

THE CITY OF GOD

sense of moral justice and freedom, a moral sense to which in other respects a great democracy like France is very much alive.

MICHAEL DE LA BEDOYERE.

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NOT of the future—see, our dead do stand
About the common present of our lives:
Mind, prayer—the unencumbered spirit drives
Rock down to rock; beneath what wastes of sand
Makes contact; grips reality, a land
In certain cities stalwart, whence derives
Christ's vigour that in human torment strives
And in hands guided by an unseen hand.

For here amid the sift of time's decay
Eternity lies under all we know:
Change shall not bear our heritage away,
Nor centuries the peopled city hold
Whose King goes down an earthly suburb, lo!
With foot to altar in a cup of gold.

BERNARD KELLY.