
A table of contents for *The Churchman* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_churchman_os.php

plete its interior fittings in conformity with the honour assigned it of being the cathedral of the new diocese. No family of note in the northern county but has its name upon those ancient tablets, or its arms upon the monumental slabs or on the costly mural monuments that adorn its interior—the honoured names of Collingwood, Ridley, Askew, are naturally read with interest within the precincts of the church where once King Charles I. is said to have worshipped, where Knox is known to have preached, and where, by God's good providence, after many vicissitudes and changes, we may hope that there will be continued the faithful ministry of God's Word through a long future—undimmed by the cloud of superstition, unassailed by the malice of the destroyer.

H. J. MARTIN.

ART. III.—WORDSWORTH.

1. *Poems of Wordsworth.* Chosen and edited by MATTHEW ARNOLD. Macmillan & Co. 1880.
2. *The English Lake District, as Interpreted in the Poems of Wordsworth.* By WILLIAM KNIGHT. David Douglas: Edinburgh. 1878.
3. *English Men of Letters: Wordsworth.* By F. W. H. MYERS. Macmillan & Co. 1881.

THERE is no poet about whom there has been such an ebb and flow of opinion as Wordsworth. There is none who has had more passionate and indiscriminating worship from his admirers, and there is none who has been more coldly treated by the general public. He has never been what may be called a popular poet, winning the suffrages of all ranks and ages and of all classes and conditions of mind. He has had his rises and falls in the estimation of the people, who, after all, are the final court of appeal as to what constitutes popularity. The cultured critic may decry the public taste; yet it is public taste that sets its stamp on the things which are to live or die. It is not that which pleases the critic in his study, and which from his chair he pronounces to be good work, of intellectual ability, and spiritual purpose, that is stamped with success; but that which stirs the great heart of the nation, and whose breathing thoughts and burning words inspire men with the patriot's courage or the martyr's zeal. Wordsworth has never been popular as Shakespeare is popular, or as Scott and Byron are popular, or as Burns and Tennyson are popular. The estimation in which he has been held has waxed and waned, and waxed and waned

again and again. Mr. Matthew Arnold, in the preface to his delightful "Selection of the Poems of Wordsworth"—a volume which, as the compiler says, "contains everything, or nearly everything, which may best serve him with the majority of lovers of poetry, nothing which may disserve him"—says that "Wordsworth has never, either before or since, been so accepted and so popular, so established in possession of the minds of all who profess to care for poetry, as he was between the years 1830 and 1840, and at Cambridge. From the very first, no doubt, he had his believers and witnesses. But I have myself heard him declare that, for he knew not how many years, his poetry had never brought him in enough to buy his shoestrings. The poetry-reading public was very slow to recognize and was very easily drawn away from him. Scott effaced him with this public, Byron effaced him." We learn from the biography of the poet that between the years 1807 and 1815 there was not one edition of his works sold. He was sneered at in the Reviews. Jeffrey lashed him by his satire. Byron tried to annihilate him in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." All remember his well-known contemptuous lines—

> A drowsy, frowsy poem, called the Excursion,
> Writ in a manner which is my aversion.

When Cottle, a Bristol bookseller, made offers of his stock to the Messrs. Longmans, and an inventory was made of the several volumes, there was one book noted down as worth nothing. This was a volume of the "Lyrical Poems of Wordsworth," published in 1798. Though Cottle had only ventured on an edition of 500 copies, yet the greater part remained unsold. In 1800, nothing daunted, Wordsworth published a second volume, and although it contained not only Wordsworth's justly celebrated lines on "Revisiting Tintern Abbey," but also Coleridge's weird poem of "The Ancient Mariner," yet the book met with little success. The death of Byron, and the dedication of Scott's genius to the novel, gave Wordsworth an opportunity of catching the ear of all to whom poetry is a pleasure; but his growth in general favour was gradual and slow. He never, on one particular morning, "awoke to find himself famous," as did the poet of "Childe Harold." When Tennyson dawned as a new star in the poetic firmament, and by his perfect literary form, his melodious measures, his exceeding beauty and sweetness, as well as by the great human interest which of itself lends an incomparable charm to his poems, gained the public ear, Wordsworth seemed to decline. But only for a time—again his genius was recognized.

