

ness," were uninteresting, and who have yet dwelt in Arthur's halls, and followed the mystic history of the Round Table, have been haunted by the heartbreaking pathos of Lancelot and Elaine, or of Guinevere's last parting with Arthur; while there are other readers for whom the threads of thought traceable from the immature "Confessions of a Sensitive Mind," and onward through "The Two Voices," "In Memoriam," "Vastness," "The Ancient Sage," have been interwoven with the very texture of their spiritual musings, and who yet have not the sense of melody or the delicate appreciation of literature, as such, which are needed to follow the poet through so much of his song.

It is, of course, both an effect and a cause of Tennyson's wide popularity, that so many of his lines have passed into familiar proverbs. No poet, perhaps, since Shakespeare affords so many aphorisms full of truth and wisdom—from the simplest though ever-true philosophy of every-day life, to the higher intuitions of genius. Here, again, Lord Tennyson distributes his favours to many classes of mind. The consolations and pleasures of the simplest poetry are in reach of all, like the consolations and hopes of religion. Many of all classes have repeated with a sad attempt at thankfulness, "'Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all." Numbers who have bowed their heads in faith to the words, "The Lord has given, the Lord has taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord," find further expression of the duty of resignation in the line: "God gives us love, something to love He lends us." All the satisfaction—such as it is—of a proverbial general rule which explains the wrong from which they suffer, has come to many from the line:—

"A lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies."

And such instances of simple and familiar proverbs from Tennyson might be multiplied tenfold. Again, we have the terse expression of deep truths which appeal to thinking men:—"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers;" "We needs must love the highest when we see it;"

"There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds;"

or the more recent trenchant summary of the tyranny and lawlessness which have walked beneath the banner of "Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité:"

"Freedom free to slay herself and dying
while they shout her name."

These are some of the most familiar, and if we touched on somewhat longer ones, their number would be very great. "In Memoriam" alone would yield a large supply.

Is Lord Tennyson's appeal to very different natures and capacities resolvable into a more elementary fact in regard to his genius? We believe that it is; and without pretending to enter fully into the question, we may indicate roughly our meaning. Mr. Ruskin has contrasted two forms of imagination,—the imagination which idealizes, which is sharply contrasted with matter-of-fact observation, and sees in a flower, not its true features, but all the romantic associations it suggests; and the imagination which intensifies exactness in observation, which sees every shade of colour in the flower, every beauty of Nature as beneath a microscope. The second species is compatible with associations of fancy as well, but its essential feature is that it casts the limelight of the poet's intensely keen perception on the true features of the object. Lord Tennyson's imagination is eminently of this second and higher order, and its vivid light is shed not only on natural objects, but on the moral, social, and spiritual world. He ap-