

tions; which with your permission I shall venture to give your readers, in the belief that they will prove interesting to those who are of opinion that whether or not the "best poetry *demand* as severe study as mathematics require," it will at least repay it.

Wordsworth was full of that feeling of awe which nature ever produces on fresh hearts—a sense of divine harmony, into which the downfall of man, and the destroying trace of his hand, brings a discord. Could it have been possible for Adam, in the days of his virginal simplicity and purity, to have torn a leaf from a flower—to have violated by destruction the harmonious and unbroken completeness of the blooming verdure around him? Nothing but a sense of discord within us—a sense which has by use and perpetual presence come to be no sense—could reconcile us to wreaking a like discord in the external nature of things. And in our purest moments in those times when we are brought back most nearly to the original temper of man made in the image of the god of nature, there has risen in our hearts at least—whether it has been breathed into words or no—a silent but a stern protest against that wanton violation of the sanctities of nature, in which at other times the unrest and discontent of our spirit, hungering blindly after it knows not what, has found its readiest expression.

This feeling, which we have all in a greater or less degree, and at different times experienced, Wordsworth most constantly enjoyed, and most frequently expressed; either, directly as in the passage where he says: "There is a spirit in the wood," or, as the assumed undercurrent of his thought; of which the metaphors and figures of his poetry were but the bubbling forth, as we see on the surface of some mighty stream, which, like Niagara below the Falls, in its depths is borne onwards, but on the surface betrays the agitation and rapid underflow, only by a swirling eddy, or quietly evanescent bubbles. The underflow of the poetry of Wordsworth is "The spirit that is in the wood." He speaks in every poem as only one could, who had entered into the inner sanctuary of nature, and was commissioned to reveal her spirit. In the highest sense of the word there was a deep communion between him and nature. I do not expect every one who reads this letter to enter into the meaning of the expression. For every one sees with his own eyes, and not with the eyes of others; and, while in physical sight, what is red to one is red to all, what is green to one is green to others, yet in mental and much more in spiritual things, the eye sees only what it has the power to see, and not all that is before it. "Symbolical" terms are not alike expressive to all, but each one sees so much of their meaning as he has a key for in his own breast. A man who does not partake of