

Yet he fails not to caricature severely and *justly* the utter failure of woman when she assumes a character and enters a sphere different from that for which the Creator fitted her. His philosophy as to the sexes is one with which the instincts of most cultured people are thoroughly in accord, and is thus summed up:—

“For woman is not undeveloped man
But diverse. Could we make her as the man
Sweet love were slain; his dearest bond is this
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man,
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thows that throw the world;
She, mental breadth nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till last she set herself to man
Like perfect music unto noble words.”

It is frequently the case that poets confine themselves to an expression of the sentimental and emotional only. While I believe this quality is necessary to make a true poet, we find that in Tennyson it forms only a comparatively small part of his varied character.

His ability to fathom the darkest recesses of our nature is made apparent in the “*Vision of Sin*,” and if we turn to his philosophical and elegiac poetry, one cannot but pronounce the poet to be in the best sense a religious mystic of deep insight. It would be difficult to find poetry which displays a deeper philosophical mind than the lines on “*Will*,” the “*Higher Pantheism*,” and especially “*In Memoriam*.” This poem shows a force of character, a depth of thought and a genius in arrangement seldom if ever attained. The wisdom, yearnings and aspirations of a noble mind are here; the poet’s imagination, shut up in itself, strives to irradiate with inward light the mystic problems of life. Like every greater poet Tennyson wears the prophet’s mantle, but *unlike* many, he has a deep interest and strong sympathy with all the trials and vicissitudes of daily life.

It is, perhaps, in the “*Idylls of the King*” that we have the greatest variety of thought and feeling. There, the “*Table Round*” is an image of this “*mighty world*” with all its mixtures of good and evil; truth and right striving for the victory over falsehood and error. In this poem we behold the workings of a master intellect, rich in high and holy aspirations, reducing discord to harmony, and bringing order out of chaos. Yet through all the striving after higher and better things, we find that simple faith, conspicuous in his character and noticeable in

other poems, which trusts implicitly, yet bows submissively to that all-wise Providence “*which shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will.*” Nowhere is that brought out so clearly as in this passage in the “*Passing of Arthur*.”

“The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
If thou should’st never see my face again
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of,
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.”

As a sincere admirer and lover of nature, and a correct delineator of her varied moods, he is confessedly unsurpassed. His poetry partakes of all the changes of season and clime, and is affected in no small degree by such influence, showing that his veneration for the beautiful and sublime in the material world is only surpassed by his veneration of Nature’s God.

Nyx.

PURPOSE IN LIFE.

THERE is scarcely a young man just entering upon life, and before whom the dazzling prospects of future possibilities are slowly unfolding, who does not in some way form to himself, from the fragmentary and shadowy material of the ideal, a condition of existence, which it will be his aim to realize. By a beneficent provision of his nature, and one which eminently belongs to human personality, man is never satisfied with his present attainments, but is continually reaching into the future with the tentacles of his restless ambition. There are brilliant phantoms continually crossing and re-crossing his mental horizon, at which he is ever grasping and which he so frequently fails to secure.

All along the paths of history, in every condition of society, and even in our own lives, are the grand ruins of cherished hopes and unfulfilled expectations, which our mistaken judgments or lack of perseverance has brought to the ground. But this does not argue against the desirability or utility of cherishing a purpose; it should only stimulate us to greater activity and the exercise of more caution and forethought. Where others have fallen we should tread carefully, and the possibility of failure will only add greater zest to the enjoyment of success. Notwithstanding the harsh rebuffs of unkindly fortune, and the discouragements of blighted hopes, there is still life and brighter hopes beyond. We can imitate the noble