

A NEW MORNING.

Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous.—EMERSON.

How rich am I, to whom the Orient sends
Such gifts as yonder fair and liberal Day,
Whose argosy o'ersails the mist-bar gray,
And now its shining length of cable spends.
Upon its decks are signal-waving friends,
Who by their every jocund token say :
"Hence, from thy spirit, put distrust away,
This bountihood thy slackened fortune mends !
We've olives from the soft gray trees of Peace,
And damask apples heaped for thee in sport
By the blithe Hours of young Aurora's court,
And myrrh thy heart in worship to release.
This freight is thine for Power's and Joy's increase ;
Oh ! be no longer doubtful—Day's in port !"

—Selected.

TENNYSON'S "ODE TO MEMORY."

It matters not how much of adverse criticism Tennyson has received in his later life, the fact still remains undisputable that taken as a whole his work could have been accomplished by none other than a master's hand. To the careless reader his poems are dull, possessing hardly anything of interest, appealing neither to the intellect nor to the imagination ; but after careful study an unprejudiced person will discover many beauties which, he feels, well repay him for all the time and attention necessary to bring them to light. Is it not thus with all Literature ? That which after a desultory reading yields pleasure, cannot be of more value than, as a specific for ennui, to enable the reader to pass away an idle hour. A truth may here and there be discovered, or a thought found, which may possess some weight ; but one soon wearies of wading through depths of sounding words and sentences merely to find commonplace ideas which might be clearly expressed upon half of a page.

On the other hand in all great literature more is meant than meets the eye. One truth is not simply stated ; but along with it, as a diamond clustered with pearls, are others of scarcely less value, almost hidden, but soon brought into life and light by the bright flash of the central gem. This is not true alone in prose where we most expect it, but in poetry we often find that, by some happy expression, the writer not only calls up before our mind's eye events in our own experience which happened long ago, but also that he fills our minds with thoughts of wondrous power and beauty. Especially is this so in the Ode to Memory.

A person reads this poem hastily and pronounces it a pretty piece. One or two expressions may please him and, in order that they may be firmly fixed upon his mind, he again reads and this time carefully. It appears different to him and thus led on he begins to weigh it word by word, soon finding that it is not thrown together at random, but in every expression each word has its appropriate place and possesses a peculiar fitness which none other could furnish.

The ode, taking the form of an apostrophe to Memory, is striking in expression at the outset ; but we are not to suppose that here the word memory possesses a limited meaning. It is not alone that power or capacity of having what was once present to the sense or understanding suggested again to the mind, but the word includes, besides this, all the thoughts and feelings by which the past is recalled. With this idea in mind, let us notice how beautifully and truthfully Tennyson speaks of the varied offices of Memory.

The memory of England's victories in the field and on the sea, the thought of the constitutional battles fought and won, of Magna Charta and all those grand old documents we prize so highly ; all these lend an additional charm to the present of our England's history. What would we be in ourselves were it not for the fact that memory of the past stimulates us also to greater exertion in the cause of truth ? Memory, in a nation's history, steals the fire of noble example and self denial which flowed forth so freely from the fountains of the past, and these, flashing and brightly gleaming alongside of the visible monuments which now attest their existence, not their death, render them glorious, beautiful and full of meaning. Is it not thus in our own lives ? True they may be short, our experience covering, perhaps, no greater space than a quarter of a century ; yet, away back in our early years, the lives of those whom we loved as fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, now throw a holy light on the present causing us to esteem it most highly. Life being thus lit up will mean to us something more than mere existence. It will be real and earnest, full of purpose, high hope and diligent achievement.

But not alone are pleasant memories given us, Memory is impartial, and, however greatly we may dislike them, there still will arise in our minds thoughts of a painful nature. How aptly expressed :—

"Come not as thou camest of late,
Flinging the gloom of yesternight
On the white day ;"

Sorrow as a darkening shadow has fallen on us. Grief has stricken us. Yes, perhaps, too, evil has overtaken us ; and now musing before the fire how clearly and distinctively in vision after vision the past arises before us. We see them, and even though the present of our lives be bright and joyous, on the beautiful white day these visions cast a shadow, a depressing gloom, we gladly would dispel. But still is