

The rule of many kings and queens is prophesied, but Arthur is the ideal which men shall revere in the homage paid all kinghood, even when the individual representative is unworthy. The three queens who attended Arthur on the barge that bore him to his rest in Avalon, are made to symbolize the crowning event of national progress, the union of England, Scotland, Ireland in one great whole beneath the "Good Queen," Victoria, and the "Blameless Prince," Alfred. Great material prosperity and the highest spirituality are pictured going hand in hand through the last decades of the nineteenth century. But the spiritual growth must have been too rapid, for the nation falls from grace, and wars of avarice drain the resources of the land. Yet from these fiery trials a purer nation rises—free thought and truth reign.

To Bedivere these prophecies seem vague and unsatisfying, void of interest, for he cannot find his Arthur in it all; and with the pertinacity of a child he harps on the one idea.

"But tell me further of the Blameless Prince."

And when he learns of Alfred's early death, his last hope dies; yet he goes back to his vital love and longing when he asks,

"If, in the far-off after-time, shall come  
A prince who shall be known by Arthur's name,  
And bear it blamelessly as he did his."

Then Merlin comforts him with prophecy of a prince, third son of her who rules on England's throne, who shall fulfil his hopes.

"The name of Arthur—him that is to be—

Shall shed new glories upon him we loved."

In the conclusion the poet brings us back to the Arthurian atmosphere. Indeed, throughout the poem, it is only by what one might call the intrusions of Sir Bedivere into the main theme, that we are reminded that the scene is laid in Arthurian days. The idyllic touches, which are supposed to do this for us, are inadequate and unreal. It is the allegory of Britain's material prosperity and greatness that forces itself upon one's mind and memory. The modern note is dominant; and, even so, it is not especially compelling. There is no pulse stirring throb of life and action, and lofty aspiration about the poem.

Of a more virile type is the work of Wm. Wilfred Campbell, a poet of present-day Canada. With the new confidence of the stronger