

profound wisdom carries us back to the Protophyta and Protozoa, whose strictly speaking there is no reproduction; and to the direct action of environment upon them, from which, in the Metaphyta and Metazoa, by sexual reproduction we get "spontaneous" tendencies multiplied in geometrical ratio. These "spontaneous," or, as we prefer to call them, "inherent," tendencies or characters are transmissible, so-called characters are not. We trust we have not misrepresented these views. We notice them not in the least with a view to deciding between them, though there is little doubt which way the balance of scientific authority at present inclines, still less with the wish to make capital out of their disagreement, but in order to emphasise the fact that, while Darwinism is generally accepted in the scientific world, there is much which is yet unmetested; in other words, that, while every competent man of science now believes in the origin of species by progressive variations, we cannot be too much on our guard against stereotyping any theory as to the proximate cause. It is nearly as true now as when Darwin wrote it in 1859 that thought—

"There is almost complete unanimity amongst biologists about evolution."¹ There is still considerable difference as to the manner, such as how far natural selection has acted, and how far external conditions, or whether there exists some mysterious innate tendency to perfectibility.²

In the present and a future article we propose to deal with the doctrine as far as it is generally accepted by scientists men, and, without attempting to discuss the evidence on which the doctrine rests, to answer the following question:—

Given a Churchman who accepts the dogmatical position of the English Church on the one hand, and who, so far as he is able to understand it, believes the doctrine of evolution to be the truest solution yet discovered by science of the facts open to its observation, what reconstruction of traditionally accepted views and arguments is necessary and possible? How is he to relate the new truth with the old?

In so stating the problem we put out of court three classes of persons:—(a) those who, entrenched in the fortresses of religious certainty, are content to leave intellectual problems alone, and ignore the movement of scientific thought around them; (b) those who are so "immersed in matter" that the religious side of their nature has become atrophied by disease; and (c) those who possess the wonderful power of keeping their intellectual and religious life "separated as with an ax," who if they were challenged to give a theory of human nature, would have to represent it as if it were a modern ironclad built in water-tight compartments.

To contrast, then, with these three classes we take the case of an ordinary Churchman, with perhaps something more than the ordinary intellectual and speculative interests, and certainly with more knowledge of what is *de fida*, and what is not, than most Churchmen possess—a man who rejects the modern panes of indeterminism, and refuses, even though he might claim the precedent of a Heretic godsend, to throw over the battle-field "a mistus of golden mist" to cover the retreat or defeat of a favourite hero. Such a man, accepting Darwinism, will expect not only that a reconstruction, of at least a roasting, of his beliefs will be necessary, but also that real effort, moral and intellectual, will be required for the work. No new truth can, without effort, be related with the truth already approx-

imated, which of course might easily be misinterpreted, are enough to show that evolution neither is nor pretends to be, an alternative theory to original creation. An evolutionist, therefore, who denies the fact of creation goes as far beyond the evidence which science offers as if he had asserted his belief in "the blaker of heaves and earth."

But then evolution does clearly offer us a theory as to how the world came to be what it now is, and in this we are told it contradicts the Bible and the unwavering faith of Christendom. We have here a clear issue raised between two alternative theories, the one the theory of Darwin, the other the theory of "special creation," and they are mutually destructive. If the theory of "special creation" is true, Darwinism is false; if Darwinism is true, "special creation" is false. And this issue is plainly accepted by both parties. Thus Mr. Darwin says, "I have at least done good service in overthrowing the dogma of separate creation"; and Haeckel in the Preface to his *Evolution of Man* boasts that—

"When in 1857 the grave closed over Louis Agassiz, the last great upholder of the constancy of species and of miraculous creation, the dogma of the constancy of species passed on to us, and the contrary assumption—the assertion that all the various species descended from common ancestral forms—now no longer encounters serious difficulty."³

