THE EVERGREEN

PART III.—SUMMER

1896

THE EVERGREEN

A NORTHERN SEASONAL

THE BOOK OF SUMMER

PUBLISHED
IN THE LAWNMARKET OF EDINBURGH
BY PATRICK GEDDES AND COLLEAGUES
IN LONDON BY T. FISHER UNWIN, AND IN
PHILADELPHIA BY J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO.
1896


JUNE 21
JULY
AUGUST
SEPT 21
CANCER
LEO
VIRGO
LIBRA

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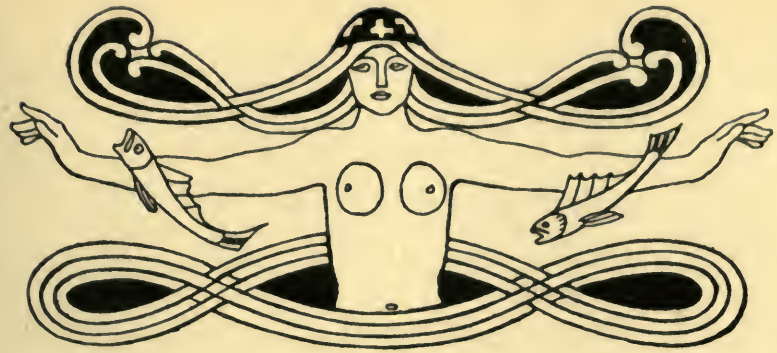
ROSES

BY ROBERT BROUGH


Harris.
PARKER BROUGH



I.—A FORERUNNER

CYTHEREA, in green gown,
Hair alight and purple crown,
Wendeth amid willows wan
In the ice dews by the lawn.

Cytherea, rapt in dreams,
Heareth not the thawing streams,
Doth not see the sprouting stalks,
No bird stirreth where she walks.

Yet where Cytherea moves
Hasten many a million loves;
Primrose, wind-flower, daffodil,
Follow her without her will.

Cytherea silent passes
With wet feet among the grasses,
On her head a soft rain weepeth,
In her veiled eyes sunshine sleepeth.

Wheresoe'er hath passéd she
All alive are bird and tree,
Rivers running, leaves uncurled,
Bud and bird-song glad the world.

Whither wendeth Cytherea,
Spring's unrealised idea,
Dear forerunner of our rapture,
Fugitive whom none would capture?

Veiléd vestal, joy unknowing,
Summer waits upon thy going;
Love sleep-walking, ere thou waken,
Spring-tide laughs, and thou 'rt forsaken!

Somewhere, wilt thou in surprise
Ope thy sweet, cold-lidded eyes,
Look upon the red-veined rose,
Bathe thee in the stream that flows?

Wilt thou, in a dumb amaze,
Turn thy slowly-kindling gaze
On full-flowered banks and meadows,
Wide with light and broad with shadows?

Where abid'st thou when the peach,
Within autumn's careless reach,
Falls o'erwhelmed by its heart-sweetness,
Failing through its own completeness?

When all richly-coloured things,
All wild creatures that have wings,
Warm in sheath, or cold in grave,
Winter slumber seek, or have,

Then upon some morning mellow,
When grey skies are tinged with yellow,
One who listens with fine ear,
Thy returning step may hear!

II.—MEETING OF SPRING AND SUMMER

HER face is like the first wind flower,
An arm, a knee, are bare.
Gold, enough for a queen's dower,
Is strewn upon her hair.
It is the Spring-tide's perfect hour
Say, if she is not fair!

Her hyacinthine draperies
Are hastily caught up
Across a youthful breast that is
Round as an acorn cup,
Under the giant forest trees,
Where the young fairies sup.

From the high hills she hath come down
Baptized by thawing snows,
To where the turbid streams are brown,
The ice-tarn overflows;
Their drops upon her primrose crown
Bedew her as she goes.

Upon the pastures green and wide
The little lambs, new-born,
Run from their anxious mother's side
To her in the dim morn.
Beneath her feet she hath descried
The early-springing corn.

Knee-deep in flowers advanceth she,
Gathering the daffodil,
And pansy and anemone,
With these her lap doth fill.
The wild hedge-rose on its high tree
Grows redder at her will.

Deep in the meadow her foot stays.
Each sweet familiar thing

Doth puzzle her in these green ways.
  Sure, somewhere used to sing
With that same note, some other days,
  Yon lark upon the wing!

When was she here before, and why
  Was wrought her banishment?
The streamlet's song, the lambkin's cry
  Were hushed when she was sent
Forth from this glory, suddenly,
  And into darkness went.

Whose was the voice that bade her go
  No further through these woods?
This day she will not falter, tho'
  The seas, with all their floods,
To stay her feet should turn and flow
  Across the flowery roods.

Her memories, bright with bud and song,
  Give back no enemy,
Nor sound of wrath, nor sight of wrong
  Within her mind hath she;
No fateful presence, harsh and strong,
  That was, and yet may be.

. . . . . .

Lo, bright amid full-foliaged trees
  Beside a glassy pool,
Sudden Earth's rosy queen she sees,
  The Summer beautiful,
Dipping her snow-white feet at ease
  Into the waters cool.

A crimson passion-flower entwines
  The Summer's dusky hair,
Above her saffron garment shines
  A shoulder, rosy fair.

The purple shadow of dark pines
  Surrounds her everywhere.

A nightingale his notes of love
  Rains down upon her head.
Into her ear the shy wood-dove
  Plains and is comforted.
Beyond her roof of boughs enwove
  The golden sun turns red.

Spring's startled face irradiate grows,
  Her dainty hands let down
The white bloom that the ice-wind knows
  Out of her fluttering gown,
And stretch to pluck the flower that grows
  In summer's rubied crown.

Now lifts the queen her dreamy gaze,
  And laughs aloud to see
Her handmaiden in pale amaze,
  Bewildered, even as she
The moon that into morning strays
  And meets the sun, may be.

A step, and the last bird-note dies
  Upon the air, as Spring
Toward the laughing Summer flies,
  And all herself doth fling
Into her arms with gladsome cries
  Afar re-echoing.

Asleep upon the rosy breast
  Of Summer, Spring is there
Kissed into her long swoon of rest
  And couched in hiding where
Winter will find her in her nest
  One day, and waken her.

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

BATHERS

BY ROBERT BURNS

C

THE BIOLOGY OF SUMMER

ARGUMENT.—Life is rhythmic and is punctuated by the seasons. Summer is the crest of the annual wave. I. It is the time of intensest life, when both output and income of energy reach their maximum. The activity of unconscious plant-life is crowned in the flowers, and the growing brilliancy of colour is an index of increasing intensity. II. Conscious animal industry also reaches its climax, both in instinctive and intelligent activity, as in bees and birds. III. But the vigorous intensity of life is interrupted by sleep, weariness, and death. Yet Love is strongest after all.

I

THE tide which sets in with a rush in Spring reaches its high-water mark in Midsummer, and often makes for itself a new shore. The buds are replaced by hard-working leafy boughs whose activity during the day is intense; the budlike early flowers are succeeded by more liberal beauty; young things pass through adolescence to mature strength; and love is justified in her children. For Summer is the time of maximum output and income of energy, when the fires of life not only burn brightest, but are built up for another season; it is the time of intensest effort, rising even to madness, the time of richest beauty and fullest joy.

Although we are wont to associate Summer with rest and holiday-making, this is rather an urban than a rustic general-

isation. Midwinter is the countryman's resting time; in Midsummer he is hard at work. So with Nature, for in Summer most work is done, and the stores of energy are accumulated for another year. Whether we think of the green leaves in which the powers of light and of life co-operate to raise simple substances into complexity, the inorganic into the organic; or of the bees who so industriously visit the flowers and store up honey in the hive; or of the birds gathering food for their callow young; or of the haymakers busy in the heat of the day, we get the same impression of vigorous work, at the various planes of unconscious, instinctive, intelligent, and rational life. The biggest fact in the Biology of Summer is perhaps the most obvious one, that it is then that life comes nearest, or, what comes to the same thing, is most exposed to the source of almost all mundane energy—the sun. Thus the Biology of Summer has for its central problem—the influence of heat and light upon life. Now there is heat that burns, witness the steppe vegetation after the dry season; and there is light that kills, notably in the case of the disease germs or Bacteria which a forenoon of clear sunshine destroys so beneficently, but the general fact, demonstrable by numberless experiments, is that the heat and light of Summer renew the energies of living creatures. Indeed, we all depend from year to year on the power that green plants have of inducing the sunlight to help them to make food for us. At the very opposite end of the scale—for there is long gamut of life from wheat plant to man—is it not true that seeking the sun and seeking more life are synonymous for some of us? It is idle to point to the fact that London has about one-third less sunshine than Madrid, but certainly not less vitality; for it is obvious that London is mainly an area for uncorking sunshine bottled elsewhere. Every one knows how the pulse-register or sphygmograph proves that the sunshine vivifies the system. Quite irrespective of holiday-mood, of the delights of being free and hearing the birds sing and seeing the flowers in bloom, the sunlight quickens the pulse and man's life.

'O solemn-beating heart
Of Nature! I have known that thou art
Bound unto man's by cords he cannot sever.
And what time they are slackened by him ever,
So to attest his own supernal part,
Still runneth thy vibration, fast and strong,
The slackened cord along!'

And if in man—with his slackened cord—the sunlight still awakens the responses of vitality, how much more so in the animals who throb with every pulsation of Nature's heart! And if the sunlight find voice in the bravura of birds, how much more directly yet in the bustle of growing wheat!

The growing intensity of unconscious vegetable life is registered in the increasing brightness of floral colour. For although there are many bright flowers in early Spring,—the marsh marigold which raises its golden cups from the dark ditch, the bright yellow celandine which welcomes the swallow, the blue hyacinths, which make the wood-glade glorious,—'the heavens upbreaking through the earth,' the laburnum with its 'dropping wells of fire,' the periwinkle and the ground ivy, and the golden daffodils whose dance 'outdoes the sparkling waves in glee,'—yet the broad fact is that as the days grow warmer and brighter, the colours increase in intensity. Although we may not accept the sagacious meteorologist's suggestion that the annual succession of colour corresponds to the colour-scheme of the rainbow, yet it seems demonstrable that red and purple, blue and violet flowers—in short, those of richer colour, become more numerous as the days lengthen.

Ruskin, following Goethe, defined the real nature of the flower, when he said, 'The leaf which loves the light has above all things the purpose of being married to another leaf, and having child-leaves, and children's children of leaves, to make the earth fair for ever. And when the leaves marry they put on wedding-robes, and are more glorious than Solomon in all his glory, and they have feasts of honey, and we

call them flowers.' For we recognise that the petals are but transfigured leaves, and that the pollen-producing and seed-bearing parts are also modified leaves. The feasts of honey or nectar are overflows of sugar in more or less useful places; the fragrance may possibly correspond to a kind of essence of sweat, remotely analogous to the muskiness which exudes from the skins of some animals; and the beauty of the wedding-robes, like that of some butterflies' wings, is in some cases due to waste-products, the ashes of the flowers' hidden fires.

It cannot be said that we have by any means attained to an understanding of either nectar or fragrance or colour; we are still children with flowers in our hands, just beginning to know something about them. We have at any rate got past the preliminary stage of giving their insect visitors the whole credit for evolving flowers, which is like crowning snakes for evolving the wisdom of the East; we are now busy trying to find out what nectar, fragrance, and pigments mean primarily in the life of the plant. The poet says, 'It must be the flag of my disposition, out of hopeful green stuff woven'; the religious mind says, 'It is the handkerchief of the Lord, a scented gift and remembrancer designedly dropt, bearing the owner's name someway in the corners'; the biologist says, 'Overflow of surplus sugar, sublimated sweat, and beauty for ashes;' but the flower in the crannied wall is a hieroglyphic still.

II

We have spoken of the unconscious work of the sunlit leaves, the results of which are seen in the filling of tubers and other storehouses, in the formation of next year's buds, in the making of seeds and fruits,—and again, indirectly, in the increased store of energy which is brought by plants within reach of animal life. The sunbeams dance over the meadow, but some of them are trapped, and their dance is lost in a dance of molecules which, changing partners in the maze, eventually sink into

complex combinations; we can hardly see the grass for flowers, each is in a sense a fixed sunbeam; the butterflies float from blossom to blossom, the sunbeam is in motion again. It is a ceaseless series of transformations of energy.

One of the main impressions of Summer is surely that of a busy animal life, swayed in great part by the twin impulses of Hunger and Love. There is eager endeavour after individual well-being, there is not less careful effort which secures the welfare of the young. The former varies from a keen struggle for existence to a gay pursuit of æsthetic luxuries; the latter rises from physiologically necessary life-losing and instinctive industry to remarkable heights of what seems to us affectionate devotion. Whether we look out on plants or animals or men during the intense life of Summer, the old question rises to our lips, 'Warum treibt sich das Volk so und schreit?' and the answer ever fundamentally true, but changeable within limits for different existences, comes, 'Es will sich ernähren, Kinder zeugen, und die nähren so gut es vermag.'

The activity of the ants, bees, wasps, and other insects, represents Summer industry at a higher level than that in the leaves; it is, we believe, conscious and instinctive. By which we mean that most of those activities, which it is one of the delights of Summer to watch, are performed without intelligent control, and are more or less independent of education and experience, in virtue of inherited cerebral mechanism, if such an ignorance-confessing phrase be admissible. The animals are, so to speak, constitutionally wound up to do what they do when suitable stimuli occur. In many of their activities they are conscious automata. But the beauty of it is that the results of this conscious automatism are often as perfect as the outcome of the most profound deliberation. It seems, as we look at the bee's honeycomb, the wasp's nest, the spider's web, that art is perfected in becoming most instinctive; and surely the rationality of our world is at least as plain in the web or termitary as in the Forth Bridge or Eiffel Tower. 'A mouse is miracle enough to stagger sextillions of infidels.'

Animal industry in its instinctive forms gives one an impression of ease and spontaneity; they do not sweat nor whine, nor hesitate nor look puzzled. One has the same impression in watching a very perfect mechanism which performs its task without noise or jar. But just as the machine has certainly its wear and tear, however well concealed that may be, so it is with the instinctively industrious animals. Recent researches show that the nerve-cells of the bee's brain are, at the end of a hard day's work, unmistakably fatigued; and, more than this, a certain number seem gradually to go out of gear as the Summer's work continues; they die off until no more are left than are sufficient for the necessary vital functions. There are hints of the same sad fact even in man, and though our knowledge of the matter is very slight, we may dimly see why it is that we are doomed, not only to become 'old fogies,' but to die of 'old foginess' should we escape a more merciful ending. Along the same line of thought we may also perhaps advance to a better understanding of such facts as the saving reaction of daily and seasonal sleep.

Representing a higher grade of activity than that of the bees is the parental industry of the birds, for it is to a larger degree intelligent. We do not mean the building of nests, which we prefer to regard as an activity of Spring (often continued on into Summer), for that seems to us in the main instinctive, we mean rather the untiring activity which so many exhibit in protecting, feeding, and finally educating their young. The songsters are quieter than they were, the wild lyrics have given place to more measured psalms of life, partly, of course, because the ecstasy of passion is over for the season, partly, perhaps, because the birds have found keeping house a much more serious business than falling in love and getting married. But were it less familiar it would appear to us more beautiful—the manner in which the love of mates broadens into and is lost in the love of offspring. Yet not lost either, since it surely returns purified and strengthened. Every one knows that the two parent birds will work themselves thin in their untiring solicitude for the young

brood. We are not warranted in supposing that they think of their sacrifice, any more than of the welfare of the species,—they do not control their conduct in reference to an ideal, they are not moral, poor things,—but is there not something wonderful in it, something, as Socrates said, moving to tears, and yet consoling in our relations one with another?

III

But it must be noticed that the intensity of life, which seems to us so characteristic of Summer, is by no means unrelieved. Every one familiar with the country has noticed that in days of intense heat, the whole aspect of Nature occasionally suggests sleepiness, especially about noon. A few clouds hang motionless in a lofty blue sky, the air is tremulous over the hot earth, the birds are all hushed in the woods, the leaves droop after extreme transpiration, the labourers have lain down by the hedge-side, and there is scarce a sound save that of the grasshoppers, whose interrupted chirping makes a sort of background for the silence. Doubtless our own sleepiness exaggerates the impression, but when even the leaves fall asleep, few living things are likely to be wakeful. In fact, what we experience even in this country is a suggestion of the Summer slumbers—or æstivation—of mud-fish, amphibians, and crocodiles, when the waters dry up in the pools of tropical countries. We may corroborate this very strikingly by visiting half a dozen shore pools in the heat of the day when there is stillness like that of an Eastern city in siesta, and in the twilight when there is all the activity of a Donnybrook Fair.

There is another phenomenon which has often impressed us on a bright and breezy Summer day,—the sudden appearance of a dark cloud, which, though heavy with dust and rain, drifts rapidly across the sky. We can follow its shadow over the fields and the firth, and as it blots out the sun from us for a few long seconds, we feel a shiver of suspense. Of course this is a mere sentimentalism, but the precise physiology of the shiver

might be interesting, especially in reference to the connection between emotion and muscular movements. This cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, is the external counterpart of the tear which comes sometime to all of us to blot out God's sun. Its shadow is death's.

For in the midst of all the beauty and virility, all the bustle and gaiety of Summer days, he with the ever-harvesting sickle walks with swift feet. He mingles with the haymakers and one is carried senseless off the field ; he troubles the waters of the seaside town, and the ranks of the children who romped merrily on the sands are thinned ; he passes among the flocks, and many need no more shepherding; he breathes upon the dancing day-flies, and they sink with the setting sun; he touches the meadows with his skirts, and the grass withereth and the flower fadeth. But why in the midst of life is there so much death, against whom there is no standing nor defiance? It is partly that at an early chapter in life's history immortality was pawned for love, and death was made a price for giving rise to new life; as is illustrated by so many butterflies and other animals which die soon after reproducing. It is partly that the machinery of life is by no means perfectly self-repairing, and that the organism in living is continually going into debt to itself,—debts only payable by death ; as is illustrated by all organisms whose efforts are followed by irremediable nerve-fatigue. It is in great part also due to the fact that although the sunlight is the most powerful antagonist of the pestilence that walketh in darkness, to wit, the omnipresent disease-germs or Bacteria, the warmth and plenty of Summer days favour their fatal multiplication, as is illustrated by many fevers.

