

republican stoic, in outlook a turbulent epicurean, at heart a devotee of self-sacrifice, and peaceful homesteads, and lovely children, he presents strange contrasts ; but at one point these contrasts are reconciled. No one, not even Carlyle or Ruskin or Disraeli, has combated the hard materialism of Mammon with loftier scorn, or warred against mere utilitarianism with fiercer onslaughts. We cannot illustrate Mr. Swinburne's gentler and quieter aspects more aptly than by quoting a few stanzas from what seems to us the most exquisite poem of this series—"At a Dog's Grave," which rivals another on babyhood—"Three Weeks Old" :

Good night, we say, when comes the time to win
The daily death divine that shuts up night,
Sleep that assures for all who dwell therein,
Good night.

Shall friends born lower in life, though pure of sin,
Though clothed with love and faith to usward plight,
Perish and pass unbidden of us, their kin ?
Good night.

If aught of blameless life on earth may claim
Life higher than death, though death's dark wave rise high,
Such life as this among us never came
To die.

White violets there by hands more sweet than they
Planted shall sweeten April's flowerful air
About a grave that shows to-night and day
White violets there.

A child's light hands, whose touch makes flowers more fair,
Keep fair as these for many a March and May
The light of days that are because they were
It shall not like a blossom pass away ;
It broods and brightens with the days that bear
Fresh fruits of love, but leave as love might pray,
White violets there.

It has become the fashion lately to accuse Mr. Kipling of a