Darwin was fully aware of the opposition his theory would have to encounter. And he feared the men of science as much as the theologians. "Antagonists," he says, "of the highest eminence seem to be fully satisfied that each species has been independently created."⁴ When he first hinted at the theory to Joseph Hooker in 1843 he says, "I am almost convinced that species are not (it is like confessing a murder) immutable,"⁵ and his strong hope is that he may be able "to show, even to sound naturalists, that there are two sides to the question of the immutability of species."⁶ and that "allied species are co-descendants from common stocks."⁷ Whether true or not scientifically, this does not sound like a dangerous heresy, yet the outcry raised from the side of religion was as great as that raised by contemporary science. Even now religious people are surprised to be told that it is a purely scientific question, to be decided solely on scientific evidence, and to be dealt with effectively only by scientific men. Is not the question whether species were created by God or came into existence independently of Him, or (as Huxley says p. 21) "whether they were made, or whether they just happened?" For science repudiates chance—except as a name for unexplained causation—as earnestly as religion does. It is a question between two views as to secondary creation, or, more strictly, between a theory and the denial of the possibility of a theory as to the method of this creation. The question is this:—Were species directly created at the first, or by intermediate laws, as individuals are?⁸ Were they independently created or descended from other species?⁹ "To say that species were created is so and so," says Mr. Darwin, "is no scientific explanation, only a reverent way of saying it is so and so."¹⁰ "Special creation" is here on the Agnostic side, while evolution at least attempts to bring God's action in the past in line

so closely, that we so interpret the words, "After the Earth Christianity was in no way committed to this view, while St. Augustine distinctly rejects it in favour of a view which, without any violence to language, we may call a theory of evolution. The greatest of the schoolmen deliberately adopted St. Augustine's views and rejected that of special creation. His words are so remarkable that they are worth quoting, especially as we have never seen them referred to in this connection:—

"As to the production of plants Agnesius holds a different view. For some expositors say that on the third day (of creation) plants were created, and produced such in their kind a view which is favoured by a special provision of the letter of Hezekiah. But Agnesius says that the earth is that add to it were brought forth green trees—namely—i.e., it then received the power to propagate them. This view he considers by the authority of Scripturæ which says, 'These are the generations of the heaven and of the earth, when they were created, in the day that the Lord God made the earth and the houses, and every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew.'—See, H. d. Before them they came into being on the earth they were made merely in the earth. And this is confirmed by reason. For in these first days God made creatures primarily for ourselves, and then passed from His work, and yet after that, by His superintendence of things created, He works even to this day in the work of propagation. For the propagation of plants from the earth belongs to the work of propagation."¹¹

Here, though there is no idea of the method by which the "kinds" were brought forth from the earth, or of their interrelations with one another, there is a clear conception of creation by growth or evolution which is quite contrary to what is known as special creation. And when we remember that the schoolmen held what is now called abiogenesis and generation from putrefaction, both in botany and zoology, we feel at once how infinitely more elastic that theory of nature was than that implied in the doctrine of special creation. But if special creation is a doctrine unknown to Bacon and rejected by St. Thomas it is not likely to be essential either to science or religion.

Where, then, did it come from? It includes elements both scientific and religious, and it is interesting to notice how the elements combined.

Half a century after Bacon's *Nova Organza* was published a great power appeared, which has since then, often unconsciously, influenced theologians and apologists. It is no doubt a thankless and ungracious task to bring the heavy artillery of science to bear upon poetry, and it is only justifiable when truth is endangered. Some time ago Nasenith, by the help of the National Almanack, discovered that if Sir John Moore was buried "at dead of night" he could not have had the advantage of "the straggling moonbeam's misty light," because the moon must have been far below the horizon at the time. When this criticism was reported to the late President of the Royal Irish Academy by Sir R. S. Ball he is said to have replied—"I'll tell you what it is, the time will come when that poet will be taken as the sole authority about the matter, and all your astronomical calculations will go for nothing at all." This is very much what has happened in the case of *Fairies Lost*. People have come to think of it as a sort of inspired gloss on the early chapters of Genesis. Yet there is a huge difference between the text and the commentary. In the Bible we have, "And God said, 'Let the earth bring forth' " etc., words which

¹ II. 21. ² Origin, p. 428. ³ Ibid., p. 423. ⁴ Ibid., p. 88.

⁵ History of Creation, I., p. 8, Eng. Tr.

