

Many other examples could be cited,—let these suffice. Spenser affected Wordsworth, because both were high moral poets, revering the beautiful, worshipping the true, differing in method and perception, but united in honest and noble aims.

What an antithesis in Byron, the active, clever, passionate genius! We can find everything in him but a heartfelt satisfaction. Polished and satirical as Pope and Dryden, loyal as those of old to Nature, but reflecting himself upon his visions, and then again half-unconsciously, but altogether impetuously, following Wordsworth's spirit, however much he affected to despise it, he certainly presents a strange coalition of poetical instinct, intellectual influence, fateful circumstances, and a genius like a Fury, that drove him on forever. Byron cannot be called noble, but Spenser was. The one could be hypocritical, but not the other. Byron revelled in evil, Spenser related it fearlessly, as one to whom "all things were pure." Byron drummed experimental snatches upon the organ of the universe, merely to please himself; Spenser played from a brave poetic soul harmonies and melodies for all who would be charmed. The differences were wide, so that Byron heard but little from his fellow-poet.

Spenser, however, gave Byron his stanza for *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, in the preface to which he remarks that "the stanza of Spenser, according to one of our most successful poets, admits of every variety," and proceeds to quote Beattie's praise of the measure, concluding with the assertion of his own conviction that failure, if it comes, "must be in the execution rather than in the design, sanctioned by the practice of Ariosto, Thomson, and Beattie." But failure did not come.

Shelley, the supreme and swift dictator of the Imagination, rightly accorded it the first place in his being. He understood Wordsworth as Byron would not, and he too invested Nature with spirit. But methods again differed: Wordsworth saw all as the reflective philosopher, Shelley, in the image of Love. Anxious, sensitive, ecstatic soul! *Epipsychidion* is his involuntary autobiography. However carefully intellect served him, his utterance grew more passionate, quick, intense. His love was boundless, choking. He reached the point of over-satiation, of too keen joy,—