

In these lines the springs of tenderness and the sources of tears are reached. Here we have otto of roses, precious essence, distilled from the flowers of affection—heart's blood, the very soul as it were, going forth in the exclamation:

"O for the touch of a vanished hand!"

The *In Memoriam* is a wonderful production, demanding and richly repaying thought and study and frequent reading. One is not fit to say much about it until he has read it a score of times. In it elegy and eulogy, philosophy and poetry, faith and feeling, spirit and sense, sadness and sweetness are combined. "Our little systems are but broken lights"—"the Lord, Strong Son of God, Immortal Love" is more than they and the roots of faith can anchor in the rifted rock. The poet's "prime passion is in the grave" for "God's finger touched his friend in Vienna and he slept," but

"The circle round the blessed gate

Received and gave him welcome there."

And the dead shall rise again. Jesus raised Lazarus from the grave. Mary's heart was too full for utterance. Language was too weak. Heart-throbs and tears and looks of tenderest and purest love were more expressive than mere sounds. Mary's eyes became in very deed the windows of her soul and her spirit looked out to Him whose word was spirit and life, bringing her dead brother up from the grasp of the grave. And touching this the poet says

"Her eyes are homes of silent prayer,

No other thought her mind admits

But, he was dead, and there he sits,

And he that brought him back is there.

All subtle thought, all curious fears,

Borne down by gladness so complete,

She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet,

With costly spikenard and with tears."

The darkness of death becomes beautiful in the hope of the future, the blessed compensation, the resurrection of the just, the restitution of all things. "Voiceless lips" shall open and speak. "Tender eyes in dark eclipse" shall beam with the light of eternal life and beauty, and "pulseless hearts" shall beat to the songs and gladness of Paradise.

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