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Novelist Edmund White has called Tom Bianchi's photographs of Fire Island a "version of gay happiness – an earthly paradise where handsome men love one."
Argument. How on an Image that stood anciently in Rome were written certain words, which none understood, until a Scholar, coming there, knew their meaning, and thereby discovered great marvels, but withal died miserably. Â Beside the best then shall I stand, And some unheard-of palace have; And if my soul I may not save In heaven, yet here in all men's eyes Will I make some sweet paradise, With marble cloisters, and with trees And bubbling wells, and fantasies, And things all men deem strange and rare, And crowds of women kind and fair, That. The Earthly Paradise, (March-August), by William Morris, [1868], at sacred-texts.com. p. 530. The son of crÃ­sus. Argument. CRÅ’SUS, king of Lydia, dreamed that he saw his Son slain by an iron weapon, and though by every means he strove to avert this doom from him, yet thus it happened, for his Son was slain by the hand of the man who seemed least of all likely to do the deed. Â WITHIN the gardens once again they met, That now the roses did well nigh-forget, For hot July was drawing to an end, And August came the fainting year to mend With fruit and grain; so â€™neath the trellises, Nigh blossomless, did they lie well at ease, And watched the poppies burn across the grass, And oâ€™er the bindweed's bells the. The Earthly Paradise, (March-August), by William Morris, [1868], at sacred-texts.com. p. 103. MARCH. SLAYER of the winter, art thou again? O welcome, thou that bringâ€™st the summer nigh! The bitter wind makes not thy victory vain, Nor will we mock thee for thy faint blue sky. Â Yea, welcome March! and though I die ere June, Yet for the hope of life I give thee praise, Striving to swell the burden of the tune That even now I hear thy brown birds raise, Unmindful of the past or coming days; Who sing: 'O joy! a new year is begun: What happiness to look upon the sun!' Ah, what begetteth all this storm of bliss But Death himself, who crying solemnly, Eâ€™en from the heart of sweet Forgetfulness, Bids us 'Rejoice, lest pleasureless ye die.