

work. In this way we may be able to spread the benefits of real training throughout the length and breadth of the land, and effect a development of the universities in genuine accordance with the spirit of the age."

After these very frank introductory remarks, Professor Cappon proceeded with his first lecture, which—in spite of his warning—the audience generally found extremely interesting, although—as few of them had come prepared to take notes—they have probably forgotten it long ere this. At the close of his lecture Lord Stanley spoke with great good sense along the same lines on which the professor had uttered his warnings, pointing out that the fundamental principle of all education is that a man must educate himself, and that his own reason for coming to the meeting was that he had been assured that genuine educational work was to be attempted. This, he said, could only be done if ques-

tions were asked on the subjects of the lectures, notes taken, prescribed books read, and regular examinations held. The following morning I attended the second lecture, which was given in a smaller hall with a black-board and something of the look of a class-room. The audience, to my great delight, had as a whole a different look from that of the night before. Only between fifty and sixty were present, but almost every one of them was furnished with pencil and notebook, and, as the professor led them on, occasional questions were put that showed that their own intellects were at work. The lecture and conversation lasted for nearly two hours, and I came away persuaded that genuine work could be done in connection with the University Extension Movement, if only those in charge of it can manage to steer between Scylla and Charybdis.—*School and College.*

TENNYSON'S WORKS.*

THE dainty little volumes of Lord Tennyson's poems which lie before us contain the essential life-work of the poet, beginning with selections from his early works, headed "Juvenilia," and ending with the very last he has published—the beautiful lyrical stanzas called "Crossing the Bar." Lord Tennyson has included in his collection all the poems which he deems worthy of life, and has not in this, or in previous editions of his collected works, republished such ephemeral sallies as his stanzas—of which Mr. Jennings lately reminded us—in answer to the first Lord Lyt-

ton's virulent attack on him in *The New Timon*. Such verses, like Newman's "blots" in the original *Apologia*, were the cut-and-thrust of the duel; and when time has healed the wounds on either side, and death has long since taken from us one of the combatants, Tennyson, like Newman, did well to forget. And yet it is strange now to look back at the time when the verdict which England has long since passed was so little general as the following stanza in answer to his critic implied:—

"But men of long-enduring hopes,
And careless what the hour may bring,
Can pardon little would-be Popes,
And Brummels when they try to sting."

The length to which Lord Tennyson's days have been, happily for us,

* "The Works of Alfred, Lord Tennyson." In 12 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.