

makes us partake of angelic joy, can be satisfied only in dreams, but the dreams may contain more than any reality, and we may safely conclude with a great writer, if all our dreams were satisfied there would be no more poetry.

Coleridge told an inquiring lady that he did not believe in ghosts, because he had seen so many. So some of us, pluming ourselves on our rationalism, profess not to believe in mysticism, but if we analyse and go deeper, it will generally be found that we fail to recognize mysticism because it haunts every department of the mind, and familiarity here as elsewhere breeds contempt. Every man is at times a mystic. Perhaps, mysticism at large is most readily resurrected from that sort of mental indolence which consists in a set dislike of the drudgery of sustained logical thinking. It is, however, of widely different types, which compose a long scale indeed; sometimes it is very elevated and elevating, noble and ennobling; and again of a very mean and trifling character, teaching nothing and leading nowhere. The foggy metaphysics and subtle scepticism of Germany is proverbial. It is probably an outcome of an over-indulgence in tobacco and beer, and an instructive essay might be written on the connection between them. Contrast the article "made in Germany," with the mysticism of "The Imitation of Christ" or that of St. Theresa, who, to use the words of Dr. Dowden, united in so eminent a degree an administrative genius, a genius for action with the genius of exalted piety—contrast these two types, and it must, I think, be conceded that the latter, both in nature and results, is far superior to the former.

That the mysticism of the poet of "The Man with the Hoe" is entirely of the latter type, will, I think, be immediately admitted by all his readers, and I find no use in subjecting it to analysis. His mysticism is akin to that of his famous countryman Edgar Allen Poe, who, whatever he may not have been, has a clear right to the title of the poet of the mystic. Like the author of "The Raven", the singer of "The man with the Hoe" frequently vibrates between two points, the realistic and the vague and inscrutable, but our author, unlike his famous prototype, never once fails to combine people or situations in ordinary life, though his spiritual vision frequently takes for medium: