

Imagination

Well-Educated Mother's Heart Learning Library

LIBRARIES OF HOPE

Imagination

Compiled by
Marlene Peterson

Well-Educated Mother's Heart Learning Library
Libraries of Hope

Imagination

Copyright © 2019 by Libraries of Hope, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without prior written permission of the publisher. International rights and foreign translations available only through permission of the publisher.

The Training of the Imagination, by James Rhoades, London: John Lane Co., (1908).

Education Through Imagination, by Margaret McMillan, London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co., (1904).

Imagination and Dramatic Instinct, by S.S. Curry, Boston: The Expression Company (1896).

Libraries of Hope, Inc.
Appomattox, Virginia 24522

Website www.librariesofhope.com
Email support@librariesofhope.com

Printed in the United States of America

Table of Contents

The Dreamers 1
Imagination and Fairy Tales 5
Imagination and Mythology 53
Imagination and the Arabian Nights 91
The Training of the Imagination 107
Education Through Imagination 133
Imagination and Dramatic Instinct 173

Imagination

The Dreamers

They are the architects of greatness. Their vision lies within their souls. They never see the mirages of Fact, but peer beyond the veils and mists of doubt and pierce the walls of unborn Time.

The world has accoladed them with jeer and sneer and jibe, for worlds are made of little men who take but never give–who share but never spare–who cheer a grudge and grudge a cheer.

Wherefore, the paths of progress have been sobs of blood dropped from their broken hearts.

Makers of empire, they have fought for bigger things than crowns and higher seats than thrones. Fanfare and pageant and the right to rule or will to love, are not the fires which wrought their resolution into steel.

Grief only streaks their hair with silver, but has never grayed their hopes.

They are the Argonauts, the seekers of the priceless fleece–the Truth.

Through all the ages they have heard the voice of destiny call to them from the unknown vasts. They dare uncharted seas, for they are makers of the charts. With only cloth of courage at their masts and with no compass save their dreams, they sail away undaunted for the far, blind shores.

Their brains have wrought all human miracles. In lace of stone their spires stab the Old World's skies and with their golden crosses kiss the sun.

The belted wheel, the trail of steel, the churning screw, are shuttles in the loom on which they weave their magic tapestries.

A flash out in the night leaps leagues of snarling seas and cries to shore for help, which, but for one man's dream, would never come.

Their tunnels plow the river-bed and chain the islands to the Motherland.

Their wings of canvas beat the air and add the highways of the eagle to the human paths.

A God-hewn voice swells from a disc of glue and wells out through a throat of brass, caught sweet and whole, to last beyond the maker of the song, because a dreamer dreamt.

What would you have of fancy or of fact if hands were all with which men had to build?

Your homes are set upon the land a dreamer found. The pictures on its walls are visions from a dreamer's soul. A dreamer's pain wails from your violin.

They are the chosen few–the Blazers of the way–who never wear doubt's bandage on their eyes–who starve and chill and hurt, but hold to courage and to hope, because they know that there is always proof of truth for them who try–that only cowardice and lack of faith can keep the seeker from his chosen goal, but if his heart be strong and if he dream enough and dream it hard enough, he can attain, no matter where men failed before.

Imagination

Walls crumble and the empires fall. The tidal wave sweeps from the sea and tears a fortress from its rocks. The rotting nations drop from off Time's bough, and only things the dreamers make live on.

They are the Eternal Conquerors–their vassals are the years.

– Herbert Kaufman

Imagination and Fairy Tales

Frances Jenkins Olcott (*The Children's Reading*):

"Imagination is the faculty that brings the soul into most immediate contact with ideas, feelings, or objects, and with other minds or beings."—Curry.

"Through imaginative literature abstract truths are made to have for the child a reality which is given to them by the experiences of daily life only by the slowest degrees."—Bates.

"I do not like to read lies to my child," is the verdict of many a mother. "I give him only histories, biographies, and useful books." She does not know, this really earnest mother, that she is shutting the door of her child's imagination, and that she may be hampering his power to do great things in after life, by thus closing to him the storehouse of imaginative literature. For later he will not be able to draw full sustenance from classic writings unless he has been fed in youth on the best of folk-literature.

The action of the picture-making power of the mind—the imagination—is a part of almost every

mental process. The act of memory calls up mental pictures, the act of fancy re-creates a world, invention, writing, painting, and conceiving a scientific theory are aided by the creative imagination. And, what is more, the sympathetic feelings, of charity, compassion, and the power to put one's self in the place of another, are dependent on the movement of the same faculty.

Tyndall gives most impressive testimony to the value of the applied use of the imagination. "There are Tories," he writes, "even in science, who regard imagination as a faculty to be feared and avoided rather than employed. They have observed its action in weak vessels, and are unduly impressed with its disasters. But they might with equal justice point to exploded boilers as an argument against the use of steam. With accurate experiment and observation to work upon, imagination becomes the architect of physical theory. Newton's passage from a falling apple to a falling moon, was an act of the prepared imagination, without which the laws of Kepler could never have been traced to their foundations. Out of the facts of chemistry the constructive imagination of Dalton formed the atomic theory. Davy was richly

endowed with the imaginative faculty, while with Faraday its exercise was incessant, preceding, accompanying, and guiding all his experiments. His strength and fertility as a discoverer is to be referred in great part to the stimulus of his imagination."

Thus imagination is a most powerful factor in daily life, and to develop in the individual a wholesome and rich imagination, and to correlate it with the reason, is of utmost importance. This can be best accomplished in childhood. For the didactic faculty—the reason—is dormant in a child, and the faculty of pure enjoyment—the imagination—is predominant, and is the open door to his mind. Through it enters a constant procession of mental pictures, each making an impression on the plastic brain, where they are stored away until the day comes when the mind, at will, recalls the images and with them recombines and forms original designs.

One of the surest means of educating the imagination is through the judicious use of the best literature which will enrich and stimulate the picture-making faculty. Let us now see how fables, myths, folk and wonder tales will aid this development.

Folk-literature conserves the accumulating mass of spontaneous, unscientific thought, feelings, beliefs, fancies, traditions, distortions, superstitions, and ethical teachings of the common people of all races. It has no known authors, but, like an avalanche, it gathers into itself, age by age, all that lies in its path of the natural mental products of the human race. In treatment it is imaginative, and objective—in fact, childlike. It has, however, a two-fold nature. It teaches, on the one hand, simple truths and morals, put in a way that appeals directly to children; it also shows the distinction between elemental good and evil; and that retribution follows sin; and it emphasizes the majesty or beauty of nature. While on the other hand, there runs throughout folk-literature a strain of illogicality, and immorality—called by some folk-lorists the irrational—which contradicts the ethical teachings. But when this illogical, irrational element is eliminated, there yet remains a vast body of folk-literature, rich in those qualities that build up and stimulate the imagination, and inculcate simple virtues within the understanding of children.

Folk-literature for children divides itself roughly into seven groups: fables, pure myths, hero-myths,

place-legends, fairy-lore, nursery tales and rhymes, and hero-romances. The rhymes and romances will be discussed in another chapter.

The beast-fable appears to be one of the earliest forms of story-telling among all peoples. The savage races use it as a means of teaching mythical tribal history, as well as for entertainment. The savage beast-fable and short story of Africa and Australia are of a low order of imagination, distorted, and full of deceit, lying, and brutality, presented in such a way that children cannot fail to derive wrong ethical ideas therefrom; whereas the Hindus, Greeks, and other Indo-Germanic peoples have turned the beast-fable into a vehicle for the teaching of homely virtues and worldly wisdom of a practical kind. Many of these fables have become an integral part of our literature, and if for no other reason children should be made familiar with them. They have, however, a special mission in the ethical education of children. They not only please the fancy, but they satisfy a young child's craving for short, objective, moral tales, and they inculcate such virtues as prudence, foresight, honesty, and homely wisdom. Fables that teach revenge, and overcoming by the means of craft, should be rejected

from books for children. Some of the best Æsopic fables to tell or read are "Belling the Cat," "The Dog in the Manger," "The Lion and the Mouse," "The Shepherd Boy and the Wolf," and "The Town and Country Mouse."

Pure myths had their origin in primitive man's interpretation of nature. The rising and setting of the sun, the return of spring after the winter, the stars in the heavens, the storms and the winds and the loud-sounding Ocean, all filled him with wonderment and awe. He expressed his understanding of natural phenomena in poetic imagery and language, which came, in time, to be believed as religion. The first form of myth, says Ruskin, "contains the germ of accomplished tradition; but only as the seed contains the flower. As the intelligence and passion of the race develop, they cling to and nourish their beloved and sacred legend; leaf by leaf it expands under the touch of pure affections, and more delicate imagination, until at last the perfect fable bourgeons out into symmetry of milky stem and honied bell."

Of such myths the best types are found in Greek mythology. Harmony, poetic feeling for the beauties of nature, personification of the gentle and tender side

of nature make this mythology enjoyable to little children, who love stories of flowers, trees, and living things, fountains, and sudden transformations; of such stories the best types are Arachne, Daphne, Arethusa, Echo and Narcissus, Phaethon, Pygmalion and Galatea, and Proserpine. Each Greek myth is complete in itself, and is not dependent on another tale to show forth an inner meaning. This again makes the Greek myth peculiarly applicable to little children who desire a complete story in a few words.

Thus, as each Greek myth is gracefully complete in itself, and usually presents an aesthetic idea in poetic form; so, on the other hand, the Norse myth is a part of a complicated system of creation, according to Germanic tradition. Its gods are personifications of the stupendous, awe-inspiring natural phenomena of the North. The cold "long nights" followed by brief hot summers, and the struggle for existence in the face of violent elements, have left their impress on the mythological system of the people. The thunder of the storm on the mountains, the rush of the avalanche, the beat of seas on rocky coasts, the lapping of the waves of the fiords, the mysterious play of the Northern lights, have united in producing a vigorous,

epic-like mythology, replete with manly courage and stalwart virtues, but permeated with a mystic melancholy, so characteristic of the people of the North; of whom Carlyle says: "I feel that these old Northmen were looking into nature with open eye and soul; most earnest, honest, childlike; and yet manlike; with a great-hearted simplicity and depth and freshness, in a true, loving, admiring, unfearing way. A right valiant, true old race of men."

These Norse myths have, therefore, a positive mission in the education of Anglo-Saxon-thinking children. Stripped of their grosser parts, the myths present a united group of tales emphasizing Germanic ideas of unity, individual liberty, of right and wrong, of courage and manliness. These qualities are drawn with strong strokes, and painted in contrasting colors; virtue is virtue, badness is badness, there are no shades of coloring. The stories please the wonder-loving children because they tell of the adventures of gods and goddesses, and of frost-giants, light-elves, and elves of darkness, of trolls, and hideous monsters, as well as of mighty heroes and splendid women.

Another mythology that has a place in the education of children is that of the American Indian.

It breathes of the nature of the wild woods; it is reverent and mystical. On the other hand, it is in part fierce, illogical, confused; especially so when relating the origin of tribes and families. Very little satisfactory work has been done in rendering these tales for children. Longfellow's "Hiawatha" still occupies the important place of presenting in the best form, though idealized, the poetic side of Indian mythology.

There are many other mythologies, but none that offers, as far as the writer knows, such concrete educational characteristics as do the Greek, Old Norse, and Red Indian.

We may now pass on to the brief consideration of the hero-myth. The Norse mythology is a combination of pure myth and hero-worship, probably founded upon the historic traditions of tribal heroes, as well as on nature-worship. The story of Sigurd the Volsung's son will be considered later in the chapter on "Ballads, Epics, and Romances." The Greeks were rich in hero-stories, such as those of Hercules and of Theseus, Perseus and Jason. The adventures of the last three heroes are delightfully told for children by Hawthorne in his graceful,

inimitable style; while Kingsley has treated the same tales with a nearer approach to their classical originals.

The place-legend is an imaginative accessory to history, and is the outcome of the fancy and superstition of the common people, who weave fearsome or poetic tales about their local towns, castles, rocks, mountains, trees, or abandoned houses, and other objects. Of this class are the tales of William Tell, Rip Van Winkle, the Lorelei, Ulysses's sirens, Tannhauser, and many other tales, some of which deal with ghosts, banshees, wild huntsmen, and other morbid superstitions not wholesome for all children.

Fairy-lore is largely the product of the Celtic mind, which is fanciful and poetic. The best stories of this kind may be found in English, Scottish, and Irish folk-lore. They deal with the doings of "the little people," with fairy-rings, moonlight dances, enchanted mountains, changelings, maidens and youths decoyed to Fairy-Land, and with imps and elves that "give pinches, nips, and bobs" to bad folk, and with King Oberon, Queen Titania, and merry, freakish Robin Goodfellow.

We pass now to the ever popular nursery tale—the myth or folk-tale recast and told by "old gammers" to the little ones. Here appear classic myths in new garments, Cupid and Psyche masquerading as Beauty and the Beast, and, in the Scandinavian version, as the maiden and the "great big white bear" of East of the Sun and West of the Moon; while Orpheus and Eurydice reappear in the land of the Red Indian, where the bereaved husband follows his Indian wife to the Land of Souls. The Valkyrie, Brynhild, aroused by Sigurd from her sleep-thorn slumber, is transformed in the nursery into the Sleeping Beauty waking at the kiss of "a fairy prince, with joyful eyes, and lighter-footed than the fox." The Barbe Bleue of the Breton place-legend becomes Blue Beard; and a possible Cornish hero in the wars with the Romans, invades the nursery as Jack the Giant Killer; and, with a lack of dignity not to be explained by the scale of divine ascension to the Buddhaship, Buddha transmigrates from the son of King Brahmadatta, and reappears in Brer Rabbit, and the Demon with the Matted Hair becomes the wonderful Tar Baby.

Cinderella teaches the reward of modesty and humility, as do a host of other nursery tales; Toads

and Diamonds, the reward of charity and a kind heart; Faithful John, friendship and loyalty even unto death; and the Little House in the Wood, kindness to animals. Accumulative tales satisfy the ear as well as the fancy, and the "drolls" and grotesque tales are a never ending source of delight.

Unfortunately, many nursery tales included in collections for children present perverted ideas of right, the themes of which are success by craft, lying, and theft; and they also justify ingratitude, disloyalty, and irreverence. These stories should be cast out of collections for children. Even some of the ancients did not believe in telling or reading to little ones such irrational tales. Such stories, says Plato, "ought not to be lightly told to young and simple persons....Poets and story-tellers make the gravest misstatements about men when they say that many wicked men are happy, and good men miserable; and we shall forbid them to utter such things."

Nursery tales need careful editing. But there is no more delicate task than to handle folk-literature with the respect that will preserve for the children its directness of appeal, its colloquial language, its humor and grotesqueness, the swift action of plots, the

rewards and retributions that are dealt out, *without moralizing*, and, what is more, the destruction, swift and awful, which overtakes ravenous dragons, evil witches and trolls, and fearsome ogres and giants. Fine examples of this folk-treatment in rendering nursery tales may be found in any good translation of Grimm, also in Joseph Jacobs's volumes of fairy tales, and in Ernest Rhys's "Fairy-Gold."

Some editors, in their over-zeal to make folk-tales mediums of moral instruction, lose their own sense of humor and their perspective. An example of this treatment may be found in a certain version of "The Three Bears"—the little tale attributed to Southey, but which has become a part of nursery literature. The editor adds a good deal of sentimental detail not included in the accepted version. She interlards her tale with remarks like the following: "That is the polite way children talk to animals. Animals like it." "Where were the bears all this time that they did not come in to shake hands with their little visitor?" and at that dramatic moment—which every child awaits with breathless suspense—when the little bear discovers Goldilocks asleep in his bed, the little bear of this version laughs, and strokes the child's golden hair,

chivalrously offering his paw to help her rise, while the great, huge bear hides his paws behind him, "so the child should not be scared." "I beg your pardon, Mr. and Mrs. Bear," says the polite child, "I will never do so again," and distributing checkerberries, she invites the bears to call upon her, then runs home.

And what does any child get from such a mawkish tale—from which all the vigor of the original has been stripped? Where is the little listener's blissful anticipation of the final sympathetic thrill at the end—to which the whole story leads up? "Somebody has been lying in my bed," cries the little bear; *"And here she is!!"* And Goldilocks wakes in fright, jumps out the open window, and runs home as fast as her legs can carry her. And, what is more, where is the editor's sense of humor, when she can so render a tale and write in the preface to the same book: "The youngest children are at one with birds, beasts, and insects, and it is only through imitation and instruction that they learn to avoid these creatures." To be consistent with this, the writer should certainly teach modern children to avoid "bear hugs" and by scaring them thoroughly, not to go to sleep in bear-beds at the Zoo.

Anathema also be upon those vandals who demand that bad ogres and witches be met with moral suasion only. Such treatment is lacking in poetic justice, and from the children's standpoint is neither moral nor satisfactory.

There yet remain for consideration a host of modern wonder tales, not belonging to folk-literature. Many of these are grotesquely humorous, in the way children love. Their chief value lies in literary quality or in the fun and joy they give, and also in some ethical teaching. Occasionally, as in a few of Andersen's fairy tales, and in Kennedy's "New World Fairy-Book," there is a slight background of folk-lore on which the author has built original stories, but for the most part the wonder-stories are original productions. Some fine examples of wonder-tales may be found in Andersen's fairy tales, Browne's "Granny's Wonderful Chair," Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland," Madame d'Aulnoy's fairy tales, and Ruskin's "King of the Golden River."

Such, then, is the educational mission of folk-literature and wonder tales; to cultivate the imagination, to prepare for the future understanding of classic literature,—especially poetry,—to develop

the sense of beauty, to implant ideas of simple virtues, and last but not least to give joy to children.

J. Berg Esenwein *(Children's Stories and How to Tell Them)*:

The commonest form in which the childish imagination finds exercise is that of fairy-tales; but education must take care that it has these in their proper shape as national productions, and that they are not the morbid kind which artificial poetry so often gives us in this species of literature, and which not seldom degenerate into sentimental caricatures and silliness.

— J. K. F. Rosencrantz, *Philosophy of Education*.

The old stories of the race are not fact, but they are truth which the race-mind has visioned and given form in words. They are the product of primitive man's longings and wonderings. They are the answers of his soul in his quest for God. They are his attempts to solve the mystery of his own life, the explanation of his environment. They are the charts which his imagination made, marking the paths by which his spirit might pass to freedom. In them he defied time, conquered space, and transcended all limitations. In

them, supernatural agencies were his reserve power. In time of stress, the modern man falls back upon his own sub-conscious self; primitive man called upon the Fairies and kindred beings which his own fancy had created to meet his need.

Thus all such tales embody the ideals of early man, and through them his growth of spirit may be traced. They have even moulded the religious and social life of the present time, for the highest and best achievements of today are but the slow fulfillment of man's age-long prophecies and dreams.

It is because folk and fairy tales are filled with this spirit of truth that they lay hold upon the heart of childhood from generation to generation. As we have said in an earlier chapter, the child, to some extent, repeats the experiences of the race. Light and darkness, wind and sun, sea, sky, and earth surround him. He wonders and dreams about them all. The life within himself calls to the life without and asks Whence? Whither? What? His questionings must find answer on the plane of his own understanding, so the folk tale with its simplicity and sincerity meets his need.

Since belief in the Fairies was a part of primitive man's religion, to feed the child's imagination with the tales which true belief built concerning these supernatural agencies is to awaken in him a religious attitude. The transition is easily made from interest in these representations of the religion and philosophy of our ancestors to a deepened interest in the power of the unseen forces of nature. This belief in an unseen world leads the child directly into the realm of pure spirit. The attitude of wonder is closely akin to reverence.

Fairy tales give the child a sense of well-being. In them good always comes to good; somehow, somewhere, things tend to come out right for the man who chooses wisely and does his best. This attitude of mind is a valuable asset to the child. It adds to his power of endurance and courage, it robs him of fear.

Fairy tales people the child's world, and make him less alone. Fits of intense loneliness frequently sweep over a sensitive child. If he feels the nearness of these unseen friends, his heart is comforted in a way unbelievable to the grown-up who has never known these dream companions. The child who peeps into the cup of every flower for the fairy which may be

cradled there will go through life with spirit on tiptoe. Each day will be a new adventure, each road will lead to fortune.

As for myths, they especially need adaptation lest younger children gather wrong ethical ideals from the forms in which the myths come to us, from Greece and Rome particularly. Wise choice must be exercised as to what to omit, what to alter and what to relate unchanged.

Katherine Cather (*Educating by Storytelling*):

When the child leaves the rhythmic, realistic period he enters a world of make-believe and no longer desires tales and jingles that are nothing more than a recounting of facts he already knows. He delights in playing he is some one other than himself, in pretending he is doing things beyond the range of his possibilities, and because he craves a larger experience he craves also fanciful, imaginative tales in which he may have those experiences. He knows that bees sting, that the dog has a cold, wet nose, that the cat lands on its feet, and the squirrel holds its tail up. He wonders about these things, but he is still too

limited in experience and in mental capacity to give them real theoretical meaning. Consequently he enjoys the wonder tale, or, as some authorities term it, the "primitive-why story." Early racial tales are those of forest and plain, varying according to the locality in which they originated, from the lion and tiger stories of India and Central Africa to the kangaroo fables of the Australian aborigine.

Primitive man through fear and fancy personified the forces of nature and gave them human attributes, and because they were less tangible than the creatures of jungle and plain that figured in his earliest fables, his mind visioned them as fantastic beings, sometimes lovely and sometimes grotesque, fairies and goblins, destructive monsters and demons, and avenging giants who preserved him from that which he feared. Thus originated the fairy story that was the expression of his religion. The child enjoys these tales.

The narrator can gather this material with comparative ease because the science of ethnology has brought to light many of these tales from primitive literature, and not a few of them have been put into collections available to child workers.

The fairy tale that grew out of the life of the race is also rich in material for children of this period. By "fairy tale" is meant that type of story usually associated with the names of Grimm, Perrault, and Bechstein. Little people delight in it, and will listen to it again and again. Yet because of lack of understanding on the part of parents and teachers, the fairy story often proves to be the rock upon which the child craft meets disaster. Because these tales have had a mighty place in the history of the race and still have their work in the education of the child, it does not follow that they should be fed to young listeners as so much unassorted grain is fed to chickens. There are many that should not be used at all. Those that are used should be carefully graded, because a child will enjoy a narrative in which children are heroes, long before he enjoys one in which adults hold the center of the stage. The father and mother, brothers, sisters, uncles, cousins, and aunts mean much to him because they are part of his experience. But he does not know officers of the state and nation. He does not know lawmakers and magistrates and judges, and tales in which they have a part are less interesting to him than those whose characters are familiar personages. For

instance, he is charmed by "Little Red Hen" or "The Three Bears" at an age when "Beauty and the Beast" or "Sleeping Beauty" mean little to him, and a good rule to guide the storyteller in the grading of fairy tales is the well-known pedagogical one, "Proceed from the known to the unknown, from the simple to the complex." Give first those stories whose heroes are familiar personages, then introduce those with characters not so well known.

The mention of fairy tales in education often raises the question, "Is there not danger of making liars of children by feeding them on these stories?" It seems to me the best answer is given by Georg Ebers, the Egyptologist and novelist, in his fascinating autobiography. *The Story of My Life.* Out of his own experience, he handles the subject of fairy tales sincerely and convincingly, and his words are worthy of consideration by every child worker.

"When the time for rising came," he says, "I climbed joyfully into my mother's warm bed, and never did I listen to more beautiful fairy tales than at those hours. They became instinct with life to me and have always remained so. How real became the distress of persecuted innocence, the terrors and

charm of the forest, the joys and splendors of the fairy realm! If the flowers in the garden had raised their voices in song, if the birds on the boughs had called and spoken to me, nay, if a tree had changed into a beautiful fairy or the toad in the damp path of our shaded avenue into a witch, it would have been only natural.

"It is a singular thing that actual events which happened in those early days have largely vanished from my memory, but the fairy tales I heard and secretly experienced became firmly impressed on my mind. Education and life provided for my familiarity with reality in all its harshness and angles, its strains and hurts, but who, in those later years, could have flung wide the gates of the kingdom where everything is beautiful and good, and where ugliness is as surely doomed to destruction as evil to punishment? Therefore I plead with voice and pen in behalf of fairy tales. Therefore I give them to my children and grandchildren and have even written a volume of them myself.

"All sensible mothers will doubtless, like ours, take care that the children do not believe the stories which they tell them to be true. I do not remember any time

when, if my mind had been called upon to decide, I should have thought anything I invented myself really happened; but I know that we were often unable to distinguish whether the plausible tale invented by some one else belonged to the realm of fact or fiction. On such occasions we appealed to my mother, and her answer instantly set all doubts at rest, for we thought she could never be mistaken and knew that she always told the truth.

"As to the stories I invented myself, I fared like other imaginative children. I could imagine the most marvelous things about every member of the household, and while telling them, but only during that time, I often fancied they were true. Yet the moment I was asked whether these things had actually occurred, it seemed that I woke from a dream. I at once separated what I imagined from what I actually experienced, and it never would have occurred to me to persist against my better knowledge. So the vividly awakened power of imagination led neither me, my brothers and sisters, nor my children and grandchildren into falsehood."

Dr. Ebers' words are based on sound psychology. The child's imaginative nature should be developed,

but there should never be any doubt in his mind as to what is make-believe and what is real. Let him wander at will through every realm of fancy, along its sun-kissed highways, among its shadowy glens and wild cascades, but let him realize it is a world of make-believe, not of fact, which he inhabits during that period. His imagination will be as much aroused, his emotional nature will be stirred as deeply, and there will be no discovery later that his mother or teacher deceived him, no temptation to present as fact what he knows to be purely fancy, which is a certain step toward the field of falsehood. If he questions whether a fairy story is true or not, tell him, "No, but once upon a time people thought it was true," and picture how the early tribesmen sat around the fire at night listening to tales told by some of their wise men, just as Indians and Eskimos do to this day. It will make him sympathetic toward the struggles of his remote forefathers, and he will not think the narrator tried to dupe him, nor will he regard the narrative itself as a silly yarn. It will be a dignified tale to him because it was believed in the long ago.

Since we can give only according to the measure in which we possess, whoever tells fairy stories to

children ought to know something of their history and meaning. He should have some understanding of how they have come from the depths of the past to their present form, some idea of the work of notable collectors, and some insight into the fundamental principles of the science of folklore.

There are several theories about the origin of these tales, the first and oldest being that they are sun myths and can be traced back to the Vedas, and the exponents of this belief offer many arguments to prove the truth of their contention. The similarity of tales found among people of widely separated regions, they claim, is evidence that they must have come from a common source, "Little Half-Chick," a Spanish folk tale, is found in slightly different dress among the Kabyles of Africa; "Cinderella," in some form or other, is common to every country of Europe and to several oriental lands; while the Teutonic tale of "Brier Rose" and the French of "Sleeping Beauty" are modifications of the same *conte*. Therefore, the orientalists contend, they must have come from a common source and have been modified to suit conditions of life in lands to which they were carried.

Another theory is that all European fairy tales are remnants of the old mythology of the north, the nucleus of the stories having been carried abroad by the Vikings, while still another theory, the most notable advocate of which was the late Andrew Lang, traces fairy tales to the practices and customs of early man and a totemistic belief in man's descent from animals.

Then there are those also who contend that fairy tales are primitive man's philosophy of nature, his explanation of the working of forces he did not understand. The adherents of this theory admit the similarity of tales found among different tribes, but claim that the incidents, which are few, and the characters, who are types, might occur anywhere. In the French story of "Blue Beard" and the Greek tale of "Psyche" curiosity leads to destruction—in the one case of life, in the other of happiness. In the French "Diamonds and Toads," the Teutonic "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," and the Bohemian "The Twelve Months," selfishness brings punishment and kindness reward, while the cruel stepmother, the good prince, and the fairy godmother are common to tales of every nation.

But however authorities disagree as to the origin of these stories, they unite in declaring them to be one of the oldest forms of literature. The first collection of fairy tales of which we have any record was published in Venice in 1550 by Straparola, and was a translation of stories from oriental sources. From Italian the book was done into French and, for those early days when books were rare and costly, had a wide circulation. For almost a century this was the only collection of fairy tales in existence. Then, in 1637, a book was published in Naples, *Il Pentamerone,* which Keightley declares is the best collection of fairy tales ever written. The stories were told in the Neapolitan dialect and were drawn from Sicily, Candia, and Italy proper, where Giambattista Basile had gathered them from the people during years of wandering.

About sixty years later, in a magazine published at The Hague, appeared a story, "La Belle au Bois Dormant," by Charles Perrault, which was none other than the tale we know as "Sleeping Beauty." It did not originate with Perrault, but had been told him in childhood by his nurse, who was a peasant from Picardy. A year later seven other stories appeared, "Red Riding Hood," "Blue Beard," "Puss in Boots,"

"The Fairy," "Cinderella," "Riquet o' the Tuft," and "Hop o' My Thumb." They were published under the title, *Contes du Temps Passé avec Moralités*, and signed, "P. Darmancour." Darmancour was a stepson of Perrault, and wrote them at the older man's request from the nurse's tales; so they live in literature as Perrault's work. After this French collector came the German scholars, the Grimms, who gathered and preserved the folklore of Thuringian peasants; Goethe, the Sage of Weimar; Madame Villeneuve; Ruskin; Andrew Lang; and several others. Each of these added to the work begun by Straparola and Basile, until now we have tales from almost every nation, tales proving that a belief in the supernatural is common to primitive people in every clime.

Another aspect wonderfully interesting in the study of fairy tales is the distinctive features of those of different regions, which are so marked that they can be classified according to the locality and topography of the region in which they originated. The largest number of these supernatural beliefs is found among nations whose scenery is wild and rugged, where there are mountains, morasses, dangerous cataracts, and tempestuous oceans, while in flat, cultivated countries

away from the sea the fairy superstition is not so strong and the tales are less fantastic. This fact argues powerfully in favor of the Aryan theory that they are primitive man's philosophy of nature, the expression of his religion, and some educators claim that as they were religious stories to the race, they still are religious to the child.

Whether this theory is accepted or refuted, there can be no doubt in the mind of a thinking person that if fairy tales are given to children they should be given intelligently and with discrimination. The narrator should exercise care in their selection, and have some fixed principles to govern that selection, because of the quantity and doubtful literary and ethical quality of much juvenile material.

Many modern fairy stories are not fit to give to children. In selecting fanciful tales for this period of childhood, choose first of all the old ones, those that originated in the childhood of the race, the stories of Grimm, Perrault, and Bechstein. They have stood the test of the ages. They are expressed in beautiful language, they create ideals and arouse inspiration, they feed and satisfy.

There are some fairy tales of later origin that are the works of great writers and deserve the name of literature. First on this list come those of Hans Christian Andersen. "The Three Bears" of Robert Southey is another good example, and sometimes we find floating through magazines and in books of recent issue, fairy tales that are excellent ones to give to children, because they have all the elements of the racial tales. Notable among these is "The Wonder Box" by Will Bradley. But, if there be any doubt in the mind of the narrator about the merit of modern stories, he had better eliminate them from his list and use only those that have stood the test of the ages.

However, even among racial tales the narrator will come upon pitfalls unless judgment mark his selection. The conditions governing his struggle for existence gave primitive man a harsh standard, and consequently his literature is often tinged with a vindictive spirit wholly out of keeping with the ideals of today. Stories in which cruelty, revenge, and bloodshed have a large part should never be told to the young child, no matter what their age or origin. "Blue Beard" is a good example. Although itself a classic, and a recital of the deeds of a French ruler

whose name is a synonym of infamy, this tale and all similar tales should be tabooed from the world of little people.

Charles Dickens was the first man in England whose voice carried weight to plead for fairy tales as a part of the school curriculum, and within a few years Dickens found it necessary to oppose the usage of stories that were corrupting the children of the British Isles. Because they were urged to tell fairy tales, unthinking teachers told any that they found, even those in which all the savagery of early man was portrayed. Accounts of beheadings and man-eatings became part of the daily program, and many acts of cruelty among children were traceable to these stories. Instead of teaching forbearance, courtesy, consideration of the poor and aged, and abhorrence of brute force, which the wisely chosen fairy tale will do, story-telling was turning the children into young savages. If the dominant element in a story is cruelty, strike that tale from the list; for even though the deed be punished in the end, the fact that the attention of an unkind child is focused upon cruel acts often leads him to experiment and see what will happen. And I plead also for the elimination from the story-teller's

list of every tale in which an unkind or drunken parent plays a part, even though the tale itself be a literary gem. The father or mother is the child's ideal, and it is not the mission of the narrator to shatter that ideal. Even if little folk have discovered that there are delinquent parents in the world, it is a mental shock to have that fact emphasized, and the story that shocks in any way had better be left untold.

Sometimes the elimination or modification of a cruel feature of a tale makes it suitable for telling to children, as in "Hansel and Gretel." The ending Humperdinck uses in his opera, wherein the old witch turns to gingerbread instead of being baked in the oven by the orphans, is far better ethically than the original one, yet the elemental part of the story is left unspoiled. Narrators cannot be too careful in this respect; for the function of story-telling is to refine rather than to brutalize, to give pleasure and not to shock, and there is no excuse for using tales that corrupt or injure in any way when there are enough lovely ones to satisfy every normal desire of the child. Let the test of selection be the question, Does this story contain an element or picture that will shock a sensitive child or whet the cruel tendencies of a rough,

revengeful one? If it does, do not use it even though the list of fairy tales may be reduced to a very limited one, but choose the other material for this period from the lore of science that will feed the fancy and not warp the soul or distort the character.

Julia Darrow Cowles (*The Art of Storytelling*):

The child's ability to understand is far in advance of his ability to read, and the old folk-tales which have been handed down orally from generation to generation, and later gathered into volumes for the children of all nations to enjoy together, are a veritable mine of delight to both story-teller and listener.

Folk tales and fairy tales are so interwoven that it is difficult to separate them. That some of both are open to criticism is conceded, but with such abundance of supply there is no need of telling a story which presents even a doubt as to its value.

In her introduction to "The Story Hour," Kate Douglas Wiggin says: "Some universal spiritual truth underlies the really fine old fairy tale; but there can be no educational influence in the so-called fairy stories, which are merely jumbles of impossible incidents, and which not infrequently present dishonesty, deceit,

and cruelty in attractive or amusing guise." Here we have the true test which anyone may apply: an underlying "universal spiritual truth." Does our story contain such?

Two very familiar nursery tales which owe their origin to the folk-lore of old—namely, "Jack, the Giant Killer," and "Cinderella"—have recently been brought into question upon the ground of their moral teaching. The critics in question look upon Jack as a thief and a murderer, who "lived happily ever after" upon his ill-gotten gains. For my own part, I find less to condemn in Jack's treatment of the Giant, than in making a hero of a boy who was lazy and disobedient. The Giant had robbed and killed Jack's father, and he was wicked and cruel to all, and Jack could scarcely be blamed for trying to regain his father's stolen wealth, or for cutting down the bean-stalk when the Giant was descending for the purpose of killing him and, in all probability, his mother. But the false note in the story, to my mind, lies in selecting a boy who was avowedly lazy, idle, disobedient, and neglectful of his mother, for the hero of a tale of such marvelous deeds. The tale of Jack, the Giant Killer, however, has many versions, and there is no need whatever, when telling the story,

of giving to Jack any of these undesirable traits. Rather, picture him as a boy capable of performing heroic deeds. The change is easily made.

On the other hand, I would champion the story of "Cinderella." The recent criticism brought against this story is that it leads boys and girls to believe that all step-mothers are cruel. I do not think so. The stories of "The Babes in the Woods," and of "The Princes in the Tower," do not teach that all uncles are cruel. Of course the fact that Cinderella's step-mother was a step-mother might be so emphasized in the telling as to give this impression, but it is not emphasized in the story—not, at least, in most of the versions which I have read. Selfishness and pride are set forth in the half-sisters in all their unattractiveness; while Cinderella's final triumph serves as a means of showing her gentle and forgiving nature. These are the points to be brought out in the story-telling, and it would seem to me to be an unjustifiable robbery to take the story of Cinderella from the child's early store of fairy tales. What a thrill of exquisite delight is felt by the child when the magic of the godmother's wand turns Cinderella's rags into the robe of a princess and she is whirled away in her golden chariot to meet the

prince. It is a story of goodness rewarded and of evil punished, but all in such a magical and wonderful way! I can feel the early thrill of it yet—and so can you.

There are different versions of both these stories, and it is not a difficult matter to tell either one in such a way as to do away with all objectionable features. As was shown in a previous chapter, much of the impression which a story leaves is due to the manner of its telling. The story of Cinderella certainly contains the "underlying universal, spiritual truth," and so answers to the test of a truly "fine old fairy tale."

American story tellers should not go far afield for their tales of folk lore, and overlook the two distinctive sources afforded by our own country. The stories of the North American Indian, told by camp fire or in tepee, are full of poetic imagery, of symbolic truth, and of heroic valor. They form the original legendary lore of our land, and they should be told to the children, preparing them for a later reading of the poets and authors who have shown us the picturesque as well as the tragic side of the history of the Red Man.

Emelyn Partridge (*Story-telling in School and Home*):

Fairy-Tales include a great number of stories found all over the world; and, strictly speaking, many stories in which the fairy of the conventional type does not appear. In general, the fairy-tale may be said to comprise all those folk-tales dealing with strange or supernatural events, in a mood of half -belief or pure fancy.

There is almost nothing that shows so clearly the difference between the old education and the new as the attitude toward such literature as the fairy-tale. Although in the past, the school may have recognised the fairy-story as a pastime for the child, it certainly scorned all such things in the serious business of education. But now we may almost say that the stone that was rejected has become the head of the corner.

The value of the fairy-tale consists especially in its religious significance. We have seen that it has grown out of religious story. It is still religious for the child, for it is believed. It serves the purpose of stimulating belief in the unseen world. It keeps the supernatural alive and real to the child, shows the world full of

friendliness and exalts the good-will principle. It fosters a feeling of safety in the midst of rough forces of nature. In the fairy-tale the child quite unconsciously perceives his own life situation. Fear, imagination, ignorance begin at an early age to make life hard for the child. The world begins to seem alien to him, and he is often lonely in the vastness of it. The fairy-story presents to him a warmth of interest behind nature. In this story his own desires for himself are realised. He sees that out of hard situations good issues for those who are good. It is his compensation for being little and helpless. So we may say that the fairy-tale helps to keep religion alive in the world as almost nothing else does. Behind the pure enjoyment serious forces are at work; and instead of being the most frivolous of fancies, the fairy-tale is one of the most earnest products of the mind of man; and the love of the fairy-story is one of the most significant of the child's interests. It is safe to assert that up to the age of ten the child's taste for these stories may be satisfied to any reasonable extent. Let the child see, through the fairy-story, the play of good and evil in the world. Let him make his judgments upon these deep themes through the medium of his pure enjoyment

and his unconscious striving with his own desires. Nothing need be explained to him, and there need be no thought of systematic teaching. The work of the story-teller is simply to satisfy a normal and deep appetite with the best nourishment he can provide. In general, this will be the racial story. There are good folk-tales from almost every land, and these simple stories are far better than the more elaborate and more literary fairy-tales of our own day.

Kate Douglas Wiggin (*The Fairy Ring*):

There was once upon a time a king who had a garden; in that garden was an apple tree, and on that apple tree grew a golden apple every year."

These stories are the golden apples that grew on the tree in the king's garden; grew and grew and grew as the golden years went by; and being apples of gold they could never wither nor shrink nor change, so that they are as beautiful and precious for you to pluck to-day as when first they ripened long, long ago.

Perhaps you do not care for the sort of golden apples that grew in the king's garden; perhaps you prefer plain russets or green pippins? Well, these are not to be despised, for they also are wholesome food for growing boys and girls; but unless you can taste the flavor and feel the magic that lies in the golden apples of the king's garden you will lose one of the joys of youth.

No one can help respecting apples (or stories) that gleam as brightly to-day as they did hundreds and thousands of years ago, when first the tiny blossoms ripened into precious fruit.

"Should you ask me whence these stories,
Whence these legends and traditions
With the odors of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows?"—

I can say only that the people were telling fairy tales in Egypt, in Joseph's time, more than three thousand years ago; and that grand old Homer told them in the famous "Odyssey," with its witches and giants, its cap of darkness, and shoes of swiftness. Old nurses and village crones have repeated them by the fireside and

in the chimney corner; shepherds and cowherds have recounted them by the brookside, until the children of the world have all learned them by heart, bequeathing them, generation after generation, as a priceless legacy to their own children. Nor must you fancy that they have been told in your own tongue only. Long, long before the art of printing was known, men and women of all nations recited these and similar tales to one another, never thinking that the day would come when they would be regarded as the peculiar property of youth and childhood. There is not a country in Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, or the islands of the sea where fairy stories of one sort or another have not been current since the dawn of speech; and to make this Fairy Ring of sixty-odd tales the editors have read and sifted as many hundreds. You will miss Cinderella, Red Riding Hood, Jack and the Beanstalk, Toads and Diamonds, Puss in Boots, Bluebeard, Beauty and the Beast, and other favorites, but these have been omitted because they can be easily found in half a dozen volumes already on your shelves, and we preferred to give you in their stead stories less well known and hackneyed.

The so-called Household Tales, such as Drakesbill, The Little Good Mouse, and The Grateful Cobra go back to the times when men thought of animals as their friends and brothers, and in the fireside stories of that period the central figures were often wise and powerful beasts, beasts that had language, assumed human form, and protected as well as served mankind. Frogs, fishes, birds, wolves, cobras, cats, one and all win our sympathy, admiration, and respect as we read of their deeds of prowess, their sagacious counsel, their superhuman power of overcoming obstacles and rescuing from danger or death the golden-haired princess, the unhappy queen mother, or the intrepid but unfortunate prince.

The giants and ogres and witches in the fairy stories need not greatly affright even the youngest readers. For the most part they overreach themselves in ill-doing and are quite at the mercy (as they properly should be) of the brave and virtuous knight or the clever little princess.

If you chance to be an elder brother or sister it may surprise and distress you to find that all the grace, courage, wit, and beauty, as well as most of the good

fortune, are vested in the youngest member of the household. The fairy-tale family has customs of its own when it comes to the distribution of vices and virtues, and the elder sons and daughters are likely to be haughty, selfish, and cruel, while the younger ones are as enchantingly beautiful as they are marvelously amiable. The malevolent stepmother still further complicates the domestic situation, and she is so wicked and malicious that if it were not for the dear and delightful one in your own household, or the equally lovable one next door, you might think stepmothers worse than ogres or witches. I cannot account for this prejudice, except that perhaps the ideal of another love and mother goodness has always been so high in the world that the slightest deviation from it has been held up to scorn. As for the superhuman youngest son and daughter, perhaps they are used only to show us that the least and humblest things and persons are capable of becoming the mightiest and most powerful.

Wiseacres (and people who have no love for golden apples) say that in many of these tales "The greater the rogue the better his fortune"; but the Grimm brothers, most famous and most faithful of

fairy-tale collectors, reply that the right user of these narratives "will find no evil therein, but, as an old proverb has it, merely a witness of his own heart. Children point at the stars without fear, while others, as the popular superstition goes, thereby offend the angels."

The moment you have plucked a golden apple from the magic tree in the king's garden (which phrase, being interpreted, means whenever you begin one of the tales in this book) you will say farewell to time and space as readily as if you had put on a wishing cap, or a pair of seven league boots, or had blown an elfin pipe to call the fairy host. It matters not when anything happened. It is "Once upon a time," or "A long time ago." As to just where, that is quite as uncertain and unimportant, for we all feel familiar with the fairy-tale landscape, which has delightful features all its own, and easily recognizable. The house is always in the heart of a deep, deep wood like the one "amidst the forest darkly green" where Snowwhite lived with the dwarfs. You know the Well at the World's End whence arose the Frog Prince; the Glass Mountain that Cinderlad climbed, first in his copper, then in his silver, then in his golden armor; the

enchanted castle where the White Cat dwelt; the sea over which Faithful John sailed with the Princess of the Golden Roof.

In the story of The Spindle, the Shuttle, and the Needle, the prince has just galloped past the cottage in the wood where the maiden is turning her wheel, when the spindle leaps out of her hand to follow him on his way—leaps and dances and pursues him along the woodland path, the golden thread dragging behind. Then the prince turns (fairy princes always turn at the right time), sees the magic spindle, and, led by the shimmering thread, finds his way back to the lovely princess, the sweetest, loveliest, thriftiest, most bewitching little princess in the whole world, and a princess he might never have found had it not been for the kind offices of the spindle, shuttle, and needle.