But no one can have realised what the work of Summer actually means, without feeling the profound truth of the Buddhist doctrine of reincarnations, that nothing is ever really lost in this economical world :

'That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroyed,

Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete.'

Matter is ever circulating, in Summer most actively; energy is ever changing, in Summer most of all. Nothing is ever lost. The moistened dust and the quivering air become the grass, the grass the deer, the deer the huntsman, the huntsman the tiger, the tiger—with the aid of Bacteria—grass again. For so the world goes round, and, 'after Last, returns the First, though a wide compass round be fetched.'

But if one asks for more than this profound, though perhaps cold truth; asks, in fact, not for the flowers of yester-year, but for the 'souls of the flowers,' for the psychical or metakinetic aspects of the dayflies and butterflies, the sun-stricken hay-maker, the fevered child, then we have but an answer as vague as the question is vague:—

'You must begone,' said Death; 'these walks are mine.'
Love wept and spread his sheeny vans for flight;
Yet ere he parted said, 'This hour is thine;
Thou art the shadow of life, and as the tree
Stands in the sun and shadows all beneath,
So in the light of great eternity
Life eminent creates the shade of death;
The shadow passeth when the tree shall fall,
But I shall reign for ever over all!'

J. ARTHUR THOMSON.

SURFACE WATER

BY JOHN DUNCAN

WITH hair unkempt a poor soul stooped
Beside a rank, dull, stagnant pool.
His hungry eyes were sorrowful,
And over them his gold hair drooped—
His gold hair withered as by fire.
And in the foul, bedabbled mire
His pallid, trembling fingers sank
Half-hid, for, as a sun-parched flower
Absorbs the long time wished-for shower,
The muddy wave he slowly drank;
Desiring that, denied to men,
That whoso drinks ne'er thirsts again.

OCEANUS

I

Dead Calm: Noon.

VAST, vast, immeasurably vast, thy dreadful peace,
When heaving with slow mighty breath thou liest
In utter rest, and dost thy ministering winds release,
So that with folded wings they too subside,
Floating through hollow spaces, though the highest
Stirs his long tremulous pinions when thou sighest!
Then in thy soul, that doth in fathomless depths abide,
All wild desires and turbulent longings cease—
Profound, immeasurable then, thy dreadful peace!

II

Dead Calm: Midnight.

But in thy noon of night, serene as death, when under
The terrible silence of that archèd dome,
Not a lost whisper ev'n of thy wandering thunder
Ascends like the spiral smoke of perishing flame,
Nor dying wave on thy swart bosom sinks in foam—
Then, then the world is thine, thy heritage, thy home!
What then for thee, O Sea, thou Terror! Or what Name
To call thee by, thou Sphinx, thou Mystery, thou Wonder,—
Above thou art Living Death, Oblivion under!

WILLIAM SHARP.

THE DANCE OF LIFE

THE sorrow was bitter and hard to forget, but life and its duties remain; so to gain fresh strength we went to the peaceful island of Iona. At first it seemed as though earth's loveliness intensified the loss, but that was before we reached the Holy Island: for there Peace fell upon us, even as the shades of evening crept silently over the land.

Amongst the sacred ruins how small the bitterest personal grief became! The grand old earth was the same as it had been even in Columba's days: the mornings were just as bright, —the waves danced just as merrily,—the larks sang just as sweetly,—nor were the gambolling lambs less happy because of those who had lived, suffered, and slept. Nay rather did Life's tragedy sink into its proper place; the pain was stilled, and one could see how the life and death of dear ones were but part of the grand endless cycle of Nature. Why cavil at Fate? Life is but as a glimpse seen through the mist of years. The world will be young when we are old. Let us play our part bravely, be it short or long, and rejoice in the thought of the eternal youth of our bounteous Mother Nature.

Every morn she gems the earth afresh with dew or frost, every Spring she scatters flowers and blossoms o'er the earth, and every day she sends fair babes to prattle of the joy and beauty of the world. Yet night follows day, and Winter kills the

Autumn flowers: but only that the dawning of another day may be gladdened by the opening of fresh baby buds.

Why for us should the perfect order be reversed? We share in the dance; is not that enough? We are part, however small, of the wondrous beauty of the day and night—the Spring and Summer: we have indeed a place midst the starry firmament. For us, and with us, is the motion of the waves, the song of the wind, the glowing of the sunset glamour, the hush of expectant twilight, the cold and glittering moonlight, the dark floating clouds of night, the stirring morning breeze, and the grand ever-new, ever-creating glory of another day. For this were we born to be in very sooth, Children of Heaven, to share in its glories here, and to know that when they have passed us by they will go on and on circling upwards and ever upwards to gladden myriads of others. To know this, if but for a little, is to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. Let us but feel the rhythmic measure of the universe and there is no longer a gruesome Dance of Death but the joyous Dance of Life, with the music of the Spheres as part of Nature's endless chorus.

To this the whole earth moves. The tiniest atoms dance to the measured beat. If we listen intently we can almost hear the invisible gathering and grouping of dainty crystal dancers, so delicate are the mystic echoes which the ether waves bear to us. The glorious golden sunlight is but a faster movement of the dance, which, when fevered, makes the cold earth warm. The magic spark, which can slay without a struggle, flows along a glittering thread, its potential thunderings reduced to a childish tap, tap: and thus it plays its part.

When we feel the rhythmic measure, the sea is never silent. The waves no longer moan or fret, but roll on fraught with deep messages of peace and wisdom. As of yore they tell of steadfast faith and brave endurance, of losses grander than victories, and deaths nobler than any lives; but they also tell of never-ending energy, of rest after storm, the smiling morning after the wildest night, the inflooding main as surely as the gently

ebbing tide. Day after day, year after year, ever the same onward rhythmic movement.

The towering tree-tops bend to the measured song; light leaves answer to its faintest murmur, waving grasses sway to the rhythmic sound, and every fragile flower, with tiny tinted bell, rings out Life's endless melody.

Nature's humblest offspring keep time with the dance and song. The sweep of the delicate Cilia, the opening and shutting of some pale medusae, the dreamy movement of a fish's fins, the rise and fall of a golden butterfly, the beating of a linnet's wings. Are they not rhythmic?

Birds rise and fall to the measured theme of the Universe. The white gulls languidly swing to it as they rest on the tranquil sea; to it they dart as they lightly kiss the foam-tipped waves; and the downward sweep of the swallow, the upward flight of the lark, are part of the dance, while the song from every sweet bird's throat swells the wondrous chorus to which they wing their flight. All good manly labour marks the rise and fall of the song: the blacksmith hammering on his anvil, the sailor pulling on his rope at sea, and the steady tramp of soldiers. Even when men try to escape from the dance, the rhythm only reappears,—though they may choose to listen to the clink of coins rather than to the lap of the sea, or the beat of a bird's light wing. Those who vainly try to stem the onward movement, or to break from the line of dancers, bring discord into the glorious theme: then rippling mirth is lost, and heart-strings are broken. But, let the song again be taken up, Harmony reigns once more; and, so natural is the concord of sweet sounds, that straightway men forget the discord and think only of the perfect rhythm. Does not the written story of the world tell this? How many wild chaotic lives have been made perfect by harmonious ends? When the singer once more takes his place, unsteady steps turn to the measured tread; and the grand world-song hushes the trivial voices of his past.

But with her newly-born Nature herself is happiest. Watch her little babes. See how they open and shut their shell-pink fingers in sleep, how the dimpled legs move in the

dance. See how they love her, how they pat and kiss her, and nestle to her. How happy they are when they can press their bare feet against her bosom. They feel that they are part of her,—they have no fear of her,—it is only when men have grown away from Nature, when they have shut themselves in cities and grown aliens in their proper home-land that they cease to feel themselves her children, and fear to meet her in death. Then they forget, and fail to see her glory, and build themselves fancies of a world beyond, the very images of which are drawn from the simple life which is within the reach of all who will quietly and reverently listen.

The cycle of the year, or seasons, can easily be traced; but the universal spiral is indeed so vast, that mortals, seeing but a part, thought it was a straight and narrow path with a goal at the end. If goal there be, let it be that of singing our part in the chorale, so as to strengthen the weary and cheer the sad.

For the measure of the dance is varied. For the young it is 'Allegro'; for enthusiasts it must needs go faster: but Peace is with the silvery-headed old folks who glide quietly along, softly crooning their song to the end. For some it is always 'Andante'; while for the old, life's 'Ritardando' has imperceptibly begun. But weary or glad the dance must yet go on—for how shall Summer follow if Spring delay?

Then let us sing clearly as we go, and generations yet unborn shall hear the echoes of our song; and many a watchful mother seeing the wistful smile and moving limbs shall know that her little one is with those who went before. Even as we can sometimes touch the spirits of the mighty dead. Not always—not often—but in these rare and blissful moments, when we rest in peace and humbly listen for the faintest murmur of their echoing song. Then, indeed, do we rise refreshed and gladdened, ready once more to join the dance, to chant aloud the rhythmic chorus, to share in all the mystic wonders, to spend ourselves for the ever-living Mother, and so earn for ever and ever that perfect dreamless sleep which has no rude awakening.

JANE HAY.

FROM THE IRISH-GAELIC OF TADHG GAOLACH O SUILLIOBHAIN

ROSE of the Universality, holy and heavenly leader,
Thou of thy flock on the mountains, the comforter, carer, and feeder,
Save me, protect me, preserve me, on mountains a perilous wanderer,
Aid me and keep me and steer me, and shield me from death and the plunderer.
From famine, from dread, and from darkness, from death and destruction and danger,
Guard me that ultimate day of the Universe, be not a stranger.
From the bursting and burning and flashing of livid-red lightning and thunder,
From war and from tumult of Nature, and elements riving asunder.

. . . . . .

Day of a terrible judgment, imposing an end on all nations,
Black day of wrath and of anger, and fury on earth's habitations,
Sorrowful, spiritless day of grey grief and of loud lamentation,
Day of the treading the wine-press of wrath and of red desolation.

With thunderbolts' crash, and with bursting of billows, and tempest, and clangour,
Heaven shall shake, and the elements blazing shall quake at His anger.
Blood-red and crimson the moon shall be turned when the might of His power
Shall shake down the sun from his seat, and the cloud-face of darkness shall lower.
Woods and all forests and mountains and crags with a thunder appalling,
Islands and cities and countries all melting, dissolving, and falling,
Darkness and fog through the world, with confusion, and fury, and fighting,
And hurling of hailstones from heaven, and fragments of firmaments smiting.

. . . . . .

Then both His sign shall be seen, and His word shall be heard, and the wicked
Furious and fearful and flying shall hide them in cave and in thicket.
Then shall the seas from their barriers break with a mighty commotion,
Tumult on earth and in air, and tumultuous tumult in ocean.
Michael shall stand, a serene one, arrayed in majestical splendour,
Warning with sound of a trumpet he cometh, an holy avenger;
With a loud brazen blare of a clarion, from heaven to hell it is pealing,
Bursting the bars of the bondage of Death, and His vengeance revealing.

. . . . . .

DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D.
(An Chraoibhin Aoibhinn).

ANTARCTIC SUMMER

BY W. G. BURN MURDOCH

SWAN-WHITE

WHITE of skin and brown of hair,
Her footfall wakens the sleepy air—

And suddenly sweet and strange it grows
With scents of lilac and thyme and rose.

Forest leaves are all astir,
Following fitfully after her.

Gold forsaketh the prickly whin,
Though not for a month comes Autumn in.

Under the touch of her wandering feet,
Grass is not soft, nor woodruff sweet!

Under the cloud of her fallen hair,
The rose in her breast is scarcely fair:

Not a flag-flower keeps its grace,
All things fade when they see her face.

Brown of hair and white of skin,
Forest-ways she goes wandering in.

And nuts grow ripe ere the gathering-time,
And the bees come back to the yellow lime.

What is her kindred, and whence comes she,
From the middle earth, or the middle sea?

For the soul's asleep in her eyes that make
The Spring come back for her beauty's sake.

And though she carries nor sword nor spear,
A curse it is that has fallen here—

Curses twain we knew nothing of—
The curse of beauty, the curse of love.

NORA HOPPER.

FLOWER OF THE GRASS

I

THE literature of religion, as of ancient and modern travel, has given us many pictures of Eastern shepherd life, centred round the tending and guarding of its flocks: even the children are herding, the maids milking, the men shearing, guiding the flock, seeking the lost afield. We see the group of tents; the men mounted even for the shortest journey; the patriarch as of old sitting at his tent door; the women child-tending, weaving within.

We see how as the grass conditions the sheep, and the sheep the shepherd, so the gregarious sheep involve a gregarious people; hence it is that we are in presence of a large communitary family, not an individualistic one. As the larger the flocks and herds, the larger the number of children they can maintain: so what better can we wish the patriarch than flocks and herds, than children as the sand of the sea, or as the stars for multitude? As they multiply, there grows up all the opulence of the pastoral East: maid-servants for the children and men-servants for the flock, horses and asses, tents and

carpets, changes of raiment, weapons and jewels, camels to carry the whole.

Hospitality we find as of old; and increasingly we admire the native courtesy of these good folk, their loving-kindness to their beasts and to each other. For as Abbé Huc and other travellers tell us, these terrible Tartars are the very gentlest of men; and well they may. Anthropologists are laying great stress (the latest book—Shaler's 'Domesticated Animals,'—more than ever) upon the importance for human progress, for moral evolution, upon the reaction which the domestication and care of animals have upon man himself. And if pictures of child and pet lamb, of good shepherd and lost sheep, have become hackneyed to us through weak iteration, we may renew this meaning; the first any spring, from the actual scene itself; the other from that Border gravestone over one of the many shepherds who have sunk and slept amid its winter hill-drifts—'The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.'

Realise then how gentleness is thus the unceasing education of infancy, kindness the unceasing occupation of age, and how this kindly life is the essential biography of vast populations throughout ages; action forming habit, and habit character, and character life, for the race as for the individual. In sheep-keeping, economics and morals uniquely coincide; and thus, even before entering upon the consideration of the human family at all, we begin to understand the historic place of these shepherds in the religionising and moralising of the world. For, 'He prayeth best who loveth best': the theologian who would understand, who would use the Lamb as a sacred symbol, should first feel (ay, and use as teacher) the thrill of its gentle influence as a living thing.

What is Western Europe but the rock peninsulas of Asia? What fundamentally are its central populations (theologians and all) but churlish farmers of the valleys, savage hunters of the mountain forests, fisher pirates of the fiords, who take life rather than tend it—to this day the armed sons of Cain? Out of this elemental natural history of the European races grow

up mighty developments of Western industry and science, and from the lives of these types, their struggles among each other and with the pastors, come history, economics, and politics, all far complexer than that of the shepherd; yet in the very nature of their morally inferior occupations lies the root explanation of why all great waves of moral or religious impulse have come from the pastoral East. We begin to understand the saying, 'ex Oriente lux.'

Yet the ethical dynamics of the pastoral life are only beginning. Here, quite literally, all men are brethren, and brethren who live their whole lives together; hence a solidarity of family of which we have no idea. They have no possibility of isolated career, rarely a chance of separate initiative; and if injustice tend to arise, if might, as everywhere, tend to be right, and elder oppress the younger, the old parents are there to redress the balance with their natural preponderance of affection for their own youngest, and for the grandchildren about their knees. The intense solidarity of family comes to a head in the Patriarch, that type of noblest maturity for the human species. Thanks to the healthy life of saddle and tent, he longest of all men prolongs his prime, has children even in old age, is leader to the last. He is at once parent and chief shepherd, leader and general, lawgiver and judge; yet also daily guide, philosopher, and friend. He is the repository of passive experience—that is, of science; of active experience, meditative and practical—that is, of wisdom: he is at once philosopher and thinker, theologian and priest. So we have in one man a combination of the qualities which are specialised in many in our more complex societies of less complex men; but here these are normally united, universally and perpetually recurrent, not only of old in Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, but throughout the nomadic hordes to-day.

In the patriarch's hands is the ultimate control of all the wealth and property of the community; he is the temporal as well as the spiritual power, his blessing carries with it every gift; and if he say, 'Depart, ye cursed,' what is to become of the solitary exile in the desert?

Our patriarch epitomises experience, and this in no small measure. Ulysses-like, he is at once geographer and navigator. He knows the firmament, and where the steppe is so featureless, and the water a changing or drying shallow if not even a mirage, there is no sure and definite guide but the stars. He knows too the seasons, the wind, and the rain: upon his knowledge, his skilled navigation, the whole maintenance of the tribe depends, for he must reach and leave each pasture at the right season. He must adjust his journey to many conditions, notably day by day to the indispensable wells. He is an experienced sheep-farmer; learned in pedigrees, skilled in breeding varieties, it would seem even in Jacob's day, to a degree from which our recent Western progress has still much to learn. (Let the town reader, who thinks all sheep alike, listen for a moment to the market-talk — 'I 'll dae my best to judge Cheviots, but I ken naething ava' aboot Soothdoons.') Again, it is he who knows the other tribes, the clanships, the treaties and boundaries so necessary to avoid rendering desperate the struggle for existence. In every way, then, he is experience personified. The respect of his authority is thus no mere sentimental one, no mere admiration of the Old Man Eloquent; it is the child-faith in parent and teacher, multiplied by the necessary and implicit confidence of sailor in captain, of soldier in general.

