

Blackfriars

is magnificent, but in its quasi-Byzantine ornamentation it is no better than the worst effort of the Gothic Revival, and in so far as it is somewhat more scholarly than usual it is even more a delusion and a snare and puts off even further the day when we shall realize that works of art cannot be done by proxy, and that a Christian civilization cannot be built upon a basis of servile labour.

In the Westminster *Stations* there are some pieces of good stone-carving, and the simplicity of design and absence of meretricious appeal are things to be thankful for. But in this the reader must judge for himself. Let him but approach the matter without prejudice, desirous of Beauty rather than loveliness. He will probably find himself unsatisfied and dissatisfied; but at least, if he thus approaches, he will be making his judgment from the right point of view and one from which I think judgment has not yet been given.

ERIC GILL.

THE STRAYED IDEALIST

YES, you have walked through streets of mud,
Your clothes bear many a stain,
For you watched Life flower from the very bud
In the Company of Pain.

Perhaps when you come to the end of the day
He will say—the All-Good, the All-Wise—
“ You could not think of the miry way
For looking at the skies.”

DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY.