

dissolute city of Rome, the City of God coming down out of heaven, described in the Apocalypse of the inspired revelator. The Church, our author affirms, exists to spiritualize and regenerate social reform, to realize here and now the City of God on earth, civic righteousness among men, Christ's kingdom come with power and grace to every soul of man.

"To weary souls looking into other worlds for the fulfilment of their desires still does the question apply, 'Why stand ye gazing up into heaven?' For the ideal of God is a city of His own building, here, a city resting on His own name, and inhabited by His own presence. Men of aspiration are men who have worthy ideals, and this ideal of God—the splendid vision of a perfect society—is the greatest and most truly beneficent which we are able to conceive."

"The nineteenth century will be known as the age of physical science, but the twentieth century is likely to be known as the age of social science, the age of 'young men seeing visions and old men dreaming dreams' of the City of God. Let us ask God to write His name and the name of the Holy City upon us, that we may read some letters of that name for our inspiration and strength. Let the sense and dream of it abide in our hearts, that hours of solitude and darkness may shine with its descending light

"What shall we do, then, to secure the descent of the City of God—to hasten the advent of a better order? Our citizenship in that city must underlie and regulate and transform all earthly citizenship. The City of God hangs over our city, our town or village, wherever it may be; our faith should be to see a new London, a new Glasgow, a new Dumbarton, or whatever else it may be, and our task is to do all we can in helping to make it the City of God. Let the splendid vision as we work kindle our hearts into holy ardour, and move our hands to strenuous toil. We want a new Christ, a new heart, a new spirit of self-devotion to ideal ends, that will apply itself persistently in all departments of life. In the streets of our cities, through our citizen rights and duties, and in the midst of the incessant effort by which we are trying to make our way upwards, there must we be proving our connection with the Holy City on the fields of social life, and counting it an honour if we may but build the walls of the city at our door a little nearer heaven before we go. Let us keep the heavenly pattern before our eyes, and with such a widening horizon of interests and opportunities as these two citizenships—the heavenly and the earthly,—have in our time, let the sight more stir us to honourable emulation and enterprise than any vision that ever inspired crusader or knight errant in the days of old."

THE DEAD YEAR.*

Yet another chief is carried
From life's battle on his spears,
To the great Valhalla cloisters
Of the ever-living years.

Yet another year—the mummy
Of a warlike giant, vast—
Is niched within the pyramid
Of the ever-growing past.

Years roll through the palm of ages,
As the dropping rosary speeds

Through the cold and passive fingers
Of a hermit at his beads.

One year falls and ends its penance,
One arises with its needs,
And 'tis ever thus prays Nature,
Only telling years for beads.

Years, like acorns from the branches
Of the giant oak of time,
Fill the earth with healthy seedlings,
For a future more sublime.

* This poem, by John Savage, is considered by the Editor of "The Irish Poets," the finest production of the kind in the English language.