

Over the meadows that blossom and wither  
Rings but a note of the sea-bird's song;  
Only the sun and the rain come hither  
All year long.

The sun burns sere and the rain dishevels  
One gaunt bleak blossom of scentless breath,  
Only the wind here hovers and revels  
In a round where life seems barren as death.  
Here there was laughing of old, there was  
weeping,  
Haply, of lovers none ever will know,  
Whose eyes went seaward a hundred sleeping  
Years ago.

Heart handfast in heart as they stood, "Look  
thither,"  
Did he whisper? "Look forth from the flow-  
ers to the sea;  
For the foam-flowers endure when the rose-  
blossoms wither.  
And men that love lightly may die—but we?"  
And the same winds sang and the same waves  
whitened,  
And or ever the garden's last petals were  
shed,  
In the lips that had whispered, the eyes that  
had lightened,  
Love was dead.

Or they loved their life through, and they went  
whither?  
And were one to the end—but what end who  
knows?  
Love deep as the sea of a rose must wither,  
As the rose-red seaweed that mocks the rose.  
Shall the dead take thought for the dead to  
love them?  
What love was ever as deep as the grave?  
They are loveless now as the grass above them  
Or the wave.

All are at one now, roses and lovers,  
Not known of the cliffs and the fields and  
the sea.  
Not a breath of the time that has been hovers  
In the air now soft of a summer to be.  
Not a breath shall there sweeten the seasons  
hereafter  
Of the flowers or the lovers that laugh now  
or weep,  
When as they that are free now of weeping and  
laughter,  
We shall sleep.

Here death may not deal again for ever;  
Here change may come not till all change  
end.  
From the graves they have made they shall  
rise up never,  
Who have left not living to ravage and rend.  
Earth, stones, and thorns of the wild ground  
growing,  
When the sun and the rain live, these shall  
be,  
Till a last wind's breath upon all these blowing  
Roll the sea.

Till the slow sea rise and the sheer cliff  
crumble,  
Till terrace and meadow the deep gulf  
drink,  
Till the strength of the waves of the high  
tides humble  
The fields that lessen, the rocks that shrink;  
Here now in his triumph, where all things  
falter,  
Stretched out on the spoils that his own  
hand spread,  
As a god self-slain on his own strange altar,  
Death lies dead.

—*Swinburne.*

### PROFESSOR CAMPBELL'S DEFENCE.

Prof. John Campbell, of the Presby-  
terian College, Montreal, whose name  
has been before the public quite prom-  
inently for some months, on account  
of the charge of heresy preferred against  
him by the Presbytery of Montreal,  
was freed from the charge at the late  
meeting of the Synod of Montreal and  
Ottawa, held at Carleton Place, Ont.,  
on the 8th of last month. At his trial  
before the Presbytery of Montreal,  
in 8th month last, he was found  
"guilty," but he appealed at once to  
the higher court, which resulted as  
above stated. The decision is consid-  
ered a victory for liberality of thought.  
The charges of heresy were founded  
upon a lecture delivered by Prof.  
Campbell before the students of  
Queen's University, Kingston, Ont., on  
the 26th of 2nd mo., 1893. The title  
of the lecture was "The Perfect  
Father, or the Perfect Book," and was  
based chiefly upon the words of Jesus.  
"Be ye, therefore, perfect, even as  
your Father which is in heaven is per-  
fect." In the discourse the Professor  
upheld the perfection of God's charac-  
ter as taught and exemplified by Jesus.  
and questioned the truth of some of the  
writers of the Old Testament in their  
presentation of His character. His de-  
fence before the Presbytery is interest-  
ing reading, and the following extracts  
from it, I have no doubt, will be profit-  
able to the readers of the REVIEW,  
showing, as it does, the advance of  
religious thought in the religious world.