One of the first manifestations of another change in public feeling, and the prelude to a more general recognition of his

greatness, was the honorary degree of D.C.L. conferred on him by the University of Oxford in the summer of 1839. Keble, as Professor of Poetry, "introduced him in words of admiring reverence," to quote the words of Mr. Myers; "and the enthusiasm of the audience was such as had never been evoked in that place before, except on the occasion of the visit of the Duke of Wellington." The collocation was an interesting one. The special claim advanced for Wordsworth by Keble, in his Latin oration, was that "he had shed a celestial light upon the affections, the occupations, the piety of the poor."

In October, 1842, Sir Robert Peel, as Prime Minister, gave him another token of the estimation in which he was held by bestowing on him an annuity of £300 a year from the Civil List for distinguished literary merit; and when Southey died, in March, 1843, he was offered the office of Poet Laureate, in a letter from Earl de la Warr, the Lord Chamberlain. This he at first respectfully declined, but he was afterwards induced to accept the office on a repeated request from the Lord Chamberlain, and influenced, no doubt, by a letter from Sir Robert Peel, who gave expression to the national feeling in the matter.

> The offer (writes Sir Robert) was made to you by the Lord Chamberlain with my entire concurrence, not for the purpose of imposing on you any onerous or disagreeable duties, but in order to pay you that tribute of respect which is justly due to the first of living poets. The Queen entirely approved of the nomination, and there is one unanimous feeling on the part of all who have heard of the proposal (and it is pretty generally known) that there could not be a question about the selection. Do not be deterred by the fear of any obligations which the appointment may be supposed to imply. I will undertake that you shall have nothing required from you. But as the Queen can select for this honourable appointment no one whose claims for respect and honour, on account of eminence as a poet, can be placed in competition with yours, I trust you will not longer hesitate to accept it.

Of late years the hold of the poet on the world has strengthened; his works are more widely read and appreciated than ever they have been, and his name is constantly before the public. A school of "Wordsworthians" has sprung up, who regard with equal love and reverence everything the poet has written, and who see the same beauty in "Peter Bell" and the "Thanksgiving Ode" as in "Michael" and the "Solitary Reaper." Mr. Matthew Arnold, a most discriminating critic, and far from being "a Wordsworthian" in the sense just spoken of, pronounces him to be "one of the very chief glories of English poetry." "I firmly believe," he says, "that the poetical performance of Wordsworth is, after that of Shakspeare and Milton—of which all the world now recognizes the worth—

undoubtedly the most considerable in our language, from the Elizabethan age to the present time." "Dante, Shakspeare, Molière, Milton, Goethe, are altogether larger and more splendid luminaries in the poetical heaven than Wordsworth. But I know not where else, among the moderns, we are to find his superior." This is, indeed, high praise; and whether we agree with the eulogium or not, the poet of whom such words can with any justice be used must ultimately obtain that recognition which is his due. Professor Knight is the author of a most interesting volume, "The English Lake District as Interpreted in the Poems of Wordsworth," and has lately formed a "Wordsworthian Society," to promote the reading of the poet's works, and to advance the principles which he advocated in his poems with such simplicity of motive and directness of aim. Professor Knight also promises a new library edition of Wordsworth's poems, with a new life, which is, I believe, to contain some letters and some new matter never before published. We have proof, in the attention which is now paid on all hands to Wordsworth, that the recognition which was once doubtful is secured, and that Southey spoke but the truth when, in reference to some boast of Byron that he would "crush the 'Excursion,'" the author of "Thalaba" burst out into the indignant words, "He crush the 'Excursion!' He might as well attempt to crush Mount Skiddaw!"

