

## GENERAL GORDON.

"And I heard sounds of insult, shame and wrong  
And trumpets blown for wars."—*Tennyson*.

Set on the page of fame, to earth bequeathed  
By men of mighty deeds, since time began,  
Stands now the storied name of him who breathed  
But for his fellow-man.

Of him, on whom throughout a breathless year  
Turned in a fierce suspense, a race's eyes  
Beheld the setting of that fair career  
Of restless enterprise.

When after turbid scenes of shifting fight,  
Deeds wrought for men that in men's hearts endure,  
A bright and wandering star was lost in night  
The warrior cynosure.

As black the locust-cloud of Arabs lay  
Around, and compass'd with a seething strife  
The city of the desert far away  
Wherein he gave his life.

When he, the hero of his time—the great  
Shut up alone to meet undreaded doom,  
Had cried for help, and grappled with the fate  
Which set upon Khartoum;

Had gazed in hope across the Nubian sands,  
And waited for the help which never came;  
Where, 'neath the Libyan sun the land expands  
Red like a gulf of flame;

The land which, in the san I of ages past,  
Whole armies had engulfed, nor left a trace;  
Till wavering trust turned from him at last,  
Treachery took its place.

By treachery he fell, who ever led  
The lowly steps and heard the anguished plea,  
With soul yet moving to the larger tread  
Of human destiny.

Who, warring often, under many climes,  
Bore, in the lines of trench, or labour'd mine,  
Or screaming front of fight, a hundred times,  
A spirit Leonine.

Where the shell dashes on the rocky square,  
Or into fight the surging squadron comes  
In crimson-suited pomp, with trumpet's blare  
And roll of warlike drums.

Or in the fire-zone of beleaguered towns;  
Who first had heard a hostile cannon's roll  
Where, grey across the Black Sea waters, frowns  
Iron-bound Sebastopol.

Or where the hail of Tai-ping bullets sped  
Across the Soo-chow marshes, as when he  
The serried army of the East had led  
To constant victory.

Or where, in fiery-heated, lone Soudan,  
He strove the nomad slaver's lust to tame,  
And single-handed choked the sale of man  
Which formed a whole world's shame.

The furnace glow of central Africa  
Possessed no terrors, self-concern no claim,  
For him who held to lands the hand of law  
In singleness of aim.

The mystic who saw dreams, yet with no lack  
Of saving power of action, prompt and free,  
The art of war—defence, and bold attack,  
And brilliant strategy.

Who, though betrayal frequent having known,  
By constant treachery still unsubdued,  
Breathed into men the spirit not their own  
Of knightly fortune.

The loyal, the brave, the patient soul of high  
Honor, the frank of speech and pure of thought;  
Unconscious of distinction rendered by  
A fame he never sought.

Who saved an empire from rebellion's clutch,  
Restored to dynasties the shaken reign  
Of centuries, in utter scorn of touch  
Which would have proffered gain.

Who ever against wrong and error strove  
In lofty seated purpose, by the seas  
Where, all in vain, ambitions minions wove  
Circian sorceries.

No minster o'er him stately shadow throws,  
Where marshal grief and pomp would lay his bones  
For whom a nation's funeral music rose  
In diapason tones.

But where at evening, seen among the old  
Dead beauty of the Nile, in dying light,  
The slender palm-shaft stands against the gold  
Of the Egyptian night.

There by the river—home of languid lay  
And grave of vaulting thought and high emprise—  
Stung by the asp of Egypt's latter day  
In unknown grave he lies.

Who bore undaunted to that festering den  
The spirit which possesses heroes high—  
The race and lineage of mighty men  
Whose deeds do never die.

And in neglect, or shifting impotence  
To stay the ravage of oppression's hand,  
The nations seek sepulchral darkness dense  
Closing upon the land.

W. J. ROGERS.

## THE INFLUENCE OF THE INTELLECTUAL MOVEMENTS IN ENGLAND IN THE EIGH- TEENTH CENTURY UPON SUBSEQUENT ENGLISH THOUGHT.

### I.

A general survey of the world's history at once reveals the fact that whilst on the whole there is a marked development, a progressive unfolding of the capacities of mankind, yet such development proceeds in constantly enlarging circles rather than in a straight-forward march. The men of one age think and act very much as those of that which precedes, the main difference being that whilst they both move around the same centre, the circumference of the later age is greater than and includes that of the earlier. Hence the division of History into ages or periods, whose limits are determined according to the standpoint taken. If it be the course of Revelation we consider, different ages can be plainly distinguished, and their developments traced. Speaking roughly, it seems to follow a uniform course. An initial act of God appears to be the starting point of each period, from which advancement, progression ensues, till a climax is reached, from which point there is a steady retrograde movement, until a new initial act inaugurates the new age which precedes and recedes in like manner. And that same Revelation assures us that the end of the