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THE

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A NORTHERN SEASONAL

1895

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MARCH

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APRIL

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Friday	5	12	19	26	-
Saturday	6	13	20	27	-

MAY

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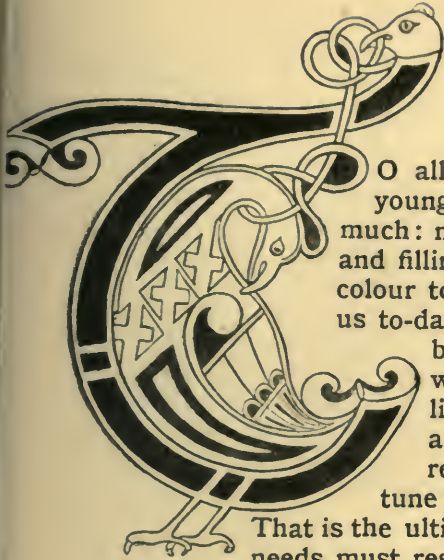
'Four seasons fill the measure of the year;
There are four seasons in the mind of man.'

PROEM



TO all simple peoples in history, as to the young in every age, the seasons have meant much: not only marking out the paths of action and filling the cup of sense, but giving varying colour to thought and fancy. And even among us to-day, so slenderly related as we are apt to be to the primary Nature of Things, it would yet seem that the most harmonious lives—seen in glimpses now and then—are those whose times of effort and of rest, of growing and of ripening, are in tune with the seasonal rhythm of the earth. That is the ultimate system in which we live; and we needs must respond to it, however reluctantly, as the finger acknowledges the heart-throbs and the fjord the tides. So, at this time, the voice of Spring echoes through us all, and is felt as a tidal message in the landlocked places of our being. The evergreen feels it, even. For though its branches are never bare, it now shares in the fulness of sap that is given to all things living.

The sun has swept through Aries, the west wind blows, the showers soften the earth—and behold! the world is young again and visionary. The Sleeping Beauty has awaked in fragrance; Proserpina, escaped from Hades, goes joyously about the fields, hearing the sprouting of the corn, the rising of the sap, the tiny clamour of buds new breaking into life. Some of the Wanderers who went last Autumn have returned with the sunshine, and the little hills shout for joy. It is a time of Renascence. And not only do we rejoice because what has been is again, but we feel that every Spring is the epochal dawn of a new age. This time of birth is also the time of

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variations, when new forms and new habits flow from the well-head of change.

And so it will be not amiss if we try in the present foreword to give some hint of what our particular variation may be, what is our conception of that present from which we start and the future towards which we tend—unanimously, if in broken order. For though we are one, we are also many; and the words and lines which form our book will show how variously each, according to his or her listening, interprets the seasonal melody—the true song of the spheres—which we all bow to.

And first we would say that we do not ignore the Decadence around us, so much spoken of. If we wished, we could not. For while at one social level, all the land over, it fills the gaze with a vision of slums and the hearing with outcries of coarseness and cretinous insanity—at another it is trumpeted as a boast and worn as a badge and studied as the ultimate syllable of this world's wisdom. So many clever writers emulously working in a rotten vineyard, so many healthy young men eager for the distinction of decay! And yet, out of each other's sight as those two worlds lie, there is but a step between and their kinship is unmistakable. A literature of distinguished style and moral vulgarity is indeed a misproduct of the same process that gives us in our meaner streets a degeneration of human type worse than what follows famine. We see also the restless craving, high and low, for undignified excitement, the triumphant system of education which is the nationalised blasting of buds, our science metamorphosed into the man with the muck-rake, our religion become the symbol of a drifting ship. All these things we see, if we are for the most part silent regarding them. It may be that they are a part of us; for even from the evergreen the leaves fall singly at this time of greatest hopefulness. By reaction, at least, and by counter-influence, we would gladly have our relation to them made certain and a remembered thing. Nay, already we seem to see, against the

background of Decadence, the vaguely growing lines of a picture of New-Birth.

And as the evil began in the social and economic sphere, it is there that we first mark the remedial beginnings of a better order. A generation or two ago, in an age committed to arid industrialism and the keenest practice, men happened on a half-thought which had strayed from science into the market-place. That thought was the conception of the Struggle for Existence as Nature's sole method of progress. It was, to be sure, a libel projected upon Nature, but it had enough truth in it to be mischievous for a while. For now the pitiful creed of individualism—'Each for himself!'—seemed to have gained unexpected sanction, as a cosmic process. Egoism and recklessness, provided they be on a large scale and out-of-doors, were evolutionary forces as fair as the sunlight, making ultimately for the welfare of the race. We need not wonder, then, that the individualist waxed arrogant, that his work prospered, that he built cities which are a degradation unto this day.

But all error is a deciduous growth: truths and evergreens only are perpetual. Science, working honestly within its own region, has perceived in good time how false to natural fact the theory was, and has lately vindicated for Nature a more logical method and a nobler character. It has shown how primordial, how organically imperative the social virtues are; how love, not egoism, is the motive which the final history of every species justifies; how fostering, not ravening, is the pioneer process in the ascent of life. The practical inference has been quickly made: that a rule of conduct—'Each for himself!'—which is not half good enough for the beasts, has but little relevance to human intercourse and social action.

And thus the good sense and sympathies of the best men and women are no longer at heresy with the accredited teaching of their time. A communal quickening of the conscience is one of the most marked notes of recent history: that, and a growing faith in the value of all good precedents, an increasing

confidence that one man's gain need not for ever be another man's loss. Experiments in co-operation have been an effective object-lesson in citizenship; the union of workers is rapidly passing beyond its earlier character as a mere article of war. And this had need to be so. For the social organism must integrate, or perish of its own energies: and our hope can never be in any banding together which shall merely make bread and butter cheaper, still less in any massing of similar interests which shall enable a legion to triumph over a phalanx, or a city to prosper at the expense of a shire. Least of all with the desperadoes of chimerical reform can we have anything to do. Our trust is rather in following a subtler indication which Nature gives to those who study her domestic economy: by trying to bring the most diverse interests under the dominance of a common civic ideal, in what to naturalists is known as a Symbiosis—in which the strength of one shall call forth, instead of cancelling, the strength of the other, in which each shall have his place, and even his privileges ungrudged, but shall feel that he has them through and for all.

A second way of escape we are reminded of now, when we throw our windows open to the morning air. The time of the singing of birds has come, and in the city precincts a thousand voices are gossiping of green fields beyond, calling upon us to go out into the country. The decadent of idleness is putting his yacht in trim, the decadent of another order now buys to himself a singing bird—a pathetic act, surely, to make the angels weep! Both are witnesses to one truth, and it is an old one: that Nature, whether you drive her out with a pitchfork or with material progress, never ceases trying to come back. We can never quite lose a kindly feeling towards the old memories and the old menage of the race, unless ourselves be lost altogether. The desire of them is an organic inheritance of the heart, and the need of them haunts our spirit in every generation. We are wont enough to look for health in the rural ways of living to which all our pedigrees so

quickly revert; but we do not consider that our ways of thinking, also, would be saner and more wholesome if we listened to the counsel of the birds, or drew an inference from the trees in the city square:—

> 'Can such delights be in the street
> And open fields, and we not see 't?
> Come, we 'll abroad: and let 's obey
> The proclamation made for May!'

From urban to rural, from fever to fresh air—that may fitly be the second rallying-word of Renascence.

And let no one too promptly construe our saying, or accuse us of ignoring the forces which bind men to their fate. Cities there are and must be, and it is in cities that much of to-day's work and breadwinning must needs be done. But a more open route from town to country is surely not beyond achieving, nor is it necessary that all the travelling should tend for ever one way. People might at least be kept from forgetting that the fields are still under the open sky, that the occupations of Adam still go on, that the nature of things and man's relation to the earth have a creation freshness still, some ten miles from town. Of the moral value of even such knowledge as that, and of the present-day need for it, many things might be said. But here we shall rather say that the means of salvation lie not in any unhoped migration to the solitary places of the land, but in a transformation of the populous centres. While the town grows year by year in our heart's despite, we can determine in some degree the aspects it shall take. Spaces may be left for the sunlight to fill, trees may redeem the dismal street, fit architecture call forth the pride of citizenship. Some sylvan graces may brave the vicinage of the factory, and the cultivation of flowers become a school of manners. So we may draw a little nearer to the City Beautiful —the rural town—in which joy inhabits, and righteousness has a chance of increase.

And we have many cities that are called to a splendid future, if men were only wise. Before all others there is our own, unique in the world: 'A city that is set upon an hill.' Its houses are in mourning, and its streets have been washed with tears; but it has kept well its brave outlook over sea and land, its own gifts of sanity and eagerness. Paved with history, echoing with romance, rich in an unbroken intellectual tradition—what might not this city become! Meanwhile it sends forth its sons, there being little for them here to do, and they are of service in carrying on the wasting business of that metropolitan life which resembles so much the proliferation of a cancer. Yet the stirrings of better things are visible here also; there are those who do not hesitate to discuss already the tendencies of the local Renascence as a thing assured. Howsoever that be, there are many places in the land which seem marked just now for hope to alight upon. In a vision of fair cities—Houses Beautiful or about to be—we cannot miss the grey town in the east, splashed with sea-foam, cinctured by green fields and the paradise of golfers; nor the city of industry in the west, mistress of many ships, trafficking with all peoples; nor the granite city of the north, cold and clear, defined into dignity, softened into music. Upon them all is the flying shadow of a regret, the breaking light of a promise. We see them—with Durham, York and Liverpool, Manchester, Bristol, Dundee and Perth—all with a struggling sublimity, all dishevelled and disgraced, all alive and full of hope!

One thought more. Now is the season of young things, of buds and seedlings, of lambs and other children. Round the earth has gone a cry of resurrection, and Life renews itself from point to point. It was in vain, seemingly, that Autumn withered and Winter laid waste—for behold! the muster of young lives, the splendour of fresh energies. The hawthorn which the hedger stripped, leaving it a gaunt skeleton, is clothed again with green leaves, and among the leaves is the shining of blossoms. And looking at the blossoms we are

minded of the Children. Through them also reparation is unceasingly being made. The dust of life dries up the heart of a generation, character is fretted out in mean practice, thought itself is frittered down to cheap expedients and broken views (for which reason, notice, every vicious age and circle is addicted to epigram as a means of masking its emotional impotence, its bankruptcy of generous human qualities). With all this cheapening, we are driven to think, the moral wealth of mankind must be dwindling, the common fund will soon be dissipated, the human average tends steadily downward. But such fears are fanciful; against those evil issues there is an eternal safeguard. For while the love of man and maid is a daily discovery for some one in town and village, and while the greater love it leads to supplies the powerfullest motive in life and the most pervading, human nature can never permanently forfeit either its dignity or its strength. The higher truths are in the keeping of every household, while the women educate and the children lead the Race. Through them in every generation Nature conserves her good, and returns always to the standard of normality for a fresh outfaring. We have reason therefore, when, looking at the Children, we feel that the blossom is of more purchase than the tree. Another line of the Renascence must surely be in the right unfolding of these, in care for the new that is in them, in perfecting their powers, in teaching them to love, in helping them to learn by living.

This, then, in the Springtime, would be our particular variation, if only we might achieve it perfectly: to think and to dream, to rhyme and to picture, in unison with the music of the Renascence. Of that music we hear as yet only broken snatches. But in these snatches four chords are sounded, which we would fain carry in our hearts—That faith may be had still in the friendliness of fellows; that the love of country is not a lost cause; that the love of women is the way of life; and that in the eternal newness of every Child is an undying promise for the Race.

W. M.
J. A. T.

ROBENE AND MAKYN

BY CHARLES H. MACKIE

A PROCESSION OF CAUSES

UN and wind and swaying trees—
List to the promise of Spring!
Under the bark the bud says, 'Hark!
I hear the Cry of the calling breeze.
And the sun is out—I would be with these,
To help in their harbingeing.'

Whispering, musical, pattering, clear—
Earthward cometh the rain.
And the flower below breathes a little 'Hallo!—
They are breaking the gates of this prison so drear.
I must burst my bonds and away from here,
Up to the world again!'

So the flowers come up, and the green leaves spread,
And the south winds warmer blow.
Says the bird on the spray, 'Upon such a day
'Twere no great folly, methinks, to wed:
For the charges are small of board and bed—
And my heart will have it so.'

A PROCESSION OF CAUSES

From the sunlit breeze and the blossoming land
And the bridal singing of birds,
To the soul of youth comes home a truth
That is older than any may understand;
That is spoke in a look or the touch of a hand,
And sweeter than any words.

In the room of slumber and sorrow and snow
Reigns ardour and solace and song.
And the aged once more peep forth o' the door
To gaze on the sun with an answering glow.
And their thoughts course cheerily to and fro,
As it was when their hearts were young.

For the old god Pan hath taken a wife,
And the whole world shares their mirth.
And all things that be of their company
Are reft of rue and assoiled from strife
By the one great breath of the joy of life
That passes around the earth!

W. MACDONALD.

'GERMINAL, FLOREAL, PRAIRIAL'

HESE were names given to the Spring months at a famous time, some hundred years ago, when men in the April folly of their hearts dreamed that they could make all things new. But the new names, which are not without merit, have passed away with many other things; the old names remain, and they are well enough. For is not March a month of warring, of elemental strife, when the sun gains his well-assured annual victory; and is not April indeed the month of opening? The earth opens and the seedlings lift their heads, drowsily nodding; the buds open, and the leaves unfold; the flowers open, and the newly-awakened insects visit them: it is the time of opening—of eggs and of the womb, of the song of birds and of the heart of man.

Nature's optimism is too strong for man's pessimism, as the sun for the frost: the Springtide is irresistible. They bound Dionysus fast, but as well try to stop the rush of sap in the vine. Zagreon they cut in pieces, but he had to be put together again. Gloomy Dis robbed Demeter of that charming girl Proserpina, but she was too good to lose, she had to come again out of Hades. Baldur the beautiful was slain with the wintry mistletoe, but if he did not come to life again, he was at least well avenged by another of his inexhaustible race.

Our favourite Dornröschen was pierced by a cold spindle, but she slept and did not die, and the Prince kissed her awake. Likewise, in the torrid zone, where the winter conquers by heat, the Phœnix was consumed, only to rise triumphant from the ashes of his burning. The Gospel of the Resurrection is irresistible. The corn of wheat that seems to die brings forth much fruit.

Demeter has for long been mourning in our midst—a Mater Dolorosa—seeking her lost child, often angry and terrible, often plaintive and tearful, veiling her lost beauty without hiding her deep agony. Yet all the while she has shown the strong virtue of maternity. For without food or drink, explain it who will, she has nursed the tender life of Keleos, and the youth flourishes bravely. The rise of temperature has quickened the seeds, the ferments have dissolved the hard stores into soft foods, the very minions of Death—the Bacteria—have helped to loose the bands of birth, and the seedlings are rising from the ground. For now the anger of Demeter is stayed, Proserpina has returned from the kingdom of the dead, mother and daughter rejoice together. And in a world where all is so wonderful, 'so full of death, so bordering upon Heaven,' is there anything so wonderful as this meeting of life and death, as this raising of what we call dead into what we call living, as this power that plants have to win the sun's aid that they may by secret alchemy transmute the beggarly elements of water, soil, and air into the rich wine of life? We can understand the dying Keats saying that of all things the most beautiful was the growing of the flowers.

Pan, the warm spring breeze, is with us again; and everywhere we hear his merry pipes. Now he is among the rustling withered reeds, quickening them to leafage, and setting the birds a-singing; now he is over the rippling lake, swifter than the swallow. Yesterday we heard him in the glen, good-humouredly carrying a naughty cuckoo's tidings to one of her many lovers; to-day he roams by the lake-side, and sets the

daffodils dancing. But his pipes are not always merry, for he sighs through the gorge and among the crags, where Boreas, last winter, so ruthlessly slew Pitys, whom Pan loved. See the God: who ever did? But do we not catch in these floating spring-webs the fringe of his flowing robe, as men saw it of old time when they called it Godsamer.

With the piper-major has come all his retinue. For the myths are all mixed as is the medley of voices; now it is Pan, and again it is the Pied Piper who gathers life in his train; now it is Zephyrus playing with Chloris, and again it is Orpheus whom none can resist. But the fact at least is plain, and that is what concerns us; the birds, who went forth wailing, have returned rejoicing, and whether it be the naughty cuckoo, who has hoaxed all the poets, or the dove who is morally not much better, or the stork on the roof-trees, or the nightingale melodious, or the lark at Heaven's gate—everywhere from the orchestra which weekly gathers strength, we hear but one motif, 'Hither, my love, here; here I am, here; the winter is over and gone; arise, my love, my fair one, arise and come away.'

