

trammelled liberty. If the first group can be called quietists, the latter can as justly be called reckless, turbulent, restless. Faber and Keble impart peace and tranquility to the soul: Byron and Keats give only unrest. Their writings, especially Byron's, are strangely contradictory, reflecting at once belief in God and utter unbelief, love for humanity and hatred of all men, admiration of virtue and contempt for all that is good and true and honorable in life. Byron in his sane moments was not an atheist. No more than Newman "could he root from his heart the innate consciousness of God." Keats and Shelley undoubtedly were complete infidels. All three of them are pantheists worshipping God as nature; they have an intuitive perception of the beautiful, but they have so broken the limits between freedom and sacred principles that the beautiful becomes tainted by their touch. The Oxford poets, too, are lovers and worshippers of nature; but theirs is the Christian pantheism adoring God through the works of His hands, the Creator through His creatures; read Keble's hymn for Tuesday in Easter week *To the Snowdrop*, or the one for Sunday after Ascension *Seed Time*, or for the fifteenth Sunday after Trinity *The Flowers of the Field*, or for the twenty-third Sunday after Trinity *Forest Leaves in Autumn*. A critic, lately speaking of Matthew Arnold's writings, says: "In addition to the admirable workmanship of his poetry, it has the touch of genius that informs it with the flavor which can never come from the highest art alone." This is a flattering but hardly truthful estimate of Mr. Arnold's verses. The praise could be appropriately applied to Wordsworth and perhaps to Cowper. Their poetry is always artistic because perfectly natural; it seems often so very natural that only the flavoring touch of genius saves it from insipidity; yet it has the repose and the truth that make it always interesting. This appears to evidence in Wordsworth's simple verses "The Cottage Girl"; it is his quite child-like faith in the reunion in heaven that speaks through the maiden's "And, master, we are seven," though she tells how her sisters and brothers sleep in the churchyard hard by.

The mission of all these gentle poets seems to have been that of consolation; this we cannot say of Byron nor of those who resemble him. In reading Cowper's *Task* one would expect to find