

people feel, may have been a distinguished poet or a high-toned moralist, but can never have influenced or have played any real part in the public life of England.

The language of Wordsworth's most distinguished critics sometimes fosters this idea of Wordsworth which denies to his life the possibility of having told upon the policy of his country. The poet and man of letters, whose subtle analysis of Wordsworth's genius will always be quoted with admiration by Wordsworth's admirers, has yet unintentionally provided some justification for the notion that Wordsworth was a dreamer. The teacher who wrote of Wordsworth—

He found us when the age had bound
Our souls in its benumbing round;
He spoke, and loosed our hearts in tears.
He laid us as we lay at birth
On the cool flowery lap of earth,
Smiles broke from us and we had ease;
The hills were round us, and the breeze
Went o'er the sun-lit fields again;
Our foreheads felt the wind and rain.
Our youth return'd; for there was shed
On spirits that had long been dead,
Spirits dried up and closely furl'd,
The freshness of the early world.¹

has no doubt revealed to hundreds of students a comprehension of Wordsworth's doctrine which they would never have obtained for themselves. No man is less inclined than myself to underrate Matthew Arnold's subtle appreciation of a great poet whom he no doubt understood far better than did the generation whom he addressed. My sole contention is that the emphasis given to the ethical side of Wordsworth's teaching has

¹ See Matthew Arnold, Memorial Verses, *Poetical Works* (Macmillan), pp. 290-1.