

And the blue sky, and in the mind of man,  
A motion and a spirit, that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought  
And rolls through all things."

Nature with him passes into poetry. "Thought is sublimed into speech." He enjoys nature and imparts his joy to us.

Now what did Wordsworth find in nature? First and least he found amusement. Let these lines attest this. They are from his poem "The Daisy." The poet chronicles the quaint suggestions that come from the flower's resemblance to other things. He likens the daisy to

A little cyclops with one eye,  
Staring to threaten and defy  
That thought comes next—and instantly  
The freak is o'er;  
The shape will vanish—and behold  
A silver shield with pass of gold,  
That spreads itself, some fairy bold  
In fight to cover!

See, in the last stanza, how close deep reflection lies to this preceding light banter:

Bright flower, for by that name at last,  
When all my revelries are past,  
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,  
Sweet silent creature,  
That breathst with me in sun and air,  
Do thou as thou art wont, repair  
My heart with gladness, and a share  
Of thy meek nature.

Here "the heart has given a lesson to the head, and learning wiser grown without his book." Then nature shares her joy with him and joy is higher than amusement. We can often have joy where we can have no amusement:

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden daffodils,  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

The waves beside them danced, but they  
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:  
A poet could not but be gay  
In such a jocund company;  
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie,  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye—  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills  
And dances with the daffodils.

This is not merely the joy of the eye but of the whole nature.

Wordsworth is looking for grand lessons from nature, and sometimes seems to strain metaphors unduly to get the lesson he wants. But if it is a lesson which exists, and he finds it for us who are not endowed with his poetic fancy, who have not his clear, far-gazing eye, we are content.

This lawn a carpet all alive  
With shadows flung from leaves—to strive  
In dance, amid a press

Of sunshine, an apt emblem yields  
Of worldlings revelling in the fields  
Of strenuous idleness.

Yet, spite of all this eager strife,  
This ceaseless slay, the genuine life  
That serves the steadfast hours,  
Is in the grass beneath, that grows  
Unheeded, and the mute repose  
Of sweetly breathing flowers.

Whether he forced this lesson from nature or not, it is a good lesson, teaching a great many things with regard to life and work. But we must break off abruptly. We have exceeded our limits even in offering these few suggestions.

Words spoken of the poet Crabbe by a friend are peculiarly applicable to Wordsworth:

Thy verse from nature's face each feature drew  
Each lovely charm, each mole and wrinkle too.  
No dreaming incidents of wild romance,  
With whirling shadows, wildered minds entrance,  
But plain realities the mind engage;  
With pictured warnings through each polished page.  
Hogarth of song! Be this thy perfect praise:  
Truth prompted, and truth purified thy lays;  
The God of truth has given thy verse and thee,  
Truth's holy palm—His immortality.

J. McC. K.

### THEE. ONLY THEE.

Love, words can never tell  
Half, half the magic spell,  
Thou weav'st 'round me.  
How sweet the hours would be,  
Could I but think of thee,  
Only of thee.

Oft in the woods I stray,  
Wiling the time away  
Wishing for thee.  
Each little bird I meet,  
Knows that old story sweet  
And sings of thee.

Fondly the flowers smile,  
Thinking of thee, awhile  
Far, far from me;  
All day thy vision bright  
Hovers before my sight.  
Oh, that 'twere thee!

Gently the shadows fall,  
Night's mantle covers all,  
All, all, but thee—  
Softly mine eyelids close,  
Gladly I seek repose,  
To dream of thee.

### ERRATA.

In our last issue "Poems of Ten Tears" should have read "Poems of Ten Years."

Page 87.—In article on Our Western Missions, 6th line from end, should read *one* of the seven provinces of the Dominion, instead of *all* the seven provinces—