I have no intention in the present paper to criticize Wordsworth's poems: that would be simply presumptuous, considering the many and competent critics who have weighed his merits and given their estimate of his genius. If, however, I may be permitted to give my own thoughts on the matter, I question whether Wordsworth will ever become a popular poet in the wide sense of that word—whether his poems will ever become "familiar as household words" to the mass—whether, while he is appreciated by the refined and cultured few, he will ever be anything but *caviare* to the less refined and less cultured many. If, indeed, it be true, as the critic who sees neither "sweetness, nor light" in the English people tells us with pleasant frankness that "our upper class is materialized, our middle class vulgarized, and our lower class brutalized," how can a poet who appeals to principles which touch only what is highest and purest and most unworldly in our nature, ever be generally popular? Wordsworth appeals to those who love nature and humankind, and have reverence for God. He wished either to be considered as a teacher or nothing; and he is therefore simply beyond the understanding of men who live for the world, and who care for nothing but so far as their vanity or selfishness is concerned.

But yet, again, as far as my observation goes, he is not popular with the young; those with whom in early life poetry is a

passion, turn elsewhere to find the poetry which is congenial to their imperfect and undisciplined taste. What they enjoy is "the stirring incident by flood and field;" the romantic adventure; the thrilling story of love or war; the melodious flow of the rhyme; the sounding and sonorous verse. It is only when "the years that bring the philosophic mind" are upon us, and we seek for rest and repose in meditative thought, that we feel the charm of poetry that deals with delicate and subtle feelings, and of poems that are designed to be "in their degree efficacious in making men wiser, better, and happier."

And, once more, there is, as it appears to me, too little of human interest, as a rule, in the poetry of Wordsworth to allow of its ever becoming widely popular. Nature, however pure is the source of such inspiration—however we may love her glorious scenes and admire her ever-varying moods—however high the pleasure we may derive from her woods and waters, her mountains and her lakes, has not the same power over the heart as the joys and sorrows, the laughter and the tears of our common humanity. Though in a certain and limited sense Wordsworth does deal with life, the life of the simple peasantry of the Westmoreland hills and dales, yet there is little in his poems of "the pity and the terror by which the passions are purified and refined;" nothing of the tragic emotion which thrills while it subdues, and holds the mind enchained and entranced; and his harp is wanting in some strings to whose touch the heart almost unconsciously vibrates and responds. His poetry is that of a man neither cold of nature nor weak in feeling—far otherwise, as we learn from his letters and his life; for he was capable of the strongest impulses and the profoundest emotion; but at the same time it is the poetry of one whose career was placid, and whose outward circumstances, with the exception of some sorrows which fall to the lot of all, were successful and happy. Nothing of his "is written as if in starfire and immortal tears." "His study," as one of his female servants informed a stranger, "was out of doors." He murmured out his verse in the open air, in sight of the hills and lakes which he loved, and not unseldom in the presence of intimate and sympathizing friends. Lady Richardson says:—

> The Prelude was chiefly composed in a green mountain terrace on the Easdale side of Helm Crag, known by the name of Under Lancrigg, a place which he used to say he knew by heart. The ladies sat at their work on the hillside, while he walked to and fro on the smooth green mountain turf, humming out his verses to himself, and then repeating them to his sympathizing and ready scribes, to be noted down on the spot and transcribed at home.

It is a pleasant scene that is here placed before the mind's eye—the poet, amid the stillness and glory of the hills, and in

the presence of near and dear friends, walking thoughtfully up and down, and murmuring out some of those exquisite stanzas which have delighted us by their interpretations of Nature and the subtlety of their thought. But perhaps these sweet and tranquil surroundings were not favourable to any great intensity of passion, or to that divine tenderness of pathos which melts the heart and makes the eye overflow with tears.

The Lake country must have had an added charm to its wondrous beauty when it was the home of so many men known to fame—when Southey was at Keswick, and Professor Wilson at Elleray, and Wordsworth at Rydal, and Dr. Arnold and his family spent their vacations at Fox How. De Quincey, too, lived for many years in the district, and Quillinan who married Wordsworth's daughter Dora, also resided there for a time, while Hartley Coleridge made his home at Nab Cottage, on the borders of Rydal Water. These and others were attracted to the district in order to be Wordsworth's neighbours. Here lived also many of the poet's intimate friends—amongst the number, Mrs. Fletcher and her daughter, Lady Richardson, and Mrs. Davy. All the men of note just mentioned had passed away before the writer of this paper became acquainted with the Lake country. Sir John and Lady Richardson were, however, still at Lancrigg; and Dr. and Mrs. Davy (he a younger brother of Sir Humphry) were living at Lesketh How. Of these, too, it must now be said, "the place that knew them knoweth them no more." Lady Richardson passed away lately, after a calm and happy old age,

> To where beyond these voices there is peace.

