PROGRESS, SATURDAY. NOVEMBER 7. 1896,

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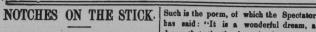
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THE POEM. CHRIST IN BADES, IS BY AN ENGLISH AUTHOR.

12

Some of its Starzas and How it is Regarded by Competent Critics-Something Con-cerning the Life of the Youthful Author-Other of his Potms.

"Christ in Hades," a pcem by Stephen The Speaker bas declared,-"The s Phillips, published in Elkin Mathews' "Shilling Garland," (Vigo St., London, 1896), has attracted much attention and obtained some very favorable comment from high critical scurces. We have been

Lately enabled to enjoy if, and indeed, it seems to us a noble conception, simply and powerfully wrought. It opens with the following Hyperion-like parsage: Where lie the things of my beloved spread.

Mowing Hyper.on.inte parsage: Keen as a bind man, at dawn awoke, Smells in the dark the cold odor of earth; Eastward he turns his eyee, and over him A dreadful freshness exquisitely breather; The room is brightening, even his own ince! So the exitedd ghosts in Hades felt A waft of early sweet, and heard the rain Of spring beginning over then ; they all Stood still, and in each other's faced looked. We are immediately in that prison house

of gloom made familiar to us by the great Greek and Latin masters, and amid the odlike peoples of that old mythology. Persephone is first encountered :--

Perpetual dollar had as yet but drooped The corners of her mouth and in her hand She held a bloom that had on earth a name. She anticipates some approaching pres-

ence, to which she appeals with that whisper which in Hades is a voice :

"Come, my Hermes, come "Tis time to fetch mu! Ab through all my veins The sharpness of the spring returns : I hear The stalk review with asp and the first drups On green Wilminged crass." Joann core with On green illumined gras; ; now over The blades are growing fast; I cann He comes, he comes! Yet with how slow a step, Who used to run along a sunny gus: ! And O a withered wreath ! no ro es now Those earnest even, that range d hairs his face Was glad and e ld. This is no goi at all, Only some grieving human sha e, with hands Ubasightly, and the eager Furies wheel Over him.¹⁰

Christ appears, silently as preaches, 'excercising the spell over her which soon extends to all inhabitants of H. des, looking at her with grave eves:

Her young mouth trembl d fast, and from her hand With sectors f.ccs she let the earth if flower Drop down; then stretching out her arms, she said : "O all fresh out of beautiful sunlight!

Was it not difficult to come away Straight from the greenness to the dimness? Nor It is the time of tender opening things. Above my head the fields murmur and wave, And brezzes are just moving the clear heat. O the mid-noon is trembling on the corn, On cattle calm, and trees in perfect sleep. And has those empty come? Hast thou not brough Even a blossom with the noise of rain All studie for strain back. Even a blossom with the noise of rain And smell of earth about it, that we all Might gather round and whisper cver it! At one wet blossom all the dead would feel! O thou beginning to glide bere a shadow. Soon shalt theu know how much it seems to us, I n miserable dim magnificence To feel the somdrop greewing over us, That barren crow.! but now it was a wreath. These guts of Heil have blown it into thorn! If thou canst bear it yet, 0 speak to me Of the blue moon, of bretze and of rivers!

Suddenly she is aware of unusual stilluers, and stops short to see what it means. Like to trees

Like to trees Motionless in an cestasy of rain, So the tail dead stood drooping around Christ, Under the falling peace intensely still; And some in slow delight their faces raised upward. There Agamemnon, Ixion, and a multi-

tude ghosts come eddying down and cluster around h'm

In silence stood the dead, Gazing ; only was heard that river steal The listless ripple of Oblivion.

Every appeal is a cry atter lost earth, with its bloom and sunshine. How relishing seem these common gitts now! They are like the smell of a feast watted to a beggar who stands perishing in the cold. But yet !.... Hear the AtLenian ghost :