With his old wife, he is the repository of the traditions of the family, of which he may be the actual ancestor; or if not the actual grandparent, the oldest uncle; and even if not by blood, then by courtesy even from the stranger, by affection at home. Note the Russian greeting of the village children to the stranger as 'Uncle,' or how President Krüger to his own people is 'Oom Paul.' That the family affection for their patriarch is more than reciprocated by him, the story of Jacob (or, for that matter, of most old grandparents alive) may equally show.

The patriarch has not only his own commanding presence, but also the cumulative majesty of dead dynasties of patriarchs,

who rise as they recede to sublimer and diviner height. Little wonder, then, that the pastors should have made their God in such an image: what greater, what better, if we are to use anthropomorphic terms at all, can they or we conceive than this loving All-Father, or how more glorify his name than as 'God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob.'

Again, this whole social and economic life organises selective purity of race, in sheep and horse and man. The experience of ages has given clear perception and record of the equal importance and equal certainty of good breeding in beast and man alike; conviction too that evil breed is avenged unto the third and fourth generation, yet that the healing force of Nature is greater, showing mercy to thousands, as they again conform to the law of life.

We see then how the pedigrees and genealogies of pastoral pride are normal to the social type. But we seldom realise how logically and inevitably there must tend to arise a prevision of improving type; and projecting this ideal forward into the tribe, the advent of the Ideal Himself becomes not merely a matter of vague hope or groundless faith, but a legitimate and even a necessary Racial Ideal. Here then is another of the many ways in which modern science is not come to destroy, but to fulfil;—to destroy, it may be, here and there for the slaves of the letter, but to fulfil in spirit; reinvestigating origins, yet restating ideals. Thus each young mother may again know something of her old-world sister's Messianic Hope.

Every Western traveller tells us of the beauty of day, of the sublimity of night, the brilliance of moon and stars in that high, clear, dry, serene atmosphere; and thus arises not only the ancient astronomy, but those great tides of cosmic emotion yet of noble confidence and serenity, which rise in Genesis, flow through the Psalms, and culminate in the book of Job.

Yet feeling is far from wholly optimistic, for there is complete impossibility of defence against nature. In a storm at sea we may still be masters of helm and sail, but on land only passive

shelter will avail us from wind, or sand, or sun. We can but sit within the tent, seek shade from the short-lived gourd, or long for the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. The drought may sweep away the flock as it ruins the Australian squatter; strange pestilence may walk in darkness or smite like the fire of God. The wind too may smite the house and it fall; one knows not what cloud of horsemen a day may bring forth; flocks and herds, sons and daughters, may thus alike be reft, and Job thus fall from riches to utmost poverty in a single day.

Yet after a brief crisis of overmastering emotion, when the old man cries aloud, and rends his garments, in an explosion of agony which for the moment rises to mania, then sinks to melancholia which sits refusing to be comforted, there soon returns that persistent faith in the universal Order which no mere individual calamities can shock; thus we have the resignation, the settled patience of Job. Meanwhile the scattered sheep are again gathering, they multiply into a flock; and the patriarch lives, even to have new sons and daughters to comfort his old age.

Long then before the modern geologist, the patriarch had learned that there is catastrophe as well as uniformity in the order of Nature. Storms will beat, and houses fall, and enemies conquer as of yore; and thus arises along with the faith in the orderly and beneficent course of things, that gloomy fatalism which so constantly paralyses Eastern peoples. Wherever Nature controls man, he is ultimately pessimist. Only in the measure of victory over the Titanic nature-forces does he grow gay. This victory is the essential matter; it is not a mere question of sky, as French critics often tell us. The Celt of the Western Isles lives in the northern paradise of beauty, and is steeped in it, yet 'has the gloom'; for he has no mastery over nature. Whereas, though the North Sea and its canal banks are but grey beside the ocean fiords and hills, the Dutchman sits jolly in Rotterdam, careless of wind and wet; because his broad craft will ride the storm, his pile-built house

stand sure amid the treacherous mud, and his mighty dykes ever thrust back and back the encroaching sea. Even the scholar there is gay; the wise Erasmus praises folly.

The shepherd's calling gives a patient certainty of increase. One cannot make haste to be rich, yet if Nature have her way one will be rich in time. The life is easy; from every other ordinary economic standpoint is one which seems but indolence. Animals do all the heavier work: and thus grows up a disdain of labour; a disdain too of the labouring man, who seems himself but a beast of burden; whose toil dulls the active life of the intellect, whose weariness quenches the passive meditative life of the spirit; who thus becomes 'as the beasts that perish.' Whereas the dignity of the Arab, the pride of pastoral races, rises in the saddle, reaches to the stars.

II

The pasture eaten bare, for the time being the land is waste, incapable of use till fresh grass be grown. It cannot be retained or guarded from other occupation; the next comers are free to have their turn; hence the idea of individual property in land is simply inconceivable. When attacked or molested, the policy is if possible to strike tents and move on, and this not from cowardice but common-sense. For here we have no continuing city; a few more days' grazing is not worth risking the whole flock for. Thus the pastor has ever receded before the farmer, Celt before Saxon, Boer before Englishman. But while he has no notion of permanent property for himself, the pastor can similarly have no notion or capacity of recognising any permanent occupation other than as encroachment; and hence arises the perpetual war between the incompatible land systems of shepherd and farmer. Hence then that ineradicable feeling of Highland peasant and Irish crofter of the superiority of 'right' over 'ownership' in pasture, for him mere might, let Duke of Argyll or Saxon parliament say what

they may. For where immemorial tradition is the title, what can there be but utter disdain of new-made parchments fetched from town? What are your law papers? what to us can they ever be—but the intrusive rubbish of a wholly alien social formation?—Dirt here upon the hill, however sacred at Westminster or Edinburgh?

Yet each of these social formations is inexorably driven and ground against the other by its internal pressure of population. 'The shepherds are needing a larger pasture, whatever.' 'Are they? The farmer needs a larger clearing too.' Hence the urge of pastoral conquest recurrent through the ages, from modern Panslavism back through the Pentateuch: hence the steadier expansion of Rome, whose conquering legion is the agricultural colony militant. Conversely, as these respectively lose their ground, we have for Rome the agony of the barbarian invasions; or here the Saxon crushing of the Celtic peoples. Taking the very widest view of Europe-Asia, the apparent permanence of China is associated with her ever-repeated inundations of pastoral immigrants—while the Fall of Rome is, for the geographer Richthofen, but a by-product of the building of the Chinese Wall, since this deflected upon Europe the irresistible waves of shepherd migration.

The natural increase of the sheep and of the family is long an advantage; yet since the pasture is constant there comes a definite limit to this. Now arises the phenomenon of swarming, which may be by the separation of patriarchs like Abraham and Lot; by the start of sons, like Jacob setting forth from Isaac; or by the start of sons-in-law with the wives and flocks for which they have served, like Jacob from Laban, for the pastoral apprentice also marries his master's daughter.

But for these new swarms there is no coming back to the old pastures. Here would be a material competition, and one which is impossible: for it would be ungrateful and impious in the young swarm, even were it strong enough, to attack the old. Hence it must look for new pastures—must look for a promised land. The Promised Land of the Jews is thus, like

one of their own patriarchs, or like the characteristic incidents of his life, something not solitary but representative and typical. Every migration is more or less to a promised land; and the migrating pastors have been the invaders and conquerors not only of Judæa but of half the world. The migration has not only the impulse and counsel of the aged patriarch but the enthusiasm and energy and novelty of youth and hope. The leader here is old enough to command and lead, but young enough to explore, to venture, and to fight; hence the restless energy of the pastoral invasions. These communitary shepherds are not only a troop of light cavalry, a chivalry of the desert, but a religious order; little wonder that such literal brethren support each other and their leader ('Another for Hector!') to the very last. Hence it needed the religious orders, the Templars and Hospitallers, to hold head against the Saracens.

The characteristics of intertribal war are also worth attention. On the one hand we have light horsemanship and skirmishing which lies in wait to pick up stray sheep or pick off stray riders. Tribute from pastor to farmer, much less to cities, is impossible; for who could collect it? The Czar and the Emperor of China each claim vast tracts of Asiatic territory; but the colour of their maps expresses nothing that the populations recognise, since neither armies nor individuals can collect their taxes for them. At most the leading points can be held as the Russians do with the Turcomans by the tactics of pastoral victors; that is of severity almost to massacre, then clemency, with at most occasional tribute in kind. Of old it was rather for mountain-shepherd, whether of Caucasus or of the Highland line, to take black-mail from farmer and toll from merchant. For every reason, the war-stroke must be sudden and decisive, like that of Abraham upon his forayers, Dundee at Killiecrankie,—the same tactics everywhere.

Where war for economic reasons has become extreme, the alternatives are the sharpest; for the attack, victory or utter retreat; for the defence, if not victory then extinction, by ex-

termination or assimilation. When religious differences intensify the conflict, the alternative takes the form of 'Sword or Koran': and even this is gentle and merciful, compared with the dealings of Joshua or Gideon, Samuel or David. That the secularist should therefore scoff at the piety of the Psalmist or the gentleness of Samuel is therefore natural enough; European populations gave the Mongols their commoner name from Tartarus. Yet in all such cases such criticism is from without not within; we see that the lion in war is none the less the lamb in peace. Both states of life and mind are equally genuine; but the former is temporary and exceptional, the latter the normal and the permanent. Were this understood, say as regards the Turks, we should not be divided into Turcophobes and Turcophiles, each with a half truth; and with more social science among our peoples and their politicians, Armenian question, Eastern question, and many more might have had happier issues.

The prize of victory, too, is enormous; sudden wealth of flocks and herds instead of long waiting on increase, wealth of weapons and horses, choice of captive women—perhaps the intensest incentive to the pastoral aggressions. The women of one's own tribe are like sisters: in any case the best matches are got afield, like Isaac and Rebekah, Jacob and Rachel. The unseen, too, is more beautiful than the seen; thus the Mohammedan paradise is but systematised and elaborated from the imagination of the boy.

In more types than the pastoral, women's eyes have been soon dried over slain brothers; and these women are less individualised than Western ones. To the male cynic, sitting in one tent seems a good deal like sitting in another; and it is better to be mistress than maid. Save in rare cases as where a mean and vain-glorious victor insults the slain patriarch, like the husband of Rosamund, vengeance is little to be feared. In the association of the lower individuality of Eastern women with polygamy, there is obviously a vicious circle, each alternately

cause and effect. Thus we begin to work at the side of deep inferiority of pastoral society to those of Western types.

Officers of experience tell us of their feeling of real admiration for the swift and skilful decampment of a travelling menagerie; for the discipline of these nomadic civilians can give a lesson to skilled soldiers, because they have to practise it every second morning. A point like this helps us not only to appreciate the patriarch as a general on the march, but to understand the terrific swiftness and impunity of the pastoral invasions in history. What made the Huns of old so terrible was that they were here to-day and away to-morrow, their encampments vanishing like clouds, which no European army could follow. It is largely the survivals of this easy mobility with associated discipline and simplicity of transport which makes it so difficult for civilised Europe to intervene in Armenia to-day. The same factor told in the lightness and frequent impunity of the Scottish raids into England; and here lay the conscious strength in invasion of Wallace, or Bruce, Douglas, or Buccleuch.

To insist on these military details of migration is the way to realise their importance in history. This done we may rationalise the story of Attila, Ghenghiz Khan, Tamerlan, or Solyman, of course, recognising besides these purely militant types the more spiritual leadership of a Moses, a Mohammed, or a modern Mahdi.

But to understand the pastoral type in war, we have still to see the emergence of a new type beside the patriarch. While the steppe produces the instruments of peace, it is poor in the instruments of war, and hence the need of exchange, the dawn of commerce; probably beginning in the barter of carpets for weapons, wool for steel.

Here then arises the caravan, with its leader of a very different type from the old patriarch—a younger man, in whom the active not the passive life strongly preponderates, and who is primarily not a father, but a picked son, ready to be leader, merchant, disciplinarian, and general: and who may become

merchant-prince and diplomatist, it may be strategist and conqueror.

All this then must be taken into our study of migrations. We are more ready to understand how the inspired caravan-driver becomes Mohammed, how the ritual of his religion is but the discipline of the caravan slightly idealised, his paradise but the thinly spiritualised promises of the good time waiting at Damascus.

While the patriarchs have no coherence, and the flocks wander wide, the caravans have a definite route, year by year, age by age. Not only the historian, but the archæologist are proving to us the vast antiquity of the great trade routes, and it is hardly possible to guess how old the diffusion of Kuen-Lun jade or Baltic amber. Of late M. Champault has been revealing to us Odin; no longer a misty Scandinavian Jove, but a caravan-chief trading between Odensee or Upsala in the North, with towns of the Black Sea, of the Caucasus; his Ases Asiatic caravaniers; their centres, the glorious Asgard, which hence become the Northman's quest.

From the comparative absence of organisation we pass to a high development of it, as the patriarch passes into ruling caravan chief. The shepherd kings seem ancient and gone; but the caravan kings, their junior contemporaries, are still with us—railway kings we call them now. The promotion of Lord Elgin from North British Railway Board to Viceroyalty of India is in fact no exceptional matter, but an instance of one of the great processes of history.

A Highland laddie goes to Aberdeen, learns the ribbon trade, peddles such things in Canada, shrewdly buys a railway share or two, then more and more; sees first where the railway is needed and then how to make it, finally rules the Canadian Pacific Railway, leads it across the Continent. Its highest point is called after him, Mount Stephen (Odensee again); then he is called after it, as lord and legislator; now doubtless duly feared and worshipped throughout his countryside, like many a

smaller deity since, or like Odin of old. Returning now to M. Champault, he suggests a new factor in the Fall of Rome, which gets us over the great difficulty of seeing how mere hordes could make way against strategists like the Roman generals without leaders of somewhat similar calibre. He finds these requisite leaders through the cutting of caravan routes by the Roman expansion to the Rhine and beyond the Danube, which necessarily turned their merchant chiefs—their occupation gone—into generals of invasions: and who could stir and organise whole populations, the more easily since these aggressions were really in every way reprisals; here for appropriated pastures, as there for ruined caravans. We know that Eastern waves were pressing on them behind; but the empire would not have been overthrown by mere fugitive hordes, nor mere wandering nomad ones; and the requisite military leadership before the advent of the skipper and forester Norsemen, is what M. Champault's caravaniers supply. The student of Gibbon, the reader of the last book on the Egyptian Soudan, may thus profitably compare notes in fresh ways.

III

But even patriarchs have not always been good. Paternal autocracy may readily go to excess; it is just a far-reaching intelligence which becomes the most readily tinged with suspicion. Benevolent despotism then easily sours into malevolent, and patriarchal gentleness becomes inverted into inhuman ferocity. The corruption of the best is the worst; and given unrestrained power, this perversion of matured intelligence, will, and feeling, soon work out the maddest orgies of human history. Peter the Great and Ivan the Terrible are but earlier and later types of this degeneration; but the alienist as historian will yet classify the lives of Czars and Sultans wholesale, in series of which the elemental types and stages are in every asylum—the suspicious, the megalomaniac, the homicidal, and so on. What then is to be done with a person so dangerous? Put him in the asylum?

But if you have only a tent? and if you do not know what insanity is, nor perhaps even for years that he is insane at all? and then only at intervals? What is to be done? Hesitatingly, reluctantly, but gradually arises the conviction—there is no help for us but in his death. Yet since there are no public powers of any kind, save in the patriarch himself, who shall take upon himself to act? And how? Can he be slain openly among his guards, or must he be stalked in secret like the wild beast he is? Is the slayer just judge and needful executioner in the people's cause for whom he dares all things, or is he base conspirator and cowardly assassin? Shall he be for ever held as traitor and parricide, or hailed as deliverer, acclaimed patriarch in turn? All these things have been, and are. Why so frequently? It is to be noted that revolution by slaying the patriarch, whether justifiable or unjustifiable, is at any rate effective; for there must be a new patriarch, with whom things go back to their old ways, unless madness (this time necessarily not quite the same madness) reappear.

The extremest Royalist has hardly affirmed any right divine for criminal madness, at least if directed against himself; then the natural man within him boils up as against might diabolic; in Russia or Turkey it is thus the courtier who is most commonly the assassin, and hence we commonly miss the point to which all this is leading—the ancient and patriarchal Asiatic nature of despotism limited by assassination. Hence the crimes, which have in late years appalled Europe, which the anarchist and the newspaper reader are alike apt to imagine modern, are thus remotely ancient, are social reversions, are atavistic, not progressive. Understand then this primitive disease of power and the primitive treatment of it, and we are ready to re-read our Scottish history, so full of royal assassins and assassinations, as profoundly pastoral, and reinterpret the Celtic vices in a lurid but still oriental light. Turning to practical politics, how shall we put down assassination? ask anxiously the police and governments of Europe. By punishing the assassin?—much he cares; it is odds if you do not awake new

criminals. The only successful penal restraint upon assassination in history has been the terrible wholesale Roman one which made the lives of each whole household of slaves (Slavs mostly, i.e. pastors liable to assassinate their tyrant) responsible for that of their master, and once inexorably crucified nearly four hundred for a single crime. Wholesale deportation to Siberia is the nearest modern approach to this, although again in Scots history the proscribing of clans, in English history the massacres in Ireland, are of this kind. But all such governmental violence provokes new individual violences, and this again wholesale violence, hence vicious circles disturbing the surface of human history, and constantly obscuring its depths. The putting down of anarchist outrage lies then in social education; and there will be no safety till journalist and reader and man in the street, instead of thinking these horrors new, modern, the work of advanced minds, the product of recent science and what not, shall know that these are early disease-phenomena of patriarchal society, wholly irrelevant to our own. The most elementary comprehension of our own social order should make it as impossible to think of murdering a president to improve a government, as of knocking off an engine-driver to improve his railway track. The assassins of Garfield, of Carnot, were each bursting with vanity; each fool convinced that he had placed himself in the foremost files of time: and pity it is the most real precaution against any recurrence was not taken; that press and social science were not themselves ready to expose fully the hideous irrelevance, the wretched folly of such a deed. But thanks to popular good sense, not to governments, the preventive measure of general contempt has already replaced the dangerous provocation of alarm. The whole subject of Anarchism thus needs re-study; but with the general idea that its dramatic crimes, its gentle doctrines also, are primarily Oriental Antiquities, and only quite secondarily Occidental Novelties, the conditions of criticism and re-interpretation become fairly clear.

