TRANSLATIONS FROM THE DANISH.

1086

TRANSLATIONS

FROM THE DANISH.

[FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.]

TRANSLATIONS

FROM THE DANISH.

By

A. F. KEITH SHERIDAN.

"Now in green underwood and cover,
Blossom by blossom the Spring begins."
"La Primavera."—"*Il gioventù dell anno.*"

Adelaide:
SCRYMGOUR & SONS, PRINTERS, KING WM. & FREEMAN STS.
1886.

CONTENTS.

PREFACE.

THE following studies in Danish literature, from the pages of Hans Christian Andersen, are, for the most part, reprinted from the *Victorian Review*. The translator has endeavoured—even though in vain—to preserve the charm, the quaintness of the original; but this—so delicate—so evanescent—has, she fears, in part escaped even with the most careful handling, the most sincere appreciation. She would call them first-fruits but that it would be too much to say. Rather are they blossoms, first tender flowerets of early spring, that—like a posy—are enclosed within these leaves. And yet it may with truth be observed that these blossoms—such as they are—are the first that have sprung from the study of Danish letters on South Australian soil, some of them appearing now in English for the first time.

It has been impossible to resist sometimes adding to the page from other authors; just as the gems we most admire, we delight to set about with purest gold; or as the beauty of

flowers is enhanced by other blooms; or as song birds delight to sing to one another in the woods.

It remains but to add:—These translations—an attempt during many hours of leisure, to find in the domain of Art a distraction from pain—may truly be said to have been "sown in tears."—thus, the little book is now presented to the few for whom it may possess any interest, with the hope that they, too, will derive from its perusal some pleasure—however brief—some respite, or refreshment from the vexations—the thorns innumerable and inseparable, that beset the pathway of our waking life. For has it not been sung—and well sung—

"All lovely tales that we have heard or read"

Are of those things which

" . . . . still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing."

A. F. K. S.

Mackinnon Parade, North Adelaide,
South Australia,
4*th August*, 1885.

THE BELL.

IN the evening, in the narrow streets of the great city, when the sun was going down, and the clouds shone like gold high over the chimney tops, was heard every now and then, first by one and then by another, a faint sweet sound like the ringing of a church bell. It was only for a moment, for there was such a rumbling of carts and such a clamour that it was soon overpowered. "Now rings the evening bell," said the people; "Now the sun goes down!"

Those who went out of the city, where the houses lay further from one another, with gardens and small fields, saw still more the splendours of the evening

sky, and heard far clearer the sound of the bell; it was as if it came from a church deep in the still, dewy wood, and the people looked thither, and became quite subdued.

Now, after many times, one said to the other, "Perhaps there is a church out there in the wood. The bell has a wonderfully sweet ring; let us go out there, and see a little more about it." And the rich people they drove, and the poor they went; but the road seemed strangely long; so when they came to a group of willow trees that grew at the outskirts of the wood, they settled themselves down there, and gazed up into the long branches, and imagined that they were really within the green wood; a confectioner came out from the city, and put up a tent and hung a bell right over it. So when the good folks went home again, they said it had been most romantic—quite beyond ordinary. Three persons affirmed that they had gone into the wood to where it ended, and they had always heard the wonderful ringing, but it then sounded as if it came from the city; one wrote a

whole song about it, and said that the bell was like a mother's voice to a dear lamenting child; no melody could be more beautiful than the music of the bell. The Emperor of the land became interested in it, and promised that whosoever should rightly discover whence the sound came should receive the title of the "World's Bellman," and that even if it were not a bell.

Now many went off to the wood for the sake of such a reward, but there was only one who came home with a sort of explanation: No one had yet been far enough in, nor he neither; however, he said that the sound of the bell came from a very large owl in a hollow tree; such a Wisdom's Owl! and it was always beating its head against the tree, but whether the sound came from its head or from the hollow trunk, that he could not yet with precision say, and so he received the name of the "World's Bellman," and wrote every year a little treatise on the owl, and that's as much as was known.

Now there came a confirmation day. The priest

had spoken so seriously and tenderly; the candidates had been much moved; it was a great day for those who became changed at once from children to grown persons, the child-soul transformed, as it were, into that of an intelligent being. There was the most radiant sunshine, the youths and maids went out of the town, and from the wood came pealing unusually clear the grand mysterious bell. They felt forthwith a great longing to go there—all but three—one of whom must go home to try on a ball-dress; and it was just for the sake of this dress and this ball that she had been confirmed; the second was a poor lad who had borrowed his confirmation coat and boots from a neighbour's son, and had to return them at the appointed hour; the third said he never went to any strange place without his parents, he had always been a well behaved boy, and that would he remain now he was confirmed, and that no one should make a fool of him;—but they did.

So three did not go; the others trotted off; the sun shone, and the birds sang, and the young people sang with them as they went merrily along.

But soon two of the smallest grew tired, and turned back to the city; two little maids sat down to weave coronals, these also fell behind; the others came to the willow trees where the confectioner dwelt, and exclaimed, "See! here is the bell, there is nothing at all peculiar about it, it is only just as one would think after all!"

At that moment from deep in the wood came the chiming of the bell so soft and solemn that four or five determined to go still some distance farther. But it was very thick and leafy; it was very difficult to get through, for the shrubs grew so high; blackberry branches and flowering convolvulus hung in long festoons from tree to tree, where nightingales sang and sunbeams played. Oh! it was a happy place! but as for getting through without getting one's clothes torn, it was impossible!

There lay great craggy rocks, overgrown with moss of all colours, the fresh fountain water bubbled forth, gurgling out "Kluk!" "Kluk!"

"Still it is not the bell," said one of the youths lying down to listen, "I must study it attentively," so he remained and let the rest go.

They came to a house made of green branches and bark, a great tree with wild apples spread its boughs over it as though it would shake out all its blessing over the roof, above which roses bloomed; on one of the long green branches hanging over the gable was a little bell. Could it be this they had heard? "Yes," they all agreed, save one. He said that this bell was too little and too thin to be heard so far away as they had heard it, and that its tone was far from moving the heart as did the one they were seeking. He who spoke was a king's son, so they said, "Such a one will now always think himself wiser than any one else."

So they let him go alone; and all as he went his breast became more and more filled with the solitude of the wood. Still he could hear the little bell which had contented the others, and when the wind blew from that direction he heard also the bell that hung over the

confectioner's tent; but for all that, yet louder, clearer, he heard that full, deep, melodious bell, like organ tones welling up from the left—where is the heart.

Now came a crashing through the branches, and there stood a little lad before the king's son—a lad in wooden shoes, and with a jacket so small you could see his long bare wrists. They recognised each other; the lad was one of those just confirmed, who had not been able to come with the rest because he had been obliged to go home with the coat and boots to the neighbour's son, but having put on his poor clothing and wooden shoes, he had now come off alone, for the bell had rung out so strong and deep that he could not choose but come.

"So we can go together," said the king's son. But the poor lad was ashamed, and said he must not go with him. Besides, he thought the bell must be sought higher, so grand and glorious was its tone. "Well! May we meet again," said the king's son, nodding to the lad, who went into the darkest, thickest part of the wood, where thorns tore his poor clothes into pieces,

and his face, hands, and feet till they bled. The king's son also got some good scratches, but the sun shone still on his way. We will now follow him—a noble youth was he.

The bell! "I must and will find the bell," said he, "even if I go to the end of the world." The monkeys sat up in the trees, and grinned with all their teeth. "Let us pelt him," chattered they, "let us pelt him, he is a king's son."

But he went unweariedly deeper and deeper into the wood, where there grew most marvellous flowers; there were white star-lillies with blood-red petals, heaven-blue tulips sparkling in the wind, and apple trees whose apples shone out just like great shining soap bubbles, only think how they must have shone in the sunlight! All around were most beautiful green meadows, where hart and hind reposed on the grass; there grew magnificent oaks and beeches, and one of them was cleft in the bark, and grass and long trailing plants had grown in the crevice. There were also great

stretches of wood, with quiet lakes, whereon sailed swans and flapped about their wings. The king's son stood still awhile and listened, and almost believed that it was from one of these deep lakes that the bell rang upon him. Yet marked he truly enough that it was not here, but deeper in the wood that the bell rang.

Now went the sun down, the air shone red as fire, it became so still, so still in the wood, and the youth sank on his knees, sang his evening psalm, and said, "Never shall I find what I seek. Now goes the sun down, now comes the night, the dark night. Yet once more I may see the round, red sun before he quite sinks behind the earth. I will mount yonder cliff that raises itself high above the highest trees."

