

forgiveness in a celebrated scene in which he is summoned before the king of England to give an account of himself. After a long life of war and agitation and varying fortunes he retired from the world and became a Cistercian monk.

Among the multitude of Provençal poets whose works are known, he is one of the five or six who by native talent and individuality fixed his work upon the age in which he lived. His will was dominant; his position was war; war for its own sake, for the pure joy of fighting and for the very risks which other men shunned. As such he is the representative of the undisciplined and adventurous warrior of the Middle Ages; he is perhaps the most prominent of *all* the troubadours. His life is a drama full of romantic interest; beginning with the old castle in Gascony "the dames, the cavaliers, the arms, the loves, the courtesy, the bold emprise" of which Ariosto sings; and ending in a convent, among friars and fastings, penitence and prayers. And for all his late repentance Dante gives him a low place in the Inferno, to which he is condemned to all eternity.

Of his two songs, one is too broad and free spoken to be in close translation; the manners of the time permitted a mode of expression which would not be tolerated now in decent society; the other is the famous lament on the death of the Young English King. The structure of the verse is very peculiar,—so odd that the song cannot be rendered into English in the same meter without sacrificing the sense. In the infinite variety of metrical forms used by the troubadours, each poet felt free to make his own selection, and nothing was more welcome to his hearers than a new meter. In this verse the first four lines rhyme alternately, the fifth stands by itself, the sixth and seventh rhyme together, the eighth stands by itself and has an added syllable. The words at the end of the first, fifth and last lines must recur in the same place in every stanza. Such being the requirements of the meter, it is easier to give the ideas of the original in measured prose.

THE YOUNG ENGLISH KING.

1. If all the sorrows, tears and lamentation, the woes, the losses and the grave misfortunes, that man has ever had in this most mournful world, were put together, they would all seem light in contrast with the death of the Young English King; for which both youth and valour are left grieving, and the world dark and sombre cold and gloomy, stript of all joy, full of lament and woe.
2. Sorrowing and sad and full of deep affliction are left the gallant warriors and the minstrels, the deft jonglers, the sprightly troubadours; too fell a foe had they in death, who has bereft them of the Young English King; compared with whom the liberal were greedy; never more will there be,—nor think ye that indeed there ever was,—in this wide world of sorrow and of woe less like to this, cause for lament and woe.
3. Far reaching Death, dealing out dire affliction, now canst thou boast of taking from the world a better knight than aught there ever was in any race; for there is not a thing that man can measure that was not all in the Young English King; it would have been far better, had it pleased God to do what it seemed but right to us, that he had lived rather than many another, useless and base, who only wrought the good sorrow and bitter woe.
4. Now from this evil world, full of divine affliction, if love were to depart, I'd hold its joy deceit, its pleasure torment; for there is not that turneth not to worm wood; each day you see afresh that all is worth far less to day than it was yesterday; each man confronts his fate in what has now befallen the Young English King, who was of all this world the worthiest of the worthy. Now that his gentle loving self has left us, in his praise our part is sorrow and perplexity, bowed down with grief, full of lament and woe.
5. To Him to whom it pleased, for our salvation, to come into this world and take our burdens; He who accepted death for our salvation; as to a lord lowly and just and righteous, let us cry mercy that he fully pardon the Young English King; and, as He is himself the only pardon, cause him to move among the loved companions now with him in the region of the blessed, where there was never wrath nor ever will be woe. T.

THE SPECIALIST.

"The next century will be the Age of Specialism," said a prominent thinker a short time ago, and the words clung in my thoughts. It was not a profound saying; it required no unnatural foresight to make it, for the age of specialism is even now well advanced, but yet the remark aroused a new series of thoughts.

A nation whose individuals do not specialize is a barbarous nation. Where every man does just the same work as his neighbor there is no civiliza-