This book is the magic spindle; the stories that were golden apples have melted into a golden thread, a train of bright images that will lead you into a radiant country where no one ever grows old; where, when the prince finds and loves the princess, he marries her and they are happy ever after; where the obstacles of life melt under the touch of comprehending kindness; where menacing clouds of misfortune are blown away

by gay good will; and where wicked little trolls are invariably defeated by wise simpletons.

We feel that we can do anything when we journey in this enchanting country. Come, then, let us mount and be off; we can ride fast and far, for imagination is the gayest and fleetest of steeds. Let us climb the gilded linden tree and capture the Golden Bird. Let us plunge into the heart of the Briar Wood where the Rose o' the World lies sleeping. Let us break the spell that holds all her court in drowsy slumber, and then, coming out into the sunshine, mount and ride again into the forest. As we pass the Fairy Tree on the edge of the glade we will pluck a Merry Leaf, for this, when tucked away in belt or pouch, will give us a glad heart and a laughing eye all the day long. We shall meet ogres, no doubt, and the more the merrier, for, like Finette, we have but to cry "Abracadabra!" to defeat not ogres only, but wicked bailiffs, stewards, seneschals, witch hags, and even the impossibly vicious stepmother! Cormoran and Blunderbore will quail before us, for our magic weapons, like those of Cornish Jack, will be all-powerful. Then, flushed with triumph we will mount the back of the North Wind and search for the castle that lies East o' the Sun and

West o' the Moon. Daylight will fade, the stars come out, the fire burn low on the hearth, playmates' voices sound unheeded. We shall still sit in the corner of the window seat with the red-covered volume on our knees; for hours ago the magic spindle wrought its spell, and we have been following the golden thread that leads from this work-a-day world into fairyland.

Imagination and Mythology

Kate Douglas Wiggin (*Tales of Wonder*):

There is a Chinese tale, known as "The Singing Prisoner," in which a friendless man is bound hand and foot and thrown into a dungeon, where he lies on the cold stones unfed and untended.

He has no hope of freedom and as complaint will avail him nothing, he begins to while away the hours by reciting poems and stories that he had learned in youth. So happily does he vary the tones of the speakers, feigning in turn the voices of kings and courtiers, lovers and princesses, birds and beasts, that he speedily draws all his fellow-prisoners around him, beguiling them by the spell of his genius.

Those who have food, eagerly press it upon him that his strength may be replenished; the jailer, who has been drawn into the charmed circle, loosens his bonds that he may move more freely, and finally grants him better quarters that the stories may be heard to greater advantage. Next the petty officers hear of the prisoner's marvellous gifts and report them everywhere with such effect that the higher

authorities at last become interested and grant him a pardon.

Tales like these, that draw children from play and old men from the chimney-corner; that gain the freedom of a Singing Prisoner, and enable a Scheherazade to postpone from night to night her hour of death, are one and all pervaded by the same eternal magic. Pain, grief, terror, care, and bondage are all forgotten for a time when lakes of gems and enchanted waterfalls shimmer in the sunlight, when Rakshas's palaces rise, full-built, before our very eyes, or when Caballero's Knights of the Fish prance away on their magic chargers. "I wonder when!" "I wonder how!" "I wonder where!" we say as we follow them into the land of mystery. So Youngling said when he heard the sound of the mysterious axe in the forest and asked himself who could be chopping there.

"I wonder!" he cried again when he listened to the faerie spade digging and delving at the top of the rocks.

"I wonder!" he questioned a third time when he drank from the streamlet and sought its source, finding it at last in the enchanted walnut. Axe and

spade and walnut each gladly welcomed him, you remember, saying, "It's long I've been looking for you, my lad!" for the new world is always awaiting its Columbus.

No such divine curiosity as that of Youngling's stirred the dull minds of his elder brothers and to them came no such reward. They jeered at the wanderer, reproaching him that he forever strayed from the beaten path, but when Youngling issues from the forest with the magic axe, the marvellous spade, and the miraculous nut to conquer his little world, we begin to ask ourselves which of the roads in the wood are indeed best worth following.

"Childish wonder is the first step in human wisdom," said the greatest of the world's showmen, but there are no wonders to the eyes that lack real vision. In the story of "What the Birds Said," for instance, the stolid jailer flatly denies that the feathered creatures have any message of import to convey; it is the poor captive who by sympathy and insight divines the meaning of their chatter and thus saves the city and his own life.

The tales in this book are of many kinds of wonder; of black magic, white magic and gray; ranging from the recital of strange and supernatural deeds and experiences to those that foreshadow modern conquests of nature and those that utilize the marvellous to teach a moral lesson. Choose among them as you will, for as the Spaniards might say, "The book is at your feet; whatever you admire is yours!"

"Tales of Wonder" is the fourth and last of our Fairy Series in the Children's Classics, so this preface is in the nature of an epilogue. "The Fairy Ring," "Magic Casements," "Tales of Laughter" each had its separate message for its little public, and "Tales of Wonder" rings down the curtain.

There was once a little brown nightingale that sang melodious strains in the river-thickets of the Emperor's garden, but when she was transported to the Porcelain Palace the courtiers soon tired of her wild-wood notes and supplanted her with a wonderful bird-automaton, fashioned of gold and jewels.

Time went on, but the Emperor, wisest of the court, began at last to languish, and to long unceasingly for the fresh, free note of the little brown

nightingale. It was sweeter by far than the machine-made trills and roulades of the artificial songster, and he felt instinctively that only by its return could death be charmed away.

The old, yet ever new, tales in these four books are like the wild notes of the nightingale in the river-thicket, and many are the emperors to whom they have sung.

Whenever we tire of what is trivial and paltry in the machine-made fairy tale of to-day, let us open one of these crimson volumes and hear again the note of the little brown bird in the thicket.

Charles Kingsley (*The Heroes*):

My dear Children,

Some of you have heard already of the old Greeks; and all of you, as you grow up, will hear more and more of them. Those of you who are boys will, perhaps, spend a great deal of time in reading Greek books; and the girls, though they may not learn Greek, will be sure to come across a great many stories taken from Greek history, and to see, I may say every day,

things which we should not have had if it had not been for these old Greeks. You can hardly find a well-written book which has not in it Greek names, and words, and proverbs; you cannot walk through a great town without passing Greek buildings; you cannot go into a well-furnished room without seeing Greek statues and ornaments, even Greek patterns of furniture and paper; so strangely have these old Greeks left their mark behind them upon this modern world in which we now live. And as you grow up, and read more and more, you will find that we owe to these old Greeks the beginnings of all our mathematics and geometry—that is, the science and knowledge of numbers, and of the shapes of things, and of the forces which make things move and stand at rest; and the beginnings of our geography and astronomy; and of our laws, and freedom, and politics—that is, the science of how to rule a country, and make it peaceful and strong. And we owe to them, too, the beginning of our logic—that is, the study of words and of reasoning; and of our metaphysics—that is, the study of our own thoughts and souls. And last of all, they made their language so beautiful that foreigners used to take to it instead of their own; and

at last Greek became the common language of educated people all over the old world, from Persia and Egypt even to Spain and Britain. And therefore it was that the New Testament was written in Greek, that it might be read and understood by all the nations of the Roman empire; so that, next to the Jews, and the Bible which the Jews handed down to us, we owe more to these old Greeks than to any people upon earth.

Now you must remember one thing—that 'Greeks' was not their real name. They called themselves always 'Hellens,' but the Romans miscalled them Greeks; and we have taken that wrong name from the Romans—it would take a long time to tell you why. They were made up of many tribes and many small separate states; and when you hear in this book of Minuai, and Athenians, and other such names, you must remember that they were all different tribes and peoples of the one great Hellen race, who lived in what we now call Greece, in the islands of the Archipelago, and along the coast of Asia Minor-Ionia, as they call it—from the Hellespont to Rhodes, and had afterwards colonies and cities in Sicily, and South Italy—which was called Great

Greece—and along the shores of the Black Sea, at Sinope, and Kertch, and at Sevastopol. And after that, again, they spread under Alexander the Great, and conquered Egypt, and Syria, and Persia, and the whole East. But that was many hundred years after my stories; for then there were no Greeks on the Black Sea shores, nor in Sicily, or Italy, or anywhere but in Greece and in Ionia. And if you are puzzled by the names of places in this book, you must take the maps and find them out. It will be a pleasanter way of learning geography than out of a dull lesson-book.

Now, I love these old Hellens heartily; and I should be very ungrateful to them if I did not, considering all that they have taught me; and they seem to me like brothers, though they have all been dead and gone many hundred years ago. So as you must learn about them, whether you choose or not, I wish to be the first to introduce you to them, and to say, 'Come hither, children, at this blessed Christmas time, when all God's creatures should rejoice together, and bless Him who redeemed them all. Come and see old friends of mine, whom I knew long ere you were born. They are come to visit us at Christmas, out of the world where all live to God; and

to tell you some of their old fairy tales, which they loved when they were young like you.'

For nations begin at first by being children like you, though they are made up of grown men. They are children at first like you—men and women with children's hearts; frank, and affectionate, and full of trust, and teachable, and loving to see and learn all the wonders round them; and greedy also, too often, and passionate and silly, as children are.

Thus these old Greeks were teachable, and learnt from all the nations round. From the Phœnicians they learnt shipbuilding, and some say letters beside; and from the Assyrians they learnt painting, and carving, and building in wood and stone; and from the Egyptians they learnt astronomy, and many things which you would not understand. In this they were like our own forefathers the Northmen, of whom you love to hear, who, though they were wild and rough themselves, were humble, and glad to learn from every one. Therefore God rewarded these Greeks, as He rewarded our forefathers, and made them wiser than the people who taught them in everything they learnt; for He loves to see men and children open-hearted, and willing to be taught; and to him who uses

what he has got, He gives more and more day by day. So these Greeks grew wise and powerful, and wrote poems which will live till the world's end, which you must read for yourselves some day, in English at least, if not in Greek. And they learnt to carve statues, and build temples, which are still among the wonders of the world; and many another wondrous thing God taught them, for which we are the wiser this day.

For you must not fancy, children, that because these old Greeks were heathens, therefore God did not care for them, and taught them nothing.

The Bible tells us that it was not so, but that God's mercy is over all His works, and that He understands the hearts of all people, and fashions all their works. And St. Paul told these old Greeks in after times, when they had grown wicked and fallen low, that they ought to have known better, because they were God's offspring, as their own poets had said; and that the good God had put them where they were, to seek the Lord, and feel after Him, and find Him, though He was not far from any one of them. And Clement of Alexandria, a great Father of the Church, who was as wise as he was good, said that God had sent down

Philosophy to the Greeks from heaven, as He sent down the Gospel to the Jews.

For Jesus Christ, remember, is the Light who lights every man who comes into the world. And no one can think a right thought, or feel a right feeling, or understand the real truth of anything in earth and heaven, unless the good Lord Jesus teaches him by His Spirit, which gives man understanding.

But these Greeks, as St. Paul told them, forgot what God had taught them, and, though they were God's offspring, worshipped idols of wood and stone, and fell at last into sin and shame, and then, of course, into cowardice and slavery, till they perished out of that beautiful land which God had given them for so many years.

For, like all nations who have left anything behind them, beside mere mounds of earth, they believed at first in the One True God who made all heaven and earth. But after a while, like all other nations, they began to worship other gods, or rather angels and spirits, who—so they fancied—lived about their land. Zeus, the Father of gods and men—who was some dim remembrance of the blessed true God—and

Hera his wife, and Phœbus Apollo the Sun-god, and Pallas Athene who taught men wisdom and useful arts, and Aphrodite the Queen of Beauty, and Poseidon the Ruler of the Sea, and Hephaistos the King of the Fire, who taught men to work in metals. And they honoured the Gods of the Rivers, and the Nymph-maids, who they fancied lived in the caves, and the fountains, and the glens of the forest, and all beautiful wild places. And they honoured the Erinnues, the dreadful sisters, who, they thought, haunted guilty men until their sins were purged away. And many other dreams they had, which parted the One God into many; and they said, too, that these gods did things which would be a shame and sin for any man to do. And when their philosophers arose, and told them that God was One, they would not listen, but loved their idols, and their wicked idol feasts, till they all came to ruin. But we will talk of such sad things no more.

But, at the time of which this little book speaks, they had not fallen as low as that. They worshipped no idols, as far as 1 can find; and they still believed in the last six of the ten commandments, and knew well what was right and what was wrong. And they believed—

and that was what gave them courage—that the gods loved men, and taught them, and that without the gods men were sure to come to ruin. And in that they were right enough, as we know—more right even than they thought; for without God we can do nothing, and all wisdom comes from Him.

Now, you must not think of them in this book as learned men, living in great cities, such as they were afterwards, when they wrought all their beautiful works, but as country people, living in farms and walled villages, in a simple, hard-working way; so that the greatest kings and heroes cooked their own meals, and thought it no shame, and made their own ships and weapons, and fed and harnessed their own horses; and the queens worked with their maid-servants, and did all the business of the house, and spun, and wove, and embroidered, and made their husbands' clothes and their own. So that a man was honoured among them, not because he happened to be rich, but according to his skill, and his strength, and courage, and the number of things which he could do. For they were but grown-up children, though they were right noble children too; and it was with them as

it is now at school—the strongest and cleverest boy, though he be poor, leads all the rest.

Now, while they were young and simple they loved fairy tales, as you do now. All nations do so when they are young: our old forefathers did, and called their stories 'Sagas.' I will read you some of them some day—some of the Eddas, and the Voluspa, and Beowulf, and the noble old Romances. The old Arabs, again, had their tales, which we now call the 'Arabian Nights.' The old Romans had theirs, and they called them 'Fabulæ,' from which our word 'fable' comes; but the old Hellens called theirs 'Muthoi,' from which our new word 'myth' is taken. But next to those old Romances, which were written in the Christian middle age, there are no fairy tales like these old Greek ones, for beauty, and wisdom, and truth, and for making children love noble deeds, and trust in God to help them through.

Now, why have I called this book 'The Heroes'? Because that was the name which the Hellens gave to men who were brave and skilful, and dare do more than other men. At first, I think, that was all it meant: but after a time it came to mean something more; it came to mean men who helped their country; men in

those old times, when the country was half-wild, who killed fierce beasts and evil men, and drained swamps, and founded towns, and therefore after they were dead, were honoured, because they had left their country better than they found it. And we call such a man a hero in English to this day, and call it a 'heroic' thing to suffer pain and grief, that we may do good to our fellow-men. We may all do that, my children, boys and girls alike; and we ought to do it, for it is easier now than ever, and safer, and the path more clear. But you shall hear how the Hellens said their heroes worked, three thousand years ago. The stories are not all true, of course, nor half of them; you are not simple enough to fancy that; but the meaning of them is true, and true for ever, and that is—'Do right, and God will help you.'

Mary Helen Beckwith *(In Myth-land):*

My dear little friends:—

A great many, many years ago, more years ago than you can count, there were some people living in a country called Greece that I think you will like to hear about.

They were wise for those times, and knew how to make many beautiful things, but they did not know much about the

"Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,
With the beautiful water around it curled,"

nor much about the little country in which they lived; and they had many queer ideas.

"Who takes care of all the things in the world?" they wondered. "One person could not do it, there must be a great many," they thought. When a little boy asked his papa about it, the papa would say, "My child, there are many gods living on Mount Olympus, that high mountain you can see in the east. See, its top touches the blue sky. The gods have beautiful houses built of all manner of precious stones. They give us the things we need, fruit and grain for food, the beautiful flowers, the fish in the sea, the birds of the air, and the wild beasts in the forest. We must be kind and loving, my boy, like the dear gods."

Then perhaps he would tell his little boy of Jupiter, the king in that fair land among the clouds, and of Juno, the queen; of Minerva, the goddess of wisdom; and of Venus, the goddess of beauty.

He would not forget dear little Cupid, who could shoot love into people's hearts with his bow and arrows, nor Mercury, who taught people to be skilful, brave and true. Oh, how swiftly he could run, for he had wings on his shoes. He wore wings on his cap, too; and he sometimes carried a queer staff in his hand.

There were, oh, so many more gods! Apollo, who drove the sun chariot; Diana, who took care of the moon; Ceres, who taught the grain to grow; Peneus, who looked after the brooks and rivers; and Neptune, the god of the sea.

These were not all; but if you want to know about any more ask your mamma or your teacher to tell you of them, and when you go into an Art Gallery look for paintings and statues of them.

A little Greek boy could have told you many things, could he not? "But," I think I hear you say, "we know that there is just one dear Father, who takes care of the things and the people He has made."

Yes, and that is a more beautiful story than any the Greek boy could have told you; but some of his stories are pretty ones, and perhaps you will like to read them.

They have been saved for us all these years; and here are a few that I have told over and over to many little boys and girls, who have enjoyed them very much. I hope you will like them, too.

Sincerely your friend,
M. Helen Beckwith.

Emma Firth (*Stories of Old Greece*):

"There is an instinct in the human heart
Which makes all fables it has coined—
To justify the reign of its belief,
And strengthen it by beauty's right divine—
Veil in their inner cells a mystic gift,
Which, like the hazel twig in faithful hands,
Points surely to the hidden springs of truth."

Aside from their use as a means of strengthening the imagination, the myths embody ethical truths, which are helpful just in proportion to the intellectual activity which the stories arouse. The child lover will seek for the best means in accomplishing her end,—the harmonious culture of the child. In all that she does, she will be governed by the purest motives.

The telling of a story has a broader meaning than that of entertainment. Its real motive is the making of what the child loves a means by which he may be led to a clearer understanding of his own powers and possibilities, and of his relations to others.

The child lives wholly in the present. He is semi-barbaric in his tendencies toward self-interest. He needs to be lifted from an indefinite present of childish pleasure to a definite understanding of his own powers, and a better exercise of his will. If by means of a story, well told, he can grasp the simple truth contained in it, he is making progress in the right direction. He is getting a foundation for the future study of literature, and gaining an appreciation for the beautiful in art.

All modern tendencies are to make children too realistic, and to stifle, rather than to cultivate, the fine imagination necessary to the creation or enjoyment of art and literature. By presenting these myths, the product of a primitive people, and therefore adapted to the child, because of their beauty and simplicity, we are giving him good material for the growth of a healthful imagination.

While the general motive for telling stories is this, there are special motives in each story, which, if thoroughly appreciated, may enhance the value of the story. The first myth, a flower and sun myth, is designed to inspire in the child a feeling for the beauty and dignity of friendship. The story of Phaethon emphasizes the folly of unreasonable requests. Baucis and Philemon teach respect for the aged, and hospitality. The Rhoecus urges the doing of the "duty which lies nearest." In nearly all the myths courage and self-forgetfulness are shown; and by arousing admiration for these qualities we may inspire in the child a desire to possess them.

These myths are meant to do for the little beginner what the study of literature does for the "children of a larger growth." They are but beginnings for beginners; but with the sincere hope that they may accomplish the desired results, the writer submits them to her fellow-teachers and to the dear children of America.

Edward St. John (*Stories and Storytelling*):

The stories which we may use for purposes of moral and religious education may be grouped in two great classes, with several subdivisions under each. These classes may be distinguished as the idealistic and the realistic stories. The first group includes those that are recognized as imaginary in origin or which take liberties with facts, but which embody and set forth principles or truths; the second is made up of those that are or profess to be strictly conformed to fact. The two kinds of stories make their impressions upon the moral nature in somewhat different ways, and that they may be most helpful the distinction between them must be kept clearly in mind by the teacher and certain points must be guarded in the use of each.

Because they are untrue to fact many of the first group are often considered unsuitable for use by the teacher of morals, but a very little thoughtful consideration will show that they have great moral value, and that a large part of their special power is due to this very characteristic. The departure from prosaic and temporary fact is that the ideal and eternal truth may be more strongly emphasized. Events are related

that could not possibly have happened, but it does not follow that the tale must have a vicious influence.

Among the important forms of idealistic stories are fairy- and folk-tales, myths, legends, fables, and allegories. Most of these have a moral content, and indeed a moral aim was usually responsible for their origin. The others should be discarded by the teacher of morals, or should be carefully edited with the moral aim in mind.

Most fairy-tales and folk-tales, whether they are modern in origin or, as is true with most of the children's favorites, have come down to us from a very distant past, have this distinctly moral quality, which appears in the fact that virtue is rewarded and wrong-doing receives its punishment. This, the critic will object, is true of real life as well. So much may be granted, but we must remember that "the mills of God grind slowly," and that frequently the child is unable to trace the relation between cause and effect in such cases.

Nature's penalties are sure, but often one must wait a lifetime to see their completion, while sometimes it is upon the next generation that they fall

most heavily. When the retribution falls it is often of a kind that the child or untutored adult cannot appreciate in advance.

In fairy-land, on the other hand, penalty quickly, follows offense, and is of a kind that strongly appeals to the motives that influence a child. Hence oftentimes a fairy-tale points a moral more effectively than a story drawn from real life. If there is a valid principle back of the lesson taught there is no danger of moral loss when the child reaches the critical age, unless the story has been presented as one of the realistic type. Children find as much pleasure in stories which they know are the product of another's fancy as they do in playthings which by the power of their own imagination they transform into something very different from what they are.

A myth is in its origin an idea which has been clothed with a poetic garb of fiction. While it is an interpretation of some phenomenon of nature, it is an explanation in terms of human motives and hence has a moral content. It is an attempt at scientific explanation by those who are so unsophisticated as to attribute anthropomorphic personality and motives to all objects about them, which means that it is really

a search for principles underlying human conduct. In this sphere the judgments passed are usually true and of real importance.

There is a peculiar charm about the classic myths that gives them special teaching power. This is largely due to the fact that they appeal to those elemental feelings which are common to all men, and which have the dominant place in the lives of primitive races and of children. There is also a special picturesqueness and charm of form which they owe to the fact that they were long preserved in oral form before they were committed to writing. Handed down for many centuries by word of mouth, filtered through the minds of scores of generations, they have been subjected to a continual process of testing and elimination of elements that do not appeal to interest and conform to popular ethical standards until a certain measure of perfection of form and content has been attained.

So great is the charm of the Greek myths, for example, and so strongly do they appeal to the interests of children and youth, that it is with real regret that many teachers have put them aside because of the moral imperfections of the gods and

the polytheistic conceptions with which they are filled. They are right in putting the moral and religious results above all others that are involved, and, from the days of Plato on, many educators have felt the same necessity and have reached the same conclusion. But the rejection of all these stories is not as essential as it seems at first thought. The elimination of such of the stories as cannot be so edited as to remove accounts of the grosser forms of immorality and to emphasize the fact that vice and virtue meet their certain rewards meets the ethical requirement. The gods of the Greeks were only men of superhuman powers, and the stories of their lives have the same educational values as others of the ideal type.

The polytheistic element still remains as an objection on the side of religious education, but it may be readily overcome. One may introduce the myth by saying, "You know, children, that our Father in heaven made the earth and everything about us, and that he takes care of us all. Many years ago there were people who had never heard of this; but when they looked out upon the beautiful world and saw the sun rising every morning, and the stars shining at

night, and the flowers blooming, and the fruits ripening in the trees, they knew that some one must care for all of these. Since they did not know of the one great God who can do all things they thought that there must be one god for the sun and one for the stars, another for the flowers and still another for the fruits. I am going to tell you of some of the things that they thought these gods did." When one has finished the story he may add, "That is the way they told it long ago, but we know that it is really our Father in heaven who cares for all the creatures that he has made." So the thought of those old days may stir the simple religious feelings of the child—the wonder and love and dread and trust that he shares with the men of that early age—and that without giving him wrong conceptions of God.

Julia Darrow Cowles (*The Art of Storytelling*):

The world is a wonder-palace to the child. "Everything hints at something more magical and more marvelous which is to come." The inanimate objects about him are given living attributes; animals and flowers are endowed by his fancy with human

thought and feeling. He talks to the clouds and the stars; he peoples the sky with living inhabitants; to him the winds are not "forces of nature"; they are boisterous companions or gentle friends.

This applies to the imaginative child, and there are more imaginative children than the most of us suspect. The imagination may be suppressed by older and "wiser" companions, or natural shyness may cause the imaginative fancies to remain unvoiced; but the fancies are there—bubbling over in fantastic follies or childish imagery, or kept in those hidden chambers of the soul to which grown-ups are forbidden entrance.

Because of this mental attitude, children are inherent myth-makers. And to the same mental attitude upon the part of the children of the race, is due the fund of mythological lore which has enriched the world's literature and inspired much of its art.

To this rich store, then, the child may be introduced by means of mythological stories. Their appeal is strong because they are in harmony with his own spontaneous interests. Froebel says: "Would'st thou know how to teach the child? Observe him, and

he will show you what to do." If, then, the child so loves the myth, let us hold him and help him by means of the mythological story. Those which contain an objectionable element may readily be withheld; there are plenty which are beautiful in their form and true in their teaching.

The myth, strictly speaking, differs from the fairy story in that it personifies the forces and manifestations of nature: Aurora awakening the sleeping world with her shafts of light; Ceres presiding over the harvests of golden grain; Jove hurling the dreadful thunderbolts; and Narcissus living in the beautiful blossom which bears his name.

Few children will accept these stories as absolute statements of fact, nor need they be so presented. Whatever this personification of the universal elements may have meant to the ancient Greeks, to us it is purely imaginary; it is the fairy-land of nature. Children love to "make believe," and their own personifications of the forces of nature, while spontaneous and vivid, are a part of their imaginative world—a part of their "make believe." So, mythological stories are never accepted by them upon the literal plane of the true nature story, nor should

they ever be so presented. When stories of the ancient gods and goddesses are told, they may be very briefly outlined as the imaginative stories of an ancient race. This will give them their true place, without in the least detracting from their charm.

The child who is made familiar with the old mythology by means of stories and verse, holds the key of understanding to the countless allusions of the world's best literature. He may not comprehend the deeper meaning, nor understand that they were the religion of an ancient people, but when in his later reading of some masterpiece of poetry or prose he finds an allusion to Phaeton, to Apollo, or to Neptune, he will experience the same delight that comes to one who meets an old playfellow in a foreign land.

Gladys Davidson (*Wonder Tales*):

The religion of the early Greeks and Romans, like that of most of the ancient nations of their time, was very closely interwoven with the history of their country and the deeds of their most famous heroes; and though, before the introduction of Christianity, it had fallen into a very corrupt state, in its earlier and

purer forms it had much that was beautiful in it, and many great truths were hidden in the myths and fables relating to the various gods and goddesses worshipped by its adherents.

What we may regard as the foolish pagan practice of worshipping many different gods and goddesses may not have been so entirely foolish from the standpoint of primitive peoples. Those who have made special study of such matters give various explanations as to how the practice may have arisen. The foremost nations of ancient times all had a belief in the existence of gods and goddesses the Babylonians, Assyrians, Egyptians, as well as the Greeks and Romans and the people of ancient India. Naturally, such gods and goddesses are regarded as having each different powers and a different character, and some of them may be looked upon as far more powerful and benevolent than others. Writers tell us that among the Greeks, as among the other ancient peoples, many people were fully convinced that there was one great and splendid God, who was mightier and far above all the others, who were inferior to himself in power and over whom he ruled as a glorious king. This king, or father of the

gods, was called by the Greeks Zeus, and by the Romans Jupiter, being familiar to us also by the name Jove.

The more enlightened of the Greeks felt that this mighty God, the lord of the whole universe, must be possessed of every great and good quality they most admired; and since they so highly reverenced these qualities and virtues in him, and he was the head of all, they often spoke as if he were the one and only deity.

Among the other great deities or gods, was Minerva—called Pallas Athene by the Greeks—the Goddess of Wisdom. Two deities strong and mighty in battle were Mars—called Ares by the Greeks—the God of War, and Bellona, his sister, Goddess of Battles. They also worshipped beauty, itself—called Aphrodite by the Greeks, Venus by the Romans—the Goddess of Beauty. Another famous deity was Mercury—called Hermes by the Greeks—the God of cunning, liveliness, and commercial ability. Artistic gifts, again, were represented by Apollo, the God of Music and the Arts, while Cupid—called Eros by the Greeks—was the God of Love.

The marvels of the world of nature were treated and worshipped as deities also—the sun as Apollo, or Phœbus, the sun-god; the moon as the goddess Luna; fire as the god Vulcan; the corn as Ceres; the flowers as Flora; the fruits as Pomona, &c.

Possibly wise men and teachers may have invented some of these gods with the desire that mankind should not forget to render due worship to the powers and goodness of the One Great God and All-Father, nor to be thankful for the wonders He had made and His care for their welfare; and some myths in which these gods and goddesses figure are probably intended, if read aright, to be taken as parables or allegories setting forth some great truth or moral lesson.

Several of these myths and stories are very similar to certain of the stories contained in our Bible and in the great books of other ancient religions; and this is the reason why some students have thought that all religions can be traced to one origin.

However that may be, though the comparison of these myths with the Bible narratives is very interesting and fascinating, I do not propose to go into

the subject in this book, but merely to tell you some of the wonderful stories contained in the Greek and Roman fables, so that you may be encouraged to take up the study of these myths and their hidden meanings for yourselves later on.

Most of our knowledge of these myths has been gathered from the beautiful poetry of the ancient Greeks and Romans, and from the wonderful plays written by their greatest writers.

From these authors we learn that the chief home of the gods was believed to be Mount Olympus, a range of high mountains on the boundary of Macedonia and Thessaly; and here the mighty Jupiter reigned as king of the heavens, with his queen, Juno, the glorious Goddess of Marriage, and attended by a court of other gods and goddesses.

The seas were ruled by Neptune, the King-God of the Ocean; and the Under-World, or Land of Shades, where the ancients believed that the spirits of men and women dwelt after death, was ruled by the dreaded god Pluto, the King of Darkness.

All these ruling gods were attended by lesser gods; and they did not always remain in their own abodes,

but spent much of their time in visiting the earth, where they often made use of mortals, giants, dwarfs, and even wild beasts in order to carry out their plans.

They were all gifted with magic powers, and some of them could take on the form of any creature they pleased; and though they were often glorious to look upon, they were not always kind or virtuous, and in many of the stories told of them by the ancient writers they are represented as doing cruel deeds.

There are also mentioned in these tales other beings known as nymphs, who were, in reality, lesser goddesses, but who, though of a higher order than ordinary mortal maidens, did not possess the magic powers of the great goddesses; and these fairy-like creatures dwelt in the seas, springs, rivers, grottoes, trees, and mountains. The sea-nymphs were called Oceanides and Nereids; those who dwelt in fresh water, rivers, lakes, brooks, or springs were known as Naiads; the nymphs of the mountains and grottoes were the Oreades; the nymphs of the glens were Napææ; the nymphs of the trees were called Dryads—those who dwelt in oak trees only being known as Hamadryads.

The nymphs were very fair to look upon; and many of them were married to mortals, and some of them to gods.

Besides the nymphs, there were some strange male beings called Satyrs. These were lesser gods of the woods, and were ugly creatures, more like apes than men, but with the cloven feet and horns of goats; and they were wild and noisy in their ways and took great delight in frightening the nymphs and any mortal maidens who came near them.

Many of the stories told of the gods and heroes of the ancient Greeks and Romans are full of wonder and beauty; and in this book I have related some of the most interesting of these tales, in the hope that you may be led thus to read them later on in their original form in the beautiful poetry of these two great nations of the past whose scholars, poets, dramatists, philosophers, mathematicians and sculptors are numbered amongst the greatest the world has ever known.

Grace Kupfer (*Stories of Long Ago*):

Almost all boys and girls like fairy tales; they appeal to the imaginative side of the child's nature. We cannot make school reading effective as a means of education unless we make it a pleasure as well: we must recognize the activity of the imagination in childhood.

Myths are closely akin to fairy tales, and nothing in the whole field of literature can so well serve our purpose. The myths of the Greeks and Romans are especially valuable because they have become an inseparable part of art and literature. They have a historical value, too, in conveying to the reader some idea of the thoughts and habits of the beauty-loving people with whom they originated.

James Wood (*Stories from Greek Mythology*):

The following Tales, composed principally to interest the youthful Reader in the Greek Mythology, are derived partly from the classical originals, and partly from excellent versions of them in German. They are written from a sincere affection for them as

fantasies, and a conviction that they contain a high and noble, as well as true meaning,—true, at once, to the spirit and life-theorem of the people among whom they were conceived, and as poetic representations of vital elements in the mystery of life to this hour. The construction they put upon things is a wonderfully just and wise one, and bespeaks high inspirations,—as, indeed, all genuine insight into reality everywhere especially does. The Wisest is omnipresent, and reveals his secrets universally to the seeing eye and the hearing ear. The revelation in all its fulness is nowhere wanting, only the sense to discern it, and the courage to be true to it. The Greeks had natures endowed with intellect and daring of the first quality, lived in manifold fearless just relation to the God's fact, and knew thereby not a little of true wisdom. Their power of fantasy and gift of articulate speech, too, the world has nowhere else seen surpassed or equalled; and the fancies they, with their fine faculties, conceived and cherished were, in no respect, empty, or idle, ones, but earnest withal. They strove to make them images of reality, and, indeed, took pleasure in them, and gained acceptance for them, only as real representations. Not so earnest by any means as the Jews, who stood in awe

of the fact far too seriously to attempt fantasies of it. Yet the Greek fancies did reflect and reveal reality with a depth and subtlety of insight, genuineness of sympathy, breadth of conception, and truth of representation, which we in vain seek for in the genius of any other people. Reality is, no doubt, greater, and more vital to know in so real a world and life, than any fiction; and the thoughts of God, which the facts are, are infinitely more precious than the fancies of man about them, or even according to them; yet, is man's power of fancying, or fantasying, in harmony with the fact, the measure of his knowledge of it and vital relationship to it, and the divinely-appointed means withal whereby the fact itself is brought home to our affections. The thoughts of men true to the divine are the key to the thoughts of God; and here, in the Greek Myths especially, we have the Greek fancy, not an unfaithful one, of the God's fact. Read candidly, they speak worthily and truly. Though the properly Christian element, even as an idea, still more as a spirit, is by all accounts absent, there is much in them calculated at once to purify and elevate both the intellect and the heart of the very best among us.

Imagination and the Arabian Nights

Martha Lane (*The Arabian Nights*):

More than two hundred years ago a certain Frenchman, Antoine Galland, who had been connected with the French embassy at Constantinople, began to translate into his own language a series of Arabic tales which had come to his knowledge during his stay in the East. At first the stories were supposed to be for children only, but before long all classes of readers were eagerly awaiting the appearance of the next set of tales. Groups of young men would gather at night beneath Galland's window and call to him, "O you who can tell such wonderful stories, give us just one more!"

As soon as the stories were translated into English, inquiries were made as to the originals. It was discovered that while M. Galland had severely abbreviated the Arabic text he had also inserted narratives of the same kind from other sources to fill the gaps in his collection. Critics agree that he had a discriminating judgment as to what would be most entertaining to European readers, and time has

justified his inclusion of what are now known as the "interpolated tales," among which are "Prince Zeyn," "Aladdin," "Ali Baba," "The Talking Bird," "Ali Cogia," and "Prince Ahmed" of this collection. In fact, many of us, if asked to name the most famous of the stories, would mention these before others of undoubted authenticity.

No one knows who wrote the Arabian Nights or when the stories were first collected. Probably they are by many authors and were repeated about Bedouin camp fires or told by professional story-tellers in kings' palaces long before they were put into written form. The caliph Haroun al-Raschid, his wife Zobeide, his vizier Jaafar, and his executioner Mesrour are frequently mentioned in the tales, and as Haroun was a contemporary of Charlemagne, we cannot give to these stories an earlier date than the ninth century. At that period, when most of the Western world was still in the darkness of barbarism and ignorance, and when many European kings could neither read nor write, the Arabians possessed both learning and culture. It is probable that most of the stories were written before the fourteenth century, as in the whole collection there are only three references

to coffee-drinking, a custom now so general in the East that its omission in the detailed accounts of feasting and merrymaking is noticeable. Coffee-drinking became common in the fourteenth century, and therefore we must conclude that the stories were not of a later origin.

The Thousand and One Nights, as the collection is sometimes called, makes constant reference to the customs and religious beliefs of the followers of Mohammed. A brief explanation of their faith may not be out of place. They believe in one God, to whom they give the name of Allah, and they have taken several articles of their creed from the Jews and the Christians as well as from the Arabians and Persians. From the Persians came the belief in the existence of genii, or jinn—spirits created of fire, who have strange and magical powers. The Mohammedans are firm believers in the doctrine that all things are planned from the beginning of the world, and that no one can escape the fate that is marked out for him.

The sacred book of the Mohammedans is the Koran, in which they are taught that Allah has revealed himself to various prophets. The Pentateuch, or the first five books of our Bible, the Psalms, and the

Gospels are all regarded by them as holy, but Mohammed is considered the latest and most divine of the prophets. His followers believe in prayer, in morality of life, in fasting and giving alms, and in the pilgrimage to their sacred city of Mecca as an act of worship. They are a temperate and cleanly people, the use of wine being strictly forbidden, and frequent ablutions being required as a religious duty. The devout Mussulman is an exemplary and law-abiding person, honest and kind and helpful in his daily living.

It must be understood, however, that these stories are pure narrative and have no moral or religious significance. They are simply stories, and while they throw interesting side lights on the customs of the time, they were never intended to be instructive. They have become so famous that no one could be considered well-read who failed to recognize a reference to Ali Baba, Sindbad's Voyages, Aladdin's Lamp, or the Enchanted Horse, and therefore they must be included in any course of literary study; but the joy of the reading should be sufficient inducement for all story-lovers.

In the East the collection is known as *Alif laila walaila*, or "A thousand nights and one night." As the

study of the ancient texts progressed, many different copies were found. Some of them had been abridged, and it was hard to find two that were alike. It was evident also that each province had added stories which were popular in that particular region. This fact may account in some measure for the many liberties that have been taken in the English editions. Among the latter the most famous are the translations of Jonathan Scott, Sir Richard Burton, Edward William Lane, and John Payne. Dr. Scott made no attempt to furnish a literal translation or to give an oriental flavor to his style; he did precisely what Galland had done in French—that is, he told the story in his own phraseology. But literary students were not quite satisfied with this, for something of the charm was lost. It was like putting the stories from the Bible or from Homer into our modern speech; the form of the ancient narrative was marred. So when Dr. Lane's scholarly translation was published, it was eagerly welcomed. The Arabic stories are, however, extremely simple in form. They are told as a child tells an experience of his own, with many "ands" and "thens" to connect the different items of the tale. Lane's edition was at the same time too elaborate and

too much abridged to be an equivalent, and there were students of Arabic literature who were better satisfied with the full translations.

There is in the detailed versions much which to us seems tiresome and unnecessary. The poetical selections, especially, have little interest for modem readers, although these impromptu verses were an essential feature of the original tales. An abridged edition being required for school use, it has been my purpose to select the most famous and characteristic of the stories and to give to them something of the original flavor. This was the more practicable because they were first cast in a form natural to oral story-telling. As, however, some of the tales are evidently much later in their origin than those that belong to the original collection, I have given these—notably "Aladdin" and "Ali Baba"—a more modem phrasing.

There are in the different versions many inconsistencies, but these are in the main unimportant. Proper names, especially, are given in various forms; I have endeavored to select the form most common in general literature. It is a small matter also whether we say "Gulnare" or "Jullnar," "Giafar" or "Jaafar," "Moslems" or "Mussulmans," "caliph" or

"khalifah"; but it is in the highest degree desirable that we recognize the place held in literature by this "immortal fragment," as Burton calls it. Fortunately when we have once read of Sindbad and Agib and Bedreddin the magic begins to work, and we do not need wise scholars to tell us that here is a wonderful realm of enchantment into which every reader with a spark of imagination in his nature will gladly enter.

Kate Douglas Wiggin (*The Arabian Nights*):

Little excuse is needed, perhaps, for any fresh selection from the famous "Tales of a Thousand and One Nights," provided it be representative enough, and worthy enough, to enlist a new army of youthful readers. Of the two hundred and sixty-four bewildering, unparalleled stories, the true lover can hardly spare one, yet there must always be favourites, even among these. We have chosen some of the most delightful, in our opinion; some, too, that chanced to appeal particularly to the genius of the artist. If, enticed by our choice and the beauty of the pictures, we manage to attract a few thousand more true lovers to the fountain-book, we shall have served our humble

turn. The only real danger lies in neglecting it, in rearing a child who does not know it and has never fallen under its spell.

You remember Maimoune, in the story of Prince Camaralzaman, and what she said to Danhasch, the genie who had just arrived from the farthest limits of China? "Be sure thou tellest me nothing but what is true or I shall clip thy wings!" This is what the modern child sometimes says to the genies of literature, and his own wings are too often clipped in consequence.

"The Empire of the Fairies is no more.
Reason has banished them from ev'ry shore;
Steam has outstripped their dragons and their cars,
Gas has eclipsed their glow-worms and their stars."

Edouard Laboulaye says in his introduction to *Nouveaux Contes Bleus*: "Mothers who love your children, do not set them too soon to the study of history; let them dream while they are young. Do not close the soul to the first breath of poetry. Nothing affrights me so much as the reasonable, practical child who believes in nothing that he cannot touch. These sages of ten years are, at twenty, dullards, or what is still worse, egoists."

When a child has once read of Prince Agib, of Gulnare or Periezade, Sinbad or Codadad, in this or any other volume of its kind, the magic will have been instilled into the blood, for the Oriental flavour in the Arab tales is like nothing so much as magic. True enough they are a vast storehouse of information concerning the manners and the customs, the spirit and the life of the Moslem East (and the youthful reader does not have to study Lane's learned footnotes to imbibe all this), but beyond and above the knowledge of history and geography thus gained, there comes something finer and subtler as well as something more vital. The scene is Indian, Egyptian, Arabian, Persian; but Bagdad and Balsora, Grand Cairo, the silver Tigris, and the blooming gardens of Damascus, though they can be found indeed on the map, live much more truly in that enchanted realm that rises o'er "the foam of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn." What craft can sail those perilous seas like the book that has been called a great three-decker to carry tired people to Islands of the Blest? "The immortal fragment," says Sir Richard Burton, who perhaps knew the Arabian Nights as did no other European, "will never be superseded in the infallible

judgment of childhood. The marvellous imaginativeness of the Tales produces an insensible brightness of mind and an increase of fancy-power, making one dream that behind them lies the new and unseen, the strange and unexpected—in fact, all the glamour of the unknown."

It would be a delightful task to any boy or girl to begin at the beginning and read the first English version of these famous stories, made from the collection of M. Galland, Professor of Arabic in the Royal College of Paris. The fact that they had passed from Arabic into French and from French into English did not prevent their instantaneous popularity. This was in 1704 or thereabouts, and the world was not so busy as it is nowadays, or young men would not have gathered in the middle of the night under M. Galland's window and cried: *"0 vous, qui savez de si jolis contes, et qui les racontez si bien, racontez nous en un!"*

You can also read them in Scott's edition or in Lane's (both of which, but chiefly the former, we have used as the foundation of our text), while your elders—philologists or Orientalists—are studying the complete versions of John Payne or Sir Richard

Burton. You may leave the wiseacres to wonder which were told in China or India, Arabia or Persia, and whether the first manuscript dates back to 1450 or earlier.

We, like many other editors, have shortened the stories here and there, omitting some of the tedious repetitions that crept in from time to time when Arabian story-tellers were adding to the text to suit their purposes.

Mr. Andrew Lang says amusingly that he has left out of his special versions "all the pieces that are suitable only for Arabs and old gentlemen," and we have done the same; but we have taken no undue liberties. We have removed no genies nor magicians, however terrible; have cut out no base deed of Vizier nor noble deed of Sultan; have diminished the size of no roc's egg, nor omitted any single allusion to the great and only Haroun Alraschid. Caliph of Bagdad, Commander of the Faithful, who must have been a great inspirer of good stories.

Enter into this "treasure house of pleasant things," then, and make yourself at home in the golden palaces, the gem-studded caves, the bewildering

gardens. Sit by its mysterious fountains, hear the plash of its gleaming cascades, unearth its magic lamps and talismans, behold its ensorcelled princes and princesses.

Nowhere in the whole realm of literature will you find such a Marvel, such a Wonder, such a Nonesuch of a book; nowhere will you find impossibilities so real and so convincing; nowhere but in what Henley calls:

" . . . that blessed brief
Of what is gallantest and best
In all the full-shelved Libraries of Romance.
The Book of rocs,
Sandalwood, ivory, turbans, ambergris,
Cream-tarts, and lettered apes, and Calenders,
And ghouls, and genies—O so huge
They might have overed the tall Minster Tower,
Hands down, as schoolboys take a post;
In truth the Book of Camaralzaman,
Schemselnihar and Sinbad, Scheherezade
The peerless, Bedreddin, Badroulbadour,
Cairo and Serendib and Candahar,
And Caspian, and the dim, terrific bulk—
Ice-ribbed, fiend-visited, isled in spells and storms—

Of Kaf . . . That centre of miracles
The sole, unparalleled Arabian Nights."

