

But what of man's free will? That also is a doctrine of Scripture, and "the fact is that we must hold at the same time the two great truths of God's predestination and man's free will. They cannot be stated separately as complete intellectual propositions; they are mysteries which we cannot adequately conceive or express. In philosophy, as well as in religion, they are mysteries. We cannot conceive of God as absolute will; that makes Him the author of evil as well as of good; and denies His attribute of righteousness. We cannot conceive of man's absolute free will, for that is a denial of the obvious fact of the weakness of his moral nature, and of the almost overwhelming forces of habit and example."

Thus Professor Ince has not been able on this point to pass beyond the position so seemingly defenceless, yet so ably defended by the late Professor J. B. Mozley. But he very wisely says, as he concludes his sermon, that the doctrine of Election, as taught by St. Paul, is not taught in order to drive us to desperation, but for the very opposite end and purpose. St. Paul's doctrine of Election—the election of individuals to everlasting life—is a hopeful and courageous doctrine, and these are its most characteristic expressions: "Fear not, little flock; it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom." "My sheep shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my Father's hand."

Studies in Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

BY MARY A. WOODS.

I.

"Yet in these ears, till hearing dies,
One set slow bell will seem to toll
The passing of the sweetest soul
That ever look'd with human eyes."

THERE is no poem of Alfred Tennyson's more frequently quoted and less really known than "In Memoriam." The two facts (inconsistent though they may appear) spring from the same causes. The poem is so long that, while it is seldom read through from beginning to end, it is impossible to overlook it altogether. Again, it is so thoughtful, so filled with matter of deep and perennial interest, that, while it is difficult really to grasp it, a knowledge of it has become one of the hall-marks of culture, and no one can afford to be wholly ignorant of it. And lastly, it is so diverse, both in tone and subject, that, while it has much in it that appeals only to the few, it cannot fail to have something that appeals to every one. Thus our knowledge of it is in danger of being (1) a mere matter of words and names; (2) a repertory of borrowed opinions; or (3), at best, a knowledge of detached fragments which, beautiful though they may be, lose half their value when severed from their context. And it is just this "little knowledge," superficial, borrowed, fragmentary,

which is "a dangerous thing," being apt to be mistaken by us for real knowledge, and to supersede the necessity, in our view, of more detailed study. We travel through the poem as we do through a foreign country, at railway speed, noting here and there a lovely peep of lake or mountain, but knowing nothing of the country as a whole, and leaving its more inaccessible parts unexplored and unvisited. In the following papers I propose to make a voyage of discovery through this country, not as a guide, but as an inquirer, in the hope that I may find a few fellow-travellers ignorant enough, and at the same time sufficiently interested, to care to go with me.

Let us begin by looking at the poem as a whole. That it *is* a whole, not a succession of unconnected poems, is obvious from the title. It is a commemoration; and as we look at the shorter poems of which it is composed, we find that the idea of commemoration runs through them all. There are few, in fact, that might not have been headed "In Memoriam A. H. H." The four-lined stanza with its alternation of outside and inside rimes, continued without intermission from end to end of the poem, is suggestive of this common likeness. It reminds us that we have not, as in "Maud," the

expression of disconnected and even of contradictory moods, but of moods which, amid all differences, are inspired by a common sentiment—that of loyalty to the dead. Some recall the life of Arthur, his gracious looks and bearing, his wisdom, his kindness; others speak of his death and burial, and the funeral voyage which intervened; others again of "his place without him," the fields and woods from which he is absent, the Christmas festivities in which he can no longer share; others are busied with speculations about the life he is leading now. Even in those that are least directly concerned with him, we have sudden touches which remind us that all alike are, as the poet describes them, "brief lays of sorrow born." Thus to take three of the most familiar of the poems, cvi., xxxvi., liv.—the first does not allow us long to forget

"The grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;"

the second tells us of a "creed of creeds,"

"Which he may read who binds the sheaf,
Or builds the house, or digs the grave;"

and the third, in which we read of

"An infant crying in the night . . .
And with no language but a cry,"

suggests that the poet's "night" is that darkest night of an irreparable loss in which, for the moment, Death, and not Love, appears to be "Lord and King" of life.