⁶ Vol. I., p. 807. ⁷ Vol. III., 226. ⁸ Vol. I., p. 204.

⁹ Vol. I., p. 85. ¹⁰ Vol. I., p. 204. ¹¹ II. 21.

¹² II. 20. ¹³ II. 21. ¹⁴ II. 20. ¹⁵ II. 20. ¹⁶ II. 20.

¹⁷ III. 18. ¹⁸ Nat. Hist. Genl. v. 222. ¹⁹ Ibid. 321.

are at least consistent with a gradual development. But Millett says:—

"The grassy glade now cal'd; - now half apparel'd
The loamy loam, passing to get free.
His Master parts, then springs as broken from bonds;
And romps and shakes his bounden master; the suncock
The liddard, and the tiger, as the mule
Hissing, the rounched snare above them threw
In hillocks; the swift ring from underground
From us his branching load." - *An. A.*

This is idealism and realism with a vengeance! And yet it is hard to see why Milton should not do in poetry what Raphael in the Vatican had done in art.

But what gives such importance to the account of creation in *Jurassic*? Let us first of all note that it is approached, curiously enough, with the first attempt to limit the logical term "species" to a definite natural history usage. This was the work of Milne's younger contemporary, John Ray, from whom the theory of the fixity of species may be said to date. Whether Milne influenced Ray, or Ray Milne, or whether the theory was "in the air," it is difficult to say. But in the next century we find in Linnaeus the meeting point of Milne's 4-point view of creation and Ray's nomenclatural doctrine of fixed species. The well-known

words of Linnaeus in the *Philosophia Botanica*, "Species non sunt, sed diversae formae ab initio praeditae naturae. Quaeque formae, secundum generationes, inditae lego, praeconesse plures, at vel similes staminis," and thus the fine formulation of the Linnaean doctrine, which angry reactions of the time could not make him give up, though he was compelled to generally accept them, though written by Hufnagel, who was fond of the modified Linnaean system of species. Popular belief in the Linnaean doctrine seems to have been shaken by Cuvier at the beginning of the present century, and destroyed by Darwin's "Origin of Species." And yet the dead hand of an exploded theory still rules the world; and Christians in England need not work to defend a view which has neither Biblical nor patristic, nor medical authority.

It is difficult *a priori* to see how the question, except by a confession, becomes a religious question at all. Writing to a lady who had consulted him as to the bearing of evolution on theology, Mr. Darwin says:—"I cannot see how the belief that all organic beings, including man, have been gradually derived from some simple being, instead of having apparently been created, leaves no *religious doubt*"; and at the close of his "Origin of Species" he has written:—"I do not understand why the religious feelings of any one can be affected by this view; it does not affect the belief in the power and wisdom of God; it speaks of everything as wrought by Him. He makes the grass to grow. He feeds the ravens. He stooches the fishes. He lets His angels go forth and the hosts of the field made. Children and the frail of the woods see His gift. The infant in the mother's womb, and babbles its thanks as it grows up. I do not see how any man can suppose that this conflicts with what we know of the works of successive generations, or that it implies an interlarding or an abridgment of what we call natural processes? There is no doubt that a theory of 'special creation' is against 'creation by derivation' [for this is the true antithesis] possesses a strange attraction for some minds, just as some cling to a Calvinistic theory of 'Innumerable elect', though at the price of making God a malevolent, if not banished, deity. But we do not really care whether God made man, or by association. But we do care mightily, and we care *a great deal*, by observing that His works are everywhere, and that they are not to be accounted for by anything that we, makers of houses and earth, are not, unutterable, or irrational, but works according to law.

It may, however, be said—"Creation is a great mystery. Why attempt to discover about it? To speculate upon a mystery is to annihilate it." There seems to be only one answer to this objection, and it is that reason is the gift of God and not of the devil, and therefore it cannot be wrong to try and understand what we believe. Touching at St. Paul's on Christmas Day, on the enigmatic mystery of the Incarnation, Dr.

