

He must have done some wicked thing
To make him tread so light :
Or is it only that the king
Admired his wife last night? ”

In *England* the “Wanderer” writes in different moods. Sometimes he is touched with the spleen, a malady said by the French to be peculiar to Englishmen and to consist in disgust of life. In other moods he is true to that strong moral and practical instinct that always marks the typical Englishman. In this last and best vein is the following passage :—

“ Doubtless, doubtless, again and again,
Many a mouth has starved for bread
In a city whose wharves are choked with corn,
And many a heart hath perished dead
From being too utterly forlorn,
In a city whose streets are choked with men.
Yet the bread is there could one find it out,
And there is a heart for a heart no doubt,
Wherever a human heart may beat ;
And room for courage and truth and love
To move wherever a man may move,
In the thickest crowded street.

O Lord of the soul of man, whose will
Made earth for man, and man for heaven,
Help all Thy creatures to fulfil
The hopes to each one given !
So fair Thou madest, and so complete,
The little daisies at our feet ;
So sound and so robust in heart,
The patient beasts that bear their part
In this world’s labour, never asking
The reason of its ceaseless tasking ;
Hast Thou made man, though more in kind
By reason of his soul and mind,
Yet less in unison with life,
By reason of his inward strife,
Than these, Thy simple creatures, are,
Submitting to his use and care? ”

In the last book of the “Wanderer,” the “Palingenesis,” we have what might be called the Confessions of Owen Meredith, or in more familiar terms, his religious experience. Here are many