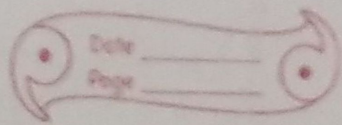


He vanished quite away, And left no shadow
in his place, Between me and the they day.
Such giants come to stricken as dumb, But
weak in every part, They melt before the
strong man's eyes, And fly the true of heart.

The Giant



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 and frowned;

he shook the ground, I trembled through and

through, At length I looked him the face,

And cried "Who cares for you?" The mighty giant

as I spoke Grew pale and thin and small, And

through his thin and small, And through his body

as't were skies, He whispered soft and low,

"Is this" I cried, with growing pride, "Is this

the mighty foe?" He sank before my earnest face,