

Like circles widening round  
 Upon a clear blue river,  
 Orb after orb, the wondrous sound  
 Is echoed on for ever :  
 "Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,  
 "And love towards men of love—salvation and  
 release."

But in strange contrast is the cold reception Christ received from fallen man as is shown in the following :

Wrapp'd in His swaddling bands,  
 And in His manger laid,  
 The Hope and Glory of all lands  
 Is come to the world's aid :  
 No peaceful home upon His cradle smit'd,  
 Guests rudely went and came, where slept the  
 royal Child.

To still further show the ingratitude of the human race, the poet compares the manner in which men begin the New year with how our Saviour began his life in this world. Man begins the year with sin, but Christ began his life with suffering. This fact led the author to begin his poem on the circumcision with the verse :

The year begins with Thee  
 And Thou beginn'st with woe,  
 To let the world of sinners see  
 That blood for sin must flow.

Why do we say Good-Friday ? It seems very inappropriate, at first glance, to apply the word 'good' to the day upon which our Lord suffered death ; but this can be easily explained. Such events in the life of Christ as the birth, resurrection, and ascension, seem but necessary appendixes to the great work which was accomplished on the Cross. The eye of the Christian turns to the crucified Christ on Mount Calvary as the real source of his redemption. Keble easily understood all this, and hence we have the following beautiful lines from his poem on Good-Friday.

Is it not strange, the darkest hour  
 That ever dawn'd on sinful earth  
 Should touch the heart with softer power  
 For comfort, than an angel's mirth ?  
 That to the Cross the mourner's eye should turn  
 Sooner than where the stars of Christmas burn ?

Sooner than where the Easter sun  
 Shines glorious on your open grave,  
 And to and fro the tidings run,  
 "Who died to heal, is ris'n to save ?"  
 Sooner than where upon the Saviour's friends  
 The very Comforter in light and love descends ?

We have said that Keble's poems possess a certain smoothness very pleasing to the

ear, and to illustrate this it is only necessary to quote from his Easter hymn—

Oh ! day of days ! shall hearts set free  
 No "minstrel rapture" find for thee ?  
 Thou art the Sun of other days,  
 They shine by giving back thy rays.

What a glorious sight it would have been had our mortal eyes been allowed to gaze upon the splendor attendant upon the ascension of Christ into heaven. It would be impossible for the human mind to imagine anything one half so grand, and it would be the height of folly for anyone to describe it in words. However, taking advantage of the fact that the ascension occurred in May, the most beautiful month of the year, our author was led to pen the following lines :

Soft cloud, that while the breeze of May  
 Chants her glad matins in the leafy arch,  
 Draw'st thy bright veil across the heavenly way—  
 Meet pavement for an angel's glorious march.

In three words Keble has expressed all that is meant by the great mystery of the Trinity, and his explanation is found to agree perfectly with that taught by the Catholic Church. His words are :

Creator, Saviour, Strengthening Guide.

In speaking of the saints, Keble's teaching is in perfect sympathy with all that Catholics believe, except that he makes no mention, either for or against, our belief that the saints can intercede for us at the mercy-seat of God. He recommends them as examples to be followed by Christians. Their life, he says, is a life of suffering, but their death is the entrance to eternal happiness. Our author addresses the saints in the following words :

Oh Champions blest, in Jesus' name,  
 Short be your strife, your triumph full,  
 Till every heart have caught your flame,  
 And, lighten'd of the world's misrule,  
 Ye soar those elder saints to meet,  
 Gathered long since at Jesus' feet,  
 No world of passions to destroy,  
 Your prayers and struggles o'er, your task  
 all praise and joy.

Keble's poems are generally founded on some striking event which has been narrated in Holy Scripture. It might seem at first that, since he chooses his subjects from such a source, his poems must be very uninteresting, but a single perusal of the work will be sufficient to dispel such