

notwithstanding the assertion that they belong to the same minor denomination. If once religion has been introduced to Japan, it cannot remain free from the native elements, so long as it struggles for its own existence. If you are to blame us for the admixture of the Christian and non-Christian elements, I do not know what to say; I simply submit it to the just criticism of the world at large. There is nothing more than a mere example of the religious aspect of modern Japan; but any and every other field of activity in Japan is tending in the same direction, that is, to the unification of Western and Eastern civilization. This is Japan's mission in the new era; whether or not she can accomplish it, time alone can tell.

## *The Lyrics of Robert Bridges.*

By PROFESSOR W. D. TAYLOR.

**M**R. Robert Bridges was made poet-laureate in June of this year. The appointment caused some surprise, but lovers of poetry everywhere commended it, and, indeed, had eagerly looked forward to the making of it. In this article I hope to show they were right.

Mr. Bridges lives on a high piece of ground near Oxford, called Boar's Hill. His home faces south, and behind it is a wood of ragged pines. From its highest windows and the little glass turret which crowns it, you have before you on every side, so, at least, a passer-by would imagine, a thirty-mile sweep of country. Towards it the southwest wind drives her ranks of white cloud. In calm weather, fleecy mist comes up about it, and then from its windows you can see only the spires and towers of Oxford caught in middle air, and the dim outline of immemorial woods and a sun-smitten patch or two of river or corn-field. In the wood of pines, tall, dark foxgloves grow; and in the garden in June, white foxes imitate the milky way. To get to the house you must walk through fields of knee-deep, swaying grass, and go through ancient farm-yards, and past gnarled, twisted, broad-branching oaks. Now, it is out of the things around this house that Mr. Bridges makes his poems. The north wind and the south wind, the still Thames, the first star to break "the wandering ranks of night," the February primrose, the first hyacinth leaves pushing through the sodden brown carpet of the woods, the last October buttercup—such is the stuff of them. In summer he sings of the butterflies,

With dazzling colours, powdered and soft glooms,  
White, black and crimson stripes, and peacock eyes;

in winter, of the stateliness with which the forests clothe themselves, even when half their leaves are torn away:

In the golden glade the chestnuts are fallen all;  
From the sered boughs of the oaks the acorns fall;  
The beech scatters her ruddy fire;  
The lime hath stripped to the cold,