

(for he realistically sets down the date) before it was actually published. This is but a hint of his violent reading backwards of later theological conditions into the decade following the civil war. At that time evolutionary theory had not got beyond the stage of being laughed at as ridiculous, even among our most bustling *intellectuals*. The later stage — you remember Archbishop Whately's *mot*, of being read out of the court of reason because contradicted by the Bible — surely came years later in Kentucky. But we must not press this, inasmuch as Mr. Allen's publishers have in his behalf loftily disdained the idea of pinning him down to dates! Unluckily, he began the pinning to dates. There are other indications, however, of his wandering in a theological world not realized. He tells us of "ministers of the gospel" who "read in secret in their libraries" the "new thought of the age," and who "locked the books away when their church officers called unexpectedly." This is pure mistake. What would really be done with the books would be to hold them up, with the triumphant cry, "None of these things move me!"

Mr. Allen is apparently unacquainted with that numerous class of the clergy who boast themselves immune to every microbe of unbelief that stalketh in darkness; who go to German Universities and return proudly unscathed; and who, far from locking up Darwin and Huxley and Renan, carry them boldly into the pulpit for purpose of triumphant "refutation." Many and strange theological professors have winged their mysterious flight in fiction, but none so weirdly unnatural to us as Mr. Allen's. Theological love-making has been essayed before, but his David's discoursing to Gabriella is of a fearful and wonderful kind, which certainly shows that she loved him else she would have fled screaming with laughter.

Yet even this, Mr. Allen is able to carry off. Pick out absurdities as you will, the total impression remains wholesome and beautiful. We can but close as we began, with thanking Mr. Allen for having, when all deductions are made, revealed himself once more as a novelist who, for nobleness of conception and delicacy of execution, stands head and shoulders above his fellows.

TO ROBERT AND ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

I.

O MATED souls, that through the blissful deeps
 Of heaven on heaven wing your ethereal way,
 Know ye how Love on earthly shores to-day
 For your true sake his feast in triumph keeps?
 Know ye how all the world of lovers heaps
 Its garlands on the living words that aye
 The holy passion of your vows shall say
 Till Song itself to gray oblivion creeps?
 The alpha and omega of the heart;
 The perfect scale, to its first note returning;
 Each fond detail, each jot of life or art,
 Touched with the fire upon the altar burning!

While Genius smiles, a happy prisoner, caught
In silver iterance of one sweet thought.

II.

Our modern Muse hath fever in her veins ;
Her lips, alas ! have known the tainted springs ;
We turn afresh to where your fountain flings
Its crystal challenge to all droughts and stains.
Your white ideal, crowned with the truth, remains
Steadfast amid the shock of baser things ;
Your love the golden seal of witness brings
To Nature's charter pure, whereto man strains.
Ah, if the mighty quests that now possess you
Permit one pause of earth-revealing sight,
Surely the blessing ye have wrought must bless you,
A keener glow inform the heavenly light,
Some finer echo of our praise must ring
In those infinitudes where Love is king !

Marion Pelton Guild.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MIST.

THE Mystery of the mist is calling me
Across the marshes' silvery solitudes,
By phantom inlets and gray bordering woods
To surging silence of a hidden sea.

Swathed in a twilight haze of amethyst,
Beyond the salty sedges lies the verge
Of immemorial oceans' endless surge,
Entranced by the still Mystery of the mist.

Her hair, fog-woven, gleams across my gaze,
I touch her garment by the silent sea,
And would behold the face of Mystery,
Close-clouded in the tender purple haze.

Low whispered voices of her wildering spell
Allure me softly to the tremulous brink
Of waters wide and strange, where souls may sink
In waves mist-mantled, arms invisible.

If I could sway the curtain of the night,
And pierce the vapory darknesses that rise
To hide the revelation in her eyes,
Soft quivering on the very marge of sight ;