

tion from over-culture is exhibited in strong nature-writing. In pieces like "The Buried Life," and "A Summer Night," the poet forgets his theory of epic or classical objectivity and writes subjectively. His work throughout has the merit of the best kind of subjectivity. One feels that the writer is near to him, that he lived among men, and thought their thoughts and bore their burdens. He saw life steadily and saw it whole. It is likely on this account that he has been, as has been pointed out, eminently useful to his students. His poetry has been full of consolation to those who have read it appreciatively. He sought the best. The best was good enough for him, he used to say. The best of everything for everybody was his principle. He was intolerant of everything but the best. Pre-eminently sane and severe, he had no place for the trivial, the one-sided, the fantastic, the sickly. There is a power in his poetry due to something more than strength of thought and elegance of form, which assuredly it shows. Mr. Augustine Birrel, who is certainly a man of taste, has said: "To open Mr. Arnold's poems is to escape from a heated atmosphere and a company not wholly free from offence, even though composed of those who share our opinions—from loud-mouthed, random-talking men, into a well shaded retreat which seems able to impart, even to our feverish persuasions and crude conclusions, something of the coolness of falling water, something of the music of rustling trees."

Our poet, as we have seen, has his limitations. But his greatest limitation is one more serious than any that have been suggested. There is in him a lack more fundamental than the lack of the lyrical faculty. It is the lack of faith. Matthew Arnold lacked faith; and without faith no poet, no man, has achieved greatness of the first order. The fanatic works better than the sceptic. Mr. Moody and his covenant theology bring a broad smile to the face of the apostle of culture and classical restraint. He says it is all wrong. But though we may be of his way of thinking, we cannot help feeling that Mr. Moody