Hallam and Lionel, while the father himself pushed from behind. He would read to them while they were sitting together on a bank in a field, play football with them, teach them to shoot with bow and arrow and go with them flower hunting. In rainy weather father and boys stayed indoors and played battledore and shuttlecock, a game of which Tennyson was passionately fond.

One of their amusements was the blowing of soap bubbles, and the poet-father would become excited over the "gorgeous colors and landscapes and the planets breaking off from their suns and the single star becoming a double star," all of which he saw in the bubbles. In the evenings he would help the boys to act scenes from a familiar play, or superintend their charades, writing amusing prologues to help out the entertainment. "Make the lives of children as beautiful as possible," was one of the poet's favorite sayings. Another was, "A truthful man generally has all the virtues," and his chief anxiety was that the children should be strictly truthful. He insisted that they should be courteous to the poor; and his son records that "the severest punishment he ever gave me, though that was, it must be confessed, slight, was for some want of respect to one of our servants."

In the later years of the poet's life his grandchildren loved a romp with him and enjoyed their rides, when he would fight them with newspapers, or play "pat-a-cake" with them. On one of his last walks, when he had passed his eighty-third year, he met the village school children and pointed his stick at them, barking like a dog to make them laugh.

TENNYSON'S TWO SEA POEMS.

TENNYSON loved all nature, but especially he loved the sea. From boyhood he had found delight in the study of its every mood and change, and over and over again its echoes sound through his verse. In two poems, however, his interpretation of the sea rises into a flood tide of poetic feeling and beauty.

The first of these is the fragment, "Break, break, break!" When he wrote it the poet was still a young man, with his fame waiting in the unfolding years: with the ear of the world as yet but grudgingly accorded him; with his heart wrenched by one of its first great sorrows in the death of Arthur Hallam, whose bride his sister was so soon to have been, and the closeknit friend of his deepest heart—"More than my brothers are to me"—for whom his love was to flower in that noblest of elegies, "In Memoriam."

It was while this sorrow in its freshness touched and shadowed all the world for Tennyson that one spring day, as he walked the pleasant English lanes about his early home at Somersby, instead of the green grass under his foot, and the blossom-starred hawthorn hedges at his hand, he saw a wide gray sea and a gray old church, and, above the song of thrush and skylark, to his inward ear there sounded the rush of incoming waves as they broke white and foaming against the low cliffs not a hundred yards from Clevedon church, under whose aisle Arthur Hallam had found his last resting place. So, in that solitary walk, out of his saddened heart sprang the now familiar lines:

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me."

A poem that voices, as hardly any other, the hopeless yearning, the longing of bereavement, the sob of all hearts that ache and eyes that weep. It is not as an expression of the sea, but because he has made the sea to stand for the sorrow, the mystery, the inexorableness of death, that the world has made it part of the literature of grief, and multitudes of hearts who never heard the murmur of a wave or watched the foam of a breaker, have through it voiced a passion all their own.

Tennyson was an old man of past four-score when he wrote the other poem which is to this the complement, the antithesis, the gloria for the threnody, "Crossing the Bar." In this the sea is no longer to the poet a lament for the dead, but has become the pathway to immortal life—

"When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home."

Not in the springtime was this, but on a ripe October day, that Tennyson, to whom "one clear call" had already come, for almost the last time was making the easy journey from Aldworth to his beloved Farringford and its fair sea view, when in a moment, as he himself said, there came to him those lines which the world will not soon or willingly forget:

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea."

That same autumn evening he wrote out the poem and showed it to his son, who at once said, "That is the crown of your life-work." It was a well-rendered verdict, and a fruitage worthy to crown Tennyson's ripened years; as simple as the language of a child; as noble as his own great genius; as devout as the faith which had been the corner-stone of his character. That he himself felt it to be the fitting finale of all he had written is shown by the fact that but a few days before his death he charged his son, "Mind you put 'Crossing the Bar' at the end of all editions of my poems."

A little later, and to the music of the great organ of Westminster Abbey, a white-robed choir sang the beautiful words as they laid the poet in his honored grave; and again and again it has been heard beside still forms, where life has passed with that outgoing tide.—*Self-Culture Magazine.*

PERSONAL TESTIMONY.

BY REV. T. ALBERT MOORE.

IT is a cause for rejoicing that so many of the members of our Epworth Leagues are regular in their attendance upon the prayer and class meetings. Such services when attended by persons of varying ages have always proven fruitful sources of blessing. When our young people mingle in the social services with the more matured and even old people, they receive many helpful suggestions and put themselves in touch with many inspiring influences that will enrich their own experience.

But we do not forget that scores of young people attend no other social means of grace than the Christian Endeavor meetings of the League. How important that these meetings should always be definitely and earnestly spiritual. Besides hymn singing, Bible reading, prayer, and the discussion of the topic, these meetings should deal with personal experience in some practical way that would promote the spiritual life of those present. We all agree that our young people should have clear views on all the great moral and religious questions, but the meeting fails of its purpose unless members and visitors are led to give personal testimony to the power of Christ to save from the guilt and dominion of sin—and save now; and to the power for service obtained through the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

From the beginning, Methodism has always been a testifying Church. We must not depart from this old path. Our fathers knew when they had passed from death unto life, and told the sweet story to others with ringing voice and radiant face. Their songs of praise, their hallelujahs, their joyful responses, were aroused by these definite testimonies of salvation and victory through Jesus Christ. We must adhere to this glorious privilege. It is not enough for our young Methodists to quote some delightful verse of poetry, or an appropriate stanza of a hymn, or even an apt Scripture passage. They should be taught and encouraged to tell, even with halting speech and poorly made sentences, what God has done for their souls. Personal testimony is one of the great needs of the devotional meetings of our Epworth League. Let the leaders of meetings give a straight testimony, and plan that everybody shall do the same. "Ye are my witnesses" is Christ's word to young Christians in a League meeting, as well as to the whole church in a Love Feast.

Let us enter upon a campaign to secure personal testimonies in our meetings. These will count tremendously in all our church work. They will cause a brighter glow in the life of all who are enlisted in the service of Christ. They will deepen interest in our fellow leagues, and aid in bringing about the blessed revival for which we are praying. They will make our League a mightier power for good, and a greater factor in the life of our Church. Like Job, and Paul, and John, let every young Christian in our League meetings be able to say: "I know;" and like Peter, may every member of our League "be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh them a reason of the hope that is in them."

Hamilton, Ont.

IT is said that first and last Sir Thomas Lipton has spent £1,250,000, or about $7,500,000, in his efforts to carry off the prize cup from America. This is more than all the Methodist churches in all the world give annually for the cause of missions.