Dornröschen, the Sleeping Beauty, has been kissed awake again. One after another had striven in vain to win a way through the barriers which encircled the place of her sleeping, but at length the Prince and Master came, to whom all was easy—the Sunshine of the first Spring day. And as he kissed the Beauty, all the buglers blew, both high and low, the cawing rooks on the trees, and the croaking frogs by the pond, each according to his strength and skill. All through the palace there was re-awakening: of the men-at-arms, whether bears or hedgehogs; of the night-watchmen, known to us as bats; even of the carpet-sweepers, like dormice and hamsters—all were re-awakened. The messengers went forth, the dragon-flies like living flashes of light, the bustling humble-bees refreshing themselves at the willow-catkins by the way, and the moths flying softly by night. I fancy that even the scullery-boy got

his long-delayed box on the ear, for I saw the snail draw in his horns as the Cook awoke.

These are the days of youth—of seedlings, buds, and young blossom, of tadpoles, nestlings, and young lambs. Of which, as of children, there are two thoughts which one cannot help thinking.

The first is a thought of Easter, of the forgiveness of Nature, of its infinite power of making a fresh start. We saw the vine robbed of all its leaves—transfigured in their dying—and hard-bound by the frost; but Dionysus smiled at his captors, and now the tender vines put forth a sweet smell. We saw the sloe in winter, bare as a bleached skeleton in the desert; but now it is covered with white blossom, which we almost mistake for snow still unmelted on the hills. We saw the hedger strip the hawthorn till it was pitiful in its nakedness, but now it is covered with bursting buds, and it will soon be the time of May-blossom. From amid the withered leaves the wood-anemones are rocking like foam-balls on a wreck-strewn sea; and from the ditches, lately black and empty, the marsh marigolds have raised their golden cups to be filled with sunshine. We wished the birds farewell in Autumn, and now they are gathering to us again, and every lark that rises voices forth a promise. We saw the butterflies fade away with the withering flowers, but once more they suck the blossoms; the shore-pools and the pond-pools were but a little while ago empty of apparent life or thickly frozen over, and now each is beginning to be like a busy city. For as surely as the old things pass away, so all things are made new; and from what seemed a sealed tomb life has arisen indeed.

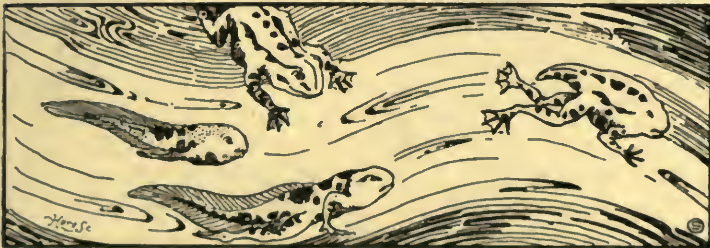
But, if we can express the second thought, it will be seen that there is a deeper sense in which these are the days of new things. It is the time of marrying, pairing, and mating; it is the time of giving birth to new lives; or it is the time when new lives, begun long since, indeed begin to be. In all these young lives there is what is new; no one of them is quite like

its parents, but each carries with it the promise of better or worse: in the phrase of the biologists, this is the time of variations. It may be, indeed, that the newness is simply that what was of evil in the parents has been forgiven in their children; but sometimes it is that the little child leads the race, as was said long ago. It may be, too, that the promise is never fulfilled, for the playful lamb grows into a very stolid sheep (man has the way of making young things stolid); the active-minded chick becomes a very matter-of-fact hen; the 'promising' young anthropoid, a care-worn, 'abruti,' and rather cross-grained ape. Need we draw the moral? The fact—at once hopeful and tragic—is that the young life is often ahead of its race. If the promise be fulfilled, then the world makes progress, and this is Spring.

But come, let us light the Beltane fires and keep the Floralia! for while Biology is well, to enjoy the Spring is better; and, as was said by one who knew no winter in his year, or at least betrayed none,

> 'To make this earth our hermitage
> A cheerful and a changeful page,
> God's bright and intricate device
> Of days and seasons doth suffice.'

J. ARTHUR THOMSON.



NATURA NATURANS

BY ROBERT BURNS

18 91

LIFE AND ITS SCIENCE

I

TO some readers, as certainly to some of our brethren in science, it may seem a strange thing that we biologists should make much ado about the Seasons, and yet stranger that, forsaking our specialist societies with their Proceedings and Transactions, their Microscopical Journals and the rest, we should be seeking to range ourselves in pages like these along with the painter-exponents, the poet-observers, of the changing year. Nor can we wonder if these look at such self-invited allies somewhat askance.

In the poet and the artist, with their thirst for actual, their dream of possible beauty, such keen interest in the Seasons is familiar and intelligible enough; so, also, albeit in widely differing ways, in the farmer and the gardener, in the sportsman and the mariner, in all who, outside the life of cities, have elected to do rather than to know or feel. As for Science, one remembers the astronomer and the geographer once explaining to us the Seasons in some dimly remembered lecture with their globes; but where should the biologist come in—the reveller in cacophonous terminology, the man of lenses and scalpels, the reducer of things to their elements of deadness? What can he tell us of the seasons, what (beyond the time of getting this or that specimen) have they to say to him?

For is not the popular picture of the botanist, for instance, that of a mild yet somewhat mischievous creature, whose chief interest is in picking flowers to pieces, like the sparrow among the crocuses? His remaining occupation is supposed to be that of gentle exercise on holiday afternoons; when, as a kind of sober academic nursemaid, he has to march out with him upon his rounds the unwilling neophytes of medicine, each fitly

equipped, in place of outgrown satchel (so prophetic is nature) with a small tin coffin upon his back.

His skill these measure by the frequency with which he stops like a truffle-hunter's pig,—say rather like a new, a vegetarian breed of pointer. See him loudly ejaculating in the most unmistakably canine Latin as he grubs up the unlucky specimen, as he coffins it with a snap, what the student (as his manner is) swiftly scribbles down and forgets, as the one thing needful to know, its technical 'name'—really of course its index letter or reference mark in that great nature-catalogue, which so few consult at all.

Similarly, is not the zoologist a kind of mad huntsman who slays and grallocks the meanest vermin for his game; or a child who pricks beetles and hoards shells and boxes butterflies into lines and battalions; or a pedant who 'pins faith on a basi-pterygoid process'? And is not the physiologist the man who gives electric shocks to frogs, and analyses their waste products? These appreciations are of course grotesque, but like all caricatures, they have one side of truth, and that the obvious one. The fact is that the Biologist has a familiar, a 'Doppelgänger,' his necessary and hence masterful, often tyrannous and usurping slave, whose name is Necrologist; and now-a-days most people know only him. The dead and the abnormal, being dissonant, are more striking than the living and the normal which are harmonious; and thus the doings of the necrological Mr. Hyde attract more attention than those of the biological Dr. Jekyll. Collection and dissection have their place, their necessary and ample place, but they are not all, they are not first. The study of life—the sum of living functions, and of their resultants—in temperament, in sex, in variety, in species—is again beginning to claim, and will again recover, precedence in thought and in education over that post-mortem analysis of organs and tissues and cells which has for the present usurped its place. And as teachers of biology our serious desire and daily work is towards a

distant revolution, which our pupils' pupils will accomplish, though we may never see. When this comes, those learned anatomical compendia, these text-books of 'Biology' falsely so called, which now dominate every School of Science in the world, shall be rewritten line by line, and from cover to cover. We shall have done with beginning with the analysis of dead structure; Physiology will precede Anatomy, and Bionomics will precede both. Physiology, too, despite popular and too authoritative manuals, Huxley's and the rest, sets out not by creaking a skeleton, by unpacking the digesting or the circulating organs, not even by observing the sensory or by experimenting upon the instinctive life. Not even with the marvel of the developing egg, nor with the mystery of seed-bearing in the flower, does the naturalist begin; but with the opening bud, with wandering deep into forest and high upon hill; in seeing, in feeling, with hunter and with savage, with husbandman and gypsy, with poet and with child, the verdant surge of Spring foaming from every branchlet, bursting from every sod, breaking here on naked rock-face, there on rugged tree-bole till even these are green with its clinging spray. Day after day he shall drift on the Sea of Life as it deepens in verdure over plain, as it eddies and ripples in blossom up the valleys; he shall keep unslaying watch upon the myriad creatures that teem upon its surface and crowd within its depths, till they show him the eager ways of their hunger, the fury and the terror of their struggle, the dim or joyous stirrings of their love. He shall listen to the Sounds of Life, the hum of insect and the coo of dove, the lilt of pairing mavises, the shivering child-cry of the lambs, till he too must lift up his voice with lover and with poet, with the greeting-song of the returned Proserpina, with the answering chant of Easter—Life is arisen! Life is arisen indeed! All this, quite seriously and definitely, is what we biologists want to teach him who would learn with us—say rather what we want him to see and hear, to live and feel for himself. Only to him, we say, who has lived and felt with Life throughout the

Seasons, till memories of Nature throng the labyrinths of brain and tingle the meshes of the blood, has there been any 'adequate preparation in Elementary Biology' at all. Only him would we admit into our winter-palace of museum, its crypt of laboratory; only him initiate into the perilous mystery, the alluring mastery, of analysis; only to him who can approach in contemplation no less reverent, in questioning no less vital than that of ancient sacrifice and augury, shall the corpse be opened, the skull laid bare, the magic glass be given, the secret of decay be told.

For among the initiates of Necrology, he and he only, and hardly even he, who has first gathered flowers with Proserpine in her native valleys may ever return to a fuller Spring with her in the open world again. For the rest, their home is in the shades; for where the love and the wonder and the imagination of Life are dead, there remains only unceasing labour in the charnel-house and ossuary, here to disintegrate or there to embalm, with only, at best reward, the amassing of some mouldering treasure, the leaving for the bibliographer some fragment-record, the winning of some small mummy-garland upon a tomb.

But for him who has truly been in the greenwoods, who has met and kissed their faërie queen, the wealth of the museum palace still lies open; its very crypts are free. Yet with the Spring her messengers come for him as for the Rhymer of old; her white hart and hind, unseen of other eyes, pace up the unlovely street; and he too must follow them back to their home, home to his love.

II

As the simplest greetings of 'good morning' and 'good day' remind us, some sympathy with Nature, some interest in our fellows, are instinctive and universal. No one but is so far a Nature-lover and a Season-observer; Spring with her buds and lambs and lovers, Autumn amid her fruits and sheaves, Summer

in her green, and Winter with her holly, are all themes as unfailing as human life. Even the best-worn rhymes of dove and love, of youth and truth, will be fresh song-notes for adolescent sweethearts till rhyming and sweethearting end. And even the hardest day's labour closes sweetly, which can pause at the home-coming and bathe its weariness in the evening sky.

That the child posy-gathering is a naturalist, the child drawing out of his own head an artist, the child singing and making-believe a poet, are all obvious enough. Obvious, too, are becoming the general lines and conditions of these developments up to those children of larger growth whose impressions have been more richly gathered, more vitally assimilated, more fully organised, till they appear not as mere crude attempts in the child, mere fading memories in the adult, but in fresh life and new form which we call 'original'—discovery, picture, or poem. And were this the season, we might study the far stranger (albeit more common) marvels of human failure. For what is that shortcoming of beauty, common in the human species above all others? how comes that blunting of sense and stunting of soul which befall us? How shall we unriddle the degeneration which the bio-pessimist has shown as well-nigh overspreading Nature, the senescence which he has proved to begin at birth?

But from the strange abnormalities we group as ugliness, from that subtlest arrest of evolution which we once thought as well as called the Commonplace, let us return, as befits beginners, to the simple and the natural, the normal and the organic. That is, to the growth in activity and variety of sensory and psychic life, the growth of original and productive power, in discoverer, painter, and poet. Scant outline is indeed alone possible in these limits, yet every one has this latent in his own mind. The most inarticulate rustic knows and watches his fields from day to day; yet here is the stuff of biology. Simple satisfaction in fresh landscape, notice of at least some aspects of human face and form can hardly die wholly out of any mind; yet this is the

stuff of painting. So in the prosaic description of place or person or event one detects the touch and tinge of literature, alike in thought and style.

As poetic intensity and poetic interpretation may be true at many deepening levels, so it is with the work of the painter; so too with the scientific study of Nature. And here, too, the extremes of thinker and child meet in the same mind. In twenty years of microscopic teaching, for instance, the writer has been rewarded by no such simple and joyous outburst of juvenile delight in any mortal as he once silently provoked by pushing his microscope, aswim with twirling Spirillum and dancing Monads, under the eye of Darwin. 'Come here, come here; look! look here! look at this! they're all moving! they're all MOVING!' cried the veteran voyager, his deep eyes sparkling, his grey face bright with excitement; the aged leader of the century's science again a child who 'sees the wheels go wound.'

The naturalist, as compared with his artist and poet comrades, is generally neither so much of a babe nor so much of a man as they; but primarily a boy or bird-nester, a hoarder of property in the old comprehensive schoolboy fashion, before the example of degenerate adults who specialise upon metal counters and paper securities had reduced his collecting to postage-stamps. Yet the naturalist, too, attains manhood upon the plane of intellect; and if his museum of accumulated wealth be not too much for him, he may gain new strength by systematising and organising it. Thus on the more abstract and philosophic side develops the systematist and thinker like Linnæus, on the more concrete and artistic the encyclopedist and stylist like Buffon. Each too in his way, in his world-museum and garden of life, is an Adam naming and describing the creatures.

From these great treasure-houses and libraries of the science the naturalist, too, may go out into the world not only to search and discover and collect, but to labour also. His level of action is primarily of a humbler and more fundamental sort than that

of his artist comrades. Fishery and rustic labour are to his hand, he learns to dredge and to sow; forests, too, he may plant and tend. By-and-by, in ordered park and garden great, he even attains to artistic expression, and this upon a scale vaster than that of cities; he transforms Nature, shaping herself and not her mere image. Then strengthened and suppled in mind no less than in body he returns to his science with fresh questions and problems and perplexities, yet richer in resources, more fertile in devices for solving them. From the slight modification of certain forms of life by domestication and culture, from the breeding and selecting with farmer and fancier, he gains fresh light upon the problem of evolution; Darwin's, of course, being the familiar, the classic case, but not the only or the final one. But again riddles multiply, and even those that seemed solved a few years ago appear anew from fresh sides and in slightly altered forms. Again he must observe and ponder, again also return to practice; and beyond the comparatively limited range of domesticated animals and plants he needs wider and more thorough observations. In course of these he must rear under known conditions in laboratory and garden, in field and farmyard, all manner of living things, low and high, wild and tame, useful and malignant—and pass, in fact, the life of his whole zoological and botanic garden under fresh and keener review. This is what we begin to speak of as Experimental Evolution. It is Comparative Agriculture, Hygiene, Medicine; and all these with widening range. Before long it will have its institutes as well as they.

The poet is but a simple poet who does not see that this is no dead science, but a very Alchemy, a higher Alchemy than that of metals—the Alchemy of Life—and that the search for the Elixir Vitae is indeed again begun.

Already at each stage of its progress the study of man has thrown light upon that of lower creatures; conversely their study upon our view of men. The interaction of these kindred lines of thought is even now entering a new and fuller

phase, and a higher series of scientific institutes, those of the Experimental Evolution of Man, are thus logically necessary. These indeed are already to hand: asylum and hospital, prison, workhouse and school, orphanage and university (to name only the more obvious groups), are not far to seek. Each, too, has been changing its purpose and ideal within the past century, from the initial ones which were practically little more than of social rubbish-heaps into which society could more or less mercifully shoot its senile, diseased, or troublesome members, or of lumber-heaps for its immature and weak ones. First, common humanity showed us the festering of these social sores, opening the way for medicine, as this for hygiene; now psychology is entering upon school and asylum, even criminology forcing its way into court and prison; before long a fuller sociology and ethics will have entered all. The secrets of evolution and of dissolution of body and mind, the corresponding interpretations, economic and ethical, of evolution and dissolution for each type of human society, are thus being laid bare. And here we may note in passing the scientific (necrological) justification of much of our contemporary decadent literature.

But the night of pessimism has passed its darkest. Its social explanation and standpoint remain clear enough. The physical sciences, their associated industrial evolution, have created a disorder they are powerless to re-organise—hence progressive ruin of all kinds, individual and social, material and moral, to which church, state, and the negations of these, are all alike powerless to find remedies. But such pessimists overlook an old saying of the prophets—of Descartes before Comte, doubtless of old Greeks before these, of older Egyptians before them—that 'if the regeneration of mankind is to be accomplished, it will be through the medical sciences.'

With this regeneration defined as Experimental Evolution, the prophecy is making a fresh start towards fulfilment. In the simpler institutes which we call school, college, or the like,

the problem is to grow good fruit from good or average seed. In those of a pathological kind (asylum, prison, hospital) beyond the obvious aim of restoration to a low or average norm of health, is arising, however, the seemingly more difficult (perhaps easier) problem, already hinted at—that of Life-Alchemy, of Redemption. For again we are dreaming of a Secret of Transmutation, that of disease into higher health, of baseness into generosity, of treason into honour, of lust into love, of stupor into lucidity, phantasmagoria into drama, mania into vision.

