

a homely sincerity of human sympathy which reaches the humblest heart. Our language owes him gratitude for the habitual purity and abstinence of his style, and we who speak it, for having emboldened us to take delight in simple things, and to trust ourselves to our own instincts. And he hath his reward. It needs not to bid

Renowned Chaucer lie a thought more nigh
To rare Beaumont, and learned Beaumont lie
A little nearer Spenser ;

for there is no fear of crowding in that little society with whom he is now enrolled as fifth in the succession of the great English Poets