He took hold of the roots and branches, and scrambled up the the damp rock, where watersnakes twisted themselves about, where toads lay all around; but up he come before the sun was yet quite down, seen from this height. O sublime! The ocean, the glorious immensity of ocean, with long waves rolling in agitation, lay

stretched out before him. The sun shone like a great shining altar out there where sea and heaven met, all melted together in glowing colours; wood and ocean sang aloud, and his heart sang with them; all nature was one vast holy church, where trees and hovering clouds were pillars, flowers and grass were woven into velvet coverings; heaven itself, the great dome, where aloft the red hues became extinguished as the sun sank. But millions of stars became kindled, millions of diamond lamps shone, while the king's son extended his arms towards heaven, ocean, and wood. Just then came from a side way the poor lad with torn raiment and wooden shoes; he, too, had come in time; his way, too, had led him hither, and they ran to meet each other, clasping each other's hands in nature and poesy's vast church, while far above them rang out the holy invisible bell, and blessed spirits floated in wavy maze to the jubilant Hallelujah!

GLORY'S THORNY WAY.

[Sad is the strain to which Andersen here gives utterance—Andersen, whose spirit like a clear lake, is accustomed to reflect the blue of joyous skies; now a cloud rests over the lake, penetrating it with chill and darkening influence, for he tells of those whose feet being hurt in the stocks, the iron entered their souls. Nor may the strain be all unpleasing or unprofitable at the Lenten season—when, throughout Christendom, hearts are veiled in grief for the sorrowful remembrance of His Cross and Passion who "was despised and rejected" of men, whose temple bore the plaited crown of thorns—a season wherein "both priest and people weep."—TRANSLATOR.]

Most musical of mourners weep anew!
Not all to that bright station dared to climb;
And happier they their happiness who knew,
Whose tapers yet burn through that night of time
In which suns perished; others more sublime,
Struck by the wrath of man or God,
Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent prime,
And some yet live, treading the *thorny road*
Which leads through toil and hate to Fame's serene abode.

("Adonais").

THERE is an old legend:—"Glory's Thorny Way for the marksman or wrestler, who would come to great honour and dignity; not without long and much pain and peril of life."

Many a one of us has certainly heard it as a child; perhaps when older has read it and thought upon his own unmarked "Thorny Way" and "much pain." The legend and its promise, as written, are very near one another, but the legend has its condition fulfilled here upon earth, while the promise is set oftenest out beyond the earthly life in Time and Eternity.

The world's history is a magic lantern which shows us in pictures of light, upon the dark ground of the Present, how the benefactors of humanity, the martyrs of genius, travel Glory's Thorny Way. From all ages, from all lands, shine out these gleaming pictures, each a moment only, and yet a whole life-time, with its conflict and victory. Let us contemplate, here and there, individuals in this martyr-strife, which is not yet ended, for the world still wends on.

We see a crowded amphitheatre, the *Nubes* of Aristophanes, send forth streams of derision and sport to the multitude;, from the stage is ridiculed the mind and person of the most illustrious man of Athens, who was

a shield to the people against the thirty tyrants—Socrates—he, who in the tumult of battle, saved the lives of Alcibiades and Xenophon; he whose spirit swung itself over the gods of ancient days. And he is even present in the place; he has risen from the spectator-bench, and stands forward, that the laughing Athenians may see if he and the mocking representation of him on the scene resemble one another. There he stands erect before them, lifted high above them all! (1). Thou, juicy, green, poisonous hemlock, and not the olive, wert here the recognition of Athens! (2).

Seven cities contest the honour of being Homer's birth-place—they speak when he is dead! Behold him in his lifetime—he goes through these cities pouring out his verse that he may live; the thought of the day in the morning makes grey his hair. He, the mighty seer, is blind and lonely; the sharp thorn tears in tatters the mantle of the poet-king. But his Song lives yet, and by it alone live the gods and heroes of bygone days (3).

Picture upon picture surges forth from east and west, remote from each other by place and time, and yet the same thorny road where the Thistle first set a flower to adorn the grave.

Under the palms come the camels heavily laden with indigo and other costly tribute; they are sent by the ruler of the land to him whose song is the nation's joy, the country's honour, whom envy and falsehood have driven into banishment. He is found; the caravan approaches the little town where he sought refuge:—a poor corpse is brought out of the gate; it stops the caravan. Death has first found him they seek: Ferdusi! Ended is Glory's Thorny Way (4).

An African with rude features, thick lips, black woolly hair, sits on the marble stairs of Portugal's capital—it is the faithful slave of Camoens; without him, and the penny that is cast to him, must his master, "the Lusiad's singer," have starved to death.

Now stands a costly monument over the tomb (5).

Again a picture! Behind an iron grating appears a man with wan, pale countenance and long beard: "I have made a discovery, the greatest in the century," cries he, "and they have kept me imprisoned here for more than twenty years!" "Who is he?" "A madman," says the keeper. "What may not a man come to! He believes one can propel things by steam!" This is Salomon de Caus, the discoverer of steam power, whose enlightened word being beyond the comprehension of a Richelieu, he died imprisoned in a madhouse (6).

Here is Columbus! Pursued, persecuted, and insulted, because he would discover a new world. He has discovered it: the Bells of Jubilee ring out for his triumphant return, but the Bells of Calumny soon ring out louder. The discoverer of a world—he who uplifted from the ocean the golden soil of America, and gave it to his king, is rewarded with iron fetters, the which he had laid in his coffin—witness of the world's and of his age's ingratitude (7). Picture presses on picture; rich is Glory's Thorny Way! In

gloom and darkness sits here that one who first measured the height of the moon's mountains, who reached out into space to the planets and stars—that mighty one who heard and saw the Spirit in Nature, and discerned that the earth moved beneath him. Blind and deaf in the year of his old age, spurred by Affliction's thorn into Denial's torment, scarce able to raise the foot wherewith once, in anguish of soul, when the word of Truth had been crushed, he had stamped on the ground, exclaiming, "Still it moves"—*E pur si muove* (8).

Here stands a woman with Innocence, Inspiration, and Faith. She bears the banner before the combating army, and brings Victory and Deliverance to her Fatherland. Joy-bells ring, but the wood-pile is kindled. Jeanne d'Arc, the witch, is burned. Ay, even an ensuing century bespattered the White Lily! Voltaire, the Satyr of Wit, in his strain of "La Pucelle."

At Viborg Thing burns the Danish king's law. It lights in the flames; it lights up the Times and the

Lawgiver, and casts a stream of radiance into the dark prison-tower where, grey-haired, bowed down, wearing with his finger a furrow in the stone floor, sits he—once lord of three kingdoms, the people's hero, burghers' and bondsmen's friend—Christian the Second. The hard mind in the hard times. Foes write his history. Seven and twenty years' captivity, let them remember who recall his errors.

There sails a ship from Denmark. A man is by the high mast; he looks towards the harbour for the last time. Tycho Brahe, who raised Denmark's name to the stars, and was recompensed therefor with mortification and chagrin—goes to a foreign land. "Heaven is everywhere; what need I more?" he cries. Thus he sails forth, our most famous man, to become in a foreign land honoured and free!

"Ah, free!—if only from this body's intolerable pain!" borne to us like a sigh through the years. What is this picture? Griffenfeldt, a Danish Prometheus, chained to Munkholm's rock.

We are in America, by one of the great rivers. A human mass has collected. A ship is to sail against wind and weather, to be a power against the elements. Robert Fulton is he called who trusts to accomplish this. The ship begins its course. Suddenly it stops still. The crowd laughs and hisses. His own father joins in—"Presumption! Folly! Rewarded as deserved! Under lock and key had best be kept this giddy head." Then struggles out a little obstruction, which for a moment had stopped the engine—the wheels turn, the paddles cut through the resisting waters, the ship sails! The might of steam has changed hours into minutes between the countries of the world (9).

Men! Imagine the bliss of such a moment of consciousness, the Spirit's accomplishment of its mission, the instant wherein, tearing itself asunder from the Thorns—solely by its own virtue—it loosens itself in Health and Strength, Power and Splendour: disharmonies now become harmonies, men behold the manifestation of God's grace revealed to the individual, and by him brought to all. Then shines the Thorny

Way like a Glory upon earth. Happy, he who, without other gaining, is chosen to walk here, and be placed amongst the architects of the bridge between Man and God!

On mighty wings sweeps the Spirit of History through the ages, and shows—to Courage and Faith, to Thought awaking Humility—in glowing pictures, on a night-black ground, the pathway of Glory, ending, not as in the legend, in brightness and gladness here on Earth, but stretching out beyond into Time and Eternity.

> "And many more, whose names on earth are dark,
> But whose transmitted effluence cannot die,
> Rise, robed in dazzling immortality."—*Adonais.*

NOTES.

(1) Aristophanes wrote a piece entitled "The Clouds" (*Nubes*), in which the principal character was meant to personate Socrates, and the imitation consisted in making him utter nothing but absurdity and profanity. Conscious that he bore no real resemblance to such a representation, Socrates did not scruple to attend the performance, and to humour the ridicule by standing up in the view of the crowded audience This calm contempt of party malice produced such an effect on the

public, that, when Aristophanes attempted the next year to renew the exhibition of his comedy, it met with a reception that induced him to withdraw it.—*Lempriere.*

(2) A wreath of wild olive was the prize to the victor in the Olympian games.

