

The two poems are as far apart as the characters and faiths of the authors. Tennyson was firmly anchored to truth and a loving God, but poor Shelley drifted without an anchor. He was impatient of all that was established, and wanted to revolutionize everything. In boyhood his peculiarities were not understood, and he was misused until the habit of waywardness was fixed upon him. Because everyone believed in a God, he thought he did not; yet he was drifting back to truth when his short life was tragically ended. It must be with infinite pity that we think of his wayward, drifting life.

Tennyson's theme in *In Memoriam* is the immortality of love, and Shelley too, though he hardly realized it, made love the basal fact of his world. So then, widely diverse as are the poets and the poems, they unite in proclaiming the god-like principle of love.

A. GRACE ILER, '98.

GLIMPSES OF AN HEROIC LIFE.

History has no nobler lesson to teach than the heights to which human nature may attain in glory and virtue when purified by the grace of God, and it furnishes scarcely any example of moral sublimity more impressive and pleasing than that found in the life of Henry Martyn. Crowned with the highest academical honors, with the broad road to scientific eminence, professional distinction, and ecclesiastical preferment open before him, deliberately departing from it and from his native land forever, and making the high sacrifice of a pure and a reciprocated affection, that he might preach the unsearchable riches of Christ in distant and burning India, he presents a spectacle of the truest sublimity. How mean are all other conquests compared with the conquest of self!

Henry Martyn was born in February, 1781, at Truro, in Cornwall. The family was not wealthy, but in comfortable circumstances, the father being a successful mining agent. Though the family of children was quite large, none of them lived to old age, all inheriting consumptive tendencies from the