and imagination rest beyond the tumults of the moment, and the din of factious disputes. No matter how closely humanity surged around him, Arnold strove to help "the core of self" beyond the reach of any defilement, and this is, after all, the subject for his song utterances.

It is this thought that suggests one of the sweetest of his lyrics, from which the following stanzas are taken:

> Yes! in the sea of life existed,
> With echoing straits between us thrown,
> Dotting the shoreless watery wild,
> We mortal millions live *alone*,
> The islands feel the enclasping flow,
> And then their endless bounds they know.
>
> But when the moon their hollows lights,
> And they are swept by balms of spring,
> And in their glens on starry nights
> The nightingales divinely sing;
> And lovely notes, from shore to shore,
> Across the sounds and channels pour—
>
> Oh! then a longing-like despair
> Is to their farthest caverns sent;
> For surely once, they feel, we were
> Parts of a single continent!
> Now round us meets the watery plain—
> Oh might our marges meet again!

But we must now, in this hurried sketch, confine our attention to one or two distinct phases of Arnold's poetry. And first let us see if this "pessimist' could nerve himself to anything but broken wailings over the darkness of fate. Poems of such a nature can never be supremely great, for the world knows how easy it is to despair But the strong, clear song that springs from a loftier conception of life, that tells of an unconquerable spirit,—this is rare, and has the qualities of endurance. It will last, either in its own form or in the manifold music of human lives of which it affects. This is a subject we cannot enter upon here, however, and we shall simply quote some lines of "Obermann Once More," to show the virile force and simple power which Arnold had to portray in historical setting the stern facts of his own life.

> In his cool hall with haggard eyes
> The Roman noble lay,
> He drove abroad in furious guise
> Along the Appian way.
>
> He made a feast, drank fierce and fast,
> And crowned his hair with flowers;
> No easier nor no quicker passed
> The impracticable hours
>
> The brooding East with awe beheld
> Her impious younger world;
> The Roman tempest swelled and swelled
> And on her head was hurl'd.
>
> The East bowed low before the blast
> In patient, deep disdain,
> She let the legions thunder past,
> And plunged in thought again.
>
> So well she mused, a morning broke
> Across her spirit gray:
> A conquering, new-born joy awoke
> And filled her life with day.
>
> "Poor world," she cried, "so deep accurst,
> That runn'st from pole to pole
> To seek a draught to slake thy thirst,
> Go seek it in thy soul!"

None of Arnold's narrative poems are great, but all are good. The "Sick King in Bokhara" has more of the dramatic in it than his tragedies, but strikes the reader as somewhat abrupt in thought and form. There has been great difference of opinion with regard to "Sohrab and Rustum." The first reviewers, in articles now mere curiosities, found fault with the minute treatment—an imitation of Homer. They said that the slight action of the story was impeded by such "truck," as it was called Now this and the other narrative poems are taken more as idylls, and the excellence of the treatment less questioned How much would it take away from this poem to omit, as one critic insists on doing, the last fifty lines? He would omit that picture of the twilight falling by the Aral sea, of the two gazing hosts and the lonely plain between, where the father knelt by the son he had just killed, and then the camp-fires twinkling through the fog on either side the Oxus.

> "But the majestic river floated on
> Out of the mist and hum of that low land
> Into the frosty starlight, and there moved,
> Rejoicing, through the hushed Chorasmian waste
> Under the solitary moon."

There is a fine suggestion through it all that the river is not merely the Oxus It flows almost as a phantom stream Upon its banks the banners are rippling in the pomp of war, but its dark, sluggish current seems to give a chill that haunts the reader to the close.

Tristram and Iseult suffers in some respects by contrast with Tennyson's Idylls, but it is full of clear, yet short, glimpses into that romantic world. The dramatic element is not strong here, but yet not absent, and there is more reality, more human passion in it than in Tennyson's romantic work. Who of us does not retain the picture of that wild, bleak coast of France, where the frail Iseult bends over the knight whose eyes are—

> "Gazing seaward for the light
> Of some ship that fronts the gale
> On this wild December night?"

We are startled at the picture on the swinging, ghost-like tapestry, as the wind blows the arras to and fro beside the dead lovers, and the hunter stares at the corpses and then at the blown rushes on the floor, and the fitful fire; and in a lull of the storm comes the long roar of the Atlantic!

And yet Arnold was not a poet of the past, though he wished for a return to Grecian ideals. He had to live too much in the present to become an idle admirer of the past, and from most of his poems, treating of a classical or romantic subject, we feel almost as in an allegory, the direct influence on our life now. The others he leaves as we must leave them. They may be restful to us when we are wearied with the struggle of life, but when we are strong again it is our duty to turn from the dim pagentry to the stern needs of the day. Let the scene come once before the eyes, and then in Arnold's own words:

> "Pass banners, pass, and bugles cease,
> And leave their deserts to their peace."

JAMES T. SHOTWELL.

Mr. Robertson, whose article on Residence appeared last week, very kindly provided a cut at his own expense to go with it. We are very sorry that it arrived too late for us to use it with the article, but we are very thankful to Mr. Robertson for his kindness in sending it.