(3) Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, Salamis, Rhodos, Argos, Athenæ. *Orbis de patria certat, Homere, tua.* In his two celebrated poems, the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," Homer has displayed a most consummate knowledge of human nature, and rendered himself immortal by the sublimity, the fire, sweetness, and elegance of his poetry. He deserves a great share of admiration when we consider that he wrote without a model, and that none of his poetical imitators have been able to surpass, or perhaps to equal, their great master.—*Lempriere.*

(4) Ferdusi, the Persian poet, lived in the tenth and eleventh centuries, and wrote the famous poem, in 60,000 lines, called the "Shanameh, or Book of the Kings." It is a series of splendid and unrivalled epics, and was patronised by the Sultan Mahmoud; but, not being sufficiently courtly, the poet died in distress and exile. "This great poem is regarded in Persia as a model both for the spirit of its composition and the purity of its style. There is an English translation of a portion of it."

(5) Camoens, whose nature was full of love, courage, generosity, and patriotism, wrote in every form of verse—odes, sonnets, elegies, epigrams, and comedies. He enriched the Portuguese language with 2,000 words. Ariosto was his model. In his later years, he suffered the pangs of hunger, relieved only by the sustenance procured by an aged Javanese servant, named Antonio, who begged his bread for him on the streets of Lisbon.—Sir James Rose's "Biographical Dictionary."

(6) Salomon de Caus. See note 9.

(7) Fresh calumnies against Columbus induced Ferdinand, in July, 1,500, to dispatch Francisco Boradilla to supersede him and bring him back in chains. The officer who had him in charge and the master of the caraval would have taken his chains off, but Columbus indignantly

refused to have them removed. "I will wear them," said he, "till the king orders otherwise, and will preserve them as memorials of his gratitude." He hung them up in his cabinet, and requested they should be buried in his grave. The general burst of indignation which was echoed through Spain on the arrival of Columbus in fetters compelled Ferdinand to disclaim all knowledge of the transaction. We are told he afterwards lingered in poverty and pain, till death gave him relief.—Rose.

(8) Galileo "clearly discovered mountains and valleys of much greater extent than those on our globe." With the telescope, which he improved, he discovered Jupiter's moons, Venus' phases, and the ring of Saturn, and he followed these astonishing discoveries by constructing the microscope. These distinctions brought on him a torrent of abuse and misrepresentation; and, in writing to a friend, he remarked that "as to advancing in public opinion, or gaining the assent of the *book* philosophers, let us abandon both the hope and desire." Galileo took great delight in the fine arts—poetry, architecture, painting. He was an admirer of Ariosto. His style is a model of prose composition, remarkable for clearness and acuteness of wit. He designed extremely well, and played the lute. Such was the versatility of his mind that he even devoted a portion of his time to husbandry.—Rose.

(9) It is not to be questioned that Blasco de Garay, a Spanish captain, made and exercised a steam vessel in the port of Barcelona, but laid it aside owing to the bigotry of an imperial officer. The French refer the development of gaseous expansion to Salomon de Caus, of Frankfort, in 1613. But the invention of steam vessels was a mere speculation till taken up by Fulton, in 1806-7. Fulton despatched a triumphant letter to Sir R. Phillips on the evening of his first voyage on the Hudson. This letter was shown to Earl Stanhope and four or five eminent engineers, but treated with scorn as descriptive of an impossibility. Sir R. Phillips published with commendation this letter in the *Monthly Magazine*, but his credulity was generally reprobated.

THE STONE OF LIGHT! OR, THE REVEALING STONE.

" Where Truth, conspicuous with her sister-twins,
The undivided partners of her sway,
With Good and Beauty reigns."

THOU knowest, then, the story of Holgar the Dane? We will not tell it thee, but ask if thou dost remember that "Holgar the Dane travelled through the great India-land, eastward out to the end of the world, to the tree which is called the Sun's Tree," as Christen Pedersen says. Knowest thou Christen Pedersen? It is the same if thou dost not know him. Holgar the Dane gave the Priest John power and rule over India-land. Knowest thou Priest John? Well, that, too, can also be the same, if thou

knowest him not, for he comes not at all into this story. Now shalt thou hear of the Sun's Tree, in "India-land, eastward out to the end of the world"—as they thought then, those who had not learnt geography, as we have learnt it; but that can now also be the same.

The Tree of the Sun was a magnificent tree, such as we have never seen, nor mayst thou ever hope to see. It spread many miles around; it was, indeed, a whole wood; each of its smallest branches was again a whole tree. There were palm, beech, pine, plane—all kinds of trees that are found round about the world sprang forth here as boughs from the larger branches; and these, with their bendings and knots, resembled dales and hills, that were clothed with a velvet soft verdure, bestrewn with flowers. Every branch was like an outspread, blossoming meadow, or the loveliest garden. The sun shone down here with beneficent rays—it was, indeed, the Sun's Tree; and birds from all parts of the world flocked hither—birds from the far America's wild forest, from the rose-gardens of Damascus, from the interior of Africa's desert woods, where the elephant

and lion imagine that they alone reign; polar birds came, and the stork and the swallow, of course, also. Nor were birds the only living things that gathered here; it was the home of the deer, the squirrel, the antelope, and a hundred other creatures of flight and beauty. A large sweet-scented garden did, in truth, this tree environ; and within, where the largest branches of all stretched like green hills, lay a castle of crystal, with outlook upon all the countries of the world. Every turret rose up like a lily; one could ascend through the stem, for there were stairs within, so that one could walk out upon the leaves as on balconies; and at the top, in the flower itself, was the most bright and delightful room, having no other roof than the blue sky, with sun or stars. Not less pleasant was it down in the grand hall, where the whole world was reflected in mirrors. Thou couldst see everything that happened, so that it did not behove to read newspapers—nor did they have them here. It was all to be seen in living pictures, could one only be there to see, or continue looking when there; for *where much is given, much also is required*—even of the wisest man,

and here dwelt the wisest man. His name is so difficult to utter, thou couldst not utter it; and so can that also be the same.

He knew everything that mortal men know, or will ever come to know upon this earth; every discovery that had been made, or ever will be made, but no more—for there is a limit to everything. Wise King Solomon was only half so skilled in knowledge—yet was he deeply skilled—who held sway over the forces of nature, over mighty spirits—aye, Death itself must bring him every morning word and list of those who each day should die. But King Solomon himself was doomed at last to die: and this was the thought that often with deep wondering interest agitated the mind of the inquirer—the great Lord of the Castle, in the Sun's Tree. He, too, how high soever he stood above men in wisdom, he knew, must one day die; his children must die—like leaves of the forest would they fall, and become dust. He saw each generation fall like the leaves from the tree, and the new come in its place; but the leaves grow forth no more, they disappear in

the dust about the other parts of the plant. What happens, then, with man when the Death's angel comes? What was this—to die? The body fades into dissolution, but the soul—oh! what of it? What becomes of it? Whither goes it? "To the eternal life," said the consolations of religion. But how was the passing? Where lived man, and how? "In heaven above," was the answer. "Above!" repeated the sage, and looked towards sun and stars. "Above!" and he saw from the earth's round globe that above and below were the same, according as one stood upon the oscillating sphere; and he mounted up higher than earth's highest mountains, where the atmosphere, to us below so clear and transparent—"the blue heaven"—became dark obscurity, stretched like a cloak, and the sun was seen glowing and rayless, and our earth lay swathed in orange-tinted mists. Thus, limited for the body's eye, fast-closed for the soul's—how narrow our range of vision, when even the wisest can acquire so little knowledge of these, to us, most vital concerns!

In the studio of the castle was the greatest of earth's

treasures, "The Book of Truth." Page after page did he read therein. It is a book that anyone may read, but only in parts; the letters seem tremulous to many an eye, so that it cannot hold them to spell out the words. In some places the writing seems so dim, so evanescent, that there is little more to be discerned than a blank page; certainly, the wiser one is, the more one can read; and this, the wisest of men, could read most of all. Besides he knew how to collect and store up the light of the stars, the light of the sun, the light of hidden powers, and the light of the mind; and of their concentrated light was there drawn out for him still more of its contents; but on the page bearing the superscription, "The Life after Death," was there not so much as a jot to be seen. This troubled him greatly. Should he never be able to find a light wherewith might be made visible what there stood written in the "Book of Truth?"

Like wise King Solomon, he understood the speech of animals, he listened to their song and discourse, but therefrom he gained no information about this. He was

acquainted with the qualities of plants and metals, properties to prevent sickness, to make death remote, but not to annihilate it. In every created thing he could approach he sought to find that light which should reveal to him what was written of the eternal life, but he found it not: the Book of Truth lay before him as with unwritten page. Christianity assured him in the Bible's unquestionable word of the eternal life, but he would learn also what was contained thereof in that impenetrable page.

