

of light and glory. The reaction commenced by Thomson against the artificialness of Pope and his school was carried on by Gray and Goldsmith, Collins, Cowper and Crabbe. Thomson took men out of the smoke and pestilence of the city, and placed them in the woods and bracing air of the mountains. Gray went with them to the country graveyard, and mingled his tears with theirs. Goldsmith, in language true to nature, sketched the village and its simple country life. Cowper gathered up the language and aspirations of the heart after the true and the good, and, in words that appealed to the rustic men and women of his day, sang of Christ and the great salvation; and Crabbe, centring all the interests of his poetry around the morals, the manners, the history of the agricultural poor, drew men's attention to the great drama of country life. And what these did for England and English-speaking people, Burns, single-handed, and in the face of obstacles not a few, did for Scotland, and did it well. This reaction culminated in Wordsworth. Alone in London, he is at home in the wild moor or on the bleak mountain. As a boy, with gentle reverent hand he touched the nuts that grew on the hazel trees, and felt there was a spirit in the woods. But here let me quote his own words, spoken of his companion, as the best description of his own conduct and feelings:

There was a boy, ye know him well, ye cliffs,
And islands of Winander! many a time
At evening, when the earliest stars began
To move along the edges of the hills,
Rising and setting, would he stand alone
Beneath the trees or by the glimmering lake,
And there with fingers interwoven, both
hands
Pressed closely palm to palm, and to his
mouth
Uplifted; he, as through an instrument,
Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,
That they might answer him, and they would
shout
Across the watery vale, and shout again

Responsive to his call, with quivering peals
And long halloos and screams, and echoes
loud,
Redoubled and redoubled; concourse wild
Of mirth and jocund din, and when it chanced
That pause of deepest silence mocked his
skill,
Then sometimes in that silence, while he
hung,
Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise
Has carried far into his heart the voice
Of mountain torrents; or the visible scene
Would enter unawares into his mind,
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven received
Into the bosom of the steady lake.

His journey on the continent of Europe brought him into contact with new and instructive phases of nature. Crossing over the Alps and sweeping down towards Italy, through the gorge of Gondo, the grandeur of the scene ravished him with delight, and spoke to him things unutterable.

The immeasurable height
Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,
The stationary blasts of waterfalls,
And in the narrow rent at every turn
Winds thwarting winds, bewildered and
forlorn,
The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,
The rocks that muttered close upon our ears,
Black drizzling crags that spake by the way-
side
As if a voice were in them; the sick sight
And giddy prospect of the raving stream,
The unfettered clouds and region of the
heavens,
Tumult and pence, the darkness and the
light,
Were all like workings of one mind, the
features
Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree;
Characters of the great Apocalypse,
The types and symbols of eternity,
Of first and last and midst and without end.

Every gale fresh from the mountains assisted him in his upward flight: "every sound or sight in its degree of power administered to grandeur or to tenderness;" and thus his education was perfected and new delights spread round "his steps like sunshine o'er green fields."

2. Wordsworth's love of man is both deep and pure. Indeed, his constant communion with nature