

TWO SONNETS.

1. Peasant Faith.

"I'm not afraid," said to me by a dying man

"What time I am afraid, in Thee I'll trust"
So spake from out the depths the Psalmist's kingly soul,
Nobly triumphant mid the foremost roll
Of those who battled with all powers unjust.
But not, as Rabbies dreamed, is now confined
The Princely* Spirit to the favoured mind
Of rich, or wise, or great—God's promise must
Be evermore fulfilled. In th' latter days,
Even His servants and His handmaids aways
His Spirit, dower'ing with grand and elevating thought,
Now found among the lowliest of the flock unsought.
So have I seen the Peasant face to face with death,
And heard him say with quiv'ring lip and breath,
"I'm not afraid!" for so his God had taught.

J. C.

* As Bp. Horne and the older writers took Ps. 51. 12. It was a maxim of the Rabbins, "God doth not make his Scheckina to reside upon any but a rich and humble man, a man of fortitude."

2. The Philosopher's Faith.

"How beautiful is God!" (Charles Kingsley's last words.)

Dar'eyes! that in God's world behold Him not—
Or, seeing Him, how dark the bounded soul
That recognises not the mighty whole
Kindling in witness, ne'er to be forgot,
To all the full-orbed excellence divine
Of Him who scorns our scanty measuring line,
And prints His glorious Name in every spot.—
Attractive more the meditation deep
Of Him who mused the angel's number and their skill,
In all their ranks, while lingered still
His spirit here, which naught on earth could keep.—
But at that dying soul, which, rapt, ecstatic, cries
"How beautiful is God!" and to Him flies,
What eyes refuse a gracious rain to weep.

J. C.

* Richard Hooker. Dr. Sararia found him just before his end "deep in contemplation, and not inclinable to discourse; which gave the Doctor occasion to require his present thoughts. To which he replied, 'That he was meditating the number and nature of Angels, and their blessed obedience and order, without which peace could not be in Heaven.'" Walton's Life of Hooker.

GERMAN PATRIOTIC POETRY.

BY A. LAMPMAN.

Among the varied notes of poetry that echo the deepest and sweetest emotions of men, there is one which must be placed beyond the pale of the exacter rules of criticism; and that comprises those small collections of patriotic verse which each nation clings to with a glorious affection, as the passionate expression of the feelings which stirred to the inmost depth its greatest and bravest hearts in the stirring periods of the national history—the embodiment in mighty music of the faith and the glory of its forefathers. For they are generally, rude and rugged words bearing in them little of the finish of art, yet revealing such an intense deep fervour and devotion as stir strangely even the most disinterested listener. The Germans have a larger stock of these ballads perhaps than any other nation in the world—fine bursts of patriotism, that paint in the clearest colours the affec-

tionate character as well as the romantic history of that brave people. Once or twice in modern times the hard heel of the conqueror has descended upon the free, honest spirit and hardy patriotism of the "Fatherland," in an hour when its valour slept and its children were divided against themselves; and then was seen the wondrous spectacle of a United Germany, bound together by a mighty affection and impelled by a gigantic upheaving of something of the old Gothic spirit of its forefathers, rising in its might and inflicting a chastisement on its foes, undreamed of and unparalleled. Out of these periods of convulsion sprang the greater number of the patriot ballads,—many of them written by the greatest singers of the time, many by mere rude soldier poets, whose inspiration was the smoke of battle and who never wrote in any other strain.

The greatest of these uprisings was that of 1813, when the fearful might of the first Empire had stretched its tyranny from the Rhine to the Niemen, and the children of Frederic were groaning beneath the exactions of a conqueror, as terrible as Attila, as ruthless as Tamerlane,—a dark shadow, mysterious in its strength, that had deadened the limbs of Europe in its gloom for thirteen years—a wonderful time when the greatest trembled and the very crowds in the streets of Berlin wept on that sad day after the bitter peace of Tilsit, when the King of Prussia and his beautiful Queen—red-eyed with weeping—rode through the multitude to the palace, shorn of half their dominions and bound hand and foot in the fetters of remorseless France.

Then came the rising; and the songs of that period ring with a solemn majesty of wrath that makes the reader almost shudder. Listen to the following exhortation:—

"Canst thou serve with the French so deceitful,
Enslaved by a monster so foul;
When thy bearleader stirs thee for dancing,
Canst thou dance and not utter a growl;
Shall his ring through thy nostrils be passed,
On thy lips shall his nozzle be laid,
Till he make thee a hare from a lion,
Till he change the war horse to a jade.

No longer! To arms! Clutch thy weapon!
The delivering steel seize anon!
Arise, though thy vengeance be bloody,
Quick, conquer thy freedom again!
Uncover thy far-flying banner,
Let thy sword flash its glittering fires,
And show thee at last a free German,
And worthy the fame of thy sires."

These words are strong and terrible even in the translation, what must they be in the original language. They are from the pen of Ernst Moritz Arndt—Father Arndt—"Der Deutche Deuche," as his countrymen affectionately called him—one of the giants of those days, perhaps the greatest a brave, honest, loving heart, who trained himself by labour and more than a hermit's abstinence for the struggle he foresaw—fought with a hero's constancy for the "good cause,"—escaped