All these used to talk of Wordsworth with great reverence and affection. Mrs. Arnold, when she spoke of him, always called him "dear Mr. Wordsworth." She was one of his chief friends and a great admirer of his poems, into whose spirit and philosophy she was well fitted to enter. She used to tell with pride and affection how Wordsworth had suggested to Dr. Arnold the way in which the fine trees and beautiful shrubs that adorn the garden and grounds of Fox How should be planted, with an eye to the greatest picturesqueness and effect. And now *she* is gone, passed into the Father's home, to join those whom she loved, while hills and lakes remain, their beauty untouched, their charm as fresh as ever. And does not this make the very irony of life?—

> Our crown of sorrow this—its heaviest pain—
> Loved ones must go, and only *things* remain.

> Here flows the Rotha that she loved so well;
> Here rise the hills, her friends for many a year;

Here spreads the Intack on her own sweet Fell;
Here are the scenes she ever held most dear.
Here, where her children rose to call her blest,
She passed in peace to her eternal rest.

Was Wordsworth a Christian poet? There can be no doubt as to the answer; though we may not be able to say he was a religious poet—that is, not in the same sense that George Herbert, or Cowper, or Keble are religious poets. The poems of Wordsworth are decidedly Christian, but not in any sense theological, though his fine Sonnet to Laud might lead the reader to think him a High Churchman. His letters to Lady Beaumont—in which, while he explains to her the reason why his poetry could never be popular with the world of rank and fashion, he tells her the object he had in writing his poems—prove that these are Christian in the truest sense of the word:—

It is an awful truth (he says) that there neither is nor can be any genuine enjoyment of poetry among nineteen out of twenty of those persons who live, or wish to live, in the broad light of the world, among those who either are or are striving to make themselves people of *consideration* in society. This is a truth, and an awful one; because to be incapable of a feeling of poetry, in my sense of the word, is to be without love of human nature and reverence for God. Upon this I shall insist elsewhere; at present let me confine myself to my object, which is to make you, my dear friend, as easy-hearted as myself with respect to these poems. Trouble not yourself upon their present reception; of what moment is that compared with what I trust is their destiny?—to console the afflicted, to add sunshine to daylight, by making the happy happier, to teach the young and the gracious of every age to see, to think and feel, and therefore to become more actively and securely virtuous—this is their office, which I trust they will faithfully perform, long after we (that is, all that is mortal of us) are mouldered in our graves.

Professor Wilson ("Christopher North") in an interesting paper on Sacred Poetry says:—

In none of Wordsworth's poetry, previous to his "Excursion," is there any allusion made, except of the most trivial and transient kind, to revealed religion. He certainly cannot be called a Christian poet. The hopes that lie beyond the grave, and the many holy and awful feelings in which on earth these hopes are enshrined and fed, are rarely, if ever, part of the character of any of the persons, male or female, old or young, brought before us in his beautiful pastorals. Yet all the most interesting and affecting ongoings of this life are exquisitely delineated; and innumerable, of course, are the occasions on which, had the thoughts and feelings of revealed religion been in Wordsworth's heart during the hours of inspiration—and he often has written like a man inspired—they must have found expression in his strains; and the personages, humble or high, that figure in his repre-

sentations, would have been, in their joys or their sorrows, their temptations and their trials, Christians. But most assuredly this is not the case; the religion of this great poet, in all his poetry published previous to his "Excursion," is but the religion of the woods.

