

So, through ambition and victory, winning the weal of the people, which shall eternize the name of the King; yet David is not satisfied, and yearns to find some higher comfort :

" O Thou, my shield and my sword

In that Act where my soul was Thy servant, Thy word was my word,
Still be with me, who then at the summit of human endeavour,
And scaling the highest man's thought could, gazed hopeless as ever
On the new stretch of Heaven above me, till mighty to save,
Just one lift of Thy hand cleared that distance—God's throne, from man's grave!

In his own love for the King, in his willingness to sacrifice his own life for Saul's, is revealed to David a foreshadow of the Mystery of Atonement :

" Oh, speak through me now—

Would I suffer for him that I love ? So wilt Thou—so wilt Thou—
So shall crown Thee the topmost, ineffablest, uttermost crown,
And Thy love fill infinitude wholly : nor leave up nor down
One spot for the creature to stand in."

We lay down the book almost with reverence, feeling that we have read no nobler uninspired religious poem.

C. P. M.

MAY.

I.

Had you but seen her pass away
You would have thought it sweet to die,—
To wait the budding of the May,
And dreaming 'neath the blossoms lie.

II.

Yet one small flower was streaked with blood
That might have fallen from my heart;
Our vine was withered in the wood
With leaves and tendrils torn apart.

III.

And had she then but passed thereby
A sudden pulse had stirred the vine;
And the blossom withered and dry
Had opened wide with life divine.

IV.

O, wild impulse to lead that way!
And I plucked the dreariest flower,
And twined it with the withered spray,—
The tender spray that bloomed an hour.

V.

And in the vale where down she lay
I crossed them saint-wise o'er her head,—
Grieving that I should see the May,
And she lie motionless and dead.

VI.

Had you but seen her pass away
You would have thought her death divine;—
But O, the life that ceased in May,
The blood-streaked flower and withered vine!

VYVYAN JOYEUSE.