"It was perhaps inevitable that the question should be asked, How such a Being of two natures which differ as the Creator differs from the creature—so the Infidels reply from the date—was possible? It might be enough to reply that with God all things are possible—all things, at least, which do not contradict His moral perfections—that is to say, His infinite Justice, Truth, and Goodness."

second to none, still less to be proud of, the cast-off clothes of
hypocritical science.

(2) On the other hand, agape *sapientia* from the animalistic view in favour of evolution, as theory it is infinitely more Christian than the theory of "special creation". For it is the expression of God's love, and the expression of the love of his creature man. Those who opposed the doctrine of evolution in defense of a "nonspecial intervention" of God seem to have failed to realize that a theory of occasional intervention implies also a heretical theory of the last century. For such, even when they struggled to be orthodox, actually spoke of God as we might speak of an abstinent husband, who cares nothing for his property so long as he gets his rest. Yet anything more opposed to the Christian conception of God and the Fallacies was hardly possible. While St. Athanasius, in his defense of the Nicene Creed, argued that the expression of the adaptations and unity of creation, as the fact man is in *likeness* is the expression of the truth that man is made in the image of God. Catastrophology and special creation are the scientific analogies of *Creation*. Cyclical development, law are the analogies of the evolution view of God.

We may say then—that for Christians the facts of nature are the acts of God. Religion relates these facts to God as their author, science relates them to one another as integral parts of visible creation. Religion does not tell us of their later relations, science cannot speak of their relation to God. Yet the religion of the world is infinitely dispensed and ministered when we only recognize as it were the acts of God, but we are able to trace the relation of parts to parts—so far as we may be able to trace it. Theology, or the study of God, is the study of the divine possibility, from the point of view, "with Whom is no variableness neither shadow of turning,"¹ all that is arbitrary, capricious, unaccountable, and even worse as yet we cannot expatiate to go on faith and love.

REVIEWS.

Memorials of Coleridge. Being Letters from Coleridge, Wordsworth and his Sister, Southey, and Sir Walter Scott to Sir George and Lady Beaumont, of Coleridge, Leicestershire. 1800 to 1834. Edited, with Introduction and Notes by WILLIAM KNIGHT, University of St. Andrews. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

This choice collected volume from Coleridge and Wordsworth may yet be written. They contain letters by the manuscript at Coleridge, addressed at various times by the poet just named to the Sir George Beaumont of their day—so accomplished painter and patron of the arts whose name is closely allied with the group of *poets*. All students of Wordsworth will recall the "inscriptions" and other poems written on the Coleridge grounds, the various professed and unexpressed addresses to his friend, the George, and, above all, the fine lines on "Fair Castle in Sussex" suggested by the visit of Sir George's paintings. The writer himself was a noticeable name for many reasons. Although his health and the variety of his tastes and sympathies prevented him from working at the pursuit he loved as well with the native deserts that distinguish the artist from the amateur, at the postional finding of his work cannot be overestimated. He seems to have made the acquaintance of Coleridge through a chance visit to Keswick, when the poet and his family were at

Wadsworth, and finding that these two people were in agreement with that at Newmarket, he resolved the dispute with them that they should be again brought within reach of one another. Wadsworth was then living at Grasmere, and so enthusiastic became, before he had even made Wadsworth's acquaintance, purchased a small property at Appleby-in-Westmorland, about three miles from Coleridge's abode, with the view of presenting it to Wadsworth as his future residence. The kindly intention was not realized, as we all know, but a warm and affectionate friendship between Sir George and Wadsworth was thus originated, with the happiest influences in both. Wadsworth continued to live at Dove Cottage

actual; the second, in which I consider distance of mind from present speculations will, of course, be speculative, will contain a new section, and what will perhaps appear to many a new book of poems. The "Comforts" are addressed to the happy and prosperous, desirous to open to them now and perhaps forever, all these new manners and more various sources of enjoyment. Of this will every page have, and will come from my heart's heart; and I may venture, dear and honored friends, to say to you, without flattery from you, the reputation of reality, that what I have written to my own mind a pure strain of music.

