

sphere and he essays no such high travel. His poetry is the sentimental journey of Christian devotion. His lowly muse, creeps along the narrow way of Christian faith. The blessed calm of the Sabbath morn is somewhere her theme: the loneliness of virtue calls forth her verses. Now is She bowed down with the burden of sin weighing upon the inmost spirit. She finds her woe and her joy in the cross of Calvary and cries:

"Since blood is fittest, Lord, to write  
The sorrows in and bloody light  
My heart hath store; write there, where in  
One box both he both ink and sm."

Again, as her only comfort she invites Jesus Christ to give her comfort:

1. "Come my way, my truth, my life,  
Such a way as gives us breath,  
Such a truth as ends all strife,  
Such a life as killeth death.
2. "Come my light, my feast, my strength,  
Such a light as shows a feast,  
Such a feast as mends in length,  
Such a strength as makes his guest."

In his description of the Sabbath do we obtain an insight into the deeply devotional spirit of Herbert:

1. O day most calm and bright  
The fruit of this, the next world's bud  
The endorsement of supreme delight  
Writ by a friend and with his blood  
The couch of time, cares calm and lay  
The week were dark but for thy light  
Thy torch doth show the way.
2. Sundays the pillars are  
On which heaven's palace arched lies.  
The other days fill up the space  
And hollow room with vanities  
They are the fruitful heads and borders  
In God's rich garden that is bare  
Which parts their ranks and orders.
3. The Sundays of man's life  
Threaded together on times string  
"Make bracelets to adorn the wife  
Of the Eternal glorious king.  
On Sunday heaven's gate stands open  
Blessings are plentiful and ripe  
More plentiful than hope."

One characteristic then of Herbert's verse is its unpretending lyrical character. Its the penitent's description of human nature and human sin, an humble delineation of pious sentiment. It is the breathing of a broken and contrite heart.

And besides the lowly piety of his song, it is remarkable for the cheerfulness of its views. His piety is by means of the sombre Puritan cast. Religion is with Herbert by no means as with many a perpetual funeral. His breathings of prayer are not, to use the language of a living poet, "muffled drums beating funeral marches to the grave." His religion is a healthy lightome feeling. He walks in his cure as a child of the day and has an eye for the beauties of nature, a feeling for the joys of life, and a tolerable god opinion for the beauties of human nature. In this, though far inferior to Edward Young in grandeur and solemnity of imagination and inferior even in his own style, sereneess of thought and expression, yet in lightomeness of heart, in healthy Christianity which from its own nature is cheerful, his Muse is a far more pleasant guest in the soul than that of Young. The

Muse of Young is a character made up of philosophy, religion and tragedy: Herbert is a goddess, graceful and gay who equips her gem with the mantle of sincere piety. Young is splendid; Herbert is never brilliant but calmly beautiful. Young deals with the most solemn subjects; Herbert handles alike the solemn and the joyous. Young's muse walks in the night: Herbert's in the joyous sunlight of summer and spring. With Herbert's Apostrophe to the Sabbath compare Young's impressive address to night:

O majestic night, nature's great Ancestor, day's elder  
And fated to survive the transient sun  
By mortals and immortals seen with awe  
A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,  
An azure zone thy waste; clouds, in heaven's loom  
Wrought through varieties of shape and shade  
In ample folds of drapery divine  
Thy flowing mantle form, and heaven throughout  
Voluminously pour thy pompous train:

Young's spirit was embittered: Herbert's was genial and warm with healthy sentiment. Young had tried life, for he was old when he wrote his great work and as a consequence mis-called it: Herbert also had lived and he loved life well. Young was already dead in his poetry at least to the joys of this while still in health and enjoying opportunity to weave something beautiful out of the tangled yarn of human existence; Herbert was alive to its beauties while his hand touched his lute with the feebleness of approaching death: "The 'Night Thoughts'" are the sour outbreathings of disappointment in attaining the objects of a distempered ambition: the strains of Herbert are the opening burst, the outswelling prelude of an eternal song of praise. The poetry of the one is a Temple lit up with gloomy grandeur; the clusters are dark; the rays of light are rich and gorgeous but streaming all into the eye through darkened and discoloured glass. The drapery is heavy hanging in rich folds of thought and song but so sombre as to cast a gloom over the spirit, and our step in the shrine of his song sounds the hollow sound of vaults, of tombs and dusty death: but the "Temple" of Herbert is lit up with inspiring pictures of beautiful life and a happy Canaan above. As the psalmist to his harp and psalter, so Herbert to his lute sings joyous praises and the soul thrills with deep but cheerful sentiment, the eye brightens and the heart leaps for joy. The sentiment is truer than that of Young, though it may not be so powerful nor may the soul shiver and tremble with such stern delight. The contrast is as great as between the Frenchman's cry in the moment of opening battle of "Vive Napoleon" and the stern Gaelic moan of "Lochlann no more." His stanzas on "Religion" express his view of things.

All may of thee partake, -  
Nothing can be so mean  
Which with this tincture for thy sake,  
Will not grow light and clean.

This is the famous stone  
That turneth all to gold;  
For that which God doth touch and own  
Cannot for less be told.

The poetry of Herbert is lowly and cheerful. He does not, travel in the splendid

triumphal car of Milton's Epic, gracing his march with snatches of classic lore, and scriptural allusion, pleasing with marked digression, almost surfeiting with exuberance of imagination and elevating our souls to the heroic glories of Epic poems; nor does he, revelling in gloomy splendours, make us stand in awe and trouble. He erects a "Temple," and without shewing in one view its proportions, conducts us from chamber to chamber and from cell to cell, where the Christian spirit celebrates its devotions, and makes us feel the odour of sweet incense, the fragrance of piety, and admire the lights of devotion. It is impossible for us to give a correct idea of the "Temple" by quotations, more especially before we have referred to the peculiar blemishes of the poem. But as one example of his manner and "ex uno disce omnes" for Herbert is equal, take the following: 'The Subject is Prayer.

Prayer, the churches' Lanquet, Angels' Age,  
God's breath in man returning to his birth,  
The soul in paraphrase, art in pilgrimage,  
The Christian's plummet sounding earth and heaven.  
Engine against the Almighty, sinner's tower,  
Reverend thunder: Christ's side-piercing spear,  
The six days world transposing in an hour,  
A kind of tune which all things hear and fear.  
Softness and peace and joy and love and bliss,  
Exhaled Manna, gladness of the west,  
Heaven in ordinary, men well dressed  
The milky way; the bird of paradise.  
Church Bells beyond the stars heard, the soul's blood  
The land of spices; something understood.

It will be seen from the quotations which have been made, that the poems of Herbert are not without their defects. It is unfortunate that these are such as somewhat to conceal his genius. In his case his faults have not become him. The egotism of Byron imparts a peculiar vein of feeling to his poetry, and excites interest, but not so the inelegancies of Herbert. The first defect we should comment upon is want of freedom of fancy. His genius does not soar beyond the limits of so much fixed, positive truth. His subjects would almost literally form a body of Divinity. It might be regarded as a poetical "Marekii Medulla." It looks within too much and does not gloss itself sufficiently in the mirror of nature. The poet in vigorous language tells us what Truth is, and what the Sunday is, and what Virtue is: but could he also see and worship God in the mountain's brow, the forest primeval, the waving landscape and the silver stream, we should exult more freely in his measures, and our hearts should leap more merrily along in the advancing tread of his pious strain. The true poet of piety turns his vision without and within. He looks upon nature and gathers inspiration from the mountain's brow and the midnight tempest, from the bruises of the human spirit and the sallies of joy. David's psalm in which he describes the firmament in its glory and closes exulting on the excellence of God's law, shows this freedom of sentiment and this truth to nature equally in the wide boundless universe and the little but immeasurable because spiritual world of the human spirit. Herbert deals too much with the