"Art thou a god? Then guide us to the air, To trees and rivers, that peculiar light Which even now is quantered on the beast. Canat the not make the primoree yen ure up Or bring the gentlest shower? O pity ar; For I would ask other only to look Uper the state other only to look Jpon the wonderful sunlight, and to smell Earth in the rain. Is not the Laborer Earth in the rain. Is not the Laborer Returning heavy through the August sheaves Against the setting sun, who gladly smells His supper from the opening door, is he Not happier than these melancholy bins? How good it is to live, even at the wors! God was so laviah to us once in there He hath repented, zealous of his beams. . . . The u comest from the glistening sun As out of some great battle, tor has thou The beautiful ease of the untroubled gods". Yet, he reflects around the tore has to a

dream that stirs the heart in almost every line, though Christ himself never utters a word throughout the poem, but only brings his sad countenance and bleeding brow and torn hands into that imaginary world of half conceived and chaotic gloom; while The Snedker has defaund. music is matched by majestic words. The poignancy of feeling which is in the title-poem cries from the lyrics also.' That poignancy is especially notable in the fol-lowing:

Quietly these I took; A little glove, a sheet of music torn, Painting ill-done perhaps; Then lifted up a dress that she had worn. And now I came to where Her letters are; they lie beneath the rest; And read them in the h ze; She spike of many things, was sore opprest. But these things moved me not; Not when she spoke of being parted quite, Or being misunderstood

Or being misunderstood, Or growing weary of the world's great fight. Not even when she wrote Of our dead child, and the hand-writing swerved; Not even then I shook; Not even by such words was I unnerved.

I thought, she is at perce; Whither the child is gone, she too has passed. And a mucl-needed rest Is fallen upon her, she is still at last. For when at length I took From under all those lett Folded and writ in haste; se letters one small sheet. Why did my heart with sudden sharpness hear?

Alas, it was not sad! Her saidest words I had read calmly o'er, Alas, it had no pain ! Her painful words, all these I knew before.

A hurried happy lin ! A hitte jest, too slight for one so dead : This d d I not endure : Then wit... a shuddering heart no more I read. By favor of our friendly correspondent, Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, of Pegswood, Morpeth, Eng., we have some particulars respecting the author of these poeme. 'He is the son of Canon Phillips of Peterborough Cathedral, and was born at Somertown.

near Oxford. He is distantly related to the poet Wordsworth. He read for the civil zervice for a time, then went on the stage, attaching himself to the dramatic company of his cousin, Frank Benson, (to whom 'Christ in Hades' is dedicated). His sciences, he made several contributions. Then he issued 'Eremus,' of which Mr. Stopford Brooke says,-'All the space thrills and vibrates with emotions while the

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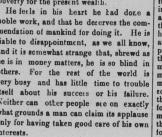
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Yet, le reflects, arguing from the for list of these it called 'obscure millionaires' lorn marks upon this strange visitor, there is no help to be expected from him :

We can trust thee not, How wilt thou lead with feet already pierce. ? And if we ask thy hand, see, it is torn.' But the Christ, silent as at Pilate's judgement seat, answers never a word. The pathetic ghost of some mother, long divorced trom home and love, accost him :

divorced from home and love, accost him : "Although I know thee not, yet can I tell That only a great love hath brought thee hither. Dids thou so all in brighness, and coulds not res For this for some woma? Was thy bed So empty, cold thy hearth, and aimless gildes Thy wife amidst ut? Whom then dost thou seek? For ice, we are so changed; thou woulds not know The bars form that mo. ed about thy fire. She has to occupation, and no care, No little tasks. O we had pleasant homes. And offen we re momber husbands dear, That were most kind, and wonder ster them. My little children! Who sings to them now? Battorn then to the earth! Thou cannot facth Thou'lh have no comfort out ot her at all? So He passes on, and so they follow Him.

So He passes on, and so they follow Him. At last He retired from the kingdom of stadows :

The vault closed back, we upon woe, the wheel Revolved, the stone rebounded; for that time Hades her interrupted life resumed.

Only Thing a Possessor of Millions Can Do to Keep Hinself Unknows.
The London Spectator once published as the field of the special paring spring and Autanname of genius who exhausts his genius for the spring a Neighbor's Advice Brought and the spring a Neighbor's Advice Brought and the spring and Autanname of genius who exhausts his genius for the special paring spring and Autanname following a Neighbor's Advice Brought and the spring and Autanname of the spring and Autanname following a Neighbor's Advice Brought and the spring and Autanname of the spring and Autanname of the spring and Autanname of the spring and Autanname following a Neighbor's Advice Brought and the spring and Autanname of the spring and been and the spring and the spring and Autanname of the spring and Autanname of the spring and been and the spring and the spring and the spring and been and the spring and the spring and been and the spring



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