Together with these allied topics Coleridge proceeds to set up a scheme of literary criticism, according to which the author's originality is to be tested by his ability to "put into words and language words and thoughts which he has never had before, and probably never had any existence at all save in a writer's brain." But the latter is which the author is allowed freedom of in no small interest. It is curious, by the way, that Stace's "*Aurora*" seems doomed to be described inadequately. A recent critic, however, has written: "It is difficult to decide whether it is a dream or a delusion. At least it is difficult to understand otherwise the sentence in which he announces his intention—

"Reading through the old plays, just before Shakespeare's time, Mr Philip Sidney's 'Arcadia,' Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger in this same way, so as to see, and to be able to know, what of Shakespeare belonged to his age, and what was owing to all the forcible men of that true 'ancient verious' of English poetry, and what is his own, and his only."

It must be allowed that Coleridge's letters are full of interest in this way; but they hardly add to our respect for the man. They are not always well written, and are quite as prone as anything that offends in Wordsworth; but it is of nature of "frag," and of confidence in what he can do, is going to do—not of mere confidence in the ultimate value of what he has already done. The future biography of Coleridge will be a disagreeable task; but the greater part of his life will remain to be written—not now those letters, or even of Wordsworth and his states, who have again and again covered over the waywardness and apparent basenesses of their friend. The new story appears, of Coleridge's Eltonian marriage; many strange old tales are significant of his character; and there are other volumes, as to the cause of Coleridge's death, which I leave him.

But just as Coleridge's reputation suffers rather than gains from his own and his friends' letters, that of Wordsworth and sister likewise. Dorothy Wordsworth's letters, in particular, will be welcomed, as completing the picture presented in her little-known Journals. The quiet happiness and home-dutifulness of the little Grimshaw household is delightfully manifested in a letter as Dorothy writes to Lady Blessington in the June

1898, on the birth of his brother's second boy — "John Day Frysinger." — You all rejoice with us in our sister's safety, and we trust you will be equally pleased to learn that she is in the time and manner of this child's coming round the world. It is like the very same thing over again which happened three years ago on the birth of John Day, the first son of our son, when we were in Europe. The birds sing here in the same way as they did so merrily on this island. The young swallows are skipping in the soft sun at the chamber window, the rose-trees rich with roses in the garden, the vine which I sent from home is in full flower, and the blossoms are falling down fast. John has come, and all our first greetings are directed to him. We have been here since the 1st of April, and we arrived at the Month of his brother's birth two hours later in the day. We have three days earlier in the month, and I intended that I would go

In the autumn of 1865 the Worths family left their Granada house, which they were outgrowing, and resided for the winter at Colborne, in a farm-house on St George Bennett's residence placed by him at their disposal. During his residence at Colborne, Mr. Worths was of service to his neighbour by designing and supervising the construction of a new garage out of an old quarry.

"It will interest many to know that the winter-gardens at Coleraine at this day more resemble of Wrotham than the grounds of Epsom Moot or Fox Hollow."

It will still further interest many, we think, to follow the useful plan and suggestions of the poet as a landscape designer, and the minute observation of the colours and qualities of trees and flowers therein displayed. It may be a subject for others.

unintelligible, nor do we derogate from His power by showing that the Maker of heaven and earth is not autocratic, or capricious, or irrational, but works according to law.

It may, however, he said—"Creation is a great mystery. Why attempt to theorise about it? To speculate upon a mystery is to rationalise it." There seems to be only one answer to this objection, and it is that reason is the gift of God and not of the devil, and therefore it cannot be wrong to try and understand what we believe. Preaching at St. Paul's on Christmas Day, on the supreme mystery of the Incarnation, Dr. Liddon says—

"It was perhaps inevitable that the question should be asked, How came a union of two natures which differ as the Creator differs from the creature—as the infinite differs from the finite—was possible? It might be enough to reply that with God all things are possible—all things, at least, which do not contradict His moral perfections—that is to say, His essential nature." But, in truth, it might not be difficult for being possessed of such a composite nature as is man to answer this question."

And he proceeds to draw out the analogy suggested and justified by the Athanasian Creed, "As the reasonable soul and flesh in one man, so God and Man is one Christ." If it is not wrong, may, if it is a very necessity of Christian reason, to ask how the union of God and man is possible? it cannot be wrong to ask, How is creation possible? and to answer it by the analogy of what we see and know.

