

isties is only *one*. Of the others we should assuredly find no better enumeration than in a stanza of that perfectest of elegies—I do not except *Lycidas*, and *In Memoriam*—Shelley's *Adonais*. He is telling of those who came to bid farewell to the shattered home of the poet's soul, and to

mourn their lot
Round the cold heart, where after their sweet pain,
They ne'er will gather strength nor find a home again";

and how amongst them

Desires and Adorations,
Wing'd Persuasions and veiled Destinies,
Splendours and Glooms, and glimmering Incarnations
of hopes and fears, and twilight Fantasies,
And Sorrow with her family of Sighs,
And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam
Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,
Came in slow pomp—the moving pomp might seem
Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream."

Then there is that pervading "union of the imaginative and the real" which Leigh Hunt notices particularly in "La belle Dame sans mercy," but which is equally to be remarked in all. Finally there is the passionate, deep, subtle sympathy with nature, which he shares indeed with Shelley and Wordsworth, but to which he imparts a characteristic all his own. Even while living he seemed to have had the two souls which he attributes to the dead poets; and now assuredly, speaking by that which he has left on earth, to those who love and sympathize with him, he does indeed enable them to apprehend something of the real world, which only poets see, and to

commune
With the spheres of sun and moon,
With the noise of fountains wondrous,
And the parle of voices thund'rous :
With the whisper of heaven's trees
And one another, in soft ease
Seated on Elysian lawns
Browsed by none but Dian's fawns :
Underneath large blue-bells tented,
Where the daisies are rose-scented,
And the rose herself has got
Perfume which on earth is not ;
Where the nightingale doth sing
Not a senseless, tranced thing,
But divine melodious truth ;
Philosophic numbers smooth ;
Tales and golden histories
Of heaven and its mysteries." *

THE PASSING OF AUTUMN.

BY R. T. NICHOL, B.A.

Trailing his misty garments far along
Which from his tall dim-shadowed shoulders cast
Fell on the earth ; chaunting an ancient song,
Murm'ring, the Angel of the Autumn passed.
Passed—with his great grey wings spread wide aloft
Through the deep air and o'er the smiling sky
Just 'scaping earth as with a motion soft
He glided, thrilling that unceasing cry.
Passed—and the wild-voiced forest felt his breath,
And bowed and quivered in their night of fears,
And sent, as feeling the approach of death,
A troublous murmur o'er the placid meres.
The wild swan, straining on its wings of snow,
Meeting the phantom shrieked a boding knell.
The Angel wept that all should fear him so ;
To earth the shriek through the abyss of ether fell.
Fell, and in falling roused to take their flight,
Whatever haunts the sedge and reedy fen ;
They passed athwart the waning purple light
In long dark rank above the heads of men.

* Keats' Ode to the Poets.

So the night fell ; and then the Angel stooped
To where the blood-red moon refulgent lay
On the horizon ; and the great wings drooped
Nearer the earth ; but it he bore away.

Bore as a buckler chased of purest gold
Far up the ascent of sky upon his arm ;
But all men shivered, for his breath was cold ;
'Alas !' said they 'he comes to work us harm.'

And then the Angel : 'Ah, I must to work ;'
And so he sent a warning cry abroad,
That pierced to every dell and cranny mure
Where live the elves from homes of men outlawed.

Then all that storied elin race came forth
And stood beneath his shield upon the plain ;
Not one of all—South, West or East or North
Lagged or dared still in hiding place remain.

When thus he spake : 'Ye know, my willing fays,
Why ye are called : disperse, and to your task ;
Scatter o'er all this earth of many ways ;
Hasten the Fall ; prepare the world's death mask.

And so they sped and painted all the leaves,
Vermil and golden and more varied dyes
Than wears that bird, who, where the South Sea grieves
Round happy isles, on the speed breezes flies.

But soon these leaves grew russet brown and sear,
And fell in rustling showers upon the ground,
As still the windy gusts with moaning drear
Swept through the boughs with deep-voiced mournful sound.

And then the Angel mounted somewhat up,
And cried aloud : 'His boasted strength has fled ;
'Deep—to the dregs—he hath drained the appointed cup ;
'Sing ye his requiem, for the year is dead.'

'Dead !' cried the forests, and prolonged the moan,
Telling it as a burden to the wind,
Which swept it on across the moorland lone
Leaving a strange unnatural calm behind.

The robin feeding on the thorny spray,
Scared from his meal, dropped the dry seed and fled,
On frightened pinion speeding far away,
Re-echoing as all else in nature—'Dead !'

Once more the Angel, ever mounting higher,
Cried yet again—the voice was far and faint,
Like the wild whisperings of an Æolian lyre,
Or music heard in visions by a saint—

'Those paintings were the hatchments of his race ;
'His race was ancient and their blazons proud ;
'Yet even he hath knelt and veiled his face,
'And low before a mightier power hath bowed.

'Swathe him, O Winter, in a shroud of snow ;
'Lay him in state with mournful wailings due ;
'Strew o'er his grave what latest flowerets blow
'Yellow chrysanthemums, and sprigs of yew.'

The voice grew very faint ; the Angel knocked
At heaven's gate and bowed the adoring head ;
On earth the bare trees wildly swayed and rocked ;
The winds were saying masses for the dead.

ARTS AND DIVINITY.

BY A 'TRIN.'

The fact of the insufficiency of the present system of Divinity studies at Trinity is becoming daily more apparent, and the remarks in the last number of *Rouge et Noir*, on the above subject, happily place before us the inconsistency of the stated separate terms for the study of Arts