IV

Auguste Comte is popularly supposed to be a radical, a democratic man of modern science. But he makes his contributions to sociology from the standpoint of the hierarchy of feeling and genius, of the aristocracy of action and thought. Conversely, it is Frédéric Le Play, whose point of view it is that has been followed and developed above, and who is popularly supposed even in his own country to make his appeal to capitalist and conservative, to aristocrat and priest, who has really established for us the vital doctrine of all democracy; which is only becoming apparent as Liberal nonsense of the Sovereignty of the People, of the Infallibility of Majorities of the electors of county, city, or parish of Buncombe, goes the way of the once current Tory nonsense about the Divine Right of Kings. Comte sees the great stream of Humanity; but in this he calls attention mainly to the Calendar of Great Men, to men of genius as Her chief servants—for him, proletarian and woman are little better than grown children, to be guided and governed for ever by patrician and priest. But for Le Play, worker and woman unite to form the elementary human family, and from them, not only by bodily descent, but by social descent, from their everyday life and labour, there develops the whole fabric of institutions and ideas, temporal and spiritual. No blossom, however rare or marvellous, whether of practical, intellectual, or spiritual genius but comes ultimately from this humble root—this tiny seed of simple daily human life:

> 'The lord is hay, the peasant grass—
> This wood, but that the growing tree.'

With Comte and the historians we visit the historic dome of Aix, and thrill as we read 'Carolo Magno' upon its vaulted floor; but with Le Play we see first the living everyday Charlemagne a solid thrifty Frankish farmer striding round his estate, seeing that his stewards keep accounts even of the

eggs, that is, have the assured wherewithal to maintain cities in peace, armies in war. We know the Northern Lords of Battle —our Bruce, our Coeur-de-Lion—from legend or history; Le Play shows us first of all the Viking axeman, not the coronet; he sees in their axecraft, the poise and swing and skill of woodman, of house- and boat-builder over Scandinavia or Canada to-day. The historians, Gibbon or Comte or Sir Walter, all explain for us much of the present by help of the survivals of the Past; but Le Play, like Lyell, explains to us the past from the actual Present.

The method is less romantic; there may be some disenchantment in learning that the commanding, the supremely self-assertive dignity of Norman noble was based on the swift decision and authority, the necessary and unquestioning obedience which necessarily springs up on board of every fishing boat; and that the hauteur of Lady Clara Vere de Vere comes not from a hundred earls nor even jarls, but from the simple ancestral fisher-carle, whose boys must learn to look sharp with the sail while he sits by the helm. The individuality, the independence of the women of Western Europe is for Le Play neither American nor New; it is the direct product of the life-conditions of all North Sea fisherwives, whose men pass their lives at sea, or in intervals of rest when they return; so leaving them, indeed compelling them, to develop the qualities of man and woman in one. And when the mother has to be father too, then the eldest girl, however small, must be much more of mother; so responsibility begins early, and here as everywhere gives individuality for its fruit.

The most interesting platform on which to see the evolved woman is thus not that of the public hall but of the railway station; most particularly it is here in our own Waverley station, at the arrival of that fishwives' train, which is one of the most characteristic sights of Edinburgh. For out springs the fair-haired Brynhild; there with set lips under a mighty burden frowns the stern Gudrun; there onward stride a trio, with weather-beaten deep-lined faces sorrow-wrought, the thread

of future footsteps weaving in their hands. Would we see the doughty countess who held her castle against the Roundheads' cannon, who laughed even at Oliver? or Black Agnes, untameable even in her iron cage on Berwick wall? or the great Abbess of Whitby presiding over Parliament? There they are every one; to this day the primitive aristocracy of European womanhood. It needs little physiognomy to see that the ladies of court and drawing-room, of stage or sick-room, of platform or university, are but their more polished, yet degenerate representatives. Long tails, it is true, despise short tails, and fine feathers the bare head and woven willows, yet the first woman little knows how strongly her feeling is reciprocated by the second. The first has the conscious advantage of more refinement, the second has, and that consciously, more to refine. As she gives the artist more to work on, so with the sociologist and the psychologist, the moralist or the singer. For surely not only in the life of experience and provision but in that of sympathy and sacrifice, the daintiest reticule, the woolliest workbasket, is but a small affair compared with the fishwife's creel. Hark to her homely song, any that know not how elemental economics deepens into human feeling :—

'Wha 'll buy my caller herrin', they 're bonnie fish and halesome farin'.
Buy my caller herrin' new drawn frae the Forth.

. . . . . .

When the creel o' herrin' passes, ladies clad in silks and laces
Gather in their braw pelisses, toss their heads and screw their faces.

. . . . . .

Wha 'll buy my caller herrin'!

O ye may ca' them vulgar farin',
Wives and mithers maist despairin'
Ca' them lives o' men.

. . . . . .

Caller herrin', caller herrin'.'

In America it is where democracy has free play, and where it is less confused by old developments and survivals of all kinds, that the natural growth of things is most obvious. How the stout axeman carves his way to fortune, wealth, and power, 'From Log Cabin to White House' is one of the most threadbare themes; and who does not see poor Richard as a canny Yankee, Emerson as his more spiritual brother?

We may follow the same elemental clues into many phases of life. The dull and unimaginative wealth of England and America, which so seldom gets any realities for its money save sorrow for its children, is half explained when we read the story of the Industrial Revolution, and see how the nobler leaders of the working class have been constantly wasting their lives in barren politics; or, perhaps at best, following the fate of Robert Burns, while it was left to too many of the grosser and duller types, the Arkwrights and the like, to drudge or gripe or crush their way to fortune.

Or let us now take race with occupation, and in the concluding struggle of the Civil War, ask what is the duel of Grant and Lee—of Grant the hammerer with Lee the strategist, but the fight of heavy and downright hitter with wary and skilful gipsy guide? And if we ask for light on Grant's racial type, what more characteristic than when he says, 'I will fight it out on this line.' For (all the better if unconsciously) he is renewing the age-old war-cry of his clan—'Stand fast, Craigellachie!' the only possible strategy in holding one's narrow glens. And if Strathspey look to the American a small outlandish place for the breeding of a hero of his continent, let him look in his atlas and see what coast, what river-mouth in history must have borne first the shock of the all-victorious Norse migrations which were to be the unmaking and making of Europe. Then he will see that these Craigellachie folk are of an old and fighting breed, the children of King Arthur's vanguard, the children too of his victors.

This elemental way of looking at all men and women is no doubt to many a commonplace, at least in general terms. They

know that if rank be rank, there must lie under its stamp the gold; that rank is not mere stamp: that men must rise to rank, develop rank, attain rank through function, and in the measure of the reality and range of actual deed. That the war-duke is a soldier at his highest, the admiral a seaman at his best, no one will ever deny; but he who doubts or forgets that there is the stuff of viking and admiral in every fishing village of Devon or of Fife must surely have forgotten that Drake or Jean Bart or Paul Jones were but such pirate-venturers (some say Columbus too) or that the kings and nobles of Europe are proud to represent the younger branches of existing Norse peasant and fisher stocks. As the child is father of the man, so is the worker of all men; and it is time to be thinking less with the politician or the positivist, of the worker as a child (to be led by the nose or educated respectively), but to recognise in him, according to his kind, the stuff of each type however highly developed—of skill however masterly, of genius however sublime, of virtue however pure.

Thus, as James Watt, instrument maker, Glasgow, is the master smith of the last century, so Lord Kelvin is but a subtler avatar of the same craft-type; fundamentally, of course, neither lord nor professor nor wrangler, but now the best Glasgow instrument maker in his turn, developed by the problems which his life there among the shipbuilders and electricians has brought him. So Whitworth, so Armstrong is swordsmith, arrowsmith; all the inventors in short are the Thinking Smiths, be they lords of peace or war. Again, they who read the secrets of life are the Thinking Rustics: thus Pasteur is the thrifty Jura peasant, Darwin the Midland truant and poacher, fancier and gardener, happily only half-settled into squire.

Even in more abstract thought the same principle holds. No philosopher, however sedentary, should need much introspection to recognise his profound kinship here with the dreamy

and dreary loafer, there with the restless and careless tramp, rustic or urban, as his case may be.

Or shall we try politics—permit a word or two of comment on points suggested by the newspapers of the day. Just as Oom Paul is a Boer, or Jameson a trooper, or John Burns a journalist, or Mr. Labouchere a gamin, was not the great recent victory of Lords over Commons primarily the old victory of rustic over urban populations, that of slow but not silly peasants over smart but not wise mechanics and clerks and shop-keepers?

Next, why does the coalmaster or ironmaster, the master-weaver or master-smith change his politics as he becomes landowner and lord? It is not primarily a change of Society; the man is not a mere snob: but he inevitably leaves the direct and simple rationality of the workshop for the cautious empiricism of the field; in a word, from artisan he has become peasant. Here for the first time he realises the vast complexity of human affairs and his own ignorance in dealing with them, and so his simple Liberal formulæ, made in Birmingham, repaired in Newcastle, lose their old hold upon him. Little wonder that he lapses from grace—deplored by his successors in the party, until the call comes for them also to go up higher in their turn, and help him to let well (and ill) alone.

So far, then, some outlines of interpretation of things as they are, that is, as they have grown, as they become; at another season we may think of things as they may be.

PATRICK GEDDES.

CHUCKS

BY CHARLES H. MACKIE

I

THE UNBORN

THE Born to the Unborn cried,
'Come forth, my brother, to life, in the free and the open world;
Come forth into light with me—and learn what "rejoicing" means!'

But the Unborn answered low,—'And what do you mean by "forth,"
And by "brother," and "light," and "life"?
I feel for you right and left, over and under me here:
I grope for you round about, but you answer me nowhere in touch.
I know not why I am stirring,—am restless within my world—
The world of all that is real!
I must stifle this eager desire and conquer the throes I feel.'

'Oh, never resist them, brother, but help them with all your might!
Even if life brings wailing,—the sorrow it brings shall bless;
Shall redeem and transfigure all Nature, watching to welcome you home.
For life is a mighty breathing, a breathing of fresh, sweet air;

Not only a beating heart, but a brain awake and aware:
A knowing of good and of truth and of beauty beyond compare.
. . . And how shall I tell you what light is,
The suns and the blue of skies?
Give Nature her way and come forth;
And what "brother" can mean shall be plain:—
Brother and sister and friend: father and mother and wife. . . .'

But again came the murmuring protest:
'Oh, leave me in peace and be silent!
I dare not come forth of my shelter, I dread such a dangerous world,
Full of cloudlands and lonely places:—
I shrink from your dazzling suns, your "home" without circling walls;
My home is within the shadow, where none of these things are known:
I am safe as I am and quiet; it hurts me to stir or move;
This is all the Life I can bear. . . .'

But the Born went on crying and calling,
And at last his brother came forth.
Shrinking and wailing he came, thinking home was broken and lost. . . .
Only after a while he was silent; silent and drinking in strength:
Drinking at motherhood's breast and sinking to mother's-arm rest!
And then came a waking of wonder; two wide-open smiling clear eyes:
And a happy soft murmur of crooning—
And at last a laugh of delight. . . .

As the years went on and he grew, and could walk, run, think, and speak,
Did he miss the dark life he had left?
Would he fain have returned to that?
Was the life he had entered less real? And was it fuller or not?

VITA.

SUN-JOY

NOW Summer has come with a calm,
And the world is encircled around
With sunshine and song, like a psalm
Revoking the Curse of the Ground.

Through the length of the trancèd Day
Our thoughts go a pilgrimage—
So far away and so far away,
As a bird goes forth o' the cage!

For the edict of halcyon peace,
That enfreedoms the earth and the sky,
Brings the birds of our spirit release,
And afar into heaven they fly.

They fly to the gates of the sun,
And they travel for love of the west,
And back, when their rapture is done,
They come to us, laden with rest—

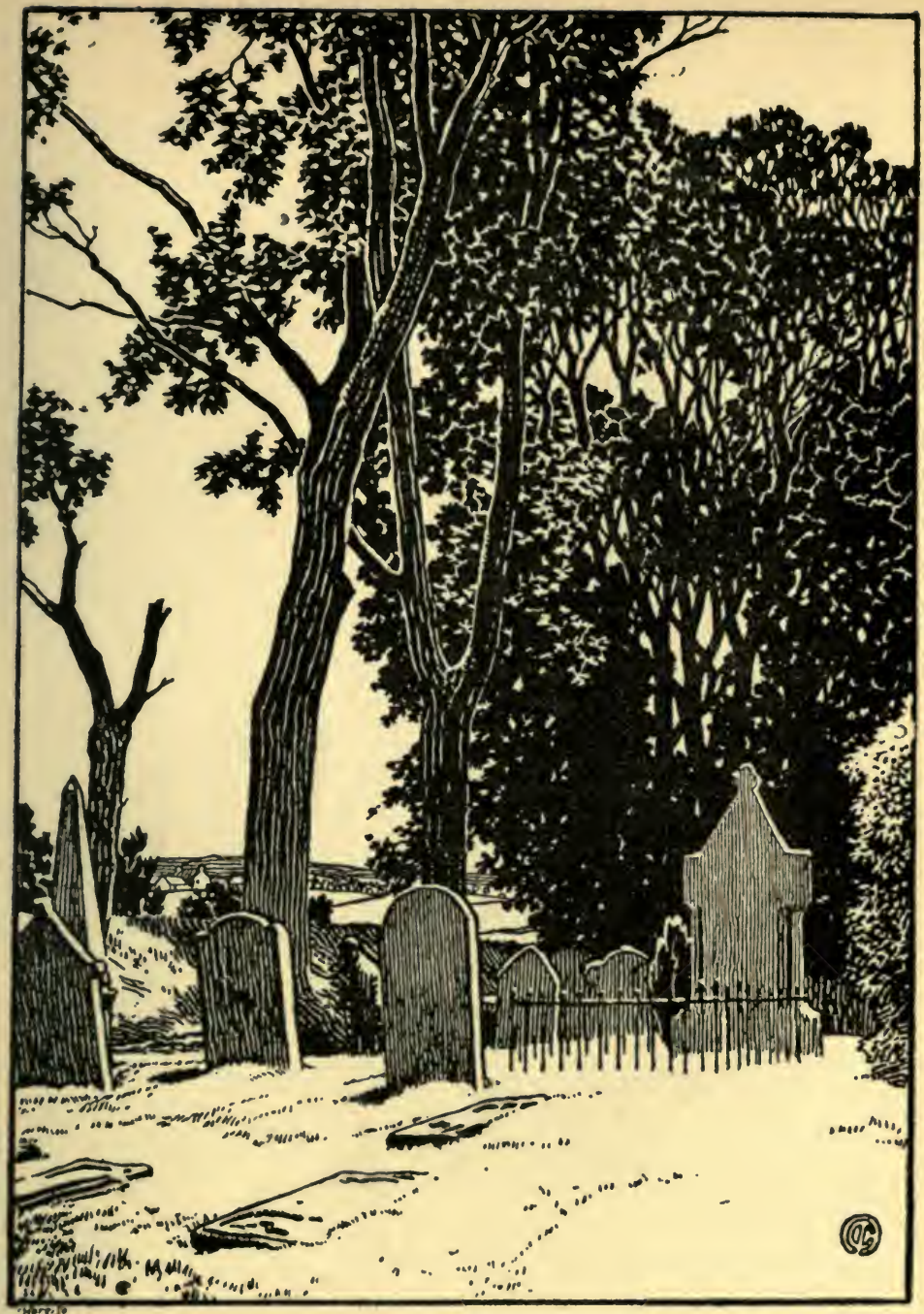
Filled full of the warmth and the light,
And flushed with the boon of the air,
And drowsy for very delight
That is almost a Summer-Despair.

Till darkness itself cannot keep
The day and the morrow apart:
For all last night, while I was asleep,
They were singing a song in my heart!

WILLIAM MACDONALD.

SUB TEGMINE

BY JAMES CADENHEAD



THE MORAL EVOLUTION OF SEX

NATURAL science for women is not what they think at College—the dissecting of the frog for the anatomists. It is with the child, with the poet, and the naturalist, from Virgil to Darwin; it begins in gardening, in watching the living bees. And this vital science makes use of no hard names; its language indeed is simpler than the common. The 'Queen' is no queen but an imprisoned Mother; the 'Neuters' are no neuters, but the busy Sisters of the hive. For the first is the life-long imprisonment, the narrow home of motherhood; for the others the life of energy and of labour, for them the freedom, the sunlight, and the flowers.

Here is your contrast of house-mother and new woman—sure enough as old as the world. Yet let us not overpity the queen-mother; what mother but will smile and say, 'Pity her? Rather envy her—was I not happiest with my babes?' Nor let us over-envy these free and happy workers—rich though they return to their hive. For one thing their vocation, like that of our emancipated women again, has been a temporal one, not a spiritual. Unlike the developed males, the drones, each carries her poisoned sting. But this sting is no new and strange weapon; it is part of the very organ of maternity, the

ovipositor, the egg-placer with which the queen places each egg in its appointed cell.

The parallelism of all this to human life is so obvious that this is perhaps the reason why the biologist never teaches it.

