

Is faith as vague as all unsweet:
Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside."

The votaries of annihilation need not go for
fellow-feeling to him who sings:—

My own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live for evermore,
Else earth is darkness at the core,
And dust and ashes all that is;

This round of green, this orb of flame,
Fantastic beauty; such as lurks
In some wild poet, when he works
Without a conscience or an aim.

What then were God to such as I?
'Twere hardly worth my while to choose
Of things all mortal, or to use
A little patience ere I die.

'Twere best at once to sink to peace,
Like birds the charming serpent draws,
To drop head-foremost in the jaws
Of vacant darkness, and to cease."

Our faculties in the Golden City will not be
shackled with the bonds of sense. We shall gaze
from vast to vast, and from eternity to eternity.
In this life we cannot remember all the past. At
the dawn of every new day a shadow falls over
yesterday; for our human nature could not endure
the continuous view of the whole vista of the past.
But

"There shall be no shade
In that deep dawn behind the tomb,
But clear from marge to marge shall bloom
The eternal landscape of the past."

There are no finer lines in "In Memoriam" than
those which, went the rounds of the Canadian Press
last year, in reference to a momentous case in an
ecclesiastical court. No where does Tennyson
more clearly show that he is a child like the rest
of us in the great secrets of God, than in these
stanzas that unfold his waverings with respect to
the eternal punishment of the wicked.

"Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,

To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood:

That nothing walks with aimless feet
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

'That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivel'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for a light:
And with no language but a cry."

The poet feels his own nothingness, and gives up
the great problem. His doubts come again, and
again he sings:—

The wish, that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave,
Derives it not from what we have
The likeliest God within the soul?

Are God and Nature then at strife.
That Nature lends such evil dreams?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life:

For I, considering everywhere
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
Do find that out of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear.

The poet grants that the wicked must suffer
eternal punishment after this life, if we are to
judge from nature. Still his universal sympathy
makes him cry out from the depth of his human
weakness,—

I falter where I firmly trod,
And failing with my weight of cares