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customs does not prove anything, for it is characteristic of the German nation to adopt or imitate anything without discrimination. And whoever read the German papers during the Boer war must have frequently come across the thought, expressed in various ways, that the time was not far distant when the Colonies would throw off the "British Yoke". Well, that time has not yet come!

And England? Her attitude to Germany has always been that of her attitude to the other Continental states — a reserved friendliness. The English government has never troubled itself about the opinions of foreign governments as to its policy; it claims the right to look after its own interests in the way that seems best. The idea of commercial jealousy which has been so carefully and cleverly propagated by the German press since the outbreak of the war, is discounted by the actual facts. English free trade has allowed German manufacturers to dump their wares on the English markets and to make a splendid profit thereby. A nation which was actuated by commercial hatred would hardly have given her most powerful rival every opportunity of capturing all her trade!

But the causes of the mutual distrust and dislike lie far deeper than any commercial or political hatred can explain. As a matter of fact, Englishmen and Germans are never likely to be friends because of the difference in their characters and ideals. A nation that possesses the *Magna Carta* and the *Habeas Corpus Act* can never feel any great sympathy for a nation that allows its daily life to be hedged round by police restrictions and military laws. In Great Britain the people, sooner or later, imposes its will on the government; in Germany it is the contrary. It is pathetic, too, to read in German papers and magazines the questions. "Why are we so hated?" "Why have we so few friends". No other nation has ever felt the necessity of posing these queries. No thinking person denies the good qualities of the Germans, but they have no monopoly of such qualities. There are virtuous Frenchmen, intellectual Englishmen, enlightened Russians in the world; there are, no doubt, Servians who are not murderers, and there may be, one supposes, modest Germans. But no one can accuse the Germans as a nation of an excess of modesty — and it is probably in this fact that they will find an answer to the questions mentioned above!

ST. GALLEN

FRANK HENRY GSCHWIND



TRAUER

Von ROBERT JAKOB LANG

Die Trauer sitzt bei mir zu Gaste;
Woher sie kam, ich weiß es nicht;
Ich weiß nur, dass mir alles Licht
Mit einemmale wie verblasste.

Nun möchte ich am liebsten gehen,
Dass niemand mehr mich weinen sähe,
Und dass ich einmal ohne Nähe,
Vor meinem Leide könnte stehen.