Frances Jenkins Olcott (*The Arabian Nights*):

Of all the folk-literature adapted for children, none is more richly imaginative, warm in colour, and full of varied adventures than the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," for which reason a volume of selections from the same should be in every child's own library.

This edition of selected tales edited for young people is based on the version of the Oriental scholar, Edward William Lane. His translation from the Cairo text, although it is the standard, classic household version for adults, may not be given unexpurgated to children as it contains much that is unfit for them to read. It has, however, great educational values, the chief of which lie in its epic treatment, so characteristic of primitive people; in its thrilling adventures, related with convincing details; and in its dignified style, resembling that of Bible narrative. Its educational values are increased by Lane's painting, as with a large, free brush, desert scenes, and life in the

great Oriental cities; and in his depicting Eastern customs and religious beliefs which control the "faithful" Mohammedan's daily actions.

The tales abound in Genii with their heads in the clouds, their feet resting upon the earth, their heads like domes, their hands like winnowing-forks, their legs like masts, their mouths like caverns, their nostrils like trumpets, their eyes resembling lamps, and hair dust-coloured and dishevelled; and with damsels as beautiful as the shining moon, with eyes like those of gazelles, cheeks like anemonies, mouths like the seal of Solomon, and figures like the waving branch. The stories also describe Oriental cities crowned with domes and minarets, subterranean abodes, flying Genii; and verdant gardens in which are flowing rivers, blossoming flowers, and trees full of birds proclaiming the praises of Allah the One, the Omnipotent.

The pages of the original Lane edition are illustrated with the delicate drawings of William Harvey, who in true Oriental spirit depicts the buildings, costumes and life of Mohammedans. As it is almost impossible to reproduce satisfactorily these

old engravings, coloured illustrations are here substituted for the Harvey drawings.

Several of the stories included will be new to most children. Of these are "The Story of the City of Brass," which relates the search for bottled Genii; "The Adventures of Hassan of Balsora," which describes the wonders of the enchanted Islands of Wak Wak, and the humorous story of "Caliph the Fisherman."

Two stories, "Aladdin" and "Ali Baba," are not included in the Cairo text, and as an edition for children of the Arabian Nights would be incomplete without these tales I have added them, editing the versions of Jonathan Scott, translated from the French of Galland.

In rendering these stories I have retained the original language as far as possible. The familiar forms of proper names are given instead of Lane's more accurate but uninteresting transliterations, and English equivalents have been substituted for some Arabic words. Long sentences are shortened, tedious conversations condensed, and lengthy stories broken into chapters. Those parts of the stories unsuitable for children are removed, which in a few cases

necessitates slight changes in the plots. I have, however, conscientiously tried to preserve the original matter, and the genius and customs of the Arabians, making only such alterations as the interests of the children demand.

The Training of the Imagination

by James Rhoades

When first I was requested to read a paper before this august assembly, my heart, I confess, so failed me, that nothing seemed less attainable than the possession of sufficient courage for the task. "And yet," said I to myself, "can it really be that, after so many years' experience, you have positively nothing to say upon the art which you profess?" For many days echo answered "Nothing," and I wandered about forlorn and miserable, and "trembling like a guilty thing surprised." I tried indeed to console myself with the reflection that it is not necessary to practical success that one should have a theory to advance, or feel strongly about other people's theories; that, after all, it may be better to belong to the great company of dumb workers, better to dig in the gold mines of silence than the silver mines of speech; that there was nothing to blush for, if I had always proceeded upon instinct, and, without preconceived ideas, had trusted in emergencies to draw my inspiration from the "hour and the" boy. But the straws of comfort which I thus gleaned, ended, I felt, but in mildewed ears, from which could be obtained no solid sustenance. My

despair deepened: I turned to Bradshaw, either with a view to flight, or in the hope that he might guide me to a parliamentary train—of thought; but all was useless: "there is nothing for it," I moaned, "but to throw off the mask, to confess that all these years you have been an impostor, concealing your ignorance, with more or less success, from the British parent and confiding chiefs; better, far better, not to go down into the vale of years with a lie upon your lips, but having nothing to say upon the subject of Education, to come forward like a man and say it." With thus much then, by way of introduction, I proceed to say my "nothing" upon the importance of training the Imagination, satisfied that the subject itself is a great and pressing one, and that, though the best service one can render may be to make original remarks and throw new light upon obscure problems, the next best is to clear the ground for others, and earn their heartfelt gratitudes by forestalling all the platitudes.

First, however, let me premise that if in the present paper I shall seem to ignore all the advantages that are resulting from the increase of the materials of knowledge on the one hand, and the organization of the means of acquiring it on the other, and if I seem to

pose in some degree as a sceptic, or conservative, it is not that I am blind to "the blessed light of Science," although I may have ceased to believe that it brings the millennium in its train, but because I have a latent fear, that where the gain is so enormous in one direction, there must be a corresponding loss in another, that the very completeness of our success may involve our failure, that we may be so absorbed in perfecting the means and instruments of Education as to mistake them for the end.

What, then, is the somewhat reactionary attitude which I venture to assume? It is this, that there is a possible bad side, a very real peril, in all this increase of learning, multiplication of subjects, systematization of methods, cataclysm of school-books—all the machinery which has been brought into play to aid us in our wild desire to *know*, and to reduce the art of teaching to an exact science. I hope you will agree with me that the object of education is not to know, but to live. True it is that Browning's "Grammarian" is held up for admiration, because he "determined not to live, but know:" but then he existed in the dawn of the revival of learning, and was an exceptional case, an intellectual pioneer; accordingly, if you remember, he

suffered from baldness, tussis, calculus, and died, first from the waist down, and then altogether, at a comparatively early period of his career. My contention then is that we are in danger of trusting too much to books and systems, too little to the living influence of mind on mind; too much to rapidity of learning, too little to development of power; that we are in danger of organizing the soul out of education, of making it mechanical and therefore barren; of a tendency to look to the accumulation of facts as an adequate result, though they may lie like lead in the brain that bears them; in a word, of confounding the mere capacity for housing mental goods with the growth of the vital powers conferred by education.

What is the meaning of all this feverish desire to know? What do we gain by it ourselves that we should so labour to roll the mighty snowball on, a still increasing burden to every generation? Is it a morbid appetite of the brain, destined to grow with that which feeds it, till it leaves us a race of monsters at last, with bulbous heads and puny frames? If so, why all this haste to inoculate our children with the deadly lymph? Or is it a veritable boon?—a thing which makes us happier in its possession, or better? Not *all*

the wise, at any rate, have thought so. "He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow," said a paragon of ancient learning. "Ah! years may come, and years may bring the truth that is not bliss," said Clough. "Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers," says Tennyson. "Nothing else will give you any comfort, when you come to lie here," said the dying Scott, but he was not referring to his intellectual store. It does not, however, require the authority of such opinions as these to persuade us that knowledge may bring sorrow, that she is not synonymous with bliss, that she is quite a distinct personage from Wisdom, and that she is of no service to us on our dying-bed. When we meet a learned man, it does not necessarily occur to us to wish to be like him, or to have him as our companion upon a walking-tour: it does not follow that he is also an admirable, or even a truly educated, man. Learning, therefore, cannot be the "summum bonum" of life: I doubt if it be a "bonum" at all, except when regarded as a means to a "melius." Knowledge, indeed, or rather the material of knowledge, I conceive to be simply mental food—that which, taken in moderation and duly digested, enables the mind to live and think and grow in its own

proper sphere, of which more anon. To make knowledge an end in itself, to live for it, is surely as blind an act of folly as to live for eating; excess in the one case being followed by the same results as in the other. "Inconveniences," says Sir Thomas Elyot, "always doe happen by ingurgitation and excessive feedinges," and this is no less true of the mind than of the body. I do not know that a well-informed man, as such, is more worthy of regard than a well-fed man. The brain, indeed, is a nobler organ than the stomach, but on that very account is the less to be excused for indulging in repletion. The temptation, I confess, is greater, because in the former case the banquet stands ever spread before our eyes, and is, unhappily, as indestructible as the widow's meal and oil. Only think what would become of us if the physical food, by which our bodies subsist, instead of being consumed by the eater, were passed on intact by every generation to the next, with the superadded hoards of all the ages, the earth's productive power meanwhile increasing year by year, beneath the unflagging hand of Science, till, as Comus says, "She should be quite surcharged by her own weight, and strangled with her waste fertility"! Should we then attempt to eat it up,

or even store it? Should we not rather pull down our barns, and build smaller, and make bonfires of what they would not hold? And yet, with regard to knowledge, the very opposite of this is what we do. We store the whole religiously, and that, though not twice alone, as with the bees in Virgil, but scores of times in every year, is the teeming produce gathered in. And then we put a fearful pressure on ourselves and others to gorge of it as much as ever we can hold.

I believe, if the truth were known, men would be astonished at the small amount of learning with which a high degree of culture is compatible. In a moment of enthusiasm I ventured once to tell my English set that if they could really master the Ninth book of *Paradise Lost*, so as to rise to the height of its great argument, and incorporate all its beauties in themselves, they would at one blow, by virtue of that alone become highly cultivated men; and surely so they would: more, and more various learning might raise them to the same height by different paths, but could hardly raise them higher. (A parent afterwards told me that his son went home, and so buried himself in the book that food and sleep that day had no attractions for him. Next morning, I need hardly say, the difference

in his appearance was remarkable: he had outgrown all his intellectual clothes.) Yes, I am more and more convinced, it is not quantity so much that tells, as quality and thoroughness of digestion. Now digestion, to be thorough, must have time, and, to be worth much, must get done by natural means; and therefore I doubt whether our annotated school-texts, though excellent in themselves, are altogether wholesome, where every mouthful almost of learning is assisted by its own peculiar little pepsine pill of comment. This improved system of aids may indeed be necessary to meet the increased pressure of requirement from without; still, it does not follow that we are gainers on the whole. But to return to the question of amount. To myself personally, as an exception to the rule that opposites attract, a very well-informed person is an object of terror. His mind seems to be so full of facts that you cannot, as it were, see the wood for the trees; there is no room for perspective, no lawns and glades for pleasure and repose, no vistas through which to view some towering hill or elevated temple; everything in that crowded space seems of the same value; he speaks with no more awe of King Lear than of the last

Cobden prize essay; he has swallowed them both with the same ease, and got the facts safe into his pouch; but he has no time to ruminate, because he must still be swallowing; nor does he seem to know what even Macbeth, with Banquo's murderers then at work, found leisure to remember, that good digestion must wait on appetite, if health is to follow both.

Shakspeare himself, it seems,—I quote from a recent review in the *Spectator*,—"despite all that the commentators, doctors, ornithologists, entomologists, botanists, and other specialists find, or pretend to find, in his Work, was anything but a man of learning. He knew 'small Latin and less Greek,' and had but a smattering of French. Even of English literature, other than what was contemporary, he was no profound student, though he seems to have read with some attention both Chaucer and the older chroniclers … But his mind assimilated the very marrow of the books he read." Now, if a mind like Shakspear's can be built up on such a slender basis, it follows that quantity in learning is not a matter of the first importance. I speak under correction, but I suppose that Newton, with the stock of learning which he carried "into the silent land," could not now-

a-days win the senior wranglership. And yet are any of our senior wranglers his equals hitherto? It was something other than his learning, then, that made Newton Newton. You may say that, both in his case and in Shakspeare's, it was genius, and that this is incommunicable. It may be so; and yet can we get much nearer to a definition of genius than by naming it the power of assimilating in remarkable degree all the influences which radiate from the universe and man—the power of so sympathising and identifying itself with all outside it, that the mind becomes surcharged at last, and needs must out with its burden and disclose its secret, whether in song, or by the revelations of science, or on canvass, or with the sculptor's tool?

Of course, in such supreme degree, this power can be but for a few; but I maintain that intellects of ordinary strength can be raised by education, not indeed to create, as does the artist, but through his creations to reach and to enjoy the same exalted pleasure, and absorb it into their systems; that, till such absorption begins, there is no true education; that at this stage, and not before, the mind begins to live and move and have its being. Here then first

opens before the student's eyes what I mean by the world of imagination. If any one is still awake, I will try to describe it further.

Were I asked to sum up in a few words, my ideal of education, I should define it as the art of revealing to the young or ignorant the existence of an atmosphere above them and about them of which they do not, or but dimly, dream; of teaching them to desire and aspire to it; of unlocking for them one or more of all its myriad gates—a world of thought and law, of marvels and of mysteries, of moral beauty and ideal truth, beginning haply where they had hoped all need of effort ended; a glorious region, out of which conceit or sloth may keep them, but which besets them always and on every side, and yet soars far above the foggy belt of highest man's attainment. To give them the upward glance, the initiated eye; to let in "the light that never was on sea or land"; to show that "heaven lies about us," not only "in our infancy"; to help dispel those "shades of the prison-house" which never ought to "close about the growing boy,"—if to do this for one benighted mind thou hast been able, "thou art among the best of the" pedagogues; if for many and many, "thou art the non-pareil."

I care not what the subject we may teach: Of all I ever heard of, there is none that does not open upwards to this paradise. For the lover of science what a moment must it be when he first feels the beggarly elements are mastered, that henceforth he is not merely soiling hands and clothes with acids and with fossils, but projecting himself in spirit into the unknown past and reading the secrets of the eternal Master-builder; that here is a realm of inexhaustible delights, through which his mind may roam at pleasure, winged and free!

To the lover of mathematics what scent and taste of ocean when he, too, dares to push from shore into those "strange seas of thought" where Newton voyaged "alone"! He need not make discovery of continent or island, like the great ones that have gone before; but wafted with a breath of the same spirit, in their track he sails: his bark is nobly rigged; and, though the light breeze may not bear him far from land, he can lie at anchor where he will, assured that, whether cutting through the billows or becalmed upon their surface, he, at any rate, is rocked upon the bosom of eternal truth. Not even to the poet, I am told, is imagination a more present help than to the

mathematician (and I can well believe it, for my own knowledge of mathematics exists almost entirely in imagination), nor is there any subject, I suppose, in which a boy, who has been furnished by nature with the requisite canoe, can sooner or with more delight paddle out into the great unknown.

For the lover of music, again, what a door is opened, when his enjoyment first ceases to be little more than a mere sensual pleasure, a soft shampooing of the soul, and he gets a glimpse into the mysteries of sound, and feels his whole being swayed and thrilled by those mighty laws that seem to lie at the foundation of the universe, and to pervade it; whose operation reaches from the whirring of an insect's wings to the rolling of the thunder, and from lower still to higher still, beyond the ear of man, from the gurgling of the sap within the tree to the rhythmic order and orbits of the stars! Yes,—

"Painter and poet are proud on the artist-list enrolled:

"But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can,
Existent behind all laws, that made them, and lo they are!

And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,
That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star.

"Consider it well; each tone of our scale in itself is nought;
It is everywhere in the world—loud, soft, and all is said;
Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought,
And there! Ye have heard and seen: consider, and bow the head!"

When, I say, this door is first opened, the wonder of the vision overpowers him, and he knows himself a pigmy, and burns his comic songs and begins to read Mendelssohn's letters, and thinks no more of the pattern of his trousers.

And then, again, to the lover of history what a field is there to roam in and hold living converse, like Landor, with the dead!—But, lest your patience fail, I will imagine myself interrupted by an objection: "Yes," you may say, "all very fine. To the lover of this and the lover of that the revelation may come easily; but how to make lovers of those who are not?" That is the question; and, if I could have answered it

satisfactorily, I should not have kept you so long in doubt as to the discovery.

But first, with regard to literature, what is the nature of the ideal realm to which, through its medium, the mind may rise? It seems to me that, the use of language being to convey thoughts and emotions, the chief end of learning any language is to gain admission to those treasures, and that this, therefore, should be the main educational aim with regard to language. Words are symbols, just as coins are; and, when we speak of words as coined and current, we imply that in themselves they are mere counters, representing, but not constituting, some form of real wealth and power. I do not say, of course, that words have no further value—they have—but this is secondary, and curious, perhaps, rather than elevating or inspiring. They may be treated, as coins are by the coin-collector, as objects of historical and antiquarian interest; but this is purely an incidental and accessory, not an inherent and essential use. To treat them as if it were otherwise, seems as little reasonable as to amass money chiefly for the purpose of numismatic research. To utilise cash, indeed, we must know the value of each piece; but we need not

be acquainted with the date, the reign, the mint where it was struck, the depreciation caused by man's clipping or the wear and tear of time. Not that the comparison is absolutely just. Words are of infinitely greater variety than coins, and of infinitely deeper interest, being in themselves, as it were, fossil fragments of the human life of ages, and yet having laws of development and growth, which raise them almost to the level of living things. Still, I say, that the beauty of the laws of language is a lower thing than literary beauty, which depends partly on the thought to be expressed and partly on the fitness of the words which express it; just as beauty of physical frame and feature is a lower thing than that subtle combination of physical with spiritual which we term "expression of countenance." A higher thing than the beauty either of words, or of thought clothed in words, is the pure thought itself, which is thus conveyed to us through the senses, just as what we call soul or spirit is a higher thing than either physical beauty or beauty of expression. But, as through the expression of a man's countenance we can often read his thoughts and feelings, and even his character too, in proportion as it has power to imprint itself on the face, so through

the medium of literary expression can we arrive at the writer's thought and feeling, in proportion as they have power to stamp their likeness on the language that he uses. In literature, therefore, the region that lies open to the initiated rises heaven over heaven. There is the lowest of the three, that which deals with language pure and simple, and is mainly of historical and antiquarian interest; there is the second, the heaven of incarnate thought, as it were—thought clothed in language; and, thirdly, there is the heaven of disembodied thought, to which from the last is but a moment's flight, and from which we must descend as often as we would communicate it to our fellows.

What, then, is the point in all these studies where routine ends and imagination begins?—Exactly where interest, where pleasure begins: where the mind, instead of being led blindly in a groove, begins to act upon its own account, like a living thing, and, having taken and assimilated food, anon desires more, and roams abroad to find it, and makes that glorious region her home. To grow by any study, we must admire, be touched, perceive the latent charm, not merely be able to dissect and reconstruct the outer framework. The works of nature or of man must

awaken in us emotions corresponding to the divine or human feeling or purpose that inspired them. Then, and not till then, the mind begins to feel her wings, and tries her first flight into the ideal world—

"What poets feel not, when they make,
A pleasure in creating,
The world in its turn will not take
Pleasure in contemplating."

And equally true it is that, till the world feels that pleasure, it cannot rise to the empyreal region from which the poet sang.

Now, to take a passage from Horace referring to M. Atilius Regulus:

"(Atqui) And yet (sciebat) he was all the time aware (quæ) what things (barbarus tortor) the foreign executioner (pararet) was preparing (sibi) for his entertainment," and so on,—may be a very creditable translation for a member of the Lower Fifth; and, when you have further discovered that he knows why "pararet" is subjunctive and imperfect, and that "sibi" does not refer to the executioner, a man may flatter himself that the lesson has been well learned and so it has. But, for all that, the main thing

is yet to do. The learner with rope and axe, mechanically, has climbed high enough to get some view of the outward form; he cannot see the passionate feeling of mingled pity and admiration which inspired, moulded, lies behind, that form; his imagination is not touched; he little dreams that a man might have much ado to keep his voice steady while reading the concluding stanzas of that ode aloud; he has not the faintest notion that they are electric and alive for ever by virtue of their inherent and undying charm. Little by little then, even from the earliest stages, to open their eyes to these wonders ought, surely, to be our aim, more gradually of course in teaching a dead language, most rapidly in teaching English; to reveal the splendours of the realm of genius, till at last the marvel of it strikes them, and they feel "like some watcher of the skies when a new planet swims into his ken," and are amazed at the magic touch which can take a handful of common words, such as "blow," "winter," "wind," "unkind," "ingratitude," and, with a sprinkling of conjunctions, prepositions, and pronouns transform them into a thing of perfect beauty and immortal breath. Is this the wealth we desire to have for ourselves and our

children—the wealth, for instance, of the soul of Shakspeare, or the possession and intimate knowledge of the coins that express, and the caskets that contain it? Which is best to live by? Which would help us most from *ennui*, disappointment, faint-hearted ness, the spirit of "Blow, blow, thou winter wind," and of "As you like it" altogether, with its precious "implaister of content," or an accurate acquaintance with the etymology of the words, the metrical, peculiarities, redundant pronouns, etc.? I may be mistaken, but I never can persuade myself that Shakspeare would have passed high in a Civil Service examination-paper on one of his own plays; and yet, I suppose, it would be our ambition to produce minds that should approximate to Shakspeare's mind, rather than to that of Wren's most successful pupil.

But this approximation is only to be attained by seeing, admiring, loving. In his preface to the second edition of Lyrical Ballads, Wordsworth says:—"We have no knowledge that is, no general principles drawn from the contemplation of particular facts—but what has been built up by pleasure, and exists in us by pleasure alone"; and again taking an extreme instance to illustrate his point, "However painful may

be the objects, with which the anatomist's knowledge is connected, he feels that his knowledge is pleasure; and when he has no pleasure, he has no knowledge."

It is clear then that the teacher, unless he be a blind leader of the blind, must first possess enthusiasm for the beautiful himself. If this be so, and if he do not hide his light under a bushel, the battle is half won already. He must lose no chance of rousing his pupil's sympathy for what is worthy of admiration. It often surprises me to find how boys are awed by a master's feeling for what at present is above their reach. Personally, whenever in the lesson I can find a peg to hang a poem on, I always hang it; and I have hardly ever felt myself unrewarded. When stirred himself by the pathos or the grandeur of some expression, thought, or deed, that occurs in the course of teaching boys, and when the ripple in his own mind spreads, and sends a thrill of emotion, or perhaps only of awakening interest into theirs, it is then, I think, a master feels that for a moment he has touched "the shining table-lands" of his profession.

Another aid, and one by no means to be despised, is the possession and cultivation of a sense of humour. It would seem to be characteristic of the same mind to

appreciate the beauty of ideas in just proportion and harmonious relation to each other, and the absurdity of the same ideas when distorted or brought into incongruous juxtaposition. The exercise of this sense, no less than of the other, compels the mind to form a picture for itself, accompanied by pleasurable emotion; and what is this but setting the imagination to work, though in topsy-turvy fashion? Nay, in such a case, imagination plays a double part, since it is only by instantaneous comparison with ideal fitness and proportion that it can grasp in full force the grotesqueness of their contraries. It is like a man who, gazing out of window, sees passing by some "phantom of delight," destined indeed to be "a *moment's* ornament"—the next, by a faulty pane of glass caricatured, and grimacing in unconscious deformity.

Yes, there is no other entrance to the realm of which I speak but through the folding gates of pleasure and of wonder. It might almost be said that, in teaching, the three main faults to be avoided were:—1st, dulness; 2nd, dulness; 3rd, dulness. The things that boys will forgive their masters well nigh surpass men's understanding. Be irascible, impatient, abusive, sarcastic, exacting, severe; make bad puns

even, and they will forgive you till 70 times 7, but not, if you be dull: "out, out, vile spot!" or all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten your teaching in the nostrils of boys. Heavens and earth, what a world to be dull in! and what a place and opportunity to choose, with a score or so of minds about you, each as dry and porous as a sponge, and ready to drink in the beauty and the wonder, if you could but show it them! You may say such heights are altogether above them, out of reach of the younger at any rate; that it is but teaching them to fly badly, when they should be learning to walk well; that they lack imaginative power. There I join issue: boys seem to me of imagination almost compact: look at their unquestioning faith, look at the boldness of their sanguine guesses, outsoaring the highest flight of man's conjecture, look at their devotion to the inseparable novel; see how, during a sermon, the moment such words as "I remember once" herald the coming story, all coughing, fidgeting, and shuffling ceases, back into pocket flies the surreptitious watch! you can almost hear a pin lie still upon the floor. No, they have imagination, and to spare; what it needs is wakening and directing. But this cannot be done by insisting on the mastery of

mere facts alone. The most conscientious drudgery, though it may strengthen the character, will not refine the mind. You may set men to dig through a mountain; and chip, chip, chip, into the darkness they will go; but they will not go far, unless they feel that they are working towards the air and light: you must let down shafts into the tunnel, and open heaven to them from above, or they will sicken soon and drop. So too must we irradiate the dreary chip, chip, chip, through fact and commentary with something of the breath and brightness of the open sky. "It is increasingly felt," says an accomplished scholar in the preface to a recent translation of Sophocles, "that a good translation is a commentary of the best kind." This is a hopeful sign; for this lets in the soul at once into the stiffened features of a dead language, attracts, illumines, stimulates.

One more practical hint occurs to me to offer, and then I have almost done. If so much depends upon the teacher's quickening and modulating power, it behoves him before all things to keep his own mind vigorous and in tune. Therefore, I would say, avoid unwholesome diet both of body and mind; avoid needless worry; do not open long blue envelopes just

before a lesson; do not attempt to enter on an argument with your wife; above all do not put yourself at the mercy of your betters and wisers by reading them papers on educational subjects. These things are fatal to that equilibrium of nerve and temper, on which the success of a schoolmaster so largely depends.

Well, we started with the assumption that the end of Education was not to know, but live. It is only by the application of *ideas* to life that man's existence, even in the lowest sense, is rendered capable of improvement. So successful has the *idea* been in dealing with material problems, increasing man's outward happiness, and ensuring his triumph over nature, that the danger seems now to be lest he should pause here, and rest content with this meagre and barren victory. Barren it is, and meagre, because, in the stress of life's extremities, the material does not stand us in good stead: it turns out to be illusory, unsatisfying, not to be relied on. But in the realm of thought there is "hope that maketh not ashamed," consolation ever ready to sustain us, friends that cannot change or die. Therefore Matthew Arnold thinks that "the future of poetry is immense," and that

"in poetry, as time goes on, our race will find a surer and ever surer stay."—Yes, for the ideal more and more turns out to be the only real. In religion, in politics, in the daily struggle of life, the more we lean on the material, the more we find it fail us. There is but one power that seems alike proportioned to our highest aspirations and our deepest needs. What it is, let Wordsworth answer:—

"Imagination is that sacred power,
Imagination lofty and refined;
'Tis hers to pluck the amaranthine flower
Of Faith, and round the sufferer's temples bind
Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest shower,
And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest wind."

Selections from
Education Through Imagination
by Margaret McMillan

In one of his books on Education, Count Tolstoi dwells at some length on the fact that all governments, and nearly all great institutions, churches, societies, etc., concern themselves with questions affecting the training and instruction of the young. Governments—ecclesiastical and secular—are eager and anxious to influence the children. They, as it were, fling themselves upon the little ones, crying, "Thus and thus shalt thou do and learn—before it is too late." The child is no sooner out of his mother's arms than the solicitude of the Powers that Be attains its maximum. "Give me the child till he is seven," cried the priests of former centuries, "and you can do as you please with him (comparatively) afterwards." And in England to-day, School Attendance officers are instructed to advise parents to send their children of three and four to school, while the five year old is expected to attend regularly, as a matter of course. When we look abroad at neighbour nations we find that though the French and Germans do not possess such a system of infant schools as our own, yet these

and other continental nations vie with us and each other in drilling, instructing, training, and influencing the young, that they multiply schools, and spend an ever increasing amount of thought and treasure in building up national systems of education. Thus at home and abroad Government, Churches, Sects, and Powers that Be, are determined to lay hands on the young and change them for better or worse!

But what is the nature of the change which all statesmen, politicians and sectarians desire to effect? Is it a very deep or very vital one? At the first blush it may appear so—especially to one who frequents public meetings or reads speeches by prominent "educationalists" in the newspapers. Much is made of the "religious question," and something of foreign competition, and the national place of the workers in the world market; but gradually as we listen and read popular speeches and articles the truth is borne home to us that the word "education" has a widely different meaning for different writers and speakers. It has become "popular" without on this account, becoming more than an empty symbol to many, and the very facility with which we use it does not tend to make us examine very closely or exhaustively its true meaning.

Now there are certain words that may very well have a work-a-day meaning and be used quite safely as work-a-day symbols. We all use the word "water," signifying in so doing a transparent, colourless, odourless liquid, good to drink, and which at a certain low temperature becomes ice, at a certain high temperature vapour. That is enough for ordinary purposes in the way of content. The chemist and physicist mean a great deal more than this when they think of "water"—but their knowledge is supplementary, a mere enlargement and development of the popular interpretation. But the popular content of the word "education" is not fixed. Far from being the nucleus of a complete content it signifies to thousands instruction in the three R's, or it may be a name signifying some vague scheme of drilling and discipline, whereby the children of the rising generation are to be benefited somehow. Olsen, of Denmark, found that of the public school children 100 per cent, of the boys and 100 per cent, of the girls had a good working content for the word "ball," only thirty per cent, of the boys had a good working content for the word "dew." There are probably few grown-up persons who have not a good working

content for the words "money," "trade," "bread," "water," "interest," while the working content of even the average politician for the word "education" is not that held by Froebel, Herbart, Spencer, or even that of the ordinary person who has thought seriously on the subject.

Before going on to inquire what the content of the word "education" means to the psychologist and great teacher, let us look for a moment at the army of children who have to be "educated." Uniformity, the Ideal of the Indolent, has prevailed in the past, and yet in spite of the evil influences of a system that favoured an indolent sameness of treatment, nothing is more remarkable than the variety of type, environment, and experience which British children represent.

Here is the little London urchin who has graduated on the streets, whose wits are sharpened by manifold social experiences. Here the child of the rural midlands, familiar only with the fields and a few social usages and kinds of labour. Here is the son of the mill-hand of the northern counties, whose parents and elder brothers all work at the factory, and whose own life and future is bounded by a vista of tall chimneys and driving wheels. Here is the slum child

with his hoard of sorrowful and evil impressions. And here the son of the fisher of the Western Isles, with his wealth of golden lore, locked in a strange tongue, his eyes keen to discern the changes of the sea, his ears full of its voices. What wealth and what poverty these represent. It is now well established that the mind of a school child is not, a tabula rasa—that he brings some mental possessions to school with him, and that this (so far as school is concerned) original endowment, is the starting point of all subsequent progress and achievement. How diverse is the original capital of these embryo citizens! Among the city children, many have never seen a grain-field, an oak, a lark. They know nothing of such common and necessary labours, as reaping, sowing, or sheep shearing. Of the country children, some have never seen a railway train. And of the young islanders, many have never seen a time-piece, or a tree. Yet original capital they all possess. And this original accumulation (whatever its nature) is the beginning of all—*the capital in iron.*

The more central and despotic the government the less does it take account, generally speaking, of these differences of original capital in individuals and groups or communities within the same nation. Not

only have governments usually declined to consider the value of mental capital which is alien or unfamiliar, they have ignored peculiarly painful aspects of mental poverty when these presented themselves as stumbling-blocks in their way. "Give up all those foolish stories and customs," cried the alien who had no Gaelic, to the Highlanders; "they are remnants of superstition and barbarism or worse!" and the folk-lore and customs that were the mental food and expression of a vigorous race began to be told and practised, almost shamefacedly and in secret. Thus was original wealth ignored. "The catechism and the three R's must be learned," said the statesman and cleric, and so we gathered together half-fed neglected children into great classes, and made them form pot-hooks, and pray in a foul atmosphere and on empty stomachs. Thus was original poverty forgotten. Such forgetfulness is a denial of all the teachings of the great psychologists and teachers who have spent their energies and lives in discovering and making clear to us the great facts on which the whole fabric of pedagogical science now securely rests.

Briefly those essential facts are as follows:—The new-born child is (to quote Virchow) "a spinal

creature" pure and simple. His activities consist in reflex movements, simple transformations of excitation. This spinal being cries, moves his limbs, his fingers, all his muscles. The ceaseless and innumerable movements which he makes during his waking hours are doubtless a series of aimless experiments. At about the age of three months or thereabout it is easy to distinguish from among them certain movements that are acquired and that have an aim.

There is a long apprenticeship for sounds as well as for movement. For months a child experiments with his vocal muscles, trying new sounds and repeating them for hours with extraordinary energy and perseverance. As he grows older he varies his self-educative efforts and extends his interests. From the fifth to the sixth month children begin, as Taine observes, to be ardent physicists and continue to carry on their investigations in this field with unabated zeal for about two years. Every cat, dog, and other animal becomes the object of their attention and experiments, and nurses during this epoch have a trying time. For the little one wants to touch and handle everything he sees. Physical investigation

more than anything else, we are told, helps to teach us the actual value and right of the Imagination, so this period is one of rapid preparation. The child pursues his investigation all day long without interruption. In this way, out of the dim world of obscure general impressions, groups of perceptions emerge which will become by-and-bye the starting point of new efforts and achievements.

"The contents of the soul," says Lange, "assert themselves in the act of perception." The acquired perceptions represent the power of referring new things to the old. All that is within is taxed to find a point of contact, of union. Thus a little girl in a Board school looking for the first time at a fern called it a "pot of green feathers," and a younger child on seeing a Christmas tree for the first time, looked in amazement at the presents and ornaments in the branches and called them "birds!" In one of his books Daudet tells us of a little wood-savage reared in a charcoal burner's cabin who made collections of miscellaneous booty,—birds, moles, beetroot, potatoes. All these things were represented in his mind by the vague term "denraie." His little head "full of the rustling swarming nature around him like the whorl of the shell filled by

the roar of the sea," his heart full of the emotion which every new form of booty could engender, he did not linger to make fine distinctions. Yet in such wide generalization there is the germ of abstraction. In the creation of names—and some children will go far towards creating a language which they use for a time, and then outgrow and cast aside—there is evidence of a tendency present already to which we own all the higher powers of the mind.

Later we shall have occasion to see that this urgent desire, or impulse to find expression is absent, or at least very languid, in some children. There is something worse than want of grammar, and that is the lack of energy, the overflowing energy which, during a short period, makes it necessary for some children to supplement the language which is too restricted for them. Meantime let us look for a moment at the same process of naming as it is carried on by older people.

"If we examine what is going on in us when we abstract one general idea from a sum of sensations and perceptions we find only a tendency, which provokes expression. The expressions may vary with the temperament and development. The artist acts what

he feels—The dumb give us strange illustrations of primitive expression. But usually the tendency to expression is met by symbols or words. Every name is a dessicated and abbreviated relic of a primitive drama." Properly speaking we have no general ideas. We have tendencies to name—and names. "A name which we understand is a name linked to all the individual things which we can imagine or perceive, of a certain class, and linked only to things of that class. It corresponds then to the common and distinctive quality which constitutes the class and separates it from all others, and it corresponds only to this quality. In this way the word is its mental representative. It is the substitute of an experience which we cannot have. It takes the place of this experience. It is its equivalent.

We cannot perceive and maintain isolated in our minds general qualities. Nevertheless, in order to get beyond mere experience and seize the order and internal structure of the world, we must conceive general qualities. We go back, or rather take a roundabout path. We associate with every abstract and general quality one particular and complex little event, a sound, a figure easily imagined and reproduced. We make the association so exact and

complete that henceforward the quality cannot be present or absent in things, without the name being present or absent also, and vice versa. In this way the general character of things comes within range of our experience; for the names which express them are themselves little experiences of sight, eyes and hearing, or vocal muscles or of internal images—that is to say, they are resurrections more or less clear of these experiences. A great difficulty is thus done away with. In a being whose life is only a diversified and continuous experience one can only find impressions—simple and complex, nothing more. With simple and complex impressions nature has simulated impressions which are neither the one nor the other, and which, being neither the one nor the other, appeared of necessity to be beyond the range of our mind as it is constituted."

Here we have the history of language. It takes its rise in the organism. After having experience through the senses of various things, a tendency is finally experienced which corresponds to what these things hold in common, to some general or abstract quality, and this tendency leads to the creation of a sign or substitute. Henceforward the intelligence is free from

the slavery of dependence on mere sensation. "If we cannot transcend experience," said Tyndall, "we can at least carry it a long way from its origin." We get a considerable way from its origin even in the elementary schools, for there we find charts, maps, as well as pictures. Arithmetic is taught only for a little while by means of objects. Figures take the place of objects; and by-and-bye letters take the place of figures, in short, substitutes for experiences are found which enable us to deal with them in quite a new way. "When you wish to learn Geography," said a Russian lady to her little son "the servant will take you where you wish to go." Progress consists in this—that in time the pupil is able to do without the servant—to do without the journey even.

To be sure the journey *back* to experience is taken often and openly. More especially by the young. The child reveals naively the origin of all his thoughts, as for example did Céeile the child heroine of Daudet's book 'Jack,' who driving home one evening through the woodlands, looked down on her native village and exclaimed softly, "That is Nazareth." Any lonely scene bathed in sunset light recalled to her the 'pious stories' she had heard. But the pious stories themselves were

made intelligible only by experience. Nazareth was her own village touched with mystery.

Progress then is a journeying beyond "brute sensation," as the French call it. If good instruction has followed deep and rich experience the new does not awaken too much astonishment or too little interest—it is neither wondered at blankly, nor left unconsidered. But perhaps the greatest change effected by development and education is that witnessed in the realm of feeling. At first even the outermost limit of the child's moral consciousness is bounded by sensuous feeling. He sees not only in things but also in persons only their uses or attractiveness—mainly their uses to himself. "The water," said one young child, "is a thing for me to swim in." "A day," cried another, "is a thing for me to play in." And if questioned very closely about their feelings, to the persons dearest and nearest to him, a child could make no other answer than this. "I love them because they are good to me." But later, standing no longer in complete dependence on others he finds other motives than that of self-interest for attaching himself even to strangers. He judges the actions and character of men he has never seen and

that do not touch, even indirectly, his personal life. Self is withdrawn somewhat from the arena, or at least it figures no longer so constantly in the foreground. Once he beheld order slowly rising out of the chaos of impressions that besieged him from without, and now out of the chaos of the inner world a new order is disclosed.

Briefly this is the natural course of human education conditioned by the nature and law of the human mind.

Now as experience is the basis of all it is plain that we cannot ignore the child's own wealth or poverty of impressions when he arrives in school. If he possesses something of value, that something must not be ignored or cast aside. If his experience is all sordid the source of this impurity must be cleansed. To proceed in haste, to teach without considering the being who is to receive the teaching, is to lose time and pains.

Nor must we say, "Because this child is poor he must learn certain things that will help him in earning a living at a very early age. This is the practical course to take with him." Just as if a *poor* child's mind developed in a different order from that of other

children! At a very early stage embryo of the most various orders are indistinguishable.

They vary greatly at a later stage. So in childhood the human mind progresses along the same path.

At first the child accepts all that is offered, food, stimuli, certain orders of experience.

Progress represents a growing independence (which never becomes complete) of "brute sensation." Mobile images take the place of experience. These become clearer with education. With education, too, they become more manageable and subject to the will. They may be shifted, selected, suppressed. Then higher orders of substitution come into existence, and may be possessed so completely that the image itself is in the way.

Education then, and even human progress itself, is largely if not mainly a development and discipline of the Imagination. This faculty, whose exercise is so often regarded as a kind of weakness, a yielding to temptation, is the most reliable of all as an indicator of the whole sum and progress of mental activities. Its nature, its discipline, its power, represents the growth, the discipline, the power of the whole mind. Thus we

can learn little of anyone by asking "How much does he remember?" But if we knew what he has initiated, and in what degree and manner he can create and discover, and adapt, then all is told.

It is this last test which the children and youth of to-day are failing to pass satisfactorily. They learn to read, to write, to cipher, to sew, but not to initiate, to adapt, to use their resources freely. What can be the cause of this falling off?—for a falling off it is. No one can glance at the history and literature of England and doubt that at certain stages, if not at every stage, the creative imagination of the people was very far beyond the average of the most favoured nations. Her greatest men were unique in their sovereign possession of this faculty. Of Shakespeare it is said, "He had a complete imagination. His whole genius is in that word."—Bunyan's hell was more realistic than Dante's. And the industrial history of Britain certainly reveals no lack of creative minds, of inventive faculty!

It might seem that the very character of the race had changed! And yet there has been no fundamental change and in all human probability no serious loss. True, the more ordinary and mediocre types to-day may seem to gain a sudden prominence, while others,

of more originality and initiative have gone under a cloud. The most vigorous natures have to consider the demand of the hour, the tide of public opinion. For years it has seemed as if England said to her artizans, "Now we have machinery, be as like machines yourselves as possible." But that hour has passed. Those words will be heard no more. We realize that the artizans of England must still be more than machinery. Only the old spirit lingers in the school—which is always well behind the social and industrial movement. Many a child still passes through his school life, using only a minimum of his powers, and expressing only a fraction of his personality. Nor is the case of the teacher always very different. He or she also has to conform too much. Until very recent days teachers had (not to create!) but to accept systems, and methods, as well as text-books, and reports almost without criticism! It is therefore very probable that if many to-day appear to have little imagination or adaptivity as compared with their fathers, this is not because of any depreciation and sudden bankruptcy in the race, but because of a temporary suspension of their most characteristic

powers induced by routine methods of education and thought.

We are warned however that it is time to avoid mechanical methods in schools. Otherwise the great results of education will be sacrificed. Already the finger of the wise is pointed to the place where modern popular elementary education seems to break down.

It breaks down in the cultivation of the faculty which childhood is often said to possess in excess—Imagination.

Mind images, or memories are the re-presentation in us of absent things, or bye-gone experiences—the echoes of sensations of colour, odour, form, muscular impression, etc., in the organism. These may vary greatly in energy and precision in different persons. Such as they are they form the raw material of the creative faculty—the original material (if we may be permitted to speak of origins in connection with such a high development of physical energy as is implied in mind images) of all ideas and conceptions.

They are the material. But how are they used? By what are they used? Primarily by feeling, emotion,

desire. It is emotion which puts into movement the resources of the human mind. Under the word Imagination we include then many factors. We presuppose the existence of sensations, of emotion, of images and their associations, the possibility of certain mental operations. In short, Imagination is not an elementary formation. It is not even a secondary one. It is called by Ribot a "tertiary formation." Yet this tells us little. What is Imagination? How is it distinguished from other faculties? Its salient characteristic is that it is *motor* in its origin and function. "Imagination," says Ribot, "is in the Intellectual order, what Will is in order of Movement. There is identity of development in the two cases. The establishment of willpower is slow, progressive, traversed by many slips and falls. The individual first becomes master of his muscles, and extends through them his empire over other things. The reflexes, the instinctive movements, are the material of higher movement. The Will has no patrimony of special movements proper to itself. It must associate and co-ordinate, since it dissociates in order to form new associations. It reigns by right of conquest, not by right of birth. In the same way, creative imagination

does not spring into existence full-armed. Its materials are the *images* which are here the equivalents of muscular movements: it goes through a period of trials and essays: it is always, in the beginning, an imitation: it attains only gradually its complex forms. But there are still deeper analogies. The Imagination is subjective, personal, anthropocentric: its movement is from within outward towards an objectivation. Knowledge (that is to say intelligence in the restricted sense) has an inverse character, it is objective, impersonal, receives from without. For the creative imagination the inner world is the regulator. For the intelligence the outer world is the regulator. The world of my imagination is *my* world as opposed to the world of intelligence which is that of my fellows….And what has been said of the Imagination may be repeated word for word in regard to the Will.

Futhermore Imagination and Will have a teleological character, are active in view of an end to be attained. One wills something with an end in view—it may be a frivolous or a great end. One invents always with an object in view, whether it be Napoleon who imagines a plan of campaign or a kitchen-maid who thinks of a new dish. Finally, there

is an analogy between abortive imagination and abortive will. Under normal condition the will is expressed in an act. But in the case of the undecided, the vacillating, the act is not accomplished. The resolution cannot affirm itself in practice. The creative imagination also, in its complete form, tends towards exteriorisation—it affirms itself in a work which exists not only for the creator, but for everybody. But in the case of the mere dreamer, the imagination remains an internal thing only—it is not embodied in external action. Reveries correspond more or less to irresolution "*Dreamers* are the impotent members of the creative world."

The Imagination is trained and developed through exercise—as is the Will through the muscles. It is not most powerful where it seems to run riot. Its intensity and strength are greatest perhaps where it subjects itself to rules, even disappears, like a river flowing underground for awhile but emerging again into the light. The wild dreams and fantasies of early childhood do not proclaim the existence of great imaginative powers any more than do the restlessness of a little child proclaim him the possessor of immense muscular strength. Nevertheless in the earlier stages

there must be freedom, simply because there is little power of subservience, direction and obedience. The early hymns of the Saxon barbarians were a concrete of exclamations. They thought of God, as of Odin, in a string of short passionate images. "They do not speak," writes Taine of them, "they sing, or rather cry out, each little verse of their poets breaks forth like a growl." There is no art, no natural talent for describing in order the different parts of an event or an object. The barbarians are in short like very young children. By uncouth movements and cries they advanced. They strove to express all in a cry—and the force of the internal impression, did not quickly unfold itself. Yet it began to unfold itself at last and was expressed in rude poems. Progress depends on this yielding to the initial and individual impulse whether the learner be a child at play, a barbarian making rude experiments, or a scientist engaged in original research.