And even in the "Excursion," Professor Wilson says, "while religion is brought forward in many elaborate dialogues between priest, pedlar, poet, and solitary, the religion is not Christianity." "The interlocutors, eloquent as they all are, might, for anything that appears to the contrary, be deists." It is true that Wordsworth, in many of his earlier poems, may be charged with Pantheism, for he speaks of Nature and her forces as if they were the only living soul of the universe. Have we not the very germ of Pantheism underlying those beautiful and familiar lines "On Revisiting Tintern Abbey"?—

> And I have felt
> A presence that disturbs me with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
> A motion and a spirit that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
> And rolls through all things.

But we must remember that the poet, who, in the earlier part of his life, saw the impersonal God everywhere, and who spoke of the Living Being that created the universe as "a motion and a spirit that impels all thinking things," did afterwards write as a Theist, and spoke of a personal God whose greatness and goodness are to be seen in all His works. But if this were all—if he advanced no further, if there were nothing in his poems of the awful mystery of the cross—he could not with any justice be called a Christian poet. Is there any truth in the charge made by Mr. Ruskin against him in one of his articles in the *Nineteenth Century* on "Fiction, Fair and Foul," that Wordsworth was "incurious to see in the hands the print of the nails?"

Let us look at some of his poems, and see if there be not in them the utterances of Christian faith and love and hope, and if he does not at times find his inspiration in the waters of that "river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God."

Can we do better than begin with the splendid ode on "Intimations of Immortality," in which he chases away the sad thought, that the present can never be as the past?—

> The things which I have seen I now can see no more;
> But yet I know, where'er I go,
> That there hath past away a glory from the earth:

by the sense of the joy that is around him—the birds singing a joyous song, the young lambs bounding, all the earth gay. Then after some beautiful stanzas about childhood he returns to the idea that "the glory and the freshness of the dream" are departed, but again dispels the mournfulness of the thought, not by the gladness of Nature, which continueth the same however we change, but by the consciousness of what still remains, and by the hope that brightens the future.

Another passage shall now be given in which we see how the poet uses Nature as a handmaiden to lead the mind to God. All are familiar with the exquisite little poem, "The Primrose of the Rock," a poem that is fragrant with the spirit of true piety. I give the four last stanzas in full:—

I sang—Let myriads of bright flowers,
  Like thee, in field and grove
Revive unenvied;—mightier far
  Than tremblings that reprove
Our vernal tendencies to hope
  In God's redeeming love;

That love which changed—for wan disease,
  For sorrow that had beat
O'er hopeless dust, for withered age—
  Their moral element,
And turned the thistles of a curse
  To types beneficent.

Sin-blighted though we are, we too,
  The reasoning sons of men,
From one oblivious winter called
  Shall rise, and breathe again;
And in eternal summer lose
  Our threescore years and ten.

To humbleness of heart descends
  This prescience from on high,
The faith that elevates the just,
  Before and when they die;
And makes each separate soul a heaven,
  A court for Deity.

Let me now take a verse or two from the poem to Lady Fleming, on seeing the foundation preparing for the erection of Rydal Chapel:—

O Lady! from a noble line
  Of chieftains sprung, who stoutly bore
The spear, yet gave to works divine
  A bounteous help in days of yore,
(As records mouldering in the Dell
Of Nightshade haply yet may tell;)

Thee kindred aspirations moved
To build, within a vale beloved,
For Him upon whose high behests
All peace depends, all safety rests.

How fondly will the woods embrace
This daughter of thy pious care,
Lifting her front with modest grace
To make a fair recess more fair;
And to exalt the passing hour;
Or soothe it with a healing power
Drawn from the Sacrifice fulfilled
Before this rugged soil was tilled,
Or human habitation rose
To interrupt the deep repose!

Well may the villagers rejoice!
Nor heat, nor cold, nor weary ways,
Will be a hindrance to the voice
That would unite in prayer and praise;
More duly shall wild wandering Youth
Receive the curb of sacred truth,
Shall tottering age, bent earthward, hear
The Promise with uplifted ear;
And all shall welcome the new ray
Imparted to their sabbath-day.

