

Then, again, it is hardly necessary to point out how deep, in Tennyson, is the love of Beauty—how exquisite his sense of loveliness in nature and art. It would not have been a matter for wonder if he had adopted the poetic creed of the old Greeks, which finds many followers in the present day, and may be summed up in the famous lines of Keats :

“ Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.”

But if you wish to see how early in his career, and with what an unerring hand, Tennyson drew those great moral distinctions which poets too often ignore, read his “*Palace of Art*,” which appeared in 1832, when he was barely twenty-three, and which, as he says in the prologue to the poem, is a sort of allegory of

“ A sinful soul possessed of many gifts,
A spacious garden full of flowering weeds,
A glorious Devil, large in heart and brain,
That did love Beauty only (Beauty seen
In all varieties of mould and mind),
And Knowledge for its beauty ; or if Good,
Good only for its beauty, seeing not
That Beauty, Good, and Knowledge are three sisters
That doar upon each other, friends to man,
Living together under the same roof,
And never can be sundered without tears.
And he that shuts Love out, in turn shall be
Shut out from Love, and on her threshold lie
Howling in outer darkness.”

Let us now look with a little more detail at some aspects of the poet's works which seem to illustrate and confirm the truth of his own testimony concerning himself—“ Love is and was my lord and king.” Beginning from that inner sanctuary in which rise the wellsprings of Love, notice how prominent a place he gives to the domestic affections, the tender relationships of parent and child, brother and sister, wife and husband—to all those elements which blend together in the word “*Home*,” and give it a significance so deep and sacred. This is so marked a characteristic of his works that students of them scarcely needed the testimony which has been lately borne on all sides by those who knew him, to the effect that the home in which he was brought up, and that of which he himself was the central figure, were exceptionally happy ones, and that he was a good and loving son,