

ness of quality in eye, and ear, and soul-utterance. Was it not the spell of Indian summer in Acadie that was upon him? And when he wrote

"But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam:—"

he might have been on the hill above Minas, some June morning, watching the tide cover the marshes.

Tennyson is not only capable of deep poetic feeling, but his life's work is permeated by a strong and earnest purpose so well expressed in the *Golden Year* :

"but well I know
That unto him who works, and feels he works,
This same grand year is ever at the doors."

Models of felicitous expression, the restful power of soul-satisfying music; manly views of life and duty;—these are much, but he brings us more. The nineteenth century has had its full share of doubt; and Tennyson has felt its force. He met it with open candor, recognizing that for many it is a necessary stage in the individual search for truth; but doubt as a resting place had no charms for him. In that he was able to trust the good, even through the eclipse of faith, he has become a blessing to many a tried brother.

A few, like Faithful, have sunshine all the way through the dim valley, but for most there is darkness, at least part of the way, the uncertainty increased, perhaps, by the perverted vision. For these the author of *In Memoriam* has many a helpful word.

By these splendid qualities of heart and brain Tennyson is eminently fitted to be the student's friend. I am convinced that anyone who leaves college without a good acquaintance with him, gained by loving study, has lost as much as he would have lost if he had neglected any single topic through his whole course.

Any list of friends for the century will contain the names of three men who must be classed as extraordinary in kind as well as in degree. With two of these we are not much concerned in this; but we must not pass them unsaluted lest their shades upbraid us.

The first is Ruskin, prose-poet, art-critic, a man who loved beauty, but who worshipped only good; so has saved himself and those who hear him from the shallow paganism of a life devoted to mere art. The second is Carlyle;—poor Thomas, he lost his roll more than once, and fell into grievous backsliding; but he has helped us much by his vigorous outcry against dishonest life, and his Titanic grumble has given us many a hearty laugh, so none shall dispute his claim to a chair in our chimney corner. The third is our own Browning, the woeful sinner against form. The critics cry in chorus after him:—"Obscure;" "crude;" "formless;" or, as he puts it himself,—

"Neighbors complain it's no joke sir,
—You ought to consume your own smoke, sir!"