The importance of free play as a factor in education lies also in this—that it is experimental. Pleasure in motion is not enough, the quickening sense of power must be there also. When this is felt children often become ambitious, bold, stern with

themselves. Long ago the game of Kettles was popular among the girls and boys of the Highlands of Scotland. It was usually played with great rigour. "Everything is a fault," said the children beginning the game, "to push the stone twice, to touch the line, to hold the arms spread, to hop twice—everything is a fault." This rigour is not confined to movement plays. "The playful exercise of the recollective faculty" is, as Groos observes, "common in children." They perform mental feats unachievable by adults, such as learning by heart books of nursery rhymes, long poems, interminable stories. They will often burden their minds with lists of unconnected and meaningless words. Otto Pochler, at four, knew the birth and death of every German Kaiser from Charles the Great as well as of many poets and philosophers. There was no trace of vanity, no desire to show off in all this. We must explain these accomplishments and the rigour of kettle-players as the result of the desire to experiment playfully with one's own powers.

It is in this way (through exercise) that the mental as well as the physical powers develop. Children, and indeed all healthy adults, enjoy exercise, whether it be romping or the making of the multiplication table,

golfing or the solving of a problem in mathematics. "Within the limits of the gymnasium," writes Mrs. Boole, "every position is permitted and encouraged which would be considered indecorous and disorderly in class." *So it should be mentally*. "Every mental faculty which a human being is to exercise at all, should be used, alternately, in 'work':—that is to say, in subservience to necessities or rules imposed from without, and in 're-creation'—that is by evolving its own laws from within. If this is not done the mental faculty flags: and 'work,' which should be truly mental, is done (ill or well) as a mere trick of brain and nerves, without any full or true mental action….If you wanted a boy to become a merely stupid, mechanical bankclerk, sure of never making a mistake, and also sure *not to* understand enough of what he is about to find out when his superiors are cheating the public and the shareholders, you should make him do his sums always one way *and forbid him to experiment on any day of the year*. If, on the contrary, you wished him to become a mere busy-body, clever at detecting errors in other people's sums, but incapable of keeping accounts properly, let him always do his sums by roundabout and "natural" methods. But if you

want a capable arithmetican, able both to do the business he is paid for, and also to understand what is going on around him, and find out for himself how to do things which he was never shown, insist on rigid method during hours of work *and encourage very free and lawless experimentation occasionally*."

Free experiment by children is troublesome to parents—more troublesome to teachers, but abhorrent to official administrators. The child who plays in fantastic ways with his own power, chooses his own subjects in drawing; improvises in defiance of all rules of time, melody, counter-point and fingering runs certainly the risk of becoming very troublesome. And yet without free experiment there is little to be done. The great genius—such as Mozart—persisted in taking his lessons merely as a guide and sometimes as a kind of interruption. Precocious artizans—such as Poncelet—experimented freely in their play hours, as indeed England's future artizans must be doing to-day if the Manual training centres and Technical colleges are ever to be of great value. What is learned at school comes in as material. Doubtless it was a deep consciousness of the possibilities of play that led Froebel to emphasize it, to engage the sympathies of

teachers in it, to take part in games himself, and wistfully try to direct the young mind in its most important moments. And yet it is doubtful whether any extraneous help can help one in crucial moments—whether we had not better recognise at once that not assistance but freedom is wanted in play-time. A young child knows very well what movements rest him when he has been trying to sit still at table for a time, or hold, his chalk firmly. Just in the same way he will learn what movements and occupations rest him in the intervals of manual training, or geometry.

The only way to assist him appears to be to make the geometry or manual lesson as thorough, as little of a mere game or play as possible. This does not mean however, that the Imagination is to have no place in class. It means just the opposite. There is no real test or trial involved in any training where the creative faculty is allowed to remain dormant. In drawing, in arithmetic, in languages, the moment of integrating effort which means growth, is the moment when the child is obliged to fall back on his own resources, to discover his own method, to write his own original composition, to draw from his own memory.

Unfortunately we show tendencies now to interfere much in the "play," without making sufficient demands in the "work." The consequence is that the Imagination is crippled at both ends of the system. There is much surveillance in the playing ground—there is a great deal of surveillance too in the classroom. In neither place is any very serious effort made to develop very completely the highest power of the human mind. Some of the causes of this neglect are deep-rooted and cannot be discussed here. Others are obvious enough. In our large class-rooms and small playing grounds thousands of children are massed. In order to keep order there must be rules and surveillance. The situation is in some respects a new one, it is certainly fraught with new risks. Uniformity has become an ideal. In accepting it we are simply following the line of the least resistance.

Yet such languid acquiescence (for it is nothing more) is bound in the long run to have serious results. The motive power of the moral life is Will. The motive power of the intellectual world is Imagination. In virtue of his power to imagine or re-create through mental images, man sees the past, forecasts the future, and has made whatever advance has been ever made

into the fields of the Unknown. We cannot give Imagination to another, but we may arrest its development; and where it is ignored or suppressed, all intellectual life must quickly decline and perish. Now, as of old, wherever for one reason or another there is no vision the people perish.

Emotion—"Emotion is the ferment without which there is no creation." Man, possessed only of intelligence, the power of remembering, associating, distinguishing and reasoning, would produce nothing. At most he would be but a very fine order of automaton.

So far are we from being mere automatons in childhood that most of us can look back to some day in early childhood when we received a new initiation into life, through emotion, "After thirty years," said Taine, "I can remember every detail of the theatre where I was taken for the first time. The pit seemed to me like a monstrous pit, all red and flaming, with myriad dark heads surging above its depths; below, to the left, was a narrow platform, where two men and a woman entered, gesticulated, went out and returned

again….I was seven years old—I understood nothing; but the crimson velvet pit was so crowded, so gilt, so illuminated, that in a quarter of an hour I was quite intoxicated by the sight of it, and fell fast asleep." Most of us have some such bright-tinted picture on the horizon of memory—brighter than recent mind images, and more enduring because of the emotion which stirred us on the long-past day when we made them our own. It was emotion—wonder, curiosity, astonishment, etc., which fixed our attention, in the first place, and the emotion we now feel in remembering the object or event helps to keep its colours bright and permanent. Nor is it hard to trace the creative impulse in such emotion. The painter and the romancer find in such memories the material for much of their work. Those not specially gifted in the arts re-create the whole epoch of childhood in the light of them. And where does childhood get the subject-matter of all invention save in memories made clear and arresting through emotion?

Without emotion, then, no development of imagination is possible. Mental and moral development depends, not merely on the learning of the right things at the right time, but also on the

experiencing of the right emotions. How can we know that these emotions have been experienced? Only by the fruits of them, present and obvious in creative work. Spontaneous child-inventions, such as child-words, drawings, games, etc., are reassuring. They are all so much evidence of the activity of creative imagination, of *emotional* life, as well as mental life. Joy is the mother of many of these creations—also, wonder and admiration. The germ of human sympathy, as well as of intellectual activity is hidden in that spontaneous creativeness—like the fruit in the flower.

Unfortunately, there are a great many children who, through misfortune, have little impulse to create anything. They need no new vocabulary. They invent few or no new games, and have not the smallest desire to draw anything. When the school door opens for these a great many new tools are provided. There are books, pictures, colours—a new vocabulary even. But all these things are mere husks; for the natural emotions have not yet been experienced that would stir the imagination and give meaning to them. We may bring pictures of woodland and meadow, hills and sea into the school-room, but what does the child

who has never seen the hills or the sea care for these things? We may try to describe trees, sky, waterfalls, etc., but we cannot give anything that will even *appear* to take the place of an original sense-impression. Who can describe a *sound* to one who has never heard the rushing of water, the whisper of trees, the warbling of birds? Nothing avails here but experience.

But the deepest human emotions are those which have their origin in human relationships. The little child learns to know his mother's or nurse's face well, to recognise her quickly and, in this recognition, emotion plays so great a part that the familiar face becomes a kind of starting-point of all the widening sympathy and interest of life. The law of interest is acknowledged to be of the first importance in the revival of images. "Doubtless," said Ribot, "the law of the affective life, the law of interest is less precise than is the intellectual law of contiguity and of resemblance." And yet it is more intimately concerned with the revival of memories. We remember a multitude of things in connection with the face of the person who first cared for and tended us, any one of which would call up the others in a more or less complete reintegration. And why? Because the

emotion of love animates all these, and binds them in a unity that could not otherwise be realised.

If early life gives little opportunity for the experience of preserving and stimulating emotions, a remarkable mental apathy is the result. "Unhappy the heart," said Tourgenieff, "that has not loved in youth."

The head mistress of a large school in Bradford found her girls strangely lacking in observation. The school had good reports always, earned full grant, and the girls sang, read, and even worked sums quite satisfactorily. They made excellent garments, and the discipline was excellent. Nevertheless the teacher—a little puzzled, as many have been before her, at the extraordinary mental apathy that may persist in children who learn their three R's very creditably—made some new tests.

The girls were questioned only about things they had seen often. The school door is painted red and surrounded by a coat of arms. Of thirty-eight girls only three had noticed that there was anything over the door. Some said the door was painted yellow, others said it was black. All had seen cows passing daily up the street to the slaughter-house. Questioned as to the

shape of a cow's foot, some said it was "long," others that it was "flat." Only two out of thirty-eight noticed that it was cloven. Children do not often observe the sky. It seems to be almost the last thing even grown-up people look at carefully, unless they are afraid of a wetting. So it is not surprising the class has little notion of the shape of clouds, or even of the colour of the sky on fair and stormy days. It was startling to hear from one girl, however, that "the rainbow is mostly white and brown." Street boys are quick in finding their way about. But it appears that this faculty is not developed in all city children in congested areas. Several girls of twelve and thirteen, of average ability, who had not followed the various callings of the street, knew very little of the buildings within a few minutes' walk of their own homes. They could not tell where the Town Hall is, or the Post Office, or the Parish Church, though these important buildings are within a short distance actually of the side streets in which they live.

Forty-five children from Standard IV. were examined. These have all seen ducks very often, but only twenty-eight have noted that the feet are webbed. Questioned as to the colour of the sparrows

that hop about the yard, two said that they are "yellow." A great many looked puzzled and could give no answer. Of the thirty-five children in Standard II. who were questioned, four said the sparrow has four legs, one said it has six. One said the common house fly has four wings—being obviously confused rather than enlightened by the object-lessons from dead insects in school. Many, indeed, forgot the names of the specimens in various boxes, or confused them, so that nine out of thirty-five said the bee was much bigger than the very large butterflies, which were the only specimens in school. Six declared that the sparrow is yellow, five said that it is red. One said the sparrow is white, and another that it has six legs (another case of intruding insects). Lessons in Kindergarten, though recent for these scholars, were not applied. Sixteen said that their playground, which is oblong, was a square. Some children affirmed that a man's arms are fastened to his neck. Questioned as to the position of the eyes of a horse, nine girls out of forty five professed ignorance. The majority looked puzzled. It may, of course, be argued that children profess ignorance and express themselves inaccurately at times about things of which they are in

reality quite cognisant. But, generally speaking, the drawings of the girls corresponded very closely to their statements. Below is a memory drawing of a cow by a girl of eleven. It is obvious that she had no idea of position, even with regard to so conspicuous a feature as the eyes.

The teacher realizing that the emotional life of her pupils was languid, questioned them one day about the animal they were to draw. "Where does the cow live?" she asked with animation. But the children who had seen cows only on their way to the killing shed, and were not interested in their doings or habits, replied that "the cow lived in the slaughter house." Clearly it is not by animation on the part of a questioner that an emotional background may be provided.

Neither do mere object lessons in class provide it. In every school emotional life has to be more or less assumed. The class room is not the place where all can be done, and experienced. It is the place where what has been lived through can be put in order. If the emotional experience is quite wanting, or of a depressing order, the teaching and explanations, though never so well done, appear to be singularly

futile. The writer has a number of memory drawings of objects seen in school by children who have never been in the country—or hardly ever. The drawings reveal a great deal, and perhaps the fact of *least* importance which they make plain is—that the children never had any drawing lessons.

In some of the drawings there is evidence of confusion—powerlessness to arrange even the few natural objects which have fallen within the scope of the child's observation. Not only do the contents of the insect boxes come forth in an unwarranted manner.—The plants also behave in the same way. The curves and tangents of stem and leaf begin to appear in the memory drawings of animals, as in the case of the girl, aged thirteen, who sends in the next illustration. The horns between the ears are plainly a reminiscence of the school plants, or, perhaps, of the brush drawing lesson.

Such a drawing, and others of a like nature (as, for example, that of a girl who draws the head of one animal on the body of another), remind us that the class-room has its limitations. It had its limitations in the days when it contained only books, slates, ink, and paper. And it has its limitations now, when it is

furnished with bird-forms, butterflies, plants, and herbariums. In the mind of the child, on whom new forms are thrust without preparation and under artificial conditions, "the elements," to use Herbart's phrase, "still commingle with one another." There is no "clear antithesis of single things" to prevent this confusion, and pave the way for true association. But above all the deep emotional stimulus is lacking, which, wherever it exists moves like a living thing, through even the faultiest, clumsiest work.

Some teachers, realizing the hopelessness of labouring with those who have neither experienced the emotions, nor accumulated the mind-images necessary for any kind of integrating effort escape from the class-room with their pupils, and give them a holiday time with opportunities. Pestalozzi was not long in finding his way into the woods with his little flock. Salzman and many other German teachers took the road with their scholars. Bartholomai organized regular school journeys in the streets of Berlin, undeterred by the laughter and jeers of the crowd and the bitter complaints of the Philistines that "the children's clothes and shoes were being ruined." Herbart, being a private tutor, did not take flight with

a large number of children to the annoyance of the populace. But he remarks that for every boy, the best companions are peasants, shepherds, hunters of every kind and their sons.

These poor drawings are residues of confused experiences. They, like the poverty of vocabulary, the lack of games, the general want of interest can be traced to the same cause—Dearth of clear and suitable mind-images and healthy emotions. The invention by grown-up persons of suitable plays, a stimulating manner on the part of the teacher, even a chance visit to the country will not make the loss good. The teaching of drawing and colour-work on rational lines will effect very little. The school lesson as we saw already always pre-supposes a great silent preparation on the part of every child—the preparation of the mind—not by the learning of lessons—but by experience, and even freedom in experiment or play. The formal lesson cannot feed the sources of the creative powers. The sources of creative energy are the country, with its life, its human relationships in labour, its occupations and its beauty. Tolstoi puts into a child's mouth the words, "Art is the expression of an inner force." And these words are true. The drawings of the slum children are saddening, not because they show a lack of

manipulative skill, but because they betray all the languor and weakness of the inner life—the dimness of the original perception of which they are only the residue.

IMAGINATION

AND

DRAMATIC INSTINCT.

SOME PRACTICAL STEPS FOR THEIR DEVELOPMENT.

By S. S. CURRY, Ph.D.

Author of "The Province of Expression;" "Lessons in Vocal Expression;"
Dean of the School of Expression; Instructor of Oratory in Yale Divinity
School and Newton Theological Institution, and formerly in
Boston University and Harvard University.

PREFACE.

THIS book is a study of vocal expression, as the direct revelation of the processes of the mind in thinking and feeling; and as the manifestation of the elliptic relations of thought which words cannot symbolize, such as the convictions, the beliefs, the interest, and the purpose of the speaker. According to this view, vocal expression is a significant, not a symbolic language, and is more subjective, complex, and nearer to Nature than words, and hence cannot be developed in the same way as a symbolic or representative language, nor be made subject to the same mechanical rules.

The work is meant to furnish simple and practical suggestions. In nearly every case a poem or selection is placed before the mind of the student, and the remarks made are intended to aid in the study of the extract, and especially in its interpretation by the living voice. "To know a thing, we must do it" is a fundamental principle of education. The mind must be brought directly into contact with nature. Experiment is the true method of scientific study, but the principle applies even more to literary or artistic work. The student must be set to doing, — explanation must be subordinate, and only for guidance in the discovery or study of the principles for himself in practice. This book is an endeavor to furnish a practical means of studying and training the Imagination and Dramatic Instinct. It aims to bring the mind of the student into direct contact with the noble works of Literature, not

merely to analyze or to understand the thought in such works, but to stimulate and awaken the faculties in the reader which are awake in the writer, to study the processes of the mind in creating and assimilating ideas for the true artistic interpretation of literature by the living voice. It furnishes a practical means of educating some important actions of the mind by the oldest of all artistic agents, the voice.

In certain cases problems are definitely stated, but more frequently there are suggestions which can be formulated by the teacher, or by the student himself. All great artists sketch and make studies of the objects of nature. This is the true method of art study ; there is no substitute for it. Hence, the same method must be used by the student of literature, or of vocal expression. There must be long-continued study in the rendering of single lines or phrases. Such studies must be arranged for students according to their needs, and the student himself must direct his efforts to those points in which he is weakest.

In using the book in class, my custom is to assign certain selections a week beforehand and have students study and read them alone ; then afterward with the teacher for suggestions and criticisms. The studies are to be read over to aid the student in comprehending criticisms and difficulties in the rendering of a poem, or to stimulate deeper studies or broader investigations. The student's understanding and assimilation of the principles involved are chiefly to be judged by his rendering of a passage, or by his method of speaking. Occasionally, questions should be asked to test the student's conception of the deeper meanings of a passage of literature or the apprehension of its vocal interpretation or by his understanding of the steps which are being taken. My own aim is usually to keep many things before the student's mind, such as the essential nature of all ex-

pression, of all artistic endeavor, the steps he is taking in vocal expression, the spirit of the literary work he is studying, or the speech he is trying to make, and also his own special needs or tendencies; first one and then another of these is emphasized to stimulate his harmonious growth.

This work is intended to follow "Lessons in Vocal Expression." That volume takes up the simpler processes of thinking, the more elemental or logical relations of ideas, while this takes up the imaginative and sympathetic elements, the ideal and dramatic relations of ideas to feeling and experience.

Practice in vocal expression should always be connected with vocal training. At every stage of his progress the teacher should give the student definite steps for the training of his voice, using the same or different extracts. The student must realize the character of his tone, and the effect of his mind upon it. Do the qualities of his voice change with his ideas and feelings? Does he feel his ideas, his imaginative conceptions of relations and background, his deeper feelings in the tones and modulations of his voice?

The book has grown from practical struggles in teaching for twenty years, from a realization of the importance of awakening the Imagination and Dramatic Instinct of college, theological, or law students, and in fact of every man and woman of whatever aim in life. The volume is larger than it would otherwise have been on account of the neglect or misconceptions of many aspects of the subject at the present time. Many of the lessons may be easily extended or related to wider courses, the History of Humor, Forms of Poetry, History of Lyric Poetry, and many other subjects. In fact, the volume is intended as a companion to the student in the study of literature to throw light upon practical vocal interpretation as one of the chief means to get at the spirit of literary work.

No one realizes its inadequacy, its imperfections, more than the writer. It has been prepared in the midst of the continual and engrossing duties of practical teaching. It is hoped that, while it has the imperfections of the teacher, it will also have the spirit of practical teaching, and prove suggestive and helpful to a large number of students, and meet a great variety of needs.

S. S. C.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS,
September, 1896.

INTRODUCTION.

WHAT is the imagination? Is it of any use? Can it be trained? Is it not a merely ornamental appendage to human nature, impractical and untruthful? Unfortunately, such questions are common, and indicate widespread misconception of the faculty.

The relation of education to imagination has hitherto received slight attention at the hands of educators in general. The development of the imagination has been given little or no place in the courses of study in our schools, nor has it been regarded as worthy of any distinctive attention in college training. "In the curriculums of most of our higher institutions of learning in America and England," says Professor Charles Eliot Norton, "no place is given to that instruction which has for its end the cultivation of the imagination and the sentiments, through the refining of the perceptions and the quickening of the love of beauty." Education, say some of our legislators, must give a man the means of making a living; our public schools must train up practical citizens; boys and girls must be educated in the practical arts of life; the ornamental has no place in the school-room.

Such views of education utterly fail to grasp the nature of the imagination and its relation to daily life. They overlook the need of securing the right action of all the faculties, and do not perceive that the harmonious development of the whole man is necessary to the adequate performance of the simplest and most practical business of life. Work without imagination is drudgery, but with it the humblest employment is lifted into the realm of beauty and art. "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well." The imagination is the source of all inspiration and interest in life; its activity creates beauty in the commonest objects of handicraft, and gives charm to the humblest home.

But why should the imagination be trained? Because its perversion or abnormal action is one of the leading causes of the degradation of character, while its right use is one of the highest characteristics of the normal human being. It should be developed because it is the chief creative faculty. It is this which gives man taste and refinement; which raises him out of a narrow prison into communion with the universe; which lifts him from a groove into relation with all things and all men; which develops the comprehension of universal principles; which prevents man from regarding Nature as a mere mechanical product, and enables him to feel it as a process, and consciously to follow that process in his own art.

Imagination should be developed because all true appreciation of art and literature is dependent upon its exercise. Man can appreciate art only by the same faculty which creates it. That which is awake in the artist in the act of production must be awakened in the beholder, or there can be no genuine realization. In short, imagination not only creates all art, but it appreciates art. Without its presence there can be no genuine love of art; without it, the language of art is unintelligible, its voice unheard, its spirit unfelt.

Imagination makes the individual a citizen of the world, an heir to all the ages; it enables him to appreciate not only the art of his own age and his own country, but that of all other lands and times. By its power he can become a Greek, and see as the Greeks saw, and feel as the Greeks felt.

Imagination lies at the foundation of all altruistic instinct, whether of art or ethics. Unless it is developed, there can be little improvement in the ideals of a man or a nation. No man has ever become great without an ideal, and the faculty which gives birth to ideals is imagination. This is the prophetic faculty of the soul, which gives hope, and which enables us to see a new and better world in the midst of the old, a new life in the midst of death, a new character in the midst of degradation. No man can ever rise higher than his ideal; but without an ideal, no man can ever rise at all. No age, no nation, no individual, can ever be elevated except by elevating its ideals.

Imagination is the faculty which enables us to enter into sympathy with our fellow-men. By its power alone can we appreciate the point of view of those different from ourselves. Without imagination, each of us would be alone; each of us would be cold and selfish.

Imagination gives us the power to penetrate to the heart of Nature; it is the faculty which sees beauty and loveliness; which discovers grace in the motion of the storm; "that leans her ear in many a secret place," until "beauty born of murmuring sound shall pass into her face."

Imagination is the faculty which enables man to realize eternity. The ordinary conceptions of the mind cannot embrace infinity, or God. Imagination alone enables man to transcend the fetters of time and space, to see the eternal through the temporal, the spiritual beneath the physical, the soul underlying all. It is imagination which penetrates through all seeming, through the wild whirlwind and storm which are part of every life and every human soul, to "the central peace existing at the heart of endless agitation."

The imagination should be trained because the whole man should be trained, because it is the fountain-head of all noble feeling, and upon its discipline depends any true education of the emotions.

Dramatic instinct has received even less recognition than imagination. All men more or less admire imagination, though they may not think of it as an object of education; but few persons regard dramatic power as a characteristic of a strong and noble human being. It is frequently considered an unnatural, if not an abnormal power. Nor do many consider it capable of education, but due to some accident of temperament peculiar to a few; while even those who regard its education as possible, look upon its development as on the same plane as the practice of sleight-of-hand.

There are some exceptions, however, to this superficial view. A prominent judge, at a dinner of the alumni of his college, is reported to have said that if he were a rich man he would endow

a chair in all the colleges for the development of the dramatic instinct. Upon this instinct, he held, success in every walk of life depends. The teacher cannot teach unless he sees as the student sees; the preacher cannot preach without the power of putting himself in another man's place; the merchant succeeds on account of the ability to read the wishes and needs of his customers. And so it is throughout all human experience and endeavor: an instinctive knowledge of human nature is the basis of success. All men are great in proportion to their ability to get outside of themselves.

A proper conception of dramatic instinct must be gained apart from the stage. Many of the exhibitions upon the stage are devoid of anything essentially dramatic. If the stage were a place for the pure and noble representation of dramatic instinct, there would be few who would have any objection to it. The men with the strongest dramatic instinct whom it has been my privilege to meet or hear have not been actors, — such men as Beecher and Gough.

Dramatic instinct should be trained because it is a part of the imagination, because it gives us practical steps towards the development of the imagination, because it is the means of securing discipline and power over feeling. Dramatic instinct should be trained because it is the insight of one mind into another. The man who has killed his dramatic instinct has become unsympathetic, and can never appreciate any one's point of view but his own. Dramatic instinct endows us with broad conceptions of the idiosyncrasies, beliefs, and convictions of men. It trains us to unconscious reasoning, to a deep insight into the motives of man. It is universally felt that one's power to "other himself" is the measure of the greatness of his personality. All sympathy, all union of ourselves with the ideals and struggles of our race, are traceable to imagination and dramatic instinct.

The relation of imagination to dramatic instinct has not been sufficiently appreciated. Many years ago the editor of the "North American Review" published a symposium from various actors upon the nature of dramatic instinct. It is curious to note that nearly all these said that dramatic instinct had two elements, —

imagination and sympathy. Imagination affords insight into character; sympathy enables us to identify ourselves with it. Thus, imagination and dramatic instinct are essentially united. The little child who is imaginative always shows it by dramatic actions in his play.

While imagination and dramatic instinct may be separated in conception, while the difference in their actions may be distinguished, practically they are always united, especially in their higher actions. Together they form the chief elements of altruism. They redeem the mind from narrowness and selfishness; they enable the individual to appreciate the point of view, the feelings, motives, and characters of his fellow-men; they open his eyes to read the various languages of human art; they enable him to commune with his kind on a higher plane than that of commonplace facts; they lift him into communion with the art and spirit of every age and nation. Without their development man is excluded from the highest enjoyment, the highest communion with his kind, and from the highest success in every walk of life.

One of the chief needs of the education of our time is a practical method for the development of the imagination and the dramatic instinct, — a method which will prevent their abuse, bring the mind into direct contact with the greatest products of the imagination, and train students to appreciate the highest literature and art. There are many methods of studying and training these powers, but the one here to be indicated has proved successful through many years of experience, and is essentially the same as that adopted in the schools of the Greeks, whose development of the artistic nature is universally considered to have been the highest ever known.

The best method of developing the imagination is by the study of Nature and poetic expression. A sympathetic love of the beautiful in Nature is characteristic of noble imagination. Even in the study of art there must ever be a comparison with Nature. George F. Watts once said, "People must be trained to a higher appreciation of art by being led to see what a great artist Nature is."

The influence of Nature in the education of the human mind cannot be over-estimated. Wordsworth has taught us to realize the power of Nature to stimulate and unfold the energies of the soul. All art proceeds from wonder. A sympathetic observation of life has been instrumental in every age in stimulating the mental and artistic faculties.

Nature alone, however, is inadequate to secure the full power of imagination. Thousands have grown up in the midst of the greatest beauty of Nature with low and sensuous ideals, and without having their sense of beauty awakened. Art is therefore needed to show us Nature's subtleties, to give us a right attitude of mind towards her, and to awaken sympathetic attention to her revelations.

What form of art should be studied? Every form as far as possible; for each art is a distinct language, which expresses some aspect of the human soul and realizes some truth apprehended in no other way. Music and poetry are "arts in time," and can reveal the sequence of ideas and the movement of life; but painting works in space, and is confined to the intense realization of one moment. It is intensive, where other arts are extensive. Both are needed for adequate expression.

Any one of these arts — even poetry, the highest of all, and the most capable of being used as a means of developing the imagination — may, when studied alone, cause the student to become one-sided. The painter who never studies anything but his own art becomes superficial. The poet who fails to see the depth and force in plastic and pictorial art becomes merely literary. Painters condemn a picture which is too "literary," — this use of the word indicating those who merely write, who merely look at Nature as a means of literary description. On the other hand, the painter who never studies books or other arts almost ceases to think; some have even gone so far as to say "the painter has no business to think at all."

Every great art is a special language of the human spirit, and he who desires to awaken his artistic nature will learn to read all these languages. The possession of merely literary and artistic knowledge does not imply culture; for this results from the

harmonious activity of all the faculties of the mind. It is dependent upon appreciation, upon insight into art and poetry, upon sympathy with the ideals of humanity.

Too much cannot be said in favor of the erection of beautiful public buildings, and of museums of art. It is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when every village will have its art collections, when every school-room and every home will be filled with objects of art.

Art which has to do with imagination is called poetry; and while poetry belongs to painting, sculpture, music, and architecture, its chief expression is in certain forms of literary composition. A love of poetic literature has nearly always preceded a desire for other forms of art. It is always associated with a love of the beautiful in Nature; its greatest masterpieces can become the possession of all, and hence it must serve as the chief means of educating the imagination.

Again, poetry is fullest of imaginative life and energy. In every poem there are possibilities of innumerable paintings, if only the artistic nature can intensely realize each successive picture. Its materials are the simple words of common minds; its form or body is simply an orderly or rhythmic arrangement of human speech.

Taking for granted, then, that literature will best educate the imagination, the question arises, What methods of studying it are best adapted to exercise this faculty?

Until comparatively recent times, the highest culture was supposed to be embodied in the Greek and Latin languages. The study of these constituted for centuries the chief means of literary training. But the great discoveries in every field of scientific investigation, during the present century, have led many to doubt the power of Greek and Latin to furnish the broadest possible education. With this tendency to doubt the advantage of studying these languages, there has grown up also a neglect of all literary culture. At the present time, a majority of the studies in all grades of schools concern themselves chiefly with the acquisition of knowledge.

The too exclusive study of science, however, is in turn slowly leading to the realization of the inadequacy of facts to develop the whole man harmoniously and completely. Slowly but surely our leading educators are coming to feel that science alone is insufficient for the complete development of the whole man. A great scientist of our age, Charles Darwin, has said: "I used to sit for hours reading the historical plays of Shakespeare, generally in an old window in the thick walls of the school. I read also other poetry, such as Thomson's 'Seasons,' and the recently published poems of Byron and Scott. I mention this, because later in life I wholly lost, to my great regret, all pleasure from poetry of any kind, including Shakespeare."

In another part of the biography from which this extract is taken, he adds: "Up to the age of thirty, or beyond it, poetry of many kinds — such as the works of Milton, Gray, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Shelley — gave me great pleasure; and even as a schoolboy I took intense delight in Shakespeare, especially in the historical plays. I have also said that formerly pictures gave me considerable, and music very great, delight. But now for many years I cannot endure to read a line of poetry: I have tried lately to read Shakespeare, and found it so intolerably dull that it nauseated me. I have also almost lost my taste for pictures or music. Music generally sets me thinking too energetically on what I have been at work upon, instead of giving me pleasure. . . . My mind seems to have become a machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts; but why this should have caused the atrophy of that part of the brain alone on which the higher tastes depend, I cannot conceive. . . . If I had to live my life again, I would have made a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once a week; for perhaps the parts of my brain now atrophied would thus have been kept active through use. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature." [1]

[1] Life and Letters of Charles Darwin, i. 30, 81.

So innumerable have modern discoveries been, that it is almost impossible for any human being to acquire a mastery of all the facts in every department of human knowledge. Hence, there is a renewed disposition among some educators to defend the true principle of education; namely, mental discipline, rather than dependence upon the acquisition of unrelated facts.

This disposition, however, has not been shown in a renewal of interest in the study of Greek and Latin, but in the study of one's own language and literature. This is the most hopeful sign in modern education. It is a man's native literature which lies nearest his heart. It is upon this that the creative energy of the imagination must be exercised. "The highest mark of culture in any man is shown by his ability to speak and write his own language with accuracy, ease, and elegance."

In turning to the study of our own language, however, the true method of using it for the stimulation of the artistic nature has hardly been reached. Two influences have made the first method in the study of literature largely a study of philology. In the first place, the reverence given to Latin and Greek has led us to trace the origin of our words. In the second place, the scientific spirit of the age has affected even the study of literature; so that the courses of studies in literature in our different colleges have been chiefly studies in philology.

The study of literature, however, could not long remain thus limited. Such courses were presently felt to be a study, not of literature, but of words; and while etymology and philology are very important, they are simply aspects of scientific study, and have little to do with the development of the artistic nature. Everything may be studied both scientifically and artistically. The difference in training is not in the subject, but in the method of procedure and the faculties which are called into exercise.

The next step was the study of the facts of literature. This is at present regarded as a great advance in the study of literature. That it is a gain, no one will deny; but the method is still scientific. The facts about a poem — the aim, the subject, and the language used — are all analyzed and discussed. I have known many students to say that they never desired to recite or study or

even read again those poems which they have analyzed during their college course. A great advantage, however, has come about by this method. Poetry and general literature are studied, and the fact that the student's attention is turned to them, even though in the wrong way, has the effect of stimulating him to some appreciation of their value.

Still, the problem of the practical development of the imagination has not yet been solved by either of these methods. Art can be studied only as art and by means of art. It is not science, nor can it be studied as science, or by exercising merely the analytical faculties of the mind. All art is a form of poetic expression, and the artistic nature can be awakened only by exercise in poetic expression in some of its forms.

The lessons in this book are arranged according to the principle that the artistic nature must be developed by being brought into active exercise, and that this can be achieved by using the simplest and most natural form of art, — that of *the spoken word.*

It was the attention given by the Greeks to the spoken word that caused them to be the most artistic of peoples. By far the most of the work of their schools was the study and recitation of the works of their poets. While they may have slighted the written word, and exaggerated too much the importance of speech, we in our day have gone to the other extreme, and are exaggerating the importance of writing as an agent of education, to the exclusion of the earlier and more simple and natural method of the human voice. The voice is the little child's first conscious agent of expression; it is man's chief means of communication; it is fullest of the life and energy of the human soul; it is the simplest and most natural agent of the faculties of the mind. Some may consider the Greeks to have been the greatest masters of writing in the world, and this is true; but their writing was great because founded upon and developed by their speech.

It is a well-known fact that all poetry was first written with reference to delivery; and many of our greatest poets have felt that the higher development of poetry cannot come until it is once more written with reference to its vocal expression. Milton has said, —

" Blest pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious Sisters, Voice and Verse !
Wed your divine sounds, and mixt power employ
Dead things with imbreathed sense able to pierce."

Be this as it may, the most adequate method of studying literature and of developing the imagination and artistic nature is by means of the spoken word; and for this there are many reasons.

Vocal expression is the most direct revelation of the processes of thought and emotion. It is the most immediate manifestation of the living activity of the soul, of which literature is the embodiment. Matthew Arnold called literature " the criticism of life." The higher the literature, the more it embodies and suggests life; hence the more immediately is it related to the natural languages, and the more capable of being interpreted by them.

The study of vocal expression furnishes a means of following the processes of thought. The most subtle movements of the imagination and feeling can be studied in connection with their vocal response, and this response can be used also as an agent in developing right imaginative and emotional action. If education is " learning the use of tools," and if the exercise of the higher faculties depends upon the use of a tool, then the voice furnishes the simplest of tools for testing and exercising them.

Again, imagination and the artistic nature can be exercised only by means of the most familiar agents. The artist can express only what is native and inherent to his heart. Millet, the painter, is said to have paused in the midst of his early work, on overhearing a remark about its character, to ask himself what really was the most intense affection of his heart. It was because of this that he turned to the portrayal of French peasants, and the interpretation of the life of the poor. He thus led a new movement in art; the real spirit of the poor, their heroic devotion, their tenderness, their pain, had never before been made the subject of art. No amount of contempt on the part of the critics nor neglect on the part of the public could ever turn him from his conviction that art can portray only the central affection of the heart of the artist. The greatest artists of every age have used the simple means which lay near to their hands.

Now, the native speech of every man lies nearest to his imagination and creative instinct. Vocal expression furnishes a simple and universal means of awakening the artistic nature. Speech is the primary, the most natural, language, and can be filled fullest of the life and spirit of man. The use of his native language carries him farther away from the dominion of mechanical rules. It is the most spontaneous and unconscious manifestation of the natural action of all his faculties. Before the imagination can show itself in painting, sculpture, or music, the student must have thoroughly mastered its mechanism; but the student's native tongue requires least of such mechanical and artificial mastery, and hence can most easily become the agent for the expression and testing of imaginative action.

"Style is the man himself." This statement has received careless acceptance, with very little realization of its truth, or of the postulates of such a truth. If style be the man, then artistic training must begin with disciplining his powers, and not with the external mechanical acquisition of certain facts or artificial rules. The *cause* of expression must be awakened; imagination and instinct must be quickened.

The study of general literature must begin by awakening those faculties and powers in ourselves which in another created the literature. Speech is the first form of expression. We talk before we write or draw or paint or model. Hence, the first language is the chief one to be used.

Of course, the objection will be urged that elocution is at present the most degraded of the arts; that the recitation of a poem frequently perverts its spirit,—and this is true. But the power of vocal expression to pervert literature or to destroy imaginative action only shows its influence. Its power may be used to elevate as well as to destroy.

Two methods of developing vocal expression grow out of two diverse views regarding the nature of delivery.

The advocates of one method consider vocal expression as a matter of pronunciation; and delivery a mechanical act having little, if any, relation to thinking. A few rules for inflection

based upon phraseology, some mechanical directions for stress or pausing, according to grammatical structure, and for the "tone" to use for a given emotion, form, unfortunately, the common conception of vocal expression. According to this method, thought and imagination belong only to the author. The reader must not interpose his mental action between the author and the auditor: he must present correctly the form of the author's words. Exactly as the printed page presents the language of the author to the eye, so the reader must present the words of the author to the ear.

The other method regards vocal expression as the manifestation of the processes of thought and feeling; that it conveys these by natural signs in speaking the words which are only symbols, or conventional representatives, of thought. Vocal expression is the giving of thought with its associated experience. It presents thoughts in such a way as to make another mind realize in the fullest possible degree their nature and relations. This view holds also that if vocal expression be the translation, the reincarnation of thought and feeling, then the reader must re-think the thought; must reproduce its processes and the feeling it awakens, according to the laws and associations of his own mind.

According to this theory, vocal expression is regarded as an interpretative art, whose exercise requires the direct action of imagination and feeling. Reading is not only an art, but the interpretation of the most exalted forms of art and literature. Though delivery has a physical and mechanical side; though enunciation is necessary and cannot be done too well, — this is not the most important element in vocal expression. Vocal expression is the direct manifestation of thought and feeling. It is the translation into natural language of ideas expressed in words. It is the interpretation, or the bringing to life, of the first processes of thought and emotion as suggested by the language of words, and manifesting these by means of the other co-ordinate languages or modulations of voice and body. Vocal expression manifests the speaker's own thought and feeling, or his assimilation and realization of that of others.

Again, the action of the mind in writing is not the same as that in reading and speaking. The reader uses the natural languages

as his medium, not the pen; hence, he must think and feel with greater intensity than the writer. By him the ideas of the writer are made salient, their movement more natural, their realization more vivid.

According to any adequate view of the nature of vocal expression and delivery there must, therefore, be a definite training of those faculties concerned with the realization of truth. The development of vocal expression is dependent upon and simultaneous with the acquisition of literary taste. A man cannot express what he does not possess. The refinement of feeling, the intense realization of ideas, is fundamentally necessary.

Right vocal expression, then, is dependent upon the realization of truth; and the faculty most concerned with this is imagination. Where the imagination is inactive, all expression is mechanical and cold. "Imagination," says Fénelon, "is the only creative faculty of the human mind." It is the faculty which lies at the fountain-head of all art. Hence, that faculty which enables man to live in a mental world, to hold such an ideal before his mind that he can rise out of the literal and the actual; that faculty which enables him to live in a process of thought, to see and hear whatever is conceived by the mind as if it had real existence,— is especially necessary in vocal expression.

Again, the mind must continually change its point of view. There must be insight not only into truth and Nature, but into men. The reader, speaker, or actor must have quick and instinctive insight into character. He must see as others see, and feel as others feel. He must have that sympathy which will enable him to identify himself with all situations.

Sympathy, it has been said, is synonymous with insight. A lack of sympathy is a lack of imagination. Without imagination there can be no true appreciation, no earnest feeling.

Imagination appeals to imagination. Literature and poetry cannot be interpreted without the help of imagination to appreciate the highest ideals and most poetic visions. An interpretative art must accentuate the deepest and most fundamental elements in the matter interpreted. Imagination is needed to stimulate the deeper impulses, and to bring voice and body into unity. It

alone can give such a vivid realization of ideas as to awaken all the complex impulses and languages of man. It is needed to prevent isolation of ideas, and the hardening of truths into mere facts. It is needed to place ideas and facts in sympathetic relationship with one another; to give the spirit and not the letter, truth and not mere fact, the soul and not the mere body.

Vocal expression is the direct result of the free, spontaneous impulses of mind and heart. The actions and characteristics of the imagination furnish the most essential qualities of vocal expression. No form of art is more intuitive and immediate; nowhere are rules so impossible as in its sphere. All actions in vocal expression are the direct and immediate result of insight. Nowhere is there needed more penetration, more stimulus to feeling; nowhere is there such need to awaken a play of free and spontaneous activity.

The object of rendering a passage of poetry, the function of delivery in oratory, is to make truth more vivid; to give it the life of a personality; to bring unity out of diversity; to change abstractions into living and moving creations. All these fundamental requisites of oratory, of eloquence, of poetry, are the direct product of imagination. Hence, this faculty is the chief characteristic of right delivery. Its development will secure naturalness and effectiveness, and prevent artificiality and affectation.

THE world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours:
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers, —
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not. — Great God! I 'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

Wordsworth

BEAUTY — a living Presence of the earth,
Surpassing the most fair ideal Forms
Which craft of delicate Spirits hath composed
From earth's materials — waits upon my steps;
Pitches her tent before me as I move,
An hourly neighbor. Paradise, and groves
Elysian, Fortunate Fields — like those of old
Sought in the Atlantic Main — why should they be
A history only of departed things,
Or a mere fiction of what never was?
For the discerning intellect of Man,
When wedded to this goodly universe
In love and holy passion, shall find these
A simple produce of the common day.
— I, long before the blissful hour arrives,
Would chant, in lonely peace, the spousal verse
Of this great consummation: — and, by words
Which speak of nothing more than what we are,
Would I arouse the sensual from their sleep
Of Death, and win the vacant and the vain
To noble raptures; while my voice proclaims
How exquisitely the individual Mind
(And the progressive powers perhaps no less
Of the whole species) to the external World
Is fitted: — and how exquisitely, too —
The external World is fitted to the Mind;
And the creation (by no lower name
Can it be called) which they with blended might
Accomplish: — this is our high argument.
— Such grateful haunts foregoing, if I oft
Must turn elsewhere — travel and see ill sights
Of madding passions mutually inflamed;
Must hear humanity in fields and groves
Pipe solitary anguish; or must hang
Brooding above the fierce confederate storm
Of sorrow, barricadoed evermore
Within the walls of cities — may these sounds
Have their authentic comment; that even these
Hearing, I be not downcast or forlorn! —
Descend, prophetic Spirit! that inspir'st
The human Soul of universal earth,
Dreaming on things to come; and dost possess
A metropolitan temple in the hearts
Of mighty Poets.

The Recluse. *Wordsworth.*

I.

IMAGINATION, OR THE CREATIVE INSTINCT.

I. CONCEPTION AND IMAGINATION.

In a valiant suffering for others, not in a slothful making of others suffer for us, did nobleness ever lie. Every noble crown is, and on Earth will ever be, a crown of thorns. *Carlyle.*

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken;
Rose-leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heap'd for the beloved's bed:
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on. *Shelley.*

In the first of the two sentences of the first extract a truth is stated plainly. In the second, the mind is made to realize the same idea with ten-fold force. What causes the difference? In the first there is a sequence of simple conceptions; in the second the mind suddenly and spontaneously discovers unity and relationship among diverse ideas. In the first clause a plain truth is stated in a simple and direct way; in the second, a concrete picture is made to stand for a universal truth.

In the far North stands a Pine-tree, lone, upon a wintry height;
It sleeps: around it snows have thrown a covering of white.
It dreams forever of a Palm that, far i' the Morning-land,
Stands silent in a most sad calm midst heaps of burning sand.
From Heine. *Lanier.*

Diverse objects and situations are here brought into direct and vivid contrast, while unity is discovered between them. The

attention is so attracted by living images that the powers of the mind are quickened and made to realize a thought intensely. The importance of vivid conceptions and their relations to vocal expression has already been explained; but in such extracts and selections as the two preceding we find something more than isolated ideas or logical relations. Here are higher relations of ideas to one another and more complex conceptions. A peculiar faculty is found active, which contemplates objects and penetrates through all superficial relations to ideas which are more central and ideal; and which also brings together two more or less commonplace conceptions into such organic unity as to suggest and awaken interest in an exalted truth. It discovers, not by reasoning or conscious comparison, but by an intuitive, spontaneous, prophetical vision a hidden truth or unity amid seemingly diverse ideas. The power concerned in this process is usually called the imagination.

