

form of his blank verse is as inventive as original. It is by the breadth of his range that he most conclusively takes the first place among the modern poets.

Within the last ten years, the impulse given in '32 has died away. The vital interest in theological and social questions, in human questions of the present, has decayed; and the same thing which we find in the case of Keats has again taken place. A new class of literary poets has arisen, who have no care for a present they think dull, for religious questions to which they see no end. They too have gone back to Greek and mediæval and old Norse life for their subjects. They find much of their inspiration in Italy and in Chaucer; but they continue the love poetry and the poetry of natural description. No English poetry exceeds Swinburne's in varied melody; and the poems of Rossetti, within their limited range, are instinct with passion at once subtle and intense. Of them all WILLIAM MORRIS is the greatest, and of him much more is to be expected. At present he is our most delightful story-teller. He loses much by being too long, but we pardon the length for the gentle charm. The *Death of Jason*, and the stories told month by month in the *Earthly Paradise*, a Greek and a mediæval story alternately, will long live to give pleasure to the holiday times of men. It is some pity that it is foreign and not English story, but we can bear to hear alien tales, for Tennyson has always kept us close to the scenery, the traditions, the daily life and the history of England; and his last poem, the drama of *Queen Mary*, 1875, is written almost exactly twelve hundred years since the date of our first poem, Cædmon's *Paraphrase*. To think of one and then of the other, and of the great and continuous stream of literature that has flowed between them, is more than enough to make us all proud of the name of Englishmen.