

should have been styled "The Church of Rome" and "The Church of England," respectively. Nothing was farther from our intention than to refer otherwise than in terms of the highest respect to the Churches named, and if we unwittingly failed in this regard we are quite ready to cry *peccavimus*. But we can hardly admit that in thus employing the names which are constantly and popularly used to denote those two Churches we violated any literary canon, as implied in our correspondent's last sentence. The offence must, we submit, belong rather to the theological sphere—a sphere into which, unhappily, the poor layman seldom intrudes without danger. The rule implied in the question, "Why not call these two Churches by the names which they themselves have chosen, by which they are officially designated, and which can be offensive to no one?" would certainly be safe and excellent if one could but have the requisite knowledge always at command. But how, for instance, is the layman to be certain that the names in question are offensive to no one? How can he be sure that one set of critics will not protest that the term "Church of England" has connotations which are objectionable to English Dissenters, whose existence as Churches of England it ignores, and another set that it is objectionable to Canadians of other denominations as having a savour of establishment which does not exist in this country? Or, to illustrate a little further: Our correspondent assures us that the Church of England is in "the fullest and truest and most purely theological sense of the word Catholic." And yet our encyclopædia, speaking, no doubt, by the pen of some famous theologian, informs us that the term Catholic "cannot properly be applied to any particular sect or body, such as the Roman, Anglican, Genevan, etc., all of which form merely portions more or less pure of the church universal." But we find ourselves in danger of getting into deep waters and must desist. We thank our correspondent for his hint, and being, we hope, of teachable spirit, shall try to remember and act upon it so far as our sources of information may enable us.

OUR thanks are due to our correspondent "P" for setting us right in regard to the order of precedence. We should have looked the matter up for ourselves, before commenting upon it. We are glad to find that the place of the Premier of the Dominion is not so far from the head as we too hastily assumed. The explanation that the precedence is attached only to the actual occupants of the gubernatorial thrones, and not to ex-Governors, goes far to quiet our apprehensions, though the fact remains that the Lieutenant-Governors appointed virtually by the Premier rank above him, while in office. Nevertheless, seeing that the appointment is nominally and officially that of the Queen's Representative, the Governor-General, this can hardly be considered an anomaly. We have had, however, no explanation why the Roman Catholic Archbishop, whose office can have no political significance outside of a single province, should have so high a place, or why the bishops of the Church of England should have any, in a purely official list.

A STUDY IN TENNYSON.

IN his introduction to Ward's "English Poets," Mr. Matthew Arnold, seeking for the great fundamental quality that distinguishes the best poetry from poetry which is simply good or famous, discerns it in a "high seriousness," expressed under the conditions of poetic truth and beauty, and residing both in the matter and substance and the manner and style of the poem. Measured by this standard it would seem that "In Memoriam" should hold first place in the Laureate's works despite critical preferences, here and there, for "Maud" and the "Idylls of the King" as surpassing the other in point of sheer artistic merit. Mr. Oscar Browning has said of "In Memoriam" that "it follows all the varying phases of a deep and overmastering passion from its commencement to its close," a characterization that could not apply to it unless its tone were one of exalted and absolute sincerity; and as to its subject-matter, what theme could possess a broader or profounder interest for Humanity than that of Death, towards whose grasp we all are travelling and from whom the most of us receive grievous wounds by the way inflicted by the shafts that have pierced with mortal effect the breasts of those we love?

In contemplation of such a theme as that of "In Memoriam," we realize how great is the responsibility assumed by him that presumes to strike upon such tender chords of feeling, lest the music fail of its proper and intended office, and our last state be worse than our first. That our poet knew this depth of obligation is evidenced by his own lines—

Loss is common to the race :

Too common! never morning wore
To evening but some heart did break.

It would be hard to express bereavement in wider or deeper terms of affliction.

Exigency of space forbids us to enter upon consideration of the question, how far and wherein the author has succeeded, and how far and wherein he has not succeeded, in expressing adequately the "deep and over-mastering passion" that possessed him, and we must content ourselves with an effort to determine whether or not, in matter and substance the poem responds to its high ideal and redeems the solemn charge assumed by its author. It is necessary to either end that the just effect and tendency of the work should be to make men better and happier than if the gift had not been tendered to them.

