

lized country where machinery quadruples the productive power of the population, where one-fourth can do all the work and supply the needs of all the rest, and where the sole question is who shall work, and that raises the question who will best employ the time left at their own disposal? If not required to give their time to compulsory occupation, which sex will engage in the best voluntary occupations? Or in another form, to which sex is idleness most destructive?

They take a narrow and imperfect view who think the question is how are women to be provided for and supported? That is adjusting itself. Already in most of our states such provision is made that every child is supported and educated, if not by its parents, then by the state. I do not despair of ultimate attainment of the same provision for women generally—not by payments from the treasury, as some have suggested, or by making marriage work a community of goods—but by wise laws in conjunction with sound public opinion.

J. D. MCPHERSON.

Washington, June 7, 1895.

OUTLINE OF "THE IDYLS OF THE KING."

The poetical taste of the nineteenth century was influenced entirely by the new versification and lyric force of England's strongest poet, Alfred Tennyson. His tender words, so far-reaching in pathetic eloquence, have at last overcome a certain rejection, and now may be said to have molded the thoughts of a generation. The rapid, bold, decisive pictures; the swift flow of ideas, and the touching allusions, have undeniably had their effect upon the thinking few of the present. He has revived with great success the old Arthurian legends and fastened them into the living literature of England. His knights and ladies of "Good King Arthur's Table Round" stand out before us in a vivid coloring. We allow

our imaginations to wander with these fanciful creations through all the foibles of human nature.

Beauty, melancholy and repose are said to be the elements of Tennyson's poetry, and I believe this to be true, as no poet ever gave to my soul such sublime conception of the beautiful as he who warbled the "Song of the Brook."

"The Idyls of the King," of which we are to give you a synopsis, grew like the walls of Troy:

"Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed,
A cloud that gathered shape."

The first narrative of the "Idyls" is the plaintive story of the fair Enid sought and won by King Arthur's fearless knight, Geraint of Camelot. This tale is recognized for its simple sweetness. Enid was the daughter of an Earl who was bereft of his earldom by a nephew. This nephew, having sought in vain for the heart and hand of his cousin, had unjustly usurped her father's domain. Geraint, chancing to pass by Enid's ruined tower, heard her singing:

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel, and lower
the proud;
Turn thy wild wheel through sunshine, storm,
and cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate—"

He halted, chose Enid for his lady at the Tournament the following day, and then and there, in a successful struggle with his rival, restored to the old Earl (Enid's father) his rightful claim. Geraint took his bride to Arthur's Court, and there the Queen decked her in apparel like the day.

"Vivien," the second "Idyl" refers to an artful woman of the Court, who exerted her wiles upon the king, and, finding efforts vain, turned her energy toward securing the affection of Merlin, the gifted wizard of "King Arthur's Table Round." One of the most impressive songs in all Tennyson is the love song of Vivien:

"In love, if love be love, if love be ours,
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers;
Unfaith in aught—is want of faith in all."

"Elaine," the third "Idyl," is over-