

As when a painter, poring on a face,  
Divinely, thro' all hindrance, finds the  
man

Behind it, and so paints him that his  
face,

The shape and color of a mind and life,  
Lives for his children, ever at its best.

The memoir is not a mass of text written at first hand by the author about his father. In the preface he speaks of the work as being a representation of his father through the medium of a number of letters selected from a mass numbering upwards of 40,000; a number of hitherto unpublished poems; notes on his own life and work, written by the poet for publication after his death; private notes made by his most intimate friends; and last, but not least, extracts from the journal of their home-life kept by Mrs. Tennyson, which journal he describes as "a simple record of daily something nothings," but which, by no means forms the least attractive and instructive feature of the work; for it is by these "something nothings" that we are admitted to the very hearthstone of the man's social and family life—no mean privilege in this case.

The memoir forms a book that all lovers of Tennyson should possess. In it we get the key to the spirit, the full meaning, the underlying significance of many of his productions. A study of the circumstances which surround the birth of a poem often reveals much, which, though it may be expressed in the poem itself, we fail to perceive at first sight, and sometimes even after prolonged study. The letters contained in the volume were written to, or came from, such men as Carlyle, Thackeray, Emerson, Browning, Longfellow,

Whitman, Huxley, Darwin, Tyndall, Frederick, Denison, Maurice, Gladstone, Prince Albert, and a host of others, into the lives of whom we thus get the most delightful glimpses, which often reveal to us their characters in a light such as we have not seen them in before; glimpses that help to show us how beautifully simple, and withal, simply beautiful their lives often were in their noble sincerity and search after truth, and their strenuous endeavors to live their lives and do their work according to their highest ideals.

Tennyson did not regard with much favor the idea of having his biography published. He was, all through life, most extremely sensitive and reticent. If we turn to his poem "The Dead Prophet" we shall see something of the aversion he had for undue publicity.

He could not bear to think of the way that high-souled, spiritual-minded men were calumniated, ridiculed and contemptuously treated by those who did not understand them. Whilst thinking of this class of men he seemed to forget that there were others who could appreciate, admire, and revere high-souled and sincere endeavors to live and work according to the highest ideals, wherever these were met with. To the friends, therefore, who importuned him for a record of his life, a record that would enable those who wished it, to make of him a companion, by giving them an insight into his daily life, we owe a debt of gratitude.

Though Tennyson was, in his home-life, blest as few men are, and although he had never to leave the track he had chosen to walk in, the sphere he had chosen to work in, for the purpose of working daily at something that was repugnant to him, his life was not al-