

able octogenarian who had been an intimate friend of the Wordsworth family. In our conversation touching Wordsworth I elicited from him the fact that, while the poet was an Anglican, there was not anything of the Ritualist in him. He was rather what might be termed a Broad Churchman today. In view of this, Wordsworth's beautiful sonnet on the Blessed Virgin, where he pays tribute and homage to the Mother of God as "Our tainted nature's solitary boast," is, indeed, remarkable. Despite the fact of Wordsworth's anti-Catholic prejudice, which is revealed in some of his ecclesiastical sonnets, this High Priest and Viceregent of Nature pays homage to the Mother of God in lines that might have been penned by a Cardinal Newman or a Father Faber.

When we turn to the poets of our own time—to the poets at whose graves we seemed to stand, as it were, but yesterday: Dante, Gabriel Rossetti, Robert Browning