

religious ideal. The poetic faculty reasserts perennially, against all rationalism, doubt, or cavil, the supremacy of spirit everywhere, in the heart of man and in the natural world. Kill the poetic imagination, which is the faculty of love, and we kill immortal Love itself, which is God. Cultivate and sustain that faculty, and we transform a brute world of matter in motion into the fair, green garden of the eternal Spirit.

Through this Epistle, my dear MacDonald, which I have addressed to you, unwittingly on your part, though, in my view, fittingly, because I have perceived in your verse the poetic gift and utterance of the veritable Kelt, I convey this vital message: that the Canadian Kelts possess themselves of their spiritual birthright—pride in the genius and literature of their race and the gifts of love and of natural piety. It may be that thus, sooner or later, in this new home of the Kelt, we shall hear, as our forbears heard in the Gaelic prime, the voice of an authentic poet,—singing the love of great-souled Naoise and matchless Deirdire, and the glorious deeds of that sublimest of heroes, Cuchulain the Unconquerable.

These things I am treating on a larger scale and in a happier way in a monograph to appear under the title, "Edward MacDowell: A Study of Keltism in Modern Music." Meanwhile I venture to believe that my utterance in this Epistle will not be as the voice of one crying alone amongst the silences of waste places.

Ever yours,

J. D. LOGAN.

Parkdale, Toronto.
Hallowe'en, 1906.