

melted his heart and made him truly and tenderly human. Looked at in this light, his sympathies are broader and more intense than those of Byron, Scott, or Shelley. In this, as in much else, he must be placed with Burns, to whom he owed so much. Burns taught him that

The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow
And softer flame.

Hence among English poets Wordsworth "stands foremost and alone as the poet of common life." Defective in humour, he failed to see and express the comic side of English manners. Here Burns is stronger than his pupil. Refining and ennobling the humorous, Burns gave expression to the wit and merriment of the common people in songs that can never die. If Burns speaks for Scotland's sons and daughters, if Wordsworth paints the life of the thoughtful peddler, and of the dreamy recluse, Lord Byron is the poet of fashionable city life. He moves easily among the circles of pleasure and the depths of passion. He shamefully degrades talent, position and art, to the service of sensuality, and casts around vice the halo of his rare genius. In Scott you have a higher moral tone. In Sir Walter, strong, active, bold, romantic, we have the exponent of the old country aristocrat. The passionate loyalty of the dashing cavalier of the seventeenth century expresses itself in the heroic scenes so graphically depicted by the Scottish advocate of the nineteenth. But if Scott loved to linger on the glories of the setting sun, Shelley as eagerly peered into the dark night in the hope of seeing the morning star of a bright and better day. Shelley, as Brimley has well put it, is "the poetical representative of those whose hopes and aspirations and affections rush forward to em-

brace the great hereafter, and dwell in rapturous anticipation on the coming of the golden year, the reign of universal freedom and the establishment of universal brotherhood." This gentle, fervid and ill-fated spirit—shrinking from the least touch of wrong, and fired with all the enthusiasm of the patriot and the martyr—learnt in suffering what he taught the world in song. Like Carlyle, he hates oppression and scorns the oppressor—pours floods of contempt on tyrants and their tools. With savage malignity he attacks knave and hypocrite, and holds them up to scorn. Gladly he welcomed the French Revolution—the deluge of blood—because he thought it would bring in the reign of right and peace on earth. His cruel experience roused his hatred and made him fight against the civil and religious institutions of Britain, and "lent more glowing colours to the rainbow of promise that beamed upon him from the distance, through the storm of bloodshed and revolution." But if Lord Byron dwells most on the glories of the brilliant assembly; if Walter Scott lingers longest around baronial halls; if Shelley dips into the future, and in words rich in colour as a painted window, and suggestive as the strains of music, speaks of the brotherhood of man and federation of the world; Wordsworth sings of the hopes and fears, trials and triumphs, of the love and hatred of our common country life. Burns in Scotland and Wordsworth in England have done more than any other two poets to break down the conventional barriers that keep man from man, that divide rich and poor, and place them against each other in hostile camps. And in representing the men and women of this work-a-day world, Wordsworth has neither vilified the rich nor justified the presence of dirt, disease, vice and