The passive Hausfrau of contemporary Germany, the New Woman of contemporary America or England, are each as old as civilisation. For oh, good lady friends, for whom human society stops exactly at your own particular level of Society, did you never see that every one of your domestics is a new woman, a worker-bee, who has gone out to labour in the world; that doctor and nurse, teacher and typist, dressmaker, mill girl, shop girl, and all the rest, are New Women proper, that is, Workers?—those who call themselves New and Advanced and what not, without working, being only mimics of the buzzing drones. The domestic is nearest the home, and so feels the instinctive feminine interest of this more than do her sister workers in the outer world. Her domestic functions too are also more normally feminine ones. She feeds the household, cares for the children and all the rest, like the good worker-bee, and so oftenest turns to marriage—oftenest too, to motherhood without marriage.

But the vast body of working women other than domestic, how shall we classify them? Obviously some have distinctly temporal functions, others distinctly spiritual ones. The dressmaker is the tire-woman of the domestic and the mother, the mill girl is the weaver-slave of all three, and so on. These women-workers merely replace men and machines in the factories, which are, as it were, the enlarged work-sheds lying behind the kitchen of the typical home.

But what of the spiritual functions? Leaving the domestic Martha and her handmaidens, what of Mary? Hers it is to be type of the spiritual calling, hers the deliberate choice of the better part which shall not be taken away from her—hers the prototype and ideal of all sisterhoods since her day.

Yet to one's own sister one says, 'Don't refuse love if it be offered you.' Why? Mary, type of sisterhoods, is not the

highest Mary, but surely it is she in whom purity and motherhood unite.

Again and again the painter has given us to understand the Madonna and Child not only as a religious symbol; but also, without halos, as a frankly human presentment, a frankly human ideal. But why dare we so seldom renew more of sacred legend with the same completeness, more of human life with the same sacredness, and so paint the Annunciation Lilies as brought by Youth to Maid! Such art is old, is dawning; and with the living science of which it is the forerunner it will frankly face the mysteries of sex, free from the false modesty of our passing age of mechanical art and analytic science.

What is the ideal of life? What but the blossoming of noble (that is, pure) individuality, human and organic, into fulness—that is, of love, of sex. What better symbol (that is, sign) of these than the lily? And what clearer word of literal revelation, what simpler, yet deeper word of initiation to both art and science was ever spoken than in the ancient counsel and command, 'Consider the lilies, how they grow'?

The theologian, who has seldom wearied of materialising the symbolic, may shudder at the 'Materialism' which considers the noble symbol he is wont profanely to ignore. But the lilies which are to be considered are none the less Real Lilies, and art and science are but ways of considering them aright: here at any rate 'Wer Wissenschaft und Kunst besitzt hat auch Religion.' Some day again with the renewal of Nature-Religion will return its corresponding Nature-Ritual, and, in no mere metaphor, plant its lilies amid our dying thorns.

Never was there such free discussion of sex questions as in these days; and much there is to alarm the timid, much indeed to repel the pure. But here as everywhere the road lies forward, not back. We must grapple with each question, whoever be shocked; not shirk it, gloss it, retreat from it, in our feeble virtue. Consider then the lily: face its elemental biologic-

moral fact. 'Pure as a lily' is not really a phrase of hackneyed sham-morals; for it does not mean weak, bloodless, sexless, like your moral philosopher's books, your curate's sermons. Its Purity lies in that it has something to be pure; its Glory is in being the most frank and open Manifestation of Sex in all the organic world. Its magnificent array is to show forth, not conceal: these wear their lucent argent for the passion-fragrant night, and these roll back their swart-stained robes of scarlet-orange to the sun-rich day; naked and not ashamed, glowing, breathing, warm, each flower showers forth its opulence of golden dust, stretches forth to welcome it in return. This, when we consider, is How they Grow.

. . . . . .

What then is the elemental fact of sex and love? What but nature-mating—love-mating? This it is which covers even the bar-sinister with its gold.

For here primarily lies the secret of the strength and courage of William the Conqueror, here of the vivid heroism of Don John of Austria, and many a hero more; and in the converse ill-assorted 'mariage de convenance' lies half that of the sinister devilry of Philip II., of Pedro the Cruel, of mad czars and imbecile kinglets without end. Here, in the virtuous, prudent, timid, sordid cloistering of French maid and man, lies the old decadence of the nobles of France, the contemporary decadence of her wealthy and governing classes. And here in Scotland in the exceptional freedom in marriage choice, in love choice, illegitimacy and all, lies a root explanation of the organic vigour, of the 'ingenium perfervidum' of our strenuous race. There may, of course, be base-born children without wedlock, but there are also too many base-born with it.

Are we therefore attacking marriage—'sapping the foundations of morality,' as foolish people always say when they are asked to face facts? Not so, but defending marriage; making clear its fundamental and indispensable nature—the mutual selection of congruent types, at the culmination of organic an

psychic life. We are sinking, therefore, the foundations of morality.

And hence it is that romance and poetry are truly religious. For religion lies in idealising and consecrating life; and love is life, and life is love; so Robert Burns, human sinner, is also sacred bard. The Nature-Religions, like all others, are not dead, but are returning; and in ever purer forms. He was the fullest incarnation of Dionysos.

But since 'every clear idea is true,' i.e. has its truth, why then the social infamy of the bastard? First, because too often the psychical element is wanting, and then there is no marriage at all, but mere pairing of the lower animal sort; though perhaps even this is better than the pairing of the lower plant sort which is the ideal of the 'mariage de convenance.' Second, that mating, physical and psychic, can only be full and true when it is permanent, that is, when it goes on evolving throughout the lives it intertwines.

Hence, even apart from the claims and bonds of offspring and of society, the biological and psychic ideal is of permanent monogamy; the 'primitive promiscuity' of which we used to hear so much being but an ugly dream, a disease-utopia of city degeneration under domestication, never a history of the past.

. . . . . .

Yet even lovers recognise in colder moments, and dramatist and moralist are constantly reminding them, that the complete ideal has many elements, and that, alas, complete marriage is therefore mathematically unattainable for humanity—no such ideally complete physical, psychical, social, and ethical culmination of life being even definitely imaginable. For, even granting the possibility of occasional perfection in either sex, we have a second improbability in the simultaneous occurrence of the ideally harmonious, yet contrasted type of the opposite sex, and a further improbability of their ever meeting. Hence appears one of the ways in which the ideal of celibacy is constantly re-affirming itself, and we understand better the monk and nun, the misogynist and new woman.

This idea of celibacy needs fuller analysis. How comes it that we humans develop it at all? It is 'not natural,' we say, when we remember the mighty urge of Nature. Yet it is in Nature; witness the very bees who were our text, for we were just now tracing the parallelism of bee-worker and woman-worker. In the maidenly reluctance which meets the masculine counsel, 'Do not refuse love if it be offered' with 'I'll never marry if I can help it'—there are many elements, but notably two. The reluctance to the loss of child-freedom, youth-freedom, the shrinking from the older and more passive maternal life—is one main element. But there is also an anticipation of the fuller maturity which lies beyond sex-love altogether, a recognition of a possibility (be this spiritual or social as education, religion, or temperament may determine) of a paradise 'in which there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage, but in which we are as the angels of God in Heaven'—or in more modern and everyday (yet happily also not unspiritual) phrase—a 'Society of Friends.'

Is it not a little significant that it is the religious society of that name who, taking them all over, seem most nearly to have realised their heaven upon earth? For to them the secular life of good deeds and social intercourse is most normally accompanied by the spiritual life. Is not this not merely in, but also largely through, that measure of sex-equality and sex-fellowship beyond that of other faiths and churches, so that within any of the sisters or brethren in meeting assembled, there may arise the Spirit and awake the beatific Vision—

> 'Rare hours
> In which the master of angelic powers
> Lightens the dusk within.'

. . . . . .

But life is mostly in the present and the actual, not in the ideal, and the question of questions, in which religion alone has so constantly failed, and which it is the task of science to help it to answer, is—What of the actual and practical present?

Return to this, and to the women-workers of respectively pre-

dominant temporal or spiritual calling. Or if the former be sufficiently discussed, what of the latter? What can we see or say of spiritualising the present?

Here appear, in catholic phrase, the secular orders—nursing the sick, helping the poor, teaching the children, and the like. And these good works satisfy many; witness not only the professed sisterhoods, or the incipient ones like Nurses, School-mistresses, or Parish Councillors; and thus assuredly may be lived most serviceable and happy lives.

Here, moreover, we are getting back to the fundamental domestic again, albeit now with spiritual bias. But here, as lover suggests lover of the opposite sex, so fellow suggests fellow; sister suggests sister of the opposite sex, that is, brother. Here was the limitation of the ancient religious orders; although, be it noted, vigorous attempts were made in the early monastic times to establish mixed convents. These, despite all difficulties, expressed the true ideal, which is of co-operation, not separation, of the sexes; and despite of failures and shortcomings it has been realised in many ways. Here of course is the great and pure, the ideal side of the Greek Hetairæ, of the ideal Abbey of Thelema; here too lies the reasonable and legitimate side of the contentions of the freest novelists.

The element of true union of the sexes, like the element of danger and confusion, is surely too obvious to need discussion: and the problem of morals, as of practical life, is not to retreat from its difficulties, but to surmount them, to bring them into a higher equilibrium, so making in short the difficulty an opportunity of higher things.

What, then, is the normal, the vital condition of the true fellowship, of the ideal sister and brotherhood? How shall we reach this fuller perfection of the human hive? Where has it been expressed in the world? Rarely, dimly, fantastically, if you will, yet surely in some measure in Chivalry, which was no mere temporal ordering of things, but in large measure also was the provisional Religion of Western Feudalism, and which grappled

more boldly than did the too passive orientalisms to which we have been wont to restrict the name, with the fundamental problems of our daily life.

In its noblest examples, the combination of activity with purity was practically reached; not evaded by help of separate cloister walls, as in the (so far profoundly less moral, however superficially more moral) discipline of monasticism. For here lies the vital element of chivalry, that each sex not only expresses its own quality, its own superiority over the other, but uses this to develop the other. The natural courage of the youth was not only developed by the danger of the quest, but refined by its discipline and patience. For the woman also this meant more than affection and constancy: for she might be not his lover, but his lady only, the serene expression of his ideals or their arousing voice, and thus suggest, not only his general line of action, but keep up his moral attitude in it.

We are reaching the fullest ideal of the woman-worker—she who works not merely or mainly For men as the help and instrument of their purpose, but who works With men as the instrument yet material of her purpose.

Here again of course we have new possibilities of good and evil; here are the clearest alternatives of witchcraft black and white, of Circe or Joan of Arc.

Do not let us be idolatrous, and take these again for solitary historic or legendary types. Look around you; are not all men swine and heroes? Not swine nor heroes, mark you, but swine and heroes—a good deal of both—the lower animal indeed in these days generally, but never wholly, predominant. Witch Joan gained her battles with the heroes she had created, and lost them again with swine; Witch Circe, for her part, made heroes swine, and yet they were delivered.

The rest of this essay is obviously for a woman to write. But if she say herself and her sisters are not witches of either type, it is obvious they must be a muddle of both types. And if so, what is the problem of general, of popular education? To go on blinking all sex-facts, all life-facts? to teach three R's or Latin and

Calculus? to pass Standards or Tripos Examinations? or to lead out young souls, to purify and strengthen their latent ethical and ideal life?

But how then shall we lead out these types? How deal with the moral mud of modern conditions—how crystallise, as Ruskin put it, the sand and soot and slush of our factory town into its elements—of opal, diamond, and snow?

Is chivalry over and done? Certainly not devilry at any rate. Was Circe ever more in evidence? Were ever we poor mariners and pilgrims more comfortable swine? We trow not. We do not intend it, but neither did the herd of Circe; her ideal was never definitely expressed to her men, though Joan's was. The utilitarian world thinks just now it is impartial, it has got beyond expressing any ideals; that is, it is fully, if tacitly, accepting the negative ones.

Is it possible or not possible then to restore moral ideals?—that is again to produce men and women of the highest type? And this for practical purposes in our everyday modern world? Higher Education, the thing itself, instead of the word? Obviously, yes. Your cynic who denies this is but an ignoramus, comprehensively ignorant of the nature of chivalry, of its civil history, its natural history alike, blind to the vital essence which lies under its quaint and outworn forms.

Every age of chivalry follows a period of decadence, of moral decline, and is the protest of the new order—is the expression of the new young life, breaking into the very citadel of evil, slaying its mightiest giants, its most infernal dragons.

The giant-killer, the dragon-slayer, is the son of a god very often—very often too the son of nobody in particular; which, as already noted, may amount to the same thing. He is Jack, Tom Thumb, Dummling, Gareth the scullion-knave, and so on. And the heroine, who is she? Very possibly the giant's own daughter, the heiress of the rascally or the sleeping king of the story; the Cinderella of the household, the beggar-maid of Cophetua; rarely has she the good pure pedigree of the peasant maid of Domrémy.

This, of course, should lead into an examination of the biological realities of pedigree, which like everything else has to be looked at along the lines of organic reality, and shows us pure blood and cur blood in palace and hovel alike. Yet after all, this matters little. Where there is human life, however fallen, there is hope. Are men curs and swine as some tell us? Shall we believe these decadent novelists, bemired half way between old ideals and new? It matters not; no brute wholly lacks courage, still less natural affection; and the possibilities of redemption, as the theologian at his best has always told us, are thus inextinguishable with life. The stuff of moral evolution is ever with us; this generation need not go to Hades; our children at least may make for Heaven.

Take another elemental illustration from the world of simpler life; consider what feeble propriety calls 'the pig,' so only seeing 'it' as 'dirty,' as 'shocking,' as a contrast to its anti-macassar lilies. But in the stronger language of hunt or farm, of heraldry or science, this is either boar or sow—elemental male, elemental female, beyond all other familiar creatures. For one, the swift and sharp-tusked, recks not how many foes he fight, turns upon death amid a sheaf of spears; the other, many-breasted as Nature, many-childed as Charity, patiently yields the little ones her life.

Yet these creatures are not human, as our beast and bird friends are. Their courage is but brute courage, however better than none; their affection but brute affection. Why? Because the one is but blind Berserk rage, fighting for fighting's sake; the other mere instinct. It is as the male considers mate and by and by little ones, as he builds and feeds and watches the home that his brute courage refines. The wild boar is but of barbarian battle; finer fighters have been the Eagle of Rome, the Cock of Gaul.

This might be followed far; alike in natural and in civil history. But pass rather to psychology proper. The old school has talked its fill of Pleasure and Pain, but a new evolutionary school has left these vague generalisings, and begins anew

with the elemental emotion; that is, it tells us, Fear. But we again are wont to work at another problem—that of the organic Evolution of Sex. Supreme over the individual life to which the pre-evolutionary school and the earlier evolutionary ones alike too much confine themselves, is the sexual life; but this has its correspondingly supreme sexual emotion—which is other-regarding; that is, the stuff of Affection. Coming now to the self-regarding emotion of Fear, the rebound is Courage. So we would substitute for the outworn psychology of pleasure and pain something which is more akin to current phases of science; which, therefore, does not shrink from the criminologist's observant psychology of fear, from the modern novelist's or alienist's observant analyses of moral corruption; yet which does not stop there; but goes on to enunciate higher problems and better ideals, that is, more scientific and more practical ones. We seek then not only Science but Art, not only an 'experimental psychology' but an Evolutionist Education, in which the elemental lust of the flesh is disciplined into Love, and in which the perfect Love casteth out Fear.

Set then before man-child and maid-child, before lad and lass, man and woman, the elemental ideals of the sexes, of Courage and Affection; that is, let them, get them, set them to set these respective ideals before each other. And so animal masculine courage combines with affection to rise into Chivalry, magnanimous to others; the instinctive feminine affection rises through gain of courage into Purity, reverential of self.

How work this out in detail? It is incipient wherever children meet at play. Here and there a woman is sometimes facing it in her kindergarten; a schoolmaster in his athletic field, in his Boys' Brigade: but the elaboration, the development, the organisation of all this is the highest task of Educators, that is, of Women strengthened and trained by Men whom they have trained and strengthened. And here we are reaching the secret of the remoralisation of the sexes, of their highest individual possibilities, and this for and by lovers and celibates alike. Enough however if for the present we keep to the children. The boy's

sword, the girl's doll; here Nature gives the starting-points of the Educator. Encourage, boldly develop, the game of war, let gun and trumpet have their little day, better now in nursery than later on Kaiser's throne. Drill and march, shamfight and snowfight; for it means discipline and valour; it means geography too; in which is all the stuff of science; it means history, in which is the stuff of literature. It means making not Latin grammarians only, mimics of the Latin pedants and versifiers of the Decline, but Roman boys; who sit down to read their Cæsar together with some meaning, in the ancient hill-fort they have themselves held as Britons, or stormed as conquerors; and whose next game may be to build a Roman wall or fill a moat. So onward through History, dramatised wherever possible; thus even come fortification and engineering; with practical energy and skill of peaceful handicraft—a preparation more vivid than that of our present Sloyd and polytechnics for the industrial world. Give them too with all this, story and song and ballad, give them individual banner and national flag, for here is the simplest concrete symbol of an ideal. These things done young enough, from war-game to peace-game the transition will be easy.

But the girls meanwhile? Where are they? Enjoying the fun, of course, first of all; it is no new physiology that laughter is trophic. How their presence intensifies the fighting, here rewards the victor, consoles the vanquished, is surely an old story; surely, too, how they teach fairplay and in turn learn it, as they learn courage also. Just as civilisation grows richer and softer, there is increasing need of a hardy upbringing for girl as well as boy. These elemental matters seen to, we are in a position safely to develop the domestic education and the culture education in which, on the whole, girls have such traditional advantages over boys, and to develop the kindergarten, which already is mainly feminine in type.

