

are told that the ancients regarded it as a disease peculiar to Egypt, so that the children of Israel must have brought it with them from the house of bondage. Sin is the subject of many of the creations of this master-mind, sin in its various expressions, the perishable lust of glory—deceit, malice, envy, cruelty, and then as its only remedy and cure, he shews the need of the soul must be met by a personal Saviour. We must add just one more quotation from "Saul" in conclusion in proof of this—

"I believe it! 'Tis Thou God, that givest, 'tis I who receive :  
In the first is the last, in Thy will is my power to believe.

All's one gift Thou canst grant it, moreover, as prompt to  
my prayer,

As I breathe out this breath, as I open these arms to this air."

\* \* \* \* \*

"'Tis the weakness in strength that I cry for! My flesh that  
I seek

In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O Saul, it shall be  
A Face like my face that receives thee : a Man like to me,  
Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever! A Hand like this  
hand

Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the  
Christ stand!"

\* \* \* \* \*

No allegiance to a sectarian creed limits this man's vision,  
fearlessly he studies Nature, Science, and Revelation, and  
gives us the benefit of his knowledge and experience. We  
may take courage while he "being dead, yet speaketh." What  
is a poet? Let him tell us himself.

"The poet in a golden clime was born,

With golden stars above ;

Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,

'The love of love."

May we be allowed to say a poet is also an artist, one who  
makes word-pictures. In one sense his great aim is to discover  
to himself and then to others, the beautiful in nature, in  
art, in character, and in religion ; his sphere is thus wide as  
the world, nay, as the universe ; and though, perhaps, lacking  
in the ruggedness of the prophet, and power of the priest,  
Tennyson atones for the absence of these qualities by the  
exquisite perfection and musical rhythm of his language,  
not that he is, by any means deficient in depth or breadth of  
thought or feeling. Every emotion finds adequate utterance  
through the medium of his facile pen, "*In Memoriam*" substantiates this assertion. We ask the forbearance of our  
readers in inserting the following stanzas, where doubt and  
unbelief struggling through the mists of bereavement and  
sorrow, end in a triumphant declaration of faith :—

"Love is and was my Lord and King,

And in His presence I attend

To hear the tidings of my friend,

Which every hour his couriers bring.

Love is and was my King and Lord,

And will be, tho' as yet I keep

Within his court on earth, and sleep

Encompass'd by his faithful guard."

\* \* \* \* \*

"And hear at times a sentinel

Who moves about from place to place,

And whispers to the world of space—

In the deep night, that all is well."

Loyalty, honour, chivalry, and highest worth are nobly  
sung in "The Idylls of the King," but we are doubtful whether his drama of "Queen Mary" has won its meed of  
praise, or the intelligent appreciation due to it, by the many,  
though it will live in the memory of those who know our  
author best.

Many of his sweet lyrics cannot be surpassed, we mention  
only "Break, break, break," "A Farewell," and "The  
Brook," though there are many sparkling gems besides.  
Among his shorter poems "the Grandmother" appeals to us  
as a quaint and homely, though lovely picture of home life,  
containing those lines which we now accept as a truism.  
"A lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies,  
That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with  
outright,

But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight "

Probably when the poet conceived his "Medley," "The  
Princess," it was in his own estimation nothing more than he  
claims it to be, "A dream" which would never be realized,  
a pretty conceit though utterly impracticable ; yet "Sweet  
girl graduates," from just such institutions of learning as he  
described may now be met with on both sides of the Atlantic.  
Not in vain did he appeal to woman :—

"O lift your natures up :

Embrace our aims : work out your freedom, girls,

Knowledge is now no more a fountain seal'd ;

Drink deep, until the habits of the slave,

The sins of emptiness, gossip, and spite,

And slander, die Better not be at all

Than not be noble."

In our humble opinion among the later productions of the  
Laureate Tiresias is pre-eminently the noblest and sweetest.  
We have spent "Golden hours" in the study of this poet,  
and cannot refrain from bringing before our readers' notice  
the depth of wisdom contained in the following lines, passing  
over the beautiful legend of the goddess and her revenge,  
and merely noting the blind Sage's oracles, as applicable  
to-day as in the dim distant ages of those old myths :—

"Who ever turned upon his heel to hear

My warning that the tyranny of one

Was prelude to the tyranny of all?

My counsel that the tyranny of all

Led backward to the tyranny of one?"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Virtue must shape itself in deed, and those

Whom weakness or necessity have cramp'd

Within themselves, immersing each, his woe

In his own well, draw solace as he may."

\* \* \* \* \*

"My Son,

No sound is breathed so potent to coerce,

And to conciliate, as their names who dare

For that sweet mother-land which gave them birth