

revealed." This is the burden of his advice to the rationalist of pantheistic leanings, in the thirty-third lyric of "In Memoriam":

"O thou that after toil and storm  
Mayst seem to have reach'd a purer air,  
Whose faith has center everywhere,  
Nor cares to fix itself to form.

"Leave thou thy sister when she prays,  
Her early Heaven, her happy views;  
Nor thou with shadow'd hint confuse  
A life that leads melodious 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 ev'n for want of such a type."

The wranglings of the religious world the poet looked upon with horror, but he believed in the mission of truth to make men free,

"And alchemise old hates into the gold  
Of Love, and make it current; and beat back  
The menacing poison of intolerant priests."

Equally unbearable was the skeptic's flippant tone and the infidel's intolerance of faith, for this is an age in which free thought is rampant and agnosticism dogmatic. Calvinists and Romanists no longer have a monopoly of intolerance.

The modern skeptic has become dictatorial and narrow. Doubt now has its cant and its shibboleths that "receive just that unthinking assent which orthodoxy used to receive." The modest doubt of the old-time has been succeeded by positive denial, and the new definition of faith runs, "Belief in the disproved." \*

Tennyson appreciated mental freedom and mental honesty. He was no blind devotee. He felt the inadequacy of creeds and confessions.

"Our little systems have their day:  
They have their day and cease to be:  
They are but broken lights of thee,  
And thou, O Lord, art more than they."

Thus he characterizes the schemes of philosophy and theology that prevail among men who get only feeble glimpses of the truth and cry out "Eureka!" when they have reached only a partial vision of reality.

Harold, voicing the liberalism of the nineteenth-century singer, says:

"Oh God! I can not help it, but at times  
They seem to me too narrow, all the faiths  
Of this grown world of ours, whose baby eye  
Saw them sufficient."

\* Thomas Baden Powell, in *The Speaker*, Oct. 8, 1892.