Five children had he—four sons—trained as the wisest father could train his children—and one daughter—fair, sweet, and intelligent, but blind; though this seemed scarcely to her a loss. Father and brothers were eyes for her, and feeling was her sense for sight.

Never had the sons been further from the castle roof than the Tree's branches; the sister still less. They were happy children in their childhood's home, in the childhood's land, in the pleasant fragrant Sun's Tree. Like all children they loved to be told of things, and

the father told them a great deal that others would not have understood; but these were also so well endowed as to be like many grown-up persons with us. He explained to them what they saw in the living reflections in the mirrors, the occupations of men, and the events of all countries of the earth; and often did the sons long to go out and take part in the great deeds. But the father told them it was hard and bitter in the world; it was not quite as they saw it from their beautiful child-world. He spoke to them of Beauty, Truth, and Goodness; said that these hold the world together, and from the fine essences they diffuse is crystallised a gem—of water more clear than the diamond; its radiance had virtue from God, it outshone everything, and was, indeed, what it was called, "The Stone of Light." He told them that, as through the creation we come to knowledge concerning the Almighty, so through mankind, too, would one arrive at knowledge of Him, who should find this so wondrous gem. More could he not say of it; more he knew not.

His telling would now for other children have been

hard to understand, but these understood it, and by-and-by others may, perhaps, too.

They enquired of their father concerning Beauty, Goodness, and Truth, and he explained much to them, saying also that when man was created from dust there were given to him five kisses, and these are what we now call the five senses; through which we do perceive feel, and comprehend Beauty, Goodness, and Truth, whereby also they are garnered up, preserved, and again diffused. Five senses are bestowed on us, inwardly and outwardly, root and branch, body and soul.

All this did the children ponder much upon; it was in their thoughts night and day. Then the eldest of the brothers dreamed a lovely dream, and strange to say, the second brother dreamed it also; and the third dreamed it; and the fourth. Each of them dreamed alike, one and the same. He dreamed that he went out into the world and found the stone; like a gleaming flame it streamed on his brow, when in the early dawn, on his arrow-swift steed he rode back again over the velvet-

soft meadow in the garden at home, and, entering his father's castle, there did it shed so celestial a light over the book's page as to make visible what was written of the life beyond the grave. The sister dreamed not to go out into the wide world; it came not into her thoughts; her world was her father's house.

"Now will I ride out into the wide world," said the eldest, "try its experience, and mix with men. Goodness and Truth will I seek, from these shall I learn of Beauty. Much shall be otherwise when I return!" Aye, he thought bravely and proudly—as we all do at home in the chimney corner, before we go out into the world, and find tears, and pain, and briers.

The five senses, inner and outer, were with him, as with the other brothers, highly developed; but each of them had in particular one faculty which in strength and acuteness surpassed the rest. With the eldest it was the sight, which was of marvellous power. He had eyes, he said, for all times and seasons; eyes for

all kinds of people; eyes that could see equally down into the earth where its treasures lay, and into the human breast, just as if there were but a glass window before it. Thus, it follows, he saw more than we can see on the cheek that blushes or blanches, in the eye that smiles or weeps.

Hart and antelope followed him to the western confines, and there came the wild swans, that flew towards the north-west, and followed him; and so was he far out in the wide world, far from his fatherland, "which stretched eastward out to the end of the world."

Ah! how he opened his eyes. There was much to be seen, and it is always somewhat different to see the place and thing itself from seeing it in pictures, good as they may be; and they were extraordinarily good, those at home in the castle. He was nearly, at the first glance, losing both eyes from astonishment at the paltriness, the carnival's-rice-paper-pellets, which were hoisted up as Beauty; but he lost them not—there was other destiny for them.

Ardently, earnestly, did he commence his quest of Beauty, Goodness, and Truth. But what did he discover? He saw too often, in the bouquet claimed of Beauty, Goodness was, alas! unmarked. Mediocrity was applauded, not deplored; people looked upon the name, and not on the thing; on the coat, not on the man; on his calling, not on him who held it. It could not be otherwise. I must try further, thought he; and he tried further. But, when he sought Truth, came that Evil One who is the father of lies and a lie himself. Fain would he forthwith have struck both eyes out of the Seer, but this was too clumsy a proceeding. The Evil One goes more subtly to work. He let him seek Truth, and look upon it, and on Goodness with it; but while he gazed, that Evil One blew a mote into his eyes, into both eyes, one mote after the other. It was not good for the sight, even for the best sight. Then he blew on the mote so that it became a beam; and so was it all over with the eyes. There stood the Seer like a blind man in the midst of the wide world, and he no longer trusted it. He gave up his good thoughts of it and of himself; and when one

gives up both the world and one's self, ah! it is indeed all over with one.

"Gone!" sang the wild swans who flew over the sea to the east. "Gone!" sang the swallows who flew to east to the Sun's Tree, and it was not good hearing for those at home.

"It has gone ill with the Seer," said the second brother, "but it may go better with the Hearer!" It was the sense of hearing which he had most of all. He could hear the grass grow, so keen had he made it.

Cheerily he took his departure. The swallows followed him, and he followed the swans, and soon was he far from his home, out in the wide world.

One can now also have too much of a good thing, he was obliged to own; for though, of a certainty, he could hear the grass grow, so also did he hear every beat of the human heart in gladness or grief. It was as if the whole world were a clockmaker's vast work-

shop, where every kind of clock went striking at once. It was not to be stifled, though he closed his ears fast; it became too violent for mortal being, the clash, the din, old and young all crying out at once. Nor was this the worst; the tittle-tattlers came, whose whispers, rising to engine shrieks, run through houses, lanes, and streets out to the highways: the Lie was the loudest and played the lord; the jingle of scoffers rang out, declaring itself to be the church bell. It grew too much for the Hearer; close his ears as he might, he could not shut out the false song and evil clangour. Slander and babble, not worth a feather, held on tenaciously, wagging their unwearying tongues in the riotous uproar, tumult on tumult, bawl, shriek, clamour, without and within. Preserve us! It was beyond endurance. It was past everything!

At last all sense of hearing was gone. He now no longer heard anything, nor Beauty, Goodness, and Truth, which should thus have found entrance to his thoughts; he grew silent and gloomy, trusted in nothing, nor, finally, in himself, and, this was most unhappy;

he would never find or bring home that potent jewel, and he gave it up, and himself too, and this was now the worst of all.

The birds that flew eastward brought word thereof as they neared the father's dwelling. Letter came there none. There went thither no post.

"Now will I try!" said the third, "I have a fine nose!" It was not finely said, but so he said it, and we must take him as he was. He was good-humored, and he was a poet; a real poet, he could sing what he could not say. Many things came to him in the course of his thoughts long before they came to the others. "I scent it in the air!" he cried, and it was through this scent sense he learned much regarding Beauty's kingdom.

"Some feel at home in unwholesome atmospheres filled with fumes of drams, tobacco, and smoke of glaring gas; others love balmy jasmine bowers, or the zephyr odorous of apple blooms. Some seek the fresh sea breeze, the brisk gale, or, inhaling the pure moun-

tain air, look down on the busy small life beneath." Truly, so he spoke; it was as if he had been out in the world before, lived with men, and known them. But the inspiration was from within; it was the gift which our Lord had given him in the cradle.

So he bade farewell to his dear home and its delights, and mounted an ostrich; but when he saw the wild swans, he leaped on the back of the strongest, and flew over the sea to foreign lands, over wild forests, grand mountains, and proud cities, and where he came it was as though sunshine fell over the fields. Every blossom and bush breathed fuller where he passed; they felt a friend, a preserver, near who loved and valued them. Yes! the dejected rosebush raised her head, unfolded her leaves, and bore, for him, her loveliest rose.* Every one could see it, all beheld it, even the dark slimy woodsnail remarked its beauty.

---

*" . . . . . His rose
Returns the sweets by Nature given
In softest incense back to heaven,
And grateful yields that smiling sky
Her fairest hue and fragrant sigh."

"I will give the flower my mark," said the snail; "more I cannot do."

"So fares it with beauty in the world!" said the poet, and he sang a song about it; but no one heard it; therefore he gave the drummer boy two halfpence and a peacock's feather to beat it through the town. So the good people heard it, and said they understood it —it was so deep!! And now the poet sang many songs, and he sang of Beauty, of Goodness, and of Truth. They heard it in those close places whence issued fumes of drams and smoke; they heard it in the fresh clover fields, in the woods, and on the open sea. There was allowed to this brother higher fortune than the others. But this could the Evil One not suffer, and so he came straightway with incense, every kind of incense that he knew how to distil, the most overpowering incense, such as would suffocate an angel —how easily then a poor poet! Well he knows how to take people. He took the poet with incense, so that he became quite lost in it, forgot his errand, his beloved home, all, even himself—he went quite off in smoke and incense!

