

Note the complete harmony of sound with sense in these last two lines, and in

"Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar."

Like Shelley's, Arnold's cup was "dealt in another measure" from most. But to Shelley despair was welcome and congenial; while Arnold had little to save him from the sophistry of Spenser's personification:

"Then doe no further go, no further stray,
But here ly downe, and to thy rest betake,
Th'ill to prevent, that life ensewen may.
For what hath life, that may it loved make,
And gives not rather cause it to forsake?
Feare, sicknesse, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,
Payne, hunger, cold that makes the heart to quake;
And ever fickle fortune rageth rife;
All which, and thousands mo, do make a loathsome life."

The cry of *Dover Beach* is old and sorrowful, the more so when a man, insisting that true peace of soul is inconsistent with the idea of a personal God, reiterates the cry, takes up the lamentation, and declares that even for him there is

"Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain."

The patient seeker may well turn away with a sigh of disgust at such unpalatable fare, albeit dressed with what care is possible, to the thought of Browning, on the cliff, that fatalism is of love and virtue alone; and of Tennyson as he concludes the labour of his *In Memoriam*:

"O living will that shall endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock,
Rise in the spiritual rock,
Flow thro' our deeds and make them pure,

"That we may lift from out of dust
A voice as unto him that hears,
A cry above the conquered years
To one that with us works, and trust,

"With faith that comes of self-control,
The truths that never can be proved
Until we close with all we loved,
And all we flow from, soul in soul."

So that, at the last, reminiscent beauty is all that remains in