

The predestined impersonation of the "Blameless Prince" is not to work alone in the fulfilment of his high aims :

"She whom his heart had won,
With loving aid, shall ever at his side
(Till death them part) sustain him in his thought.
And these two, nobly mated, each to each
The sweet and ripe completion, shall be named
With loyal love and tenderest respect
By knight and lady, poet, sage and priest,
In mart and camp, in palace and in cot,
By babbling grey beard and by lisping child,
Wherever British banner is unfurled."

Success is to crown the joint efforts of queen and prince :

"So shall the land grow strong with bonds of peace,
Till men believe that wars have ceased to drench
The earth with bloody rain; and Art shall smile
On myriad shapes of beauty and of use,
And Wisdom shall have freer scope, and push
The boulders of old Folly from her field;
And men shall walk with larger minds across
The limits of the superstitious past,
And cull the gold out of the dross of things,
Flinging the dross aside; and then shall be
New hopes of better changes yet to be,
When harmony shall reign through all the world,
And interchange of good for common weal
Be only law."

Our space forbids more specimens of the quality of the "Prophecy of Merlin." It must suffice to say that in the vision of supposed future events, the memorable Exposition of 1852, the wars that speedily followed, and the death that subsequently spread such gloom over the Empire, are all sketched with gracefulness and skill; though the reader can scarcely fail to recall, and perhaps to contrast in dangerous parallel with the latter, the exquisite dedication of "The Idyls" to our widowed Queen.

"Her, over all whose realms, to their last isle,
Commingle with the gloom of imminent war,
The shadow of his loss moved like eclipse,
Darkening the world."