All the little birds, when they heard it, mourned and were mute for three days. The dark woodsnail became darker yet, not of grief, but of grudging. * "It was me," said he, "that should have had the incense, for it was me who gave him the idea for the renowned poem that was beat before the drum about the world's goings; it was me that marked the rose, that can I bear witness to."

But at home in India-land nothing reached of this. All the birds mourned deeply, and were silent for three whole days, and when the days of mourning were over, so deep had been their grief they had forgotten what they grieved over. So goes it!

"Now must I forth," said the remaining brother. He was good-humoured like the third; but he was not a poet, so he had just reason to be good-humoured. These two had brought mirth to the home, now went the last of mirth. Seeing and hearing are most often esteemed the best senses to have strengthened and developed, but this was by no means this son's opinion.

* The grammar is the snail's.

He had especially cultivated taste in all the significations in which the word can be taken, and they are many and of great influence. It rules over both what enter the lips and the mind. Therefore he tasted everything in flask or jar, in cup or butt; it was all part of his office, he said. Every human being was to him a dish, every country a huge kitchen, spiritually taken. His taste was most discerning, and now would he go to prove it so.

"Perhaps it will go better with me; what conveyance shall I take? Are balloons yet invented," asked he of his father, who knew every invention that had been made, or ever would be made. But balloons had not then been invented, nor steamships, nor railways. "Yet will I take a balloon," said he, "no one knows of it; they will think it is a meteor—afterwards it shall be burned. So must I have also some pieces of that future invention called chemically brimstoned wood." When all was ready away he flew, and the birds followed him longer than they had followed the others. They could not make out what it was that flew, and

kept continually collecting in crowds, for they were curious. They thought it was a new bird; the air became black with them, they came like a great cloud, like a swarm of locusts over the land of Egypt, and so was he out in the wide world.

"I have had a friend in the east-wind," murmured he. "Say rather the east and west winds," replied they; "we have blown by turns, else hadst thou not come north-west."

But he heeded not what the winds said; and that, too, is the same. The birds ceased to follow him; when they were at the fleetest, one pair grew tired. "They had made too much of the thing, it was all imagination! There was not anything to fly after! There was nothing!" and so they came back; they came altogether back; it was all nothing!

And the balloon sank down over one of the largest cities, there the air-ship poised itself on the highest place—it was the church spire. But again it rose, leaving the steerer behind; what became of it were not good to

say, but it is the same—it was never found. Left on the church spire, the birds flew around him no more; they were weary of him, and he was weary of them. The chimneys sent up smoke and vapour. "It is from the altars that are raised to thee!" whispered the wind, who wished to say something agreeable. And bravely he stood there, watching the folks below. One went proud of his purse, another proud of his coat, which was moth-eaten, and a third proud of his head, which was empty. "Vanity! conceit! soon will I descend to taste; but here I will linger just a little, while this wind plays upon me so deliciously; it is really most agreeable, it suits my taste!"

And for long he has found the wind agreeable, for long it played upon him deliciously.

But in India-land, in the castle in the Sun's Tree, all was silent and gloomy, when the brothers had thus, one after the other, departed.

"It has gone ill with them!" said the father; "never will they return, nor bring home the lustrous jewel.

It is not to be found; they are gone—dead! And he bent over the Book of Truth, gazed at the page where was written of the Life after Death; but there was nothing to be seen—it was void.

The blind daughter was his solace and joy, with so loving tenderness did she cling to him. For his happiness, for her dear father's sake, she prayed that the precious stone might be found and brought home. With grief, with longing, she thought upon her brothers —where were they? Where tarried they? Could she but dream of them! But not even in dreams did they appear to her. At length she dreamed that their voices rang out to her; they called, they cried aloud from the wide world, and she was constrained to go. She met them not, but in her hand, burning like fire, though without pain, was the long-sought gem. Awaking, it seemed for a moment as if it were still there—that her hand still clasped it.

In the long nights she had spun unceasingly, and on her distaff was a thread finer than spider's weaving;

human eye could not discern it: it had been watered with her tears, and was strong as cable.

The maid arose, the dream must become reality; it was night, her father slept. Having pressed her lips to his hand, she took her distaff, and fastened one end of it firmly to the home; then plucked four leaves from the Sun's Tree, to give to wind and weather to bear to her brothers as message and greeting should she not meet them out there in the wide world. How would it fare with her? poor blind child! True, there was the unseen thread to hold: and before all the rest one power was hers—Feeling; it was with her as though there were eyes in her fingers' tips, and ears in the deeps of her heart.

And thus went forth the blind girl into the roaring, turbulent world; and where she came the heavens grew sunshine clear. She could feel the warmth; the rainbow sprang from the dark clouds, and spanned the blue air. She listened to the birds' song, and breathed in the scent of orange and apple orchards as almost to

taste the fruit. Soft tones and gentle melodies were borne to her, but also wail and sob. Her being was pierced with the brain-throbs, the heart-throbs, of Life. In curious strife the various sounds mingled. There burst a chorus:—

"Our earth-life is but pain and tears,
A night we pass in weeping!

But also came—

"Our earth-life flows in happy years,
With joy and friendship meeting.

Then pealed out bitterly—

"Selfish and vain each pulse appears
In human hearts a-beating.

But again—

"A spirit of love that all endears,
Thro' earth-life breathes a greeting.

Clearly came the words—

Bitter the taste of all we hoard;
Grievous the burdens of men;

And then—

"Past telling the sweet of the higher reward,
Past telling of tongue or of pen."

Then, with wild outbreak—

> "Come, Folly, and rule us,—while over the sod
> Let us laugh, nor from aught abstain.

So softly entered the blind maiden's heart—

> "Trust in thyself, hold fast on God—
> His will. Be it done. Amen!"

Whither she came, amongst old or young, men or women, was lit in the soul perception of Truth, Goodness, and Beauty. In the workshop of the artisan, in the luxurious *salon*, or amidst the whirring wheels of the manufactory, it was as if a sunbeam broke in; it was like music of the harp, like perfume of flowers, like the refreshing dew-drop falling on the languishing leaf.

But this could the Evil One not endure. He has now more than ten thousand men's craft, and so he found means to help himself. From the most unlovely materials he constructed a figure closely resembling in appearance and movement that blind, rich-in-blessing maid, who was called "Feeling's Mild Angel;" and this

other he sent forth. The world knew not which of the two was right—and how should the world know?

"Trust in thyself, hold fast on God—
His will. Be it done. Amen!"—

sang the blind girl, in full confiding. The four green leaves she gave to wind and weather, to bear as letter and greeting to her brothers, and firmly was she assured they would be given, and also that the stone would be found which excelled all earthly things in glory. From the human brow would it yet stream to her father's house. "To my father's house," she repeated; "here upon earth doth the gem abide, and more than hope is mine of obtaining it. Its glow I feel; it grows larger and larger within my hand. Every little grain of truth borne by the winds have I caught and kept. Beauty has come to me through the air; how much of it is in the world, even for the blind! Every heart-throb for Goodness have I placed therewith. Small is what I bring, though is there rich abundance in the world: my hand is full." She stretched it towards the father, and, re-winding the unseen thread, with flight of thought was with him again.

The Evil Power hurled the force of the hurricane over the Sun's Tree, and drove a blast of fury through the open door to the retired studio.

"It lightens!" exclaimed the father, turning towards the hand she had opened.

"Nay!" replied the maid, in conscious security. "It is not lightning; its rays are warm within my soul."

And the father saw a vivid flash where the glowing atoms struck out from her hand over the book's white page, which bore the revelation concerning the eternal life. In blinding splendour appeared a writing, one word alone—the one word

FAITH.

And with them again were the four brothers. Yearning for home had taken hold upon them, and brought them hither, after that the Tree's green leaves had fallen on their breasts. They were come, followed by hart and antelope, and all the creatures of the woods—for these wished also to take part in the gladness; and wherefore should they not, when it may be so?

And as we often see, when the sun's rays stream through a crevice in the door, there rises a shining column of floating particles, so, though not like that, coarse and rude—for even the hues of the rainbow pale in colour and in cunning by comparison with what was here beheld—when from the book's page, from that dazzling word Faith, floated upwards every grain of Truth, with splendour of Beauty, with harmonies from Goodness, with refulgence more glorious than from the pillar of fire in the night, when Moses and Israel's people journeyed to the land of Canaan, from the word Faith, sprang forth the bridge of Hope to the All-Love in the Infinite.

PSYCHE.

[The following sketch from Andersen's "Eventyr," now for the first time rendered into English, is interesting, regarded as an allegory. It presents some difficulties of translation, and has acquired a more subdued tone in its change from the wild Norse.]

IN the early dawn, out from the rose-tinted air, shines forth a great star—the star of morning. Its rays stream on the white wall as though to write down things it would reveal, things it had seen in its course of thousands of years over our revolving globe.