Beyond this there is yet another step of practice; the physician is bringing experience and method from the hospital into the service of the home; so in their way are all his brother evolutionists. And thus they begin to discern and prepare for their immediate task—to cleanse and change the face of cities, to re-organise the human hive.

For them as for their rustic fellows, the task begins with the humblest drudgery, the scavenging of dirt, the disposal of manure. Soon, however, they will grapple with the central and the supreme Art possible to mortals, the very Mystery of Masonry itself, which has its beginnings in the anxieties of calculation and the perplexities of plan, in the chaotic heaps of quarry, in the deep and toilsome labour, the uncouth massiveness of the foundations: yet steadily rises to shelter and sacredness of hearth, to gloom of tower and glory of pinnacle, to leap of arch and float of dome. With this renewal of Environment, there arises a corresponding renewal of economic and moral Function which shall yet be Industry, the renewal and development of Life as well—what shall yet be Education. And thus even painter and poet find, through what seemed to them an irrelevant science, new space for beauty and new stimulus of song.

Yet even here the Three comrades have no Continuing city.

For each, for all, the faërie messengers are waiting; and they must ever return to Her from whom they came.

PATRICK GEDDES.

APOLLO'S SCHOOL-DAYS

BY JOHN DUNCAN

OLD ENGLISH SPRING

(Adapted from Harleian MS. 2253. Date, about 1200?)

I. That he will have none of Love.

Lent is come with Love to town,
Blossoms brag of his renown,
All their bliss that bringeth;
Daisies in the dales
And the sweet nightingales
Each a song singeth.

The throstle cock doth verily know
Away is every Winter-woe
When the woodruff springeth;
And he sings so wonder-well,
He frights the Winter fleet and fell,
That all the wood ringeth.

OLD ENGLISH SPRING

The rose is ruddy now,
Blossoms blow on the bough
    Waxing with will;
The moon mendeth her blee,
The lily is lissom to see
    And the daffodil!

In May it is merry when it dawns
On the leas and on the lawns,
    And leaf is light on the lime;
On the waters the wild drakes
Go seeking of their makes—
    For Love lives in the Prime!

Grass grows under sun and cloud,
Women wax wondrous proud
    As meseemeth still;
But my wish hath want of None
Nor would I live all woebegone
    For Love that likes me ill!

II. He entreateth the North Wind to send him his Love.

Blow, Northern Wind,
    Send thou me my sweeting;
Blow, Northern Wind,
    Blow, blow, blow!

OLD ENGLISH SPRING

I have a Burd in a bower bright
That is seemly unto sight,
And like roses red and white
    Are her cheek and hand:
In all the world is none
Fairer 'neath shadow or sun,
No, never knew I one
    So lovely in the land!

Blow, Northern Wind,
    Send thou me my sweeting;
Blow, Northern Wind,
    Blow, blow, blow!

HUGO LAUBACH.

LENGTHENING DAYS

THE wind went gently round to the South, and the sky hung low and grey and ribbed like sea sand; and the frost went suddenly before the warmth. All night soft rain fell, and in the morning the rattle of the cabs on the stone streets was heard again, for the snow had been wiped clean away. Faint signs of Spring were discernable. The fires heated the house, and the drafts that formerly felt piercingly cold were soft and damp.

Mark in his studio felt the Spring in his bones, as the young grass feels it beneath the ground when it is still far off. He took his travelling-box and his paints and pencils, and went away to the North to wait there for the Spring coming. . . . On his way he found the wife that had long been expecting him, and they continued their journey together.

Far away they went, and left trains and steamers behind them and travelled over thawing roads, through pine forests and

melting snowdrifts, till at last they made up on Winter and took sleigh and passed it. Far away they journeyed with the sleigh and two servants, till they came to a log-hut at the edge of a great frozen river, set all round with broad lakes and low hills. There they sat down and the attendants went South again to their people, and Mark and his wife lived simply and happily.

Not before the sun rose did they waken, and when it gleamed hot on snow at mid-day they prepared their coffee and went out to watch Nature their friend putting on her Spring garments. First of its ornaments were the tiny creeping birds, delicate and bold, that came travelling from the South, feeding on invisible food in clefts of bark and fir twigs, making a tasty living when big birds would starve. Then came the King of the swans and the Prince of geese, and again they sang on their lighting, as they had sung before when they left Mark's country in the South. And here is their song, so our people say, and you may play it and sing it till it grows in your mind. But beware of the melody, lest it make you restless as the swans, and you become a wanderer, or worse, a would-be wanderer.

> Guileag Eala seinn a ceo
> Sa comun grai an cian a trial
> Le ceol tha fao an ard na' nial.[1]

Great was Mark's life there, and long the day that Mark and his wife spent with guns, chasing their fair food. Brown they became with the glare of the sunlight, with the smoke of their fires and the cooking. Beautiful they seemed to each other, so fit were they to their surroundings—so free. Long were the nights spent, when, their rich food cooked, they rested and

[1] The notes of the swan singing in the mist
With her loved companion travelling afar
With melody that grows in the heights of the clouds.

told each other tales by the burning birch logs. Mark would then draw pictures in black and white, of the life in woods, and write of the ways of the creatures they chased in the daytime. And the best of the pictures of all that he drew, was that for the frontispiece of the book that he printed; and that was himself on the hearth with his pipe in his teeth, by the big open fireplace. And the point of the picture was the face of his wife asleep on his breast, with the firelight upon it.

. . . .

Warmer the Summer grew—hot and still hotter, till at mid-day all Nature seemed fainted. More and more life came northwards, till in midsummer the sweet bells of the cows of the girls at the Saeter were heard at times clanging sweetly in the birch woods. Then came the salmon fresh and strong up the river, and Mark and his wife had choice of food, of fish, and the meat of reindeer and sweet berries.

Such was their life in the nightless Summer of the far north. Then the nights came, and the birch leaves grew yellow again. And the peasants and the sleigh and Mark and his wife journeyed southwards, further and further South, till they stopped in London. And Mark printed his book, and the people read it with pleasure.

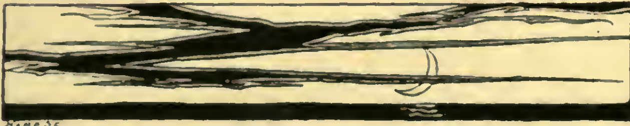
W. G. BURN-MURDOCH.

DAY AND NIGHT

From grey of dusk, the veils unfold
To pearl and amethyst and gold—
    Thus is the new Day woven and spun:

From glory of blue to rainbow-spray,
From sunset-gold to violet-grey—
    Thus is the restful Night re-won.

FIONA MACLEOD.



CUBS

BY W. WALLS

A CAROL OF YOUTH

Give songs to the Summer
  And carols to Spring;
Greet Love the new-comer
  With tabret and string.

Come, crown him with laurel
  As poet and knight,
Whose lips are of coral,
  Decreeing delight!

Now hillock and highway
  Are budding and glad;
Thro' dingle and byway
  Go lassie and lad!

The spink in the hollow,
  The laverock above,
The merle and the swallow
  Shout pæans to Love.

The mavis is fluting
  The song of his mirth;
The breezes are bruiting
  It over the earth!

Give songs to the Summer
  And carols to Spring,
Greet Love the new-comer—
  Our poet and king!

HUGO LAUBACH.

OUT-FARING

BY JOHN DUNCAN

ANE PLAYNT OF LUVE

O hart, My hart! that gyves na rest,
Bot wyth luve madness dois dismaie;
For all thingis ellis, ye haif na zeste,
Nor thocht; bot luve may drive awaye.
    Deir hart, be still,
    And stay this ill,
  Thi passioun sall me slay!

O hart, My hart! haif mercie nowe,
On me thi mastir, Sorrow's selfe:
Fra hir that will na luve allowe,
Desyre na moir the horded pelf.
    Deir hart, in pane
    Quhy wilt remane?—
  Haif mercie on thi selfe!

O hart, My hart! tho' sche be fair,
As moon bemys quhyte, or starris that schyn—
Tho' all hir partis haif na compare,
It makis nocht, gif hir hart disdeyne.
    Deir harte, gyve ease,
    Fra luve release
  Of ane that is nocht myne.

QUOD
PITTENDRIGH.

ROM FOUR EASTER LETTERS

I

Apparently written from
Athens, about 357 B.C.

'. . . We spoke to-day in the garden of the manner in which those feelings are preserved in us that are made necessary by reason of the relation which men bear to the world. For while no one of us is now careful to keep in remembrance those feasts which our forefathers celebrated at this time, nor listens with any fear to the ancient teaching as to the Gods, nevertheless it is in our hearts to be glad at this time when the earth, the fertile mother of all, is full of new life. We who have learned from Socrates would not in any wise scoff at those who find delight in the tale of Dionysus who broke the bonds of his captivity, or of Persephonê who returned at this time from Hades to make glad the maternal heart of Demeter, or in any such tales which are in the minds of all. For whether it be because of some palingenesis whereby the freshened life of some creature which lived in past times now stirs again in us, as some would say; or because we are ourselves stirred in our bodies by the warm sun, as the Physical Philosophers of the school of Anaxagoras would say, if they dared to speak: or because the Gods still have power over us, we know not. Yet when the children gather flowers or set caged birds free, and when the young men have their revels, or when some one gives freedom to a slave, it seems to us fitting at this time, when in the world a new beginning is being made with things. . . .'

FROM FOUR EASTER LETTERS

II

From Drondthem in North
Norway; time, probably 145 B.C.

'. . . It has been a long winter, and the darkness seemed more fearsome than I had ever felt. For before Yule my husband and most of the men went North in their ships, and it was lonely for the women and the girls. It was lonely for me in my child-bearing. We have been telling the little ones all the old stories,—as of Baldur whom the blind Hödr slew with the mistletoe, and we wept so much when he died that we could scarce find words to tell of Ali and his revenging of Baldur's death. The children were affrighted of the cold snake which lieth coiled around Brynhild with her treasures, against the day of her awaking. We girls—for I feel a girl still, and my boy has not seen his father—used to watch the fire of Odin in the heavens, and we were glad to know that it was brighter around the men than with us, for it would help their fishing on the fjords. But we were more glad when we saw the growing light in the South at noon; and now it seems but a short time of waiting, for the Spring has indeed come. The little lemmings have waked from beneath the snow, the reindeer have come again to eat the salt weed by the shore, the flowers have risen as though they had waited but for a word, and each lark that rose yesterday as I walked took from me some of the sore pain of my longing. . . . It was then that I was first to see the brown-edged sails, and the ships were low in the water. Since it has been as a feast. We lighted fires and danced around them, nor forgot to lay out gifts to the gods so that they should not grudge us our great joy. . . .'

FROM FOUR EASTER LETTERS

III

Written from Jerusalem in the eighth year of the Governorship of Pilate.

'. . . Of a truth this has been a sad Passover time, though many of the fears that were heavy upon us are now forgotten. Many days we went restless, each one with his hand at his heart, seeking to ease the pain. For that which we had dreaded in the days of His sojourn, they did: for they crucified Him whom we loved. Thereat we had no word and no tear; yea, we dared not so much as to look one at another. For we had trusted that it was He who should redeem Israel from bondage, bringing a comfort for all her rue, and beauty for ashes, even as it hath been promised from of old. But now we were of all men most miserable, save only that we had known Him. It may be that we were hard of heart, for of a surety we ever had need of Him, to keep our faith alive, that it should not wax faint and fail us: but for a time there was none found to say, "Though they have slain Him, yet will I trust." . . . Nevertheless the darkness has passed; and though we understand not at all, we rejoice daily. For His love was stronger than death, and He has come among us and been with us again, walking and talking, even as He was wont hitherto; and now is gone but a little while. For we know surely that in the same wise, howsoever it may seem strange to them that knew not Him and His love, He will be with us alway from time to time, to comfort us, even to the end of the world. And as there hath been aforetime a feast among us at this season, so we deem that there shall be one henceforth and for ever; because that the fear of death has passed over and the Lord is risen indeed.'

FROM FOUR EASTER LETTERS

IV

Edinburgh, Easter 1887.

'. . . It had gone hard with my friend. One blow after another had fallen upon him; he was left like a tree stripped of its leaves. My travels abroad had kept me from visiting him, and it was Easter before I returned. I felt that to knock at his door was to knock at the door of a broken heart. When I saw him, I began murmuring some empty words of sympathy, but when I lifted my eyes to his, and saw his face—quiet, courageous, and with a new refinement, as if he were looking at far-off hills—I was minded of two old lines, whose they are I know not,

> Hiems abiit, mœstaque crux,
> Lucet in eo perpetua lux.

'I could only say, "Surrexit."
'And he did not misunderstand, for he answered softly, "Vere Surrexit."'

THE CROWS: A CHILD POEM

What a famous noise there was
  In the morning when I rose!
All the air was hoarse with 'Caws,'
  And the sky was black with crows.

Hundreds circling round the trees
  Swooped down on a last year's nest,
Rose and scattered then like bees,
  Swarmed again and could not rest;

Cawing, cawing all the time,
  Till it grew to one great voice,
And you could not hear the chime
  Of the school-clock for the noise.

Every garden-bush has heard
  Through its tiny twigs and shoots,
And the trees have all been stirred
  Right down to their very roots.

Buds of green on branch and stem
  Glisten in the morning sun,
For the Crows have wakened them,
  And they open one by one.

THE CROWS

Last night on the hillside lay
  One white patch from Winter's snows ;
Now it 's melted clean away
  With the cawing of the Crows.

And a primrose, too, has heard,
  Peeping out to nod and talk
From the hedge-roots to a bird
  Hopping down the garden walk.

What a famous noise it was
  To make the very bushes hear,
And birds and flowers and things—because
  The merry time of Spring is near !

GABRIEL SETOUN.

PIPES OF ARCADY

BY JOHN DUNCAN

MY SWEETHEART

In her eyes of sweetest brown
Love himself hath set him down;
On her gentle pouting lips
Love hath laid his finger-tips;
And her cheek, 'tis plain to see,
Love hath kissed to torture me.

Love himself must go in fear
Lest one win this dainty Dear,
Since of all the maids he sees
She, my Sweet, is first to please!

RICCARDO STEPHENS

'WHEN THE GIRLS COME OUT TO PLAY'

BY CHARLES H. MACKIE

THE RETURN

For Winter's rains and ruins are over,
  And all the season of snows and sins;
The days dividing lover and lover,
  The light that loses, the night that wins;
And time remembered is grief forgotten,
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
And in green underwood and cover
  Blossom by blossom the Spring begins.

ATALANTA IN CALYDON.

SPRING was late in coming, and the flowers, with hidden heads, wondered sadly if he had forgotten. Slowly they matured in the gloom of their coverings, lamenting the days usurped from their short lives in sight of the sun. Already some impatient blossoms, betrayed by a fleeting noon-day warmth, had ventured forth, but had died with the sunset.

Human folk, too, were faint and fain for change and southern breezes. Winter had come early and long outstayed his doubtful welcome. Last Summer seemed weary years away, and all its sunny memories soiled and dim. The unkind season held man and beast in joyless case, bound all with cold and tortured many with the pincers of famine. The merciless north wind scourged the land, and wrung from men's hearts a sinister confusion of cries and threatenings, which he caught up as he passed and carried abroad. It seemed as if there might be worse things yet than outcry, and rulers speculated uneasily on

the insanity of hungry men. On a sudden the suspense was broken, the crisis averted; for Spring the Deliverer came over the horizon, bringing gladness to Nature and awaking the good that was in men's hearts. Warm winds spread themselves over sea and shore, and routed the loitering fog from cellar and garret, from wood and glen and airy hill-top. The flowers burst forth with a little cry of joy that was heard and repeated by all the friends who lived with and understood them—by bird and bee and tree and fountain. The battle of the year had again been won after a stern fight which had been in secret progress for many weeks. No one had been aware of the fluctuations of the struggle, the advance, the repulse, the force of the succourer waxing steadily unperceived; of anything but the declaratory success. 'Spring has come in a day,' they said.

Who could resist the rare influence of the first Spring morning? Not Dives nor Lazarus; not the invalid who cannot stir nor the careless school-boy who cannot rest; not the city clerk who, strangely dissatisfied with his favourite literature, throws the paper out o' window and enjoys his railway rush and the unpolluted air; not the loafer who neglects his vocation and saunters about the roadway with a sudden pleasure in living and moving, astonishing to himself; not the 'bus-driver who has a flower in his button-hole; nor the ploughman who, seeing so many flowers, might again be inspired to music and poetry, as ploughmen have been, ere now, on a like provocation; not even pale-faced Agnes, who has been in the habit of not noticing things much for a long while now. But this morning there was an unremarked magic in the air which made her smile at herself—a little sadly still—in the glass, and brought her forth from her room singing.

