

Neither do his lines echo the wail of broken purposes or the "world-war of dying flesh against the life." He has not the power to write of these things, for he has not felt them. Grief and suffering have never darkened his world and forced upon him secret conflicts, importunate questions of life and destiny. A poet must have felt doubt and suffering if he would write successfully of life's realities. In some lines "Off Missolonghi," he touches sadly and pityingly on Byron's hope that by dying in battle he might achieve the honour he had missed in life.

"Too much you asked, too little gave,
The crown without the cross of strife,
What is it earns a soldier's grave?
A soldier's life."

It is the same in literature. He who would comfort men and inspire them with hope must have earned the right to do so. He must himself have faced some great grief and have known the bitterness of sorrow. Only one who has awakened from the dream of life can feel the reality of these things and write of them with power and truth. On the other hand, no man of any heart can remain indifferent to the burden of sorrow that bears upon the world, even though he himself has escaped it, so we find Austin touching on these themes gently and reverently, speaking in soothing words of these dark mysteries which cast their shadows over life.

Sometime it is in words "musical and sadly sweet" expressive of those vague, fleeting thoughts which move our hearts with restless hopes and yearnings, or with feelings of sadness and regret.

Come to me, Death,
I no more would stay.
The night-owl has silenced the linnet and lark,
The wailing of wisdom sounds sad in the dark :
Take me away !

When actually face to face with the mystery of death his thoughts are bolder and the expression of them very solemn and beautiful. The gloom is lightened by a resolute belief in a life beyond. The doors of darkness, to him also, are "the