

blossom, marble—all. He directs the young men where to dig, with the hope of finding a piece of *lapis lazuli* as large as a Jew's head to place in his hands. His tomb must be more gorgeous than Gandolf's, for he wants him to envy his tomb as he had his wife. He has bequeathed them his beautiful villas with their baths and vineyards and gardens, and he pleads with them, as they love him, to make it of jasper. Then worldliness, inconsistency, pride, hypocrisy, love of luxury, of good Latin, hatred of his rival and predecessor, love of self, of grandeur and of display are some of the characteristics of his religion, and do they not all tend toward the material good of this world rather than to the treasure in heaven, to the sensuous rather than the spiritual?

Secondly, his sense of art. Says one, "The juxtaposition of the tripod; the symbol of Delphic wisdom; and the thyrsus the symbol of Bacchic revels, is a fit introduction to the general chaos of Christian and pagan art which follows: The spirit of the Renaissance is exactly typified by the conceit of making the mischievous Pan next neighbor to St. Praxed on the one hand and Moses on the other."

Ruskin says: "I know no other piece of Modern English prose or poetry in which there is so much told as in these lines of the Renaissance spirit." The Encyclopædia Britannica, in treating of the Renaissance, exactly suits the Bishop when it says: "Its religion is joyous, sensuous, dramatic and terrible, but in each and all of its many-sided manifestations, strictly human." Again: "The art of the Renaissance was an apocalypse of the beauty of the world and man in unaffected spontaneity, without side thoughts for piety or erudition (the Bishop again), inspired by pure delight in loveliness and harmony for their own sakes."

His religion is, of course, Roman Catholicism, which with its forms and rules of worship, its gorgeous ceremonials and gaudy images, tends to the sensuous, pleases and appeals to the senses instead of drawing out the spirit in true worship. So, if it be true that as a man's religion is,

so is he, then the Bishop's impure religion tinged the spirit of his art, and it became sensuous also. If his religion had been right he would have had aspirations after the pure, the holy, the divine, and he would have striven to express this in his art. But his art shows no indications of anything of this kind, because his religion is devoid of these qualities. His religion has already been spoken of, and we see that his art corresponded to it and was decidedly mundane and unchristian. It has been said that "the true glory of art is that in its creation there arise desires and aspirations never to be satisfied on earth, but generating new desires and new aspirations by which the spirit of man mounts to God himself." So then the glory of true art and of true religion is the same, to lead a man upward, and they are joined together, the one influencing the other.

If we accept the statement that anything which tends to sensualize rather than spiritualize our natures is painful and depraving, then we have no difficulty in agreeing with the question. So then the Bishop's sense of art, like his sense of religion, was of a purely sensuous kind, and doubtless did corrupt rather than strengthen his nature.

12.—The Ethical Teaching of Browning's Poetry.

BROWNING is the most intellectual and essentially Christian of poets. Religion is with him the all-in-all, but he believes in no particular form: formulations are at best only provisional, and at the worst lead to spiritual standstill. There is no poetry more charged with discursive thought than his, but at the same time, it is animated with the essence of Christianity—the Life of Christ. The streaming forth of power, will and love from the whole face of the visible universe delights his imagination. His works are filled with condensed thought, and he has the most wonderful capacity to conceive and express the subtlest complexities of the human mind. He possesses a profound knowledge of human nature, but it is not as the poet of nature, but as the poet of the human soul,