

has the best of it—that Mr. Moody is the happier man and is doing the more good in the world. It is of Heine that Goethe is supposed to have said, "He had every other gift, but wanted love." Similarly, of Matthew Arnold it may be said, He had every other gift, but wanted faith. He was rendered incapable by his mental constitution of accepting the Christian dogma as fact, and he was too real to assume in its place that vague, superficial attitude of mind on religious subjects which deals with sublime generalizations, an attitude of mind which it is fashionable nowadays to call faith, but which is merely an apology for agnosticism. He could not accept the Christian dogma, and yet he could not let it alone and accept something else. To no writer of our time has the religious faculty been given in a greater degree than to him, and no writer of our time seems to have derived so little satisfaction from religion as he did. No man has wished more earnestly to believe and has so signally failed. And this failure is the weakness which in one way and another makes itself most felt in his poetry. Homer had faith, Dante had faith, Milton had faith, Shakespeare had faith; but Matthew Arnold had not faith, and he is not of their company.

The compass of this paper will not permit us to attempt anything like a complete analysis of Mr. Arnold's poetry. We shall endeavor merely to glance at a few of its aspects.

His literary kinship with Wordsworth, potentially the greatest poet of the century, whom he resembles in his philosophic appreciation of nature and the common things of life, is evidenced by many of his nature poems, as well as his poems on pet animals. "The Youth of Nature" bears traces of the influence of Wordsworth. The last lines of "The Buried Life" recall even the phrases of Wordsworth. The stanza in "The Author of Obermann,"

Too fast we live, too much are tried,
Too harassed to attain
Wordsworth's sweet calm, or Goethe's wide
And luminous view to gain.