

And I smiled to think God's greatness
 Flowed around our incompleteness,—
 Round our restlessness, His rest."

S. :—You have rendered me good service, Quickman ; when I read the poem (though I never read it faithfully) I thought it affectation,—indeed, so I deemed all poetry. I shall read it again, with better understanding and greater reverence, I hope. I never dreamed, you know, of the 'eternal fitness of things' as applied to Poetry. Why, the work is Godlike in itself.

Q. :—And that is the secret, Slogoe ; we are no longer heathens and the nine Muses must give place to the One. He has been and will be, the inspiration of the truest poets. Mrs. Browning knew Him for her own. She has told us so. Listen !

"God himself is the best Poet."

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"What is true and just and honest,
 What is lovely, what is pure,
 All of praise that hath admonisht,
 All of virtue shall endure,—
 These are themes for poets' uses,
 Stirring nobler than the Muses,
 Ere Pan was dead.

"O brave poets, keep back nothing,
 Nor mix falsehood with the whole ;
 Look up Godward ; speak the truth in
 Worthy song from earnest soul :
 Hold in high poetic duty
 Truest truth the fairest beauty !
 Pan, Pan, is dead."

G. H. CLARKE.