

sage, and is the most beautiful of all: Faith has been, has not sufficed, and is therefore dying.

"Thou shalt hear the 'Never, never,' whispered by the phantom years,
And a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine ears."

This is the appalling *miserere*:

"The sea of faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world."

In conclusion, the fourth stanza craves a faith quite contradictory of its reputed death, a faith in the stability of human love, or at least of human sympathy. 'Let us be true, love, to one another!' For conduct alone is religion and salvation. Such is the text of Arnold's *Literature and Dogma*; such the teaching of his poetry:

"There are some whom a thirst
Ardent, unquenchable, fires
Not with the crowd to be spent,
Not without aim to go round
In an eddy of purposeless dust,"

and yet in *The Buried Life*, the poet declares that Fate controls so much as to force us to obey every law of action and being; and so, here, his unutterable despair reasserts itself as it declares the reality, that

"The world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace,* nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night."

*In *The Future* the sea appears in a directly opposite character, as imparting deep peace.