full of its own peculiar charm: intellectual, cultured, lucid, conveying many morals, replete with many truths; but in his best poems we find the "sweetness and light" of the man's inner and therefore best nature. To many it is given to be intellectual, to the few is the boon of spirituality granted. The oak is for the tempest and the service of strength, and is admirable in its sturdy ruggedness. It stretches lusty arms to heaven, and from it is hewn the plank that braves the shot or breasts the breaker. The violet blossoms unnoticed at the root of the forest bole, and is altogether lovable in its tender grace, but its perfume is for him alone who stoops to gather this first best tribute of the spring.

Henry James, speaking of Arnold's poetry, says: "As a poet, Matthew Arnold is really singular, he takes his place among the most fortunate writers of our day who have expressed themselves in verse, but his place is somewhat apart." And again, "Splendour, music, passion, breadth of movement and rhythm, we find in him in no great abundance; what we do find is high distinction of feeling." Another critic, an Edinburgh reviewer by the

by, thus expresses himself:—"For combined culture and fine natural feeling in the matter of versification, Mr. Arnold has no living superior." What must appeal to many of the readers of Mr. Arnold's poems as their principal charm is perhaps the vein of pathos coupled with a vein of hopeful trust which runs through them all:

Foiled by our fellow-men, depressed, outworn,

yet in the same stanza we have the antidote:

Patience! in another life . . .
The world shall be thrust down, and we up borne.

Again:

Creeds pass, rites change, no altar standeth whole,

but—

Keep by this: Life in God, and union there.

Yet once more, speaking of his father:

For fifteen years
We . . . have endured
Sunshine and rain as we might,
Bare, unshaded, alone,
Lacking the shelter of thee.

But immediately follows the comfort, the upbearing thought:

For that force
Surely has not been left vain!
Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labour-house vast
Of being, is practised that strength
Zealous, beneficent, firm.

Not very orthodox, perhaps, but there are finer themes to engage the human rational intellect than a stilted orthodoxy. The orthodox should hardly understand pathos: their personal Father, their iron-bound faith, and their certain heaven are so sure—to themselves. Neither should they ever shed a tear for earth or earthly losses, for trial: wisely preordained, and companions and loved ones gone before. But to the heterodox, poor forlorn wretch, staggering with doubting steps toward the great high altar