'You are so gay this morning, Agnes!' said her mother by and by, with a small tremor that was partly joy and partly solicitude—and altogether love. Her daughter was tying on a rather old-fashioned hat with dark green ribbons.

THE RETURN

'Yes, mother,' said the girl, 'I suppose it is because 'tis such a gay morning. Do you know, I believe the Spring has actually come for good. So I shall first water these hyacinths, and then off to the fields to look for primroses—for you.'

So Agnes tended the plants, which must have loved her; for they filled that cottage with more amazing perfume than the rarest of their kind thought it worth while to give forth in the King's palace. Then she tripped upstairs for a packet—a very tiny packet—of crumpled letters, which she hid in her dress. This, to be sure, was very foolish; but many of the letters in that packet were terribly tear-stained, which perhaps accounts for it. She also brought back with her a shawl, a wonderfully gay shawl, which she substituted for the faded brown one round her mother's shoulders, artfully, without that smiling old lady being aware of her own transformation. As she set out, she asked her heart what had lightened it so, and her heart smiled and said nothing, but insensibly led her to be at one with everything around. The sparrows were having the first and most luxurious dust bath of the season, and she understood and sympathised with their enjoyment. She called back to the robins, clapped her hands at the singing of the larks, and strained her hearing to catch the distant cooing of the wood pigeons. She examined the buds on either hand, and her walk was a zigzag from hedge to hedge. She had just discovered a primrose hiding beneath a mossy stone, and was stooping over it with delight, when suddenly she jerked herself upright with a little gasp, and with a look in her eyes that may have been fear, and may have been hope, but was more probably both. For the postman had entered the lane leading to the cottage. She thought to turn and fly; but instead, she walked slowly towards him, in a mist of memories. He put a letter in her hand. She scarcely noticed it for a moment, then, with a little cry, carried it to her lips and bounded back with the speed of gladness.

All this while a train, that had left the city in early morning,

was shrieking rapturously through wood and across meadow. In one compartment was seated a pale young man about whom there seemed to float a certain atmosphere, an atmosphere of Cheapside accountantry, the most artificial—therefore the most clinging. He was nervous and could not rest; the smart literature he had brought in such baleful abundance to lessen the tedium of the journey wearied and even disgusted him. Something kept prompting him to throw aside his rugs and papers, and to open both windows to the friendly air without: but he resisted. Through the first hour he sat unmindful of the potent influence at work on the world and within him. He smoked doggedly at cigarettes for which he had little relish, and glanced over paragraphs of deformed and mirthless humour, while through his mind there passed, by way of commentary thereon, choice phrases from the unwritten handbook of wit and epigram, which all aspiring Londoners must master, if they would live in the estimation of their fellows. Gradually he thought more and more frequently of the object of his travel, and his mind was filled with reflections that kept him grave and still. All at once a bit of landscape awakened a dear memory in his heart, and he opened the window and leaned out. Spring caught him in the act, and metamorphosed him. As they passed through a copse of young trees a fresh green twig just managed to caress his cheek. He thrilled as from a kiss. Larger branches overhead sprinkled him with dew. He felt it as a baptism. The City behind him now began to appear to be something happily far away—a black blot on a pleasant country. It was only a year since it had absorbed him, but that year stretched in his memory as broad as ten. He felt as if he had never heard a bird or smelt a flower all that time; never seen the sky!

All his apathy was gone. He was impatient to walk upon the grass, and passed restlessly from window to window, trampling heedlessly upon his books and papers; which by and by he kicked under the seat. A strange timidity, which increased as

he neared his destination, plainly assailed him, and at last he began a feverish search which resulted in the discovery of two photographs. One pictured a young woman, beautiful but loveless, and a little bold; the other a maiden, fresh-looking as the dawn, with frank true eyes, and hair like sunshine. The first he looked at a long time curiously, then tore and flung out of window, muttering to himself, 'Thank God!' On the second was written, 'From your own sweetheart Agnes,' and he kissed the writing: which is a thing, mark you, that very intelligent young men will do: and his eyes grew soft. His mind went back to the days of his early homesickness in the great City. He remembered the fretful letter which had won from Agnes her portrait with its frank superscription, and he divined with what hesitating fondness it had been written, as something rather forward and unmaidenly. He considered his cruel silences that had steadily lengthened, and the expression of self-contempt on his face told what he thought of it all now —the weakness and the folly. Soon afterwards he alighted, and, as he walked along the fragrant country road, some colour from pink blossoms began to steal upon his pale cheeks, some of the glorious yellow sunlight sparkled in his eyes, and his soul re-echoed the music of thrush and merle. He was hastening to meet Agnes who, with glowing cheeks and hair that would not be confined, seemed trying to outstrip the early swallows. A robin who had been flitting playfully before her, as robins will, was kept continually on the wing, and abandoned the pastime as too fatiguing. She walked three steps, ran ten, and sometimes stood still as if to think; then started off again. He, on his part, though almost as spasmodic in the order of his thoughts, commanded a less tell-tale demeanour. He walked slowly, full of gratitude that Nature should make friends again so warmly. But sometimes he broke into a quicker pace, so that the glittering highway went past him like a dream, and he felt that he was participating with all the world in his first hour of unselfish revelry. Sometimes, indeed,

he questioned for a moment how Agnes would receive him; but he held forward steadily, through doubt and confidence.

They met at the entrance to a wooded dell. Their greeting was shy, even awkward, but happiness was moist in their eyes. From the bright sunlit places astir with busy life—the whirr of wings, the bleat of lambs, the low of kine, the continuous hum of insect traffickers, which brought a curious lightning vision of Fleet Street to the young man's mind—the leafy entrance to the wood looked like the archway of some sylvan chapel. By a natural impulse they joined hands and silently turned thither. Sweet-scented hawthorn, charm against witches, waved them a welcome. Everywhere the bright yellow florets of the whin sparkled like tapers. Pale primrose and modest violet were scattered richly over the soft green carpet of the moss. The wood anemones lay like stars among the shadowy grass, above which the hyacinth lifted its clusters of azure bells, and the daisy gleamed at the foot of the giant oaks.

'Philip,' said Agnes presently, laying her head against his shoulder, 'last year was long and dreary, but it is lost out of my life,—gone and forgotten now.'

And so there was no more to be said. Instead of trying to excuse his cruel silence during the delirium of his first contagion with crowds and folly, Philip led her gently to the old stone beside the spring among the ferns.

'Agnes,' he said, 'something to-day has happened to me. I seem to have awakened and found myself. . . . Do you remember last Spring?' He knelt at her feet. 'It was here . . . and I——'

'Hush!' whispered Agnes, passing her hand gently through his hair, 'I remember, I know, I understand. Why should we talk about unhappy things? The future is all ours.'

The tender sunshine shone upon the lovers, and youth was all around. Young trees showered sweet petals on their heads, flowers smiled to them, birds sang to them, and the Spirit of

the Springtime gave them her blessing. The hours sped by. And when, with radiant faces, they reluctantly left their bower, they both by one impulse turned to look back. A starling alighted with a blithe cry upon the stone seat they had just quitted. 'Now I wonder,' exclaimed Philip, 'if that is the same little chap who spoke to us exactly a year ago!'

'Yes,' answered the happy girl. 'It is the same dear friend who called his good wishes after us—yesterday.'

J. J. HENDERSON.

PASTORALE BRETONNE

BY PAUL SERUSIER

SPRING IN LANGUEDOC

What are the signs of the coming of Spring in the South? In the grey North it is easy to say; the sun returns, the flowers reappear, the hedgerows and trees clothe themselves in green, and the time of the singing of birds is come. But in Languedoc we have lacked none of these. Cypress and pine and olive have never shed their leaves, the sun has shone even when the icy mistral blew from the frozen gorges of the snow-clad Cevennes, and there has been no day on which we could not pull a handful of flowers. The yellow ragwort, the pink geranium, the dull grey green spikes of lavender, the red balls of the butcher's broom, the livid clusters of ivy berries, and the strange, beautiful, golden-green spurges have shone in every lane. Perhaps the morning on which a sleepy lizard looks out of a cranny in some wall is really the first of Spring. In a few days a hundred little bright-eyed heads may be counted in every wall, and Spring is upon us. Each day the little lane we know best has a fresh flower to show. The yellow flowers come first, then the white and blue, the delicate rich purple of the grape hyacinth, the little blue veronica and milk-wort, violets, and the star-flowers of the wild strawberry. And in a single night, as it seems, a miracle is wrought. Every hedgerow breaks out

into blossom, white and pink, and the almond orchards cover the land with a flush of tender colour.

The narcissus is out at Lattes. How wonderful to find oneself in the long low meadows among them, the tall, sweet-scented blossoms which are scattered as thickly as daisies on an English sward! They edge the little watercourses, nestling round the roots of the stunted willows. The air is fragrant, the sky is cloudless, and the sunshine and the Spring day stir the blood like wine. To the South, hardly a league away, is the deep blue of the Mediterranean, glittering and gay. And dark on the shore rises the deserted abbey of Maguelone, grey and timeworn, keeping ward amid the barren dunes—Maguelone, greatly fallen, its good days done. No sign of Spring there save for the violet wall-flowers clinging among the grey stones. Life has ebbed away from it, and left it lonely with the great dead who sleep in its forsaken aisles. Thither no more come prince and bishop; no strangers pass that way save a very few. 'Sunt lacrymae rerum.' Even here among the sunny meadows, steeped though we be in the sensuous joy of the moment, interpreted to us by the heavy scent of the narcissus, comes a cry from the Everlasting Past, a rustle of the Wind of Death.

Nevertheless we shall not die but live. A new spirit is abroad in the world, and around us the whole land is breaking into song. Not Mistral only, but a host of lesser men, like a choir of singing birds, are making music because the world is young. These are the sons, spiritually begotten, of Troubadour and Minstrel: these keep alive the memory of the ancient glory of Languedoc and Provence, and of the days when their sweet rich speech was the courtliest tongue in Europe. It lives still on the lips of the folk, of the poet, of the scholar; it is quickening into a richer and fuller beauty, and a day may yet come when for our love-songs we turn once more to Provence. It is a snatch of Mistral that yonder lad is humming,

SPRING IN LANGUEDOC

O Magali, ma tant amado,
Mete la tèsto au fenestroun
Escouto un pau aquesto aubado
De tambourin e de vióuloun.

. . . . .

O Magali, me fas de bèn! . . .
Mai, tre te vèire,
Ve lis estello, O Magali,
Coume au pali!

What a simple, confident, lusty song! There is no hint of weariness, or disillusion or distrust in this new singing-time. This land is dear to the sun, and it is good to be alive therein. It is the land of fig and vine and olive, of love and wine and song. And so we hear anew the refrain of the oldest love-song we know, 'The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.' Three thousand years have neither changed nor chastened the incorrigible heart of Spring.

DOROTHY HERBERTSON.

THE CASKET

BY ROBERT BURNS

AWAKENINGS IN HISTORY

Francis Galton has taught us how to measure the strength of a nation: that is, how to construct a curve, reflecting the development of those things which make for progress in physique. Some one will, in course of time, show us how to measure the mental and emotional, the intellectual and spiritual life. Then a mathematician will show us how to combine the hand curve, the mind curve, and the heart curve into one composite graphic. That curve, when we get it, will be the first line of the science of history.

Meanwhile, the fear of statistics is the beginning of nescience.

But even when, in the course of many generations, the statisticians have accumulated sufficient material for an historical monograph—who will undertake it? Apparently it will have to be the work of a committee of mathematicians, physicists, biologists, psychologists, hygienists, statesmen; with educationists, poets, priests, to look after the higher interests.

Meantime, the benighted inhabitants of the nineteenth century look into the past and see the ghosts of themselves. And they call it history. Sometimes they look into the future—for the same reason that women and some men look into their mirrors. And this they call prophecy.

What random guesses may be hazarded as to the general

appearance of the curve of human development—its shape, its sinuosity, its direction? Suppose it were to coincide with the curve of Probability! Then the fatalists would rejoice exceedingly; for it would mean that human history is as the tossing of dice. It would mean that an infinitude of causes are at work, neutralising each other by their multitudinous interactions. Thus the elemental problem of History would involve a complexity far beyond man's power of investigation at his present stage of evolution.

There are those who imagine the curve of historical development to follow the general law of periodicity. They picture a series of irregular undulations succeeding one another in a gradual ascent from zero—the arbitrary starting-point where the curve cuts the time axis, which an audacious calculator has fixed at somewhere about 250,000 B.C. The troughs and crests of the wave would, on this hypothesis, represent periods of climax and reaction—times of Summer activity and Winter slumber. The rise from trough to crest would reflect successive Springtimes in the ebb and flow of the seasonal æons.

It must needs be that Springtime in the life-history of a people should be associated with a rise in the heart curve. For when a nation's fancy turns to thoughts of love—then is the national Springtime. 'Twas perhaps in the peerless love-songs of the Ionic singers that Europe awoke first to mature self-consciousness. Christopher Columbus stumbled upon a continent from without: Sappho discovered Europe to itself. Civilised society ignored it till the Hellenic lyrists chanted forth their awakening notes. Before this the world had looked on Europe as a bleak battle-ground of barbarians, where poverty made the hunters into freebooters and the fishermen into pirates—a mart where metalliferous ores and skins of wild beasts might be had in barter for beads and bronze arrow-heads—a recruiting-ground where cream-skinned slaves could be kidnapped or purchased. Such was Europe in the eyes of civilisation before the seventh-sixth century awakening, albeit

the epics of the wandering bards might have foreshadowed untold potentialities in the prematurely-born cities of the Argive shepherd chiefs. Yet we can hardly blame the lovers of literature in Memphis, in Babylon, or in Tyre for not reading Homer. The Iliad was not put in manuscript until Egypt had passed into dotage at the end of an active life of three-score centuries or so, and Chaldea and Phœnicia had been sucked of their life-blood by half-bred Semitic vampires.

Agree then that the Hellenic lyrists and philosophers,—Thales, Pythagoras, Heraclitus, and the rest,—of the seventh-sixth centuries B.C., may be viewed as signalising the first breaking of the European spirit into mature self-consciousness. What is the place of the statesmen, the generals, the dramatists, the sculptors, the artists, of the fifth-fourth centuries B.C.—of Themistocles and Pericles, Æschylus and Sophocles, Scopas and Zeuxis—are these organic types or freaks of the age? To say their names is to think of human action—the poetry of action, the idealisation of action. The head and the heart had been ripened for action—the hand curve rose and ascended to a climax. Is it overstraining the seasonal metaphor to maintain that with the fifth-fourth centuries we arrive at a season of blossoming and fruition—to maintain that this period was the Summer and harvest-time of the first age of the fully-awakened European zeitgeist?

Purblind gropings after the devious track of Western civilisation cannot but lead the historian far astray. Between the fifth-fourth centuries B.C., and the eleventh-thirteenth centuries A.D., is an interval of some 1500 years. But the time test is no criterion of the organic difference between the Europe of the one date and the Europe of the other. The comparison of the Parthenon with the Cathedral of Amiens might be the study of a lifetime; and as the aged investigator stepped into the grave, it would be his to proudly reflect that he had learned enough to enable him to understand what a difficult problem awaited solution. The difference between Plato's Republic

and the ideal society of the Holy Catholic Church, is the difference between x and y—or say between $\Sigma\delta x$ and $\Sigma\delta y$. But yet amongst the infinitude of divergencies there are some differences more obvious, perhaps, than others. Plato's Woman is a child-bearing man. The Woman of the mediæval church was a quintessence of the Spiritual Power. And so (like Holy Mother Church herself) she was a being who gave, in return for protection and reverence by man, the inspiration that prompts to right action, and the love that casts out fear.[1]
Explicitly or implicitly Plato's Republic was built on slave labour and was limited by Hellenic exclusiveness. Catholicism strove to establish a social order in which nor Pariah, nor Ishmaelite, nor Laodicean, nor Philistine should be found. And these were to be eliminated by a process not of exclusion but of inclusion within the circle of the elect. To live without working, and to work without living, were alike to be rendered impossible. And the ideal society was to be achieved not by the strong father-hand but by the gentle mother-heart—that subtle force of affectionate duty by which the Church then believed it possible to moralise the actions of public and private life. To let mother-love have free-play — that is one rendering of the mediæval claim for superiority of the spiritual over the temporal power.

The celibate priest was the incarnation of mother-love in the muscular person of a wise father. He was, or was to be, the living synthesis of hand, mind, and heart; of the physical, the intellectual, the emotional; of faith, hope, and charity. Here was, or was to be, trinity in unity; unity in trinity.

