

school. In after years he returns to London and there acquires the opium habit by using that drug to appease the aching of a tooth. In the succeeding chapter he describes very clearly the keen and irresistible pleasures of opium, and of the pains and visions it produces he relates with much force and eloquence.

On the whole, I think that it is a very masterful piece. His preliminary confessions remind one very much of the adventures of Francois. The resemblance does not lie so much in the narration, although they both relate the adventures of a waif of a great city, as it does in the style. They both paint the life of the wretched in tones hardly to be distinguished, and the open and kindheartedness of Francois seems to be a characteristic of De Quincey. His description of the pleasures of opium is very exact and forcible, but in my opinion he loses a great deal of his force of expression by the length of his writing. In fact, I became wearied before I reached the end, but I was then well repaid for my perseverance, for he summed up a great part of the subject matter of the chapter in his last paragraph, which was expressed with great force and eloquence. It was a paragraph to attract the attention of the reader and to impress him with its

beauty of expression. Next, he relates his pains and visions as caused by opium, the first few pages of which is expressed in simply a frank and exact style, and therefore does not attract the attention of the reader to any great extent. Further on he goes into a description of his dreams and relates them in a very forcible manner, moving the reader to compassion for his sufferings. He dreams that he is standing by the garden gate. On a stone near by sits Ann, his companion in misery. He beckons her to him and just when he thinks that his lifelong search has ended in success, she vanishes. Again he dreams he is surrounded by horrible monsters; he awakes and turns to find his children prattling by his side. These, among others, he describes with that force and eloquence which has given him the name of a marvelous dream painter. Taking it all in all, as I have said before, I think that it is a masterful production. It loses force by its volume, but only in the way the ancient water clock of the Greeks lost its water. It ran out for twelve hours only to gain all back at the end of that time. He brings to light the many peculiar qualities of opium in a manner becoming a dream painter, philosopher, and genius.

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#### DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

How pleasant on a summer day  
To dreaming pass the hours away,  
Beneath a wild old woodland tree,  
With some sweet book of poesy.

How cool the soothing zephyr feels  
As o'er the fevered cheek it steals,  
Refreshing ere it dies away,  
Crushed by the sun's hot, piercing ray.

The aching heart forgets to sigh,  
As we upon the green sward lie;

Lulled by the murmuring streamlet's lay,  
Its cares and sorrows fade away.

The mock-bird's note is sweet and clear,  
Borne on the flower-scented air;  
And golden dreams the wind reveals,  
As Nature's spell the fancy feels.

Thought piercing through the ether blue,  
Brings Heaven itself before our view;  
The heart grows purer, and the soul  
Leaps forward to that cherished goal.