

CORRESPONDENCE.

WOLFVILLE, JUNE 5TH.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF '90.

Gentlemen:

I am directed by the Associated Alumni of Acadia College, to convey their appreciation of your invitation to attend a reception, and in accepting to say that the Alumni feel that you have gracefully honored them.

I am also directed to convey to you the appreciation of the Alumni of your generous efforts to provide a gymnasium, and to place an acknowledgment of it on the records.

G. J. COULTER WHITE,
Sec. pro tem.

"DEMETER AND OTHER POEMS."

TENNYSON'S latest, and we suppose, his last volume is before us. In it we observe new and old, changed and unchanged characteristics of the Laureate. The same spirit is there, the same perfect beauty, the same human heartedness, but years of Christian manhood and a knowledge of Mother-Earth and her ways, wrested from the rugged hand of experience have left their impress upon these. Age has endowed him with a more gentle spirit, and in his warm-hearted love he is again a child, while the impatience he manifests towards social and political incongruities in some of his earlier poems is seen here even less occult. Of course there are no changes in his style, the most is only a dimming or a darkening of the shade. In it, too, are reflected back some of the images that swept across his mind in by-gone days and left their portrait on the canvas of the world.

The volume opens and closes with two sparkling felicities thrown off from a heart replete with tenderness and faith. In both we feel conscious that our poet is turning away his eyes from the flutter and bluster of the fame-land to the quiet repose of the glory-land. The first is a dedication song to the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava. Written in the same metre but in more subdued spirit than "In memoriam" it reveals how strong is his love for his loved ones. He strikes his harp not to honor his friends' fair fame, for time will gild his cup with glory, but more, to pay a debt of love. A soul, he loved but

was not near to watch as he slipped the silver cord of life, wrote "Their kindness" and so his heart is full. The poem is beautiful because it reflects a father's love shining through a poet's soul.

In the closing poem, "Crossing the Bar," the poet leads us to the shores of the sea of life and hopes that to him it may not be a swelling Jordan.

"But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home."

A man of eighty now he knows that soon there will be "one clear call for him" and he must meet his Pilot face to face. The gentle rhythm of the poem corresponds beautifully with the hushed murmur of the waves, while we view not afar off the sunset of a glorious life. The piece is immortal from its poetic beauty as well as from the spirit of Christian faith which it contains.

"Fifty times the rose has flower'd and faded,
Fifty times the golden harvest fallen.
Since our Queen assumed the globe, the sceptre."

Thus commences that unique ode "In the Jubilee of Queen Victoria." In it we may learn a lesson of the tendency of our age, for as we hearken to the patriotic soul we hear it beat a new tune unknown to older poets. The day of glorious military deeds is shadowing, and men are to engage in a nobler fight, henceforth he would have men make England glorious by deeds of love. The piece is composed of two songs, one to the Queen, the other, to the people. The former is indited in words of loving loyalty and reverence; the latter leads the people to heights of purer patriotism—a patriotism that springs from faithfulness to the King of Kings. Unique in its cast it is all the more beautiful because it is unique and has a beauty of its own.

"Demeter and Persephone" a myth from classic lore is dedicated to Professor Jebb. That the production of a man of eighty should be so like the production of a man of twenty is wonderful. "Oenone" and "Demeter and Persephone" clearly come from the self-same hand but not with fifty years between we cry. They are sisters, twin in thought and beauty, but not in age. Like "Oenone" it possesses a strong recurrent refrain the wail of "Oenone."

"O mother Ida, hearken ere I die,"
Echoes through "Demeter and Persephone" in
"Where is my loved one? Wherefore do ye wail?"