Such were the ideals of the Mediæval Catholic Church. Now the educational value of an ideal depends on its unrealisability —no noble man being a hero to his own conscience. So let us not whip the Church with the gambling Pope and the uxorious

[1] The Woman of Catholic chivalry is to be distinguished from the incarnation of Satan, which Woman was to the early Christian Fathers, and from the idolised divinity which she was to the Catholic writers and artists of the Renaissance.

abbot—of whom indeed we should hear less if we were more instructed in the physiology of Church history, and left its pathology to the specialists, who could use the knowledge to advantage. Let us rather count the derelicts of ecclesiasticism as a standing humiliation to the pride of the individual man, and a compliment to the idealism of the Church—which is the collective man.

What is to be the seasonal interpretation of this period of two hundred and fifty years (1000-1250 A.D.)?—this period which gave birth to the seventh Gregory and the third Innocent, Godfrey of Bouillon and St. Louis of France, St. Bernard and St. Francis — which achieved the Crusades and the Gothic Cathedral, Chivalry and the Grey Friars—which consciously and honestly attempted to organise industry, to moralise society and to govern Europe by an infinite dispersion of local authority concerted and graduated to culminate and balance in the final supremacy of the Holy See? What is the locus of this quarter millennium in the composite curve of human progress? And what the direction and behaviour of the Western curve since the Hellenic ascent?

The legions of Rome, the peace of Rome, her roads, her jurisprudence, her functionaries—gave to the western world a oneness, a community of interests which made possible a common religion, a universal church. The perfected Roman administration afforded to the Catholic priesthood a model of organisation without which the Christians might have remained a dissenting sect amongst a Pagan people.

That which the precepts and examples of the stoical philosophers had splendidly failed to do, the simple heroism of the Christian Martyrs accomplished—though at some sacrifice of principle, it may be, and with some loss of the joyousness of the nature-worshipper. The heart of Europe was awakened

to the higher nobility of a religion of justice, mercy, and self-suppression.

The free-born farmers of Germany and the sons of the independent fisher-folk of Scandinavia, led into the sunny South by chiefs of towering individuality, broke the chains of Roman slavery and prepared the ground for the growth of modern industry with its crops and its weeds—at times like to devour the crops there!

A rush of Arab shepherds led by religious fanatics against her southern frontiers, woke Europe out of a prolonged wintry torpor, brought fresh knowledge of men and things from the far East, and—strange fate—reopened the long sealed storehouse of Greek speculation and Greek science.

Thus a long story of awakenings and slumberings, of seedtimes and harvest, of blossoming Summers and fallow Winters, in the interval between the Hellenic and the mediæval ascent. But the most wide-spread awakening of all was effected by the trumpet-notes of the Catholic Church. And if the mediæval mind curve did not rise to the level of Greek times, yet the mediæval heart curve towered far higher than the Greek had ever gone. A rise in the heart curve we associate with Springtime. Thus, mayhap, there is a sense in which we may look upon the period of Catholic chivalry as a Spring, part of whose Summer and Autumn has yet to come.

V. V. BRANFORD.

JUNGE LEIDEN: A SPRING TROUBLE

All the meadowlands were gay
Once upon a morn of May;
All the tree of life was dight
With the blossoms of delight.

And my whole heart was a-tune
With the songs of long ere noon—
Dew-bedecked and fresh and free,
As the un-sunned meadows be.

'Lo!' I said unto my spirit,
'Earth and sky dost thou inherit.'
Forth I wandered, void of care,
In the largesse of the air.

By there came a damosel,
At a look I loved her well:
But she passed and would not stay—
And all the rest has gone away.

And now no fields are fair to see,
Nor any bud on any tree;
Nor have I share in earth or sky—
All for a maiden's passing by!

W. MACDONALD.

A LITTÉRATURE NOUVELLE EN FRANCE

Trois faits me semblent dominer et résumer l'évolution littéraire de ces dernières années, faits connexes et qui ne sont au fond que trois aspects d'un seul et même fait :

La banqueroute de la philosophie pseudo-scientifique.

La banqueroute du naturalisme.

La renaissance de l'idéalisme.

I

Et d'abord la banqueroute de la philosophie 'scientifique.'

Ce sera pour nos petits-neveux un éternel sujet d'ébahissement quand ils liront l'histoire des idées et leur influence sur la 2e moitié du 19e siècle.—Jamais on n'a défendu avec autant d'assurance au nom de la raison des dogmes aussi irrationnels, des théories qui ressemblent d'aussi près à des aberrations mentales. Jamais on n'a vu pareil dogmatisme chez les uns, pareille foi de charbonnier chez les autres. Jamais église catholique n'a exigé de ses fidèles une abdication aussi complète de leur entendement que ne l'ont fait les philosophies 'positives' des Haeckel et des Spencer. Considérez, je vous prie, cette 'Théorie moniste sur l'Evolution mécanique de l'Univers,' qui fait jaillir les clartés de la raison des ténèbres de la nébuleuse primitive, qui fait sortir la vie de la mort, la conscience de l'inconscience, le génie de la folie, la psychologie de l'homme de la psychologie des infusoires, la vertu des grands hommes des instincts des petites bêtes, la morale de Saint François de la morale des Boschimans. Et pour accomplir avec un succès triomphal cette prestidigitation logique, il n'a fallu à cette philosophie que cette seule et magique formule : variations infiniment petites sur un temps infiniment long. Et pour faire accepter ce prodigieux enchaînement d'absurdités, il n'a fallu concéder à cette philosophie que cette première et féconde absurdité : d'abstraire les antécédents des conséquents, de faire

de ces antécédents des Entités existant par elles-mêmes, de ramasser dans ces antécédents toute la causalité au début de l'Univers; d'isoler en un mot les causes primitives de leurs conséquences finales:—n'oubliant ainsi qu'une seule chose c'est que la vraie nature et le contenu de la cause ne nous apparaît que dans ses effets.—Considérez encore je vous prie cette 'Classification positive des Sciences,' qui a voulu détrôner la psychologie et qui l'a voulu asseoir sur la biologie comme s'il y avait rien de commun entre les méthodes d'observation en biologie et les méthodes d'observation en psychologie, comme si l'âme humaine pouvait se révéler à d'autres qu'à elle-même, . . . comme si elle pouvait être étudiée autrement que par cette introspection, tant raillée par la 'philosophie scientifique.'—Considérez ces 'déclamations naïves contre l'anthropomorphisme' comme si l'anthropomorphisme n'était pas la condition et la limite de toute science humaine, comme si nous pouvions sortir de nous-mêmes et regarder l'univers avec l'œil à facettes d'une mouche. Considérez 'ces déclamations plus naïves encore et en tous cas plus grossières sur la Révolution de Copernic,' sur la terre qui n'est qu'une goutte de boue, sur l'homme qui n'est qu'une moisissure d'un jour éclose sur cette goutte de boue, un insecte infiniment petit avec un orgueil infiniment grand, comme si la Révolution de Copernic pouvait impliquer une révolution fondamentale de la morale, comme si la valeur morale et intellectuelle des habitants de ce monde sublunaire était en raison directe de la masse et en raison inverse du carré de sa distance de Sirius et d'Aldébaran.

Et considérez enfin, considérez surtout ces lieux-communs sur l'automatisme animal et humain, sur l'homme qui n'est qu'une marionnette agitée pour l'amusement d'un Dieu inconnu ou du Hasard, sur l'âme qui n'est qu'un mécanisme mis en branle par le monde extérieur et dont les circonstances tour à tour remontent et démontent les rouages, sur la responsabilité et la liberté, qui ne sont qu'une illusion attribuant à l'individu les crimes de sa chair et de ses nerfs.

Ces théories qui furent le viatique de la France pendant un

quart de siècle, qui furent acceptées et proclamées par la littérature naturaliste comme les 'Premiers Principes' d'un art nouveau,—l'on pouvait prévoir ce qui en devait sortir. Et l'on sait trop bien ce qui en est sorti en effet. Il en est sorti une littérature maladive, littérature déprimée et déprimante, œuvre de névroses et ne pouvant enfanter que des névroses: roman naturaliste de Zola, roman épileptique des Goncourt, roman érotomane de Maupassant, 'Fleurs du Mal' de Baudelaire, 'Névroses' de Rollinat, scepticisme nihiliste de Renan, et Evangile de libre amour selon l'Abbesse de Jouarre—et comme couronnement, philosophie de Taine, machine sociale où l'on n'entend que grincements de poulies, enfer social où l'on n'entend que grincements de dents.

II

Voilà la philosophie qui est finie, ou qui est en train de finir; et cette banqueroute de la philosophie 'scientifique' devait naturellement en amener une autre, la faillite de la littérature qui en était sortie et qui se réclamait de la philosophie 'scientifique,' comme la philosophie scientifique se reclamait de la science.

Assez longtemps les 'Fleurs du Mal' s'étaient épanouies sur le fumier de la corruption des Boulevards. Assez longtemps la littérature avait vécu dans l'atmosphère de la Salpétrière et des amphithéâtres de dissection. Désormais libre aux Epigones de Baudelaire de hanter tour à tour les bouges, les hôpitaux et les sanctuaires et tour à tour de chanter la luxure et la vierge Marie. La littérature nouvelle a quitté, elle quittera de plus en plus ces bouges et ces hôpitaux pour le grand air et la lumière. Fini le règne de la Littérature 'scientifique' et 'documentaire' qui n'était en réalité que la littérature brutale! Fini aussi le règne du Voltairianisme gouailleur et du dilettantisme sophistique. Sans doute les vieux Voltairiens et les sceptiques sont toujours là: la postérité impuissante de Renan, M. Barrès, Anatole France et Jules Lemaître continuent de promener sur toutes choses leur désenchantement ou

satisfait, ou résigné, ou mélancolique. Sans doute, j'avoue que l'on reconnaîtrait difficilement l'esprit d'une Renaissance dans les 'Rotisseries de la Reine Pédauque,' ou même dans les 'Opinions de Jérome Coignard,' les deux dernières fantaisies de M. Anatole France. Sans doute il est vrai encore que les naturalistes en apparence sont toujours en possession de la faveur populaire et que le tirage de leurs œuvres ne souffre pas une notable décroissance. Mais en réalité, là même—quels changements! Et le 'Maître de Médan' lui-meme! Quantum mutatus ab illo! Quelle marche depuis 'La Terre' jusqu' à son dernier roman! Il est allé a Lourdes, il ira à Rome, un jour, n'en doutez pas, il fera le chemin de Damas. Et quant à ses disciples d'avant-hier, néophytes de la veille comme 'ils se bousculent sur le chemin de Damas!' Avec quel mépris et quel dégoût ils se détournent de la contemplation de la Bête et de la contemplation de leur nombril. Avec quelle inquiétude ils prètent l'oreille à tous les échos du dehors, attendant la bonne nouvelle, que cet Evangile s'appelle néo-bouddhisme ou néo-catholicisme, mysticisme ou théosophisme, hypnotisme ou télépathie! Comme ils se précipitent sur toutes les philosophies, sur toutes les théories récentes, sur la suggestion, sur les 'Idées Forces,' sur le socialisme idéaliste, sur les systèmes de Guyau ou de Nietzsche, pour y trouver une conception de la vie et une direction de leur art. Dans ces écrivains qui ont à un tel degré le sentiment de leur responsabilité sociale, qui croient avoir charge d'âmes, qui étalent encore 'la Bête humaine,' mais comme Héraclès étalait la dépouille du lion de Némée, comme un trophée de victoire de la bête qu'ils ont tuée en eux, dans ces écrivains investis d'un sacerdoce tout comme naguère le 'songeur,' Hugo ou le 'penseur,' Balzac, reconnaissez vous encore les Dilettanti de 'l'Art pour l'Art'? Examinez quelques unes des œuvres apparues en ces dernières années. Choisissez les dans les écoles les plus diverses. Etudiez quelques écrivains depuis le Rédacteur du 'Mercure de France,' ou de 'l'Ermitage' jusqu' au Directeur de la 'Revue des Deux Mondes.' Je ne considère pas leur valeur, je ne considère que leurs tendances.

Et ne sont-ce pas au fond les mêmes tendances que vous retrouvez dans le 'Disciple' de Bourget, dans les contes de Villiers de l'Isle Adam, dans les derniers romans de Paul Margueritte, dans la critique de Brunetière, dans les prédications de de Vogüe, de Desjardins, dans la 'Vie Simple,' d'Edmond Picard, dans le théâtre de Maeterlinck, et enfin, 'last not least,' dans toute la littérature belge qui s'est si complètement émancipée de la tyrannie des boulevards et si triomphalement vengée du mépris des boulevardiers! Un courant européen circule à travers tout cet art naguère encore stagnant et croupissant. Un vent frais a balayé les miasmes; vent du large, vent soufflant des steppes de la Russie et des Fjords de la Scandinavie.

III

Tel est le fait capital qui s'impose aux étrangers qui veulent comprendre la littérature française d'aujourd'hui, aux Anglo-Saxons surtout qui ne vont respirer trop souvent que ce que Louis Veuillot appelait si joliment les 'Odeurs de Paris.' . . .—Et que l'on ne dise pas que ce fait n'est qu'à la surface. Ne se manifeste-t-il pas à la fois dans tous les domaines: en politique où s'est faite la concentration des bonnes volontés et la conciliation des vieux partis monarchiques, où les vieilles et mesquines questions politiques ont fait place aux Questions Sociales? En religion, où les catholiques ont désarmé et abdiqué devant la République, où les anti-catholiques ont abandonné les vieilles méthodes voltairiennes, où en pleine tribune, un ministre proclamait théatralement les exigences de l'Esprit nouveau'? Et que l'on ne dise pas non plus pour se débarrasser de ce fait et pour en méconnaître la valeur que cet 'esprit nouveau' est trop souvent une résurrection de l'esprit ancien, que cette prétendue Renaissance n'est qu'une exhumation de l'antiquité et des antiquailles cléricales, que tout ce que l'on a gagné, tout ce que l'on gagnera sur la philosophie positive, sera gagné par le catholicisme et pour le catholicisme, et que ce catholicisme sera demain ce qu'il est aujourd'hui, ce qu'il était hier, ce qu'il était

au siècle de Saint Dominique. Car fût il même vrai que le catholicisme dût regagner du terrain, ce catholicisme ne pourra plus être, il n'est déjà plus ce qu'il était naguère : là aussi les eaux dormantes sont agitées sous un souffle du Nouveau-Monde, l'esprit des Manning et des Gibbons. Que si l'on soutenait quand même que ce renouveau du catholicisme, quoi qu'il put devenir, serait un recul où un malheur, il faudrait répondre que ce recul et ce malheur sont imputables uniquement à ceux qui ont cru que l'on pouvait détruire une grande religion par des gaudrioles ou des gauloiseries, ou que l'on peut détruire ce que l'on est impuissant à remplacer.

Et en vain n'objectera-t-on encore que la réaction contre la philosophie scientifique est trop souvent une réaction contre la science, ou comme le disait hier Berthelot 'un retour offensif du mysticisme,' que les jeunes littérateurs, forts de leur ignorance parlent trop complaisamment de la banqueroute d'une science dont ils ignorent les premiers rudiments et que leur paresse se réfugie trop commodément dans une foi de charbonnier.—Comme si la science était responsable de la faillite d'espérances qu'elle n'a pas faites où qu'elle ne pouvait faire, comme si l'astronomie et les mathématiques étaient solidaires des excès de la zoologie darwinienne.—Tout cela peut être vrai, tout cela est vrai, dans une certaine mesure et la récente controverse qui à mis aux prises en France M. Brunetière et M. Berthelot et qui a tant ému le monde savant, nous montre les dangers d'une réaction regrettable. Mais même en tenant compte de ce qu'il peut y avoir de réactionnaire dans cette réaction, de dilettantisme, de snobisme et d'insincérité dans cette invasion de tous le esotérismes, comment malgré tout, méconnaître ce que la jeune littérature a apporté dans son œuvre de sympathie plus large, de souffle plus pur, d'inspiration plus généreuse et en même temps d'originalité plus intime et moins extérieure, comment ne pas applaudir à la disparition de la littérature brutale et de la littérature hystérique, comment ne pas saluer avec une joie confiante l'art français qui va s'épanouir et le renouveau qui va fleurir ! CHARLES SAROLEA.

THE BANDRUIDH[1]

With woven green branches
  All of the quicken
The Bandruidh waveth
  The soft Airs nigh.

THE BANDRUIDH

Come, air of the mountain, what news of the mountain,
Does the green moss cling to the claw of the eagle?

THE MOUNTAIN AIR

The green moss clings to the claw of the eagle.

THE BANDRUIDH

Come, air of the hill-slope, what news of the hill-slope,
Does the red stag sniff at the coming of green?

THE UPLAND AIR

The red stag sniffs at the coming of green.

[1] The Bandruidh: literally, the Druidess; commonly, the Sorceress; poetically, the Green Lady, i.e. Spring.

THE BANDRUIDH

THE BANDRUIDH

Come, air of the corries, what news of the corries,
Does the hart's-tongue sprout where the waterfalls leap?

THE AIR OF THE CORRIES

The hart's-tongue sprouts where the waterfalls leap.

