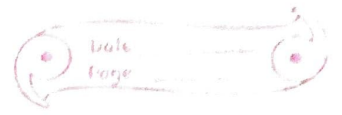


There came a giant to my door,
 A giant fierce and strong, His step
 was heavy on the floor. His arms
 were ten yards long. He scowled through
 and frowned; he shook the ground,
 trembled through and through, At length
 I looked him in the face, And cried
 "Who cares for God?" The mighty giant,
 spoke crew pale thin and grim,
 through his body, as we saw,
 saw the sun shine full, His blood red

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beamed blue as skies, He whispered
Soft and low, "35 this" I cried,
With growing pride, "33 the night
foe!" So He smelt before my earned
face, He vanished quite away, And
left no shadow in his place, Between
me and the day, Such sights come to
strike us dumb, But weak in every
part, The melt before the stars
man's eyes, And fly the love of heart.

Charles McKay.