Poetry was defined by Aristotle as the universal element in human life. The imagination has always something of this universalizing tendency. It is the faculty which gives universal truth by presenting concrete conceptions.

Poetry, however, has never been defined by prose: otherwise prose would be superior to poetry. Neither has imagination ever been adequately defined by reason. Imagination is the transcendent faculty of the human mind. It is a power by which the mind arrives at truth through an immediate process. It is unconscious reason. It sees truth from the heart, and not by external and objective comparison; hence, reason cannot adequately define it.

"If asked," says Mr. Shairp, "what imagination is, who can tell? If we turn to the psychologists, — the men who busy themselves with labelling and ticketing the mental faculties, — they do not help us. Scattered through the poets, here and there, and in some writers on æsthetic subjects, notably in the works of Mr. Ruskin, we find thoughts which are more suggestive." There will be here, therefore, no effort made to analyze this faculty; but certain illustrations will be given of some of its actions, so that its presence and the conditions of its exercise may be recognized.

One of the most common notions regarding the imagination is that it pictures for the mind that which is not an object of sense. It is the image-making faculty: this gives it its name. It is regarded as one of the reproductive faculties, the memory being the other. This definition, however, confuses imagination with conception.

It is well carefully to distinguish imagination from conception. In general, conception has reference to single objects or ideas: imagination to their relation. An idea to be conceived is more or less isolated. Imagination, on the other hand, has a vision of an organic whole, composed of dissimilar objects or ideas. Imagination does not perceive mere fragments: it sees the whole at once. Its action is free and untrammelled. It never repeats itself. It never constructs by patchwork or by process of aggregation. It creates, as Nature does, from the centre outward; its visions grow. It is always characterized by simplicity, by unity and truth. The imagination creates all our ideals, and is the soul of all inspiration. Conceptions may weary, memory may pall upon our attention; but imagination, never.

Conception may be vivid, and imagination dim; for conception deals with distinct features, with things which lie on the plane of sense; whereas imagination may rise into the realm of pure spirit. The difference between conception and imagination has been very simply and plainly stated by Professor Shairp: "To a man's ordinary conception of things imagination adds force, clearness, distinction of outline, vividness of coloring." Imagination vitalizes all knowledge, shows us the kinship of things, gives to every object a situation or background, and so prevents knowledge from becoming isolated or disconnected; enables the soul to feel the life of the universe permeating every object.

We can analyze and read the following Shakespearian lyric so as to destroy all its poetry. A mere lark, or a mere gate, or even the flowers, or sunbeams in isolation, furnish no clew whatever to the thought or beauty of the poem. It is only when we take all these together, give vivid coloring and atmosphere, and idealize them into parts of one beautiful picture of morning, that we have the spirit of the poem: —

HARK ! hark ! the lark at Heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies ;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes ;
With everything that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise !
Arise ! arise !

Cymbeline. *Shakespeare.*

Imagination does not isolate conceptions: it not only conceives ideas and makes them clearer, but creates vital relations and restores normal situations and environment. Beauty and art deal with relation. Art is the creation of the right relation of objects. As life depends on environment, so do beauty, truth, and religion. The highest judgment of the human mind is a proper co-ordination of different ideas.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

A naked house, a naked moor,
A shivering pool before the door,
A garden bare of flowers and fruit,
And poplars at the garden foot, —
Such is the place that I live in,
Bleak without and bare within.

Yet shall your ragged moor receive
The incomparable pomp of eve,
And the cold glories of the dawn
Behind your shivering trees be drawn ;
And when the wind from place to place
Doth the unmoored cloud-galleons chase,
Your garden gloom and gleam again,
With leaping sun, with dancing rain.
Here shall the wizard moon ascend
The heavens, in the crimson end
Of day's declining splendor ; here
The army of the stars appear.
The neighbor hollows dry or wet,
Spring shall with tender flowers beset ;
And oft the morning muser see
Larks rising from the broomy lea,

And every fairy wheel and thread
Of cobweb dew-bediamondèd.
When daisies go, shall winter time
Silver the simple grass with rime,
Autumnal frosts enchant the pool
And make the cart-ruts beautiful.
And when snow-bright the moor expands,
How shall your children clap their hands!
To make this earth, our hermitage,
A cheerful and a pleasant page,
God's bright and intricate device
Of days and seasons doth suffice. *Robert Louis Stevenson.*

In the first six lines of the foregoing extract we find simple conceptions, given without atmosphere, or without any feeling of connection with other objects. In the next few lines the very same objects are taken up under the dominion of the imagination. Here there is insight into the relation or fellowship of things. Pictures of the simplest and plainest objects are filled by the imagination with all the beauty of light and atmosphere. In the first part, the house and objects are given literally. In the second, we have their fellowship with the sun and sky, with wind and weather. Things are painted as they exist in Nature, sharing in one another's life, reflecting and changing one another's appearance, as they have done every moment through all the history of the ages; and thus they are contemplated and conceived by a sympathetic mind that perceives from the heart.

PROBLEM I. *Read a passage with definite, vivid conceptions, but without imaginative action; and then read the same with vivid conceptions related to one another by the imagination, and note the difference in effect upon the voice.*

PROBLEM II. *Read an imaginative passage with definite, clear, but isolated conceptions, and notice how the spirit of the passage is degraded.*

PROBLEM III. *Read a beautiful passage with, and then without, any background, and note the difference in expression.*

PROBLEM IV. *Distinguish between analytic and synthetic actions of the mind, and their effect upon the voice.*

NEW voices come to me where'er I roam;
My heart, too, widens with its widening home:
The former songs seem little; yet no more
Can soul, hand, voice, with interchanging lore,
Tell what the earth is saying unto me:
The secret is too great.

George Eliot.

THE HOUSE OF THE TREES.

OPE your doors and take me in, spirit of the wood!
Wash me clean of dust and din, clothe me in your mood.
Take me from the noisy light to the sunless peace,
Where at midday standeth Night singing Toil's release.
All your dusky twilight stores to my senses give;
Take me in and lock the doors, show me how to live.
Lift your leafy roof for me, part your yielding walls:
Let me wander lingeringly through your scented halls.
Ope your doors and take me in, spirit of the wood!
Take me — make me next of kin to your leafy brood.

Ethelwyn Wetherald

FULL many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
With all triumphant splendor on my brow;
But out! alack! he was but one hour mine, —
The regent cloud hath masked him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth.

Shakespeare.

SUCH a starved bank of moss till, that May-morn,
Blue ran the flash across: violets were born!
Sky — what a scowl of cloud till, near and far,
Ray on ray split the shroud: splendid, a star!
World — how it walled about life with disgrace
Till God's own smile came out: that was thy face!

Browning.

NOT only around our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splendors lie:
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb, and know it not.
Over our manhood bend the skies;
Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies;
With our faint hearts the mountain strives;
Its arms outstretched, the Druid wood
Waits with its benedicite;
And to our age's drowsy blood
Still shouts the inspiring sea. *Lowell*

II. IMAGINATIVE ATTENTION.

THE eye — it cannot choose but see; we cannot bid the ear be still;
Our bodies feel, where'er they be, against or with our will.
Nor less I deem that there are Powers which of themselves our minds impress,
That we can feed this mind of ours in a wise passiveness.

ONE impulse from a vernal wood may teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good, than all the sages can.
Sweet is the lore which Nature brings; our meddling intellect
Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things: we murder to dissect.

ONE moment now may give us more than years of toiling reason:
Our minds shall drink at every pore the spirit of the season.

Wordsworth.

IF you ask any one whether attention is active or passive, he will be sure to answer, "It is active, of course." The reason for this is on account of the emphasis that is usually placed upon rational analysis, upon intellectual concentration, upon one fact or object or idea, to the exclusion of all others. By attention, most persons mean the concentration of the mind upon one thing to the exclusion of all others. But when we come to observe more carefully, we find that this is not the whole of attention. If at a symphony concert we give our attention to one man only in the orchestra, or to one instrument, excluding by the action of our mind the effect of others, we do not enjoy the music. Again, if we enter a gallery

and observe one little detail in a picture, we shall not get the true impression which the picture is meant to create. The same is true of a poem. We must contemplate the whole. Thus there is an analytic attention which is more active, and an artistic or synthetic attention which is more passive.

To enjoy music, we must hold ourselves in a responsive attitude toward the whole orchestra. To enjoy a painting, we must stand away from it, and allow the unity of the whole to impress us; allow the rhythm, consciously or unconsciously, to dominate us,— until the situation of the whole has been created. Then, and then only, does the true feeling arise which the picture was intended to awaken.

The same mental attitude is needful not only for appreciation of every object of art, but in regard to Nature herself. Even when we listen to a bird, a certain sympathetic or impressionable, not a mechanical or analytic, attention is requisite. In looking upon a flower or beautiful landscape, it is only when we feel the relation of the whole that we get a sense of beauty or loveliness.

Art has been defined as relation; hence, the artistic nature demands the development of contemplative attention. According to Delsarte, contemplation is the most exalted faculty of art. We must gaze upon the face of Nature, or upon a work of art, our whole nature being co-ordinate, and with such intensity as to cause a sympathetic response; only thus do appreciation and comprehension become possible.

In the study of our conceptions, we find, that, in attempting to vivify and make clear our ideas, there is a natural tendency to isolate conceptions from one another. As we think one thing, we exclude all else, that our ideas may be distinct and adequate. But in any work of art, ideas or objects, on the contrary, are brought into such living relation as will produce a general impression rather than a specific conception of details.

Some one has said that the supreme faculty of art is the faculty of generalization. There is a great difference between a picture and a statue. A statue is simply a representation of the object,— it corresponds with the conception; but when an artist paints a picture, his greatest problem is to generalize the details of his

work so as to give oneness of impression, and to awaken definite feeling.

All art is expression; and expression is an equivalent that can exist out of the mind. Art is not a representation of objects, or even of the conception of objects: it is the intervention of personality; it is the revelation of the feeling soul; it is the expression of the man. It has been said that one of Corot's paintings of Morning "contains in it something of all the mornings that have ever been." It is not a literal photograph of some specific facts or details of one particular morning, or of certain trees or leaves or colors which he saw, but an impression so given as to awaken the right attitude of the man towards morning. It appeals to the universal human heart, and calls forth the same feeling as the morning itself.

Two forms of attention are therefore necessary. Contemplative attention is just as necessary as active attention. In fact, a failure to change our point of view, and to exercise sympathetic attention, is the chief cause of a lack of love for Nature, music, painting, or art.

We often fail to realize the character of human language. We look upon it as all upon the plane of commonplace or rational action. We do not perceive that every art has a specific nature distinct from every other; that a painting expresses something which can never be told by a poem; that music reveals an aspect of the human spirit which can hardly be suggested by a statue; and that to read the language of art, the attention of the human being must be trained to act in different ways, — passively and responsively as well as actively. At all times the man must be able to vary his point of view, and especially never to lose the fundamental character of realistic attention.

The highest mark of culture is the ability to read all languages of the human soul. This ability is not dependent merely upon knowledge, which may sometimes arouse prejudice or prevent teachableness. To know too much of some period of art may cause us to make this a standard for the judgment of every other movement in art. However much we know about any one form or any one period of art, we must be careful to remain passive and

contemplative in attending to new movements and other forms of art, or to the art of different peoples.

Such passive responsiveness, such reposeful and unprejudiced attitudes of receptivity, are not only necessary to the appreciation of art, but to any exercise of the imagination. The reason may pre-judge, may mechanically compare, may be unreceptive and unresponsive; but not so with the imagination. Intellectual or commonplace attention may dwell upon accidents, but imagination looks to the heart. Imagination is the spontaneous result of sympathetic contemplative attention.

PROBLEM V. — *Read a passage, first with analytic attention, and then with contemplative attention, and note the difference in action.*

MY soul is an enchanted boat,
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing;
  And thine doth like an angel sit
  Beside a helm conducting it,
Whilst all the winds with melody are ringing.
  It seems to float ever, forever,
  Upon that many-winding river,
  Between mountains, woods, abysses, —
  A paradise of wildernesses!
Till, like one in slumber bound,
Borne to the ocean, I float down, around,
Into a sea profound of ever-spreading sound.

  Meanwhile thy spirit lifts its pinions
  In music's most serene dominions;
Catching the winds that fan that happy heaven.
  And we sail on, away, afar,
  Without a course, without a star,
But by the instinct of sweet music driven, —
  Till through Elysian garden islets
  By thee, most beautiful of pilots,
  Where never mortal pinnace glided,
  The boat of my desire is guided:
Realms where the air we breathe is love,
Which in the winds and on the waves doth move,
Harmonizing this earth with what we feel above.

THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove! Thou messenger of spring!
Now heaven repairs thy rural seat, and woods thy welcome sing.
What time the daisy decks the green, thy certain voice we hear:
Hast thou a star to guide thy path, or mark the rolling year?
Delightful visitant! with thee I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet from birds among the bowers.
The schoolboy, wandering through the wood to pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of spring to hear, and imitates thy lay.
What time the pea puts on the bloom, thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands, another spring to hail.
Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green, thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song, no winter in thy year!
Oh could I fly, I 'd fly with thee! We 'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe, companions of the spring.

John Logan.

LOVERS AND MUSIC.

Lorenzo. The moon shines bright. *In such a night as this,*[1]
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise, — in such a night
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul towards the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.
Jessica. *In such a night*
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.
Lor. *In such a night*
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to Carthage.
Jes. *In such a night*
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.
Lor. *In such a night*
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew;
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

[1] The passages printed in Italics were so marked by Leigh Hunt, to indicate the presence of imagination.

Jes. *And in such a night*
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well ;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.
Lor. *And in such a night*
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, *and he forgave it her.*
Jes. I would out-night you, did nobody come ;
But, hark! I hear the footing of a man. [*Enter* STEPHANO.
Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night ?
Steph. A friend.
Lor. A friend ! what friend ? Your name, I pray you, friend?
Steph. Stephano is my name : and I bring word
My mistress will, before the break of day,
Be here at Belmont : she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.
Lor. Who comes with her ?
Steph. None but a holy hermit and her maid.
Lor. Sweet soul, let 's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter : why should we go in ?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand ;
And bring your music forth into the air. [*Exit* STEPHANO.
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep into our ears ; *soft stillness and the night*
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold ;
There 's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion *like an angel sings,*
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims.
Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it. [*Enter Musicians.*
Come, ho ! and wake Diana with a hymn ;
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. (*Music.*)
Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.
Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive :
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
A race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, — bellowing and neighing loud,

Which is the hot condition of their blood :
If they but hear, perchance, a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand, —
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music. Therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods,
Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd by concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

[*Enter* PORTIA *and* NERISSA *at distance.*

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall ;
How far that little candle throws its beams !
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.
Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less ;
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by ; *and then his state*
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music ! hark !
Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.
Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect ;
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.
Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.
Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended ; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection !
Peace, hoa ! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd ! (*Music ceases.*)
Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.
Por. He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoo, —
By the bad voice.
Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Merchant of Venice. *Shakespeare.*

THE champaign with its endless fleece
Of feathery grasses everywhere!
Silence and passion, joy and peace,
An everlasting wash of air, — . . .
Such life here, through such length of hours,
Such miracles performed in play,
Such primal naked forms of flowers,
Such letting Nature have her way. *Browning*

III. IMAGINATION AND MEMORY.

IN front the awful Alpine track
Crawls up its rocky stair;
The autumn storm-winds drive the rack
Close o'er it in the air.

Behind are the abandoned baths
Mute in their meadows lone;
The leaves are on the valley paths,
The mists are on the Rhone, —

The white mists rolling like a sea!
I hear the torrents roar.
Yes, Obermann! all speaks of thee;
I feel thee near once more! *Matthew Arnold.*

IN reading these lines by Matthew Arnold, a number of questions naturally spring up in the mind. What is meant by Obermann; what baths are referred to; what special place is in the mind of the poet? We read the whole poem, and find from the poet's notes that it was written after the death of Senancour, the author of "Obermann," and that the sympathies of Matthew Arnold have been deeply stirred. We find also that the "abandoned baths" are the baths of Leuk, and that the "poem was conceived, and partly composed, in the valley going down from the foot of the Gemmi Pass towards the Rhone."

On reading these facts, those who have visited the place may remember the scene; but if they enjoy the poem, though they may begin with memory, the whole situation will be very soon transformed in their minds. They will read the poem, not with an act of memory, but with the aid of imagination. Poetry ex-

presses the universal element in human nature. Arnold's words do not appeal to memory, but to a higher faculty. He meant to place in every reader's mind a background for certain feelings. The poem is not a literal description of what he himself saw.

Some one prepared a book, locating all the events referred to in Tennyson's "Idyls of the King;" but the poet was displeased,— it was foreign to the true spirit of poetry. Tennyson had endeavored to appeal to the universal heart and imagination of mankind. He had written no book of description or travel, and any attempt to locate literally the scenes would be only a hindrance to the universal appreciation or true realization of the poetry.

Poetry appeals to the imagination; memory and conception may furnish the materials, but imagination idealizes and universalizes them. True poetry is but suggestion. This is the function of poetry and art. Before a literal object, no two minds have the same impression. Art alone can awaken a corresponding feeling and impression in different hearts. It does this by an appeal to the imagination. This is the creative power, the faculty which conceives essentials rather than accidentals, and realizes the relations of objects to one another and to human feeling.

Imagination is most active in that which is familiar. It uses the simplest, the most insignificant objects and the most familiar scenes as the material for its exalted flights. Notice in illustration of this the following translation of a poem in which the writer speaks of her own home: —

MY REST.

ROUND yon snowy house green woods dream;
'Twixt the giant boughs moonbeams stream.
Ah! fain I 'd adore ev'ry tree;
Here dreamt I of yore happily.
All my many songs found I here,
'Mid thy branches heard, woodland dear!

In my tiny room, vine entwin'd,
Can I those sweet thoughts once more find?
Here the Rhine like to silv'ry band,
Like to sunbeam, flows o'er the land.
Wind, which 'mid green boughs o'er me blows,
Once thy lullaby brought repose. *Carmen Sylva.*

Of nearly every great scene, — Mont Blanc or Niagara, for instance, — most persons' carry an imaginary picture as well as a memory of the place itself. In reading a poem describing such objects, it is the imagined scene which is foremost. After long familiarity with some locality, the imagination and memory tend to become one. But even in this case there are a thousand memories of different sunrises and sunsets, of different aspects of light, of various conditions of atmosphere; and in reading, it is hardly possible to apply any one of these specially. In nearly all cases the scene is imagined to suit the mental attitude of the moment.

Many persons in travelling see nothing, because they do not use the imagination. A mere superficial glancing at some scene, a rushing through a country on an express train, gives very little food for imagination. The true traveller endeavors to blend his imaginative conception with the observation of the scene itself.

Imagination is not antagonistic to observation. In order to read a poem well, we analyze it, we study all possible references, we look up facts regarding places mentioned, we refer to events of history, we study the lives of any historical characters which may be referred to; but in the act of reading, all this knowledge is so assimilated that it furnishes only a background or material for imaginative conception.

Memory recalls specific facts and objects; but imagination supplies situations and living relations. Imagination takes facts, and gives them vital kinship to other facts. It deals not with the letter, but with the spirit. "Imagination," says Wordsworth, "has no reference to images that are merely a faithful copy, existing in the mind, of absent external objects; but is a word of higher import, denoting operations of the mind upon those objects, and processes of creation or of composition.

> "'half way down
> Hangs one who gathers samphire,'

is the well-known expression of Shakespeare, delineating an ordinary image upon the cliffs of Dover." Here is found "a slight exertion of the faculty which I denominate imagination, in the

use of one word: neither the goats nor the samphire-gatherer do literally hang, as does the parrot or the monkey; but, presenting to the senses something of such an appearance, the mind in its activity, for its own gratification, contemplates them as hanging.

> "'As when far off at sea a fleet descried
> Hangs in the clouds: . . . so seemed
> Far off the flying Fiend.'

Here is the full strength of the imagination involved in the word *hangs*, and exerted upon the whole image. First, the fleet, an aggregate of many ships, is represented as one mighty person, whose track, we know and feel, is upon the waters; but, taking advantage of its appearance to the senses, the Poet dares to represent it as hanging in the clouds, both for the gratification of the mind in contemplating the image itself, and in reference to the motion and appearance of the sublime objects to which it is compared."

PROBLEM VI. *Read an extract, and call into exercise simply the memory: then read the same extract with an imaginative atmosphere, without perverting memory.*

> THE old trees
> Which grew by our youth's home; the waving mass
> Of climbing plants, heavy with bloom and dew;
> The morning swallows with their songs like words, —
> All these seem clear and most distinct amid
> The fever and the stir of after years. *Browning.*

PROBLEM VII. *Read a description of some place, and show how the imagination can build upon memory, and act without perverting it.*

> O ROME! my country! city of the soul!
> The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
> Lone Mother of dead empires! and control
> In their shut breasts their petty misery.
> What are our woes and sufferance? Come and see
> The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
> O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, ye
> Whose agonies are evils of a day!
> A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe,
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago.
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
Old Tiber, through a marble wilderness?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress!

Byron.

MONT BLANC BEFORE SUNRISE.[1]

Hast thou a charm to stay the Morning-star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O sovereign Blanc!
The Arvé and the Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form,
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee, and above,
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it
As with a wedge. But when I look again
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity.

O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought! entranced in prayer
I worshipped the Invisible alone.
Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody, —
So sweet we know not we are listening to it, —
Thou, the mean while wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life, and life's own secret joy;
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing — there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven.

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs! all join my hymn!

[1] In parts, a paraphrase of Fredrike Brün's poem, p. 222.

Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale!
Oh, struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink,—
Companion of the Morning-star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald — wake! oh, wake! and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
Forever shattered, and the same forever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder, and eternal foam?
And who commanded,— and the silence came,—
"Here let the billows stiffen and have rest"?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain,—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?

"God!" let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plain echo, "God!"
"God!" sing, ye meadow streams, with gladsome voice!
Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, "God!"
Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth "God!" and fill the hills with praise!

Thou too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast, —
Thou too, again, stupendous mountain! thou
That, as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling, with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me, — rise, oh, ever rise!
Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit, throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God. *Coleridge.*

PROBLEM VIII. *Read an account of some historic event, and show how the imagination may be used to realize its significance more vividly.*

THE CONCORD HYMN.

BY the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone,
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, or leave their children free!
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee. *Emerson.*

THIS precious stone set in a silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive of a house
Against the enemy of less happier lands:

This blessèd plot, this earth, this realm, this England!—
This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror
But when it first did help to wound itself,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

Richard II. *Shakespeare.*

IV. IMAGINATION AND SCIENCE.

IMAGINATION is not a wild departure from truth. Truth is its material, its life and soul. It uses all the facts of science. Poetry in every age employs discoveries as the rounds of a ladder up which it climbs to a higher outlook upon the mystery of the universe. No age has equalled our own in scientific investigations. These have furnished Tennyson with some of his greatest inspirations; and the deepest philosophical thought of our speculative age has been the theme of Browning. Bacon, the father of all modern science, was contemporaneous with Shakespeare. In our greatest era of poetry the foundations of science were laid. Poetry and science are not antagonistic. In fact, imagination is an agent in scientific investigation; it is part of the initiatory step of the true scientific method. The scientific method begins with preliminary observation or formation of hypothesis; and to this succeeds experiment and observation, to prove or disprove this hypothesis; then follows generalization. Thus imagination precedes and inspires scientific investigation, and true scientific attainment awakens a struggle for higher realization of the new truth.

Imagination goes beyond science; it supplies what science lacks; it brings the facts discovered by science into living unity.

As truth is not antagonistic to fact, so imagination is not antagonistic to reason. Indeed, imagination gives careful observation, and is helpful to reception: as Wordsworth has said, "Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge."

Imagination has a sphere peculiarly her own. She refuses to become the handmaid or servant of any science, philosophy, creed, or

view of life; and yet she sheds light on all. She does not supply or pervert facts, nor is she subservient to them. She unites facts, and discovers higher relations, beauties, and truths. She often points out the path where reason and experiment must walk, and always precedes rather than follows. She transcends external relations, but never warps or acts inconsistently with truth.

In the following illustration, notice with what scientific accuracy Tennyson describes the coming on of night and the rising moon. Nor is the passage any less poetic for its scientific basis.

MOVE eastward, happy Earth! and leave
  Yon orange sunset waning slow:
From fringes of the faded eve,
  O happy planet! eastward go;
Till over thy dark shoulder glow
  Thy silver sister-world, and rise
  To glass herself in dewy eyes
That watch me from the glen below.

In the same way, note the scientific facts hinted at in the next illustration from "In Memoriam." The ideas of Tennyson are here also scientifically accurate; he gives established facts, and the poetry is all the more sublime and imaginative from its truthfulness.

THERE rolls the deep where grew the tree.
  O Earth, what changes hast thou seen!
  There where the long street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea.
The hills are shadows, and they flow
  From form to form, and nothing stands;
  They melt like mist, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

PROBLEM IX. *State in plain prose the scientific facts referred to in one of the following poems; then read the poem, and observe the uses made of such facts by the imagination. Are the facts perverted by being idealized, or only more intensely realized?*

ROLL on, and with thy rolling crust
  That round thy poles thou twirlest,
Roll with thee, Earth! this grain of dust,
  As through the Vast thou whirlest:

IMAGINATION AND SCIENCE.

On, on through zones of dark and light
Still waft me, blind and reeling,
Around the Sun, and with his flight
In wilder orbits wheeling.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main, —
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare;
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl, —
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed, —
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil!
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is borne
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

O. W. Holmes.

THE RISING OF THE HILLS.

SINKING, sinking, all the country slowly sank beneath the waves;
And the ocean swept the forests, reptiles, dragons, to their graves;
Afterwards with shells old Ocean all the conquered country paves, —

Singing, "It is mine forever!" — Not forever, not for long,
For the subterranean forces laughed at Ocean's boastful song,
Lifting up the sunken country, for their backs were broad and strong,

Till the sea-shells were uplifted even to the mountain peak.
Far below the waves are moaning, but with voices faint and weak,
Sorrowing for their lost dominion and the toys they vainly seek.

Hamerton

THE PETRIFIED FERN.

IN a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern-leaf, green and slender,
Veining delicate and fibres tender;
Waving when the wind crept down so low.
Rushes tall, and moss, and grass grew round it,
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
Drops of dew stole in by night and crowned it,
But no foot of man e'er trod that way:
Earth was young, and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
Stately forests waved their giant branches,
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain:
Nature revelled in grand mysteries.
But the little fern was not of these,
Did not number with the hills and trees;
Only grew and waved its wild sweet way,
None ever came to note it day by day.

Earth one time put on a frolic mood,
Heaved the rocks, and changed the mighty motion
Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean,
Moved the plain and shook the haughty wood,
Crushed the little fern in soft moist clay, —
Covered it, and hid it safe away.
Oh, the long, long centuries since that day!
Oh, the agony! Oh, life's bitter cost,
Since that useless little fern was lost!

Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man,
Searching Nature's secrets, far and deep;
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran
Fairy pencillings, a quaint design, —
Veinings, leafage, fibres clear and fine, —
And the fern's life lay in every line!
So, I think, God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us, the last day.

Mary Bolles Branch.

V. THE IDEAL AND THE REAL.

It is the usual opinion that the imagination is concerned with the ideal; that it creates the ideal. This is true; but this is only one function of the imagination. All great art is either a realization of the ideal, or an idealization of the real. In fact, it is usually both.

When we look at the statue in the west pediment of the Parthenon, representing the river Cephissos, we are tempted to call Phidias a realist. The cloth which hangs over the arm is rendered with literal accuracy; only a wet cloth could hang in this position. Yet Phidias is considered the idealist of the idealists.

Ideal art does not mean that form of art which is above or contrary to the facts of Nature, or even that which is obtained by a process of abstraction, but refers to an art product which is an embodiment of the conceptions of the human mind. That is to say, ideal art is a realization in natural form of an imaginative conception. Phidias, therefore, was an idealist because he embodied a mental conception in a statue; the fact that he adopted literal details true to Nature did not make him a realist.

Realism, on the contrary, is the idealization of the real. The imagination is perhaps as much concerned with realistic art as with idealistic art. Rembrandt had a positive imaginative delight in every wrinkle of the old faces whose portraits he has painted. Zorn can give imaginative feeling in the most simple and realistic touch. F. H. Tompkins shows imaginative delight in the simplest shadow.

In fact, realism and idealism are two modes of artistic endeavor. Idealism begins with mental conception, and brings it into the realm of real objects, and makes that an object of sense which was only a dim dream. Realism begins with the physical object, with the definite literal fact; brings imagination to bear upon it; paints the spirit beneath the surface, and so lifts it into the realm of poetry and of beautiful truth. In both the idealistic and the realistic processes a coloring is received from personality. Thus art in each case is "the intervention of personality."

There may, therefore, be unimaginative realistic art. Where there is no intervention of personality, no "conforming of the shows of things to the desires and feelings of the mind," all is a mere copy and reproduction of the literal object. But there may be also unimaginative idealism. The artist has merely reproduced conventional conceptions received from others. He may have even an original conception of the object, and paint it in an artificial, conventional way with total absence of imagination. Some of the most conventional forms, some of the most academic products of art students, are in the line of idealism.

True art, or genuine work of the imagination, — whether it is the embodiment of the mental conceptions in objective form, or a truthful rendering of the simple facts of Nature, — is a union of something which belongs to the feeling heart with something which belongs to objective Nature. Coleridge once said of painting, that it was something between a thought and a thing, "a union of that which is human with that which is natural."

This principle applies also to poetry. Many poems are mere mental conceptions, and seem to have no correspondent existence in the actual world; but they are embodied in conceivable forms, and are communicated from mind to mind by suggestion. Such poems are ideal. But there are also poems which deal faithfully and definitely with the simplest facts of Nature, with the simplest occurrences in human life. Here the imagination is none the less present, having lent its services to the idealization, to the giving of environment and atmosphere.

Nothing is more important than to have an adequate conception of the wide range of imaginative action. Imagination is not the

slave of any theory of art; it is not subservient to any one age, class of men, or view of art. He who tries to decide upon the presence of imagination in any artistic production, on the basis of his own theory or definition of art, is very sure to make a mistake, since the appreciation of poetry and music demands the broadest sympathy. Imagination has been different in every age, and yet the same. It has aided not only the sublimest work, but has lent its charm to the simplest production of human hands.

It must be recognized, in short, that no class of subjects, no class of human beings, no peculiar theory of art or poetry, has a monopoly of imagination. Anything may be made a subject of imaginative contemplation; anything may become poetic by being "intensely realized."

PROBLEM X. *Read a passage describing some real object or scene, and also some passage involving the most ideal thought, and note the action of the imagination in each case, and express this as far as possible by the voice: in other words, idealize the real, and realize the ideal.*

ON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

EARTH has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would be be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendor valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep.
The river glideth at his own sweet will.
Dear God, the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still.

Wordsworth.

KUBLA KHAN.

IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree,
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.

So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round :
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree ;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.
But oh that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !
A savage place ! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover !
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced,
Amid whose swift, half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail ;
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean ;
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war !

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves,
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !
A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw :
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 't would win me,
That with music loud and long
I would build that dome in air, —
That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !
And all who heard should see them there,

THE IDEAL AND THE REAL.

And all should cry, Beware! beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise. *Coleridge.*

FROM POESY.

She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the midst of sorrow;
Makes the desolatest place
To her presence be a grace,
And the blackest discontents
Be her fairest ornaments.
In my former days of bliss
Her divine skill taught me this:
That from everything I saw
I could some invention draw,
And raise pleasure to her height
By the meanest object's sight,—
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rustling,
Or a daisy whose leaves spread,
Shut when Titan goes to bed,
Or a shady bush or tree.
She could more infuse in me
Than all Nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man;
By her help I also now
Make this churlish place allow
Some things that may sweeten gladness
In the very gall of sadness.
The dull lowness, the black shade,
That these hanging vaults have made;
The strange music of the waves
Beating on these hollow caves;
This black den which rocks emboss,
Overgrown with eldest moss;
The rude portals that give light
More to Terror than Delight;
This my chamber of Neglect,
Walled about with Disrespect,—

From all these, and this dull air,
A fit object for Despair,
She hath taught me by her might
To draw comfort and delight.
Therefore, thou best earthly bliss,
I will cherish thee for this.
Poesy, thou sweet'st content
That e'er Heaven to mortals lent,
Though they as a trifle leave thee,
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee,
Thou then be to them a scorn,
That to naught but earth are born,—
Let my life no longer be
Than I am in love with thee.

Written in Marshalsea Prison. *George Wither.*

VI. IMAGINATION AND FANCY.

THE harmonious nave of the cathedral fell asleep, with its arms extended in the shape of a cross. *Louis Bertrand.*

"SHE comes like the husht beauty of the night,
But sees too deep for laughter;
Her touch is a vibration and a light
From worlds before and after."

ONE important function of the imagination is to retain the attention in the study of the simplest objects or events. It can not only penetrate to the depth, but contemplate the simplest aspects of Nature and life. In its workings we often find a conscious or unconscious comparison. There is an unconscious union of conceptions which are remotely separated; but all differences are brought into a harmonious union.

All actions of the imagination are complex; it unites the most diverse ideas; it harmonizes antithetic conceptions; it reconciles opposites, and produces a living, organic unity.

One definition of beauty is "unity in the midst of variety." It is the function of the imagination to discover this unity. It can hold many conceptions simultaneously, and unite them by discovering a central idea.

The combination or comparison of complex conceptions must be immediate and spontaneous, or the result will be the action of fancy, if not of a still lower mental power. The contemplation, too, must be simple and sincere, if not unconscious. Where the comparison is conscious, the process is more the work of fancy; but where contemplation is concentrated at the heart of the object, the union of complex conceptions natural and spontaneous, the relation sincere and sympathetic, then imagination is dominant.

Imagination is often confounded with fancy. To distinguish between them is one of the most helpful means of appreciating the highest action of the imagination.

Fancy has more to do with the playful comparison of objects, with apparent or superficial relation, with the discovery of odd images and illustrations. It is wilder and more extravagant. Imagination deals with the essential nature of objects; fancy, with curious and unexpected resemblances. Imagination is the source of sympathy and insight, and is therefore far more intimately related to feeling than fancy. Fancy is playful and mischievous; it is not the result of a serious mood of mind and heart. Imagination, on the contrary, sees to the depth of things; it is serious, sincere, and truthful. Fancy is often exaggerated and untruthful; it imitates and mocks. Imagination sees things in relation to the heart; it touches the deepest chords of feeling; it is the one faculty which sees the life of things. Without imagination the human soul is imprisoned in a narrow cell, the mind has but one point of view, — never sees with other eyes, catches no gleam of the eternal morning, feels no future in the present.

The difference between fancy and imagination can be better illustrated than defined. Let us take two extracts from Shelley. His poem upon "The Cloud" is popular. It is easy for the mind to carry on its playful and beautiful comparison: —

> I WIELD the flail of the lashing hail,
> And whiten the green plains under;
> And then again I dissolve it in rain,
> And laugh as I pass in thunder.

The sanguine Sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack
When the morning star shines dead ;
As on the jag of a mountain crag
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on my airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

The variety of images in this poem is often mistaken for imagination. But it is not highly imaginative; the heart is not touched; there is no deep insight into the beauty of the cloud and its relations to the Infinite, or to the soul of man. Hence, it is one of the weakest of Shelley's poems.

There is more imagination in the following four lines from "Prometheus Unbound" than in the whole poem of "The Cloud;" more insight, more suggestion of feeling, more realization of the truth of Nature. The subject is the same, but much more simply, sincerely, and sympathetically treated. The mind identifies human experience with Nature, but there is no external comparison.

We wander'd underneath the young gray dawn,
And multitudes of dense white fleecy clouds
Were wandering in thick flocks along the mountains,
Shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind.

Contrast also with "The Cloud" — his masterpiece, if not the greatest masterpiece of lyric poetry — the "Prometheus Unbound." This poem is not popular; unfortunately, it is rarely read, even by professed lovers of poetry. It demands the highest activity of the imagination for its comprehension. There is little of fancy, but much of imagination. It is not merely a difference of subject, but a difference of insight, a difference of ideal exaltation.

Take, for example, the scene where the spirits speak to Prometheus; that is, where are represented the arts that minister to the human mind; or this where Panthea and Asia, commonly understood in the language of prose to be Faith and Love, make their journey to the far-off cave of Demogorgon, — a journey which suggests the long struggles and progress of the human race through the different ages of gloom to the far-off realization of its ideal. During this journey, delicate voices or echoes ever call them onward and upward, inspiring them with patience and perseverance.

THE JOURNEY OF FAITH AND LOVE.

Morning. A lovely Vale in the Indian Caucasus.

Asia (alone). From all the blasts of heaven thou hast descended:
Yes, like a spirit, like a thought, which makes
Unwonted tears throng to the horny eyes,
And beatings haunt the desolated heart,
Which should have learnt repose: thou hast descended
Cradled in tempests; thou dost wake, O Spring!
A child of many winds! As suddenly
Thou comest as the memory of a dream,
Which now is sad because it hath been sweet.
This is the season, this the day, the hour;
At sunrise thou shouldst come, sweet sister mine,
Too long desired, too long delaying, come!
How like death-worms the wingless moments crawl!
The point of one white star is quivering still
Deep in the orange light of widening morn
Beyond the purple mountains: through a chasm
Of wind-divided mist the darker lake
Reflects it: now it wanes; it gleams again
As the waves fade, and as the burning threads
Of woven cloud unravel in the pale air:
'T is lost! and through yon peaks of cloud-like snow
The roseate sunlight quivers: hear I not
The Æolian music of her sea-green plumes
Winnowing the crimson dawn?
(*To Panthea entering.*) I feel, I see
Those eyes which burn through smiles that fade in tears,
Like stars half quenched in mists of silver dew.
Beloved and most beautiful, who wearest
The shadow of that soul by which I live,

How late thou art! the spherèd sun had climbed
The sea; my heart was sick with hope, before
The printless air felt thy belated plumes.
Pan. Pardon, great sister! but my wings were faint
With the delight of a remembered dream,
As are the noontide plumes of summer winds
Satiate with sweet flowers.
Asia. Lift up thine eyes,
And let me read thy dream.
Pan. As I have said,
With our sea-sister at his feet I slept.
The mountain mists, condensing at our voice
Under the moon, had spread their snowy flakes,
From the keen ice shielding our linkèd sleep.
Then two dreams came. One I remember not;
But in the other his pale wound-worn limbs
Fell from Prometheus, and the azure night
Grew radiant with the glory of that form
Which lives unchanged within, and his voice fell
Like music which makes giddy the dim brain,
Faint with intoxication of keen joy:
"Sister of her whose footsteps pave the world
With loveliness, — more fair than aught but her
Whose shadow thou art, — lift thine eyes on me."
I lifted them: the overpowering light
Of that immortal shape was shadowed o'er
By love, which, from his soft and flowing limbs,
And passion-parted lips, and keen, faint eyes,
Steamed forth like vaporous fire, — an atmosphere
Which wrapt me in its all-dissolving power,
As the warm ether of the morning sun
Wraps ere it drinks some cloud of wandering dew.
Asia. Thou speakest, but thy words
Are as the air: I feel them not: oh, lift
Thine eyes, that I may read his written soul!
Pan. I lift them, though they droop beneath the load
Of that they would express: what canst thou see
But thine own fairest shadow imaged there?
Asia. Thine eyes are like the deep, blue, boundless heaven
Contracted to two circles underneath
Their long, fine lashes; dark, far, measureless,
Orb within orb, and line through line inwoven.
Pan. Why lookest thou as if a spirit past?
Asia. There is a change; beyond their inmost depth

I see a shade, a shape: 't is he, arrayed
In the soft light of his own smiles, which spread
Like radiance from the cloud-surrounded morn.
Prometheus, it is thine! depart not yet!
Say not those smiles that we shall meet again
Within that bright pavilion which their beams
Shall build on the waste world? The dream is told.
What shape is that between us? Its rude hair
Roughens the wind that lifts it; its regard
Is wild and quick, yet 't is a thing of air,
For through its grey robe gleams the golden dew
Whose stars the noon has quenched not.

Dream. Follow! Follow!

Pan. It is mine other dream.

Asia. It disappears.

Pan. It passes now into my mind. Methought,
As we sate here, the flower-enfolding buds
Burst on yon lightning-blasted almond-tree,
When swift from the white Scythian wilderness
A wind swept forth wrinkling the earth with frost:
I looked, and all the blossoms were blown down;
But on each leaf was stamped, as the blue-bells
Of Hyacinth tell Apollo's written grief,
OH, FOLLOW, FOLLOW!

Asia. As you speak, your words
Fill, pause by pause, my own forgotten sleep
With shapes. Methought among the lawns together
We wandered, underneath the young grey dawn,
And multitudes of dense, white, fleecy clouds
Were wandering in thick flocks along the mountains
Shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind;
And the white dew on the new-bladed grass,
Just piercing the dark earth, hung silently;
And there was more which I remember not;
But on the shadows of the morning clouds,
Athwart the purple mountain slope, was written
FOLLOW, OH, FOLLOW! As they vanished by,
And on each herb from which heaven's dew had fallen
The like was stamped, as with a withering fire,
A wind arose among the pines; it shook
The clinging music from their boughs, and then
Low, sweet, faint sounds, like the farewell of ghosts,
Were heard: OH, FOLLOW, FOLLOW, FOLLOW ME!
And then I said, "Panthea, look on me."

But in the depth of those beloved eyes
Still I saw, FOLLOW, FOLLOW!

Echo. Follow! Follow!

Pan. The crags, this clear spring morning, mock our voices
As they were spirit-tongued.

Asia. It is some being
Around the crags. What fine clear sounds! Oh, list!

Echoes (unseen). Echoes we: listen!
We cannot stay:
As dew-stars glisten,
Then fade away —
Child of Ocean!

Asia. Hark! Spirits speak. The liquid responses
Of their aërial tongues yet sound.

Pan. I hear.

Echoes. Oh, follow, follow,
As our voice recedeth
Through the caverns hollow,
Where the forest spreadeth; (*More distant.*)
Oh, follow, follow!
Through the caverns hollow,
As the song floats thou pursue
Where the wild bee never flew,
Through the noontide darkness deep,
By the odour-breathing sleep
Of faint night-flowers, and the waves
At the fountain-lighted caves.
While our music, wild and sweet,
Mocks thy gently-falling feet,
Child of Ocean!

Asia. Shall we pursue the sound? It grows more faint
And distant.

Pan. List! the strain floats nearer now.

Echoes. In the world unknown
Sleeps a voice unspoken;
By thy step alone
Can its rest be broken,
Child of Ocean!

Asia. How the notes sink upon the ebbing wind!

Echoes. Oh, follow, follow!
Through the caverns hollow;
As the song floats thou pursue,
By the woodland noontide dew;
By the forests, lakes, and fountains,

Through the many-folded mountains;
To the rents and gulfs and chasms,
Where the earth reposed from spasms,
On the day when he and thou
Parted, to commingle now,
Child of Ocean!

Asia. Come, sweet Panthea, link thy hand in mine,
And follow, ere the voices fade away.

Shelley.

One of the first to make a distinction between fancy and imagination was Wordsworth, in one of his famous prefaces to his poems. No better words can be found to explain their differences than a few sentences from this famous Essay: "Fancy," he says, "does not require that the materials which she makes use of should be susceptible of change in their constitution from her touch; and, where they admit of modification, it is enough for her purpose if it be slight, limited, and evanescent. Directly the reverse of these are the desires and demands of the Imagination. She recoils from everything but the plastic, the pliant, and the indefinite. When the Imagination frames a comparison, if it does not strike on the first presentation, a sense of the truth of the likeness, from the moment that is perceived, grows, and continues to grow, upon the mind, — the resemblance depending less upon outline of form and feature than upon expression and effect; less upon casual and outstanding than upon inherent and internal properties: moreover, the images invariably modify each other. The law under which the processes of Fancy are carried on is as capricious as the accidents of things; and the effects are surprising, playful, ludicrous, amusing, tender, or pathetic, as the objects happen to be appositely produced or fortunately combined. Fancy depends upon the rapidity and profusion with which she scatters her thoughts and images; trusting that their number, and the felicity with which they are linked together, will make amends for the want of individual value: or she prides herself upon the curious subtilty and the successful elaboration with which she can detect their lurking affinities. If she can win you over to her purpose, and impart to you her feelings, she cares not how unstable or transitory may be her influence, knowing that it will not be out of her power to

resume it upon an apt occasion. But the Imagination is conscious of an indestructible dominion: the Soul may fall away from it, not being able to sustain its grandeur; but if once felt and acknowledged, by no act of any other faculty of the mind can it be relaxed, impaired, or diminished. Fancy is given to quicken and to beguile the temporal part of our nature, Imagination to incite and to support the eternal."