But the moment this question is asked in the present state of scientific knowledge two things become increasingly apparent—(a) the enormous difficulties which on the theological side alone a theory of "special creation" has to face, and (b) the remarkable gain to theology if evolution rather than "special creation" is true. In both cases we propose to put the scientific evidence for evolution on one side, and treat it as a bare hypothesis.

(a) Nothing has brought out the difficulty of the "special creation" theory more strongly than the modern science of comparative embryology. It has added enormously to our knowledge of the existence of (as yet its suggested explanation of) radiatory organs, and radiatory organs have always been a difficulty in the way of the "special creation" hypothesis. Take the case of the whale. As Professor Pusey pointed out at the Basing Hall Congress, 22 possessors in the embryo state a complete set of teeth, together with radiatory hind legs, furnished with bones, joints, and muscles, of which there is no trace externally. Both teeth and legs disappear before birth. On the theory that the whale is a descendant of a land animal, which had both legs and teeth, they are as intelligible as survivals in a creature to which they are apparently useless. Yet that God should have created these structures in a new being, which had no organic relation with other created forms of life, seems almost inconceivable. We can neither believe that they were created "for mere sport or variety," nor that they are "Divine mockery," nor, as an ingenious but anthropomorphic writer in the Specieist suggested, that God unconsciously kept to the old plan though His details had ceased to have either appropriateness or use. The difficulties are even stronger in the case of man, and the now well-known facts of his embryonic life. How is it possible, in the face of these, to maintain that we have in man a creation independent of the rest of God's creative work? Of course if the theory of "special creation" existed either in the Bible, or in Christian antiquity, we might bravely try and do battle for it. But it comes to us some two centuries ago from the side of science with the impress of a Partisan post. And, though scientific men are not glad to palm off upon theologians their own mistakes, religion is not

seen to have made the acquaintance of Coleridge through a chance visit to Keswick, when the poet and his family were at Grasmere Hall. Through Coleridge Sir George came to hear of Wordsworth, and finding that the two poets had already in their lives been near neighbours at Nether Stowey, he conceived the strong wish that they should be again brought within easy reach of one another. Wordsworth was then living at Grasmere, and the enthusiastic baronet, before he had even made Wordsworth's personal acquaintance, purchased a small property at Applethwaite, about three miles from Coleridge's abode, with the view of presenting it to Wordsworth as his future residence. The kindly intention was not realised, as we all know, but a warm and affectionate friendship between Sir George and Wordsworth was thus originated, with the happiest influences on both. Wordsworth continued to live at Dove Cottage, Grasmere, and Coleridge, a year later, went abroad, leaving wife and children at Grasmere Hall.

Professor Knight supplies, in an interesting Preface, all information necessary for understanding the friendship that ensued. Mr. Knight is indeed, as familiar with every incident in the lives of this group of literary friends that we can only regret the fewness and brevity of his notes to the letters themselves. One of these letters—in a sense the most important of them—has been already printed, and a single sentence from it often quoted—that in which Wordsworth confides Lady Blessington, who had been distressed at the contumacious criticism heaped upon the two volumes of poems published in 1807—

"Trunk not yourself upon their present opinions; of what moment is that compared with what I trust is their destiny?"—to coincide the affidavit; to add sunshine to daylight, by making the happy happier; to teach the young and the gracious of easy age to see, to think, and feel, and therefore to become more actively and severely virtuous; this is their office, which I trust they will faithfully perform, long after we (that is, all that is mortal of us) are enclosed in our graves."

The late Bishop Wordsworth first printed the letter in which this passage occurs in the memory of his uncle in 1861. It, after six-and-thirty years, the epistles, as it was once reckoned, of such a declination strikes us less, it is because the "whirligig of time" has brought about various revenges, and the poet's prophecy has been every year more and more fulfilled. Whether or not we are agreed as to its having been written in the poet to use such language, those who know and love his poetry best will be least disposed to question its truth. There are, moreover, other portions of this letter, arising out of the same topic, which can never lose their interest. It is eighty years since this letter was written, and it is perhaps surprising to find that even then there was a class who "in the unconscious hurry of their idle lives did not read books," but merely "stanch a glance at them that they may talk about them."

