

A BIRTHDAY ODE—TO TENNYSON.

August 5, 1891.

LOVE and praise, and a length of days whose shadow cast upon time is light,  
Days whose sound was a spell shed round from wheeling wings as of doves in flight,  
Meet in one, that the mounting sun to day may triumph, and cast out night.

Two years more than the full fourscore lay hallowing hands on a sacred head—  
Scarce one score of the perfect four uncrowned of fame as they smiled and fled:  
Still and soft and alive aloft there sunlight stays though the suns be dead.

Ere we were or were thought on, ere the love that gave us to life began,  
Fame grew strong with his crescent song, to greet the goal of the race they ran,  
Song with fame, and the lustrous name with years whose changes acclaimed the man.

Soon, ere time in the rounding rhyme of choral seasons had hailed us men,  
We, too, heard and acclaimed the word whose breath was life upon England then—  
Life more bright than the breathless light of soundless noon in a songless glen.

Ah, the joy of the heartstruck boy whose ear was opened of love to hear!  
Ah, the bliss of the burning kiss of song and spirit, the mounting cheer  
Lit with fire of divine desire and love that knew not if love were fear!

Fear and love as of heaven above and earth enkindled of heaven were one;  
One white flame, that around his name grew keen and strong as the world-wide sun;  
Awe made bright with implied delight, as with with weft of the rainbow spun.

He that fears not the voice he hears and loves shall never have heart to sing:  
All the grace of the sun-god's face that bids the soul as a fountain spring,  
Bids the brow that receives it bow, and hail his likeness on earth as king.

We that knew when the sun's shaft flew beheld and worshipped, adored and heard:  
Light rang round it of shining sound, whence all men's hearts were subdued and stirred:  
Joy, love, sorrow, the day, the morrow, took life upon them in one man's word.

Not for him can the years wax dim, nor downward swerve on a darkening way:  
Upward wind they, and leave behind such light as lightens the front of May:  
Fair as youth and sublime as truth we find the fame that we hail to-day.

—A. C. Swinburne.

THE LADY OF HIS DREAMS.

It is a sweet morning in June, and the fragrance of the roses is wafted towards me as I move—for I am walking in a lawny meadow, still wet with dew—and a wavering mist lies over the distance. Suddenly it seems to lift, and out of the dewy dimness emerges a cottage, embowered with roses and clustering clematis; and the hills, in which it is set like a gem, are tree-clad, and rise billowy behind it, and to the right and to the left are glistening expanses of water. Over the cottage there hangs a halo, as if clouds had but parted there. From the door of that cottage emerges a figure, the countenance full of the trepidation of some dread woe feared or remembered. With waving arm and tearful uplifted face the figure first beckons me onward, and then, when I have advanced some yards, frowning, warns me away. As I still continue to advance, despite the warning, darkness falls; figure, cottage, hills, trees, and halo fade and disappear; and all that remains to me is the look on the face of her that beckoned and warned me away. I read that glance as by the inspiration of a moment. We had been together; together we had entered some troubled gulf; struggled together, suffered together. Was it as lovers torn asunder by calamity? was it as combatants forced by bitter necessity into bitter feud, when we only, in all the world, yearned for peace together? Oh, what a searching glance was that which she cast on me! as if she, being now in the spiritual world, abstracted from flesh, remembered things that I could not remember. Oh, how I shuddered as the sweet sunny eyes in the sweet sunny morning of June—the month that was my 'angelical'; half-spring, yet with summer dress, that to me was very 'angelical'—seemed reproachfully to challenge in me recollections of things passed thousands of years ago (old indeed, yet that were made new again for us, because now first it was that we met again). Oh, heavens! it came over me as doth the raven over the infected house, as from a bed of violets sweeps the saintly odour of corruption.

