

The results of his deepest thoughts and feelings he gives us in his poetry. The social position of woman has in recent years given rise to much discussion. But it may be doubted whether wiser words have anywhere been spoken than the following in "The Princess" :

" For woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse ; could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain : his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years must they liker grow.
The man be more of woman, she of man ;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world ;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind ;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words."

It is an old truth that sorrow gives depth to the mind and heart. This truth is strikingly exemplified in Tennyson. The death of Arthur Hallam, a young man of high natural gifts, wrung the poet's heart with grief. He embodied his thought and feeling in the best elegiac poem ever written, and one perhaps that will never have a rival. He dwells on the mysteries of love, life, death, Providence, God. He does not deal with these subjects like a theologian or a philosopher ; but rising above the plane of the understanding, he finds his answers in the cravings of the heart and the intuitions of the spirit. No other poem is so filled with the thought and feeling of our age. It rejects the seductive materialism of recent scientific thought ; it is larger and more tolerant than our creeds. It would be difficult to mention a work, the mastery of which would give the preacher greater power of intellect and soul.

Against the conclusions of a materialistic science having the sanction of great names, the poet's heart rises in strong, indignant protest. The deathless love, of which he is conscious, demonstrates that " we are not wholly brain, magnetic mockeries ;"

" Not only cunning casts in clay :
Let science prove we are, and then
What matters science unto men,
At least to me ? I would not stay.

" Let him, the wiser man who springs
Hereafter, up from childhood shape
His action like the greater ape,
But I was *born* to other things."

This must serve as an illustration of the positive teaching of " In Memoriam." But every page is filled with deep thought and feeling. After his " wild and wandering cries," the poet finds rest and joy in the truths of Christianity. And where else can this feeling be found ? Surely not, as the German poet Heyse teaches, in the reflection that the bereaved one