professedly Christian faith. We have already witnessed Wordsworth's opening consciousness struggling to express itself through a hesitant yet majestic utterance. Frequently the same consciousness is apparent in the more spiritual of Tennyson's poems, and in Browning it returns to us again and again. Longfellow is full of it, and in "The Monitions of the Unseen" Jean Ingelow presents it in a new phase. One of the tenderest passages of Marlowe's "Tragical History of Doctor Faustus" is where the attendant angels of good and evil respectively struggle to withdraw him from, or lead him into, sin. When Faustus is about to sign his soul away, the angels stand beside him and advise according to their kind. Again, during a moment of compunction, the good angel returns and counsels:

"Faustus, repent; yet God will pity thee."

Once more, when the victim is yielding to despair of God's mercy, the angels stand on either side and renew the struggle for his soul. Goethe, likewise, enters the world of spirit and introduces angelic influences.

Yet no one, not even Dante himself, has gone in thither and brought us whiter light than Newman in his "Dream of Gerontius." It is to be regretted that Catholic poets do not oftener attempt work of this character. Here, at least, they have a field where few competitors are ever likely to exist, barred as they are by the naturalism of the age. It is a universe about us, inhabited by angels, and into which pure souls may enter through the portal of faith; and at no time oftener go Catholic feet in that direction than during the holy month of October.

PURCELL, the famous punster, being desired one evening in company to make a pun, asked on what subject. "The king," was the answer. "Oh, sir," said he, "the king is not a subject."