

poet in a hundred years. Sometimes he essayed the task of making theology step to music, and he tailed, but it was in good company, as Milton will testify. The poet lacked passion, in the sense that we attribute that quality to Byron, which, perhaps, is not a right sense. Some think he was wanting in humor, but no one who has carefully read his masterpieces, will hold that view ; although, it may be allowed, his humor is scant, and what there is of it is very delicate. When all is said, a great mass of valuable work remains with which it is the duty of every intelligent reader to make himself thoroughly conversant. That his qualities will endure, I believe for one, and that they will be apprehended and appreciated more and more is in the nature of things, since genius tends to create the atmosphere wherein its children flourish. But the process may require years, and in the interval those who find in the works of the poet a large, mellow, and useful utterance, and an inspiration that leaves them better than it found them, may safely seek content in the expectation that time is almost certain to stamp their favorite author with the insignia of imperishable worth.

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I allow myself a novel each month—just one. My latest story was "Lalor's Maples," by Miss Katherine E. Conway. My experience pleased me so much that when Miss Conway publishes another work of fiction, I shall, I promise you, make it my choice for that month. The author displays a deep insight into human nature, earnest pathos, charming humor, (although a woman,) and great command of language. Mildred is an Irish American girl who makes a man proud of sharing her nationality. Such women are not the spice of fiction, but they are the salt of real life. The scenes and most of the personages we all know, although none of us may be able definitely to locate or identify ; because, as in all good fiction, both the scenes and the persons are composite, being created by their author's cunning out of rich stores of experience and observation. The personages are true to nature, the story tells itself seemingly without effort, and the realism is of the sort that scintillates into glowing romance. Often the interest held me spellbound. I almost trembled for a long time while the heroine