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The Titan is nailed to his rock, and suffers, but he knows that a time of restitution of all things will come yet, (the Christian millennium in fact under pagan guise) when evil shall cease to appear good, and the power of darkness, now regnant, or apparently triumphant, shall have downfall. And the great beauty of the poem consists in a long series of chorus songs wherein this faith is urged by the Nymphs who are his consolers upon the suffering Titan. Some of them are among the most exquisite of English lyrics.

"From the dust of creeds outworn,
From the tyrant's banner torn,
Through the darkness onward borne,
There came floating many a cry,
Freedom, hope, death, victory."

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Or the song beginning,

"Oh! sister, desolation is a delicate thing,
It treads not in the earth, it floats not in the air.
But it comes with noiseless footstep, and it fans with silent wing
The tender hopes that in their hearts the best and gentlest bear."

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The healthiest of Shelly's minor poems also belong to this period, that of his happy domestic life. Who knows not the "Sensitive Plant," the "Skylark," and that "Heart of Hearts," of love poetry, which begins,

"One word is too often profaned
For me to profane it.
One feeling too falsely disdained
For thee to disdain it.
The desire of the north for the star,
Of the night for the morrow;
The devotion to something afar,
From the sphere of our sorrow."

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We have many pleasant records of those happy days in Italy, in the genial remembrances of poor Leigh Hunt—in the purer and less turbid flow of the poetry which Byron wrote during his intimacy with Shelley, in the poem wherein a great master singer of our own day describes how he walked with Shelley, and how the eagle feather fell on his path as they parted,—but none half so touching as that of the poor wife, written soon after he had been taken away. How sunny were the days to those two who loved each other so intensely! In their villa, in their garden, in their boat on the Serchio, with sky and water, of which we have a description like Turner's colouring:

"Where far into mists of æry gold
The clouds on the western heights unfold,"

d, against all

or as we meet them in another poem, in the pine woods listening to the cicela and the aziola. Then there were friends, such as Leigh Hunt, who were poor and needed to be helped and entertained. It was all too bright to last in this