What a glimpse was thus revealed! glory in despair, as of that gorgeous vegetation that hid the sterilities of the grave in the tropics of that summer long ago; of that heavenly beauty which slept side by side within my sister's coffin in the month of June; of those saintly swells that rose from an infinite distance—I know not whether to or from my sister. Could this be a memorial of that nature? Are the nearer and more distant stages of life thus dimly connected, and the connection hidden, but suddenly revealed for a moment? This lady for years appeared to me in dreams; in that, considering the electric character of my dreams, and that they were far less like a lake reflecting the heavens than like the pencil of some mighty artist—Da Vinci or Michael Angelo—that cannot copy in simplicity, but comments in freedom, while reflecting in fidelity, there was nothing to surprise. But a change in this appearance was remarkable. Oftentimes, after eight years had passed, she appeared in summer dawn at a window. It was a window that opened on a balcony. This feature only gave a distinction, a refinement, to the aspect of the cottage—else all was simplicity. Spirit of Peace, dove-like dawn that slept upon the cottage, ye were not broken by any participation in my grief and despair! For ever the vision of that cottage was renewed. Did I roam in the depths of sweet pastoral solitudes in the West, with the tinkling of sheep-bells in my ears, a rounded hillock, seen vaguely, would shape itself into a cottage; and at the door my monitory, regretful Hebe would appear. Did I wander by the sea-shore, one gently-swelling wave in the vast heaving plain of waters would suddenly transform itself into a cottage, and I, by some involuntary inward impulse, would in fancy advance toward it.—*The Posthumous Works of De Quincey. Edited from the original MSS., with Introduction and Notes, by Alex. H. Japp, LL.D. Vol. I. Suspensiva de Profundis, with Other Essays.*

SUNSET.

FROM this windy bridge at rest  
In some former curious hour  
We have watched the city's hue,  
All along the orange west,  
Cupola and pointed tower,  
Darken into solid blue.

Tho' the biting north wind breaks  
Full across this drifted hold,  
Let us stand with ice cheeks  
Watching westward as of old.

Past the violet mountain-head  
To the farthest fringe of pine,  
Where far off the purpled-red  
Narrows to a dusty line,  
And the last pale splendours die  
Slowly from the olive sky;

Till the thin clouds wear away  
Into threads of purple-gray,  
And the sudden stars between  
Brighten in the pallid green;

Till above the spacious east,  
Slow returned one by one,  
Like pale prisoners released  
From the dungeons of the sun,  
Capella and her train appear  
In the glittering Charioteer;

Till the rounded moon shall grow  
Great above the eastern snow,  
Shining into burnished gold;  
And the silver earth outrolled  
In the misty yellow light  
Shall take on the width of night.

—Archibald Lampman, in the Independent.

TYPES AND RACES.

A GREEK tribe in Lycia (as stated by Luschau in a book of travel, which appeared in 1889) does not proceed from a single type, but from two, which live near each other, and, despite the mixture resulting from matrimonial relations for a thousand years, remain distinguishable by their characteristic physical peculiarities. This statement contradicts the generally accepted opinion that every people possesses one especially peculiar type; an opinion, which the most eager search with the most exact methods has not been able to confirm. All people are composed of the fragments of different types, which, like this Grecian race, have intermarried for a thousand years. The great mass of statistics with regard to the colour of the eyes, hair and complexion of school-children furnishes an irrefragable proof of this. They have shown that two types are spread over all Europe, from north to south: the blonde and the brunette. The Germans, Swiss, French, English, Austrians, etc., are all mixed in this way. The two types are seen side by side, in almost every village, and even in almost every family. No one had expected this comprehensive result. It had been hoped that there would be found, at least, some small race, a fragment of a people which would show a pure type. But this is nowhere the case. The latest communication from America confirms this. Franz Boas says that the same result has been obtained by his examination of certain American Indian races, as in the Greeks of Asia Minor. The Bella Coola

of British America have intermarried with the Athabaskas for a long time. The measurements of the skull among them show two different lengths of head, while the heights of the body and the shape of the face agree with the differences of the skull in such a striking number of cases that it is impossible to be the result of accident. Thus it appears that the American Indian race is composed of two different and opposite types (instead of belonging to a single race), which have, in the course of time, intermingled. Then these have again intermarried, but without the result of a mixed race, for the original types remain clearly recognizable. Boas has pointed out that these agreeing observations confirm the opinion of Kollman, obtained from widely differing territories, over the indestructibility of type. Long faces and broad faces, long skulls and short skulls, under like conditions, were found in the oldest colonies, just as they appear before us to-day. They have been existing in Europe for thousands of years, so that exact comparison leads us more and more to the knowledge that, though peoples, nations and culture are all variable and the result of evolution, the anatomical characteristics of type remain. The human physical material remains the same, so that spiritual, national and mental development may reach the greatest height, without change in the colour of the eyes and hair, or the shape of the face.—*Translated for Public Opinion from the New York Belletristisches Journal.*

THE highest and most profitable lesson is the true knowledge of ourselves.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

TRUE friendship can afford true knowledge. It does not depend on darkness and ignorance.—*Thorzau.*

THERE is no other way of obtaining light and intelligence but by the labour of attention.—*Malebranche.*

IT is not expedient or wise to examine our friends too closely. Few persons are raised in our esteem by a close examination.—*Rocheffoucauld.*

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