

iana's Moated Grange," and in the end perhaps fail to interest us in the inconsolable maiden.

A painter would spend much time and pigment before he could give us the color of the :

" Clustered marish mosses
Creeping o'er the sluice
Where blackened waters slept."

* * * * *

" The shaken poplar all silver green with
gnarled bark."

would need all his care to accent the desolation of

" The level waste
The rounding grey "

as Tennyson makes it do in half a sentence. His rural pictures are the result of closest observation. His keen eyes note every curve taken by the capricious brook, every silvery waterbreak

" Above the golden gravel."

" The water-lily that starts and glides upon
the level
In little puffs of wind."

He gives us science steeped in poetry, by which we gain in fact as well as fancy. From out the harmony of woodland sounds he gathers each particular note, and with delicate exactness expresses its part. The blackbird

" Flutes his song from the elm tree ";
" The swallow *cheeps* and twitters
Twenty million loves."

* * * * *

" To left and right the cuckoo tells his name
To all the hills."

Not only does he interpret the actual scene that lies spread out before his bodily eyes, but the land that he creates for himself, is given to us through the magic lens of his rich imagination, to have and to hold for our own.

The "Lotus Eaters" sitting upon the yellow sand :

"Between the sun and moon
Upon the shore,"

are not in Egypt or in India, or anywhere else that can be found upon the map of the world known to geographers; still we know that land

"Where it is always afternoon."

We see

"The slender stream along the cliff
Fall, and pause, and fall—
The charmed sunset lingering low adown

In the red west .
Thro' mountain clefts
The vale is seen far inland,
And the yellow down
Bordered with palm
And many a winding vale and meadow."—

We wade

"Thro' the cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep.
And in the stream
The long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledges
The poppy hangs and sleeps."—

The witching spell comes over us and we seem to hear

"The music that gentler lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes."—

From us slip, like a garment, the rush and hurry of our many-dutied life; we break from the swirl of ambition's eddying vortex, and all-content with the mild-eyed, melancholy "Lotus Eaters" dream away the drowsy hours.

We all remember the pathetic story of "Enoch Arden"—how coming home from China, laden with wealth for his dearest treasures, his ship was

"Storm driven under moonless heavens
Till hard upon the cry of breakers
Came the crash of ruin."—

and Enoch Arden was stranded upon an istand,

"Rich, but the loneliest upon a lonely sea."—

Here Tennyson's exact knowledge furnished him with a most practical description of desolate loneliness, and refutes the fallacy, that science deadens the imagination.

"Nor save for pity, was it hard
To take the helpless life
So wild, that it was tame."

suggests in an instant the centuries of joyous life untouched by the fear, that human presence soon arouses and hands down a heritage of terror for generations; and prepares us for Enoch's feeling of utter desolation, as

"He sits beneath the slender cocoa's drooping
crown of plumes."

We feel with him the yearning for what

"He fain had seen but could not see,
The kindly human face."

"Nor ever hear a kindly human voice
But heard the myriad shriek—
Of wheeling ocean fowl,
The league-long roller thundering on the reef.
The moving whisper of huge trees, that branch'd