

the spirit of Wordsworth will not see the depth of the expression, and he who does partake of that spirit will interpret it only so far as community of spirit leads him.

Goethe, whom with Shakspeare and Homer, the Germans assign to a rank above all others, has shewn in many passages the possession of this kinship with the soul of nature, this brotherhood of poetic hearts. And in one short poem—the one before alluded to—his words seem like tones of the same voice which breathed through Wordsworth's lips, rather than utterances of another. To illustrate this I shall quote an extract from that most perfect piece of modern criticism—the late F. W. Robertson's Lecture on Wordsworth—and then give a translation of Goethe's verses. Robertson's Lectures and addresses p. 230. Amer. Ed: "In order to understand the next passage I shall quote, I must remind you of the way in which the ancient Pagans represented the same feeling. Most persons here will remember how the ancient Pagan poets loved to represent some anecdote of a huntsman or shepherd who, in passing through a wood and plucking some herb, or cutting down some branch, has started to see drops of human blood issue from it, or at hearing a human voice proclaiming that he had done injury to some imprisoned human life in that tree. It was so that the ancients expressed their feelings of the deep sacredness of that life that there is in Nature. Now let us see how Wordsworth expressed this. As usual, and as we might have expected, he brings it before us by a simple anecdote of his childhood, when he went out nutting. He tells us how, in early boyhood, he went out to seek for nuts, and came to a hazel-tree set far in the thicket of a wood, which never had been entered by the profane steps of boyhood before, as he expresses it, "A virgin scene." He describes how he eyed with delight the clusters of white nuts hanging from the branches, and with exquisite fidelity to nature, he tells us how he sat upon a bank and dallied with the promised feast, as we dally with a letter long expected, and containing correspondence much loved, because we know it is our own. At last the boy rose, tore down the boughs, and on seeing all the ravage and desolation he had caused by his intrusion, there came over him a feeling of deep remorse."

"And unless I now  
Confound my present feelings with the past;  
Ere from the mutilated bower I turned  
Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of kings,  
I felt a sense of pain when I beheld  
The silent trees, and saw the intruding sky—

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