The letters of Coleridge in these volumes will probably be considered by many the cleverest and most interesting; and, indeed, they are full of wit and talent. But they are not less egotistical than those of Wordsworth, and their egotism is of a far less pleasant quality. His own sufferings and grievances, and the great things he is going to do, and never does, fill his entire thoughts. He writes in February, 1804, when on the brink of throwing up *Blaenau*, and seeking for deliverance from rheumatism and opium in a warmer climate—

"I look back with honest pride on the latter months of my life when I review what I have accomplished, under what sufferings. I have now completed my materials [and three months will enable me to send them to the press] for a work the contents of which you will conjecture from the title, 'Consolations and Comforts from the Ecclesiastic and Right Application of the Reason, the Imagination, and the Moral Feelings.' The 'Consolations' are addressed to all in adversity, sickness, or distress of mind; the first part entirely

its own."

In the autumn of 1808 the Wordsworth family left their Grasmere house, which they were outgrowing, and resided for the winter at Coleridge, in a farm-house on Sir George Beaumont's estate placed by him at their disposal. During his residence Wordsworth was of service to his friend, by designing and overlooking the construction of a winter garden out of an old quarry on the property. Professor Knight says—

"It will interest many to know that the winter-garden at Coleridge stands at this day more essentials of Wordsworth than the grounds of Rydal Mount or Fox Howe."

It will still further interest many, we think, to follow the careful plan and suggestions of the poet as a landscape gardener, and the minute observation of the colours and qualities of trees and flowers therein displayed. It may be a surprise to others to note these poetical issues of a study of nature before only known on their purely poetical side.

Among other interesting things in Professor Knight's volumes is the first draft of Coleridge's fine poem to Wordsworth on sending him copies of "On the Growth of an Individual Mind." This poem was the "Preface," not published, as is well known, until after Wordsworth's death in 1850. Coleridge returned from his nearly three years' absence abroad in the autumn of 1808. On Christmas Day he reached Coleridge—

"Coleridge and his son Hartley arrived on Sunday afternoon," writes Dorothy Wordsworth to Lady Blessington, and there was nothing more happy in my mind than when we were all here by the fire-side. His sons were much more like his own son, and although we only talked of nonsense things, and of our friends, we perceived that he was contented in his mind and had settled things about his house to his satisfaction."

It was on that evening, or within a day or two, that Wordsworth read to his friend the fine poem then lately composed, intended to be the preface, or "preface," to the longer poem, "The Biographia." Coleridge's admiration of what he heard delighted afresh his own poetic fire, and the result took shape in the noble lines just referred to—the final up-jump of his once splendid faculty. Five years before, when the *opera-tutto* had already got the poet firmly in his grasp, Coleridge had produced another splendid poem, of which Wordsworth was also at once the theme and the inspiration. "Dejection: an Ode," was originally addressed not to the lady who occurs in the later version, but to Wordsworth, under the name of Edmund. Among the Coleridge manuscripts is a first draft of this poem also, with Wordsworth's actual name, William, occurring in place of Edmund; and it would have added to the completeness of the picture if Professor Knight had printed this also in his volumes. The later poem, as we have said, is given, and contains many interesting variations of reading, and at least one passage of a *Quo vadis?* or Fifteen Lines omitted in the published versions. After the noble passage beginning—

"The truly great
Has all one age, and from one visible space
Shed influence,
Coleridge speaks thus of his friend's poem—
"Dear shall it be to every human heart,
To me now more than thine, dear to me,
Comfort from them, and alleviation of thy love
Came with such brightness and depths of harmony,
Such sense of wings uplifting that no might
Soothed and quelled me 'till my thoughts became
A bodily bound; and thy faithful hope,
The hope of me, dear friend! by me whilst!
Were troublous to me, almost as a voice
Familiar once, and more than musical;
As a dear woman's voice to one east forth,
A wanderer with a worn-out heart farlon,
'Mid strangers, plaining with unhealed wounds."

* For, Last, VII, 41st seqq.

+ III, p. 66. 1 F. 61.