

was not in his own room, and the library door was locked. She beat upon it.

"Let me in, father!"

She heard a sound, and then a heavy footstep, and after some fumbling the door was opened.

"What's the matter?" Halloran asked. He could hardly stand, and as he spoke he fell into his chair.

"Father"—she shook him by the shoulders—"waken. There are men surrounding the house. Ah!"

She started up. There was a crash, and the glass of a window was scattered into the room, followed by a great, blazing nigger head torch that rolled over the varnished pine floor, breeding flame at every touch.

(*To be continued.*)



A JAPANESE IDYL.

ONE flush carnation flower,
In mellow vase,
In one small room before
A window's space;
Swart walls of smooth veneer,
A polished floor;
A beaded screen hung sheer
Against the door;
Pale glimpses of the sea,
Red flower alone like thee
In beauty peerlessly
To love, adore!

One lily lucent pale,
In rosy vase,
Cannot with walls avail
As thy bright face;
Thine amber eyes are full
Of slumberous fire,
Thy lips too beautiful
For love to tire.
Rose splendors of the sea,
Pale flower alone like thee,
In beauty peerlessly
Above desire.

Faint winds from o'er the sea,
And passionate calms;
Thick flocks of doves let free,
And sighing palms;
The glimmering heat of noon
In copper skies,
The romance of the moon
When daylight dies.
Dim wastes of grayest sea
Ripple for thee and me,
And charm thee tenderly
To grant the boon.

Edgar Lee Masters.

THE LEGEND OF KING ARTHUR.

"The Idyls of the King" and their author—How the personality of Tennyson spoke through them to the world, throwing new meanings into old myths.

By Margaret Field.

THROUGH the greater poems of Tennyson there is, with all their simplicity, a stateliness, a reverence for his own individuality as the speaker, the teacher, the poet, of which we are vividly conscious. There can be no doubt that Tennyson revered himself as one called to a high vocation, as one consecrated to the work of exalting mankind. And there is in this very egotism a grandeur and a fire such as is given to prophets. He saw life exalted, full of love and beauty; he saw its enemies and its darker side. He felt that it was his duty to mankind to show them what filled his own soul, and which duller spirits missed. He translated that beauty of the every day world, which is so fine that it uplifts and purifies and carries the soul out of the clogging flesh, into a speech which the passing crowd might understand. It was his mission to awaken emotions of joy and reverence, and to rouse an ambition to perpetuate them. It was this love and ardor for the things that are above the world, which kept him fresh to his last lines. It is only the vulgar who can leave his poetry without a respect for the man who writes.

When Tennyson was a child of five, standing in the door of the little white rectory of Somersby, in Lincolnshire, where

The seven elms, the poplars four,
That stand beside my father's door,
were blowing in a sweeping gale, he threw out his arms, and full of something he could not understand, he made his first line of poetry:

I hear a voice that's speaking in the wind!
It was the voice of nature telling him secrets, showing him spiritual mean-

ings, of which outer things are but the manifestations, that spoke through all the even lines of his poetry.

Alfred Tennyson was one of a family of children who all carried the wondrous toy, the magic wand—imagination. Great dramas, like the old story of Arthur and his knights, were played about a heap of stones, a sunny puddle, or a group of bushes. As he grew older he fell under the spell of Byron, that revolutionary spirit who laughed to scorn the peaceful and proper and comfortable middle class Philistinism of England in the early part of the century. Tennyson was a boy of fifteen when Byron died, and in after years, in speaking of the day when the news came, he said that he went about as though the end of the world had come. Nothing seemed to matter now, everything was finished; and he stopped and sadly carved "Byron is dead" in the sandstone.

While Byron would have objected to the philosophy of Tennyson's poetry, there can be no doubt that much of its thought arose out of Byron's opposition to the theology of his time. Where Byron saw the sensually beautiful, Tennyson saw the naturally and the spiritually beautiful, and everywhere he strove for the perpetuation of the lovely.

No poet since Shakspeare has come so close to the life of his time as Tennyson; and when he entered into the series of poems which make his masterpiece, we find in the allegory, in the meanings he has put into the myth, an illustration of the present world as he saw it. He pointed out the two enemies which society must contend with, the two disintegrating forces which threaten decay—