

Better than all treasures  
That in books are found,  
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness  
That thy brain must know,  
Such harmonious madness  
From my lips would flow,  
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

I cannot pass from this interesting corner of my subject without referring to the light that the same image throws upon the poet's consistency of mood, even when it appears in disconnected poems. Wordsworth likens the maid who grew beside the springs of Dove, to a star :—

Fair as a star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky.

When writing elsewhere of a poet whose death he regards as a national loss, and with whose moral nature he had profound sympathy, his mind crosses the old path. One line of the trumpet-tongued sonnet to Milton reads :—

Thy soul was like a *star* and dwelt apart.

This is neither accident nor wilful repetition. Similar experiences give rise to similar trains of thought ; similar trains of thought, to similar imagery. Wordsworth is rich in the verification of what might be termed a law. Poets obey it in varying degree, and Wordsworth, perhaps, more than others, owing to his subjective attitude and method of composing verse. The second part of one of his best known sonnets aptly concludes the present topic :—

Methinks their very names shine still and bright ;  
Apart—like glow-worms on a summer night ;  
Or lonely tapers when from far they fling  
A guiding ray ; or seen—like stars on high,  
Satellites burning in a lucid ring  
Around meek Walton's heavenly memory.

So far we have briefly discussed selection of images, themselves linked in thought. The dependence of these upon experience has also been insisted on ; but there goes hand in hand with experience, which may be regarded as in a great degree passive, the active search for knowledge, in short, education. A young author's first literary loves give form and impulse to his growing