Wordsworth was not a hymn writer, but could any hymn breathe a more evangelical spirit on the power of prayer than these two stanzas taken from "The Force of Prayer; or, the Founding of Bolton Abbey":—

And the Lady prayed in heaviness
That looked not for relief!
But slowly did her succour come,
And a patience to her grief.

Oh! there is never a sorrow of heart
That shall lack a timely end,
If but to God we turn, and ask
Of Him to be our friend!

How beautiful is "The Labourer's Noonday Hymn," with its touching prayer for pardon and grace—

Up to the throne of God is borne
The voice of praise at early morn,
And he accepts the punctual hymn
Sung as the light of day grows dim.

Nor will he turn His ear aside
From holy offerings at noontide.
Then here reposing, let us raise
A song of gratitude and praise.

What though our burthen be not light,
We need not toil from morn to night:
The respite of the mid-day hour
Is in the thankful creature's power.

Blest are the moments, doubly blest,
That, drawn from this one hour of rest,
Are with a ready heart bestowed
Upon the service of our God!

Why should we crave a hallowed spot?
An altar is in each man's cot,
A church in every grove that spreads
Its living roof above our heads.

Look up to heaven! the industrious Sun
Already half his race hath run;
He cannot halt nor go astray,
But our immortal spirits may.

Lord, since his rising in the East,
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from Thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course:

Help with Thy grace, through life's short day,
Our upward and our downward way;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest.

I have no doubt that the following sonnet, from the Italian of Michael Angelo, expresses his own thoughts on Prayer:—

The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,
If Thou the spirit give by which I pray:
My unassisted heart is barren clay,
That of its native self can nothing feed:
Of good and pious works Thou art the seed,
That quickens only where Thou say'st it may.
Unless Thou show to us Thine own true way.
No man can find it. Father, Thou must lead.
Do Thou, then, breathe those thoughts into my mind,
By which such virtue may in me be bred,
That in Thy holy footsteps I may tread;
The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,
That I may have the power to sing of Thee,
And sound Thy praises everlastingly.

That Wordsworth was not "incurious to see in the hands the prints of the nails" we may learn from one of his Ecclesiastical Sonnets on "Temptations from Roman Refinements":—

Watch and be firm! for soul-subduing vice,
Heart-killing luxury, on your steps await.
Fair houses, baths, and banquets delicate,
And temples flashing, bright as polar ice,
Their radiance through the woods may yet suffice
To sap your hardy virtue, and abate
Your love of Him upon whose forehead sate
The crown of thorns; whose life-blood flowed, the price
Of your redemption. Shun the insidious arts
That Rome provides, less dreading from her frown
Than from her wily praise, her peaceful gown,
Language and letters; these though fondly viewed
As humanizing graces, are but parts
And instruments of deadliest servitude!

That Wordsworth was one who loved and honoured the Word of God appears again and again in the thoughts scattered through his works. He exalts the lively oracles as the only remedy for the sins and evils that prevail in the world:—

Let Thy word prevail,
Oh, let Thy word prevail, to take away
The sting of human nature; spread the Law
As it is written in Thy Holy Book
Throughout all lands; let every nation hear
The high behest, and every heart obey.

Once more:—

O then how beautiful, how bright appeared
The written promise. Early had he learn'd
To reverence the volume that displays
The mystery, the life that cannot die.

But indeed the Christian spirit and tone pervades Wordsworth's poetry; and though he does not put prominently forward the doctrines of our faith, or deal with religion dogmatically, yet does he, through hills and flowers and streams, sunshine and storm, lead the mind up to that Invisible God whose "tender mercies are over all His works." The birds—Nature's choristers, singing in their leafy choirs their hymns of grateful praise—suggest the thought—

There lives Who can provide
For all His creatures, and in Him,
Even like the radiant Seraphim,
These choristers confide.

So all sights and sounds—the roaring blast, the murmuring stream, the shadowy lane, the moving or motionless clouds, the wind-swept meadows, the dreary winter, and the joyous spring—all lead the poet to reflection, to penitence, to praise.

