

own daily work,—as some old fisherman, beaten gray by storm, yet drawing his daily nets; so it stands, with no complaint about its past youth, in blanched and meagre massiveness and serviceableness, gathering human souls together underneath it; the sound of its bells for prayer still rolling through its rents; and the grey peak of it seen far across the sea, principal of the three that rise above the waste of surfy sand and hilloaked shore,—the lighthouse for life, and the belfry for labour, and this—for patience and praise.

This passage I take to be one of the most magnificent examples of the "pathetic fallacy" in our language. Perhaps the "pathetic fallacy" is second-rate art; the passage is too long—211 words alas! without one full stop, and more than forty commas and other marks of punctuation—it has redundancies, tautologies, and artifices, if we are strictly severe—but what a picture, what pathos, what subtlety of observation, what nobility of association—and withal how complete is the unity of impression! How mournful, how stately is the cadence, how harmonious and yet peaceful is the phraseology, and how wonderfully do thought, the antique history, the picture, the musical bars of the whole piece combine in beauty! What fine and just images—"the large neglect," "the noble unsightliness." The tower is "eaten away by the Channel winds," "overgrown with bitter seagrasses." It is "careless," "puts forth no claim," has "no pride," does not "ask for pity," is not "fondly garrulous," as other ruins are, but still goes through its work, "like some old fisherman." It stands blanched, meagre, massive, but still serviceable, making no complaint about its past youth. A wonderful bit of word-painting—(and, perhaps, word-painting, at least on a big canvas, is not strictly lawful)—but such a picture as few poets and no prose-writer has surpassed! Byron

would have painted it in deeper, fiercer strokes. Shelley and Wordsworth would have been less definite. Coleridge would not have driven home the moral so earnestly; though Tennyson might have embodied it in the stanzas of *In Memoriam*.

Turn to another famous passage (*Modern Painters*, vol. iv. cap. 19). It is the account of the peasant of the Valais, in the grand chapter on "Mountain Gloom":

They do not understand so much as the name of beauty or of knowledge. They understand dimly that of virtue. Love, patience, hospitality, faith,—these things they know. To glean their meadows side by side, so happier; to bear the burden up the breathless mountain flank un-murmuringly; to bid the stranger drink from their vessel of milk; to see at the foot of their low death-beds a pale figure upon a cross, dying, also patiently;—in this they are different from the cattle and from the stones; but, in all this, unrewarded, so far as concerns the present life. For them, there is neither advance nor exultation. Black bread, rude roof, dark night, laborious day, weary arm at sunset; and life ebbs away. No books, no thoughts, no attainments, no rest,—except only sometimes a little sitting in the sun under the church wall, as the bell tolls thin and far in the mountain air; a pattering of a few prayers, not understood, by the altar-rails of the dimly-gilded chapel,—and so, back to the sombre home, with the cloud upon them still unbroken—that cloud of rocky gloom, born out of the wild torrent and ruinous stones, and unlightened even in their religion, except by the vague promise of some better things unknown, mingling with threatening, and obscured by an unspeakable horror—a smoke, as it were, of martyrdom, coiling up with the incense; and amidst the images of tortured bodies and lamenting spirits in hurtling flames, the very cross, for them, dashed more deeply than for others with gout of blood.

The piece is over-wrought as well as unjust, with somewhat false emphasis, but how splendid in colour and majestic in language! "To bear the burden up the breathless mountain flank un-