Of higher stages of this mutual education there is no space to speak; but shall we set down the elements of all this, for those that love order and rules, that educate by Code? Starting then

(1) with the moral ideals of Courage and Kindness, we would (2) discipline this in a corresponding practical life-drama; we would supply the corresponding intellectual instruction as need and opportunity arise: (3) all this, as far as reasonably possible (and that is far), being carried on for and by both sexes. In short, carefully reverse your present Codes; defy them that separate the children, that set but intellectual tasks, irrelevant to their real life and interests, which are of Play: that either starve practical activities or teach too tame and mechanical skills; that leave the untrained moral life, the inevitable sexual interest to their fate amid evil chances.

All the land in these days is full of talk of a new Machinery of Education; but few care for the realities of it, few indeed know that there are any. Yet here is a field of inquiry yet imagination, of romance yet history, a field not indeed primarily of legislation, but of everyday practical experiment in which each of us may help; and that in hope. 'For when a faithful thinker, resolute to see every object in the light of thought,
shall kindle science with the fire of the holiest affections,
then will God go forth anew into Creation.'

The Authors of
'THE EVOLUTION OF SEX.'

LA LUNE D'ÉTÉ

BY ANDREW KAY WOMRATH


AKAY
WRATH

SONG

'He loves me—loves me not.'

WHO would not love,
Were Love the simple boy,
Wing'd like the harmless dove,
The child of Mirth and Joy?
Who but would love?
Not I, dear maids, not I!
Wing'd like the harmless dove,
Love yet has wings to fly!

Who would not dream—ah, who,
Were waking free from pain?
Who would not dream? but few
Who wake may dream again!
And oh, sweet friend!
I tremble even in sleep,
To dream that dreams may end,
And dreamers wake to weep!

GEORGE DOUGLAS.

TELEN RUMENGOL[1]

'Le paradis ne se gagne qu'aux pieds des saints de son pays.'

PEACE reigned in the forest of Rumengol. Thither it was that Gralon, King of Ys, had fled, with the words of Primel, the anchorite, in his ears:—'My son, when thy heart is heavy with secret sorrow, take refuge in the eternal solitudes. The forests are tender to suffering man. God has made those sacred aisles the sanctuaries of peace: therein the harmony of the world is revealed.'

When the King of Cornouailles reached the spot where the Druids worshipped, the place of the menhir, the stone of healing, a vision of the Virgin came upon him:—'Mother of Sorrows,' said Gralon, 'if the good God grant me length of days, here on this spot will I build Thee a temple which shall stand for all time: its columns shall be numberless as the trees of the forest, and the eternal silence of the woods shall reign there.' But the King of Cornouailles had not the years for the fulfilling of that vow. Even as he spoke, the green moss was rest to him, and the gold-brown leaves that fell gently were stirred by the soft wings of death.

The Virgin greeted the weary old man as he crossed the threshold of paradise. Smiling graciously, she gave him

[1] 'Telen Rumengol' means literally 'The Harp of Rumengol,' and by extension the 'Pardon des Chanteurs.' This sketch of a Summer Pardon is adapted from a recent book on the Country of the Pardons, by the distinguished Breton writer, M. Anatole Le Braz.

thanks for the beautiful sanctuary which he had dedicated to her in the forest of Rumengol.

'If thou desirest aught of me,' said the Mother of God, 'joyfully will I hearken unto thee.'

'Alas!' replied the old king, 'my daughter Ahès dwells beneath the black waters which robbed me of my royal city of Ys; her soft voice calls men to their undoing; on moon-clear nights her fair form is seen on the crest of the waves.'

The Virgin bowed her head.

'Canst thou, O Holy Mary, still that voice which lures men to their doom, and brings down on Ahès, my beloved, the curses of the people?'

'That lies not within my power, O Gralon. So it is ordained. But hearken unto me. A race of singers shall arise, whose songs shall be sweet as the songs of the siren. In rhythmic words shall their thoughts be clothed. They shall soothe the sorrows which Ahès has caused; they shall give peace to the souls whom she has filled with dread. Each year, at the return of the month of May, which is my month, they shall flock to my Pardon at Rumengol. There, as from an inexhaustible spring, shall flow the inspiration of all the sweet songs and airs, the gwerz and sônes, of the land of Arvor. From Rumengol my minstrels shall wander far and wide, and sing the strength of the men of Armorica, the beauty of her daughters, the heroic deeds of the fathers of the race, and thy renown, O Gralon! Field and plain, threshing-floor and village-green, shall re-echo their songs; and as they draw near, men shall say: "Behold the nightingales of the Virgin!"'

It is midway in the month of the hay-harvest. Pilgrims from all quarters repair to the Pardon of Rumengol: natives of Vannes, 'Gwénédours,' with smooth hair and sharply outlined features; broad-shouldered men of Scaër, with velvet-trimmed jackets; lads of Elliant in stiff collars, saint sacrements embroidered on the back of their coats. Women are there too: mothers

bearing the marks of age—the skin wrinkled, the figure broadened by field-labour and incessant child-bearing; bright, young girls, too, simple country flowers, the wings of their pure white coiffes outspreading like the petals of the wood-anemone. It is no great distance from Quimerc'h to Rumengol. From the ascending road are seen the green, undulating meadows of Cornouailles reflected here and there in the winding river; and, beyond, the blue rampart of distant hills, their jagged peaks touched by the golden light of the setting sun. The sky is cloudless; the wind soft as the living breath of the sea.

The summit gained, the gaze travels from that eyrie like a bird. Beneath, the gabled roofs, dotted here and there by woodland and meadow, recall the middle ages. To the left, grey, vanishing forms, the crests of Menez-Hom; and beyond these again, vague, distant shadows, motionless clouds they seem—the triple-peaked promontory of Crozon, that 'three-fingered hand' which stretches towards the heart of the Atlantic. To the right, the roadstead of Brest, called by the Bretons la mer close, an arm of the sea surrounded by fields and woods, expands its smooth, clear surface, whereon still fluctuates the rose and gold of a sun setting oceanward. Across a valley, full of green shade, the brown, sloping heathland of Hanvec withholds the last sun-glow; and there, invested with quiet light, clings, as a swallow to the eave, the little Mecca of Armorica, the holy oasis of Rumengol.

Slowly moving thitherward, a young shepherd-conscript tenderly and rhythmically chants the popular air of 'Our Lady of Rumengol':—

Lili, arc'hantet ho dèlliou,
War vord an dour 'zo er prajou;

Douè d'ezho roas dillad
A skuill er meziou peb c'houéz vad. . . .

Down where the salt sea-meadows are,
Each lily gleams a silvern star:

'Tis God that clothed them so; each yields
Its soul in fragrance o'er the fields. . . .

Other pilgrims catch up the strain, and the wandering air re-echoes from the opposite hill-side.

The road, descending, winds between two woods; above it, the meeting branches form a green trellis-work. From the fosses on either side this woodland way comes the faint sucking sound of thirsty water-plants. Not a breath of wind is astir: each leaf sleeps, or rather hushfully suspends, for everywhere is that sense of the approach of night which pervades a dusking wood.

Abruptly the road lifts itself out of the greenness; and, as the woods fall away on either side, the horizon is again visible. The path now leads through fresh-smelling ferns and fragrant, blossoming gorse. Behind, the shadows of evening deepen; though, on the hill-slope opposite, still lingers a mysterious light, infinitely delicate in tone, thrown up, it may be, from the distant surface of the sea. In this strange aureole the flame-like spire of Rumengol stands out distinct: the surrounding country seems to bow before it in silent adoration. All things breathe of prayer, and a scarce audible murmur rises from field and plain and meadow, a murmur recalling the spirit of dimly-remembered orisons.

Again the words of the local hymn burst from the lips of the wayfarers:—

Lili, arc'hantet ho dêlliou. . . .

From a field hard by comes an answering song, shouted by a band of excited blue-jackets on their way to the Pardon. Arm in arm they dance and sing:—

Entre Brest et Lorient
Leste, leste,
Entre Brest et Lorient
Lestement.

The freedom of the song in no way shocks the young shepherd-conscript. 'Ah,' says he to a stranger pilgrim, 'these poor

lads sing what they know. Does it matter what they sing, if only they do sing? The good Virgin of Rumengol is not so particular. She hears the sound of their voices; that is enough. That they should hasten from Landevennec or from Recouvrance to worship her in her own sanctuary proves that they remember her, these brave lads of the fleet; and she is glad to see them again, ay, truly glad to see them happy and well. For the rest, she does not trouble. She is a true mother, our Virgin of Rumengol. You will see her soon, in her robe of gold, her face shining with welcome. A smile is always on her lips—it is for joy to her to see the worshippers light-hearted. She loves one and all to come to her singing some couplet, no matter what the words or the air. Thus is it that her Pardon is well called Le Pardon des Chanteurs.'

With these words the young bragou-rû joins the sailors, and his strong, rich voice soon dominates all others. Again and again the refrain rings through the air, poignant and clear as the song of the rising lark; and even when the words are lost, the sound of the floating music adds to the strange glamour of that summer evening.

Rough tents become more frequent; on the further side of the stream they form a street. A tallow candle stuck into a bottle casts a dim flicker over groups of people who talk noisily and embrace across narrow wooden tables. The crowd on the road grows denser. Here and there a gap is made by some beggar sitting cross-legged on the road, who, as he entreats for alms, rattles a string of amulets which hang round his neck; the passers-by, throwing a coin to him, draw aside with superstitious respect.

The single street of Rumengol, flanked on the left by about a dozen houses, on the right by the low wall of the cemetery, is lined with stalls. Groups of peasant women gaze in wonder at the medals, rings, trinkets, and charms which sparkle in the flaring light of lamp or torch, or they finger enviously the suspended chaplets and bright-coloured scapularies which

swing to and fro in the breeze. The men surround the stall where the game of mil ha kaz—a kind of primitive roulette, very popular among the Bretons, proceeds noisily, or exercise their skill in shooting at the Turk's Head. To gain a passage through these crowds is by no means easy, for a Breton during his leisure hours is immovable as a rock. Only by free use of the elbows may one at last reach the inn.

The little hostelry stands at the end of the street, a stone's-throw from the church; the warm glow from its narrow mullioned windows has a look of welcome. A deep crimson light fills the lower room; in the vast open hearth expands a mass of red flame, and above swing the simmering black pots. Fifty people or more, some squatted on the ground, their plate between their knees, crowd together in this heated atmosphere, and thankfully eat their supper.

. . . . . .

It is a strange scene, now, towards ten o'clock, the scene in this votive church. Behind a pillar stands the Madonna of Rumengol, her face lit up by the taper offerings of the people. These tapers fill the church with a mysterious gleam; a hallowed light that rests like a benediction on the snow-white coiffes of the worshippers, and on the worn faces—a soft, wonderful glow, born not only of the litten tapers and the candle-offerings in dim recesses, but out of humble minds and tender hearts filled with the beauty of prayer. Kneeling in a circle before the steps of a side-altar a group of women recite an Ave, and the whole church responds. The ceaseless rise and fall of their voices is as a fitful wind passing through a forest of leaves. Until morning the watch will continue, and as a dream from a thousand weary lips this prayer will issue.

Outside the building another chant is heard, a slow chant in a minor key, one of those characteristic Breton strains in which the same phrase recurs again and again, now muffled as a sob, now penetrating as the howl of a wounded dog. Thus begins another watch, the vigil of the singers in God's acre.

. . . . . .

It is about three o'clock. Already, eastwards, a roseate light suffuses the frontiers of the morning. A tremor is in the air; it forebodes the incomparable awakening of the sea on a Breton summer day. Here amid these wide, peaceful expanses of the extreme West, where man is still in harmony with Nature, the dawn has lost nothing of its pristine solemnity or grandeur.

Rounding the isle of Tibidi, the Rock of Prayer, a sail comes into view, and others follow, notes of brown here and there in the uniform grey of the horizon. It is the procession of boats from Ouessant entering the 'river.' It may be that these heavy fishing smacks, built for daily struggle with wind and tide, have some secret sense of the solemn part which they now play. In single file they advance slowly up the inland sea, furl their sails, and disembark their passengers: all is done noiselessly, well-nigh without gesture. Some women fall on their knees and kiss the ground where begins the blessed zone of Notre Dame of Rumengol. Then in small groups they make their way towards the 'House of the Saint.' All go barefoot; each carries a taper.

They are tall, these women, for the most part, with somewhat masculine, regular features, their faces fresh and rosy with the salt breath of the sea. Their beautiful eyes, with the sea-shadow in them, are limpid as the pools that sleep over green-brown wrack in the rock-hollows; pathetic, too, they are, in their depths lie the memory of past griefs, the presentiment of sorrows to come. No woman of Ouessant is there who from birth till death is not a living prey to the terrors of the sea which robs her of father, lover, husband, sons. And this is why from the cradle to the tomb they are clad in black. The dress is black, the apron black; black, too, the coiffe, save for the severe folds of white across the forehead.

The men, fine muscular fellows, in grey or blue woollen jerseys, with huge fists, and placid features, follow the women. These pilgrims from the parched isle of Ouessant know not the warm breath of the country and the fragrance of the fresh-mown hay, yet they move on, absorbed in their devotions, their eyes fixed on

a belated star which hangs low in the sky immediately above the village spire. It is as a celestial sign to the islanders. Gazing at the pale beam, they raise as with one voice a hymn to the Virgin, the Breton version of the Ave Maria Stella:—

'Ni ho salud, stéréden vor!'

It is a motley throng which crowds the graveyard of Rumengol after the Mass of Dawn. Every type of the Armorican is here: the stolid, taciturn Léonard, born to be trader or priest; the Trégorrois, frank yet sharp of tongue, with deep, expressive eyes; well-built men of Pont l'Abbé, quaint pictures in their embroidered vests and ample velvet trousers. It is a world of reliefs and contrasts, but all are as one in the deep fellowship of an ancient faith, of an ancient race.

The sun in now high above the horizon. Already from the direction of Le Faou, Landerneau, Châteaulin, creaking omnibuses and brakes filled with bourgeois families hasten to Rumengol as to a pleasure fair. The Midnight Vigil, the Mass of Dawn, are over: the Pardon des Chanteurs is at an end.

EDITH WINGATE RINDER.

THE WAY TO RHEIMS

BY JOHN DUNCAN

(Franco-Scottish Society—Sorbonne, 18th April 1896)


Jehanne d'arc et sa
Garde Ecossaise
CHARLES
CHARLES
CHARLES

SUMMER-NIGHT SADNESS

SAVE for the night-wind crisp and cool,
That vaguely thrills a sullen wave,
The calm that broods above this pool
Is deeper than the grave.

Lizard, nor vole with velvet fur,
Steals trembling near the water's edge;
There is no pulse of life astir
In reed and rush and sedge.

Darkness and slumbrous silence lie
Where noonday heard the warbler sing,
And watched the unresting dragon-fly
Flitter on filmy wing.

One sole rift in the cloudy cope
Is dimly lit by one lone star;
The haggard trees that fringe the slope
Like spectral shadows are.

How sweet to die, if this were death!
Not swathed in cerements of the tomb,
But quivering still with blood and breath
In Nature's kindly womb.

For if this conscious soul, dispersed,
  Sleep in cold clay or senseless clod,
Shall I be glad when blossoms burst
  Beneath the smile of God?

Shall I delight in yellowing grain,
  In leaf unfurled or crinkled germ,
When through this subtle-chambered brain
  Travails the winding worm?

What though the all-kindling sun behold
  New races run their measured span,
And light through centuries untold
  The myriad march of man;

Though lovers walk beneath the moon,
  That slowly fills her silvery urn
From pure twin-cusp to plenilune;
  Though stars and tides return;

Though Summer crown the crest of Spring
  With blood-red rose for primrose pale,
If sun and moon and seasons bring
  To me no boon or bale?

But if my death-change bring to birth
  Some soul of sense that will not die,
Fain would I linger on the earth
  Wherein these ashes lie.

I long for no divine abode,
  No golden harp, no white array,
Nor glimpses of the light that glowed
  On Israel's trackless way.

Earth's song is more to my desire
  Than echoes of the heavenly hymn,
And dearer is the woodland quire
  Than hosts of seraphim.

O mother! if my love aright
  Hath given thee all that love could give,
Quench not its frail and flickering light,
  But bid my spirit live,

To mingle with the mountain-stream
  That down the long strath serpentines,
Or melt in a melodious dream
  Amid the murmuring pines;

Thence, wafted by the wandering breeze,
  To wanton over heath and holm,
And float on wildered waste of seas
  In plumes of feathery foam;

Or, if against thee I have sinned,
  Oh let me haunt this ghostly pool,
Where on my brows the twilight wind
  Even now breathes crisp and cool!

W. J. ROBERTSON.

A SUMMER AIR

O WAVING trees
And waving wind
And waving seas
And waving mind—
Where, far and wide,
Am I to roam
To find my bride,
To reach my home?

My soul is my Bride:
Ah, whither fled?
She hath not died,
Nor am I dead:
But somehow, somewhere,
A song she heard,
And she flashed thro' the air
A sunfire bird.

My bride, she is
Where the rainbows are;
Sweet, sweet her kiss
Awaits afar:

My goal is where
  The sea-waves meet
The Sands of Youth
  Stirred by her feet.

O waving leaves,
  O waving grass,
My heart grieves
  That it may not pass.
'Summer is fleet,
  Summer is long,'—
I know not, Sweet,
  'Tis an empty Song.

Where, far and wide,
  Across what foam,
On what strange tide,
  Shall I be come?
Meet me, O Bride,
  Where, lost, I roam:
Leap to my side
  And lead me home!

FIONA MACLEOD.

THE VICTOR

BY ROBERT BURNS

VERS L'UNITE

IL n'y a pas à méconnaître les symptômes de division qui subsistent actuellement dans le monde. Le militarisme, d'une part, et la question sociale de l'autre, ne suffisent que trop à convaincre d'optimisme naïf ceux qui proclament l'avènement prochain de la paix universelle et le règne tranquille de la fraternité. Si la lutte et la concurrence ne sont peut-être pas autant qu'on le croit des maux nécessaires, ils sont de ceux, en tout cas, dont rien ne fait encore prévoir la disparition, et il faudrait de la crédulité pour reprendre aujourd'hui le rêve antique des millénaires qui promettaient mille ans de félicité terrestre avant le jugement final.

