and one cannot but feel that if Milton's Adam was drawn from the poet himself, then Milton's first wife may have had much provocation for her conduct in returning to her father's home. It is, perhaps, hardly fair to blame the author of "Paradise Lost" for failing somewhat in tenderness, or for only betraying signs of it so infrequently; one must recollect the immense scope of his poetic faculty, and this apparent want will appear the truest consistency. And it will also be counted for consistency to Herrick and to George Herbert that in their more bounded spheres they each attained to a tenderness, and an intimacy which come very near to the beating heart of things.

For Herrick was bounded, a foreground painter of sweet country scenes, a singer of gay and exquisite songs, turning at times aside in a melancholy strain that is loaded with tender sadness but never

"Wild with all regret."

Falling short of the sublime passion in love that marks the poets of the Nineteenth Century, Herrick yet sings of his lovely Julia with a constancy which causes him to associate her with his thoughts concerning his own life's end. Still, it is impossible not to note, to be almost vexed by what one might call the triviality of the poet's subjects. Julia's lips, her teeth, the dewdrops in her hair, the shimmer of her silken robe afford him themes for his magic gift to work upon; indeed the description of

"That brave vibration each way free"

in the sheeny gown is a masterstroke in its kind. But love to Herrick is apt to be little more than a playful Cupid affording pleasure or inflicting a passing smart, but never

"Feeling out of sight
For the ends of being and ideal grace."

And incapable of regarding the forces of a sundering destiny as an

"unplumbed, salt, estranging sea."

This boundedness was, in fact, a fault of the time;

"'Twas here as in the coachman's trade; and he
That turns in the least compass shows most art."

But art is not by any means the supreme qualification for a poet; and Herrick is not merely a perfect artist. He is more; he has a power of divination which enables him to seize, by an unerring instinct, those very points of colour and beauty which possess the greatest power af expression and suggestion. The stanza upon Julia's voice gives a good example of this:

"So smooth, so sweet, so silvery is thy voice,
As, could they hear, the damned would make no noise,
But listen to thee, walking in thy chamber,
Melting melodious words to lutes of amber."

In that last line we get a perfect description of a round, liquid voice; the whole line itself seems to melt upon the senses. In a stanza dedicated "To Music," we get two very descriptive lines:

"Fall down, down, down, from those chiming spheres,
To charm our souls as thou enchant'st our ears."

In picturing those indefinable effects in a woman's attire, which afford so much pleasure to the eye, when often the observer could scarcely tell how they were produced, Herrick displays a magical skill; this we see in his "Delight in Disorder":

A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribbons to flow confusedly;
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat;
A careless shoe string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility;
Do more bewitch me than when art
Is too precise in every part."

That is a perfect word-picture; and a moving, breathing picture at that.