

There was a day when they were young and proud,
 Banners on high and battles passed below ;
 But those who fought are in a bloody shroud,
 And those which waved are shredless dust
 ere now.
 And the bleak battlements shall bear no
 future blow.

The name, *Hungry Wolf*, of one of these robber castles is significant of its ancient rapacity. The *Lurle Rock* recalls the lovely siren of German song and story, who, singing her fateful song and combing her golden hair, lured mariners to their ruin in the rapids at her feet. Heine's song on this subject is one of the most popular :

Sie kammt es mit goldenem kamme,
 Und singt ein lied dabei ;
 Das hat eine wundersame,
 Gewaltige melodei.

With a golden comb she combs it,
 And sings so plaintively ;
 O potent and strange are the accents
 Of that wild melody.

According to a legend, the *Nibelungen* treasure is buried beneath the *Lurleberg*, if the gnomes, offended at the railway tunnel through their ancient domain, have not carried it off. The fair daughters of the *Schönburg*, for their stony-heartedness,

were changed, says another legend, into the group of rocks named the *Seven Virgins*.

Nor are they without their tales of love and pathos. The tear-compelling story of Count *Roland* and *Hildegunde* touches the hearts of the most unromantic as they sail beneath the crumbling arch of *Rolandshogen*, from which the sorrow-stricken knight watched the funeral procession of the peerless *Hildegunde*, who had become a nun in the ivied kloster of *Nonnenwerth*.

About a hundred traditions and legends of the *Rhine*, the *Moselle*, the *Main*, the *Neckar* are told in Mr. *Guerber's* fascinating volume. Like the wallflowers and ivy that adorn and festoon the grim old castles of the *Rhine* are these flowers of song and story which soften the stern tale of war and blood. They bring with them the breath of long-past summers and make us feel the pulsings of life beneath the cerements of the grave and give us proof that "in all ages every human heart is human."

The book is illustrated with forty engravings, one of which we give the impressive view of *Cologne*, with its bridge of boats, the great Church of *St. Martin*, and beyond it the mighty *Münster*, with its legends of the *Three Kings*, and the Church of *St. Ursula*, with its story of the *Eleven Thousand Virgins*.

SOUL LONGING.

BY WILLIAM STRONG.

From out the vast treasure-store of knowledge
 Give me one gem-thought, glittering and bright—
 Not a dark, mystic, nebular theory
 But burning fact, to chase the dreary night.

Those distant lamps, hung out through all the ages
 As lights for those who cross the billowy sea,
 Amongst them all there surely must be one
 To cast a gleam on life's dark path for me.

To-day, when time and space no longer hinder
 Communion with the one-time distant strand,
 May I not grope through the uncertainties
 And feel the touch of the all-powerful hand?

As earth with all that's earthy, groweth older,
 And sensuous pleasures lack the power to allure,
 Give me a better hold on the abiding,
 Make the eternal certainties more sure.

As care and sorrow cut their furrows deeper
 In me, and in the faces that I love,
 Give us a steadier, surer, brighter vision
 Of the perennial youth enjoyed above.

Hamilton, Ont.