

tious, carnal pleasures. The flesh has had full gratification, and as a consequence the spirit can scarcely be said to exist at all, so dwarfed and starved has it become. To his foul imagination nothing is clean. There is no purity, no honesty, no virtue, in the world.

“Friendship—to be two in one—

Let the canting liar pack :

Well I know when I am gone

How she mouths behind my back.

Virtue—to be good and just—

Every heart when sifted well

As a clot of warmer dust

Mixed with cunning sparks of hell.”

Every sense has been steeped in animalism, a stream of reckless impurity runs through his every thought, and he stands out as a terrible example of “a crime of sense avenged by sense that wore with time.” There may be some hope yet for his personal salvation :

“He had not wholly quenched his power,

A little grain of conscience made him sour,”

but, in so far as this world is concerned, his life has been lived in vain. As between Sir Gallahad and this carnal type of mankind the advantage is greatly in the former's favour. He may be crowned “otherwhere,” but it is certain that the latter is avenged even here.

But there are some who have set up and tried to reach an ideal far different from either of these. They are too aesthetic to seek for pleasure in the depths of materialism, and too intellectual to look for it on the heights of mysticism. So they shut themselves from the world in a Palace of Art half-way up the slope, meaning to revel in that pleasure which gracefully carved statue, suggestive painting, woven tapestry, and melodious sounds afford. They become worshippers of Art, deeming that by such a course they are serving the high-