

for lasting recognition. But although a poet is necessarily limited in regard to scientific method, he can be philosophical, just as every man is to some extent, when he allows himself to be guided by principle, without avowing professed metaphysic. It would have been vastly more to the point had the critic taken other poems of our literature whose cast is ethically didactic, and by comparison proved Wordsworth's illusory nature. Philosophy, in Mr. Matthew Arnold's eyes, seems to have but one meaning—the specific meaning of the schools, and appropriate when the elasticity and humanizing tendency of Literature are weighed against the rigidity and the not unfrequent inhumanity of over-wrought Dogma. Yet Wordsworth if not painfully minute is logical, both in the *Prelude* and the *Excursion*, confessedly a fragment. The *Prelude* relates to the mental growth of the individual; the *Excursion* considers the behaviour of the individual when brought face to face with the problems of society. It is true that the society is eminently quiet and retired, but it will be observed how deeply the one event of Wordsworth's time—the French Revolution—moves the villagers in the seclusion of their native hills. And as the *Prelude* lies at the base of Wordsworthian thinking, allow me to point out a *few* of its cardinal points, which are sufficiently logical to appeal to those who are not over-fond of syllogism. Wordsworth is impressed by the world of Nature which lies before the gaze of all; the impression deepens into love; the love becomes absorbing and Nature is adored *for her own sake*; intercourse with men provokes the feeling that the love of Nature is not absolutely the greatest love—it leads up to the love of man; the two loves are to be reciprocal, are to play the one into the other; the love of Nature is not to be mistrusted, for Nature in her moods of silence and her scenes of awe, is stable, is a guide man can always follow; the majesty of Nature awakens in a mind accustomed to survey tamer landscapes, a creative power—the man becomes a poet; the poet, like other men, may boldly take his way whithersoever Nature leads, without doubt as to his future fame; lastly, the poet trained to observe Nature's myriad changes will not require any abnormal mental excitement to quicken poetry. Fourteen