Listen to one of its histories, Quite lately—this "lately" is to us as centuries ago—these rays fell upon a young artist. It was in the Papal States, in the world-renowned city—Rome. Much has changed there in

the passing of time, yet not so much as man changes from childhood to age. The Imperial city was then as to-day in ruins, the fig and the laurel-tree bloomed midst the prostrate columns and gilded walls of the ancient Baths; the Colosseum was in decay. Church bells rang, incense filled the air, processions with candles and canopies went through the streets. All was consecrated to the church, and Art was high and holy. Here dwelt the illustrious Raphael and the sculptor of all time, Michael Angelo. The Pope himself did homage to this pair. Art was recognised, honoured, and rewarded. Yet not all that was noble and worthy was therefore honoured or known.

In a little narrow street stood an old house, once a temple, now the abode of a young artist—poor and obscure. He had indeed some friends, artists also, and young in hope, in spirit, and in thought. They were ever telling him how rich he was in talent and worth, but this he could never grow to believe. Continually destroying whatever he created, he was never content, never completed anything; and without doubt com-

pleteness is necessary that work may be rightly appreciated and rewarded.

"Thou art a dreamer," said his companions, "and it is thy misfortune; but it comes because thou hast known nothing of life, neither eaten its bread, nor drunk of its cup. See the great Raphael, honoured by the Pope, the admiration of the world; he lives not as thou."

So spake they all, according to their youth and understanding; and then would they draw him forth to join in their revels, their mirth, and their follies. Nor could he long resist their invitation to share with them their enjoyment of the passing pleasures of the moment. Youth was warm, imagination strong, and he threw himself with zest into all their merry pastimes, and laughed as high as or higher than the rest. Yet—spite of all—this they called "Life after Raphael" sank down before his eyes like morning mist, when in serious mood he contemplated the divine light beaming from the works of the great masters, or stood in the

Vatican before the beauteous creations fashioned by the sculptor of ages from the marble block. Then was his spirit stirred; he felt within him something so high, so holy, so pure, so strong, and good. He, too, longed to transform the marble into figures such as these. He yearned to give expression to that beauty which seemed to wing upwards from his soul to the Eternal. But how? In what form? The soft clay became moulded under his fingers into many lovely shapes; but the day after, as ever, he broke in pieces that which he had made.

One day, walking by one of Rome's grand palaces, he stood for a moment near the wide open entrance to observe beyond the great hall adorned with statuary a little garden filled with rarest roses. Water-lilies, with soft green leaves, emerged from a fountain of splashing water, and close by moved a young girl, the daughter of this princely house—so fair, so fine, so delicate! Never had he beheld such another, save in a painting by Raphael delineating Psyche. And even as he had looked on that ideal on the canvas, so, breathing, living, she now appeared before him.

And hence she lived within his brain and heart. He went home to his miserable room, and modelled "Psyche" in clay. It was, in truth, the young, high-born Roman lady. For the first time he was satisfied with his work. It was lifelike; it seemed to breathe; it was she herself! And his friends on beholding it rejoiced in his joy, for it was a revelation of that artist-greatness which they had ever recognised. The world now would also recognise it.

But clay has not the whiteness nor firmness of marble; one block of costliest kind had long been his —pure, transparent, white as mountain snows. From this should the Psyche arise.

One day it befell: a distinguished company came into the little street; a chariot drove up to the door; its occupants had come to see the young artist's work that they had heard of by report.

Who were the distinguished visitors? O, wretched youth! O, too happy youth! The maid herself, with her father, stood in the room. And when the old prince exclaimed, "This is thy living self!" the coun-

tenance cannot be described nor the smile imagined, the wonderful look with which she turned to the young artist—a look that elevated, ennobled, and subdued.

"This must certainly be executed in marble," said her father.

It was the word of life for the inanimate stone, the word of life for the stupefied youth.

"And when it is finished it must be mine."

Now came a new time into the poor workshop; life and activity reigned, all was stir and movement. The glowing morning star saw the progress of the work; the very clay seemed brighter since she was here whose radiant spiritual beauty had fallen on the reflected features.

"Now I know what is life!" cried the artist. "It is this exaltation, this ecstasy! What they have called life is but death—the dregs of the cup, not the heavenly altar-wine."

The marble was raised, great pieces struck out, the finer work accomplished, till little by little grew forth a figure, lovely as the divine image in the young girl. The stone had become animated; it was as though it breathed; even the smile in all its purity hovered over the lips.

The star from its rosy height beheld, and perceived also the changeful color in the cheek of the worker, the light in his eyes as he worked, giving back that which God had given.

"Thou art a master like those of the old Greek times," said his friends. "Soon will thy Psyche bring thee fame."

"My Psyche!" repeated he. "Mine! Yes! Am I not an artist, like the great ones of old. God has given me His gift of grace and raised me high as His nobly born."

Then he fell upon his knees and gave thanks to Heaven, and forgot again Heaven for her whose image

before him stood like snow gleaming through the first tints of morn.

And now he was about to see her, to hear again the music of her voice. He was to take word that his work was completed. Entering the palace, he passed through the open court, with its fountains and dolphins, water-lilies and roses, and trod within the spacious hall whose walls and ceiling seemed illumined with painted panels and sheen of glittering arms. Liveried servants, prancing like sleigh horses with bells, went hither and thither, some lounging with supercilious air as though lords of the palace. On telling his errand he was conducted up the polished stairs adorned on both sides with statues, through rooms rich with pictures and shining Mosaic floors. The pomp and splendour made it hard to breathe. But immediately after he was set at ease; the old lord came forward to receive him with utmost urbanity, nay, was even cordial, and after some converse bade him seek the young signora, who would also see him. Then he was led through various *salons* to her apartments, of which she alone was the glory.

She spoke. No soft cathedral music has greater power to touch the heart, to awake the soul. He took her hand, he raised it to his lips—'twas like a rose. What madness seized him? Words flew from his mouth, he knew not what he said—knows the crater throwing forth the burning lava?—he called her Beloved!

Speechless, indignant, she did not move. Then, with scorn as of a reptile, her face aflame, lips pallid, and eyes like fires in a dark night, "Insolent! Begone! Away!" she uttered; and over the lovely countenance spread an expression of Her of the petrifying visage and the serpent-hair.

Broken, lifeless, he descended to the street; like one who walks in sleep he reached his dwelling, and awoke to delirium and pain. Seizing his hammer, he would have shattered in fragments the fair marble image; but in his anguish he had not observed Angelo, who now held back his arm with powerful grasp.

"Art thou mad? What wouldst thou do?" exclaimed he. There was a struggle. Angelo was the

stronger, as with determined force he thrust his friend aside.

"What has happened thee? Speak," cried Angelo.

How could he speak? What could he say?

And when his friend found it useless to urge, "Thou art fast losing thy senses with thy eternal dreaming," said he; "come forth, live as we others do. Take wine and sleep all this away. Follow Angelo; thy angel will I be, the angel of life. Youth lasts not for ever. Old age will come, when we shall be like withered grass. Live no more in imagination, but in reality. Come forth, be a man!"

And the young artist would fain follow anywhere, could he but escape from the pain that tortured him, could he but tear himself from all he had ever known, all that was past, from his very self! He followed Angelo.

Some way from the city was an old hostelry, much

frequented by students, built in one of the old ruins that abound. Golden citrons glistening through dark foliage were now the chief adornment of the once splendid walls. Within, a lamp burned before the image of the Madonna; without were rustic seats, 'midst trees of citron and laurel.

Hearty were the greetings that welcomed Angelo and his friend. Light was the fare, though long the draughts, that kept up the merriment and beguiled the hours. Songs were sung; the guitar was thrummed, the saltarello sounded, the dance began. How scorching the heat of the day, the glare of the sun from fierce noon to downsetting. Fire without and within! Fire everywhere! Fire in the atmosphere! Fire in the brain! The air seemed to twine in gold and roses; life was roses and gold.

"Now thou art on the stream, let it bear thee whither it will," said Angelo.

"Never was I so happy," replied the poor artist.

"You were right; I was a dolt, a dreamer. What is phantasy to reality?"

At evening the wild company proceeded to Angelo's studio, where with no less clamour they spent the hours of the night, pouring forth beakers to many a heathen deity, while shouts of "Apollo," "Jupiter," made the roof resound.

At length he reached home. "Alas!" sighed his heart; but in his ears rang out for ever the words "Begone!" "Away!" till merciful sleep overcame him.

Out of the early dawn shone the clear star; its rays fell on "Psyche," as the sleeper awoke. Beholding it, he trembled, arose and covered it from his sight—he could no longer look upon his work.

Still, silent, wrapped in thought, he remained through the long day oblivious of all without, as all were oblivious of what passed within that human heart.