THE BANDRUIDH

Come, air of the pine-wood, what news of the forest,
Do the seedlings stir in the needle-strewn mould?

THE FOREST AIR

The seedlings stir in the needle-strewn mould.

THE BANDRUIDH

Come, air of the braes, what news of the braes now,
Do the curled young bracken unsheathe their green claws?

THE AIR OF THE BRAES

The curled young bracken unsheathe their green claws.

THE BANDRUIDH

Come, air of the glen, what news of the birdeens,
Is song on the birds yet, and leaves on the lime?

THE AIR OF THE GLEN

Green song to the birds now, green leaves to the lime!

THE BANDRUIDH

My robe is of green,
  My crown is of stars,
The grass is the green
  And the daisies the stars:
O'er lochan and streamlet
  My breath moveth sweet,
Blue lochan so bonnie, brown burnie
  So sweet.

The song in my heart
  Is the song of the birds,
And the wind in my heart
  Is the lowing of herds:
The light in my eyes,
  And the breath of my mouth,
Are the clouds of Spring skies
  And the sound of the South.

THE AIRS

Grass-green from thy mouth
The sweet sound of the South!

FIONA MACLEOD.

THE ANOINTED MAN

Of the seven Achannas—sons of Robert Achanna of Achanna in Galloway, self-exiled in the far North because of a bitter feud with his kindred—who lived upon Eilanmhor in the Summer Isles, there was not one who was not, in more or less degree, or at some time or other, fëy.

Doubtless I shall have occasion to allude to them again, and almost certainly to the two youngest; for they were the strangest folk I have known or met anywhere in the Celtic lands, from the sea-pastures of the Solway to the wrack-strewn beaches of Lewis. Upon James, the seventh son, the doom of his people fell last and most heavily. Some day I may tell the full story of his strange life and tragic undoing, and of his piteous end. As it happened, I knew best the eldest and youngest of the brothers, Alasdair and James. Of the others, Robert, Allan, William, Marcus, and Gloom, none save the last-named survives—if peradventure he does—or has been seen of man for many years past. Of Gloom—strange and accountable name, which used to terrify me, the more so as by the whim of fate it was the name of all names suitable for Robert Achanna's sixth son—I have long known nothing beyond the fact that ten years or more ago he was a Jesuit priest in Rome, a bird of passage, whence come and whither bound no inquiries of mine could discover. Two years ago a relative told me that Gloom was dead, that he had been slain by some Mexican noble in an old Spanish city beyond the seas. Doubtless

the news was founded on truth, though I have ever a vague unrest when I think of Gloom, as though he were travelling hitherward, as though his feet, on some urgent errand, were already white with the dust of the road that leads to my house.

But now I wish to speak only of Alasdair Achanna. He was a friend whom I loved, though he was a man of close on forty, and I a girl less than half his years. We had much in common, and I never knew any one more companionable; for all that he was called 'Silent Allie.' He was tall, gaunt, loosely built. His eyes were of that misty blue which smoke takes when it rises in the woods. I used to think them like the tarns that lay amid the canna-whitened swamps in Uist, where I was wont to dream as a child.

I had often noticed the light on his face when he smiled, a light of such serene joy as young mothers have sometimes over the cradles of their first-born. But, for some inscrutable reason, I had never wondered about it, not even when I heard and understood the half-contemptuous, half-reverent mockery, with which not only Alasdair's brothers, but even his father at times used towards him. Once, I remember, I was puzzled when, on a bleak day in a stormy August, I overheard Gloom say, angrily and scoffingly, 'There goes the Anointed Man!'

I looked, but all I could see was, that despite the dreary cold, despite the ruined harvest, despite the rotting potato crop, Alasdair walked slowly onward, smiling, with glad eyes brooding upon the grey lands around and beyond him.

It was nearly a year thereafter—I remember the date, because it was that of my last visit to Eilanmhor—that I understood more fully. I was walking westward with Alasdair, towards the end of the day. The light was upon his face as though it came from within; and indeed, when I looked again, half in awe, I saw there was no glamour out of the West, for the evening was dull and threatening rain. He was in sorrow. Three months before, his brothers Allan and William had been drowned; a month later, his brother Robert had sickened, and now sat in

ingle from morning till the covering of the peats, a skeleton almost, shivering, and morosely silent, with large staring eyes. On the large bed in the room above the kitchen, old Robert Achanna lay, stricken with paralysis. It would have been unendurable for me, but for Alasdair and James, and, above all, for my loved girl-friend, Anne Gillespie, Achanna's niece, and the sunshine of his gloomy household.

As I walked with Alasdair I was conscious of a well-nigh intolerable depression. The house we had left was so mournful; the bleak, sodden pastures were so mournful; so mournful was the stony place we were crossing, silent but for the thin crying of curlews; and above all so mournful was the sound of the sea, as, unseen, it moved sobbing around the isle; so beyond words distressing was all this to me that I stopped abruptly, meaning to go no further, but to return to the house, where, at least, there was warmth, and where Anna could sing for me as she span.

But when I looked up into my companion's face I saw in truth the light that shone from within. His eyes were upon a forbidding stretch of ground, where the blighted potatoes rotted among a wilderness of round skull-white stones. I remember them still, these strange far-blue eyes, lamps of quiet joy, lamps of peace, they seemed to me.

'Are you looking at Achnacarn?' (as the tract was called), I asked, in what I am sure was a whisper.

'Yes,' replied Alasdair slowly; 'I am looking. It is beautiful—beautiful. O God, how beautiful is this lovely world!'

I know not what made me act so, but I threw myself on a heathery ridge close by, and broke into convulsive sobbings.

Alasdair stooped, lifted me in his strong arms, and soothed me with soft caressing touches and quieting words.

'Tell me, my fawn, what is it? What is the trouble?' he asked again and again.

'It is you, it is you, Alasdair,' I managed to say coherently at last. 'It terrifies me to hear you speak as you did a little ago.

You must be fëy. Why, why do you call that hateful, hideous field beautiful—on this dreary day, and—and, after all that has happened? O Alasdair!'

At this, I remember, he took his plaid and put it upon the wet heather, and then drew me thither, and seated himself and me beside him. 'Is it not beautiful, my fawn?' he asked, with tears in his eyes. Then, without waiting for my answer, he said quietly: 'Listen, dear, and I will tell you.'

He was strangely still, breathless he seemed to me, for a minute or more. Then he spoke.

'I was little more than a child, a boy just in my 'teens, when something happened, something that came down the Rainbow Arches of Caer-Shee.' He paused here, perhaps to see if I followed, which I did, familiar as I was with all faerie-lore. 'I was out upon the heather, in the time when the honey oozes in the bells and cups. I had always loved the island and the sea. Perhaps I was foolish, but I was so glad with my joy that golden day, that I threw myself on the ground, and kissed the hot sweet ling, and put my hands and arms into it, sobbing the while with a vague strange yearning. At last I lay still, nerveless, with my eyes closed. Suddenly I knew that two tiny hands had come up through the spires of the heather, and were pressing something soft and fragrant upon my eyelids. When I opened them I could see nothing unfamiliar. No one was visible. But I heard a whisper: 'Arise and go away from this place at once. And this night do not venture out, lest evil befall you.' So I rose trembling and went home. Thereafter I was the same, and yet not the same. Never could I see as they saw, what my father or brothers or the isle-folk looked upon as ugly and dreary. My father was wroth with me many times, and called me a fool. Whenever my eyes fell upon those waste and desolated spots they seemed to me passing fair. At last my father grew so bitter that, mocking me the while, he bade me go to the towns, and see there the squalor and sordid hideousness wherein man dwelled. But thus it was with me: in the places they call

slums, and among the smoke of the factories and the grime of destitution, I could see all that other men saw only as vanishing shadows. What I saw was lovely, beautiful with strange glory, and the faces of men and women were sweet and pure, and their souls were white. So, weary and bewildered with my unwilling quest, I came back to Eilanmhor. And on the day of my home-coming, Morag was there—Morag of the Falls. She turned to my father, and called him blind and foolish. 'He has the white light upon his brows,' she said of me; 'I can see it, like the flicker-light in a wave when the wind's from the south in thunder-weather. He has been touched with the Fairy Ointment. The Guid Folk know him. It will be thus with him till the day of his death, if a duin'shee can die, being already a man dead yet born anew. He upon whom the Fairy Ointment has been laid must see all that is hideous and ugly and dreary and bitter through a glamour of beauty. Thus it hath been since the Mhic-Alpein ruled from sea to sea, and thus is it with the man Alasdair your son.'

'That is all, my fawn, and that is why my brothers when they are angry sometimes call me the Anointed Man.'

'That is all.' Yes, perhaps. But O Alasdair Achanna, how often have I thought of that most precious treasure you found in the heather, when the bells were sweet with honey ooze! Did the wild bees know of it? Would that I could hear the soft hum of their wandering wings!

Who of us would not barter the best of all our possessions—and some there are who would surrender all—to have one touch laid upon the eyelids, one touch of the Fairy Ointment? But, alas! the place is far and the hour is hidden. No man may seek that for which there can be no quest. Only the wild bees know of it, but I think they must be the bees of Magh-Mell; and there no man that liveth may wayfare yet.

FIONA MACLEOD.

ANIMA CELTICA

BY JOHN DUNCAN

The visioned stories read, the book is closed—
  The Past has been and shall not be again.
She dreams! . . . Yet comes to her, disarmed deposed,
  A wide new kingdom in the minds of men.

The south wind on the hill
  And the west wind on the lea—
But better than these I love
  The north wind on the sea.

For the north wind on the sea
  Is fearless and elate;
The ocean, vast and free,
  Is not more great.

On the hill the south wind laughs
  Where the blue cloud-shadows flee;
The west wind takes the mead
  With a ripple of glee;

But the north wind on the deep
  Is the wind of winds for me;—
Spirit of dauntless life,
  And Lord of Liberty!

WILLIAM SHARP.

THE LAND OF LORNE AND THE SATIRISTS OF TAYNUILT

HE Land of Lorne is, to me, the most interesting in Scotland—indeed in the British Isles. It is the most picturesque, the most diversified by nature and by association. Its scalloped islands, its slender peninsulas, and its deeply indented mainland, with its bens and glens and corries—its lochs and rivers, its varied fauna of sea and land, with its ancient buildings, its sculptured remains, and its human interests—all seem to give it pre-eminence over other lands.

The Land of Lorne is the cradle of Christianity in Scotland, of monarchy in Scotland, and so, in a way, of that merged monarchy on which the sun never sets.

It was the home of Naois and Darthula; of Ardan and Aille; of Fingal and Ossian; a home of epic poetry and song, of art and music. It was there that 'Waverley' originated, and 'Kidnapped' and 'Catriona'—for Stevenson, like Scott, lived there, and to its rugged shores and fronded bens and fragrant birchy glens the heart of Stevenson, like the heart of Scott, ever tenderly turned.

And possibly the dying Stevenson, in the fair isle of Samoa, thought of the Land of Lorne as did the dying Scott in the sunny clime of Italy, when he was heard crooning to himself—

> 'And it's up the heath'ry mountain,
> And down the rugged glen,
> We daurna go a-milking
> For Charlie and his men.'

And it was of the Land of Lorne that another noble-hearted

Scot—Ian Campbell of Islay—was thinking when crooning to himself a few hours before he died—

> 'Cha till, cha till,
> Cha till mi tuillidh!'
>
> 'I return, I return,
> I return no more!'

And it was the home of some of the best pastoral poets. For I think there is nothing in all pastoral poetry to excel, if to equal, the 'Beinn Dorain' of Duncan Ban Macintyre. And the Land of Lorne was not only the ancestral home of Lord Macaulay, of David Livingstone, of Thomas Campbell, but, as Blackmore himself tells us, of the forbears of 'Lorna Doone,' and of those of Robert Burns and John Ruskin.

The bards were the most powerful of the retinue of the Celtic Kings and Chiefs. They roused to war and lulled to peace at will the subjects of the one and the vassals of the other. Edward First realised this when he massacred the Welsh bards, and his successors showed that they understood it, by their atrocities towards the Irish bards. Had Celtic Scotland, like Celtic Wales and Ireland, been trampled under the heel of conquest, that grandest of battle odes, 'Brosnacha Catha Mhicmhuirich Mhoir,' had never been written. It may be mentioned that the Macmuirichs were hereditary bards to the Clanranalds for the long period of seventeen generations. They held a freehold farm of the value of £450 a year or thereby for their services, and only lost it when their charter was wiled from them by fraud. The person of the bard was sacred, and his house a sanctuary.

But the bards, being human, fell: they abused their powers, and like other tyrants were deposed. Then many of these 'sons of song' joined forces and travelled the country in bands. No band could consist of more than sixteen, and each had a chief—none being admitted into the circle till he had proved his power

of satire. These bards went under the name of Cliar Sheanachain '—Strolling Satirists. They overran the country, going where and when they liked, and preying upon whom they pleased, always choosing good wit, good quarters, and good cheer. They satirised everything and every one and one another—the dread of the people wherever they went. They could remain in a place for a year and a day, unless their satire was overcome by satire. The last Strolling Satirists of whom I have any knowledge were at Nunton, in Benbecula, about the middle of last century. The band was sixteen strong. Clanranald treated them with lavish hospitality, as became a great chief, and of this they availed themselves to the full. But though the Satirists had the civility to pass over Clanranald and Lady Clanranald, they satirised everybody else in the place, till all was excitement and resentment throughout the land. The foolish laughed, but the wise mourned, for nothing was talked of but the vitriolic sayings of these men: society was scandalised, and work was hindered.

The year and a day of their 'sorning' was speeding on, and the forty-second mart was killed for their use, when Clanranald came out breathless and bonnetless, and raising his arms appealingly exclaimed, in the bitterness of his heart: 'A Dhe Mhoir nam feart, agus Iosa, Mhic Mhuire, nan neart, am bheil duin, idir, idir an Clanradhail a thilleas air a ghraisg dhaoine so!' 'O Thou great God of might, and Thou all-powerful Jesu, Son of Mary, is there not a man at all at all in Clanranald can overmatch these scurrilous kerns!'

There was no response. All the wits of the district had already measured swords with these keen blades, only to be discomfited and disarmed, and made the laughing-stock of the land. The only man who had not tried was the fool of Clanranald, and he, being a fool, had not been asked. But the Satirists now attacked him, and the fool retorted—so effectively that they fled the land.

The Strolling Satirists came to the house of Campbell of

Bailendeor, in Lorne. Campbell was a substantial man, and hereditary almoner to the ancient Abbey of Airdchattan. He was generally called from his office, 'An Deora'—the almoner, 'An Deora Mor'—the big almoner. The Satirists and Walter Campbell, son of the Deora, had frequent wit combats—often angry, and many times exasperating. They sorned upon his family, and satirised his clan and his kin—searing him to the soul. He retorted; but his retorts, they declared, were inept. He said—but in vain—

'Dh'ithe tu mo chuid
'Us phronna tu mo ghab,
Dh'ola tu m'fhion
Spiona tu mo bhad.'

'Thou wouldst eat my bread
And bruise my mouth,
Thou wouldst drink my wine
And pluck my beard.'

Walter Campbell felled a tree in a place known since then as 'Glac a Chlamhain'—'dell of the harrier.' The dell is wide and open towards the north-west, gradually narrowing and closing towards the north-east. He asked the Satirists to come and help him to split up the tree. They came. Campbell drove a wedge into the bole and rent it along the stem. He then ranged the men on each side, and asked them to place their hands in the rent, and pull with all their might against one another, as he drove the wedge. The men pulled and Campbell struck the wedge, not in, but out, and the two sides of the rent bole sprang together like a steel trap, holding the men securely. Then Campbell fell upon them and killed them.

Had the Satirists been simple Macleans, Macdonalds, Macgregors, Murrays, Lamonts, or any other clan, the Campbells would have shielded Walter Campbell, however dark his crime. But they were of all clans, and some of them of good family.

All acknowledged—to use the words of Professor Blackie regarding the murder of Archbishop Sharp—that

> 'The loons were weel away. . . .
> But the deed was foully done.'

Great sensation was caused, and deep indignation roused, and Walter Campbell fled. He crossed the river Awe at the Brander—where Macdougall and Bruce had fought a battle—and continued his course up Glenorchy and down Glenlyon, among friendly clansmen and possibly kinsmen, and after many weary wanderings to and fro settled down in Kincardine.

Bailendeor is in the near neighbourhood of Taynuilt—Bunawe. Taynuilt means burn-house—from 'taigh,' house, and 'uillt,' oblique form of 'allt,' a burn, stream. Whether Walter Campbell himself ever divulged his real name in Kincardine is not known. But being from Burnhouse he became known among his neighbours in Kincardine as 'Walter Burnhoose'—shrivelling down through the years to 'Burness' and in his great-great-grandson into 'Burns'.

