

as imperishable as it is universal. And such may Tennyson's prove ! How sweet sounds this note amid the harsh, discordant music of the world, and how sustaining is his teaching in this age of materialistic bent !

"If e'er when faith had fallen asleep,
I heard a voice, 'Believe no more,'
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in the Godless deep ;
A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath the heart
Stood up and answered, 'I have felt' "

This was his creed, and his justification for it, and in the spirit of it he lived and moved and had his being. He advises us to exercise at all times the upholding faith of Enoch Arden :—

"Cast all your cares on God. That anchor holds.
Is He not yonder in those uttermost
Parts of the morning ? If I flee to these
Can I go from Him ? And the sea is His,
The sea is His. He made it."

And what of that faith which has never known the "storm and toil ?" Is it to be despised ? It may not be as strong, but it is certainly as pure and as productive of good as its satisfied brother. Do not disturb it by any suggestion of doubt.

"Leave thou thy sister when she prays,
Her early Heaven, her happy views,
Nor thou with shadow'd hint confuse
A life that lives laborious days.
Her faith thro' form is pure as thine,
Her hands are quicker unto good :
Oh ! sacred be the flesh and blood
To which she links a truth divine.
See thou that countest reason ripe
In holding by the law within,
Thou fail not in a world of sin,
And even for want of such a type."