The poet perceives in death a double operation and influence, firstly, upon those that die, and secondly, upon those that mourn. A mourner himself, he asks, in solitude for the lost one, whether death leads to oblivion or to eternal life; and if the latter, whether it is a higher or lower form than earthly existence, whether individuality is preserved or lost, and whether there is communion or isolation between the dead and the so-called living. Stricken in soul and body by bereavement he seeks surcease of pain and sorrow by noting, studying and analysing the various external and internal impressions and sensations that attend or manifest themselves in him; and, faithful to the true functions of the sincere poet, attempts upon the basis of reason and experience to erect a scheme of faith and existence that may enable him, at the least, to live worthily and die with honour. Here, in any event, is a noble purpose conceived in a largeness and amplitude of design that, if balanced in the treatment, entitles him to yoke with Chaucer in the characterization of the latter's work by Dryden as "God's plenty."

To the question: Is man immortal? the poet answers by way of confession that all speculation as to the consequences of death is no more than the cry of an infant in the darkness for light; yet he takes hope in the reflection that nothing in the nature of the earthly career necessarily conflicts with a belief in the nobler life beyond, and he holds that such a belief is essential to our idea of justice in whatsoever Power placed us here. Relying upon this necessity he sees in death only a stage of development, and thence proceeding by analogy, conceives of all things as moving toward some great end, in which mankind may reasonably hope for part and lot. Having so far builded upon immutable justice, he lays hand upon that *congeries* of high passions and emotions which he bodies forth in the term Love, and declares that these precious affections would be sensual in character and starved in degree without immortality in their objects; with result that life and effort would seem futile if not repulsive, earthly existence inconsistent and unintelligible, any human abilities mere waste of force; also, that merit would be put off with the scanty reward of an earthly fame, fleeting and ever of little worth. Upon these several considerations he concludes that the desire of immortality is an impulse, moving from divine wisdom; that earthly life is, in purpose, a discipline, and that death in its worst phases, is but a stormy passage to eternal peace.

The fact of immortality admitted to remove from earth is to enter a higher state of existence. The intellect is unfettered by separating it from a frail and imperfect embodiment; it learns the mysteries of the universe, and knowing all things, it is no longer tortured by anxieties respecting the future. By a bold and splendid flight of fancy the poet represents the translated soul as revelling in those intellectual delights that solaced it below and winning applause in Heaven by great achievements of the mind. So blissful and exalted the celestial state, that we may not impute to the freed spirit conception of the misery of the mourner below.

Our author shrinks from the idea of a soul released by death returning to the universe. Love finds its strength and sweetness in the thought of an eternal and changeless personality in its object, and the phrase "happy dead," would be a mockery if applied to one whose separate existence had been ended by death.

In one sense, naught but our own death can reunite us to the dead, for it is a mere fantasy of the brain that represents them as returning to the earth. Then, too, the dead, all wise, and therefore knowing our vileness and imperfections, may well despise and discard us. Still, spiritual communion is at least possible, and if withheld because the dead condemn us, all earthly love is reduced to the quality of a passing caprice. They may love us in pity if not in equality; they may work with us in our higher aims; their true service to us is indicated by our habit of turning our thoughts to them in hours of sorrow or despair. Perchance the dead remember their earthly life with interest and tenderness; our influence may survive in them as theirs in us; communion with us may be precious to them. Yet, however it otherwise may be, they will not enter a soul filled with earthly turmoil or stained with earthly passion: we must woo and entertain them with pure hearts and tranquil minds.

Death being by some regarded as a suspension, if not a destruction of the human nature and faculties, the poet again exhorts to good cheer; for even so, love will re-awaken with the soul.

We are now brought to a consideration of the effects of death upon the bereaved, a topic treated with more fulness than the other branch of the subject, both because of the greater human interest attaching to the fortunes of those who are still of the earth, and because it is not given to all poets to command that wealth of imaginative detail possessed by a Milton or Dante.

