

there is much to be said in favour of such a deduction. Professor Bickerton also sends me his "Perils of a Pioneer," an account of the risks encountered and losses sustained in the attempt to introduce a demonstrated Cosmic theory. This little book naturally goes over a good deal of ground. The Professor gives a detailed account of the manner in which English scientists received this theory, and the complimentary remarks made to him regarding it. He also gives the facts and correspondence relating to his dismissal from the position of Professor of Chemistry at Canterbury College, which he has so long filled.

In response to a request made by the Sage in our August number, the following examples of the art of word painting have been sent in. They will well repay study by writers both of prose and poetry, proving, as they do, the exquisite effect of a careful selection of words. Mr Edwin Hall writes :

It was a favourite practice with the poet Tennyson when taking his daily walk to embody in a few striking phrases any salient feature of the landscape that came under notice.

Some noteworthy examples of the power he acquired in this way of placing before us an entire landscape in a few telling words are to be found in the Palace of Art.

One show'd an iron coast and angry waves,
You seem'd to hear them climb and fall,
And roar rock-thwarted under bellowing
caves,
Beneath the windy wall.

And one, a full fed river winding slow,
By herds upon an endless plain,
The ragged rims of thunder brooding low,
With shadow-streaks of rain.

And one, the reapers at their sultry toil,
In front they bound the sheaves. Behind
Were realms of upland, prodigal in oil,
And hoary to the wind.

And one, an English home, gray twilight
pour'd,
On dewy pastures, dewy trees,
Softer than sleep all things in order stored,
A haunt of ancient peace.

Mr Edward Kempe sends a few selections of the romantic type :

'Then lead, calm votaress, where some sheety
lake
Cheers the lone heath, or some time hallowed
pile,
Or upland fallows grey
Reflect its last cool gleam.

But when, chill, blustering winds, or driving
rain,
Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain side
Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown and dim-discovered
spires;
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er
all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

Collins *Ode to Evening*.

That time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves, or few, or none do hang
Upon those boughs that shake against the
cold,
Bare, ruined choirs where late the sweet
birds sang.

Shakespeare—*Sonnet*.

THE EAGLE.

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt, he falls.

Tennyson.

There was a listening fear in her regard,
As if calamity were just begun,
As if the vanward clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
Was with its stored thunder labouring up.

Keat's *Hyperion*.

A slumber did my spirit seal,
I had no human fears;
She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.

No motion hath she now, nor force,
She neither hears nor sees,
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course
With rocks and stones and trees.

Wordsworth.