

## George Meredith

By Morton Fullerton

**D**EPEEST and keenest of our time who pace  
The variant by-paths of the uncertain heart,  
In undiscerned mysterious ways apart,  
Thou huntest on the Assyrian monster's trace :  
That sweeping-pinioned Thing—with human face,  
Poor Man, with wings hoof-weighted lest they start  
To try the breeze above this human mart,  
In heights pre-occupied of a god-like race.

Among the stammering sophists of the age  
Thy words are absolute, thy vision true ;  
No hand but thine is found to fit the gage  
The Titan, Shakespeare, to a whole world threw.  
Till thou hadst boldly to his challenge sprung,  
No rival had he in our English tongue.