

other is only art; if Tennyson's work is art he has the power to conceal art.

Now this individuality that is apparent in all his work, this originality in spite of all his learning, comes out constantly as a kind of challenge to the best in his readers calling them to come up out of the low distracted life "so foul with sin" into the "higher things" to which men rise by stepping stones of their dead selves. His work as an artist is to impart life as well as to kindle admiration.

This contribution to the world's life by the self-revealing power of his own character is supplemented by his strength due to harmony with his age. The poet must interpret the truths of nature, of human life, of God, into the thought of his own time. To do this effectively he must think with his time and for it. This Tennyson does; for it may be said; "There can be no doubt that he represents the century better than any other man. The thoughts, the feelings, the desires, the conflicts, the aspirations of our age are mirrored in his verse. Tennyson is the clearest, sweetest, strongest voice of the century." He has not attained this power to speak for the century without study of the past out of which the present has come. He has pondered deeply

" 'The fairy tales of science and the long result of time';  
And records his efforts to pluck the mystery of history;  
When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed;  
And I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed;  
When I dipt into the future far as human eye could see;  
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be."

Thus receiving from the past his portion as an heir of the ages; thus identified with his own day, he is able to set before his readers an ideal of manhood that is itself a gift of great value:

" Heart affluence in discursive talk  
From household fountains never dry  
The critic clearness of an eye,  
That saw through all the Muses' walk;  
Seraphic intellect and force  
To seize and throw the doubts of man;  
Impassioned logic, which outran  
The bearer in its fiery course;  
High nature amorous of the good,  
But touch'd with no ascetic gloom;  
And passions pure in snowy bloom  
Through all the years of April blood.  
And manhood fused with female grace  
In such a sort the child would twine  
A trustful hand, unask'd, in thine,  
And find his comfort in thy face."

Thus he shows the age to itself, the better self of the age, and this ideal his works throughout will help the earnest seeker to attain.