

the Iliad of Northern Europe, so as to present it in a form—still Germanic in its elements—suited to the men and women of the United Kingdom and the United States?

The man has been found. He is William Morris—perhaps the greatest living poet. He wields the Saxon elements of our language with singular grace and power. Under his hand our Iliad is restored to us, as it was restored to Germany a century ago.

James Baldwin has related to children the plot of the *Nibelungenlied*, in his *Story of Siegfried*. He writes in almost poetic prose. His rendering of the story should be in every library for children.

William Morris has chosen the more Northern form of the poem for his version. The South German form is given in Forestier's *Echoes from Mistland*, a very readable book, which deserves a wide popularity. Probably it has been regretted by some that Morris did not make use of the same form of the poem. The regret, however, will vanish when the reader follows out the rendering of the great English poet of to-day. Less familiar than the South German version, it contains, if possible, elements of even greater power.

The antiquity of the story, and its relation to the great Persian epic, the *Shah-nameh*, is shown in its resemblance to the latter. In the Mardi Gras celebration of New Orleans, last year, the *Shah-nameh* was depicted in the floats. In one of these, the hero was represented as riding through the wall of fire. Neither poem borrowed this feature from the other. Both inherited it from a common ancestry in the remote past.

The *Nibelungenlied* impresses its moral in a somewhat unusual form. The working of the injury to others has been preached against with all the power of the Christian pulpit from the beginning—the danger of yielding to the temptations of ambition, selfishness, or malice, to the injury of our fellows.

Such is the moral of *Macbeth*, of *Faust*, of *Richard the Third*. But have we sufficiently considered the danger of one who receives unmerited injury? Kriemhild is the opposite to Lady Macbeth. She is not the aggressor. She is the innocent victim of repeated wrong, until her soul, long wrought upon by fearful injustice and a sense of moral injury, becomes changed to a demoniac nature.

No one proposes to abolish the *Iliad* of Homer in classical education—though there is little likelihood that it will ever again hold its old place in the education of English and American colleges. But why should not even a *general*