

of attention, from the support it seems to receive from men of high position. It could not be more beautifully expressed than it has been by Wordsworth in his famous ode on Immortality, from which we have already quoted.

There was a time when meadow, grove and stream,

The earth, and every common sight,

To me did seem

Apparell'd in celestial light.

The glory and the freshness of a dream,

It is not now as it has been of yore ;

Turn wheresoe'er I may,

By night or day,

The things which I have seen, I now can see no more !

The rainbow comes and goes,

And lovely is the rose ;

The moon doth with delight

Look round her when the heavens are bare ;

Waters on a starry night are beautiful and fair ;

The sunshine is a glorious birth ;

But yet I know where'er I go,

That there has passed away a glory from the earth.

The earth may still be gay, indeed, and beast and bird be joyous, but yet a certain tree and field speak to him of something that is gone:

The pansy at my feet,

Doth the same tale repeat,

Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?

Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?"

Such is Wordsworth's language. We should probably go very far wrong, however, if we took it for granted that the earth really appeared to him in his boyish days in such a radiant form as he here would give it. Lyrics are not bound by facts. To most boys, we suspect, the tawdry, tinselled coat of some buffoon in a vagrant gang of show men would be a grander sight than any scene or landscape which nature could present, and his silly, vulgar jokes more deeply moving, and tenfold more worth listening to than all the lays of feathered throats together, the zephyr's sigh, the lullaby of rivers, or the roar of ocean. And we need not believe that Wordsworth's boyhood differed widely from the common type of boyhood in this respect. "We are not to suppose," DeQuincey writes, "that Wordsworth, the boy, expressly sought