The practice of calling a man after his occupation, or the place where he lives or whence he came, is common throughout Scotland.

Walter Campbell of Bailendeor in Lorne thus became Walter Burness of Bogjoram in Kincardine, and great-great-grandfather of Robert Burness—afterwards 'Burns.' It has often been remarked that the genius of Burns was Celtic—not Saxon. And this shrewd observation was made by those who were ignorant of the historical fact.

His poetical genius, moreover, was inherited; for the Campbells of Bailendeor were known as a race of bards, and fragments attributed to them are still repeated at the 'ceilidh' round the winter fires. Walter Campbell's description of Glenlonan shows that he had a keenly observant eye, and a singularly musical ear—

THE LAND OF LORNE

'"Clacha dubha" an aghaidh srutha,
Am bun a bhruthaich bhoidheich,
Barragoille an oir na coille,
Am moch an goir an smeorach.'

'"Blackened stones" against the stream
At the foot of the lovely brae,
"Ridge of Gaul" on the woodland fringe,
Where early sings the mave.'

ALEXANDER CARMICHAEL.

GLEDHA'S WOOING

To Corsbie Keep rode Young Gledha'
  As the moon broke owre the brae;
He lighted him down at Corsbie Ford,
  And tethered his steed to the slae.

He cast his sword at the rown-tree root,
  His dirk upon the heath;
He set his foot to Corsbie Craig,
  And climbed it in a breath.

Proud Maisie stood by the high copestane;
  The stane and she were still.
The moonlicht dazzled in her een;
  Her thoughts were on the hill.

She turned, to see a shape o' man
  Rise black against the wa';
Before her heart could gie a gliff
  She kent the Young Gledha'.

'Now Christ you save and sain, fair may;
  Now Christ you sain and save!
Who would have speech o' your father's bairn
  Must speel in his ain grave.'

'What seeks the fae of my father's race
  In my father's house wi' me?
When the gled swoops at the doocot door
  He may spare his courtesie.'

GLEDHA'S WOOING

'The gled may learn o' the doo, Maisie;
 I come by fair moonlicht.
When your clan were last at my father's yett,
 Ye cam' at mirk midnicht.

'Ye cam' unbid at midnicht black,
 And made a red hearthstane;
O' a' that were o' my father's blood
 Ye left but me alane.'

'Ere the tod draws to the roost, Gledha',
 He should ken his road to go.
My father's step sounds on the stair;
 My brethren watch below.'

'I carena for your brethren's spears,
 Nor for your father's brand,
If I must fa' by a Crichton's blade,
 I 'll fa' here, where I stand.

'I met you low by the water-side;
 I met you high on the hill;
And there I got my deadly hurt.
 Your hand must heal or kill.

'My sword lies at the rown-tree root;
 My dirk is on the heath.
But pu' the pin from your hair, Maisie,
 And mak my heart its sheath.'

'To shame my birth—or slay my love;
 It is a bitter rede!'
'You may well forsake your living kin
 When I forsake my dead.'

GLEDHA'S WOOING

He 's taen her by the middle sma';
He 's kissed her, lip and e'e.
She 's led him down the hidden way
Was kent to none but three.

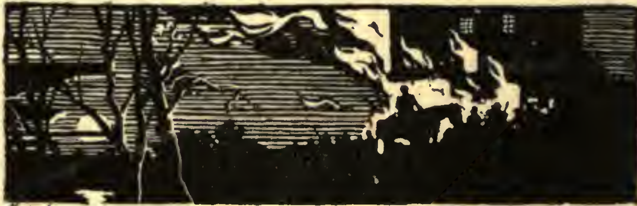
He 's buckled on his goodly blade
When to the wood they wan;
He 's borne her safe through Eden Water,
Though red, like blood, it ran.

. . . . .

'Hark to that eerie cry, Maisie,
That rises from the spate!'
'It 's but my father's angry hounds;
They 're lowsed an oor owre late.'

'Hark to that farawa chime, Willie,
Comes wandering down the fell!'
'Gin it hadna been for our bridal bed,
'Twould saired me for my knell.'

JOHN GEDDIE.



AN EVENING IN JUNE

ANET BALFOUR had got the dishes washed and the kitchen tidied up after tea; her mother was away to the Big House with the sewing they had just finished that afternoon, and would not be back till late; and now the evening was her own for reading and knitting. After a long day's sewing, knitting was a relief, if not something of a pastime, for one could read and knit at the same time. Leaving the door ajar she made her way down to the foot of the garden, where there was a seat fashioned from the root of a plane-tree. Looking at her as she walked, one would have noticed first the sheen of her ruddy brown hair, and the sweet serenity of expression that gave character, if not even beauty, to a homely face. Perhaps it was this light of peaceful happiness that made her look older than her years, for it seemed to speak of the sweetness that comes through suffering, of joyousness that had been tempered in patience and pain. And this suggestion a second look would certainly have confirmed. There were lines about the mouth and under the eyes, come before their time, and in her walk, the slightest suspicion of a limp. 'A bit dink,' the neighbours called it, 'that ye'd hardly see onless ye were telled about it.'

Sitting down, she unfolded her knitting across her knee, but appeared to be in no hurry to begin. The book lay unopened on the eis-wool shawl, and her fingers merely trifled with the needle and a ball of wool.

It was an evening in June, and the slumbrous air was heavy with the scent of roses and honeysuckle mingling with the smell of new-mown hay drying in the field beyond the garden. From the beeches rising high above the thatch-roofed cottage, and almost hiding the hill behind them, came now and again the flute-like notes of the mavis, while birds hopped about the berry bushes around her and twittered, talking to one another in whispers. On the village green girls were playing at

jingo-ring, and their voices, sounding dreamy in the distance, seemed but to add to the restfulness of the evening.

> 'Down in yonder meadow
>   Where the green grass grows,
> Where Jeanie Fairfull
>   She bleaches her clothes;
> She sang, and she sang, and she sang so sweet,
> Come over, come over, across the deep.'

It was a time when one would sit with hands folded and gaze with wide-open eyes seeing nothing. And so sat Janet. The lazy smoke curled from the ridge of thatch roofs where the village straggled along the highway; beyond, fields stretched to the sleepy loch nestling to the side of the distant hills. But she felt rather than saw the beauty of all. What she was seeing was the summers and winters of her own life from that day twenty years ago when she had fallen over a fence and hurt her spine. She was only four years old then, but she remembered it as it had been yesterday. There indeed was the selfsame fence, not the formidable fence it once was, but bowed and brought low with age and infirmity. Strange that a fall from such an insignificant height should have kept her an invalid so long. Yet now she was thinking not of the many years of suffering that she had known, but of the love and happiness that had been hers all through.

She thought of James Bruce, good, kind man, who had come to see her then, and had been a friend ever since. And James Bruce was the village grocer and draper, a well-to-do man, not poor as her mother was. He had brought her grapes and oranges and nice things which her mother could never have provided; and, better than all, he had brought her books, picture-books and story-books, from which she had slowly, she hardly knew how, taught herself to read and write. That was all the schooling Janet had ever had, yet the book now lying

on her knee was a volume of Emerson's 'Essays.' Thinking much of the kind-hearted old grocer, she thought much more of his son. She opened the book and read her name on the fly-leaf, 'Jan from Alex.' He always called her 'Jan,' as he had done that first day he came with his father to see her, bringing a great bag of sweeties and figs. He was only six years old then, and how often he had come to see her since! How he had helped her with the difficult words in her books till they had been able to read together! Then when at length she had been allowed to get out it was he who wheeled her to the fields in the little carriage his father had given her on her twelfth birthday, and there sat reading to her, or learning his own lessons. Later still it was he who had taught her to walk again, leading her, helping her over difficult places, laughing at her sometimes till she cried, and then carrying her home and talking nonsense till she laughed with him.

She laid aside the book and the knitting, and began walking up and down the garden path just for the pleasure of walking and assuring herself that she hardly limped at all now. It was all for his sake that she had taken such pains to walk without limping, and how delighted he would be when no one could speak of her lameness.

When she sat down again she folded up her knitting. 'It's ower warm for a shawl,' she explained to herself, 'an' ower bonny for readin'.' And she began dreaming again.

How happy those days had been for both! She saw again the old village wives nodding to them and smiling when Alex helped her out to the fields. 'It's braw to hae a big brother, Jenny,' they used to say. ''Deed it's no mony brothers would be so kind.' And she liked to hear them praise Alex; he had always blushed when they commended 'his thochtfu'ness.' 'She taks the place o' the little ane he canna mind o',' she had heard them moralise often enough. 'Nature has a way o' her ain for fillin' a' gaps.'

But the days of their childhood passed, and the time came

when Alex went away to an office in the town, and she had missed him sorely. But he had never forgotten her. Letters came regularly—long, interesting letters—telling of town life she did not know, of his work, of the classes he attended, and of a thousand and one things she had only read of in books. In her answers she told of all that was doing in the village; of the church choir, of the sewing she did for the Big House, of her garden, of the fields, and in her last, with tears, of the death of the green linty he had given her in a cage. And better than letters were the days looked forward to month by month when he came home and stayed from Saturday to Monday. But best of all was the summer holiday. That was the fortnight of the year to Janet. Then the happy days of childhood were renewed. They walked, and talked, and read together just as they had done when they were boy and girl. Now he was coming home again, and this time it was to be better than ever. She took from her pocket the letter she had got that very morning and read it again.

'"My dear Jan."' She said the words over to herself, emphasising the first, and blushing to hear them from her own lips. '"I have been promoted to be cashier now. Isn't that good news? But better news still! My holidays begin on Wednesday, and I shall be home again on Thursday."

'To-morrow,' she whispered, 'to-morrow.'

'"And now, Jan, I have a great secret to tell you. I might have told you by letter, but I should much rather tell you when I see you in the dear old garden with only the roses to hear, and the birds singing because they are happy with the happiness that is mine."

'The mavises are singing now,' she said, 'and their happiness is the happiness of love.'

She folded the letter and hid it in the bosom of her dress. 'A secret to tell me?' She laughed; a little sob of laughter it seemed. 'And I have a secret to tell Alex.'

Picking up the book she turned the pages, rustling them from

the one hand to the other, but her eyes were towards the loch, full of reverie. 'To-morrow,' she repeated, 'to-morrow.'

'To-night,' said a voice almost at her ear, while a pair of hands were placed over her eyes.

'Alex!' she cried. 'I know it—I know it.'

He came round and laid himself down on the grass at her feet. 'I thought I'd give you a surprise, Jan; so I climbed over the dyke as quiet as pussy and caught you. I got away a day earlier than I expected. . . . Reading as usual, I see. An' wha's the favourite now?' he asked, dropping into his boyhood Scots. 'Emerson nae less!'

She reached and took the book out of his hand. 'Dinna begin wi' books the nicht, Alex,' she said playfully. 'I havena read a word o't: I'd better readin' than Emerson.'

'No, Jan; I didna come to speak about books.' He leaned back on his elbow and looked up in her face. 'An' what better had ye than Emerson, Jan?'

'Only a letter, Alex.'

They sat quiet for a time. A lark rose from the hayfield and they watched it, listening till it ended its song slanting down again to the earth.

'Sit down on the grass, Jan.' He spoke somewhat nervously, and was back again into English. 'It's perfectly dry and—I've something to tell you, you know.'

She came and sat down near him, yet turning her head aside that he should not see her listening eyes.

'Can you guess what I'm going to speak about, Jan?' he asked; and then again, 'Can you not guess?'

Her hand played nervously with the long silver grasses, and without turning she answered in a whisper, 'Yes, Alex; I think I know.'

'I thought you would,' he hurried on; 'and I have been looking forward to telling you. . . . O Jan, I can't tell you how happy I am! Look,' he said, reaching to place a photograph in her lap. 'Isn't she beautiful? You must tell me what you think

of her, Jan, and you must be the first to congratulate me. You know I never had a sister but you. We have been like brother and sister always, and so—O Jan, tell me what you think of her.'

'It is a sweet and pretty face, Alex.'

What a change was in the voice all at once! But Alex was too full of his own affairs to notice.

'I'm so glad you like her. She is—— But I can't tell you what she is. I'm sure you will like her. I've told her all about my sister, and she is very eager to meet you. And do you know what she asked me, Jan? How I had never fallen in love with you! How simple she is!' He smiled happily at the notion. 'As if a brother and sister should fall in love! We only got engaged a month ago,' he rattled on; 'and now that I have a good income, I think we should get married as soon as possible.'

There was silence for a time. Alex had run himself out, and Janet sat apparently studying the face of the photograph in her lap. Gloaming was stealing over them, and a soft wind was stealing across the fields and rustling the leaves of the berry bushes. From the green came the girls' voices in their last ring before bedtime.

'You're very quiet, Jan,' he began again. 'And do you know you have not congratulated me yet? Come now, do wish me happiness.'

She handed him the photograph, turning and smiling wistfully in his face. 'Am I quiet, Alex? I didn't know. But you do know I wish you all happiness.'

'How formal that is, Janet, and—— What's wrong, Jan? You're as pale as death. Are you ill? What a fool I am, to be sure—here's this grass thick with dew!'

He sprang to his feet and lifted her up. 'Your hands are like ice.'

'Yes,' she said with a shiver. 'It's a little chilly, isn't it?'

'Take my arm,' he told her as they walked away; 'I see you're

limping badly to-night, Jan. You 've been overworking yourself, I 'm certain. But we 'll put all that right this fortnight. Eh ?' At the gate he bent to kiss her cheek in his old brotherly way, but she gave him her lips and kissed him instead. 'That 's my congratulation, Alex,' she said, with a strange short laugh. 'Listen, listen ! Do you remember when you used to wheel me to hear the girls singing that ?—

'Where shall bonny Jenny lie,
   Jenny lie, Jenny lie ?
Where shall bonny Jenny lie
   In the cold nights of Winter ?

GABRIEL SETOUN.

NORTHERN SPRINGTIME

HERE comes a day towards the end of winter when the clear sunlight floods the world and we tramp along feeling a tranquil joy in its glory. We catch, though perchance but half consciously as yet, the first vague hint of a coming time of which the world itself is still unaware. The spring we fain would stir in our steps meets with no answering resilience from the unyielding earth. The gnarled crust of the world lies unperturbed and irresponsive.

A fortnight later a new day dawns. The sun shines with no added brilliance and the earth is still hard. But now in the sun's rays there is a graciousness, a penetrating charm to which the world also must needs yield. The callous mask is lifted, and there are signs of a responsive outward stir. The whin flowers are no longer mere cold spots of gold in a dark setting, but become significant, like eyes of some uncouth being struggling to express a welcome.

But the harsh winds and the sleet showers return, and the withered edges of the tender green buds are the record of their visit; telling also of premature endeavours and ungarnered hopes, of young lives cut off in their beginnings, or doomed to a continuity of imperfection.

Then once more comes a reassurance that other days are even now approaching. Yet still each fresh beginning, each brave dash for life and vigour, is in turn checked by the night-frost or chilled by the cold wind, until the promise that brought the earlier expansion ceases to encourage or even to console. The few flashes of colour gradually recede and are lost again in the sombre monochrome of the earth.

But the stirring sense of uplifting grows with the lengthening days, and with the shortening nights the power of cold and darkness wanes. The earth's crust softens, though hardness

endures beneath the lush surface. The openness of summer soil through which the fresh air passes freely is a later achievement, to which this superficial mingling of earth and water is a passage and a promise.

