

through a western window. The moon's rays fell across the bed upon which the dying man lay, bathing him in their pure pellucid light, and forming a Rembrandt like background to the scene. All was silent, save the sighing of the autumn wind, as it gently played through the foliage which surrounded the house, a fitting requiem for the poet who sung of the love and beauty of nature. Motionless Lord Tennyson lay upon his couch, the tide of his life gently, slowly ebbing out into the ocean of the infinite. No racks of pain or sorrow checked its course or caused a ripple upon the outgoing tide. As peacefully and gently as he had lived, so he died, looking until the end into the eyes of those dear to him. All the members of his family were by the bedside, and Sir Andrew Clarke remained by his side from the moment of his arrival yesterday until he breathed his last. So gentle and painless was his passing away that the family did not know he had gone until Sir Andrew broke the news to Lady Tennyson, who bore the closing scenes of her great trial well in spite of her extremely delicate health.

—*Montreal Witness*

In various comments published, the *Times* calls Tennyson "The English Virgil" on account of his mastery of lofty, graceful and sonorous voice. "Never since Milton," it says, "has England heard as stately blank verse as 'The Idyls of the King.' He had an eye almost as true and loving as Homer for the beautiful side of the trivials of daily life."

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes said: "What can I tell you about Tennyson, what can I say? I do not want to talk or think how many there are who have gone I might only say the world has lost a great, good and beautiful poet."

The remains will be interred in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey, where they will lie next to the grave of Browning.

THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF AGASSIZ.

MAY 28, 1857

It was fifty years ago,
In the pleasant month of May,
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,
A child in its cradle lay.

And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying: "Here is a story book
Thy Father has written for thee."

"Come, wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvellous tale.

So she keeps him still a child,
And will not let him go,
Though at times his heart beats wild
For the beautiful Pays de Vaud.

Though at times he hears in his dreams
The Ranz des Vaches of old,
And the rush of mountain streams
From glaciers clear and cold;

And the mother at home says, "Hark!
For his voice I listen and yearn;
It is growing late and dark,
And my boy does not return!"

—H. W. LONGFELLOW

How do the human family know God?
Mankind know God through revelation,
ripening the understanding.

What is God?

God is the eternal power, not of ourselves,
that worketh righteousness.

Whose doctrine did Jesus of Nazareth teach?

Jesus taught the doctrine of God
—dutifully occupied in serving our Father.

What is the gospel of God?

The gospel of God is the active principle of love—generated in man for the uplifting of the race.