

passing from mental stillness to mental life, from the world of mere sensation to the world of thought. Wordsworth did not uniformly regard the English lake-country as full of beautiful yet lonely hillsides, over which light and shade played with varying effect; to him it was a region teeming with imaginative life. When, therefore, Professor Masson, in a truly admirable essay on Theories of Poetry, says that Wordsworth is in literature what the pre-Raphaelites are in Art, his epigrammatic way of stating the case carries with it only the partial truth of all epigram. Wordsworth was one of an increasing throng, who respected "pre-Drydenism" (pre-Gallicism is a better word), but from the realistic standpoint, pure and simple, he was not more, often less, pronounced than his fellows. The pre-Raphaelite or pre-Drydenite fox-glove occupies six lines; the Wordsworthian fox-glove, eight; the pre-Raphaelite or pre-Drydenite rock, four; the Wordsworthian rock, nine. Language such as I have used may seem to sacrifice truth to effect, but the test just indicated may be applied fearlessly to Wordsworth as a whole.

In the second place, I should like to say a little about Wordsworth's philosophy. Wordsworth has suffered much from critics, ever since the days of the Rejected Addresses, and of Lord Jeffrey's famous verdict on the Excursion, "This will never do." Numerous ephemeral reviews, written from a hostile standpoint, and not seldom as flippant as they are superficial, may be allowed to pass in silence, but when Mr. Matthew Arnold in an article published some time ago in Macmillan's Magazine and subsequently prefixed to a collection of Wordsworth's best pieces, declares that their author's poetry is the reality, and his philosophy the illusion some sort of reply will not be out of place even here. It is only fair to ask what is meant by philosophy. If Mr. Matthew Arnold expects to find in Wordsworth a nicely-squared philosophical system, perfect down to the minutest detail, of course he will be disappointed. As surely as a poet assumes the rigid metaphysician, so surely will his emotional warmth vanish in the coldness of didactics. In fact he renounces the most important characteristic of poetry, already alluded to at some length, and has to depend on the graces of form