Another writer who has done much to awaken a true appreciation of the exalted function of imagination as distinguished from fancy is Ruskin. The student cannot do better than to take a few of his illustrations and test them by vocal expression.

"WHERE the Norweyan banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold."

"WHO is she that looketh forth as the morning, — fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?"

Of the first of these extracts, Ruskin says: "The outward shiver and coldness of fear is seized on, and irregularly but admirably attributed by the fancy to the drift of the banners." Of the second: "The imagination stays not at the outside, but dwells on the fearful emotion itself."

A NUN demure of lowly port; or sprightly maiden, of Love's court, in thy simplicity the sport of all temptations; a queen in crown of rubies drest; a starveling in a scanty vest, — are all, as seems to suit thee best, thy appellations.

A little cyclops, with one eye staring to threaten and defy, — that thought comes next; and instantly the freak is over, the shape will vanish — and behold a silver shield with boss of gold, that spreads itself, some faery bold in fight to cover.

I see thee glittering from afar — and then thou art a pretty star; not quite so fair as many are in heaven above thee! Yet like a star, with glittering crest, self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest: may peace come never to his nest, who shall reprove thee!

Bright Flower! for by that name at last, when all my reveries are past, I call thee, — and to that cleave fast, sweet silent creature! that breath'st with me in sun and air, do thou, as thou art wont, repair my heart with gladness and a share of thy meek nature!

From "To a Daisy." *Wordsworth.*

Which stanza here is the most imaginative? Ruskin says: "Observe how spiritual, yet how wandering and playful the fancy is in the first stanzas, and how far she flies from the matter in hand, never stopping to brood on the character of any one of the images she summons, and yet for a moment truly seeing and believing in them all; while in the last stanza the imagination returns with its deep feeling to the heart of the flower and 'cleaves fast' to that." There is more imagination in the last, because it is more simple, more genuine, truer to human experience, and centres the mind's attention, as the imagination always does, at the heart of things.

BRING the rathe primrose, that forsaken dies;	(Imag.)
The tufted crow-toe and pale jessamine,	(Nugatory.)
The white pink and the pansy freaked with jet,	(Fancy.)
The glowing violet,	(Imag.)
The musk-rose and the well-attired woodbine,	(Fancy, vulgar.)
With cowslips wan, that hang the pensive head,	(Imag.)
And every flower that sad embroidery wears.	(Mixed.)

Milton.

O, PROSERPINA,
For the flowers now, that frighted thou let'st fall
From Dis's wagon: Daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty. Violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids.

Shakespeare.

Ruskin contrasts these extracts from Milton and Shakespeare. "Observe," he says, "how the imagination in these last lines goes into the very inmost soul of every flower, after having touched them all at first with that heavenly timidness, the shadow of Proserpine's, and gilded them with celestial gathering, and never stops on their spots or their bodily shape; while Milton sticks in the stains upon them, and puts us off with that unhappy freak of jet in the very flower that without this bit of paper-staining would

have been the most precious to us of all. 'There is pansies, that 's for thoughts.' "

While the imagination is superior to fancy, it must be borne in mind that fancy is not to be despised. It has a high and important function, though one distinct from imagination. The true office of each of these is best illustrated by Shakespeare. He gives the greatest variety, as well as the highest action, of both of these faculties.

PROBLEM XI. *Contrast the play of fancy with imagination; note the difference in mental action, and in the effect upon the voice.*

O, THEN, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairy midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep.
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers:
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinner's legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her wagoner, a small grey-coated gnat.
And in this state, she gallops night by night
Though lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
O'er courtiers knees, that dream on curtsies straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream:
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail
Tickling a parson's nose that lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five-fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts, and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. *Shakespeare.*

IMAGINATION AND FANCY.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste;
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account fore-bemoanèd moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before:
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

Shakespeare.

By wells and rills, in medowes greene,
We nightly sing our heydey guise;
And to our fairy king and queene
We chant our moonlight minstrelsies:
When larks 'gan sing, away we fling;
And babes new-borne steal as we go,
And elfe in bed we leave instead,
And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho!

Shakespeare.

There is an eminence of these our hills,
The last that parleys with the setting sun.

Wordsworth.

AMONG THE ROCKS.

Oh, good gigantic smile o' the brown old Earth,
This autumn morning! How he sets his bones
To bask i' the sun, and thrusts out knees and feet
For the ripple to run over in its mirth;
Listening the while, where on the heap of stones
The white breast of the sea-lark twitters sweet!

That is the doctrine, simple, ancient, true;
Such is life's trial, as old Earth smiles and knows.
If you loved only what were worth your love,
Love were clear gain, and wholly well for you:
Make the low nature better by your throes!
Give Earth yourself, go up for gain above!

Browning.

THERE 's one great bunch of stars in heaven
That shines so sturdily,
Where good Saint Peter's sinewy hand
Holds up the dull gold-wroughten key.

And also there 's a little star
So white, a virgin's it must be, —
Perhaps the lamp my love in heaven
Hangs out to light the way for me.

Theophile Marzials.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

LOW hanging in a cloud of burnished gold,
The sleepy sun lay dreaming ;
And where, pearl-wrought, the Orient gates unfold,
Wide ocean realms were gleaming.
Within the night he rose and stole away,
And, like a gem adorning,
Blazed o'er the sea upon the breast of day, —
And everywhere was morning.

Eugene Field.

VII. ACTIONS OF THE IMAGINATION.

THE Poet should communicate an Infinitude to his delineation. By intensity of conception, by that gift of transcendental Thought which is fitly named *genius* and inspiration, he should *inform* the Finite with a certain Infinitude of significance ; or, as they sometimes say, ennoble the Actual into Idealness. *Carlyle.*

THE outward shows of sky and earth,
Of hill and valley, he has viewed ;
And impulses of deeper birth
Have come to him in solitude.

In common things that round us lie
Some random truths he can impart, —
The harvest of a quiet eye
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

Wordsworth.

THE most diverse opinions are held regarding the imagination. One of the latest theories is that there is no such faculty, but that the human mind is full of "imaginations." According to this view, the imagination is simply a general word for perceptive

action. Another theory is that the imagination is not a separate faculty, but is the spontaneous and harmonious union of all the faculties and powers of the mind acting together contemplatively or creatively.

Theories, however, are of little value in comparison with the direct study of the action and products of the faculty itself. What are some of the simplest and most elemental actions of the imagination?

Imagination can unite a general idea to an individual conception. According to logic, a general idea has greater "extension," and an individual idea greater intension. The word *tree*, for example, covers far more objects than *oak*. There is a less number of marks characteristic of the conception awakened in the mind by the word *tree*, and a greater number by the word *oak*. Extension and intension are thus in direct opposition. Now, observe the imagination: —

> THEY lay along the battery's side,
> Below the smoking cannon;
> Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
> And from the banks of Shannon.

Song of the Camp. *Bayard Taylor.*

The thought expressed in plain prose in these lines is simply that there lay on the battle-field soldiers from England, Scotland, and Ireland; but this general thought is stated imaginatively. The poet names or suggests each place by a characteristic which awakens a vivid picture and sympathetic feeling. He does not suggest a map of the regions, but brings before us three rivers. "Brave hearts" names not only soldiers, but suggests also the thought which he wishes to emphasize in his poem. Thus he leads us to realize that the soldiers are living men, with homes and affections. The picture of the river is in the foreground of each conception, while the general thought of the country is in the background. The truth is stated not only clearly and adequately, but with far greater force. It brings mutual facts into the realm of feeling; it makes everything living and human.

Logic and reason secure a universal by eliminating the specific and concrete marks; the result is an abstraction. But the imagination secures a universal in exactly the opposite way. It penetrates beneath the accidents, and fixes the attention upon the essential elements; and by vivid realization and by getting at the heart of objects, or the distinct character of a scene, it chooses such an expression that a specific and concrete fact becomes a suggestion of a universal truth. It unites a specific and definite image with all the marks of intension, and gives it in such a way as to suggest extension. The imagination is thus a power that can unite intension and extension in conception; and this explains, partly at least, why reason and imagination, poetry and science, are so antithetic to each other.

The imagination realizes ideas. It translates abstractions into more conceivable forms. Out of vague and chaotic ideas, it creates an organic unity; out of the dryest abstractions, it makes vivid pictures. It brings the coldest conceptions of the intellect into sympathy with the heart; it turns dry facts into living truth. It sees the life in all the operations of Nature, and creates a new world.

L'ESPÉRANCE.

Only a brave old maple,
  Shorn of its scarlet and gold,
And traced in the scroll of sunset
  As a handwriting — black and bold.

A low, wailing wind frets the branches,
  The dead leaves start up in surprise,
Till, in the hush of the gloaming,
  The dryad's sad monody dies.

O desolate tree in the meadow,
  With pleading hands stretched to the sky!
Do you know the glad hopes of the springtide
  Asleep in your folded arms lie?

And never a breath of the storm-king,
  And never a waft of the snow,
Can snatch the frail bud from its casket,
  Or loose the firm anchor below?

'Bide patiently, then, the bleak winter,
And change the sad wail to a song:
Bear up, for the robins and bluebirds
And south winds are coming ere long.

Anon.

Again, the imagination elevates or idealizes the simplest objects, scenes, or events. "The ideal," says Charles Blanc, "is the primitive divine exemplar of all things; it is, so to speak, a reminiscence of having already witnessed perfection, and the hope of seeing it once again." This is but one of the many echoes of the greatest of all definitions of the ideal. "It is," says Plato, "a recollection of those things our soul formerly beheld when in company with God, despising the things that we now say are, and looking upward towards that which really is."

Bacon expresses what is perhaps the most prevalent modern view regarding the idealizing action of the mind. "Poetry," says he, "has something divine in it, because it raises the mind and hurries it into sublimity by conforming the shows of things to the desires of the soul, instead of subjecting the soul to external things, as reason and history do."

What more simple and more familiar experience than falling asleep! To many it is in the highest degree commonplace, but notice how the imagination may lift it into the realm of interest and beauty: —

Soon trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay,
Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppress'd
Her smoothèd limbs, and soul, fatigued away,
Flown, like a thought, until the morrow day;
Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain;
Clasp'd like a missal, where swart Paynims pray;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut and be a bud again.

Eve of St. Agnes. *Keats.*

Every one will speak of the silent sky and the lonely hills, but notice how the imagination of the poet seizes the characteristic which brings these two objects of human attention together,

creating in the mind a perfect picture and awakening noble feeling with the simplest words. We can read the following lines so as to make them seem commonplace and lacking in poetry; but when we give up our imagination to the suggestions of the author, we realize how superficial was our first impression: —

> Love had he found in huts where poor men lie;
> His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
> The silence that is in the starry sky,
> The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

Brougham Castle. *Wordsworth.*

Imagination, as already implied, penetrates to the depth; it does not deal in external accidents and mechanical relations, but sees the heart of the object, or its relations, act, or character; it finds the elements and the cause in everything which it touches, and goes to the true fountain-head of expression. Witness in this extract how forcible simple ideas and simple words may become:

> Weariness
> Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
> Finds the down-pillow hard.

Cymbeline. *Shakespeare.*

Here Shakespeare does not say sleeps soundly, peacefully slumbers, or rests in repose; he uses only one word, but it is the one word that can give the most definite impression. He does not say hardest bed, nor floor, nor ground, nor even stone, but "flint;" and then he contrasts with this, not bed, but something more specific, a "down-pillow." Thus the imagination reaches to that which is most simple and fundamental. It gives the one object and finds the one word which will suggest by one image, without detail, the deepest idea and most definite contrast.

Before the dawn, comes the marginal minute of the dark, when the grove is still mute, save for one prophetic bird, who sings with a clear-voiced conviction that he at least knows the correct time of day, — the rest preserving silence, as if equally convinced that he is mistaken.

Thomas Hardy.

Plain prose will tell us that a guitar is made of wood, and the ordinary mind will go no further than to look simply at the accidentals, and perhaps wonder at the texture of the wood and its resonance. Now listen to Shelley. He sent this poem, with an instrument, as a present, to Mrs. Williams. Here is the very soul of music. All the history, the breezes, and the storms which have passed over the tree are imprisoned in the wood, and can only be set free by the master hand: —

TO A LADY, WITH A GUITAR.

ARIEL to Miranda: — Take
This slave of music, for the sake
Of him who is the slave of thee;
And teach it all the harmony
In which thou canst, and only thou,
Make the delighted spirit glow,
Till joy denies itself again,
And, too intense, is turn'd to pain.
For by permission and command
Of thine own Prince Ferdinand,
Poor Ariel sends this silent token
Of more than ever can be spoken:
Your guardian spirit, Ariel, who
From life to life must still pursue
Your happiness, for thus alone
Can Ariel ever find his own;
From Prospero's enchanted cell,
As the mighty verses tell,
To the throne of Naples he
Lit you o'er the trackless sea,
Flitting on, your prow before,
Like a living meteor.
When you die, the silent Moon
In her interlunar swoon
Is not sadder in her cell
Than deserted Ariel;
When you live again on earth,
Like an unseen Star of birth
Ariel guides you o'er the sea
Of life from your nativity.
Many changes have been run
Since Ferdinand and you begun

Your course of love, and Ariel still
Has track'd your steps and served your will.
Now in humbler, happier lot
This is all remember'd not ;
And now, alas! the poor sprite is
Imprison'd for some fault of his,
In a body like a grave —
From you he only dares to crave
For his service and his sorrow
A smile to-day, a song to-morrow.

The artist who this idol wrought
To echo all harmonious thought,
Fell'd a tree, while on the steep
The woods were in their winter sleep,
Rock'd in that repose divine
On the wind-swept Apennine ;
And dreaming, some of autumn past,
And some of spring approaching fast,
And some of April buds and showers,
And some of songs in July bowers,
And all of love ; and so this tree —
Oh that such our death may be ! —
Died in sleep, and felt no pain,
To live in happier form again :
From which, beneath Heaven's fairest star,
The artist wrought this loved Guitar ;
And taught it justly to reply
To all who question skilfully
In language gentle as thine own ;
Whispering in enamour'd tone
Sweet oracles of woods and dells,
And summer winds in sylvan cells :
For it had learnt all harmonies
Of the plains and of the skies,
Of the forests and the mountains,
And the many-voicèd fountains,
The clearest echoes of the hills,
The softest notes of falling rills,
The melodies of birds and bees,
The murmuring of summer seas,
And pattering rain and breathing dew,
And airs of evening ; and it knew
That seldom-heard mysterious sound

Which, driven on its diurnal round,
As it floats through boundless day,
Our world enkindles on its way :
All this it knows, but will not tell
To those who cannot question well
The spirit that inhabits it ;
It talks according to the wit
Of its companions ; and no more
Is heard than has been felt before
By those who tempt it to betray
These secrets of an elder day.
But, sweetly as it answers will
Flatter hands of perfect skill,
It keeps its highest holiest tone
For our beloved Friend alone.

Shelley.

Thus the imagination sees, contemplates, and creates such an individual conception that it can stand for a most general truth. It idealizes, it gives life and feeling to every object. It compares the unknown with the known; makes the seen a window through which the mind beholds the unseen. It surrounds or environs ; it shows the kinship of things; it paints a picture which blends harmoniously into one vision; it makes the desert a dwelling-place; it fathoms the life of the universe, and enters the most secret chambers of the human soul.

PROBLEM XII. *Read a variety of passages, and exercise the many diverse actions of the imagination.*

THE mountains rose, — the valleys sank
Unto the place which thou hadst founded for them.

THE moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare.

SWEET as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.

LIFE, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity.

Shelley.

THE bees are stirring — birds are on the wing —
And Winter, slumbering in the open air,
Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring !

Coleridge.

IMAGINATION AND DRAMATIC INSTINCT.

THE stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

THOU dost preserve the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient heavens through thee are fresh and strong.

THE winds come to me from the fields of sleep.

Wordsworth.

THERE is a budding morrow in midnight.

Keats.

THIS is the very heart of the woods all round
Mountain-like heaped above us; yet even here
One pond of water gleams; far off the river
Sweeps like a sea, barred out from land; but one, —
One thin, clear sheet has over-leaped and wound
Into this silent depth, which gained, it lies
Still, as but let by sufferance; the trees bend
O'er it as wild men watch a sleeping girl.

Browning.

THE LOST CHURCH.

OFT in the forest far one hears
A passing sound of distant bells;
Nor legends old nor human wit
Can tell us whence the music swells.
From the Lost Church, 't is thought, that soft
Faint ringing cometh on the wind;
Once many pilgrims trod the path,
But no one now the way can find.

Not long since, deep into the wood
I stray'd, where path was none to see:
Weary of human wickedness,
My heart to God yearn'd longingly.
There, through the silent wilderness,
Again I heard the sweet bells stealing,
Ever, as higher yearn'd my heart,
The nearer and the louder pealing.

My spirit was so self-indrawn,
  My sense with sweetness rapt so high,
That how those sounds within me wrought
  Remaineth yet a mystery.
It seem'd as if a hundred years
  Had laps'd while thus I had been dreaming,
When, lo ! above the clouds a space
  Free opened out, in sunshine gleaming.

The heaven was so darkly blue,
  The sun so full and glowing bright —
And rose a minster's stately pile,
  Expanding in the golden light.
Seemed the clouds resplendently,
  Like wings, to bear it up alway,
And in the blessed depths of heaven
  Its spired tower to melt away.

The bells' delicious harmony
  Down from the tower in quiverings flow'd,
Yet drew not hand of man the strings, —
  They moved but to the Breath of God.
As if upon my throbbing heart
  That self-same Breath its influence shed,
So entered I that minster high
  With timorous joy and faltering tread.

Words cannot paint what there-within
  Awoke my spirit's ecstasies ;
The darkly-brilliant windows glow'd
  With martyrs' pious effigies ;
Into a new and living world,
  Rich imag'd forth, I gaz'd abroad, —
A world of holy women and
  Of warriors of the host of God.

Down at the altar low I knelt,
  Thrilling with awe and holy love —
Heaven and its glorious mysteries
  Were pictur'd on the vault above.
But when again I looked up,
  Roof, arch, and pictur'd vault were gone —
Full opened was the door of heaven,
  And every veil had been withdrawn.

What then, in silent prayerful awe,
  Of majesty I saw reveal'd,
What heard of sound more blissful far
  Than aught to human ear unseal'd,
Lies not within the might of words ;
  Yet whoso longeth for such good,
Let him take heed unto the bells
  That ring in whispers through the wood.

Uhland.

VIII. CHARACTERISTICS OF THE IMAGINATION.

THE most imaginative poem may be turned into commonplace prose if read without a proper realization of its spirit. The imagination does not act mechanically or by artificial analysis. It is synthetic, natural, and simple. No rules can be framed to interpret poetry, or to understand its nature, without proper imaginative and emotional exercise. Imagination appeals to imagination, and can be inter reted onl by imagination. It acts by intuition and intensity of gaze, not by reasoning. t gives a more essential truth than can be seized by the eye. It does not accumulate accidents or multiply details, but penetrates immediately to the life and soul.

. . . SWEET bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy !
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even-song ;
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry, smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering Moon
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide, pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

Il Penseroso. *Milton.*

Here we perceive no process of reasoning about the moon being lost in heaven; we feel the immediate creative action of the mind.

Imagination never goes by rule, or by experiments, by accumulation or by aggregation of facts; it acts *spontaneously*. We never know the process by which it arrives at its pictures, or the road it travels. We are brought face to face with a truth which exists at the heart of things.

> It winds all noiselessly through the deep wood,
> Till thro' a cleft way, thro' the moss and stone,
> It joins its parent-river with a shout.
>
> *Browning.*

Again, imagination acts *immediately*. It moves with the vigor of life and at once, without deliberation, conscious medium, or chosen by-paths, and causes the soul of the hearer to vibrate in response. As Fuseli has said: "Invention never suffers the action to expire, nor the spectator's fancy to consume itself in preparation, or stagnate into repose. It neither begins from the egg, nor coldly gathers the remains." As Athena was born fully grown from the brain of Zeus, so the creations of the imagination spring into the highest vigor of life. Imagination realizes life in everything. It is the outgoing of the living, unconscious energy of one mind and awakens the life of another. It is the faculty that brings the soul into most immediate contact with ideas, feelings, or objects, and with other minds or beings.

Again, the imagination acts *simply;* it is never stilted or affected; it sees things as they are. It is by this simplicity that the greatest masters of the imagination are recognized. Simplicity is the climax of art. Homer, Phidias, Virgil, Dante, Cervantes, and Shakespeare, — the greatest masters of simplicity can be counted upon the fingers. Simplicity and truthfulness are conditions without which imagination can hardly act. Imagination is the centring of the human soul in the midst of the universe. It is the seeing eye that looks deepest into Nature's heart, and the hearing ear that catches her simplest and most delicate tones.

> Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
> Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
> Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
> The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

Gray.

The imagination acts *freely*. Not only must the mind in conception, but still more must the imagination obey its own law of action. For example, in reading, while we use the words of the author, the ideas must be our own.

Boughs are daily rifled by the gusty thieves,
And the book of Nature getteth short of leaves.

Seasons. *Hood.*

In this play of fancy from Hood's "Seasons," what particular place, or kind of trees or leaves, come before the mind of the reader? These vary with every individual mind. The pictures may be vivid, but the imagination creates freely; it is governed only by association of ideas.

I saw two clouds at morning, tinged by the rising sun,
And in the dawn they floated on, and mingled into one.

Brainard.

Here is stated one of the most familiar facts regarding clouds; but imagination rather than memory is awakened in the reader's mind, and the kind of cloud, the size, the form, the color, and the light and shade are the spontaneous results of processes of which the man himself is not conscious. Poetry and art are great in proportion as they stimulate this free, spontaneous creation of the mind.

The imagination always acts *easily;* it is never labored. Physical labor not only constricts the body, but the normal action of the higher faculties as well. The development, therefore, of the imagination must differ essentially from the development of other powers of the mind. It calls for simple contemplation, reposeful observation, and the free and easy giving of ourselves to the objects around us.

Again, the imagination does not act literally, but *suggestively;* it does not dictate, but hints and intimates. Sometimes

a single word suggests a whole situation, awakens a conception of a whole life or character, and gives sympathetic insight into feelings which are too delicate almost for expression. Notice the use of the word "alien" in the following stanza from the "Nightingale": —

THOU wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

From "The Nightingale." *Keats.*

Does not the expression "found a path" impart a sense of Ruth's homelessness, of the vague dread she had in the midst of a foreign nation, and the confusion and conflict of emotions which made her almost doubt the course she had taken, and feel like one lost in a forest? With her heart in this condition, the sweet song of the bird makes a path for hope. Or we may imagine the alien looks and suspicious glances of strangers, their silent contempt, that shut the doors to her heart. But through these the song, which she had heard in childhood, finds a path and awakens a response.

Such discussions of poetry are perhaps useless. It is impossible to interpret in prose these delicate touches, — they are only apprehended by imagination; but we all delight to hear another's honest opinion of the meaning of a poem. We must not, however, allow prosy explanations to fetter our own imaginative action and thorough study. A work of art means something peculiar to every individual soul. It is strong, not for what it communicates, but for what it evokes.

The characteristics of the imagination have been well stated by Ruskin in his famous section on the Imagination in "Modern Painters." The whole deserves careful attention; but a few paragraphs are reproduced here for convenience of study: —

"It is the power that works into the very rock heart, no matter what may be the subject submitted to it; substance or spirit, all is alike divided asunder, joint and marrow, whatever utmost truth, life, principle it has, laid bare, and that which has no truth, life, nor principle dissipated into its original smoke at a touch. The whispers at men's ears it lifts into visible angels. Vials that have lain sealed in the deep sea a thousand years it unseals, and brings out of them Genii.

"Every great conception of poet or painter is held and treated by this faculty. Every character that is so much as touched by men like Eschylus, Homer, Dante, or Shakespeare is by them held by the heart; and every circumstance or sentence of their being, speaking or seeming, is seized by process from within, and is referred to that inner secret spring of which the hold is never lost for an instant, — so that every sentence, as it has been thought out from the heart, leads us to the centre, and then leaves us to gather what more we may. It is the open sesame of a huge, endless cave, with inexhaustible treasure of pure gold scattered in it. The wandering about and gathering the pieces may be left to any of us, — all can accomplish that; but the first opening of that invisible door in the rock is of the imagination only.

"The unimaginative writer, on the other hand, as he has never pierced to the heart, so he can never touch it. If he has to paint a passion, he remembers the external signs of it; he collects expressions of it from other writers, he searches for similes; he composes, exaggerates, heaps term on term, figure on figure, till we groan beneath the cold, disjointed heap: but it is all faggot and no fire; the life breath is not in it. His passion has the form of the Leviathan, but it never makes the deep boil; he fastens us all at anchor in the scaly rind of it; our sympathies remain as idle as 'a painted ship upon a painted ocean.'

"A writer with neither imagination nor fancy, describing a fair lip, does not see it, but thinks about it, and about what is said of it, and calls it well-turned or rosy or delicate or lovely, or afflicts us with some other quenching and chilling epithet. Now hear fancy speak: —

> "'Her lips were red, and one was thin;
> Compared with that was next her chin:
> Some bee had stung it newly.'

"The real, red, bright being of the lip is there in a moment; but it is all outside, — no expression yet, no mind. Let us go a step farther with Warner, of fair Rosamond struck by Eleanor: —

"'With that she dashed her on the lips,
So dyed double red;
Hard was the heart that gave the blow,
Soft were those lips that bled.'

"The tenderness of mind begins to mingle with the outside color; the imagination is seen in its awakening. Next Shelley: —

"'Lamp of life, thy lips[1] are burning
Through the veil that seems to hide them,
As the radiant lines of morning
Through thin clouds, ere they divide them.'

"There dawns the entire soul in that morning; yet we may stop, if we choose, at the image still external, — at the crimson clouds. The imagination is contemplative rather than penetrative. Last, hear Hamlet: —

"'Here hung those lips that I have kissed, I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now, your gambols, your songs, your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar?'

"Here is the essence of lip, and the full power of the imagination."

PROBLEM XIII. — *Find some of the characteristics of the action of the imagination, and simply and naturally apply these to the vocal rendering of the passages where they are found.*

MISCONCEPTIONS.

THIS is a spray the bird clung to,
Making it blossom with pleasure,
Ere the high tree-top she sprung to,
Fit for her nest and her treasure:
Oh, what a hope beyond measure
Was the poor spray's, which the flying feet hung to, —
So to be singled out, built in, and sung to!

This is a heart the queen leant on,
Thrill'd in a minute erratic,
Ere the true bosom she bent on,
Meet for love's regal dalmatic.
Oh, what a fancy ecstatic
Was the poor heart's, ere the wanderer went on, —
Love to be sav'd for it, proffer'd to, spent on!

Robert Browning.

[1] Ruskin here prints "lips" for "limbs," — doubtless a slip of memory.

THEN rode Geraint into the castle court,
His charger trampling many a prickly star
Of sprouted thistle on the broken stones.
He look'd and saw that all was ruinous.
Here stood a shatter'd archway plumed with fern ;
And here had fall'n a great part of the tower,
Whole, like a crag that tumbles from the cliff,
And like a crag was gay with wilding flowers :
And high above a piece of turret stair,
Worn by the feet that now were silent, wound
Bare to the sun, and monstrous ivy-stems
Claspt the gray walls with hairy-fibred arms,
And suck'd the joining of the stones, and look'd
A knot beneath of snakes ; aloft, a grove.

And while he waited in the castle court,
The voice of Enid, Yniol's daughter, rang
Clear thro' the open casement of the hall,
Singing ; and as the sweet voice of a bird,
Heard by the lander in a lonely isle,
Moves him to think what kind of bird it is
That sings so delicately clear, and make
Conjecture of the plumage and the form, —
So the sweet voice of Enid moved Geraint,
And made him, like a man abroad at morn,
When first the liquid note beloved of men
Comes flying over many a windy wave
To Britain, and in April suddenly
Breaks from a coppice gemm'd with green and red,
And he suspends his converse with a friend,
Or it may be the labour of his hands,
To think or say, "There is the nightingale !"
So fared it with Geraint, who thought and said,
"Here, by God's grace, is the one voice for me."

It chanced the song that Enid sang was one
Of Fortune and her wheel; and Enid sang :

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud ;
Turn that wild wheel thro' sunshine, storm, and cloud :
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown :
With that wild wheel we go not up or down;
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

"Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands;
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands;
For man is man, and master of his fate.

"Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd:
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate."

The Marriage of Geraint. *Tennyson.*

THY voice is heard thro' rolling drums
That beat to battle where he stands;
Thy face across his fancy comes,
And gives the battle to his hands:
A moment, while the trumpets blow,
He sees his brood about thy knee;
The next, like fire he meets the foe,
And strikes him dead for thine and thee.

Tennyson.

IX. SITUATION AND BACKGROUND.

ONE of the most important functions of the imagination is its power to supply the natural surroundings of an object, action, or conception. Ordinary thinking, as has been shown, on account of the necessity of definite concentration, is apt to conceive ideas in isolation; but however adequate a conception may be, it cannot be truthfully expressed in isolation. Expression results from a synthetic product of the imagination. Natural expression is hardly possible without *situation*. The power of conceiving and feeling a background is most important; the most isolated fact must be brought into sympathetic relation with other things, and with the human soul, — then expression becomes possible.

The power to conceive a situation is the chief characteristic of a natural, effective reader or speaker. The expression of any truth must lift it into the realm of interest. Hence the relations of the human soul to the thought it conceives, and to the feeling of its life and kinship with other things, are the soul of all artistic expression. "It is where the bird is that makes the bird," said William M. Hunt. Certainly if science endeavors to tell *what* a thing is, art shows *where* it is. The elliptic relations of an object,

or those which cannot be expressed in words, are the chief elements in all imaginative or dramatic power. These elements give any truth its interest and its influence over the human mind. Where these are lacking, everything is untruthful, unnatural, artificial, and dead.

A situation or background in some form, or with some degree of vividness, is present in every act of the mind. If we read the simplest phrase, we find that there is not only an idea suggested, but that this idea is located or environed.

The background, however, is especially important in poetry; it is the primary function of poetry to suggest and create a right background or relation for truth. Read, for example, some lines from one of the simplest and most popular of poems; and we find from first to last, not an isolated conception, but a vivid picture of every object as a part of a living scene: —

> At eve they all assembled: then care and doubt were fled;
> With jovial laugh they feasted, the board was nobly spread.
> The elder of the village rose up, his glass in hand,
> And cried, "We drink the downfall of an accursèd land!
>
> "The night is growing darker, ere one more day is flown,
> Bregenz, our foeman's stronghold, Bregenz shall be our own!"
> The women shrank in terror (yet pride, too, had her part),
> But one poor Tyrol maiden felt death within her heart.
>
> Nothing she heard around her (though shouts rang forth again);
> Gone were the green Swiss valleys, the pasture and the plain;
> Before her eyes one vision, and in her heart one cry,
> That said, "Go forth, save Bregenz; and then, if need be, die!"
>
> With trembling haste and breathless, with noiseless step she sped;
> Horses and weary cattle were standing in the shed;
> She loosed the strong white charger that fed from out her hand,
> She mounted, and she turned his head toward her native land.
>
> Out — out into the darkness — faster, and still more fast!
> The smooth grass flies behind her, the chestnut wood is passed;
> She looks up: the clouds are heavy: why is her steed so slow?
> Scarcely the wind beside them can pass them as they go.

Legend of Bregenz. — *Adelaide Procter.*

Now, if in reading these lines we present mere facts, the effect is tame. Every fact must be given, but it must become an event

in a series. The spirit of the time and place must rise in our mind as a background. The imagination must penetrate to the heart of the girl, and realize her resolution, her patriotism, her heroism. The reader must perceive her deliberation and her decision; in short, he must re-create all the workings of her mind: the events described are but a means of manifesting her mind and heart. Expression is concerned primarily with the human soul. A fact in itself is dead; it must be assimilated; it must be seen; it must become food for the imagination, before it becomes a living truth.

Thus, imagination in conceiving the smallest event makes it a part of a complete whole: the whole poem, the whole history, the whole situation is held and sustained by the mind, as each idea unfolds itself. The mental conception of the age gives atmosphere and character to the expression of the individual event. The study of a specific object, or even of a scene in its isolation, is called by the artist a sketch or study. A picture is the bringing of all the facts or objects into one degree of light, one color, one tone, one complete whole. Unity is the fundamental law of all art, and it is not a human invention, — it is the expression of the relation of things in Nature.

The situation, or background, must be intuitively and instinctively conceived; it cannot be reasoned out, it cannot be produced by mechanical adjustment. This process is called composition, and is not imagination. The proper apprehension of situation must come from dramatic instinct, from imaginative intuition.

One of the most common violations of this function of the imagination is found in the public reading of the Scriptures. Much of the Bible is poetry, and belongs to the realm of the sublimest art; but passages are often rendered with an entire disregard of any imaginative situation. Objection is even made to studies which endeavor to give the sublime, poetic passages in the Prophets or the Psalms any specific background; and often many passages of the highest exaltation are given in a vague, sad, mournful, or didactic manner, with no situation of any kind.

To read appreciatively the poetry of the Prophets or of the Psalms, there must be study to find the historical situation. The

imagination must create an environment. What was the occasion? What was in the mind of the poet? In many cases, of course, it will be impossible to find the historic situation; but the attempt to do so brings a deeper comprehension of the poem: the mind will seize upon some conception which will approximate to the right one, so as to give specific feeling to the passage. Even a wrong situation is better than none. Dr. Cheyne, than whom there is no better authority, says: "The historical occasions of the Psalms are not to be determined by a dictatorial assertion;" and in speaking of two views of Psalm L. he says: "Neither view do I myself hold; but I would rather that my readers adopted one or the other than that they rejected all attempts to find historical situations for the sacred lyrics. Without reconstructing the porticoes, we shall not be in a position to do full justice to the inner glories of the palaces of the Psalter."

The conception of a situation by a critic colors even his translation of specific words. For example, Ewald thinks that verses 7 and 8 of Psalm CIV. refer to the great earthquake which took place near the close of Uzziah's reign, — a calamity which made a deep impression on the national mind, as shown by the imagery of many prophets and psalmists; he therefore translates the passage thus: —

> At thy rebuke the mountains flee;
> At the voice of thy thunder they tremble away;
> Mountains rise and valleys sink
> To the place which thou hast founded for them.

Most critics, however, think there is a reference here to creation, and so they give a different tense to the verbs; but the ordinary translation means little or nothing. It is foreign to the spirit of Hebrew poetry not to refer to definite places and events. In fact, it is untrue to the spirit of all poetry. The highest flights of the imagination, in dealing with a general truth, start from specific thought and a definite situation.

In speaking of the words of Jeremiah, "Oh that I had in the wilderness a lodging-place of wayfaring men, that I might leave my people and go from them!" Dr. Cheyne says that "one of

the psalmists who thought themselves back into the soul of this prophet, was so moved by this passage that he amplified it in lyric verse." Psalm LV., at any rate, embodies the bitter experience of some soul in a similar situation; and if a reader, before reading the fifty-fifth Psalm, will make a thorough study of the whole life of Jeremiah, enter into imaginative sympathy with some one of his despondent moods in the midst of trickery and disappointment, and bring all his feeling to an intense realization of these lines, he will realize the true spirit of lyric poetry, and also the true nature of vocal expression and its use of the imagination.

> FEAR and trembling have come upon me,
> And horror overwhelmeth me;
> And I say, Oh that I had wings like a dove!
> Then would I fly away, and be at rest:
> Lo, then would I wander far off,
> I would lodge in the wilderness;
> I would haste me to my safe retreat
> From the stormy wind and the tempest.
>
> *Translated by De Witt.* *Psalm lv. 5-8.*

The student must, in every way, endeavor to be accurate. He must consult many authorities, and, above all, from internal evidence judge for himself what was the real situation; but when he comes to read, he must give his imagination some freedom. For example, in this fifty-fifth Psalm, it makes little difference in the reading whether he considers the Psalm to have been written by Jeremiah, or by one of his contemporaries, or by a later psalmist "who thought himself back into the situation," — the feeling will be the same. The imagination will centre upon Jeremiah as the real situation, and the reader will think himself back into a realization of the great prophet and the spirit of his time.

At times a personal situation may be present. For example, in reading the ninety-first Psalm, one may see rising before him the worn face of some poor woman upon her dying bed, to whom he once read the words, "Under His wings shalt thou trust," which gave her hope. That event may take such hold upon his mind that it becomes a situation, or background of the Psalm. Such

situations are in accordance with the true spirit of poetry, which is "the expression of the universal element in human nature." This universal element, however, will not be felt without the definite grasp by the imagination of a specific situation.

Poetry, wherever it may be found, is governed by the same laws. It is the product of the same faculties, and it can be interpreted only by the imagination. It is not primarily didactic; "it does the thing that breeds the thought." It deals with truth, not with falsehood. It is synthetic, and not analytic; but it is founded upon vivid ideas and specific thought. No poetry is founded upon confusion or misunderstanding or inadequacy of conception. The sublimest poem issues from a vivid and clear realization of truth.

Many persons, even clergymen, who would be ashamed not to be able to give the argument of Hamlet, or King Lear, or David Copperfield, or "Les Misérables," allow themselves to remain without any definite conception of the argument of the Book of Job, of the second Psalm, of the Book of Amos, or of the greatest Hebrew classic, Isaiah. Much of the Bible is vague and confused to many minds.

As an example of the imaginative use which may be made of the results of the most severe critical study, note how the fortieth chapter of Isaiah takes definite shape and awakens the most exalted feeling, when studied and read in the light of the situation which is now accepted by almost every one, — that the prophet was at Babylon in captivity, and was speaking to his fellow-captives of their return. The six hundred miles from Babylon to Jerusalem westward across the desert is "the wilderness" through which is to open "the way of the Lord." Through this is to be prepared a "highway" for God's deliverance of his people. Through this seemingly impassable region "every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill be made low." The prophet sees far away on the hills of Judea his native country, idealized into an angelic form that looks out across the desert and beholds the returning wanderers, as a herald proclaims the good news to the desolated land; or, as others think, that calls the captives by their ancient name to awaken their patriotism, and to rouse them

to proclaim to one another the fact that their bondage is over. The passage is inexplicable without some such situation which took hold of the ideas of a nation and became prophetic of even higher events. A reader should study such a passage with at least as much intensity and earnestness as he would give to a monologue of Browning or a play of Shakespeare. It is the sublimest poetry, and will inspire the dullest imagination.

THE VOICES.

COMFORT ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God.
Speak ye home to the heart of Jerusalem and call unto her,
That her affliction is ended, that her debt is paid;
That she hath received from the hand of Jehovah double for all her sins.

Hark, one calling:
"In the wilderness prepare ye a way for Jehovah!
Make straight in the desert a highway for our God!
Let every valley be exalted,
And every mountain and hill be made low;
And let the rugged be made a plain,
And the ledges of rocks a valley,
And the glory of Jehovah be revealed,
And all flesh shall see it together;
For the mouth of Jehovah hath spoken it."

Hark! one saying, "Cry!"
And I said:
"What can I cry?
All flesh is grass,
And all its beauty as a wild-flower.
Grass is withered, flower faded:
For the breath of Jehovah hath blown upon it.
Surely grass is the people."

"Grass withereth, flower fadeth:
Yet the word of our God will stand forever."

Up on a high mountain, get thee up,
O Evangelistess Zion!
Lift up thy voice with strength,
Evangelistess Jerusalem!
Lift up, be not afraid, say to the cities of Judah:
Behold your God.
Behold the Lord, Jehovah: as a mighty one will he come,

His arm ruling for Him;
Behold, His reward is with Him,
And His recompence before Him.
He will feed His flock like a shepherd,
Gather the lambs with His right arm
And carry them in His bosom,
And tenderly lead the ewe-mothers.

Who hath measured the waters with the hollow of His hand, and regulated the heavens with a span, and taken up the dust of the earth in a third measure, and weighed the mountains with scales, and the hills in a balance? Who hath directed the spirit of Jehovah, and instructed Him as His counsellor? With whom took He counsel, and who would have explained to Him and instructed Him in the path of judgment, and taught Him knowledge, and helped Him to know the way of intelligence? Behold, nations! as a drop from a bucket, and like a grain of sand in a balance, are they esteemed; behold, islands! like an atom of dust that rises in the air. And Lebanon is not enough for burning, nor its game enough for an offering. All the nations are as nothing before Him; as spent and as waste are they regarded for Him.

To whom then can ye liken God, and what kind of image can ye place beside Him?

The image! A smith cast it, a smelter plates it with gold, and smelts for it silver chains. He that is straightened for an offering, — he chooses a block of wood that will not rot; he seeketh for himself a skilful carver to set up an image that will not totter.

Have ye not known? Have ye not heard? Hath it not been told you from the beginning? Have ye not understood from the foundations of the earth? He who is enthroned above the vault of the earth, and its dwellers are before him as grasshoppers; who stretcheth the heavens as a fine veil, and spreadeth them like a dwelling tent. He who bringeth great men to nothing, maketh judges of the earth like a desolation. They are hardly planted, hardly sown, their stem has hardly taken root in the earth, and he only blows upon them, and they dry up, and the storm carries them away like stubble. "To whom then will ye liken me that I may match with him?" saith the Holy One.

Lift up your eyes on high, and see! Who hath created these? It is He who bringeth out their host by number, calleth them all by names, by the greatness of His might, for He is powerful in strength: there is not one that is missing. Why sayest thou then, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, "My way is hidden from Jehovah, and my right is overlooked by my God"?

Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard, that an everlasting God is Jehovah, Creator of the ends of the earth? He fainteth not, neither becomes weary. His understanding is unsearchable. Giver to the weary of strength! And upon him that is of no might He lavisheth power. Even youths may grow faint and weary, and young men utterly fall; but they who hope in Jehovah shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint.

X. IMAGINATION AND FEELING.

AND there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips, "The foe! They come! they come!"

Byron.

SUDDENLY the pathway ends,
Sheer the precipice descends,
Loud the torrent roars unseen;
Thirty feet from side to side
Yawns the chasm; on air must ride
He who crosses this ravine.

Roushan Beg. *Longfellow.*

THE first line of the second extract may be read in many ways. The reader may imagine a simple walk, a race for pleasure, or some game; the pathway may end so as to excite mere curiosity, pleasant surprise, simple disappointment; or its sudden ending on the brink of a precipice may mean life and death, as it does in the above illustration. If the passage is read abstractly or without relation to a specific situation, no feeling whatever can be awakened in reader or listener. Thus to read even one line with feeling, a definite situation must be conceived.

The first clause of the extract from Byron can also be read as the expression of entirely different situations. The mounting may

be for a hunt, as an act in some comical story, to go for a physician, to escape danger, to save life, or to take a ride for pleasure. It may also be seen and felt as one act among thousands in preparation for the battle of Waterloo,— about this one act being gathered the situation and atmosphere of the whole event. Vocal expression can be still more definite. The mounting may be simply on the part of an individual, or it may be the whole army. Such variations can be applied to every phrase and sentence in both extracts.

From these illustrations it may be seen that feeling depends upon situation; that with every change of situation there is a change in emotion; and, in fact, that imaginative conception of a situation is the source of true emotion.

Feeling also results from the vivid realization of relations or associations. Here, for example, is a little coat. To the ordinary observer it is a mere rag; but the mother folds it away with tears, for it recalls a little form with the sunshine and tenderness, the joys and hopes, of other days. Memory thus plays an important part in awakening feeling; but the imagination uses the material furnished by memory and creates a background, gives relations and associations. Thus the most familiar objects or events are often so related or associated by the imagination as to awaken exalted emotion.

Here are a few scraps of cloth sewed together floating upon the breeze from the mast of a ship; but for this men will give their lives: it is the flag of their country.

Notice how the poet makes the season, the cold, leafless trees and the stillness, all co-operate to awaken feeling for the bird: —

A WIDOW bird sate mourning for her Love
  Upon a wintry bough;
The frozen wind crept on above,
  The freezing stream below.

There was no leaf upon the forest bare,
  No flower upon the ground,
And little motion in the air
  Except the mill-wheel's sound.

