The Living Tennyson.

As when a painter poring on a face,
Divinely thro' all hindrance finds the man
Behind it, and so paints him that his face,
The shape and colour of a mind and life,
Lives for his children ever at its best
And fullest ; so the face before her lived,
Dark-splendid, speaking in the silence . . .

ELAINE.

I hear thee, and the music breath of Thought
Stirs as a South wind, waking fruitful strife,
With deepened echoes of harmonious life.
I see thee, and Truth's virgin face, long sought,
Dawns thro' a mist of dream ; while inly fraught
With procreative motion, full and strong,
Thought germinates to Form, and with thy song
Of Flesh and Spirit is a conflict fought.

Thou shap'st the soul's fair bride in sentient clay,
Clothed in the sensuous vesture of desire,
Cleaving to that which ever is the higher,
Not counting life the drama of a day,
But seeing it, and making it to be,
The kingly triumph of humanity.

EDWARD FOSKETT.