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**REVIEW OF *THE MOTHER'S TRAGEDY***

The author of these verses is apparently consumed with the desire to produce the sensation of nausea in his readers: but fortunately the luckless reviewer, if he have the least sense of humour, will be saved by the portentous absurdity of the stuff presented to him. Perhaps the following sample is sufficient:—

Thrice, in the Vault of Hell, my Word was born,  
Abortive, in the empty wilderness.  
False echoes, made malicious, turn to scorn  
The awful accents, the Supreme address.  
The Fourth, the final Word!  
All Chaos shrank and heard  
The terror that vibrated in the breath.  
Hell, Death, and Sin must hear,  
Tremble and visibly fear,  
Shake the intangible chain that hungereth.  
That Mother of Mankind  
Sprang in the thunder-wind!  
The strong words bind  
For evermore, Amen! the keys of Hell and Death.

"Igsplain this, men and angels!" we might cry with Mr. Yelowplush, if we had the least curiosity with regard to it. The least unfavourable thing that we can say of this volume is that it is privately printed: we should gladly have omitted even this censure.