

Hear the Arab sages' comment on this :

The very God ! think, Abilb dost thou think ?
 So the All-Great were the All-Loving, too—
 So through the thunder comes a human voice,
 Saying, ' O heart, I made a heart beat here ;
 Thou hast no power, nor mayest conceive of mine
 But love I gave thee, with Myself to love :
 And thou must love Me, who have died for thee ! ' "

Cleon is another phase of the same study of Christianity from the Pagan point of view. The Philosopher, he is a contemporary of St. Paul, writes to his friend many speculations as to a future life, and a hereafter of reward and punishments. This would, indeed, be a reasonable belief :

" But, no,
 Zeus has not yet revealed it ; and, alas !
 He must have done so, were it possible."

The Philosopher has heard of the name of one Christus, and of Paulins, a barbarian Jew, but knows no more of them. Compare with this poem Bishop Butler's account of the necessity of Christianity as a *confirmation* of Natural Religion.

In Saul the daring attempt is made to re-sing the psalm by which David exorcised the evil spirit from the erring, yet noble-hearted king, whose history we cannot read without sympathising with the Prophet as he mourned for him. Saul sits in his tent apathetic and despairing. At first David sings of the sheep in their green pasture, of the home life in all its scenes, the marriage feast, the burial :

—" the chorus intoned

When the Levites go up to the Altar in glory enthroned."

But the first part of the pastoral psalm is so perfect that we will give it to our readers :

" Then I tuned my harp, took off the lilies we twine round its chords,
 When they snap 'neath the stress of the noon tide—those sunbeams like swords ;
 And I first played the tune all our sheep know, as one after one
 So docile they come to the pen door, till folding be done.
 They are white and untorn by the bushes ; for lo ! they have fed
 On the long grasses stifle the water within the stream's bed ;
 And now, one after one, seeks its lodging, as star follows star,
 Into eve and the blue far above us, so blue and so far."

He then passes on to the mere physical joy of life, and the pleasures which God has given therein :

" Oh, the wild joys of living, the leaping from rock up to rock,
 The strong rending of boughs from the fir-tree, the cool silver shock
 Of the plunge in the pool's living water, the hunt of the bear,
 Or the sultriness showing the lion is couched in his lair,
 And the meal, the rich dates yellowed over with gold dust divine,
 And the locust's flesh steeped in the pitcher, the full draught of wine,
 And the sleep in the dried river channel, when bullrushes tell
 That the water was wont to go warbling so softly and well."

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