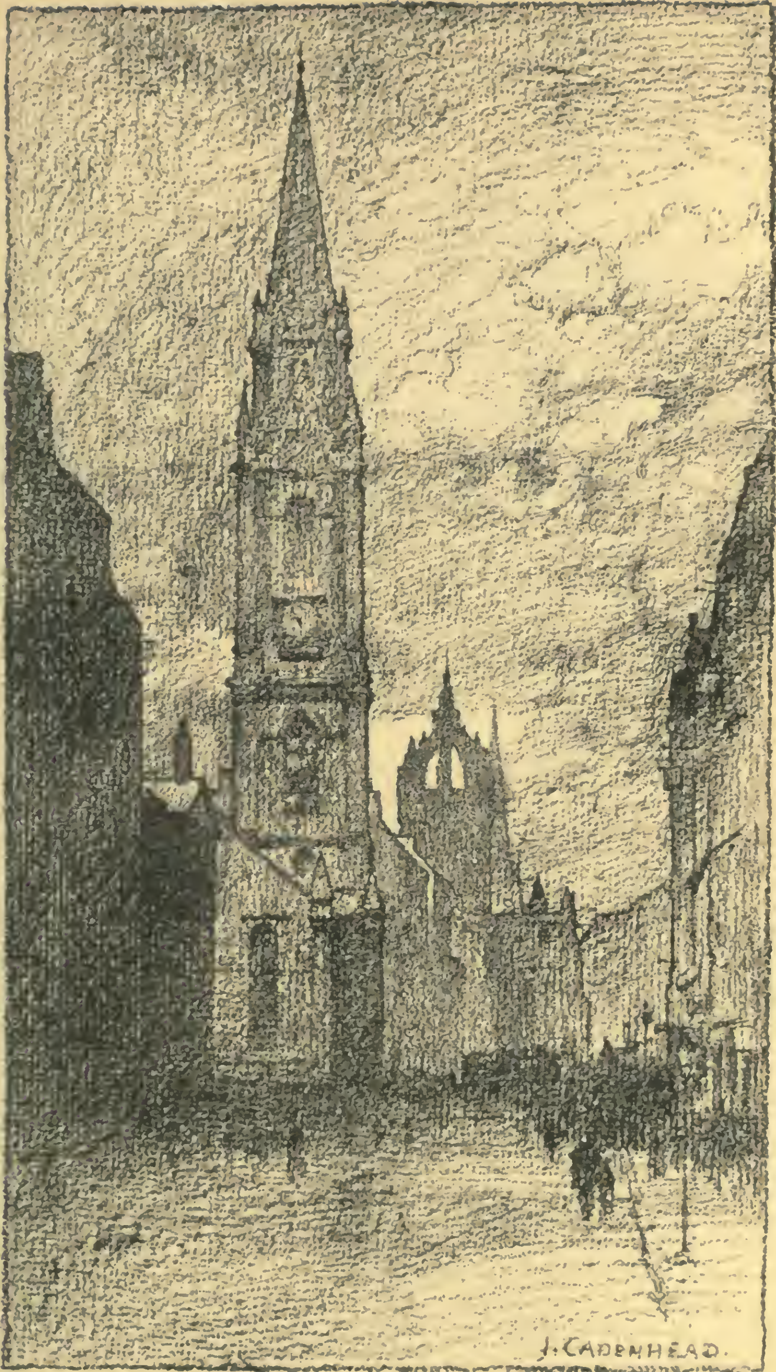
The nascent vegetation has little individuality of form or of colour. All the little soft cones, pushing from out their scaly or woolly wrappings, have an embryonic likeness to one another, and all are flushed with the same indefinite hue. Even yet, many an early bud, pressing forward into a life too strenuous for its quality, is blighted: so Nature rebukes precocity. But day by day Spring advances and the leaves slowly separate from one another as they are carried further into the airy world by the lengthening branch between; and presently they unfold and expand into their perfect shape, each becoming its proper self. Their colour, too—at first neither green nor red nor yellow, but strangely potential of any of these—becomes sharpened and defined. The glow common to all the tender shoots concentrates only in the youngest. These, growing conscious of their distinction, clothe themselves in gracefullest shapes and deck them in the gayest hues. Each turns to the sun to absorb contentedly its quickening radiance, taking it, no doubt, as surely meant for itself, and seeing in its own marvellous development the regeneration of a world.

Spring in the North is a history of hopes often dashed—sometimes, indeed, crushed immediately, but oftener rising again with renewed vigour and concentrated purpose. So we have learned to cherish hope until it seems hopeless, when suddenly a new ray stirs us, only in its turn to be overcast. But again and again it comes, until the gathering force of the seasonal benediction augments and accumulates and we behold Spring at last realised everywhere around us. Then we can wait with assurance—'with fair hopes,' as the Greeks would have said—for the serene fulness of Summer, and for Autumn that garners all the blessings of the year.

ANDREW J. HERBERTSON.

THE TRON AND ST. GILES'

BY JAMES CADENHEAD


J. CADENHEAD.

LACKIE was buried yesterday. At the High Kirk, as he would have wished it, his old friend and comrade Walter Smith shared the service with Cameron Lees, Flint and the Moderator:—Free Kirk and Auld Kirk uniting in the historic Kirk, as this merged into that communion of multitudinous sorrow, that reverent throng amid which the broad Cathedral was but the sounding chancel, the square and street the silent transept and nave. Psalm and prayer, choir and organ rolled their deepest, yet the service had a climax beyond the Hallelujah—the pipes, as they led the procession slowly out, giving the 'Land o' the Leal' a new pathos, and stirring the multitude with a penetrating and vibrating intensity which is surely in no other music. The big man beside me broke down, and sobbed like a child; the lump comes back to one's own throat, the eyes dim again, as one remembers it. It was a new and strange instrument, strangest perhaps even to those who knew well its Mænad call to dance, its demonic scream and thrill of war. For here were interpulsating all the wildness with all the majesty of Celtic sorrow, the eerie song of northern winds and the roar of western tides. The sigh and wail of women, the pride and lament of chiefs, gathered of old into bardic monologue and chorus, were all in this weirdest, wildest, most elemental music. So again pealed forth the chant of Ossian over an unreturning hero amid the undying moan of Merlin for a passing world.

In front went a long procession of Societies headed by kilt and plaid; behind came the mourning kinsmen, with the Advocates, the Senate, the Students, and the Town Council, in their varied robes; then the interminable carriages of personal friends.

But better than all these, the Town itself was out; the working people in their thousands and tens of thousands lined the way from St. Giles' to the Dean; the very windows and balconies were white with faces. Coming down the Mound, in full mid-amphitheatre of Edinburgh, filled as perhaps never before, with hushed assemblage of city and nation, the pipes suddenly changed their song, ceased their lament, and 'Scots Wha Hae' rang out in strenuous blast; the anthem of a Renascent—ever renascent—unconquerably renascent people. 'If Blackie himself could have heard that,' 'could have seen this'—the whisper went through crowd and procession, when the music changed again.

For those who were not there the scene is well-nigh as easy to picture as for us to recall: the wavy lane, close-walled with drawn and deepened faces, the long black procession marching slow, sprinkled with plaid and plume, crowded with College cap and gown, with civic scarlet and ermine, marshalled by black draped maces. In the midst the Black Watch pipers marching their slowest and stateliest—then the four tall black-maned horses—the open bier, with plain unpolished oaken coffin high upon a pyramid of flowers, a mound of tossing lilies, with Henry Irving's lyre of violets 'To the Beloved Professor,' its silence fragrant, at its foot. Upon the coffin lay the Skye womens' plaid, above his brows the Prime Minister's wreath, but on his breast a little mound of heather, opening into bloom.

. . . .

II.

From this pageant of Edinburgh it is but one step in thought to that solitary Samoan hill, up which dusky chiefs and clansmen, henceforth also brethren of ours, as he of theirs, were so lately bearing our other greatest dead—the foremost son of Edinburgh and Scotland. The leader of nationality in ripest age, the leader of literature in fullest prime, have alike left us. Each was in his own way 'Ultimus Scotorum'; each in his

own way the link with our best days of nationality and genius. What then—save 'Finis Scotiae!'—can remain for us to say? 'Finis Scotiae' indeed: yet in what generation has not this been said? What land, alas! has had oftener cause to say it? For whoso has read her Sagas may well ask if Scotland, rather than even her sister- and mother-isle, be not that 'most distressful country that ever yet was seen.' And yet, though age pass away at evening and manhood be reft from us at noon, new dawn ever comes, and with it new youth. To the baser spirits the Saga of their fathers is nought—is as if it never was; to the narrower it is all, but ended; yet to others it is much, and in no wise closed!

We will not boast overmuch of that incessant, ofttimes too depleting, efflux of astute yet fiery Scots adventurers who since the Union of the Crowns have mainly carried out their careers in England, as erstwhile on the Continent, heading her senates or ruling her empires, leading her commerce or moulding her thought. Nor need we here speak of those who think that because we would not quarrel with brother Bull, nor abandon our part in the larger responsibilities of united nationality and race, we must needs also sink the older loves and kinships, the smaller nationality wholly. Never before indeed, not even in the interregnum of the War of Independence, not after the Union of the Crowns or Parliaments, not after Culloden, has there been so large a proportion of Scotsmen conscientiously educating their children outside every main element of that local and popular culture, that racial aptitude and national tradition, upon which full effectiveness at home, and even individual success elsewhere, have always depended, and must continue to depend. But to this spoiling of what might be good Scots to make indifferent Englishmen, natural selection will always continue to oppose some limit. Nor need we analyse the current forms of dull prosperity, of soul-deep hypocrisy so rife among us—in this 'east-windy, west-endy town' above others—that routine-fixed intellect and frozen

heart against which Blackie's very extravagances were part of his testimony. There are signs that some reaction in all these matters is at hand; and it is after all the narrower, not the baser view of nationality that is the danger. For we have gone on increasing our libations and orations every St. Andrew's Day, the same for St. Robbie's and now for St. Walter's, till all the world perforce must join our revels. But all this while the history we boast of has become well-nigh unknown among us, the education we boast of (despite University and school 'Commissions' and the like) steadily falls behind that of other European countries and even of Canada and the Colonies. Science and law go dormant, literature disappears, medicine even makes money; and so on. Yet from patriotism to fool's paradise, as between all extremes, there is but one step, and few there be who do not find it.

Where then lies the true patriotism? As in olden warfare, primarily in energy for the living; only secondarily in honours to the dead, fit though these be. Living Scotland—living Greece—living Samoa,—these were the loves and cares of those two men whom we have been honouring; the traditions and heroes of these in full measure afterwards. What then is this Scotland of ours? What life does it actually show? What ideas and what aims are nascent among its youth? What manner of history will they make; what literature will they write? And we—what counsel in thought, what initiative in action, can we offer them? Here are questions (as our Scottish manner is) to ask rather than answer, but to which at some other season we may well return. But may we not learn something of these deeper organic factors of national life and possible renascence by their existing fruit? What of current literature, of every-day places and people? To the observant pessimist the impression is depressing enough. The vacant place of native literature supplied with twaddle and garbage in varying proportion, settled by the fluctuation of newsagents' imports; cities corresponding medleys of the squalid and the dull; people in keeping—mean or intemperate

in mind, when not also in body, canny to one fault, fanatical to another,—even the few wise timidly discreet, the few noble indiscreetly valiant.

But even were such hard sayings fully warranted, a reply remains—that these are phenomena of Winter, not of Spring—of death, not life. The slush of winter concerns us little; when buds begin to swell and shoots to peep, it delays little though the decaying leaves to pierce be deep and many—in the long run it even helps. Shrewd and practical intelligence yet ardent imagination are not necessarily at variance; their co-existence has stamped our essential national virtue and genius, even as their dissociation has defined our besetting sins, our antithetic follies. Industrial initiative and artistic life are reappearing, and each where it was most needed, the first amid this ice-pack of frozen culture, the latter in our western inferno of industry. Architecture too is renascent; the work of the past dozen years will on the whole bear comparison with anything in English or Continental cities, in a few cases may even challenge it, and in at least one case, that of the noble Academic Aula of Edinburgh, carry the challenge back to the best days of the Renaissance. The current resuscitation of Old Edinburgh, more unnoticed just because more organic, is hence a still deeper sign. First came the opening up of the Cathedral, the rebuilding of the City Cross, then of the Castle-Gates and Parliament Hall. Now the old courts and closes from Holyrood to Castlehill are slowly but steadily changing, and amid what was and is the most dense and dire confusion of material and human wreck and misery in Europe, we have every here and there some spark of art, some strenuous beginning of civic sanitation, some group of healthy homes of workman and student, of rich and poor, some slight but daily strengthening reunion of Democracy with Culture; and this in no parliamentary and abstract sense, but in the civic and concrete one. The Town House too is on plan, the Castle slums are doomed. Upon the surrounding hills rise the domes

and towers of great observatories—this of stars and that of mind; on the nearer slope stands already the Institute of History. Through the old town, so oft aflame, the phœnix, which has long 'lain among the pots,' is once more fluttering; and year by year, the possibilities temporal and spiritual of the renascent capital return or appear. The architectural cycle will soon have turned to its ancient starting-point, and the doves rest once more on St. Margaret's chapel pinnacle.

The social and moral cycle also. When we remember how every movement—moral or social, industrial or spiritual—sooner or later takes architectural embodiment, we shall better understand the meaning both of the Old New Town and of this New Old one. We remember too how often architectural movements have accompanied and preceded literary ones. And as in things both social and natural, small types serve as well as great, and straws mark currents, a passing word may be said of our own small beginnings in these pages. For not merely historic or picturesque sympathies, but practical if distant aims are bringing men back to Old Edinburgh to work and learn. Among the many traditions of the historic houses among which some of these are making their homes, none has been more inspiring, as none more persistently characteristic of Edinburgh than that of Allan Ramsay, who amid much other sowing and planting, edited and published an 'Evergreen' in 1724. This little collection of old-world verse, with its return at once to local tradition and living nature, was as little in harmony with the then existing fashion of the day in literature as its new namesake would hope to be with that of our own,—the all-pervading 'Decadence.' Yet it helped to urge succeeding writers to higher issues, among which even Percy's 'Reliques,' and Scott's 'Border Minstrelsy' are reckoned. So our new 'Evergreen' may here and there stimulate some new and younger writer, and hence beside the general interests common to all men of culture, it would fain now and then add a fresh page to that widely reviving

Literature of Locality to which the kindly firesides of Thrums and Zummerzet, the wilder dreamlands of Galway and Cader-Idris, of Man and Arran and Galloway are ever adding their individual tinge and glow.

So, too, with its expression of youngest Scottish art, its revival of ancient Celtic design. All organic beginnings, to survive and grow, need fit time even more than fortunate place. Nor would we dare to be replanting the old poet's unsunned hillside were not the Great Frost ended, the Spring gaining surely, however unsteadily, throughout the land, in face of all chill nights and sunless days. Our Flower, our Fruit of yesteryear lies buried; and as yet we have no other. Only here and there peeps and shivers some early bud. But in the dark the seed coat is straining, the chrysalid stirring. Spring is in the world; Spring is in the North.

III

Small signs of Renascence all these, perhaps illusory ones, many may say—our own countrymen of course most convincedly of all. The Literature of Locality, we are told by many reviewers, has had its little day, and is subsiding into mere clash o' kirkside, mere havers o' kailyard; so doubtless the renewal of locality may polarise into slum and respectability once more. Be it so; this season also will have its term. One day noble traditions long forgot will rouse a mightier literature, nobler localities still unvisited bring forth more enduring labours for their crown. Though Charlie may no come back again, though the too knightly king, so long expected back from Flodden, lie for ever 'mid the Flowers o' the Forest, though Mary's fair face still rouse dispute as of old, the Wizard's magic book still waits unmouldering in his tomb. The prophetic Rhymer listens from Elfland, Arthur sits in the Eildon Hills, Merlin but sleeps in his thorn. For

while a man can win power over nature, there is magic; while he can stoutly confront life and death, there is romance. Our recent and current writers have but touched a fringe of their possibilities. The songs of militant nationality may lose their power, the psalmody of Zion no more stir the sons as it was wont to do the fathers, yet gentler voices may reappear, older runes win a reading.

> 'In Iona of my heart, Iona of my love,
> Instead of the voice of monks shall be lowing of cattle,
> But ere the world come to an end
> Iona shall be as it was.'

. . . . . .

A final picture by way of summary. From our modern perspective a little place like Grahamston on the Edinburgh-Glasgow line, if noticed at all, is only a place of tedious stop. At most here or there a student of Scots literature or local history may remember that it owes its name to that 'Good Grahame of truth and hardiment' who was to Wallace what in more fortunate days the Good Lord James became to Bruce, and whom he buried here after his last battle. Few, however, visit the actual tomb, still fewer with intelligent eyes, unless they have learned to read the concrete tide-marks of history, to interpret the strata laid down by each period, which are to the books called History, as the natural strata to the books of Geology.

But when we have seen the surviving memorials that crowd the Acropolis, and line the Sacred Way, and stand around the Dome of Aachen, we may stop by this little roadside, and find to set in our Schools of History no more noble, no more touching presentment of the indestructible sovereignty of the ever-returning past than a picture of these poor stones, whose very dust to us will then be dear. For when the knightly effigy that it was Wallace's last act of power to lay was trampled dim by unthinking feet, the village folk or their priest laid a

new stone and carved its legend in their homely way. This, too, wore out as the centuries went by, but a new stone was laid; again, and yet again, till now four stones rest superposed, a great shrine of the rude modern ironwork of the place at length enclosing all. The monuments of victory in St. Paul's, of glory in Westminster, of world-service in the Pantheon, of world-conquest in the Invalides, are each of course great in their way beside this poor tomb, which after all well-nigh fails to preserve from utter forgetfulness the dim hero of one of those innumerable defeats which mark Scottish, which make Celtic history. Yet here the teacher will some day bring his scholars and read them Blind Harry's verse. And so in some young soul here and there the spirit of the hero and the poet may awaken, and press him onward into a life which can face defeat in turn. Such is our Scottish, our Celtic Renascence—sadly set betwixt the Keening, the watching over our fathers dead, and the second-sight of shroud rising about each other. Yet this is the Resurrection and the Life, when to faithful love and memory their dead arise.

PATRICK GEDDES.

Maria Regina Scotorum

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