

ing its bounds and in planting it with
fair fruits and flowers.

In view of the promised series of
lectures on modern poets, the honor
English students will be interested in
the following quite modern poems.
The first is by Mr. Charles Algeron
Swinburne on Tennyson, the second
by the celebrated Anon, on Mr. Swin-
burne's poem on Tennyson. One is a
study in rhythmical grace and ease,
the other a just if somewhat humor-
ous criticism of the first.

I.

SWINBURNE ON TENNYSON.

Strong as truth and superb in youth
eternal, fair as the sun-dawn's
flame,
Seen when May on her first-born day
bids earth exult in her radiant
name,
Lives, clothed round with its praise
and crowned with love that dies
not, his love-lit fame.

Fairer far than the morning star, and
sweeter far than the songs that
rang

Loud through Heaven from the chor-
al Seven when all the stars of the
morning sang,

Shines the song that we loved so long,
—since first such love in us flamed
and sang.

England glows as a sunlit rose from
mead to mountain, from sea to sea,
Bright with love and with pride above
all taint of sorrow that needs must
be,

Needs must live for 'an hour and give
its rainbow glory to lawn and lea.

II.

Oh, Twickenham bard, I have tried
so hard

To know what sense in your lines
may be;

I have read them through, and have
scanned them too,

But still no tale have they told to
me;

The sound's all right, but I want
some light

On the meaning, please, of your
thenody.

Much that's strong in your lines so
long

I find about moons that flame and
fade;

'Bout sun and star there expressions
are

Well-shaped with alliteration's aid;
But what they express I have failed
to guess,

Though the task I have twenty
times essayed.

True, your metre could not be
sweeter,

Though perhaps it lilts just a
thought too much,

For sonorous phrase in these later
days

There's not a poet who you can
touch;

It is picturesque, it is arabesque,

But so in a way may be Double
Dutch.

And if as a bard you would win
regard,

And with Alfred's bays would at
length be crowned,

Oh, don't! Oh, don't! as is now your
wont,

In such lengthy measure your
thoughts propound;

And never again, what ever your
strain,

So heedlessly sacrifice sense to
sound.