

their hands full of gifts ; he thrusts them forth as if they were contaminated. At last his sweetheart comes.

If I had eaten when you bid me, sweetheart,  
The kiss of multitudes in times to come  
Had been the poorer.

Here is faith in her glory. The heroism of dying for what every one sees to be a good cause looks pale beside the heroism of dying for what every one thinks folly.

Un fou qui meurt nous lègue un Dieu.

There are a few who understand. After Fedehm come the pupils, with halters round their necks—and word from the king that he will hang them if Shanahan will not give way. The pupils, however, are true to their master. From the eldest to the youngest, they bid him stand firm.

Die, Shanahan, and proclaim the right of the poets.

At the supreme moment the king yields. With his own hand he sets the crown on the head of the poet, who has greater power over men than he. And then Shanahan gives it back to him.

O crown, O crown,  
It is but right if hands that made the crown  
In the old time should give it when they will.  
O silver trumpets be you lifted up  
And cry to the great race that is to come.  
Long-throated swans among the waves of time  
Sing loudly, for beyond the wall of the world  
It waits and it may hear and come to us.

He ought to have died, say some of the modern representatives of the poet who do not sit at the king's table—and do not see why they should. But, as the rickety old man explains at the beginning, he could not die ; he is poetry.

The motive of the other play, "*On Baile's Strand*," is the eternal Theseus-and-Hippolytus, Sohrab-and-Rustum, Father-and-Son motive—the slaying of his first-born by Cuchullain, which was sung by Mr. Yeats, long ago in a fine lyric. It is a greater subject than Maeterlinck chooses, as a rule, but the