

of emotion and importunity burst forth—
 "Lord, where art thou? My God, where art thou? Come, I pray thee; I am ready. Behold me prepared to lay down my life for thy truth. For the cause is holy. It is thine own. I will not let thee go;—no, nor yet for all eternity! My soul is thine. Yes, I have thine own Word to assure me of it. My soul belongs to thee, and will abide with thee for ever. Amen! O, God, send help! Amen!"

The history of the salvation and sanctification of human souls hitherto is the history of such praying as this, in spirit, if not in these or any uttered words. Such holy earnestness and familiarity never offends the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, through Him, is the God of all grace and consolation.—*The Family Treasury*.

Enoch Arden, &c.

SUCH is the title of Tennyson's last volume of poems, and we sat down to read it with somewhat of the same feeling we would have in reading the last letter just received from a dear old friend, wiser and better than we; or, as our grandfathers and grandmothers used to lay hold of the last work sent forth by the author of "Waverley." And though the book does not show the sustained power of "In Memoriam," nor the unity of plan and finish and subtle beauties of the "Idylls of the King," yet still it is poetry that Tennyson above all living men could write. The greater part of the volume is taken up with two long poems, called "Enoch Arden" and "Aylwer's Field;" the rest is filled up with smaller pieces, some of which have appeared before in magazines and newspapers, while others are new, and with several imitations of classic metres which he terms "Experiments." The most important of the smaller pieces, "Sea Dreams," appeared some years ago, I think, in *McMillan's Magazine*; but every one will be grateful that it is now bound up with others in a more permanent shape.

Nothing is more delightful to Tennyson's real friends than to find a tone of nobler and deeper Christianity in each new work that he sends forth. This man, with a larger brain than any other in England, has studied the social anomalies and wants of the age, and he pretends to offer no cure but Christ. He thinks little of creeds, but he has faith in the Son of God. In "Aylwer's Field," indeed, he preaches a sermon from the terrible text, "Behold, your house is left unto you desolate," much after the manner of Jean Ingelow, who preaches so well from "Behold, I stand at the door and knock," that ministers may well be afraid hereafter to touch that text unless they would provoke comparisons not at all to their own advantage. The subject

of "Aylwer's Field" is one that we would have thought so much hackneyed by every novel-writer and penny-a-liner that no new interest could be given to it, Leolin Averill, who is poor and the brother of the Rector, loves and is loved by Edith Aylwer, the only daughter of the rich, proud Sir Aylwer Aylwer. The parents frown on the suit; the lover determines to work and prove himself worthy of Edith, even in a money point of view. They correspond, but the correspondence is intercepted. Edith dies: Leolin kills himself: his brother, the Rector, preaches a tremendous sermon on the base idolatry of rank and wealth, the Baronet and Lady—his old friends—being present, to hear the denunciations which end in this prayer for them:

"O, rather pray for those and pity them,
 Who, through their own desire accomplish'd,
 bring

Their own gray hairs with sorrow to the grave:—
 Who broke the bond which they desired to break,
 Which else had link'd their race with times to come,—

Who wove coarse webs to snare her purity,
 Grossly contriving their dear daughter's good!
 Poor souls, and knew not what they did, but sat
 Ignorant, devising their own daughter's death!
 May not that earthly chastisement suffice?
 Have not our love and reverence left them bare?
 Will not another take their heritage?
 Will there be children's laughter in their hall
 For ever and for ever, or one stone
 Left on another; or is it a light thing
 That I, their guest, their host, their ancient
 friend,

I made by these the last of all my race
 Must cry to these the last of their's, as cried
 Christ, ere His agony, to those that swore
 Not by the temple but the gold, and made
 Their own traditions God, and slew the Lord.
 And left their memories a world's curse—"Behold

Your house is left unto you desolate?"

The interest of the story is heightened from the scene being laid in 1793—just at the time of the French Revolution, and when in England, too, democratic fury was threatening to overthrow all existing establishments. Still, the plot of the story is most meagre and commonplace, and nothing but that divine art which makes old things new could have charmed it into life and power.

"Enoch Arden" is a different story.

— "A hundred years ago,
 Three children of three houses—Annie Lee,
 The prettiest little damsel in the port,
 And Philip Ray, the miller's only son.
 And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad
 Made orphan by a winter shipwreck—play'd
 Among the waste and lumber of the shore," &c.

Such are the characters of the poem. Both lads love Annie. She chooses Enoch: they wed: live happily for seven years: then misfortunes come. Enoch breaks one of his limbs: his wife bears him a sickly son, in addition to the healthy son and daughter she had given him previously. Hard times press sore on him: he accepts the offer of a boatswain's place to go to China.