Days passed and weeks. One morn the star beheld him, pale, fever-stricken, rise from the couch, totter towards the statue, lift the veil, and gaze long upon it, with a glance full of tenderness, full of woe. Then, nearly sinking beneath the burden, he carried it to the garden. Here was an old vault, and here he laid the Psyche, then drawing over it the slab, strewed mould with roots and nettles over the new-made grave.

"Begone!" "Away!" were the last words spoken at the tomb.

The star in the far distance was the sole witness—the star alone saw the tears on the pale countenance of him who, wasting daily, at last grew sick unto death.

Brother Ignatius came to him as friend and physician, came with solace of religion, spoke of the calm and peace of the Church, the misery of the world, the mercy and grace of God. His discourse fell like sunbeams on moist earth of spring, drawing from his soul the moisture which, like mist, ascended into those higher regions of thought, where real and visionary mingle;

and from this floating ether he looked down on human life. Delusion, failure, had it indeed been for him. Art was an enchantress, who allures us through transient delights to a barren void. False were we to ourselves, false to one another, false to heaven, the serpent ever tempting us with "Taste, and ye shall be as God!"

Now for the first time did it seem that he had found the way to Truth and Peace. In the Church alone was light and purity; in the monk's cell the freedom from earthly trammels—the tranquillity where mortal might attain to immortality.

To Brother Ignatius he opened his thought, his determination was fixed. A child of earth became a servant of the Church; the young artist renounced the world and entered the cloister.

How warmly, how cordially, was he received by the brethren. With what solemn joy was he consecrated; it was like a glimpse of heaven, when a flood of sunshine entering the church lit up the pictures and the

white cross. And when, the ceremony over, at evening hour, the going down of the sun, he stood in his little cell and, opening its window, looked out over old Rome, its ruined temples, its mighty though dead Colosseum, now in springtime, when acacias bloomed, evergreens were fresh, roses revelled in wild luxuriance, citrons and oranges gleamed through dark leaves, and palms waved, he felt an uplifting of his spirit, an elevation of the soul, that he had never known before. The broad, open Campagna stretched far away to the blue snow-capped mountains, that seemed painted on the air; all melted together, breathing peace and beauty, floating in hazy, ethereal loveliness, dreamlike, as though 'twere all a dream—a dream the whole.

Yes, like a dream the whole world below: and dreams disappear in the hour and come again in the hour: but the cloister life is a life of years—long, many.

That from within our sharpest ills proceed must, with truth, be allowed. Here broke out the flames

which anew tormented him; here the spring of evil which, spite his will, welled forth. Vainly he scourged the flesh; the lash reached not his mind, where snake-like Doubt crept in and sought to strangle Faith in the mercy of that All-Loving, to Whom the saints pray for us, the Holy Mother prays for us, Jesus himself has given for us His blood.

Was it well this that he had done? Was it well that with light decision of youth he had given himself up to an existence of decay, thinking thus to rise, thinking thus to reach the Higher Life, having forsaken earth's vanities and become the Church's son?

One day, after many years, he encountered Angelo, who remembered him.

"What!" cried he, "it is thee! and art thou happy? Thou hast sinned against God, and cast from thee His gift of grace, faithless to thine errand in the world. Read the Parable of the Talents. The Master who told it spoke Truth. What has thou now gained? Leave thy dream-life. Live in the Present. What if thy

Hereafter be but a dream—a mere figment of the imagination—nothing but a pretty thought?"

"Go from me, Satan!" cried the monk, hastening away.

"Satan in the flesh!" murmured he. "I reached him but a finger, he has gripped my whole hand. Alas!" sighed he, "the evil is within—and yet he walks with upright head; he has his reward—and I seek it through Faith. But should there be no ground for Faith? Should all beyond, like the world I renounced, be nothing but vanity, a pretty thought, an illusion like the fair beauty of the evening sky, like the blue mist upon the distant mountains—seen near, how different! Eternity, a vast, shoreless, voiceless ocean, on which, full of anticipation, we embark—to sink, to disappear—die—cease to be——Illusion! Begone! Away!"

Ever darker grew his thoughts. "Nothing here, nothing beyond. A lost life!"

To none could he speak of the gnawing worm within.

"Lord," he broke out, in despair, "be merciful. Give me Faith. Thy Gift of Grace I cast away, faithless to my errand in the world, failing for lack of strength—that was not mine. Immortality, Psyche of my soul, begone! away! Buried like that Psyche of my life's best, never to rise from the grave. Can it be that Psyche within never dies? It is past comprehension. But thou, O Lord, art beyond comprehension, and Thy world a miracle of might, majesty, and love."

* * * * * * * * *

His spirit passed. The cord was loosed, the bowl broken. The church-bells rang out their last for him, and he was laid to rest in earth brought from Jerusalem mixed with ashes of the pious dead. And the sun shone forth without, incense burned within, and masses were chanted for his soul's repose.

Years rolled on. His very name was forgotten.

Past! gone! the great thoughts, the bright dreams, the love of art and glory, the bitter tears, the hope of

immortality. The dust had returned to earth, and the spirit————?

More than a century had flown. In the old narrow street where once had been the ruins of a temple was now a convent. Here in the garden was dug a grave. A young nun had ceased to breathe, and was to be interred here at dawn. As the spade turned over the mould it touched a stone—a stone of dazzling whiteness—indeed it was white marble; and next appeared an arm, and now a shoulder; cautiously the spade was handled—a delicate head was seen—butterfly wings. From the tomb where the young nun was to be interred arose in the early morning a beauteous form, cut from marble of the purest whiteness.

"Exquisite! perfect!" cried the spectators. And who could be the artist?

None knew. None save the star, who knew also the whole of that earthly career, its trial, its weakness, its hopeless "only mortal." But that now was all gone by, as all that is of dust must go, while the outcome of

his best, most excellent effort that displayed the divine gift within—Psyche—undying, smiling down upon dwellers of earth—this was here revealed, to become seen, known, honoured, and beloved.

The clear star in the rosy light of dawn shone in radiance over Psyche with bliss-bestowing smile, with benediction streaming from eyes and lips on the gazers marvelling to see the Soul sculptured in marble.

What is of earth perishes; what is of heaven endures; as, beyond memory of sorrow, Psyche still lives.

LIFE'S LAST DAY.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus!

* * * * * *

Juste judex ultionis
Donum fac remissionis,
Ante diem rationis!

THE most awful day of all life's days is that we die on. It is the last day, the great solemn day of transmutation. Who thinks right earnestly of the one sure last hour here on earth?

There once lived an austere "professor," as it is called, a stern upholder of every observance that was to him as law, a vengeful servant of a vengeful God.

Death now stood by his couch—Death! with sublime, heavenly countenance.

"The hour has come, thou must follow me!" said Death, and touched with ice-cold finger the feet, and they grew chill, the brow, and then the heart, whose last cord snapped in sunder, and the soul followed the Death-angel.

But in the few moments elapsing between touch of feet, and brow, and heart, arose, like the sea's wild surging billows, all that Life had borne and brought before the dying. So might one gaze for an instant into a whirling gulf of waters, and perceive in the flash of thought its unfathomable depths; so may one behold at a glance the countless stars of heaven, and embrace in one view orbs and worlds of measureless space.

In such a moment the affrighted sinner shrinks appalled, and, with nought to sustain him, it is as though he sank down far into illimitable void. But

the pious leans upon his God, and yields himself, like a child, into his keeping, with "Thy will be done."

But this dying one had not that child-sense. He felt he was man; he shuddered not, like the sinner; he knew he had been always strictly devout. To every religious form in all its rigour had he adhered. Millions, he knew, must go the broad road to condemnation. With sword and with fire would he have destroyed their bodies, even as their souls were doomed here and hereafter, now and everlastingly. His way now was heavenwards, where Divine Grace opened to him the door, the Grace as it had been promised.

And the soul went forth with the Death-angel; yet once he gazed upon the couch where lay the lifeless image in its white cerements, the outward semblance of its I. Then they flew up and on as from a spacious hall, and thence into a wood. Nature lay extended below, carved, as it were, and marked out artificially like the old French gardens. Here was Masquerade.

"This is Human Life," said the angel.

Every human being seemed more or less masked.

They certainly were not the noblest or the worthiest, those arrayed in velvet and gold; nor they certainly the meanest or least worthy, those clad in raiment of the poor. It was a curious, a wonderful Masquerade, more particularly when it was seen that each and all strove anxiously to conceal something from the rest, while everyone would seek to tear off the other's disguise, so as to reveal what was so carefully hidden. And then would appear the head of some strange animal. With one it was that of a grinning ape, with another some ferocious quadruped, with a third a serpent, and with a fourth some scaly monster of the deep. So each would seek to tear aside the disguise of his neighbour, crying out "See! This is he!" with delight unmasking the other's deformity.

"And what form was mine?" asked the speeding spirit.

The angel showed him a lordly being, with head encircled by rays of glowing hues, but beneath the

human figure appeared the feet of a bird; the rays were but the lustre from its expanded plumage.