S'ensuit-il toutefois que, dans cet ordre d'idées, aucun progrès ne soit réalisable, et que pas une ne disparaîtra des innombrables barrières élevées entre nous jadis par les conflits d'intérêts et par les malentendus, par l'ambition, l'ignorance, la haine et toutes les sortes de préjugés?

Loin de nous cette appréhension! Outre qu'elle est de nature à étouffer les plus généreux efforts, elle se trouve en contradiction avec la réalité des faits, avec le mouvement qui s'agite depuis longtemps déjà dans les profondeurs de l'esprit humain et qui commence aujourd'hui de se manifester jusqu'à la surface par des phénomènes tout à fait nouveaux et incontestables.

Deux grandes forces jusqu'ici ont conduit les hommes : l'une aussi ancienne que le monde et d'une origine divine, la religion ; l'autre, plus récente et plus humaine, quoique à peine moins puissante et moins respectée, le patriotisme. Forces de cohésion et d'unité par leur nature même, si on les avait toujours bien comprises, n'est-il pas vrai qu'en pratique l'homme les a souvent détournées de leur but et en a fait l'occasion ordinaire de ses pires querelles, quand ce n'a pas été de ses conflits les plus sanglants ? Si cela allait changer, pourtant ? Si la patrie et la religion (qu'il faut se garder, au reste, de rapprocher jusqu'à les confondre comme quelques-uns le tentent imprudemment) si la patrie et la religion cessaient un jour d'exciter les dissentiments, les contradictions, les disputes, les guerres ? Oui ! si les religions et les patries tendaient enfin à se tolérer, à se rencontrer, à s'expliquer, j'allais dire à s'unifier ?

Que nous soyons très-loin de cet idéal, j'en conviens sans peine ; mais qu'on en voie à l'horizon poindre déjà quelques lueurs naissantes, je crois difficile de le méconnaître. Sans doute, le jour qui s'annonce là-bas, je crains qu'au lieu de rayonner sur le monde splendidement, il ne soit en grande partie intercepté par nos erreurs et par nos vices comme le soleil peut l'être par les nuages ; mais une chose, du moins, ne paraît plus possible : c'est qu'on rentre jamais complètement dans la nuit ancienne.

I

Chez un grand nombre d'esprits et pour les causes les plus opposées, l'idée de patrie cesse de se confondre avec l'idée de frontière. On commence à comprendre qu'une race peut se développer et jouer son rôle sans se battre nécessairement avec les races voisines, même sans les détester. Comme on peut être Parisien et garder des relations excellentes avec un Breton, un Lillois, un Provençal, un Basque ; comme on peut être d'York et avoir des amis à Lancaster : il devient évident aussi que le Français n'est point par essence et par ordre

providentiel l'ennemi naturel de l'Anglais, du Russe, de l'Allemand, du Belge, de l'Italien ou de l'Espagnol. L'idée de patrie rattache et fortifie par cela même les énergies spéciales qui sont le lot des divers groupes d'hommes : par exemple, la clarté d'esprit et la générosité de sentiments se développent mieux qu'ailleurs dans le groupe français, et elles perdraient de leur force s'il venait brusquement à le dissoudre ; il faut en dire autant de la profondeur allemande, de l'initiative anglaise, de l'énergie scandinave. Évidemment, ce n'est pas là ce qui doit disparaître. Mais l'idée de patrie, si elle possède le grand avantage de perfectionner les groupes en eux-mêmes, possède aussi, c'est incontestable, le grand inconvénient de nuire aux relations naturelles de ces groupes entre eux ; elle fait du bien à une nation, elle fait du mal aux autres. Et c'est cela, qu'on nous entende bien, cela précisément qui ne doit pas durer ; c'est cela que d'heureux symptômes nous font espérer de voir finir.

Illusion et rêve ? Non pas, si c'est l'effet déjà manifeste et la conséquence nécessaire d'une cause naturelle, d'une cause que rien n'arrêtera plus et qui toujours ira se fortifiant. Elle est simple, cette cause, tellement simple que tout le monde la connaît, et que j'ai presque honte de la redire. Eh bien, oui, c'est le développement rapide, l'élargissement indéfini, l'incessante multiplication des relations entre les peuples. Ce n'est que cela, mais c'est tout cela. En dépit de ces obstacles qu'on appelle douanes, frontières, armées nombreuses, les rapports deviennent chaque jour plus fréquents et plus étroits ; on passe à côté, on passe par-dessus, pour faire du commerce, de la science, de l'amitié. Il arrive que, durant un simple voyage, on oublie toutes les leçons apprises et qu'on se laisse naïvement aller au plaisir de voir et d'aimer des gens qui nous ressemblent et, quand on est rentré chez soi, on s'étonne de se trouver autre, on commence de s'habituer à l'élargissement de son âme. Déjà nul ne s'étonne plus d'apprendre que des congrès de toute sorte réunissent, tantôt dans une capitale, tantôt dans une autre, les élites de chaque nation, et que ces élites s'accordent par-

faitement, qu'elles s'estiment, qu'elles s'entr'aident d'une façon désintéressée, qu'elles créent, dans ces réunions de quelques jours, des associations qui se perpétuent et qui établissent sur tous les sommets de la pensée humaine le plus parfait cosmopolitisme ; cependant qu'en bas, pour des raisons moins spéculatives peut-être, mais avec des aspirations où il n'y a pas que de la chimère, on voit des travailleurs de tous pays essayer de s'entendre et de se soutenir pour améliorer leur sort, pour protester, à l'occasion, contre les guerres et les armements. Assemblées de savants et fédérations d'ouvriers, quand vous les nommez tranquillement internationales, vous rendez-vous compte de ce que cela veut dire ? Et si les frontières vont en s'effaçant pour les savants, les gens d'affaires, les ouvriers, autant dire toute la masse humaine ; et si cette masse humaine devient de plus en plus maîtresse de ses destinées, en sorte que l'époque arrive où les guerres, les traités, les armements ne dépendront plus du caprice des rois ou des diplomates, mais du libre consentement de tous : vraiment n'a-t-on pas le droit de croire qu'entre nations les rapports deviennent à la fois plus nombreux et plus amicaux, moins défiants et moins agressifs ?

On voudra bien reconnaître que nous n'annonçons pas la disparition prochaine de l'idée de patrie. C'en est seulement la transformation qui nous semble se préparer, et que, très franchement, nous hâtons de nos désirs. Ou plutôt, c'en est, à dire vrai, l'épuration et le perfectionnement.

Ou cette idée ne gardera et ne développera que son contenu positif d'union fortifiante entre les hommes d'un même groupe, et alors elle deviendra, comme nous l'espérons, une des plus grandes causes de progrès ; ou bien elle conservera ce que nous avons mis en elle d'exclusif, de haineux et d'étroit, et alors elle soulèvera tant de protestations dans les âmes les plus généreuses, que beaucoup en viendront à la méconnaître, à la confondre avec ses abus, peut-être à la combattre et à la détruire. Il ne faut pas faire servir les frontières nationales à la justification de toutes les sottises et de tous les crimes, si l'on ne veut pas qu'un jour la conscience humaine ne répète le cri

terrible de Sénèque: 'sont-elles assez ridicules, ces limites marquées par les hommes!'

II

'Corruptio optimi pessima': la religion, valant encore mieux que la patrie, a donné lieu à des abus plus détestables. Il n'y a pas plus de trois cents ans que toute l'Europe était, à cause d'elle, couverte de sang et de ruines. Aujourd'hui encore, c'est la haine anti-religieuse qui attarde la démocratie française en des chicanes et des vexations misérables; c'est l'étroitesse religieuse qui fait massacrer les chrétiens en Chine, spolier et exiler, en Russie, tout ce qui déplaît au procureur du Saint-Synode. Mais, si l'on ajoute à ces trois pays quelques cantons intolérants de la Suisse, certaines sectes musulmanes et peut-être trois ou quatre tribus de sauvages, est-ce qu'on n'aura pas à peu près fait le tour de ce qui subsiste aujourd'hui de fanatisme militant?

Il n'y a que trois ans, des représentants de toutes les religions se réunissaient à Chicago pour exprimer chacun leur credo sur Dieu, sur l'âme, sur le devoir moral. Et il s'y est produit cette étonnante manifestation de tendance unitaire, que toutes les religions non-chrétiennes ont tenu à faire valoir ce qu'elles ont de commun avec nous, tandis que, d'autre part, les confessions non catholiques, pleines de déférence pour la vieille Église mère, la priaient de considérer tout ce que, depuis la triste séparation, elles ont gardé des lois et des croyances familiales. On y apprenait (faut-il donc l'avoir si longtemps ignoré?) que les protestants ont conservé comme nous le symbole des Apôtres, le symbole de Nicée et le symbole de Saint Athanase; on y apprenait, que, grâce à la Révélation première et au bon sens humain, tous les peuples de l'univers ont gardé à travers la série des siècles, sauf d'infimes exceptions et malgré beaucoup d'erreurs adventices, le culte du vrai Dieu. Les Puritains avaient pris l'initiative du Congrès; il s'y trouvait de nombreux Boudhistes; un cardinal y prononçait le discours d'ouverture, et tous ensemble récitaient le 'Pater Noster.'

Pour s'être passés en Amérique (ô la redoutable objection !) de tels évènements n'en sont pas moins glorieux pour le siècle qui sait les produire, ni moins féconds en grandes promesses pour le temps futur. Beaucoup de catholiques fixent leurs yeux sur ce mouvement comme sur la plus magnifique des promesses et des espérances. Ils rêvent déjà de l'époque où toutes les nations chrétiennes seront revenues à l'unité et où l'évangile, cessant d'être tiré en sens divers par des sectes contradictoires, donnera enfin dans toute leur richesse ses fruits d'émancipation et de fraternité.

Jusque dans le Boudhisme et les autres religions mêlées de plus ou moins d'erreurs, on commence d'apercevoir le noyau central de vérité sans lequel elles n'eussent pu se maintenir, et qui ne cesse en quelque sorte de se solidifier en elles tandis que s'éliminent à la longue leurs éléments impurs.

L'idolâtrie brutale, dans les temps antiques, recula peu à peu devant le polythéisme, et le polythéisme, à son tour, devant la croyance en un Dieu suprême et unique. La même marche ascendante se poursuit depuis l'Évangile chez les peuples qui ne l'ont pas encore reçu. Les cultes féroces disparaissent du monde avec les derniers Dahomeys, le polythéisme n'existe presque plus ; en morale partout les mœurs vont s'adoucissant, et la famille monogame étend chaque jour son empire civilisateur. Toutes les religions s'approchent du christianisme, même lorsqu'elles en ignorent l'existence. Est-ce l'effet d'une grâce mystérieuse ? est-ce progrès de la recherche rationelle ? est-ce une latente compénétration des vérités répandues ailleurs ? A parler plus exactement, ce sont, dans une proportion indéfinissable, toutes ces causes réunies qui poussent l'humanité vers les régions de la lumière, avec une lenteur majestueuse, mais avec une étonnante sûreté. L'heure s'annonce manifestement, où toutes les religions imparfaites viendront se perdre dans l'unique religion parfaite, tandis que, parallèlement, toutes les formes de l'incroyance iront, elles aussi, en se confondant dans l'agnosticisme, dans un agnosticisme qui sentira son impuissance devant les hauts problèmes d'origine et de destinée,

qui par cela même respectera la foi des voisins et se fera tolérer en tolérant les autres.

Inutile d'insister sur des conclusions qui se dégagent d'elles-mêmes. Si la religion et la patrie, ces deux puissances, tendent à éliminer ce que la sottise humaine a glissé en elles d'exclusif, de violent, de haineux, pour ne conserver plus que ce que Dieu y a voulu mettre de force unifiante et élevante, ou bien, en deux mots, si les patries peuvent cesser de se nuire et si les religions imparfaites peuvent s'absorber dans la religion vraie,— n'y a-t-il pas quelque raison de croire que la race humaine marche vers l'union? Et si, enfin, prendre conscience de ce progrès, en montrer les symptômes, en faire désirer l'avènement, cela peut aider à le promouvoir, pourquoi ne l'oserait-on pas?

ABBÉ FÉLIX KLEIN.

UN SOIR DE JUIN

BY ANDREW KAY WOMRATH

TO ROBERT BURNS—(1759-1796)

WHILE Southern lands are trembling in the throes
Of Earthquake that, with subterraneous sound
Of hollow thunders, humbles to the ground
Church, Forum, and Palace,—'neath its frozen snows,
In Arctic isle, a fierce volcano glows
Fretting for ever 'gainst its iron bound,
Leaps suddenly aloft and flares around,
Flushing a pallid land to fiery rose.

So 'neath our norland natures—stern and strong—
Sleep seething passions, molten ores of Love—
The themes that fire, the burning thoughts that move,
The Patriot flame, the fiery hate of Wrong;
All these, that pedant Custom would reprove,
Thy fiery soul outflings in rosy flames of Song.

H. BELLYSE BAILDON.

THE KINGDOM OF THE EARTH[1]

LONG, long ago a Gypsy king, old and blind, but dowered with ancestral wisdom beyond all men that have lived, heard that the Son of God was born among men. He rose from his place, and on the eve of the third day, he came to where Jesus sat among the gifts brought by the wise men of the East. The little Lad sat in Mary's lap beneath a tree filled with quiet light; and while the folk of Bethlehem came and went He was only a Child as other children are. But when the Gypsy king drew near, the Child's eyes deepened with knowledge.

'What is it, my little Son?' said Mary the Virgin.

'Sure, mother dear,' said Jesus, who had never yet spoken word, 'is it Deep Knowledge that is coming to me?'

'And what will that be, O my Wonder and Glory?'

'That which will come in at the door before you speak to me again.'

Even as the Child spoke, an old blind man entered, and bowed his head.

'Come near, O tired old man,' said Mary that had borne a son to Joseph, but whose womb knew him not.

[1] From 'The Washer of the Ford.'

With that the tears fell into the old man's beard. 'Sorrow of sorrows,' he said, 'but that will be the voice of the Queen of Heaven!'

But Jesus said to His mother: 'Take up the tears, and throw them into the dark night.' And Mary did so; and lo! upon the wilderness, where no light was, and on the dark wave where seamen toiled without hope, clusters of shining stars rayed downward in a white peace. Thereupon the old king of the desert said:

'Heal me, O King of the Elements.'

And Jesus healed him. His sight was upon him again, and his grey ancientness was green youth once more.

'I have come with Deep Knowledge,' he said.

'Ay, sure, I am for knowing that,' said the King of the Elements, that was a little Child.

'Well, if you will be knowing that, you can tell who is at my right side?'

'It is my elder brother the Wind.'

'And what colour will the Wind be?'

'Now blue as Hope, now green as Compassion.'

'And who is on my left?'

'The Shadow of Life.'

'And what colour will the Shadow be?'

'That which is woven out of the bowels of the earth and out of the belly of the sea.'

'Truly, thou art the King of the Elements. I am bringing you a great gift, I am: I have come with Deep Knowledge.'

And with that the old blind man, whose eyes were now as stars, and whose youth was a green garland about him, chanted nine runes.

The First Rune was the Rune of the Four Winds:

The Second Rune was the Rune of the Deep Seas:

The Third Rune was the Rune of the Lochs and Rivers and the Rains and the Dews and the many waters:

The Fourth Rune was the Rune of the Green Trees and of all things that grow:

The Fifth Rune was the Rune of Man and Bird and Beast, and of everything that lives and moves, in the air, on the earth, and in the sea: all that is seen of man, and all that is unseen of man:
The Sixth Rune was the Rune of Birth, from the spawn on the wave to the Passion of Woman:
The Seventh Rune was the Rune of Death, from the quenching of a gnat to the fading of the stars:
The Eighth Rune was the Rune of the Soul that dieth not, and the Spirit that is:
The Ninth Rune was the Rune of the mud and the dross, and the slime of Evil—that is the Garden of God, wherein He walks with sunlight streaming from the palms of His hands, and with stars springing beneath His feet:

Then when he had done, the old man said: 'I have brought you Deep Knowledge.' But at that Jesus the Child said:
'All this I heard on my way hither.'
The old Desert king bowed his head. Then he took a blade of grass, and played upon it. It was a wild strange air that he played.
'Iosa mac Dhè, tell the woman what song that is,' cried the Gypsy king.
'It is the secret speech of the Wind that is my brother,' cried the Child, clapping His hands for joy.
'And what will this be?'—and with that the old man took a green leaf, and played a lovely whispering song.
'It is the secret speech of the leaves,' cried Jesus the little Lad, laughing low.
And thereafter the Gypsy king played upon a handful of dust and upon a drop of water, and upon a flame of fire: and the Child laughed for the knowing and the joy. Then he gave the secret speech of the singing bird, and the barking fox, and the howling wolf, and the bleating sheep: of all and every created kind.

'O King of the Elements,' he said then, 'for sure you knew much, but now I have made you to know the secret things of the green Earth that is Mother of you and of Mary too.'

But while Jesus pondered that one mystery the old man was gone: and when he got to his people they put him alive into a hollow of the earth and covered him up—because of his shining eyes, and the green youth that was about him as a garland.

And when Christ was nailed upon the Cross, Deep Knowledge went back into the green world, and passed into the grass and the sap in trees, and the flowing wind, and the dust that swirls and is gone.

FIONA MACLEOD.

THE WARNING OF CUCULAIN

I

CUCULAIN tossed on his lonely bed,
Laeg couched across the door—
The hero heard the heavenly steed,
Fair Macha's grey, the North wind's seed,
Neigh to her yoke-fellow, as in need,
And stamp on the stone-flagged floor.

