

Tennyson's place in literature is assured. Among the poets of his time "he, too, has won his laurels as a 'blameless king'."

The closing scene of the life of this truly great man, as described by Sir Andrew Clarke, was one eminently fitting such a life:—There was no artificial light in the room, and the chamber was almost in darkness save where a broad flood of moonlight poured in through a western window. The moon's rays fell across the bed on 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 trees surrounding the house, a fitting requiem for the gentle poet, who sang of love and the beauties of nature. Motionless Lord Tennyson lay upon his couch, the tide of life gently and 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. He did not show a trace of suffering to distress his sorrowing relatives and friends. Once or twice during the night he lifted his eyes

to the face of the watchers by his bedside and a beautiful smile played over his features. No doubt as to the future was in his wan face, and as the end came he appeared to fall asleep. So restful was he and so calmly did he respond to the beckoning angel of death that those who stood beside him scarcely knew he had passed away.

This calm exit, a veritable poet's euthanasia, recalls the remarkable stanzas with which he concluded a new volume two or three years ago after he had passed his 80th birthday.

'Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar  
When I put out to sea.  
'But such a tide as, moving, seems  
asleep,  
Too full for sound or foam,  
When that which drew from out the  
boundless deep  
Turns again home.  
'Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of  
farewell  
When I embark.  
'For tho' from out our bourne of time  
and place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crost the bar.'

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