

human and healthy, rather than spiritual and imaginative. He carelessly plucks the common wall-flower, and, if thoughtfully inclined, may quote the lines of the greatest poet of the past century:

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all in my hand,
Little flower.

There speaks the average man of undeveloped poetical power, it is in the sequel, the voice of the real poet, the high priest of nature, is heard,

But if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

In these few words Tennyson compresses the theology of the ages and the whole mystery of the Deity.

There are degrees of poetic affinity. The most exquisite music often falls unimpressive upon the human ear; the pealing anthem, swelling the note of praise, wakes no responsive echoes in the hearts of many. The musical instinct is not dead, but, sleeping sluggishly, calls for stronger