

The Essence of Beauty

pollen. For which same bee *another* flower of sage was lying in wait with overhanging style and stigma all prepared to receive the pollen as the back of the intruder brushed past! What prevision and concerted provision! Surely it would have brought St. Augustine then and there to his knees?

HARRINGTON SAINSBURY.

A POSER FOR PROPHETS.

THIS Goethe said, and that said Schopenhauer,
Who (so men say that through his pages plod)
Affirmed in ponderous tomes his grapes were sour.
This truth in many a glowing period
Macaulay taught us, Huxley that or Clodd,
And H. G. Wells proclaims in words of power
Some other; but for me a question odd
Insistently emerges: What says God?

Dean Inge informs us, fearless truth-avower
That Papists are as stupid as a clod,
Theology has waited till this hour
For gallant Barnes to rescue her from quod.
For our behoof Eugenia Kindertod
Bids Herod 'ware the babies that devour'
(With full approval of Lord Cumbersod).
And yet the question haunts me: What says God?

L'Envoi.

Prince, when discordant voices overpower
Your hearing, and with questions probe and prod,
If you would fain have peace for half an hour
Then raise your voice and ask them: What says God?

H. E. G. ROPE.