

idea of sensuality must have been, Nordan thinks, the result of a sensual idea. He goes on to quote one of Mr. Oscar Wilde's most absurd sayings, and sets to work seriously to prove that it is absurd. In brief, Max Nordan does not understand poetry, and has no sense of humour—or has mislaid it.

However, grant that Max Nordan's criticism is correct, then it proves much more than it wants to prove. Mr. Oscar Wilde sometimes says things which are not reasoned truth; so did Aristophanes and Rabelais. We are not quite so modern as Max Nordan thinks. However, there is no need to martyrize him. His book is suggestive, audacious, interesting, showing that width of range which is so fatal in science and so desirable everywhere else. Nor does his evidence always fail; it would be difficult to refute what he says of Walt Whitman or Verlaine, for instance. It must not be supposed that either Max Nordan or his Master, Lanbrosco, would prove every genius to be insane. The theory is not so large as that, but none the less, it seems to me to be too large for the facts. The fallacy which underlies Max Nordan's book seems to me that by proving a parallel one proves a connection.

