

imaginative delight in legends and in the supernatural less. But it is now found in the legends of the saints, in the miracles and visions of angels that Bæda tells of the Christian heroes, in fantastic allegories of spiritual things, like the poems of the *Phoenix* and the *Whale*. The love of nature lasted, but it dwells now rather on gentle than on savage scenery. The human sorrow for the hardness of life is more tender, and when the poems speak of the love of home, it is with an added grace. One little bit still lives for us out of the older world.

Dear the welcomed one

To his Frisian wife, when his Floater's drawn on shore,
When his keel comes back, and her man returns to home ;
Hers, her own food-giver. And she prays him in,
Washes then his weedy coat, and new weeds puts on him !
O lythe it is on land to him whom his love constrains.

If that was the soft note of home in a Pagan time, it was softer still when Christianity had mellowed manners. Yet, with all this, the ancient faith still influences the Christian song. Christ is not only the Saviour, but the Hero who goes forth against the dragon. His overthrow of the fiends is described in much the same terms as that of Beowulf's wrestling with Grendel. "Bitterly grim, gripped them in his wrath." The death of Christ, at which the universe trembles and weeps, was mixed up afterwards with the story of the death of Balder. The old poetry penetrated the new, but the spirit of the new transformed that of the old.