

first place among those of the second. Which is preferable? Doubtless the Laureate was most skilled in the technique of his art, and was perhaps more intellectual. But the Corsair was the greater master of passion—or slave, perchance! The sculpturesque productions of the former are more stately, grand, imposing and philosophical. The picturesque works of the latter are more glowing, emotional, human, and therefore popular. But both are beautiful, both sublime.

Byron flashed into the firmament like a meteor. Tennyson grew as did the pyramids of old, which have endured through all the levelling years and still lift their proud heads in defiance of storms or stars.

A demon is not more powerful for evil than a false woman: such the Corsair aids in multiplying. Nor is an angel more worthy of the smile of God than a woman who is pure and true: such the Laureate helps to become even more noble than they are. Taking the general tone and spirit of their works, Byron tends to lower his readers, and Tennyson to lift his upward.

And had Byron lived to the same old age as he who has just passed away, who can tell but that he too might have worn a diadem bright as that which the rolling centuries will place upon the brow of Alfred Tennyson—even the triple crown of admiration, reverence and love. For the triumphs of his genius, potential as they are, shall have then become the glory of the English language.

W. J. THOROLD.

THE PANTHEIST.

God is the boundless Sea: and I one sobbing wave:
God is all Worlds; and I, of stars—one, space to pave.

God is the Wand'ring Light; and I one clouded vision:
God is all motion; I a short, swift, lost transition.

God is the Heaven; and I a skyward fluttering lark.
The Circle; I a fragment of its shattered arc.

God is the Sweeping Wind; and I one short drawn breath.
My God is Life; and I the play of "Life in Death."

B. W. N. GRIGG.