

added to his characteristics, we feel that Lytton will long maintain a high position as one of England's most polished novelists. We shall have to allow these latest productions somewhat to fade from memory, however, before we pick up *Pelham*, *Richelieu*, or *My Novel*.

THE LAY OF THE LAST VORTEX-ATOM.

(Vide.—"The Unseen Universe.")

THE Vortex-Atom was dying,
The last of his shivering race—
With lessening energy flying,
Through vanishing realms of space.
No more could he measure his fleeting—
No milestones to mark out his way;
But he knew by his evident heating,
His motion was prone to decay.
So he stayed in his drift rectilinear,
For time had nigh ceased to exist,
And his motion grew ever less spinnier,
Till he scattered in infinite mist.
But as his last knot was dissolving
Into the absolute nought,
"No more," so sighed he resolving,
"Shall I as atom be caught.
"I've capered and whirled for ages,
I've danced to the music of spheres,
I've puzzled the brains of the sages—
Whose lives are but reckoned by years.
"They thought that my days were unending,
But sadly mistaken were they:
For, alas! my 'life force' is expending
In asymptotic decay!"