

There an evil wonder, every night, a man may see —
In the flood a nre !

Not unhaunted is the place !
Thence the welter of the waves is upwhirled on high,
Wan towards the clouds, when the wind is stirring
Wicked weather up; till the lift is waxing dark,
And the welkin weeping !

The whole poem, Pagan as it is, is English to its very root. It is sacred to us, our Genesis, the book of our origins.

9. **Christianity and English Poetry.** — When we came to Britain we were great warriors and great sea pirates — “sea wolves,” as a Roman poet calls us; and all our poetry down to the present day is full of war, and still more of the sea. No nation has ever written so much sea-poetry. But we were more than mere warriors. We were a home-loving people when we got settled either in Sleswick or in England, and all our literature from the first writings to the last is full of domestic love, the dear-ness of home, and the ties of kinsfolk. We were a religious people, even as heathen, still more so when we became Christian, and our poetry is as much of religion as of war. But with Christianity a new spirit entered into English poetry. The war spirit did not decay, but into the song steals a softer element. The fatalism is modified by the faith that the fate is the will of a good God. The sorrow is not less, but it is relieved by an outlook of joy. The triumph over enemies is not less, but even more exulting, for it is the triumph of God over His foes that is sung by Cædmon and Cynewulf. Nor is the