II

Laeg slept unmoved, while down below
Th' immortal war-horse stirred,
And ever it seemed to the wondering king
That he heard a harp at the casement ring
And a spirit chant to the chiming string,
Sweet-voiced as a magic bird.

III

The hero arose and searched the night
—A glory against the gloom—
Orphid MacManar before him sate,
Dark God, who but to the brave and great
May pour the presage of evil fate:
The dolorous burthen of doom.

IV

Sad spake the seer—'Cuculain, lo!
Thou art set on the black grave's brink.
Thy doom, alone 'mid the Southron hordes,
To strew the plain with their smitten lords,
And at length o'erwhelmed by a sea of swords,
Like a storm-swept rock to sink.'

V

The God, like a dream, from his startled gaze,
Sank into the outer night;
Cuculain has wakened his charioteer,
And softly speaks in his listening ear,
'I have seen the Death-God, be of good cheer,
Together we fall in the fight.

VI

'Our comrades battle across the foam,
Seizing the strangers' strands;
For us, old friend, more glorious far
To reap the ranks of the Southron war,
With the whirlwind rush of our scythe-set car,
The sweep of our flaming brands.'

VII

'Master,' answered his charioteer,
'Thy foster brother am I.
Since death-doomed by the God thou art,
By my sword, I swear, that the fatal dart
Must pass through mine, 'ere it reach thy heart—
With thee, as I 've lived, I die.'

PHILIP PERCEVAL GRAVES.

THE TATTOO

BY JAMES CADENHEAD

NANNACK

SUN burnt and sun burnt,
Rain on soft rain fell,
And gleamed a tinge of green—
Just a heart beat:
Then the suns stopped,
Then the clouds fixed,
And heavy came the gloom.

The Rev. Colin Davidson sat in his study brooding. The text of his sermon lay on his desk before him. The sinking sun fell on his sadness, and he thought of a joy that once was his. He knew the whole story now, and he often told it to himself.

He was a lad again standing on a far-off Highland station. A nipping wind cut him like a jagged knife, but with wide open eyes he watched the train peching up the hillside. The steam was falling in lumps against the heather. There was a handkerchief fluttering at a window, and he waved back as one in a dream. In a moment the red end of the guard's van had turned the corner, and only a sound was left. He remembered as he set out for home how he had parted from Nannack the night before. They climbed up the face of Scourouran, and

it was sweet to feel her hand as he helped her at the rocky parts. They sat upon the western shoulder that commands the sea, and, with never a word, they looked far out on the waters. The beauty of the night was nothing then, but he now went back on it. The hills wore dark, solemn faces, and a west wind swung round them. The stars sang. The waves danced shorewards in rows, and a band of moonlight lay upon their jewelled heads.

'You must be going now, Nannack. You'll have a lot of packing to do,' he said helplessly. The shaking of his heart stopped the words he wished to say. He just looked at her, and he could remember how her eyes glistened.

' Oh, ye have to go, Nannack!' he said again, and his love felt ashamed of his words.

'Ay, Colin, and I don't know what to do.' It was her voice with a quiver in it he heard. She turned her soft eyes to him, and he longed to catch her. She put her hand on his shoulder He felt it there now. Her face had love's beauty on it as she said, ' Kiss me.'

The sun had led its fire away, and in the dim light of his study he was on Scourouran.

From a drawer he took a packet of letters, and he read the first. As he looked upon the scratchy writing he felt a strange kind of pride for all his sadness—the pride of winning a great heart. The letter was just this:—

'170 Grosvenor Square,
'Edinburgh.

'My own dear Colin,—i got here fine, its an affil thing the trane and we jist came down some of the braes that quick that you wood think we wood never stop. i was thinkin i wood be feelin very lonely here if i wood be havin the time. its a busi place this but often at night when everything gets as quate all jist be mindin on you all at home and then i'll jist be like to cry but i am jist riting abowt mysell and no askin how you will all be keepin at home you will be havin fine

wether jist now i am thinking, and i hope you will be enjoying yourself very much. o i am longing affie to see you and i am afrade it will be a terrble long time before i wont see you. i often lie thinkin of our waaks and us going along the shore yon night to Glendhu and climbing Scourouran and watching everything so big roond us. it was terrble fine, but o it will be an affie time before we hev waaks like yon agen. am likin my place fine, they are too other girls in the place, one of them is from Tain and the other one is from Dundee and some times from the talk that will be on them i will be thinking they will not be very good girls but there very kind too. there at denner up the stairs just now and i am writing this quick and i will run out to the post with it before there finished no more just now my own dear Colin. hopping you are verry well i am the same with all my love your loving Nanni.'

Shadows had settled round him, and his text was a blur on the white paper.

And now the memory of student days come to him. It is a time of work, but yet the happiness of it tingles in his mind as the dim class-rooms ring with laughter, and his stamping feet keep time to the old Psalm tunes. And he is with Nannack. Her night out is his too, and on Sundays they attend the evening service in St. Columba's with its homely faces and homely voices. He remembers her joy and her sweet encouragement. His heart grew light with success, he was at last a minister of the gospel he loved. Then the great day and the sermon in the Barclay. He preached to one, and he felt the living God in him. He saw her face—just the pale face, the glistening eyes, and the dark hair—far up in the third gallery. God was very good to him.

And next day the letter came.

. . . . . .

She—there are two sides to many a story—worked and saw the sun through the railings. Thought is not a servant's work, but Nannack did dream of her Colin. She wrote him every

week, and he little knew her fears. She looked on her blotted pages, and her heart shrank. Did Colin laugh at her scribbling? Ah, if she could just speak to him. But she sought earnestly to school herself.

Dreary was her life waiting for him. She felt the chill of Edinburgh life; her heart yearning for sympathy found none. For Edinburgh is a sweet enchantress, but her smiles hide a cold heart. Young strangers crowd her streets, but to cheer them along in these days of youth there is no kind hand held out; no kind words, no home firesides give greeting. Nannack felt it, but she looked to the time when Colin would come to join his classes. Then the days sped. On Thursday nights—the 'night out,' which holds so much for many a weary girl—she met him, and on Sunday evenings they went together to St. Columba's Church. Love's expectation bridged these nights.

But then again fear came upon her. Each session brought him success. He was the first man of his year, and she—a poor servant girl. Part of her little wages she sent home, part she spent in clothes, and what remained she spent in children's school-books to make her more worthy of a scholar's love. She sat far into the night over nouns and verbs, and in the summer the grey of dawn looked down into the area and saw her with an old 'Royal Reader' in her hand. And still she often caught herself saying, 'they wis' and 'we waas.'

One night she sat with Colin on a seat in the Meadows, just below the Infirmary. An east wind stole west shivering with cold, and the trees like gaunt old women at a wake rocked and cried, sad at being left behind. Through the branches, the lights of the students' lodgings were stars.

Colin was full of his success.

'Nannack, I 'll be through in a month, and I don't think I 'll have very much difficulty in getting a charge. And then, Nannack?'

The prospect was beyond his words.

'There 'll be no more working for you, then, will there?' he went on.

'No,' was Nannack's reply. 'No, Colin, and you 'll be a great

preacher, and you 'll hev a big church, an' a 'll be a poor lassie 'at 'll always be a burden on you.'

'Nannack,' he said, and there was a sharp cut in his words, 'Nannack! if I hear you speak like that again I 'll, I 'll—Ah, but, Nannack, you are too good for any one, and you have the heart that 'll give me strength when I 'm weak, Nannack! I think I see the future, and the sky is clear for us.'

Her face was white on his shoulder.

'Nannack!' he asked, with a pain in his heart, 'you 're fond of me still, aren't you?'

Her forehead sank on his breast and tears fell on his hand.

'O Colin, a' wush a' wis strong enough to show yi how a' liked ye,' she said.

He put his arm round her, and smiled with content, knowing little.

Still she studied, but a new thought got between her and the words. Colin had passed with highest honours, and now he was a minister. Next Sabbath was to be a great day for him. He was to preach in the Barclay. She was there in the topmost gallery, and throughout the service she shrank into a dim corner lest he might see her, for she had not told him that she had got the forenoon off to hear him. A warm light filled the great church, and she felt alone in it. The sound of people moving to their seats seemed far off. But as Colin entered—her Colin! she wondered did any of the congregation know he loved a lonely servant-girl—as he entered with firm step and brave eyes, pride rose in her, and she prayed to be purged of it. From custom, and fear of being seen by him, she sat throughout the Psalm. In the prayer his voice echoed in the dark corners of the building and seemed to linger round her. His text was, 'Thy will be done on earth.' It was all she heard. Her mind was floating on the music of his words. She saw herself his wife. She was trying to help him, and he was looking fondly on her. She looked through the Summer and into the Autumn and gathering time; their hearts were locked. But her fancy shivered. She was only an ignorant servant

girl. She could not see his rich friends. She could not keep his fine house. She was a burden on him. He kissed her, and out of the goodness of his heart called her 'his own Nannack.' But his preaching staled, and his fair hair and blue eyes were grey; and his shoulders stooped. Could she bear to see him sink? Was she selfish? She left the church with questions ringing in her ears. It was a day of doubt with her.

The evening came without peace. She must think; the kitchen fire went out under her eyes. She rose at last and went to her room. Her bed companion was asleep, and the only sound was the heavy breathing. Nannack flung herself on her knees by the bedside and burst into a storm of sobbing. The struggle was long and fierce. At last peace stole into her eyes. Her bosom ceased to heave, and her pulse to throb with fever. Her face lit with the love that surpasses earthly, and her conquered soul melted into gentle tears that fell on her cold white bosom. It was all quiet now. But her heart was broken.

She rose from her knees and took pen and paper from her trunk. In the letter she wrote then, with shaking hand and striven heart, lies the secret of the sadness that broods upon the great Highland preacher's thought.

JOHN MACLEAY.

UNDER THE ROWANS

GREEN branches, green branches, I see you beckon;
I follow!
Sweet is the place you guard, there in the rowan-tree hollow.
There he lies in the darkness, under the frail white flowers
Heedless at last, in the silence, of these sweet midsummer hours.

But sweeter, it may be, the moss whereon he is sleeping now,
And sweeter the fragrant flowers that may crown his moon-white brow:
And sweeter the shady place deep in an Eden hollow
Wherein he dreams I am with him—and, dreaming, whispers, 'Follow!'

Green wind from the green-gold branches, what is the song you bring?
What are all songs for me, now, who no more care to sing?
Deep in the heart of Summer, sweet is life to me still,
But my heart is a lonely hunter that hunts on a lonely hill.

Green is that hill and lonely, set far in a shadowy place;
White is the hunter's quarry, a lost loved human face:
O hunting heart, shall you find it, with arrow of failing breath,
Led o'er a green hill lonely by the shadowy hound of Death?

Green branches, green branches, you sing of a sorrow olden,
But now it is midsummer weather, earth-young, sun-ripe, golden:
Here I stand and I wait, here in the rowan-tree hollow,
But never a green leaf whispers, 'Follow, oh, Follow, Follow!'

FIONA MACLEOD.

NIGHT IN ARRAN

EIGHT o'clock, and the dusk of the Summer night had begun to gather in the little Shisken valley. One after another lights began to shine amid the shadow of the hillside opposite; and down to the right, where the valley opens on Kilbrannan Sound, a thicker cluster of them marked the fisher hamlet of Blackwaterfoot.

The scene was familiar enough to Hector Mackenzie as he looked on it from the road under Drumadoon, for every night as the darkness fell, for the first fifteen years of his life, from the window of his father's sheiling of Torbeg he had seen these yellow lights shine out. Each one of them he knew by name, and each brought to him some separate picture of thatched bigging and upland croft, whose mossy dyke-sides and straw-strewn shed or barn had been the haunt of long Summer Saturdays in school-time. How well, too, he knew the murmur of the burn over its pebbles, which came up now faintly, the only sound amid the darkness. Many a night, in his little low-roofed attic under the thatch, it had lulled him to sleep with its quiet tune. Had he not, all his early days, breathed the bracing air of these hills, understood the homely fragrance of the peat-reek, and been familiar with the drifting scent of the white clover in the meadows?

Sixteen years, however, had somehow made a difference—six years in the grey university class-rooms, and ten in the laboratory of the grey scientist, reverenced and loved as the greatest of the modern seers. It was not for nothing that the Arran boy had seen the lightning bridled, and the universes weighed; had looked on at achievements, chemical and mechanical, which outstripped a thousand times the utmost dreams of mediæval magicians and astrologers. In his blood ran the Celtic fire, quick with the hidden memories and imaginings of seventy generations of the most emotional and spiritual race in the world; and who knows what long-forgotten instincts of heredity may suddenly waken again to consciousness in the blood at the touch of their mysterious affinity?

At any rate, this night, when he stood again on the hillside under Drumadoon, in the little Arran valley, he seemed to look around him with opened eyes and a keener sense. The dusk as it gathered and deepened, the breath of the meadow clover, and the quiet murmur of the burn water, seemed, like music, emotions in a primæval language of their own, understood silently by the heart. These inner meanings the poets here and there have tried to translate and place on record, but the cumbersome machinery of human speech proves but ill fitted to reproduce so subtle a thing. More truly has this been done by the great religions of the past; for the greatest of all the poets have been prophets and priests, and for the stirrings they felt at the movements of sun and sap, at the quickening of life, the flash of lightning and the roar of the sea, they invented a word, and spoke of communion with Bel or Jah.

Mackenzie walked along the hillside eastward. No sound of wheels or footsteps was to be heard on the road, either behind or in front, and the shoulder of Drumadoon rising on his left, and the dip of the valley on his right, were alike now dark. Before him, inland, no lights were to be seen; only, overhead in the dark heaven, twinkled and flashed and burned a myriad jewel-points of fire. Presently, below and in front of him, as the road trended away to his left, spread the wild heath of Tor-

more; and from the spot where he stood, looking out over its expanse, he could imagine, if he did not see, the grey stone circles of the Druids. Familiar to him from his boyhood, yet looked on always with a traditional awe, these grey memorials, in their vast theatre of the hills, seemed now, amid the darkness and the living silence, to waken the aspirations of some half-forgotten dream. Suddenly he remembered it was Beltane Eve, the first of May.

The spot is a quiet one, and the night was warm and dry. He seated himself under the side of a great boulder, on a bank of wild thyme, and gave himself up to picturing the pageants and mysterious rites of a forgotten age to which the worn stone circles on the moor below him had been silent witnesses.

The hours must have passed unconsciously, and it must have been after midnight when he became aware that the moon was rising. A thin crescent of clear and lovely fire, she rose slowly from behind the dark mountain edge opposite, and stood presently, shining, radiant, serene, in a clear space of the eastern heaven. The fact dawned on Mackenzie at the same time that the moor below was no longer either forsaken or entirely silent. Round the stone circles there shadowy figures were moving, and once and again there rose and died away on the stillness of the night a passionate murmur as of adoration. 'It is the worship of the goddess,' he said to himself with awe, and at that moment he felt his own heart move within him with a wonder of wild memory and emotion. What could be more worthy to be worshipped than that ethereal splendour in heaven? what more enamouring to the heart than that pure presence walking the star spaces, drawing after her with a mighty passion even the great bosom of the sea? Strangely, then, he remembered the names under which she had been loved and worshipped by various races in succeeding times—Istar, Ashtaroth, Astarte, Aphrodite—ever the same goddess drawing after her by a nameless magic the inexpressible longing of men. Was not she the ruler, indeed, of all earthly loves, the controller of the birth-times of all living, the mysterious measurer to man

and beast and flower, of the weeks of bringing forth? Well advised, truly, were those priests among the Arran menhirs, and their kindred in Chaldea, Moab, and Greece, to reverence so lovely a presence, possessed of so absolute a control over the hearts and lives of living things and over the movements of the wind and the deep.

As he watched and worshipped and remembered, the night must have flown, for presently he began to notice a paleness spreading in the eastern sky. Higher and higher rose the blue dawn, putting out the stars. Then a yellow radiance began to strike upward from the mountain's edge, growing brighter every moment, while a clear light spread along the hills. At last, suddenly, there appeared a point of dazzling fire, too shining to look upon; and the first rays touched the grey stones on Tormore. At that moment on the moor there rose a cry, and from the eastern stone shot up a tongue of flame. 'Baal has risen,' said Mackenzie; 'it is the Bel-tein, the Baal-fire!' Then the crowd of shadowy forms about the stone circles began to move, and he saw, as it were, men and children, cattle and sheep, passing between two fires—the fire on the menhir and another on the ground. 'They are the Devoted,' said the watcher, 'passing through the fires to Bel, blessed by the god for another year.' And as he looked at the happy folk and the grey figures of the priests, the reverence and reason of their worship came upon him. Their god, who else? was the source of all light, the giver of all life. He who made the seeds to spring, the leaves to break forth, and the Summer to blossom, the fountain and upholder of all law, the origin of the earth itself and the other planets, who held the worlds still in his control in their dizzy sweep through space: what more glorious was there for the eye to see or for thought to master? All these things, as their stone memorials tell, these worshippers knew. It may be that they knew more, for the same priests who were aware of the indestructibility of matter and energy, taught also, it is recorded, the immortality of the spirit of man. Time, at any rate, has proved their teaching true. The soul of the

Druid lives to-day in all the higher faiths of the world; and whether or not he dreamt of a mightier behind Bel, his face, as he looked to the rising sun, was at least turned towards God.

Mackenzie woke with a start. The sunlight fell warm on the moor. The sheep that had lain all night in the shelter of the great menhirs were beginning to move among them and feed; and under their feet, he knew, lay the empty graves of Celtic priest and chief, not dead, but alive to-day, dust and spirit, in the beating hearts of men.

GEORGE EYRE-TODD.

EDINBURGH

T. AND A. CONSTABLE

Printers to Her Majesty

1896