Shelley.

One of the most important functions of imagination is to prevent the mind from forming a mere literal conception of any object or scene, and to connect it with deeper and more significant relations to life. Blood to the outer eye awakens horror; the imagination of a Shakespeare uses it so as to become the means of stimulating exalted feeling: —

> THROUGH this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
> And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
> Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
> As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
> If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no.

This passage is considered one of the most imaginative in the English language. Prose explanations of it only spoil it. By a simple, natural process, home-like images are drawn forth from every heart, and the observer does not see mere blood, but beholds a living embodiment of the love of Cæsar for Brutus.

Imagination lifts the commonplace into the realm of interest; it surrounds the smallest object with the atmosphere of infinity. It makes the most trivial event throb with the spirit of ages, and the life of the race thrill in an individual soul.

We are tempted to dwell merely upon the literal and commonplace. A drudge in any profession is one who works without imagination. Imagination exalts and ennobles all life; it awakens the mind to feel what will be in what is, — to see the ideal in the actual; it penetrates beneath the surface of mere sense-perception, and discovers hidden relations of the life which throbs at the heart of the universe, and thus awakens a thrill of feeling in the dullest breast.

The imagination also brings the individual mind into sympathy with the race. It creates the possibility of that true altruism by which each soul can appreciate the point of view of another soul, of another race or age. It enables man to realize that which can only be suggested or vaguely hinted at in language. It gives power to create art, and to read and feel the message of the art of every age.

Again, imagination arouses feeling by vividly conceiving ideas as present realities; by it the distant is made near, the past made

present. The world of ideas becomes a living world, and every object is conceived in a natural, a living scene. "It is by means of ideal presence," says Lord Kames, "that our passions are excited; and till words produce that charm, they avail nothing; even real events entitled to our belief must be conceived present and passing in our sight, before they can move us. And this theory serves to explain several phenomena otherwise unaccountable. A misfortune happening to a stranger makes a less impression than one happening to a man we know, even where we are in no way interested in him; our acquaintance with this man, however slight, aids the conception of his suffering in our presence. Even genuine history has no command over our passions but by ideal presence only. Without it the finest speaker or writer would in vain attempt to move any passion; our sympathy would be confined to objects that are really present; and language would lose entirely its signal power of making us sympathize with beings removed at the greatest distance of time as well as of place."

These facts indicate that imagination and feeling are closely connected. Imagination has been defined as "the mind of passion, the thinking of the heart." "Imagination," says Professor Shairp, "seems to be a power intermediate between intellect and emotion, looking towards both, and partaking of the nature of both. In its highest form, it would seem to be based on 'moral intensity.' The emotional and the intellectual in it act and react on each other, — deep emotion kindling imagination, and expressing itself in imaginative form, while imaginative insight kindles and deepens emotion. Whenever the soul comes vividly in contact with any fact, truth, or existence; whenever it realizes and takes them home to itself with more than common intensity, — out of that meeting of the soul and its object there arises a thrill of joy, a glow of feeling. . . . Emotion, then, from first to last, inseparably attends the exercise of imagination, — pre-eminently in him who creates, in a lesser degree in those who enjoy his creations."

All this applies with double force to speaking, or to any form of vocal expression. It is the imagination which conceives an

idea in its relation to others, and supplies the right background; which brings ideas or objects into sympathetic association with the human mind, and makes them live and act; it is the only faculty that can create ideal presence. Hence imagination is the chief cause of feeling in all forms of art, but especially in speaking.

It is only an unimaginative speaker who says he cannot read a poem or story because he never "saw the place" or experienced the emotion. Such a person entirely misunderstands the nature of feeling. Every scene in history, sacred or profane, is imaginary. Hardly a scene in the Bible can be definitely located; and even if the few scraggy trees called Gethsemane mark the real spot, what help are they to feeling? None. The imagination must create a Capernaum and a Calvary. In fact, without imagination, noble emotion is impossible.

Besides, emotion arises from an imaginative situation more than from a literal scene or object. When Mark Antony steps down from the rostrum, Shakespeare does not make him try to awaken feeling by showing Cæsar's body to the Roman populace. He displays at first only the mantle, and appeals to their memory and imagination, not to their eyes. He even carries them back to a great historical battle which was a part of their national pride. Even then he does not show them the body, but makes them feel Cæsar's death by showing the thrusts of the daggers through his mantle. He appeals to the imagination and not to the eye to awaken emotion. People have been so stunned, so shocked, by the sight of a dead body — of a father or a mother or a child — that no tear could be shed; but afterward the sight of a vacant chair, or a pair of little shoes, has wrung the heart and caused a flood of tears. The deepest passion is awakened by suggestion, because suggestion is associated with imagination. The higher the thought, the deeper the feeling, the more impossible it is for expression to be literal. "The art of expression," says Goethe, "is the art of intimation."

Without imagination there can be no genuineness in art. It is only by imagination that a speaker can make real the scenes of other days; it is only by imagination that we identify ourselves

with the sorrows of our kind. Sympathy is insight, and insight is sympathy. The unimaginative person is unsympathetic and lacks feeling. He can sympathize only with experiences he has had himself. Hence, he measures all by himself; he is selfish, unable to enter into sympathy with people of other ages, other lands, or other relations of life.

> Weep no more, lady, weep no more, thy sorrow is in vain;
> For violets pluck'd, the sweetest showers will ne'er make grow again.
>
> *Beaumont and Fletcher.*

In the first of these lines there is an endeavor to awaken sympathy; but it is in the delicate suggestion in the next line, by means of a specific imaginative picture, that the deeper tenderness of the heart is touched.

> It was a lovely sight to see
> The lady Christabel, when she
> Was praying at the old oak-tree:
> Amid the jagged shadows
> Of mossy leafless boughs,
> Kneeling in the moonlight
> To make her gentle vows;
> Her slender palms together press'd,
> Heaving sometimes on her breast;
> Her face resigned to bliss or bale —
> Her face, oh call it fair, not pale!
> And both blue eyes more bright than clear,
> Each about to have a tear.
>
> *Coleridge.*

Exercises in situation and vision are very important, because they develop imagination and dramatic instinct. They impart a sense of the value of situation and surroundings to truth and emotion. They develop also that emotional response to ideas which lies at the foundation of all noble expression. Such exercises tend to correct monotony, and that vague neutrality and cold artificiality which are so common. When the imagination is brought to bear upon a scene, it creates vital interest; it makes everything live; it secures precision and definiteness of emotion, truthfulness, and variation of expression.

Students should practise reading aloud poems in which they positively delight. There should, however, be meditation upon them; the pleasure must not be superficial. A selection which at first seems to create interest will soon grow uninteresting if it has not in itself imagination of a high order. On the contrary, a selection which to the ordinary student may at first seem uninteresting, when rightly studied will begin to grow in interest, and awaken more and more appreciation. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." Imagination not only awakens emotion on the instant, — more than this, it arouses that permanent condition of thought which is the chief joy and pleasure of the human soul.

Notice how the greatest of all masters in the portrayal of character, makes successive facts or scenes rack Shylock with conflicting passions. Does Tubal give these successive situations alternately from careless dulness, or intentionally?

SHYLOCK AND TUBAL.

Shylock. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? Hast thou found my daughter?

Tubal. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now: two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! Would she were heãrsèd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them? Why, so: and I know not what 's spent in the search. Why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge; nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too: Antonio, as I heard in Genoa —

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. —hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God! — Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal. — Good news, good news! ha, ha! — Where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me ; — I shall never see my gold again. Fourscore at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it. I 'll plague him: I 'll torture him: I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal! It was my turquoise: I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor. I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that 's true, that 's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer ; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit ; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue ; go, good Tubal ; at our synagogue, Tubal.

Shakespeare.

Again, in the speeches of Cassius, observe how imagination works upon feeling. His hatred becomes active as he recalls or creates a picture of Cæsar's weakness in the water, or when he had the fever in Spain.

CASSIUS INSTIGATING BRUTUS.

Cassius. Will you go see the order of the course ?
Brutus. Not I.
Cas. I pray you, do.
Bru. I am not gamesome : I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires ;
I 'll leave you.
Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have :
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.
Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceived : if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance

Merely upon myself. Vexèd I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviours;
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved —
Among which number, Cassius, be you one —
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection by some other things.

Cas. 'T is just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirror as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Brutus
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear:
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, — then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.
Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well. —
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye and death i' th' other,
And I will look on both indifferently;
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.
Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troublèd Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutrèd as I was, I plungèd in
And bade him follow: so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 't is true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly;

And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre. I did hear him groan :
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl. Ye gods! it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout.*

Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates :
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar : what should be in that "Cæsar"?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together : yours is as fair a name ;
Sound them: it doth become the mouth as well ;
Weigh them: it is as heavy ; conjure with 'em :
"Brutus" will start a spirit as soon as "Cæsar." [*Shout.*
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
Oh, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous ;
What you would work me to, I have some aim.
How I have thought of this and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter ; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,

Be any further movèd. What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.
Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Shakespeare.

PROBLEM XIV. — *Read a poem referring to common objects or expressing simple ideas, conceiving the ideas so vividly and uniting them so harmoniously as to awaken noble emotion.*

SOMETIMES with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebeks sound
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequered shade.

TO MARGUERITE.

YES: in the sea of life enisl'd,
With echoing straits between us thrown,
Dotting the shoreless watery wild,
We mortal millions live *alone.*
The islands feel the enclasping flow,
And then their endless bounds they know.

But when the moon their hollows light,
And they are swept by balms of spring;
And in their glens, on starry nights,
The nightingales divinely sing;
And lovely notes, from shore to shore,
Across the sounds and channels pour, —

Oh then a longing like despair
Is to their farthest caverns sent;
For surely once, they feel we were
Parts of a single continent.
Now round us spreads the watery plain —
Oh might our marges meet again!

Who order'd that their longing's fire
Should be, as soon as kindled, cool'd ?
Who renders vain their deep desire ? —
A God, a God their severance rul'd ;
And bade betwixt their shores to be
The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea.

Matthew Arnold.

XI. EFFECT OF PASSION UPON IMAGINATION.

" Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream.
The mortal instruments are then in council ;
And the state of man, like to a little kingdom
Suffers then the nature of an insurrection."

Not only does imagination awaken feeling, but feeling arouses imagination. After Horatio and his companions have seen the ghost at the close of the first scene in " Hamlet," their talk rises to a much higher plane. " The morn with russet mantle clad, walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill." Some have considered this as being untrue to Nature; but these men have seen the ghost, and their imaginations have been aroused.

Macbeth after the murder of Duncan, with conscience quickened and every feeling awake, reveals great activity of imagination. His metaphors are more or less mixed, but their vigor and force manifest the excitement of his mind. The activity of his imagination is the direct effect of the activity of passion.

Notice how Othello, about to strangle Desdemona, sees the little candle, and his awakened feeling impels the imagination to create images and analogies: —

If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me ; but once put out thine,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume: when I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital breath again ;
It needs must wither.

Othello. *Shakespeare.*

The emotions of Romeo in the garden are stirred by the sight of Juliet at the window, and the result is vivid and complex figures. His imagination is intensely, "passionately active."

Romeo. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.
[*Juliet appears above at a window.*
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it: cast it off.
It is my lady; oh, it is my love!
Oh that she knew she were!
She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it. —
I am too bold, 't is not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night.
As silver-voiced; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cased as richly; in face another Juno;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry
The more she gives them speech.

Romeo and Juliet. *Shakespeare.*

Intensity of feeling arouses and stimulates the imagination. It has been said by some one that the "literary language is a stagnant pool." The words which men use under pressure of real emotion, these are the running stream, the living spring. That is to say, the domination of passion and imagination are necessary to any effective use of figurative language or literary style. Man must give himself up to feeling, to have any true use of his imagination. Imagination is a spontaneous faculty which cannot be

governed or guided in any deliberative manner. No one can use illustrations by rule, or by any mechanical or artificial process; they must result from abandon to feeling and imagination; they must be dictated by spontaneous impulse.

This is not only true of words in literary composition; it is still more true of the modulations of the voice and the body in reading, acting, or speaking. If words to be living must be dominated by imagination and feeling, how much more must the inflections and textures of the voice and the actions of the body, which belong to natural and more spontaneous modes of expression.

The necessity of abandon has already been shown;[1] but the more fully we pass into the realm of imagination, the more exalted the form of poetry that we read, the more we find mere mechanical or deliberative action inadequate for any effective and natural expression. We must abandon ourselves to the free and spontaneous sway of imagination and feeling.

Imagination and feeling are thus always connected. To awaken imagination we must sympathetically contemplate an object. To read a poem we must meditate upon it quietly, and assimilate every situation. Imagination cannot act without emotion. It refines and ennobles feeling; but feeling in its turn is the motive power of imagination.

WE parted: sweetly gleam'd the stars,
And sweet the vapour-braided blue,
Low breezes fann'd the belfry bars,
As homeward by the church I drew.

Tennyson.

OH, it is monstrous, monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass;
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded, and
I 'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded.

Tempest. *Shakespeare.*

[1] See lessons in Vocal Expression, pp. 35–41, and Province of Expression, pp. 184–189.

My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats;
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing.

Gratiano in "Merchant of Venice." — *Shakespeare.*

THE MURDER OF DUNCAN.

Macbeth. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. — [*Exit Servant.*
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee: —
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressèd brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use. —
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. — There 's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. — Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd Murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, toward his designs

Moves like a ghost. — Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they take, for fear
The very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. — Whiles I threat, he lives :
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives. [*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done ; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan ; for it is a knell
That summons thee to Heaven or to Hell. [*Exit.*

Lady Macbeth (entering). That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold ;
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire. — Hark ! — Peace !
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it :
The doors are open ; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores. I have drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Macbeth (within). Who 's there ? — what, ho !

L. Macb. Alack ! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 't is not done : — the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us. — Hark ! — I laid their daggers ready ;
He could not miss them. — Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't. — My husband ! [*Enter* Macb.

Macb. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise ?

L. Macb. I heard the owl scream, and the cricket cry.
Did you not speak ?

Macb. When ?

L. Macb. Now.

Macb. As I descended ?

L. Macb. Ay.

Macb. Hark ! —
Who lies i' the second chamber ?

L. Macb. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*

L. Macb. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There 's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cried, " Murder ! "
That they did wake each other : I stood and heard them ;
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

L. Macb. There are two lodged together.

Macb. One cried " God bless us ! " and " Amen," the other ;
As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands.

Listening their fear, I could not say, "Amen,"
When they did say, "God bless us!"
L. Macb. Consider it not so deeply.
Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, "Amen"?
I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"
Stuck in my throat.
L. Macb. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.
Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep!" the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast —
L. Macb. What do you mean?
Macb. Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the house:
"Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more!"
L. Macb. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things. Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand. —
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go, carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.
Macb. I 'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on 't again I dare not.
L. Macb. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 't is the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I 'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within.*
Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is 't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! They pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red. [*Re-enter* Lady Macbeth.
L. Macb. My hands are of your color, but I shame
To wear a heart so white. (*Knock.*) I hear a knocking

At the south entry : — retire we to our chamber :
A little water clears us of this deed :
How easy it is then ! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. — (*Knocking.*) Hark ! more knocking.
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.
Macb. To know my deed, 't were best not know myself (*knock*).
Wake Duncan with thy knocking ! I would thou couldst !

Macbeth. *Shakespeare.*

XII. IMAGINATION AND FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE.

IMAGINATION affects every form of expression, but its action is especially apparent in its modification of written language. It is the chief cause of figures of speech. A figure of speech is a departure from plain language, to express higher associations and relations of ideas, to awaken more vivid images, and to stimulate deeper feeling.

This figurative action of the mind is manifest in the most familiar words. "Words are fossil poetry." Nearly all our words have been derived from some action of the imagination, and hold still an element of poetic expression. "He who first spake of a dilapidated fortune," says Archbishop Trench, "what an image must have risen up before his mind's eye of some falling house or palace, stone detaching itself from stone, till all had gradually sunk into desolation and ruin! Or he who to that Greek word which signifies 'that which will endure to be held up to and judged by sunlight,' gave first its ethical signification of 'sincere,' 'truthful,' or, as we sometimes say, 'transparent,' can we deny to him the poet's feeling and eye? Many a man had gazed, we are sure, at the jagged and indented mountain ridges of Spain, before one called them 'sierras,' or 'saws,' — the name by which now they are known, as Sierra Morena, Sierra Nevada; but that man coined his imagination into a word which will endure as long as the everlasting hills which he named." Take the names of flowers or of animals, or almost any class of words, and from their etymology it can be easily seen that they have been derived from imaginative conceptions.

A more apparent effect of imagination on language is seen in the various rhetorical figures which especially characterize all poetic verbal expression.

There have been many attempts to find a common principle underlying all figures. Without reviewing the many speculations, possibly the chief figures are due to two mental acts which are more or less the result of imagination. One is comparison. We compare the unknown with the known, and find a deeper principle of explanation, and so enlarge the scope of our minds. We discover unity in the midst of variety, and this is the secret of beauty. The act of discrimination is one of the most fundamental in the mind. The discovery of analogy, and of the kinship of things, is implied more or less in all thinking or expression.

The other principle is personification. Imagination makes objects live. In our every-day speech, we are continually giving living attributes to physical things. To a vivid imagination nothing is dead. Many figures are at heart personifications, though we do not at first think of putting them under this name.

The associative or comparative action of the imagination gives rise to simile, metaphor, contrast, antithesis, and many other figures. The other action of the mind — the power that makes things live — gives rise to personification, vision, apostrophe, allegory, and the like.

The imagination is not present in the same degree in all figures. In some, it is hardly present at all; in others, it is almost the only element. For example, in the comparison of images, — the more complete the union, the greater will be the abandon to the imagination. For this reason, there is usually more imaginative action in metaphors than in similes; the union is more immediate, and the identification more complete.

Again, the imagination is more active where there is delicate allusion, or suggestion of some pictures, which brings about a union of the most complex ideas, suddenly discovers similarity, and causes great pleasure.

> The healing of the seamless dress is by our beds of pain;
> We touch him in life's throng and press, and we are whole again.
>
> *Our Master.* — *Whittier.*

The figures of speech have been so carefully defined and so often illustrated that the student need only refer to his rhetoric for information. While it is very important to analyze and be able to recognize all rhetorical figures, the student should remember that the power to do so does not presuppose any imaginative action, or any power to use such figures.

There should not be too much analysis and naming of figures. A certain amount of this work is helpful, but too much may make the study mechanical.

The best way to simplify or to understand figures, is to study the action of the imagination which creates them. The means of developing the power to use them consist in stimulating the creative and artistic faculties of the mind, to cause their use in speaking or writing, and such an appreciation of their force as will enable them to be rendered by the voice.

PROBLEM XV. *Arrange short illustrations of all the rhetorical figures, and render their spirit by vocal expression.*

INTO her dream he melted, as the rose
Blendeth its odours with the violet.

Keats.

ONE night, after ten hours' walking, I reached a little dwelling quite by itself at the bottom of a narrow valley which was about to throw itself into the sea a league farther on.

Guy de Maupassant.

E'EN at the last I have her still,
With her delicious eyes as clear as heaven
When rain in a quick shower has beat down mist,
And clouds float white in the sun like broods of swans.

Browning.

ON poured the Trojan masses; in the van
Hector straight forward drove in full career, —
As some huge bowlder, from its rocky bed
Detached, and by the wintry torrent's force
Hurled down the steep cliff's face, when constant rains
The massive rock's firm hold have undermined:
With giant bounds it flies; the crashing wood
Resounds beneath it; still it hurries on,
Until, arriving at the level plain,
Its headlong impulse checked, it rolls no more.

Homer.

For the main criminal I have no hope
Except in such a suddenness of fate.
I stood at Naples once, a night so dark
I could have scarce conjectured there was earth
Anywhere, sky or sea or world at all :
But the night's black was burst through by a blaze —
Thunder struck blow on blow, earth groaned and bore,
Through her whole length of mountain visible :
There lay the city thick and plain with spires,
And, like a ghost disshrouded, white the sea.
So may the truth be flashed out by one blow,
And Guido see, one instant, and be saved.

Browning.

As the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth : so the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the nations.

'T is her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus : the flame o' the taper
Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids
To see th' enclosèd lights, now canopied
Under these windows — white and azure — laced
With blue of heaven's own tint.

Cymbeline. *Shakespeare.*

In yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave,
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
To deck its poet's sylvan grave. . . .
Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore,
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar
To bid his gentle spirit rest.

Collins.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways beside the springs of Dove ;
A maid whom there were none to praise, and very few to love.
A violet by a mossy stone half-hidden from the eye !
Fair as a star, when only one is shining in the sky.
She lived unknown, and few could know when Lucy ceased to be ;
But she is in her grave, and oh the difference to me !

Wordsworth.

SEE this our new retreat
Walled in with a sloped mound of matted shrubs,
Dark, tangled, old, and green, still sloping down
To a small pool whose waters lie asleep
Amid the trailing boughs turned water-plants:
And tall trees over-arch to keep us in,
Breaking the sunbeams into emerald shafts;
And in the dreamy water one small group
Of two or three strange trees are got together
Wondering at all around, as strange beasts herd
Together far from their own land: all wildness,
No turf nor moss, for boughs and plants pave all,
And tongues of bank go shelving in the waters.

Pauline. *Browning.*

AH, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;
And in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away.

Whittier.

AND the most ancient heavens through thee are fresh and strong.

THE member did his party all the harm in his power: he spoke for it, and voted against it.

WHERE snow falls, there is freedom.

HE cannot see the wood for trees.

DAUGHTER of heaven, fair art thou! The silence of thy face is pleasant. Thou comest forth in loveliness. The stars attend thy blue course in the east. The clouds rejoice in thy presence, O Moon!

Ossian.

A-FLOATING, a-floating across the sleepless sea,
All night I heard a singing bird upon the topmost tree.
"Oh, came you from the isles of Greece or from the banks of Seine;
Or off some tree in forests free, which fringe the western main?"
"I came not of the old world, nor yet from off the new;
But I am one of the birds of God which sing the whole night through."
"Oh, sing and wake the dawning! Oh, whistle for the wind!
The night is long, the current strong, my boat it lags behind."
"The current sweeps the old world, the current sweeps the new;
The wind will blow, the dawn will glow, ere thou hast sailed them through."

A Myth. *Charles Kingsley*

A GOOD method of studying figures is to take some great poem, such as Wordsworth's "Ode on Immortality," and read it many times. On the first reading, note the beauty of the entire poem; then meditate over every line and phrase, seeing and realizing the process of the author's mind in each specific picture; then afterwards it may be well to go over the whole, and mark or name as far as possible the various figures. It is important to study a poem from as many points of view as possible. Careful study of the figures may bring us into contact with new beauties. The poem should be learned, and its every picture contemplated and meditated over, till its real beauties dawn upon the mind, till the imagination has recreated its life and spirit. Lines and images of the poem will haunt the mind for years, continually growing in beauty and depth of meaning.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore; —
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen, I now can see no more.

The rainbow comes and goes, and lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief:
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong.
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep; —
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong:

I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday; —
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy Shepherd-boy!

Ye blessèd Creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal —
The fullness of your bliss, I feel, I feel it all.
O evil day! if I were sullen
While Earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May-morning,
And the children are culling
On every side
In a thousand valleys far and wide
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm: —
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
— But there 's a tree, of many one,
A single field which I have looked upon, —
Both of them speak of something that is gone:
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;

The Youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended :
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a mother's mind
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate, Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' darling of a pigmy size !
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes !
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learnèd art ;
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral ;
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song :
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part ;
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
That life brings with her in her equipage ;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity !
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage ! thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind, —

Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave!
Thou, over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
A Presence which is not to be put by!
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That Nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest,
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:—
— Not for these I raise the song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts, before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!

Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither —
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which, having been, must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway:
I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears —
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Wordsworth.

HE, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower: his form had yet not lost
All her original brightness; nor appear'd
Less than arch-angel ruin'd, and the excess
Of glory obscur'd: as when the sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone
Above them all the arch-angel: but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care
Sat on his faded cheek; but under brows
Of dauntless courage and considerate pride,
Waiting revenge.

Milton.

XIII. FORMS OF POETRY.

As analytic definitions of poetry have never been satisfactory; as reason cannot explain imagination, nor science, poetry, — so adequate discriminations have rarely been made between lyric, epic, dramatic, and other forms of poetry. But the reader must feel and definitely manifest such differences through the natural languages, by realizing and expressing the imaginative and emotional activities of which these forms are the embodiment in words. Hence, a few suggestions may be given to assist or initiate the study of their essential nature.

A lyric is subjective and personal; it is the result of a vivid realization of some simple and specific situation. It is distinct from ballad poetry, which is narrative, and which produces its effect by a sequence of events. A lyric holds our interest by the pulsation of thought and feeling in the realization of this one idea or situation. Other pictures, situations, or events are brought up in contrast, or in some way are related to the one specific or governing event or idea. It may be the revelation of the love or tenderness of the human heart for some other soul, of the deepest experience face to face with great sorrow or great sin. It may be the expression of admiration for Nature, or of the worship of

God. Songs, hymns, and odes are forms of the lyric. They are nearly always short; and on account of their shortness, they are nearly always concentrated and intense.

There are an innumerable number of lyrics in the language; but, unfortunately, they are not often found in our school-readers. But a student can find large numbers of them in various collections; or, what is better, he can himself go to the great masters of poetry, where he will always find lyrics.

The Psalms are the most exalted examples of lyric expression. The reason is that they are the manifestation of an individual soul exalted or awakened by a thought of the Supreme Being. The nobility of the ideas, the simplicity and tenderness of the expression, the depth of insight, and the intensity of the passion have made these Psalms a medium of worship for the whole race.

Lyrics are the simplest of all forms of imaginative expression. They should, therefore, be first mastered by the student of vocal expression. When rightly practised, they have a wonderful effect upon the voice, tending to remove harshness, and developing sympathetic vibration and texture. The practice of a lyric tends to make the whole body, as well as the voice, responsive and flexible, and to bring them into sympathetic unity with the mind; such an exercise stimulates the breathing, and especially joyous lyrics furnish an exercise of untold value for health. Lyrics have been shown by the ablest authorities, such as Professor Norton, to be the most effective means of developing the imagination and the artistic nature. They develop insight; they secure the power to hold the mind in one simple specific situation; they secure control of feeling. They are short, and can be remembered and practised anywhere.

To read a lyric calls for such a vigorous exercise of the imagination as to awaken the reader's whole nature. The only way anything is made poetic is by intensity of realization. The reader must bring his imagination and whole nature to bear upon the specific situation until the thought and impulse are made personal and the expression spontaneous. All lyric art, especially poetry, must be the inevitable effect of the life and feeling caused by one situation.

Epic poetry is thought by many to be the most exalted form of poetry. It deals with a great era or epoch; it creates or portrays national types. It creates an Achilles as the representative or ideal of the Greeks, of their warlike spirit, their love of independence; it creates an Odysseus as the embodiment of that great people's conception of temperance, or "patience under trial by pleasure," long-suffering, and fortitude, or "patience under trial by pain," — and so the Iliad and the Odyssey became a kind of Bible for the religion of a race. The epic is considered the most exalted form of poetry, because it unfolds not the ideal of an individual, but the ideal of a race. It portrays the subjective and objective combats of men; shows the individual and the nation their character and feeling, their struggles, failures, and successes.

The great epics are few, — such as the Iliad and the Odyssey, the Æneid, the Niebelungen Lied, the Divina Comedia, the Lusiad, Jerusalem Delivered, Paradise Lost; but narratives, tales, ballads, historical poems, and prose fiction are usually considered as belonging to lower forms of the epic. The highest epic work of the nineteenth century is possibly the "History of the French Revolution," by Carlisle.

The vocal rendering of the epic must be full of dignity. It must be ideal and noble; there must be simplicity and tenderness, deep emotions which are serious and noble, and which are felt by the whole race. Characters must be seen and felt as if alive; but they must also be typical. The whole nature of man must be awakened, and yet the expression must be extremely simple.

Dramatic poetry is objective. It is the human soul identifying itself with the point of view, the character, the feeling, the surroundings of another soul. It is the action or movement which is the expression of character; it is the conflict of soul with soul. It deals with the success or failure of life. Dramatic art deals with the motives and characteristics of men, and interprets the processes of developing or perverting character.

The lyric, the epic, and the dramatic are rarely separated completely from one another. In Homer's Iliad and Odyssey many of the dialogues are essentially dramatic. The finest parts of Milton's "Paradise Lost" are the lyrical outbursts of passion.

The Chorus was a lyric element which had a prominent place in the Greek drama. The lyrics in Shakespeare do not represent, as the Greek drama does, the audience, but are placed directly upon the stage as occasional songs. In Shakespeare's "Henry V.," where there are narrative links between the acts spoken by a so-called Chorus, there is an approach to the epic.

So akin are these forms of poetry that the reader must be able to render them all, in order to give any one form well. Dramatic without the lyric is apt to be imitative, and the lyric without the epic is apt to be too subjective. The true reader must, therefore, develop the mental and emotional action which causes these forms of poetry.

In speaking of the two forms of poetical impulse, — dramatic imagination and lyric or egoistic imagination, — Mr. Theodore Watts has made some valuable remarks which should be carefully weighed by the student of vocal expression: "The nature of this absolute vision, or true dramatic imagination, is easily seen if we compare the dramatic work of writers without absolute vision — such as Calderon, Goethe, Ben Jonson, Fletcher, and others — with the dramatic work of Æschylus and of Shakespeare. While of the former group it may be said that each poet skilfully works his imagination, of Æschylus and Shakespeare it must be said that each in his highest dramatic mood does not work, but is worked *by*, his imagination. Note, for instance, how the character of Clytæmnestra grows and glows under the hand of Æschylus. The poet of the Odyssey had distinctly said that Ægisthus, her paramour, had struck the blow; but the dramatist, having imagined the greatest tragic female in all poetry, finds it impossible to let a man like Ægisthus assist such a woman in a homicide so daring and so momentous. And when in that terrible speech of hers she justifies her crime (ostensibly to the outer world, but really to her own conscience), the way in which, by the sheer magnetism of irresistible personality, she draws our sympathy to herself and her crime is unrivalled out of Shakespeare, and not surpassed even there. In the great drama — in the Agamemnon, in Othello, in Hamlet, in Macbeth — there is an imagination at work whose laws are inexorable, are inevitable, as the laws by the operation

of which the planets move round the sun." In another part of his essay, this high authority has said: "The artist's power of thought is properly shown not in the direct enunciation of ideas, but in mastery over motive." That is to say, the imagination is roused by the concentration of the mind of the writer upon the motive springs of character, and of his drama or story.

All this applies with double force to one who seeks to give expression to these sublime works. There must be a vision created by the dramatic imagination of the reader in epic or the higher dramatic forms of poetry, and a vivid scene so intensely realized and felt as to cause the inevitable modulations of the voice. The reader must not use or "skilfully work" his imagination; he must be moved *by* his imagination. The delicate textures, colors, and modulations of the voice, the supple actions of the face and of the body must be the direct result of poetic impulses.

As has been said, the full realization of the differences between the various forms of poetry cannot be attained by mere discussion. Poetry, like all art, must be felt and realized by each individual soul; for art is personal. It is "intrinsic, not extrinsic." It is only its surface that can be explained. The art faculties are too deep for complete rational analysis; their nature and energy must be felt in their exercise. Hence in the struggle to comprehend and to render any passage, the silent meditation over the masterpieces of poetry, followed by the effort to give them vocal interpretation, furnishes the best means of enabling any one to understand and to appreciate the essential nature of the sublimest forms of imaginative creation.

PROBLEM XVI. *Render passages from every form of poetry and literature, and note the peculiar action of the imagination in each case.*

SONG.

AH! my heart is pained with throbbing,
  Throbbing for the May, —
Throbbing for the seaside billows,
Or the water-wooing willows,
  Where in laughing and in sobbing
    Glide the streams away.
  Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
    Throbbing for the May.

Waiting, sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May,
Spring goes by with wasted warnings,
Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings:
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary,
Life still ebbs away;
Man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May.

THE BROOKSIDE.

I WANDERED by the brookside, I wandered by the mill, —
I could not hear the brook flow, the noisy wheel was still;
There was no burr of grasshopper, nor chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree, I watched the long, long shade,
And as it grew still longer I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall, I listened for a word, —
But the beating of my own heart was all the sound I heard.

He came not, — no, he came not: the night came on alone;
The little stars sat one by one, each on his golden throne;
The evening air passed by my cheek, the leaves above were stirred, —
But the beating of my own heart was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing, when something stood behind:
A hand was on my shoulder, — I knew its touch was kind:
It drew me nearer — nearer, — we did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts was all the sound we heard.

Lord Houghton

How amiable are thy tabernacles,
O Lord of hosts!
My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord;
My heart and my flesh cry out unto the living God.
Yea, the sparrow hath found her an house,
And the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young,
Even thine altars, O Lord of hosts,
My King, and my God.
Blessed are they that dwell in thy house:
They will be still praising thee [Selah.

Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee,
In whose heart are the high ways to Zion.
Passing through the valley of Weeping they make it a place of springs;

Yea, the early rain covereth it with blessings.
They go from strength to strength,
Every one of them appeareth before God in Zion.
O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer:
Give ear, O God of Jacob [Selah.

Behold, O God our shield,
And look upon the face of thine anointed.
For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand.
I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God
Than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.
For the Lord God is a sun and a shield:
The Lord will give grace and glory:
No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.
O Lord of hosts,
Blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

Psalm lxxxiv

But up Achilles rose, the lov'd of Heaven;
And Pallas on his mighty shoulders cast
The shield of Jove; and round about his head
She put the glory of a golden mist,
From which there burnt a fiery-flaming light.
And as, when smoke goes heavenward from a town,
In some far island which its foes besiege,
Who all day long with dreadful martialness
Have poured from their own town; soon as the sun
Has set, thick lifted fires are visible,
Which, rushing upward, make a light in the sky,
And let the neighbors know who may perhaps
Bring help across the sea, — so from the head
Of great Achilles went up an effulgence.
Upon the trench he stood, without the wall,
But mix'd not with the Greeks, for he rever'd
His mother's word: and so, thus standing there,
He shouted; and Minerva, to his shout,
Added a dreadful cry; and there arose
Among the Trojans an unspeakable tumult.
And as the clear voice of a trumpet, blown
Against a town by spirit-withering foes,
So sprang the clear voice of Æacides.
And when they heard the brazen cry, their hearts
All leap'd within them; and the proud-maned horses
Ran with the chariots round, for they foresaw

Calamity ; and the charioteers were smitten,
When they beheld the ever-active fire
Upon the dreadful head of the great-minded one
Burning ; for bright-eyed Pallas made it burn.
Thrice o'er the trench divine Achilles shouted ;
And thrice the Trojans and their great allies
Roll'd back ; and twelve of all their noblest men
Then perish'd, crush'd by their own arms and chariots.

Iliad, book xviii. 203-231. *Homer.*

He has witnessed overhead the infinite Deep, with greater and lesser lights, bright-rolling, silent-beaming, hurled forth by the hand of God ; around him and under his feet, the wonderfullest Earth, with her winter snow-storms and her summer spice-airs, and (unaccountablest of all) himself standing here. He stood in the lapse of Time ; he saw Eternity behind him and before him. The all-circling mysterious tide of Force, thousand-fold (for from force of thought to force of gravitation what an interval!) billowed shoreless on ; bore him along, — he too was part of it. From its bosom rose and vanished in perpetual change the lordliest Real-Phantasmagory (which was Being); and ever anew rose and vanished ; and ever that lordliest many-colored scene was full, another yet the same. Oak-trees fell, young acorns sprang : men too, new-sent from the Unknown, he met, of tiniest size, who waxed into stature, into strength of sinew, passionate fire and light : in other men the light was growing dim, the sinews all feeble ; they sank, motionless, into ashes, into invisibility; returned back to the Unknown, beckoning him their mute farewell. He wanders still by the parting spot ; cannot hear *them;* they are far, how far! It was sight for angels and archangels ; for, indeed, God himself had made it wholly.

Carlyle.

LAST APPEARANCE OF LADY MACBETH.

Doctor. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gentlewoman. Since his Majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed ; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doc. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gen. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doc. You may, to me; and 't is most meet you should.

Gen. Neither to you, nor any one, — having no witness to confirm my speech. [*Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper.*] Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doc. How came she by that light?

Gen. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 't is her command.

Doc. You see, her eyes are open.

Gen. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doc. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gen. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady Macbeth. Yet, here 's a spot.

Doc. Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

L. Macb. Out, damned spot! out, I say! — One; two: why, then 't is time to do 't. — Hell is murky! — Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? — Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doc. Do you mark that?

L. Macb. The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now? — What, will these hands ne'er be clean? — No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doc. Go to, go to! you have known what you should not.

Gen. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

L. Macb. Here 's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! Oh! Oh!

Doc. What a sigh is there! the heart is sorely charged.

Gen. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doc. Well, well, well, —

Gen. Pray God, it be, sir.

Doc. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

L. Macb. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale: — I tell you yet again, Banquo 's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doc. Even so?

L. Macb. To bed, to bed! there 's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come! give me your hand. What 's done cannot be undone: to bed, to bed, to bed! [*Exit Lady Macbeth.*

Doc. Will she go now to bed?
Gen. Directly.
Doc. Foul whisperings are abroad. Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles : infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician. —
God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her : — so, good-night.
My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight :
I think, but dare not speak.

Shakespeare.

XIV. DEGREES OF IMAGINATION.

Not only is imagination characteristic of all art and poetry, of all eloquence and beauty; not only is it the faculty which gives insight into the spiritual essence and loveliness of Nature and of all forms of human production, — but the degree of imagination is also the test of greatness in art. The greater the activity of imagination embodied in a work of art, or awakened by its contemplation, the higher the rank of that work.

Art has been divided into the Beautiful, the Poetic, and the Sublime. A painting, a poem, or a story may have the simplest subject for its theme. A painting may represent a mere reflection of light upon a barn, and be beautiful. A poem upon a daisy or a bluebird may be imaginative and pleasing. The greatness of a work of art is not dependent upon its subject except in so far as this subject is a means of revealing insight. When such an object as a pool of water or some aspect of light and shade is the motive of a painting, or a brook the subject of a poem, the imagination may be present and the work may be made beautiful; but it is not the highest exercise of the faculty.

But whenever the human soul is portrayed with an object, though it be a mere pool of water; whenever the object becomes a mirror of the heart of man, of his love of Nature, his gloom or his hope, his earnestness, his sincerity, and his realization of life and the universe, — art then becomes poetic. Anything is poetic in proportion as the human soul becomes the central element. Hu-

man loves, human interests, human suffering and aspiration, these are really the subjects of poetry. Outward objects are the mere means of expression

Art, however, can go further. It is sublime in proportion as the human element preponderates. In beautiful art the natural preponderates. In poetic art the human and the natural elements are in equipoise. In sublime art the human preponderates over the medium or the language, which is suggestive and in the background. In sublime art the idea is all absorbing; it must be so great as to overshadow the form; it must lift the soul above and beyond any external object or accident.

Science, it is said, is always impersonal. Art is always personal. Great art is dependent upon the ascendency of the personal element over the impersonal.

It is the imagination that makes the universe personal; that "conforms the outward show of things to the desires of the mind;" that penetrates below mere facts to truth; that throws aside all superficial accidents. It is the imagination that enables the human mind to disengage itself from a prison of literal facts.

The whole struggle for expression is, after all, dependent upon the manifestations of the soul through the tones and modulations of the voice and the body. Whenever the imagination and the passions are united, and the voice and the body are made subordinate, or brought into such control that the action of imagination and feeling is at once seen through them, the first step in training has been taken.

Dobson's "Song of Four Seasons" is beautiful. There is, of course, some imagination required, but the action of the faculty is not very high. But in such a poem as Gosse's "Return of the Swallows," while there is not the highest activity of the imagination, the mind is yet called upon to carry a more ideal conception. The same is true of Browning's "Apparitions" and "Love among the Ruins," of Tennyson's "Bugle Song" and "Day Dream." But such poems as Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind," "Prometheus Unbound," Coleridge's "Ode to France," Wordsworth's "Ode on Immortality," some portions of Job, and the Prophecy of Isaiah, are rightly termed sublime.

PROBLEM XVII. — *Distinguish by vocal expression that which is simply beautiful from that which is more profound, that which is poetic from that which is more sublime.*

A SONG OF THE FOUR SEASONS.

WHEN Spring comes laughing by vale and hill,
By wind-flower walking and daffodil, —
Sing stars of morning, sing morning skies,
Sing blue of speedwell, — and my Love's eyes.

When comes the Summer full-leaved and strong,
And gay birds gossip the orchard long, —
Sing hid, sweet honey that no bee sips;
Sing red, red roses, — and my Love's lips.

When Autumn scatters the leaves again,
And piled sheaves bury the broad-wheeled wain, —
Sing flutes of harvest where men rejoice;
Sing rounds of reapers, — and my Love's voice.

But when comes Winter with hail and storm,
And red fire roaring and ingle warm, —
Sing first sad going of friends that part:
Then sing glad meeting, — and my Love's heart.

Austin Dobson.

THE RETURN OF THE SWALLOWS.

"OUT in the meadows the young grass springs,
  Shivering with sap," said the larks, "and we
Shoot into air with our strong young wings,
  Spirally up over level and lea;
Come, O Swallows, and fly with us,
Now that horizons are luminous!
  Evening and morning the world of light,
  Spreading and kindling, is infinite!"

Far away, by the sea in the south,
  The hills of olive and slopes of fern
Whiten and glow in the sun's long drouth,
  Under the heavens that beam and burn;
And all the swallows were gathered there
Flitting about in the fragrant air,
  And heard no sound from the larks, but flew
  Flashing under the blinding blue.

Out of the depths of their soft rich throats
Languidly fluted the thrushes, and said:
"Musical thought in the mild air floats,
Spring is coming and winter is dead!
Come, O Swallows, and stir the air,
For the buds are all bursting unaware,
And the drooping eaves and the elm-trees long
To hear the sound of your low sweet song.

Over the roofs of the white Algiers,
Flashingly shadowing the bright bazaar,
Flitted the swallows, and not one hears
The call of the thrushes from far, from far:
Sighed the thrushes; then, all at once,
Broke out singing the old sweet tones, —
Singing the bridal of sap and shoot,
The tree's slow life between root and fruit.

But just when the dingles of April flowers
Shine with the earliest daffodils,
When, before sunrise, the cold clear hours
Gleam with a promise that noon fulfils, —
Deep in the leafage the cuckoo cried,
Perched on a spray by a rivulet-side,
"Swallows, O Swallows, come back again
To swoop and herald the April rain."

And something awoke in the slumbering heart
Of the alien birds in their African air,
And they paused, and alighted, and twittered apart,
And met in the broad white dreamy square;
And the sad slave woman, who lifted up
From the fountain her broad-lipped earthen cup,
Said to herself, with a weary sigh,
"To-morrow the swallows will northward fly!"

Edmund William Gosse.

THOU deadly crater, moulded by my muse,
Cast thou thy bronze into my bowed and wounded heart,
And let my soul its vengeance to thy bronze impart.

On the cannon purchased by receipts from his public readings. *Victor Hugo.*

THOU who passest by, say at Lacedaemon we lie here in obedience to her laws.

Inscription at Thermopile. *Simonides.*

WHEN, loved by poet and painter, the sunrise fills the sky;
When night's gold urns grow fainter, and in depths of amber die;
When the moon-breeze stirs the curtain, bearing an odorous freight, —
Then visions strange, uncertain, pour thick through the Ivory Gate.

Then the oars of Ithaca dip so silently into the sea,
That they wake not sad Calypso — and the Hero wanders free:
He breasts the ocean-furrows, at war with the winds of Fate;
And the blue tide's low susurrus comes up to the Ivory Gate.

The Ivory Gate. *Mortimer Collins.*

SWEET nurselings of the vernal skies,
Bath'd in soft airs, and fed with dew,
What more than magic in you lies,
To fill the heart's fond view?
In childhood's sports, companions gay,
In sorrow, on Life's downward way,
How soothing! in our last decay
Memorials prompt and true.

Ye dwell beside our paths and homes, —
Our paths of sin, our homes of sorrow;
And guilty man, where'er he roams,
Your innocent mirth may borrow.
The birds of air before us fleet,
They cannot brook our shame to meet —
But we may taste your solace sweet,
And come again to-morrow.