Bereavement intensifies religious thought and feeling. The mourner doubts and reasons upon all creeds. He finds that Materialism leaves the larger and higher part of human nature unsatisfied and that Pantheism is too refined for earthly needs; and he concludes that the only sure support of political and social integrity is that which is implied in and associated with the elementary and therefore universal conceptions of a personal God. Hence, the honest use of doubt and reason leads at last to a religion of faith, firmly held because rationally won. Faith gives light and light means knowledge—the knowledge that follows wisdom and goes hand-in-hand with reverence and is, itself, a feeder to love and faith. The religion of faith is the doctrine of self-control as opposed to self-indulgence, whose result is inevitably evil. This religion of faith is the true creed for the mourner, because it makes the dead worthier of the love that he is so eager to bestow, and it overcomes the doubts and fears that constitute the terrors of death. Faith, in one born or bred in the era and *habitat* of Christianity, leads to the recognition of the Nazarene as the type of highest, holiest manhood, and in striving to raise ourselves to the type we learn the wholesome lesson of submission to our earthly fate, and perceive that our destiny lies in the will of one God, ever living and ever loving, and, therefore, ever to be trusted.

Faith, however, cannot avert those moments when we feel that the mere expectancy of death affects the use and enjoyment of life; when the sight of death evokes pity for the victim and despair at the spectator's foreshadowed end; when the physical changes wrought by death fill one with doubts fatal to any theory of immortality; when the witnessing of death in one of the great, or good, or wise of earth suggests nothing but needless and irreparable loss; when the sweet fancy of two lives and deaths in unison is shattered, and there is no *simile* to the return of the bride, who comes again and again to tell of her joyful life and work in her new home; when, as we look upon the face of the silent one, we are struck with the fear that we shall never hereafter overtake him; when our love for him seems like an ill-matched passion, and degenerates to jealousy and discontent as we reflect how he has become of a sudden highly placed and surrounded.

Bereavement, however, has its compensations. In the presence of death, love ripens all at once; the strength and beauty of the lost one's character stand fully revealed; the whole wealth of his career is gathered in; the entire prospect of the happy past is seen; those differences of mental habit and intellectual endowment that constituted the bond of sympathy are exalted, but the bond is not destroyed; the conditions of the mutual love are changed but not removed; memory and meditation replace the physical contact. Love, transferring itself through faith to an eternal object, now becomes truly blest and is no more chilled by the recurring fear that some day the grave will make an end of it. It mingles the dead one in fancy with the great and pleasant doings of the world, and so repels the slander that would accord a cold welcome to the dead, if they could return to earth. Love, too, is the basis of our faith in the reality of the higher life, and so teaches us the good that is in bereavement; for despair in the first moments of loss is but the reaction from the blind confidence felt in the duration of earthly bliss.

Even should the sense of loss be perpetual, it has its intervals of surcease; it kills not, but is converted into memory, which ensures calmness, if not contentment. As for blind, irrational, barren grief, its desert is to be crushed at once.

In respect of the mourner's earthly future, he perceives at last that the purpose of his remaining days is to enhance the value of the eternal intercourse hereafter; he invokes the dead to come and share his renewed hope and joy of life; he finds the burden of life divided by the love that still subsists between the departed and himself; his past life is pleasant to remember because of the helpfulness of that love in the now-broken earthly intercourse; all that is fruitless in the past is forgotten in expectation of what is to come before his earthly career closes; he realizes that love and loss are better than a void. He believes that good is to be the final result of whatsoever is doubtful or ill; that nothing is made or done in vain; that the mixing of evil with the good in life is not ground of despair, for the best life is flecked with sin; that the spirit may be true to its ideal even when conduct is vile; and, faith apart, that right-living is, at the least, an assurance of a noble death and a hopeful foundation for a happy future.

In the various operations and aspects of nature, and of her servant, Man, the poet discerns and distinguishes a multitude of influences working upon the mourner with diverse results, but exigencies of space permit only a brief summary or suggestion of them.

In the early, sharp hours of bereavement, even the face of Nature is unlovely; for what is she but a dumb, brutal force, at war with our ideas of a beneficent Creator? The very remorselessness of Nature fills one with distrust and despair—she that cares nothing for the individual, but only for the type, and that so indifferently as to permit even types to perish; she that brings but one seed in scores to fruition; she that decrees sudden and cruel deaths so widely among those subject to her dominion. Beauty, intellect, love, benevolence, patience, fortitude, fidelity to truth and justice, religion—all qualities that men esteem, are so many protests against the ravaging law of Nature, before which we should sink did we not interpose the shield of Faith. The great yew-tree, hardy, unchanging,