The poems, then, of which "In Memoriam" is composed, are united by a common memory and a common sorrow. What is the character of this unity? It is obvious that we might have had a series of songs commemorating the same event, yet absolutely independent of one another. An interesting example of such an "In Memoriam" is the series called "Astrophel," dedicated to the memory of Sir Philip Sidney. This is simply a series of commemorative poems, collected and edited by Spenser, and having nothing in common but their common editorship and the common loss that inspired them. Each is complete in itself, and easily separated from the rest. But as we look into the poems before us, we find that in many cases they cannot be so separated. Often one poem is a continuation of the last, and cannot be understood without it. Sometimes the continuity of thought extends over several poems, combining

them into a connected group—a series within a series. Thus Nos. ix. to xix. give us (with the interruption only of xvi.) a series of pictures, as they present themselves to the sufferer's mind, of the home-return between death and burial of the friend he has lost. A smaller group (xxii. to xxv.) is one of reminiscence, a back look over the four years before Arthur died, when

". . . we with singing cheered the way,
But where the path we walked began
To slant the fifth autumnal slope,
As we descended following Hope,
There sat the Shadow feared of man,
And bore thee where I could not see
Nor follow."

The same metaphor of the journey, once shared, now solitary, is carried on through the next poem (xxvi.), which is linked with the first in the group by

"That Shadow waiting with the keys."

Sometimes a thought is allowed to lie dormant, and only taken up again after a long interval. Thus at the end of xxvii. we have the first expression of the idea so familiar to us in connexion with lxxxv.—

"'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

So the lines in cxxiv.—

"Then was I as a child that cries,
But, crying, knows his father near"—

contain an obvious allusion to those of liii. already quoted. The opening words of cxix.—

"Doors, where my heart was used to beat
So quickly"—

have occurred already in vii., and the anniversaries of the death-day (lxxii. and xcix.) begin alike—

"Risest thou thus, dim dawn, again?"

So, of the three Christmases over which the mental history of the poem extends, the first and third are connected by identical words—

"The time draws near the birth of Christ;
The moon is hid, the night is chill;"

the first and second by words nearly (not quite) identical—

"With trembling fingers } did we weave
Again at Christmas }
The holly round the Christmas hearth;"

and all three by a line in which one word only is different—

“And {
sadly
calmly
strangely } fell our Christmas eve.”

But those repetitions suggest to us a further principle of unity. For they are repetitions with a difference. There is always a change, either in the words or their context, which is emphasised by the general resemblance. Thus the cry which “knows its father near” of cxxiv. is not the desolate orphaned cry of liv. The “doors” in vii. are visited by one who cannot sleep for sorrow; those of cxix. by one who weeps no longer. So, of the two death-days, the first wakes only the

“Bitter memories that make
The whole earth blasted for our sake;”

the second, a tender sympathy for those myriad mourners

“Who count to-day as kindred souls.”

So, in the case of the three Christmas Eves, the change of adverb is not merely rhetorical. For that first Christmas the holly was woven by mourners who made

“A vain pretence
Of gladness, with an awful sense
Of one mute Shadow watching all.”

But when Christmas came again, the hands were no longer tremulous, and that awful feeling of an

unseen Presence had become “a quiet sense of something lost” . . . “that over all things brooding slept.” And when the third Christmas comes, though, as at the first,

“The moon is hid, the night is chill,”

the sadness awakened by the “single peal of bells” is not so much for memories as for the absence of memories; and the sorrow, even for Arthur, is merged and all but lost in the blankness of the new life.

What do those changes suggest to us? Surely that the poem is not only a whole, but a living whole. If on one side it is a record of permanent facts, of a loss and of a love, on the other it is a record of growth, involving minor changes. We find at the end of it, that while the love indeed is unlesened, its elements are modified: the sorrow in it has been subdued to a tender regret; the despair transmuted to trust. The unity of “In Memoriam” is not that of beads strung on a single thread, or of detached fragments of a homogeneous whole; it is that of an organism which cannot be severed without injury to its life. It is the unity of a modulation in music; one that is dominated indeed by a single note—“a set slow bell” that tolls continually, but one also whose opening minor harmonies have trembled through discord into peace—“the C major of this life.”

To trace the progress of the change will be the object of the following papers.

“In Many Parts and in Many Fashions.”

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THESE words (Heb. i. 1) describe the divine method of the education of the world. When we look back over large spaces of time, we can see how new lessons have been taught in the past in unexpected ways, and added to the treasures of the race. By victories and defeats, by solitary enterprise and national movements, men have learnt from age to age a little more of the power and meaning of life; and the teaching still continues uninterrupted and invisible. But there is this difference between the training of the Old World

¹ Delivered before the British Medical Association meeting at Newcastle.

and the training of the New. In pre-Christian times there were two distinct lines of movement. There was, on the one side, the natural unfolding of human powers, the disclosure of human needs and failures, through the experience of the nations; and, on the other side, there was the stern shaking of Israel through repression and chastisement and hope. “In many parts and in many fashions,” as it has been well said, the world was prepared for the Christian, and the Christian was prepared for the world. In post-Christian times there was no such division of discipline. The one universal fact, “the Lord became flesh,” is offered to all