And as they pursued their flight, great winged creatures flew out from the branches of trees, shrieking "Death Wanderer, rememberest thou me?" These were the evil thoughts of the days of his life that now called aloud to him, "Rememberest thou me?"

And the soul trembled at recalling these voices now springing forth like accusers, and replied, "In the flesh, in our evil nature, dwells nothing good; but the thoughts grew not into deeds, the world has not suffered from the fruit." And he hastened the quicker to escape the hideous cries; but so much the more the dark monsters pursued, gyrating in circles and shrieking yet the higher, as though to make the firmament resound. Then he sped like the hunted deer, but with every movement was struck by sharp flints that wounded and caused him smarting pain. "How come these stones thick as leaves upon the way?"

"These are the inconsiderate words thou hast spoken,

that have wounded thy fellows deeper far than they now wound thee!"

"'Twas that I thought not upon it," answered the soul.

"Judge not! that ye be not judged!" rang loud through the vast expanse.

"We have all sinned," murmured the soul, soaring on, "yet have I regarded both Law and Evangelist; I have done what I could do, I am not as the others."

So they stood by heaven's portals, and the angel who keeps guard inquired: "Who art thou? Tell me thy faith, and show it me in thy works!"

"I have taken heed to all the commandments, and have humbled myself before the world. I have hated and persecuted evil and evildoers, those who go the broad way to destruction; with sword and with fire would I extirpate them had I the might."

"Then, art thou one of Mahomet's followers," said the angel.

"Nay!"

"'Whoso taketh the sword shall perish by the sword,' says the Son; His faith hast thou not. Art thou of those who say with Moses: 'Eye for eye, and tooth for tooth'?"

"I am Christ's."

"I perceive it not in thine actions. Christ's teaching is Expiation, Love, and Mercy."

"Mercy!" rang clear through the wide empyrean: Heaven's portals parted, and the soul was borne in towards the opened glory.

But the light which streamed out was so piercing, so blinding, that the soul drew back as from a drawn sword, while harmonies swelled forth tones of tenderness so melting past mortal power to describe. Then the soul, tremulous, bowed down, bending lower and ever lower, till penetrated by the heavenly purity, it felt and perceived what never until now it had felt—the burden of pride, hardness, and sin.

Then weighed by that burden and pierced by the light, sank swooning, feeling all unworthy the kingdom of heaven, nor daring before the All-righteous Judge to utter even the word "Mercy!"

And then was Mercy where Mercy was not hoped.

God's heaven was throughout infinity; His beneficence flowed in limitless abundance.

"Holy, blessed, glorious, and eternal become thou, human soul!" was sung, taken up and re-echoed by voices not of earth.

* * * * * * *

Thus the soul, at life's last day, draws back from heaven's splendour, and bending low, sinks swooning; till by mercy raised it floats into new realms, and purified, ennobled, exalted, draws nearer and nearer the Light, and, strength renewed, abides in eternal glory.

THE NAUGHTY CHILD.

THERE was once an old poet, such a real good old poet! One evening, when he was sitting quietly at home, there came on a dreadful storm without; the rain fell in torrents while the old poet sat warm and cheerful by the stove, where a bright fire burned, and apples were roasting. "O! there will not be a dry thread on the poor beings who are exposed to the storm this fearful weather," sighed he to himself, for he was a gentle, kindly-natured old man.

"Open the door! Let me in! I am perishing in the storm," cried the voice of a child without, weeping piteously and beating hard against the door, all the

while that the rain continued to pour in torrents, and the fury of the wind made all the casements rattle.

"O, poor little creature," cried the old poet, hastening to the door.

And there stood a little child—perfectly naked—and the water was falling in streams from his long golden hair. He was shivering and quaking with the cold; had he not been brought in at once, he must certainly have perished in such terrible weather.

"Poor, poor little creature," exclaimed the old poet, drawing him instantly into the house, "come to me, soon shalt thou be warm and dry: wine and apples also shalt thou have, for thou art a beautiful child."

And so he was in truth, and beyond a doubt! His eyes shone out like two clear stars from heaven, and although the water was streaming from his hair, still it fell in loveliest locks about his head. He looked indeed like a little angel-child save that he was so pale with cold: he was trembling all over his body. In his hand he held a little bow, but it was quite

spoiled with the rain, and all the colors of the pretty quiver had run into one another from the damp.

The old poet sat down again by the stove, and taking the little child in his arms, he dried the water from his hair, warmed the little hands within his own, and pressed the trembling limbs against his bosom, giving him at the same time some of the sweet warm wine, till by degrees the child revived, his cheeks became quite rosy, and at length, jumping down upon the hearth, he commenced to caper and dance all round about the old poet.

"Why, thou art indeed a frolicsome boy!" said the old man. "What, then, art thou called?"

"I am called Eros!" shouted the child; "knowest thou me not?" There lies my bow, and I can shoot with it, believe me. See, now, the weather is clearing, the moon begins to shine."

"But thy bow is spoilt," said the old poet.

"It was, indeed," replied the boy, taking it up and

looking at it; "but it is already dry and very little hurt; the string is quite tight. Now I will try it!"

So saying, he drew the string, placed an arrow across it, took aim, and—shot the good old poet right through the heart!

"Now canst thou see that my bow was not spoiled," cried he, laughing loud and gleefully, and—he was off!

Ungrateful child! thus to shoot the old poet who had warmed him by his own hearth, been so good, and bestowed on him his pleasant wine and sweetest apples!

The good old poet fell down and wept—he was really shot through the heart—and so he said: "Alas! cruel Eros! I will warn every one to beware of thee, for thou wilt certainly bring them trouble and grief.

So those he told it to—the youths and maidens—were very careful and on their guard to shun this ungentle Eros—yet, spite of all, he succeeded in deluding them, for he was so artful *(udspeculeret)!* When the

students returned from lectures, he would walk beside them with a book under his arm and a black gown on. So they did not recognise him, and would take him by the arm, thinking he was a fellow-student, and so surely would he shoot his arrows into their hearts. And when the maidens came from prayers, he would steal up disguised amongst them too. Yes, he is always after every one! He frequents entertainments, enters the gardens of the palace, and again he is off into the woods. Ay! once he even shot thy father and thy mother. Ask them, and thou shalt hear what they say.

Ah! he is indeed a mischievous youth, this Eros, see that thou hast never anything to do with him, for he pursues every one. Only think, once he struck with his arrows thy tender, sweet old grandmother! It is long since, it is all gone by, but never has she forgotten it!

Fie! cruel Eros! and now thou knowst him, see what he is for a really mischievous boy!

THE PHŒNIX.

IN the Garden of Paradise, under the Tree of Knowledge, stood a rose-tree: here in the first rose was born a bird, whose flight was like Light, beauteous its plumage, glorious its song.

Now when Eve plucked the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, and she and Adam were expelled from Paradise, there fell from the avenging angel's flaming sword a spark into the bird's nest, which kindled it, so that it was destroyed. The bird perished in the flames, but from its burning egg flew forth a new, the sole, the ever only Phœnix.

Tradition says: It builds in Araby, and every hundred years burns itself in its nest, whence the new

Phœnix, the only one in the world, springs upward from the glowing egg.

The bird soars above us, flashing like Light, lovely in plumage, glorious in song. When the mother sits beside the cradle of her babe, it is there, hovering o'er the pillow, and throwing with its wings a glory on the infant's head. It sheds a radiance as of sunshine through the humble dwelling, and the air grows sweet with violet's perfume.

Nor does the bird abide alone in Araby. It seeks the lands of the Aurora, pouring its rosy beams on Lapland's fields of ice, and nestles 'midst the golden flowers of Greenland's brief summer. Down into the mines of the north, down into England's mines it descends, fluttering like a butterfly over the song-book in the sober workman's hand. It sails upon the lotus leaves of Ganges' holy waters, and fills with light the Hindoo maiden's eyes when she beholds it.

The Phœnix! knowst thou it not? Bird of Paradise, Song's holy swan.

On the Thespian car it sat, like a dark raven, flapping ominous wings; o'er Iceland's minstrel harps it swept, whose answering cords rang music; on Shakspeare's shoulder it alighted, breathing in his ear, "Immortality!" then skimming the air sped to the song-festival in Wartburg's knightly hall.

The Phœnix! knowst thou it not? He sang to thee the Marseillaise, and thou didst feel the fire that fell from his plumes; he came in splendour of Paradise, and thou didst haste from the lightnings of his wings.

Bird of Paradise, uprising every century, born in flame, expiring in flame, thy picture set in gold adorns the hall of greatness, whilst thou, lone wanderer, wingest afar thy solitary flight—a Tradition only—the Bird of Araby.

In the Garden of Eden, where thou wert born under the Tree of Knowledge—within the first rose, Our Lord bent over thee, and gave to thee thy true name—Poesy.

SCRYMGOUR AND SONS, PRINTERS, ADELAIDE.