

(FOR "THE GAZETTE.")

Poetry.

"AND DID THE LITTLE FLOWERS BUT KNOW."

(From the German of Heine.)

I.

And did the little flowers but know
The anguish of my heart,
Their tears would surely fall and flow
To heal the wounded part.

II.

And if the nightingales but knew
My bitter pain and grief,
They gladly would console me through
Their song—and bring relief.

III.

And could the golden stars on high
Be conscious of my woe,
They would come out from yonder sky
To comfort me below.

IV.

But none of these can know, ah me!
The cause of all my pain:—
It is but known to one, and she
Hath rent my heart in twain.

A. G. G.

B. A.

Free,
To go for a scud on the sunny sea!
The study at morning and midnight done,
The scribbled-out books on the sofa thrown,
The ink-not left open to elude the dawn,
With an old "J" nib in it stiff with rust,
And a red and blue pencil, in need of cutting,
Sticking out of a drawer too full for shutting.

Done!
And now I am free for a bask in the sun,
Or reading a legend of ancient birth
Of men, who have long since mingled with earth
On the shores of the Mediterranean,
Or to watch how Irene toys with her fan
To eke out a story, as old as Adam,
When Monsieur Moustache is with beautiful madam.

All!
Are you sure that my scout will not give me a call,
To be up with the lark and retrieve the work
That overnight pleasure had made me shirk,
May I chat over lunch and have out my sleep,
Without having one eye on the clock to keep?
May I once again act as if I were human,
And venture to look on the charms of woman?

Yes!
That vision has passed in its hideousness:
Henceforth, without favour or fear, I can
Look the world in the face, and stand up a man;
For no tyranny crushes the heart any more,
With its cruel exactions of time and toil,
Like that which determines so much our station
In life—our arch-bog—examination.

DOUGLAS W. Z. SLADEN.

Contributions.

TENNYSON'S LATER POEMS.

From whatever standpoint these poems may be viewed, whether from that of adverse, or from that of favorable opinion, they cannot fail to be at least subjects worthy of earnest thought.

As the works of Tennyson, and as the work of an old man, who has seen life in nearly all its phases, who has lived a full life, together with the rare op-

portunity which they offer for seeing the effect of age on a writer's views, they are, whether we like them or not, worth a great deal of study.

These poems are not so good as regards artistic finish as his earlier works; some are too political, and some too argumentative in tone to be so full of poetry; the gain in power has been balanced by a corresponding loss in beauty, nevertheless, we find here and there touches of that subtle melody, and of those happy thoughts, which form the many memorable lines.

But if lacking in beauty, they have what we at present need more; we have among other of our poets so much finish that the matter is lost, the structure is completely hidden by the decoration.

But in these we have high thought, noble ideals, clothed in language, which if less flowery, is more powerful; and above all we have diffused throughout that Christian feeling characteristic of all Tennyson's later works, and which is conspicuously absent from the works of your poet of passion.

Pessimistic they certainly are, but the pessimism is that of a noble nature, not that of the cynic or misanthrope, nor yet, at least not altogether, what has been called the querulousness of the old man; it is rather the sad cry of one, who with clearer vision than his fellows, sees the dangers, and shouts a warning.

Gloomy though they may be, flashes of light here and there gloriously illumine the darkness, the light his happy vision of the future life.

Sorrowing for the loss of his favorite son, seeing his old friends pass one by one into the unknown, "remembering all the golden hours now silent, and so many dead;" he feels his age and the glories of that "clearer day than our poor twilight dawn on earth" and casting behind the past, ceasing to lament the present, he looks ever to the future.

"All the world is ghost to me, and as the phantom disappears,
Forward far and far from here, is all the hope of eighty years."

This introspection is a distinguishing point of all Tennyson's later work, and is only one of the many evidences of that high religious feeling which showed itself first in "In Memoriam."

It is interesting to observe the opinions advanced by him on matters of this kind. He has a strong belief in the supreme power of the Deity, "that more than man, which rules the heavens, and lifts and lays the deep."

His evidence is the more interesting, from the fact that he was a member of that famous Metaphysical Society, which embraced in its members the brightest intellects in England, and the most diverse opinions.

These questions were the subjects of discussion, and the result has been, that far from being, as has been recently stated, an Atheist, he has a most settled belief in Christianity in its broadest sense.

He recognizes the high mission of man, and believes within ourselves lie the germs of our gradual development and progress towards the distant heavenly best.

"Lay thine up-hill shoulder to the wheel,
And climb the mount of blessing, whence if thou
Look higher, then, perchance, thou mayest
Beyond a hundred ever-rising mountain lines,
And past the range of Night and Shadow see
The high heaven dawn of more than mortal day,
Strike on the Mount of Vision."