

Tennyson's Two Sea Poems.

Tennyson loved all nature, but especially he loved the sea. From boyhood he had found delight in the study of its every mood and change, and over and over again its echoes sound through his verse. In two poems, however, his interpretation of the sea rises into a flood tide of poetic feeling and beauty.

The first of these is the fragrant, "Break, break, break!" When he wrote it the poet was still a young man, with his fame waiting in the unfolding years; with the ear of the world as yet but grudgingly accorded him; with his heart wrenched by one of its first great sorrows in the death of Arthur Hallam, whose bride his sister was so soon to have been, and the close-knit friend of his deepest heart—"More than my brothers are to me" for whom his love was to flower in that noblest of elegies, "In Memoriam."

It was while this sorrow in its freshness touched and shadowed all the world for Tennyson that one spring day, as he walked the pleasant English lanes about his early home at Somersby, instead of the green grass under his foot, and the blossom-starred hawthorn hedges at his hand, he saw a wide gray sea and a gray old church, and above the song of thrush and skylark, in his inward ear there sounded the rush of incoming waves as they broke white and foaming against the low cliffs not a hundred yards from Clevedon church, under whose aisle Arthur Hallam had found his last resting place. So, in that solitary walk, out of his saddened heart sprang the now familiar lines:

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me."

A poem that voices, as hardly any other, the hopeless yearning, the longing of bereavement, the sob of all hearts that ache and eyes that weep. It is not as an expression of the sea, but because he has made the sea to stand for the sorrow, the mystery, the inexorableness of death, that the world has made it part of the literature of grief, and multitudes of hearts who never heard the murmur of a wave or watched the foam of a breaker have through it voiced a passion all their own.

Tennyson was an old man of past four-score when he wrote the other poem which is to this the complement, the antithesis, the gloria for the threnody, "Crossing the Bar." In this the sea is no longer to the poet a lament for the dead, but has become the pathway to immortal life—

"When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home."

Not in the spring time was this, but on a ripe October day, that Tennyson, to whom "one clear call" had already come for almost the last time was making the easy journey from Aldworth to his beloved Farringford and its fair sea view, when in a moment, as he himself said, there came to him those lines which the world will not soon or willingly forget:

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea,"

That same autumn evening he wrote out the poem and showed it to his son, who at once said, "That is the crown of your life work." It was a well-rendered verdict and a fruitage worthy to crown Tennyson's ripened years; as simple as the language of a child; as noble as his own great genius; as devout as the faith which had been the corner-stone of his character. That he himself felt it to be the fitting finale of all he had written is shown by the fact that but a few days before his death he charged his son, "Mind you put 'Crossing the Bar' at the end of all editions of my poems."

A little later, and to the music of the great organ of Westminster Abbey a white-robed choir sang the beautiful words as they laid the poet in his honored grave; and again and again it has been heard beside still forms, where life has passed with that outgoing tide.—Self Culture,

For Dominion Presbyterian.

To Canada and her Contingents.

BY H. ISABEL GRAHAM.

Afar the reveille has sounded,
Our country has answered the call,
North, South, East and West have responded,
Determined to conquer or fall.

Away on the prairie the patriot
Has buckled his sword to his belt
And, girded with glittering armor
Is mounting his steed for the Veldte.

Victoria, beloved! we have given
The bloom of our manhood to thee,
To fight for the old flag of freedom
Our fatherland over the sea,

And many the eyes that are weary
With weeping, the hearts that are cold,
For war is the horror of nations,
The curse by the Prophets foretold.

Oh! Canada grand are thy mountains,
And lovely thy blue inland lakes,
Thy broad, smiling acres of plenty,
Thy woods where the whip-poor-will wakes,

And fragrant the flowers that garden
Thy valleys and emerald hills,
Melodious the sound of the music
Which breaks from thy rippling rills.

Deep, too, in thy rough, rugged bosom,
Traced there in the ages untold
By nature, who cares for her children,
Are veins of rich metal and gold.

Thy future no sages can picture,
Its dawning is still in the East,
When glorious thy sun shines in splendor
Of Kingdoms thou wilt not be least.

But, greater than these are the spirits,
Brave sons of illustrious sires,
Who dread not the carnage of battle
Or shrink from its baptismal fires,

Inspired by devotion and duty,
Content to do great things or small,
To labor and wait in the trenches
Or rush where the hellish shots fall.

These, these are the hands that shall crown thee
With all that is brightest and best;
Their glory thy glory, their honor
To bend to thy sovereign's behest,

Then, here's to our snow-covered country
The land of the gallant and free!
And, here's to our noble contingents!
God keep them where'er they may be.

The Discovery of Trichina.

In 1833 James Paget, interne in a London hospital, while dissecting the muscular tissues of a human subject, found little specks of extraneous matter, which, when taken to the professor of comparative anatomy, Richard Owen, were ascertained, with the aid of the microscope, to be the cocoon of a minute and hitherto unknown insect. Owen named the insect *Trichina spiralis*. After the discovery was published, it transpired that similar specks had been observed by several earlier investigators, but no one had previously suspected, or, at any rate, demonstrated their nature. Nor was the full story of the trichina made out for a long time after Owen's discovery. It was not until 1847 that the American anatomist, Dr. Joseph Leidy, found the cysts of trichina in the tissues of pork; and another decade or so elapsed after that before German workers, chief among whom were Leuckart, Virchow, and Zenker, proved that the parasite gets into the human system through ingestion of infected pork, and that it causes a definite set of symptoms of disease, which hitherto had been mistaken for rheumatism, typhoid fever and other maladies. Then the medical world was agog for a time over the subject of trichinosis; government inspection of pork was established in some parts of Germany; American pork was excluded altogether from France; and the whole subject thus came prominently to public attention. But important as the trichina parasite proved on its own accounts in the end, its greatest importance, after all, was in the share it played in directing the attention at the time of its discovery in 1833 to the subject of microscopic parasites in general.—Harper's Magazine.

The Use of Shadows.

The shadows of one's life ought to be utilized to the benefit of the shadowed one, and to the blessing of others by that benefit. One chief reason why some Christians have rapidly matured in their spiritual graces, attaining rare strength of endurance under weighty burdens, remaining calm amid the sweep of wild storms is because they have come through disciplinary shadows, determined to be made better by them. Rev. Dr. George Matheson, of Scotland, says: "Why has God stripped thee of thy power of active service? To teach thee thine impotence? No; to show thee thy power on the other side of the hill. Is there no service but action? Is there no blessing for Mary? Is there no work for those who can only stand and wait, only lie and wait? What of that wondrous movement which makes no noise—the surrender of the will? What of those who suffer and pine not, endure and complain not, bear and doubt not? How came they to that blissful call? Through the shadows of the evening." Through the sudden loss of all of their property some Christians have been led to surrender the rest of their lives to the special work of serving the poor, or have gone to heathen lands and wrought for benighted souls. Others, providentially laid aside from active and direct Christian work, have, in quiet calmness and sweet temper, served their Lord most gloriously. Many, too, on their beds of painful sickness, have given others great lessons of restful submission to God's will. They have made splendid use of the shadows which have overwhelmed them.

Blessed are they who, while sitting in the shadows give examples of patient endurance and gentle trusting, reflecting the bright beauty of him whom they love, and who serve him best under the cypress tree.—C. H. Wetherbe.

Are Your Lungs Weak?

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