

nebulous condition." Shakespeare expresses the same idea :

"And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And like this insubstantial pageant faded
Leave not a wrack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

Again in the closing chapter of the First Book of Samuel, we find an historic statement of certain facts:—

"Now the Philistines fought against Israel; and the men of Israel fled before the Philistines, and fell down slain in Mount Gilboa. And the Philistines followed hard upon Saul and upon his son; and the Philistines slew Jonathan, and Abinadab and Melchishua, Saul's sons"—and so forth.

In the following chapter this narrative is fused into form and beauty by the glowing emotion and imagination of the poet David:—

"And David lamented with this lamentation over Saul and over Jonathan his son: The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen! Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon; lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph. Ye mountains of Gilboa let there be no dew, neither let there be any rain upon you, nor fields of offerings; for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil. Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided; they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions. How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle? O, Jonathan, thou wast slain in thy high places. I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant has thou been to me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women! How are the mighty fallen and the weapons of war perished!"

Thus in poetry we do not stand outside the thoughts and characters presented, we enter