

brother, husband, and father. I shall not trouble you with quotations to prove the truth of this position : he who runs may read it for himself in many a lovely song and tender idyl in every stage of the poet's career. Before leaving this branch of the subject, however, it would be unpardonable not to refer, however briefly, to his treatment of the most delicate and difficult, yet most fascinating and perennially interesting of all poetic themes. You will not, I am sure, require from me a coldly accurate definition of this theme, and will recognize it without difficulty when I say it is that which the "Last Minstrel" meant when he sang :

"How could I name Love's very name,
Nor wake my harp to notes of flame?"

It is what Burns meant when he sings of those who "breathe out the tender tale, Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale." In one word, it is the theme which has throbbed in the heart and turned to music on the lips of every true poet since the world began. Need I remind you with what power and variety, with what depth and sweetness, with what impetuous passion, yet with what unstained purity, Tennyson has dealt with Love in this, one of its highest, deepest, most mysterious meanings? Listen to him, as with one master-touch he reveals the secret of its potent working:

"Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight."

Listen to him, too, when in that magnificent passage in the "Princess," which has been so often quoted, but will need to be quoted and remembered and acted upon much more than it has ever yet been, he lays down the true law of woman's rights:

"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 thews that throw the world ;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind ;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words."