

Tennyson further enriches "the blood of the world" by giving a lofty view of the human soul.

At the beginning the poet :

"Saw thro' life and death ; thro' good and ill,  
He saw thro' his own soul."

And at a later period he could find nothing in the world more wonderful :

"Tho' world on world in myriad myriads roll  
Round us, each with different powers,  
And other forms of life than ours,  
What know we greater than the soul?  
On God and Godlike men we build our trust."

This affirmation of the worth of the soul, by one who has looked through it, is adapted to strengthen faith in man and so give him the "promise and potency" of a larger life. To the Laureate's mind all mental treasures are for the soul's use. As for knowledge :

"Let her know her place  
She is the second, not the first.  
For she is earthly of the mind,  
But Wisdom heavenly of the soul."

From this large faith in man grows up the enthusiasm of humanity, the noble wish to be one with his kind. The spirit longs to be :

"In among the throngs of men  
Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new :  
That which they have done, but earnest of the things that they shall do."

So confident does he grow in this wide fellowship that for him at least—

"The deep heart of existence beats forever like a boy's."

True, Tennyson did not originate these truths but he has made them "current coin" and thereby added to the wealth of the higher life of his own day.

As for the commanding power of stern old conscience how it is increased by the tones so strong and clear by which he seeks to urge us upward as if the rugged way were a "primrose path" :

"Not once or twice in our rough island-story,  
The path of duty was the way to glory;  
He that walks it, only thirsting  
For the right, and learns to deaden  
Love of self, before his journey closes,  
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting  
Into glossy purples, which outredden  
All voluptuous garden roses."

With what a pleading trumpet-tongue does he command :—

"Follow Light and do the Right—for man  
Can half control his doom—  
Till you see the deathless angel  
Seated in the vacant tomb."