To those who he fears may think him reserved on the subject

of religion he offers this apology. In a letter written to a friend he explains his feelings in the words that follow:—

> For my own part I have been averse to frequent mention of the mysteries of Christian faith, not from a want of a due sense of their momentous nature, but the contrary. I felt it far too deeply to venture on handling them as familiarly as many scruple not to do. . . . . Besides general reasons for diffidence in treating subjects of Holy Writ, I have some especial ones. I might err in points of faith as (he says) Milton had done ("Life," ii. pp. 364–5).

To those who wish to see Wordsworth at his best, and disencumbered of much that is dull and uninteresting—albeit it may be extolled as presenting "a scientific system of thought"—I would recommend the volume alluded to before, "Poems of Wordsworth, chosen and edited by Matthew Arnold." And they will find in "Wordsworth," by Mr. F. W. H. Myers, the story of the poet's life, some admirable criticisms on the limitations of Wordsworth's genius, and also a chapter full of charm on "the English Lakes." In this beautiful district of England, where the poet lived and died, his memory is fragrant still, and will be while the mountains that he loved remain in their beauty and grandeur, and the streams from which he drew his inspiration continue to flow. While poetry is loved, and its influence continues; so long as England honours nobility of thought and simplicity of life; so long as her men and women are unworldly enough to reverence "plain living and high thinking;" so long will pilgrims find their way to Rydal Mount and Grasmere churchyard. At Rydal Mount Wordsworth spent the larger part of his life, and here he passed away, and at Grasmere is his lowly and simple grave. His end was peace. The last time he attended divine service in the chapel at Rydal was Sunday the 10th of March. The next day he paid a visit to Mrs. Arnold at Fox How, and on the following afternoon he caught a cold as he was calling at a cottage on the road to Grasmere. He sat down on a stone bench to watch the setting sun; the evening, though bright, was cold; a chill and an attack of pleurisy was the consequence, which kept him to his room, and finally confined him to his bed. On the 20th of April he received the communion from his son, and then passed into a state of passive unconsciousness. At last Mrs. Wordsworth said to him, "William, you are going to die." He made no reply at the time, and the words seemed to have passed unheeded; indeed, it was not certain that they had been even heard. More than twenty-four hours afterwards one of his nieces came into his room, and was drawing aside the curtain of his chamber, and then, as if awakening from a quiet sleep, he said, "Is that Dora?"

On Tuesday, April 23, 1850, "as his favourite cuckoo-clock struck the hour of noon," his spirit passed away. His body was laid, according to his wish, under the turf in Grasmere churchyard, near the children whom he had lost, under the shade of the old sycamores, and close to the Rotha, which had often made such music in his ears.

He had not lived in vain. With all truth could he who succeeded to the post of Laureate after the poet's death say that he had received

> The laurel greener from the brow
> Of him that uttered nothing base.

There is every reason to believe that Wordsworth's own words concerning his poems will be fulfilled. "They will co-operate with the benign tendencies of human nature and society, and will in their degree be efficacious in making men wiser, better, and happier."

CHARLES D. BELL.

ART. IV.—*IN MEMORIAM.*

EDWARD AURIOL.

"A BEAUTIFUL ending of a beautifully holy life" was the observation of a Christian brother on hearing the account of the last end of dear Mr. Auriol. No words could be more accurately descriptive of his life and of his death.

The following opinions were collected shortly after his decease as the testimony of some who for many years had known him well and observed him closely:—"He was the same to the last." "He never changed his views." "Always kind." "Ever ready to help his brethren." "No selfish end in view." "No hesitating counsel when called to advise." "Exercising discernment and sound judgment." "Speaking always with encouragement to younger brethren." "Delighting in Christian converse." "Evincing a supreme desire to know the will of God, both in His revealed Word and in the intimations of His Providence." "Acquiescing in that will, when once ascertained, with steadfastness, composure, and thankfulness."

Perhaps all this testimony might be summed up in three words: Consistency, Humility, and Acquiescence, as the fruits of personal faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. Two short extracts from statements that appeared in the *Record* newspaper may illustrate the influence which these qualities enabled him by the grace of God to exercise. In one of these an interesting