Flowers. *Keble.*

WHERE wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?
Declare, if thou hast understanding.
Who determined the measures thereof, if thou knowest?
Or who stretched the line upon it?
Whereupon were the foundations thereof fastened?
Or who laid the corner-stone thereof,
When the morning stars sang together,
And all the sons of God shouted for joy?
Or who shut up the sea with doors,
When it brake forth, as if it had issued out of the womb, —
When I made the cloud the garment thereof,
And thick darkness a swaddling-band for it,
And prescribed for it my decree,
And set bars and doors,
And said, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther;
And here shall thy proud waves be stayed?

Book of Job.

ALAS ! they had been friends in youth ;
But whispering tongues can poison truth,
And constancy lives in realms above ;
And life is thorny, and youth is vain ;
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother :
They parted — ne'er to meet again !
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining :
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder ;
A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat nor frost nor thunder
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

Christabel. *Coleridge.*

XV. USES OF IMAGINATION.

THE imagination is characteristic of every form of art and literature. There may be a poetic building or statue or painting, a poetic singer or reader, a poetic story in prose. Imagination is the faculty, poetry is the product. It is the faculty which sees through the actual to the ideal. It is the only power that can idealize the real, and realize the ideal. It is for this reason that imagination is so potent in the development of character.

The functions it discharges, the uses it serves, the forms it takes, are innumerable. One of the earliest objective forms is the myth. These show the early efforts of the race to interpret natural phenomena; the rising and the setting of the sun, the drifting clouds, the wandering and changing moon, embody the universal conceptions of the meaning of human life. The mythopœic instinct is an action of the imagination, and while many myths may have come down from barbarous ages and contain elements of cruelty, they are the products of this faculty. The myth is a struggle of the imagination to interpret life and to solve the riddle of the Sphinx.

The mythopœic faculty is supposed by many to be lost in modern civilization; but the same power that created the myth of Apollo, or traced the meaning of Athene and the Dawn, is still active in man's mind. We still speak of the dawn of a new civilization. "Morning" has an imaginative and poetical as well as a literal meaning.

Again, folk-lore and fairy tales are the products of the imagination; and poets of our own day, consciously or unconsciously, often adopt the same form for the interpretation of the truth. Tennyson's "Day-Dream" is a part of his embodiment of the old fairy story of the Sleeping Beauty.

THE DEPARTURE.

AND on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold,
And far across the hills they went
In that new world which is the old:
Across the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
And deep into the dying day
The happy princess follow'd him.

And o'er them many a sliding star,
And many a merry wind was borne,
And, stream'd thro' many a golden bar,
The twilight melted into morn. . . .
And o'er them many a flowing range
Of vapor buoy'd the crescent bark,
And, rapt thro' many a rosy change,
The twilight died into the dark.

"A hundred summers! can it be?
And whither goest thou, tell me where?"
"Oh, seek my father's court with me,
For there are greater wonders there."
And o'er the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
Beyond the night, across the day,
Thro' all the world she follow'd him.

The Day-Dream. *Tennyson.*

Again, imagination is a faculty most important to oratory; eloquence is one of its most immediate manifestations. The speaker

needs imagination for the exaltation of his theme. He must give "a local habitation and a name" to mystic and abstract truths, must feel and make others feel the truth. The most abstract idea must be given concrete expression. The heart cannot be moved without a concrete or poetic embodiment of that which would otherwise be vaguely and dimly realized. The most important truth may be so given that its entire force is lost. Truth stated in mere abstract terms, or expressed in cold, hard tones by the voice, not only fails to kindle the heart, but it may awaken doubt, cool enthusiasm, and cause indifference. Unless the speaker gives an exalted vision, he will not awaken or elevate the conceptions of ordinary people. True oratory demands an active use of the imagination. The real office of oratory is to show truth as an object worthy to be sought. It aims not so much to teach or to give men new truth as to awaken a more vivid conception of a truth already known, and to stir deeper feeling, and to awaken a living motive for action. Oratory calls upon men to give their lives for their homes, for their country, or for the cause of truth. It aims to bring them to a more intense realization of their own ideals and convictions.

PROBLEM XVIII. *Study and read selections showing various uses of the imagination by the historian, the speaker, the story-teller, and the poet, and observe their peculiarities.*

THE Danube to the Severn gave
The darken'd heart that beats no more;
They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave.

There twice a day the Severn fills;
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills.

In Memoriam. *Tennyson.*

OUR fathers raised their flag against a power to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome in the height of her glory is not to be compared, — a power which has dotted the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts; whose morning drum-beat, following the sun in his course, and keeping pace with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England. *Webster.*

AGITATION means liberty. As health lies in labor, and there is no royal road to it but through toil, so there is no republican road to safety but in constant distrust. "In distrust," said Demosthenes, "are the nerves of the mind." Let us see to it that these sentinel nerves are ever on the alert. If the Alps, piled in cold and still sublimity, be the emblem of Despotism, the ever-restless ocean is ours, which, girt within the eternal laws of gravitation, is pure only because never still.

Wendell Phillips.

TO those who live by faith, everything they see speaks of that future world; the very glories of Nature, the sun, moon, and stars, and the richness and the beauty of the earth, are as types and figures, witnessing and teaching the invisible things of God. All that we see is destined one day to burst forth into a heavenly bloom, and to be transfigured into immortal glory. Heaven at present is out of sight; but in due time, as snow melts and discovers what it lay upon, so will this visible creation fade away before those greater splendors which are behind it, and on which at present it depends. In that day shadows will retire, and the substance show itself. The sun will grow pale and be lost in the sky, but it will be before the radiance of Him whom it does but image, the Sun of Righteousness. . . . Our own mortal bodies will then be found in like manner to contain within them an inner man, which will then receive its due proportions, as the soul's harmonious organ, instead of the gross mass of flesh and blood which sight and touch are sensible of.

Newman.

WE are like southern plants, taken up to a northern climate and planted in a northern soil. They grow there, but they are always failing of their flowers. The poor exiled shrub dreams by a native longing of a splendid blossom which it has never seen, but is dimly conscious that it ought somehow to produce. It feels like the flower which it has not strength to make in the half-chilled but still genuine juices of its southern nature. That is the way in which the ideal life, the life of full completions, haunts us all. Nothing can really haunt us except what we have the beginning of, the native capacity for, however hindered, in ourselves. The highest angel does not tempt us because he is of another race from us; but God is our continual incitement because we are His children. So the ideal life is in our blood, and never will be still. We feel the thing we ought to be beating beneath the thing we are. Every time we see a man who has attained our human idea a little more fully than we have, it wakens our languid blood and fills us with new longings. When we see Christ, it is as if a new plant out of the southern soil were brought

suddenly in among its poor stunted, transplanted brethren, and, blossoming in their sight, interpreted to each of them the restlessness and discontent which was in each of their poor hearts. When, led by Christ, we see God, it is as if the stunted, flowerless plants grew tall enough to stand up and look across all the miles that lie between, and see the glory of the perfect plant as it blooms in unhindered luxuriance in its southern home. And when we die and go to God, it is as if at last the poor shrub were plucked out of its exile and taken back and set where it belonged, in the rich soil, under the warm sun, where the patience which it had learned in its long waiting should make all the deeper and richer the flower into which its experience was set free to find its utterance.

The Withheld Completions of Life. — *Phillips Brooks.*

THEY gave their lives for their country, and gained for themselves a glory that can never fade, a tomb that shall stand as a mark forever. I do not mean that in which their bodies lie, but in which their renown lives after them, to be remembered forever on every occasion of speech or action which calls it to mind. For the whole earth is the grave and monument of heroes. It is not the mere graving upon marble in their native land which sets forth their deeds; but even in lands where they were strangers there lives an unwritten record in every heart — felt, though never embodied.

Funeral Oration. — *Pericles.*

XVI. FREEDOM OF THE IMAGINATION.

HE who, having no touch of the Muse's madness in his soul, comes to the door and thinks he will get into the temple by the help of Art, — he, I say, and his poetry, are not admitted. *Plato.*

IMAGINATION is original; its action differs as widely as men do. Compare the imagination of Milton, for example, with that of any other author who has written in the English language. We find a peculiarity in him distinct from all others. He sees all objects in human form. His imagination acts in accordance with the mythopœic instinct of the Greeks. If he had been an artist, he would have been a sculptor. Take "L'Allegro," one of the simplest of his poems. Every little relation or effect of joy is here embodied in a plastic form. Quips, cranks, wiles, nods, laughter, and care are all transformed into living beings.

HASTE thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathèd smiles
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides, —
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee
In unreprovèd pleasures free. *Milton.*

Contrast this with Wordsworth, who if he had been an artist would probably have been a musician. So peculiar and distinct is the action of Wordsworth's imagination, that Coleridge said of certain lines that if he had met them in the wilds of Africa, he would have cried out "Wordsworth!"

I HEARD a stock-dove sing, or say,
His homely tale this very day;
His voice was buried among trees,
Yet to be come at by the breeze;
He did not cease, but cooed and cooed,
And somewhat pensively he wooed:
He sang of love with quiet blending,
Slow to begin, and never ending;
Of serious faith and inward glee:
That was the song — the song for me!

Wordsworth.

How different is the imagination of Shelley! If he had been an artist, he would certainly have been a painter. No one but a painter's eye could have seen this beautiful picture: —

WE paused beside the pools that lie under the forest bough;
Each seemed as 't were a little sky gulfed in a world below, —
A firmament of purple light, which in the dark earth lay,
More boundless than the depth of night, and purer than the day;
In which the lovely forests grew, as in the upper air,
More perfect both in shape and hue than any spreading there.

There lay the glade and neighbouring lawn, and through the dark green wood
The white sun twinkling like the dawn out of a speckled cloud.
Sweet views, which in our world above can never well be seen,
Were imaged by the water's love of that fair forest green.
And all was interfused beneath with an Elysian glow,
An atmosphere without a breath, a softer day below.
Like one beloved the scene had lent to the dark water's breast
Its every leaf and lineament with more than truth exprest,
Until an envious wind crept by, like an unwelcome thought,
Which from the mind's too faithful eye blots one dear image out.

THE WORLD'S WANDERERS.

TELL me, thou Star, whose wings of light
Speed thee in thy fiery flight,
In what cavern of the night
Will thy pinions close now?

Tell me, Moon, thou pale and gray
Pilgrim of heaven's homeless way,
In what depth of night or day
Seekest thou repose now?

Weary Wind, who wanderest
Like the world's rejected guest,
Hast thou still some secret nest
On the tree or billow?

A Fragment. *Shelley.*

Now, if the imagination acts differently in each author, it must act differently in each reader. A reader must be free to use his imagination in his own way; and true education will not interfere with his freedom, but will rather seek to develop differences and peculiarities.

Imagination is not limited to any set of subjects. It may deal with a simple description, or with a deep philosophic truth. It may serve to lift the most familiar and commonplace objects into right relations with the infinite and eternal; or it may touch the most profound truth, and bring it home to the heart.

Then, again, one author may lift his whole poem to an exalted height. In all his poems Tennyson "pitches the style at a high artistic level, from which he never once descends. Image follows image, picture succeeds picture, — each perfect, rich in color,

clear in outline." Every line satisfies the most fastidious taste. Imagination envelops the whole. You do not pick out single lines as gems from Tennyson as you do from other authors. His imagination is concerned more in giving the whole an exaltation and coloring rather than in producing transcendent beauties in particular phrases or lines or passages.

ART AND SORROW.

On that last night before we went
From out the doors where I was bred,
I dreamed a vision of the dead,
Which left my after-morn content.

Methought I dwelt within a hall,
And maidens with me: distant hills
From hidden summits fed with rills
A river sliding by the wall.

The hall with harp and carol rang.
They sang of what is wise and good
And graceful. In the centre stood
A statue veiled, to which they sang;

And which, tho' veiled, was known to me, —
The shape of him I loved, and love
Forever: then flew in a dove
And brought a summons from the sea.

And when they learnt that I must go,
They wept and wailed, but led the way
To where a little shallop lay
At anchor in the flood below;

And on by many a level mead,
And shadowing bluff that makes the banks,
We glided winding under ranks
Of iris, and the golden weed;

And still as vaster grew the shore,
And rolled the floods in grander space,
The maidens gathered strength and grace
And presence, lordlier than before;

And I myself, who sat apart
And watched them, waxed in every limb:
I felt the thews of Anakim,
The pulses of a Titan's heart:

As one would sing the death of war,
  And one would chant the history
  Of that great race which is to be,
And one the shaping of a star;

Until the forward-creeping tides
  Began to foam, and we to draw
  From deep to deep, to where we saw
A great ship lift her shining sides.

The man we loved was there on deck,
  But thrice as large a man he bent
  To greet us. Up the side I went,
And fell in silence on his neck.

Whereat those maidens with one mind
  Bewailed their lot: I did them wrong.
  "We served thee here," they said, "so long,
And wilt thou leave us now behind?"

So rapt I was, they could not win
  An answer from my lips; but he
  Replying, "Enter likewise ye
And go with us:" they entered in.

And while the wind began to sweep
  A music out of sheet and shroud,
  We steered her toward a crimson cloud
That land-like swept along the deep.

In Memoriam. *Tennyson.*

How different it is with Wordsworth! In his verse the most commonplace lines can be found; but occasionally the imagination has sudden flashes that seem to come from the very heart of Nature or the depth of the poet's soul.

Some one has said that Tennyson moves ever upon the mountain tops, but that Wordsworth quietly and simply descends to the smallest nooks and valleys. His course is more uneven; he is concerned in a truly simple and natural way with the very least objects, while arising at times to the sublimest heights.

Note, for example, in the following extract, how quietly and simply he discusses a most ordinary event, and then toward the close how he suddenly passes with such imaginative force to the "central peace, subsisting at the heart of endless agitation."

I HAVE seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy; for from within were heard
Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith; and there are times,
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things, —
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power;
And *central peace, subsisting at the heart*
Of endless agitation. Here you stand,
Adore, and worship, when you know it not;
Pious beyond the intention of your thought;
Devout above the meaning of your will.
Yes, you have felt, and may not cease to feel.

Wordsworth.

Brougham has criticised Burke upon the passage here abridged, and upon his use of the figure of the gathering storm, and has compared it with the same figure in Demosthenes.

Professor Jebb says, however, that this is a failure to appreciate the different points of view. "Burke is a painter; Demosthenes is a sculptor." That is to say, the imagination of the two men acted in a different way; and it is very imperfect criticism that will compare the difference in the creative actions of their minds to the disparagement of either orator. The imagination in every human being is more or less peculiar and different. The imagination never copies or imitates. Whenever it is true it is original. It was impossible for Burke, with his modern training, to have portrayed his images like one educated beneath the Parthenon.

DESTRUCTION OF THE CARNATIC.

WHEN at length Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty and no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he decreed to make the country possessed by these incorrigible and predestinated criminals a memorable example to mankind. He

resolved, in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance, and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together was no protection.

. . . He drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the art of destruction; and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains. Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor, which blackened all their horizon, it suddenly burst, and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic.

Then ensued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and of which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants, flying from their flaming villages, in part were slaughtered; others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank or sacredness of function, — fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers and the trampling of pursuing horses, — were swept into captivity in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest fled to the walled cities; but escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine. . . . So completely did these masters of their art — Hyder Ali and his more ferocious son — absolve themselves of their impious vow, that, when the British armies traversed, as they did, the Carnatic for hundreds of miles in all directions, through the whole line of their march they did not see one man, not one woman, not one child, not one four-footed beast of any description whatever. One dead, uniform silence reigned over the whole region. *Burke.*

THE people gave their voice, and the danger that hung upon our borders went by like a cloud. *Demosthenes.*

WITH that I saw two swans of goodly hue
Come softly swimming down along the lee:
Two fairer birds I yet did never see;
The snow which doth the top of Pindus strow
Did never whiter show;
Nor Jove himself, when he a swan would be
For love of Leda, whiter did appear.

Yet Leda was (they say) as white as he,
Yet not so white as these, nor nothing near;
So purely white they were
That even the gentle stream, the which them bare,
Seem'd foul to them, and bade his billows spare
To wet their silken feathers, lest they might
Soil their fair plumes with water not so fair,
And mar their beauties bright
That shone as Heaven's light
Against their bridal day, which was not long.
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

From "Prothalamion." *Spenser.*

ITYLUS.

SWALLOW, my sister, O sister swallow,
How can thine heart be full of the spring?
A thousand summers are over and dead.
What hast thou found in the spring to follow?
What hast thou found in thy heart to sing?
What wilt thou do when the summer is shed?

O swallow, sister, O fair swift swallow,
Why wilt thou fly after spring to the south, —
The soft south, whither thine heart is set?
Shall not the grief of the old time follow?
Shall not the song thereof cleave to thy mouth?
Hast thou forgotten ere I forget?

Sister, my sister, O fleet sweet swallow,
Thy way is long to the sun and the south;
But I, fulfilled of my heart's desire,
Shedding my song upon height, upon hollow,
From tawuy body and sweet small mouth
Feed the heart of the night with fire.

I, the nightingale, all spring through,
O swallow, sister, O changing swallow,
All spring through, till the spring be done,
Clothed with the light of the night on the dew, —
Sing, while the hours and the wild birds follow,
Take flight and follow and find the sun.

. . . . . .

O sweet stray sister, O shifting swallow,
The heart's division divideth us.
Thy heart is light as a leaf of a tree,
But mine goes forth among sea-gulfs hollow,
To the place of the slaying of Itylus,
The feast of Daulis, the Thracian Sea.

O swallow, sister, O rapid swallow,
I pray thee sing not a little space.
Are not the roofs and the lintels wet?
The woven web that was plain to follow,
The small slain body, the flower-like face,
Can I remember if thou forget?

O sister, sister, thy first-begotten!
The hands that cling and the feet that follow,
The voice of the child's blood crying yet,
"Who hath remembered me? who hath forgotten?"
Thou hast forgotten, O summer swallow,
But the world shall end when I forget.

Swinburne.

To me it is a most touching face; perhaps of all the faces that I know, the most so. Blank there, painted on vacancy, with the simple laurel wound round it; the deathless sorrow and pain, the known victory which is also deathless; significant of the whole history of Dante! I think it is the mournfullest face that ever was painted from reality; an altogether tragic, heart-affecting face. There is in it, as foundation of it, the softness, tenderness, gentle affection as of a child; but all this is as if congealed into sharp contradiction, into abnegation, isolation, proud, hopeless pain. A soft ethereal soul looking out so stern, implacable, grim-trenchant, as from imprisonment of thick-ribbed ice! Withal it is a silent pain, too, — a silent, scornful one: the lip is curled in a kind of god-like disdain of the thing that is eating out his heart, — as if it were, withal, a mean, insignificant thing; as if he whom it had power to torture and strangle were greater than it. The face of one wholly in protest, and life-long, unsurrendering battle, against the world, affection all converted into indignation, — an implacable indignation; slow, equable, implacable, silent, like that of a god! The eye, too, it looks out as in a kind of surprise, a kind of inquiry, Why was the world of such a sort? This is Dante: so he looks, this "voice of ten silent centuries," and sings us his "mystic, unfathomable song."

The Face of Dante. *Carlyle.*

WHAT needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones
The labour of an age in pilèd stones,
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a star-y pointing pyramid?
Dear son of Memory, great heir of Fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a livelong monument.

For whilst to th' shame of slow-endeavouring Art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took, —
Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And so sepulchered, in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

Milton.

XVII. MISCONCEPTIONS AND ABUSES.

Of all the faculties the imagination is most frequently misconceived. To many it is simply the faculty of hallucination. Even some painters of the realistic type have declared imagination a hindrance to artistic work. These entirely overlook the fact that the greatest realist must give imaginative feeling to a simple touch of his brush, or he is not an artist.

Imagination does not deceive. Deceit is an abuse of the faculty. It does not cause delusion; it may create artistic illusion, but in this it looks through the external to the internal, through the body to the spirit. It uses facts to find truth. "It is, indeed, pre-eminently a truthful and truth-seeing power, perceiving subtle aspects of truth, hidden relations, far-reaching analogies, which find no entrance to us by any other inlet."

Again, imagination is not extravagant; fancy may exaggerate, but the imagination, never. Imagination is not a drunken, a flippant, or a trivial faculty. It does not dissipate noble emotion, but lies at the heart of our deepest experience.

Again, imagination is not a mere decorative faculty; it sees and creates beauty, but it does not adorn superficially. Its beauty is unfolded from the heart. It is not a faculty for fantastic or fictitious visions. Its highest characteristic is depth of insight. It must not be judged by its perversions and diseases, or by its lower functions, but by its highest and noblest characteristics. Its climax is not the literal fact, but truth. It never acts apart from truth. It is the faculty of all faculties that deals with the heart of things and the heart of man.

Again, imagination is not mere composition. Some one has said that man has the power to arrange and adjust his ideas, subordinate one and accentuate another; but this power he does not have over Nature. This arranging is, however, rather composition than imagination. When the arrangement is such as to manifest the ideal, when it is a spontaneous creation, it may be imaginative; but the imagination never acts mechanically. It does not construct and build; it gives life that unfolds itself in growth.

"Fancy," says Ruskin, "as she stays at the externals, can never feel. She is one of the hardest-hearted of the intellectual faculties, or rather one of the most purely and simply intellectual. She cannot be made serious, — no edge-tools but she will play with; whereas the imagination is in all things the reverse. She cannot be but serious; she sees too far, too darkly, too solemnly, too earnestly, ever to smile. There is something in the heart of everything, if we can reach it, that we shall not be inclined to laugh at."

The imagination is of all faculties most capable of abuse. It must be trained to use the material of real knowledge. There must be no sickly desire to run away from simple facts to that which is extravagant, unnatural, and untrue.

The imagination has much to do with moral life and character, and is kept from abuse by a perception of the true spirit of all things, by the moral and intellectual balance of the whole man; again, the imagination is kept normal by careful observation and thorough investigation. One of the worst abuses is calling upon it for facts as a substitute for hard work and earnest study to find the truth. "The gentleman calls upon his imagination for his facts and his memory for his tropes" was a witty reference to the perversion of each faculty. Lastly, man's creative powers are kept strong and true by constant study of the best poetry and art.

Some think that imagination must create some kind of ideal conception without materials for such a poem as Psalm xlvi. But true imagination finds the specific situation and the historical occasion as far as possible, and founds its creations upon truth. The situation is supposed by many of the best scholars to be after the destruction of the Assyrian hosts of Sennacherib.

The true reader will first study this great event, and his imagination out of the dry facts will create a living scene, and cause him to stand on the morning after that great relief and feel with those who poured forth their thanksgiving in such a noble ode.

THE GREAT DELIVERANCE.

God is our refuge and strength,
A very present help in trouble.
Therefore will we not fear though the earth be shaken ;
Though the mountains tremble on their bases in the heart of the seas.
Let the waters roar and foam !
Let the mountains shake before their waves !

There is a river whose streams make glad the city of God,
The holy place of the dwellings of the Most High !
God is in her midst ; she shall not be moved.
God shall help her, with the morning dawn.
The nations raged ; their kingdoms were moved against us ;
He uttered His voice, and the earth melted with fear !
The Lord of Hosts is with us ;
The God of Jacob is our refuge.

Come, behold the deeds of Jehovah,
What wondrous things He has done in the earth ;
He makes wars to cease to the end of the earth !
He breaks the bow ; He snaps the spear asunder;
He burns the war chariot in the fire !

" Be still, and know that I am God ;
I will be exalted among the nations !
I will be exalted in the earth."
The Lord of Hosts is with us ;
The God of Jacob is our refuge. *Psalm xlvi.*

The imagination is kept from abuse by contact with the grandest and noblest art. The artist must not only live in contact with masterpieces in his own special form of art, but he also needs to study the masterpieces in other forms of art. The true painter will study also good music, as the architect will study to appreciate sculpture, or the public reader or actor endeavor to appreciate painting.

The advice of Longfellow to Mary Anderson was: " Every day look upon some beautiful picture, read some beautiful poem, hear some beautiful piece of music." This not only develops the

imagination, but keeps it active and normal, and prevents those diseases of the imagination some of which are the most fearful that afflict the human mind.

FROM THE DEFENCE OF POETRY.

Poetry lifts the veil from the hidden beauty of the world, and makes familiar objects be as if they were not familiar; it reproduces all that it represents, and the impersonations clothed in its Elysian light stand thenceforward, in the minds of those who have once contemplated them, as memorials of that gentle and exalted content which extends itself over all thought and actions with which it coexists. The great secret of morals is love; or a going out of our nature, and an identification of ourselves with the beautiful which exists in thought, action, or person, not our own. A man to be greatly good must imagine intensely and comprehensively; he must put himself in the place of another and of many others; the pains and pleasures of his species must become his own. The great instrument of moral good is the imagination; and poetry administers to the effect by acting upon the cause. Poetry enlarges the circumference of the imagination by replenishing it with thoughts of ever new delight, which have the power of attracting and assimilating to their own nature all other thoughts, and which form new intervals and interstices whose void forever craves fresh food. Poetry strengthens the faculty which is the organ of the moral nature of man, in the same manner as exercise strengthens a limb.

Poetry is indeed something divine. It is at once the centre and circumference of knowledge; it is that which comprehends all science, and that to which all science must be referred. It is at the same time the root and blossom of all other systems of thought; it is that from which all spring, and that which adorns all; and that which, if blighted, denies the fruit and the seed, and withholds from the barren world the nourishment and the succession of the scions of the tree of life. It is the perfect and consummate surface and bloom of all things; it is as the odour and the colour of the rose to the texture of the elements which compose it, as the form and splendour of unfaded beauty to the secrets of anatomy and corruption. What were virtue, love, patriotism, friendship; what were the scenery of this beautiful universe which we inhabit; what were our consolations on this side of the grave, and what were our aspirations beyond it, — if poetry did not ascend to bring light and fire from those eternal regions where the owl-winged faculty of calculation dare not ever soar?

Poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds. We are aware of evanescent visitations of thought and

feeling sometimes associated with place or person, sometimes regarding our own mind alone, and always arising unforeseen and departing unbidden, but elevating and delightful beyond all expression: so that even in the desire and the regret they leave, there cannot be but pleasure, participating as it does in the nature of its object. It is as it were the interpenetration of a diviner nature through our own; but its footsteps are like those of a wind over the sea, which the coming calm erases, and whose traces remain only as on the wrinkled sands which pave it. These and corresponding conditions of being are experienced principally by those of the most delicate sensibility and the most enlarged imagination; and the state of mind produced by them is at war with every base desire. The enthusiasm of virtue, love, patriotism, and friendship is essentially linked with such emotions; and whilst they last, self appears as what it is, — an atom to a universe. Poets are not only subject to these experiences as spirits of the most refined organisation, but they can colour all that they combine with the evanescent hue of this ethereal world; a word, a trait in the representation of a scene or a passion will touch the enchanted chord, and reanimate, in those who have ever experienced these emotions, the sleeping, the cold, the buried image of the past. Poetry thus makes immortal all that is best and most beautiful in the world; it arrests the vanishing apparitions which haunt the interlunations of life, and veiling them, or in language or in form, sends them forth among mankind, bearing sweet news of kindred joy to those with whom their sisters abide, — abide, because there is no portal of expression from the caverns of the spirit which they inhabit into the universe of things. Poetry redeems from decay the visitations of the divinity in man.

Shelley.

IN THE STORM.

A WILD rough night: and through the gloomy gray
One sees the blackness of the headland grow;
One sees the whiteness of the upflung spray,
The whiteness of the breakers down below.

A wild wild night: and on the shingly rim
The furious sea-surge roars and frets and rives;
And far away those black specks, growing dim,
Are tossing with their freights of human lives.

And all the while upon the silent height
The strong white star, beneath the starless sky,
Shines through the dimness of the troubled night,
Shines motionless while the vexed winds hoot by.

O steadfast light! across dark miles of sea
How many straining eyes whence sleep is chased
Are watching through the midnight-storm for thee,
Large glimmering through the haze to the gray waste!

And in the night, fond mothers, scared awake,
And lonely wives, pushing the blind aside,
See thee, and bless thee for their sailor's sake,
And thank God thou art there, the dear ship's guide.

O strong calm star! so watching night by night
And hour by hour, when storm-winds are astir,
They find thee changeless with thy patient light,
A beacon to the sea-tossed wanderer.

O strong and patient! Once upon my life
Shone such a star; and when the trouble wave
Reached me, and I grew faint with tempest strife,
Through all I saw that hope-star, and was brave.

O my lost star! my star that was to me
Instead of sunlight that the happy know!
O weary way upon life's trackless sea!
And through the gloom there shines no beacon glow.

Augusta Webster.

XVIII. KNOWLEDGE AND EXPRESSION.

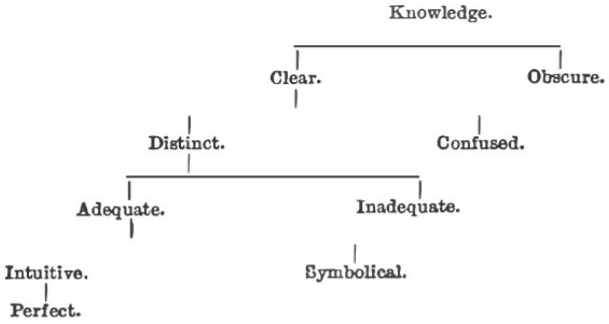
KNOWLEDGE has many degrees of definiteness. Many persons are content with vague ideas of the most common objects around them, as well as of all departments of science, literature, and art. Ask one of these whether he has a love for Shakespeare or not: "Why, of course!" yet he never gave it a thought. He loves poetry as a matter "of course," while he really has only a vague comprehension of what literature is, and no especial love for any author.

Literature is often studied historically, and no love is awakened for any one work. The spirit is not felt, the imagination is not awakened. Authors are but names, poems little more than words. Our understanding of a poem, oration, essay, or story should have the characteristics of perfect knowledge. For an appreciation of poetry or literature it is necessary to have a thorough understanding of the ideas beneath the words; for such an understanding is the basis of imaginative creation and sympathetic assimilation.

Such understanding is especially necessary to vocal expression. No man can express what he does not understand. He must not only understand the meaning of a phrase, — he must have in his mind a definite, ideal presence of which expression is simply the manifestation. The mere repetition of words is not expression. There must be distinct impression, and adequate and definite feeling, before there can be any truth or completeness of expression.

For more than a hundred years the basis of all studies on the relative perfection of knowledge has been an essay by Leibnitz. This essay is more or less obscure and difficult to understand. Professor Jevons has given an abridgment or illustration of it in his "Logic." So important is the subject to every student of vocal expression, that a few passages are selected for special study in relation to expression.

KNOWLEDGE is either obscure or clear; either confused or distinct; either adequate or inadequate; and lastly either symbolical or intuitive. Perfect knowledge must be clear, distinct, adequate, and intuitive; if it fails in any one of these respects it is more or less *imperfect*. We may, therefore, classify knowledge as in the following scheme: —



A notion, that is to say our knowledge of a thing, is *obscure* when it does not enable us to recognize the thing again and discriminate it from all other things. We have a clear notion of a rose and of most common flowers, because we can recognize them with certainty, and do not confuse them with each other. A shepherd acquires by practice a clear notion of each sheep of his flock, so as to enable him to single out any one separately.

Clear knowledge, again, is *confused* when we cannot distinguish the parts and qualities of the thing known, and can only recognize it as a

whole. Though any one instantly knows a friend, and could discriminate him from all other persons, yet he would generally find it impossible to say how he knows him, or by what marks. He could not describe his figure or features but in the very roughest manner. A person unpractised in drawing, who attempts to delineate even such a familiar object as a horse or cow, soon finds that he has but a confused notion of its form, while an artist has a distinct idea of the form of every limb.

To have *adequate* knowledge of things, we must not only distinguish the parts which make up our notion of a thing, but the parts which make up those parts. To be completely adequate, our knowledge ought to admit of analysis after analysis *ad infinitum;* so that adequate knowledge would be impossible. But we may consider any knowledge adequate which carries the analysis sufficiently far for the purpose in view. A mechanist, for instance, has adequate knowledge of a machine if he not only know its several wheels and parts, but the purposes, materials, forms, and actions of those parts, — provided again that he knows all the mechanical properties of the materials, and the geometrical properties of the forms which may influence the working of the machine; but he is not expected to go on still further and explain why iron or wood of a particular quality is strong or brittle, why oil acts as a lubricator, or on what axioms the principles of mechanical forces are founded.

Lastly, we must notice the very important distinction of *symbolical* and *intuitive* knowledge. From the original meaning of the word, *intuitive* would denote that which we gain by seeing (Latin, *intueor*, to look at); and any knowledge which we have directly through the senses, or by immediate communication to the mind, is called *intuitive*. Thus we may learn intuitively what a square or a hexagon is, but hardly what a chiliagon, or figure of 1000 sides, is. We could not tell the difference by sight of a figure of 1000 sides and a figure of 1001 sides. Nor can we imagine any such figure completely before the mind. It is known to us only by name, or symbolically. All large numbers, — such as those which state the velocity of light (186,000 miles per second), the distance of the sun (91,000,000 miles), and the like, — are known to us only by symbols, and they are beyond our powers of imagination.

Whenever in common life we use words without having in mind at the moment their full and precise meaning, we possess symbolical knowledge only.

There is no worse habit for a student or reader to acquire than that of accepting words instead of a knowledge of things. It is perhaps worse than useless to read a work on natural history about Infusoria, Foraminifera, Rotifera, and the like, if these names do not convey clear images

to the mind. Nor can a student who has not witnessed experiments, and examined the substances with his own eyes, derive any considerable advantage from works on chemistry and natural philosophy, where he will meet with hundreds of new terms which would be to him mere empty and confusing signs. On this account we should lose no opportunity of acquainting ourselves, by means of our senses, with the forms, properties, and changes of things, in order that the language we employ may, as far as possible, be employed *intuitively*, and we may be saved from the absurdities and fallacies into which we might otherwise fall.

The application of this to vocal expression is not difficult. A student in preparing for recitation learns his words, and thinks he is ready. There has been little or no meditation over the ideas; his knowledge, if he has any, is in a symbolic, not in an intuitive, state. He has a mere acquisition of terms; the ideas beneath are vague and inadequate, and of course expression must consequently be imperfect.

Effect follows adequate cause. The source of noble expression is thorough knowledge.

The application of these principles to imagination and feeling is of special importance in expression, because the depth and accuracy of knowledge results in adequate and definite feeling. True feeling is a response to knowledge, and true imaginative activity is founded upon accuracy of observation and knowledge. Men may, of course, have very definite knowledge, and discipline themselves to repress all imagination and emotion; but where there is a sympathetic study of a subject in relation to expression, not only is adequate knowledge secured, but vague emotions are intercepted and feeling grows definite. The imagination becomes dominated by the ideas, and changes with every change and point of view.

The distinction between symbolic and intuitive knowledge, and the superiority of the latter, are most important to expression. All imaginative action is intuitive. All true, intuitive conception in speaking is an incentive to right emotion.

No one should be called upon to read that which has not passed into the realm of intuitive knowledge. This principle applies in every case. Man can express only what he adequately understands. A student must be led gradually to secure perfect and

intuitive knowledge of literature, and deeper and truer emotions and fuller expression.

On the other hand, the student must be given literature which demands intellectual effort for its comprehension. He must be encouraged to meditate upon great literature.

The necessity of adequate knowledge for truthful expression may be illustrated by Browning's monologue, "A Woman's Last Word." If one begins to read this without a clear conception of the whole, receiving ideas simply as they happen to come to the mind, expression will be vague. Here and there may be a clear idea, but there is no adequate expression of the whole. The poem requires a complete comprehension of the whole situation, before a single phrase can be realized imaginatively.

A woman is represented as talking to her husband, who has insisted upon her disclosing to him some event in her past life. She feels that she cannot make clear her love for another, and that to talk about it will create only misunderstanding. The poem is her speech, — a yielding, but with a request for postponement. With this knowledge gained, the conception of the poem grows clearer; then, and not till then, does the imaginative action of the poem begin. The reader can now secure an intuitive and imaginative point of view, and a conception of the poem adequate to expression.

A WOMAN'S LAST WORD.

LET 's contend no more, Love, strive nor weep:
All be as before, Love, — only sleep!
What so wild as words are? I and thou
In debate, as birds are, — hawk on bough!
See the creature stalking while we speak!
Hush and hide the talking, cheek on cheek!
What so false as truth is, false to thee?
Where the serpent's tooth is, shun the tree —
Where the apple reddens, never pry —
Lest we lose our Edens, Eve and I.
Be a god, and hold me with a charm!
Be a man, and fold me with thine arm!
Teach me, only teach, Love! As I ought
I will speak thy speech, Love, think thy thought —

Meet, if thou require it, both demands,
Laying flesh and spirit in thy hands.
That shall be to-morrow, not to-night:
I must bury sorrow out of sight, —
Must a little weep, Love, (Foolish me!),
And so fall asleep, Love, loved by thee.

Browning.

PROBLEM XIX. *Read passages with different degrees of vividness and clearness of ideas, and note the fact that the imagination is more active and feeling more responsive in proportion to the mastery of the thought and definiteness of the understanding.*

IDENTITY.

SOMEWHERE — in desolate wind-swept space —
In Twilight land — in No-man's land —
Two hungry Shapes met face to face,
And bade each other stand.

"And who are you?" cried one, agape,
Shuddering in the gloaming light.
"I know not," said the second Shape,
"I only died last night!"

T. B. Aldrich.

XIX. DEVELOPMENT OF IMAGINATION.

WHILE the imagination is a creative faculty, whose subtle processes defy analysis, still it must have material with which to act. There must exist in the mind an ample store of apperceptions, of ideal forms and beautiful images, as a basis for activity.

Such material the imagination cannot create for itself. It must come from experience, from a sympathetic and careful observation of Nature, art, and science.

Nature is one source whence it may be drawn. All poets, all artists, have a deep love for Nature. Admiration and wonder are born in each child; when wonder is lost, all teachableness, all receptivity, all hope and faith are lost. The first objects upon which the imagination is exercised is wondering admiration for trees and flowers, birds and brooks, skies and clouds. The imagination makes them live and move. Nature plays a part in

the education of man; she calls forth and complements his spirit. A love of Nature is spontaneous. The child longs to be out of doors. An education that warps this affection for Nature is radically wrong.

Next in importance to the development of a genuine love for Nature comes the study of painting, sculpture, and music. Art is the interpretation of Nature; and it is only by a co-ordinate study of art and Nature that we can awaken a true love of Nature on the one hand, or of art on the other. Art has a specific language for each of its forms or manifestations, and every human being must be trained to read all these languages. Each art-work awakens a peculiar action of the imagination in its creator, and also in the one who simply appreciates and learns to love it. Every one should endeavor to develop the power to think pictorially, so as to appreciate painting; or to think plastically, so as to appreciate sculpture. In short, every imagination should be trained to respond to a true painting, to a noble statue, to an artistic building, and to every great art-work.

The one form of art which every person can carry with him is literature; and primary dependence for the awakening of the imagination in most persons must be placed upon poetry and the works of great authors.

Literature complemented by the other arts furnishes the highest study and interpretation of Nature and humanity. With poetry, the imagination of the race is forever intertwined. It is at once the highest creation of the imagination and the most necessary food for its development.

The one author who is especially helpful in the interpretation of Nature, not only in youth but in old age, is Wordsworth. He should be carefully studied by all students of vocal expression. He brings imagination to little things; uses simple words; has no sentimental sadness, no exaggerated and abnormal passion; and gives little temptation to declamation.

Observe the simplicity of his insight, and the truthfulness and beauty of his expression in this simple contemplation of two mountain summits, yet how forcibly he holds our attention, quickens our imagination, and stirs our feelings.

"THOSE lusty twins," exclaimed our host, "if here
It were your lot to dwell, would soon become
Your prized companions. Many are the notes
Which, in his tuneful course, the wind draws forth
From rocks, woods, caverns, heaths, and dashing shores;
And well those lofty brethren bear their part
In the wild concert — chiefly when the storm
Rides high; then all the upper air they fill
With roaring sound, that ceases not to flow,
Like smoke, along the level of the blast,
In mighty current; theirs, too, is the song
Of stream and headlong flood that seldom fails;
And, in the grim and breathless hour of noon,
Methinks that I have heard them echo back
The thunder's greeting. Nor have Nature's laws
Left them ungifted with a power to yield
Music of finer tone; a harmony,
So do I call it, though it be the hand
Of silence, though there be no voice: the clouds,
The mist, the shadows, light of golden suns,
Motions of moonlight, — all come thither, touch,
And have an answer — thither come, and shape
A language not unwelcome to sick hearts
And idle spirits: there the sun himself,
At the calm close of summer's longest day
Rests his substantial orb; between those heights
And on the top of either pinnacle,
More keenly than elsewhere in night's blue vault,
Sparkle the stars, as of their station proud."

Wordsworth.

The one supreme author for the study of human nature is Shakespeare. His works must be the chief text-book for all students of expression.

To repeat again the principle upon which these lessons are founded, *art must be studied as art and by means of art.* Hence, to develop the imagination, to secure a true appreciation of any literary work, there must be earnest study and practice to render the highest products of the artistic nature by the voice. The most natural language, that of the voice, must be exercised to give expression to the noblest forms of poetry and literature.

Professor Shairp has some valuable suggestions to poets which

apply with equal force to every kind of artist, and especially to the reader, the actor, or the speaker. "The imagination," he says, "must have a large store of material on which to work; this it cannot create for itself. From other regions it must be gathered, — from a wealth of mind in the poet himself; from large experience of life and intimate knowledge of Nature; from the exercise of his heart, his judgment, his reflection, indeed of his whole being, on all he has seen and felt. In fact, a great poet must be a man made wise by large experience, much feeling, and deep reflection: above all, he must have a hold of the great central truth of things. When these many conditions are present, then and then only can his imagination work widely, benignly, and for all time; then only can the poet become a

"'Serene creator of immortal things.'"

LITERATURE OF KNOWLEDGE AND OF POWER.

In that great social organ, which collectively we call literature, there may be distinguished two separate offices that may blend and often do so, but capable severally of a severe insulation, and naturally fitted for reciprocal repulsion. There is, first, the literature of *knowledge;* and, secondly, the literature of *power.* The function of the first is to *teach;* the function of the second is to *move:* the first is a rudder, the second an oar or a sail. The first speaks to the mere discursive understanding; the second speaks ultimately, it may happen, to the higher understanding or reason, but always *through* affections of pleasure and sympathy. Remotely, it may travel towards an object seated in what Lord Bacon calls *dry* light; but proximately it does and must operate, else it ceases to be a literature of *power,* on and through that *humid* light which clothes itself in the mists and glittering *iris* of human passions, desires, and genial emotions. Men have so little reflected on the higher functions of literature, as to find it a paradox if one should describe it as a mean or subordinate purpose of books to give information. But this is a paradox only in the sense which makes it honourable to be paradoxical. Whenever we talk in ordinary language of seeking information or gaining knowledge, we understand the words as connected with something of absolute novelty. But it is the grandeur of all truth which *can* occupy a very high plane in human interests, that it is never absolutely novel to the meanest of minds: it exists externally by way of germ or latent principle in the lowest as in the highest, needing to be developed but

never to be planted. To be capable of transplantation is the immediate criterion of a truth that ranges on a lower scale. Besides which, there is a rarer thing than truth; namely, *power* or deep sympathy with truth. What is the effect, for instance, upon society, of children? By the pity, by the tenderness, and by the peculiar modes of admiration which connect themselves with the helplessness, with the innocence, and with the simplicity of children, not only are the primal affections strengthened and continually renewed, but the qualities which are dearest in the sight of Heaven: the frailty, for instance, which appeals to forbearance, the innocence which symbolizes the heavenly, and the simplicity which is most alien from the worldly are kept up in perpetual remembrance, and their ideals are continually refreshed.

A purpose of the same nature is answered by the higher literature; namely, the literature of power. What do you learn from Paradise Lost? Nothing at all. What do you learn from a cookery-book? Something new, something that you did not know before, in every paragraph. But would you therefore put the wretched cookery-book on a higher level of estimation than the divine poem? What you owe to Milton is not any knowledge, of which a million separate items are still but a million of advancing steps on the same earthly level; what you owe, is *power*, that is, exercise and expansion to your own latent capacity of sympathy with the infinite, where every pulse and each separate influx is a step upwards — a step ascending as upon a Jacob's ladder from earth to mysterious altitudes above the earth. *All* the steps of knowledge, from first to last, carry you further on the same plane, but could never raise you one foot above your ancient level of earth; whereas, the very *first* step in power is a flight, — is an ascending into another element, where earth is forgotten.

Were it not that human sensibilities are ventilated and continually called out into exercise by the great phenomena of infancy, or of real life as it moves through chance and change, or of literature as it re-combines these elements in the mimicries of poetry, romance, etc., it is certain that, like any animal power or muscular energy falling into disuse, all such sensibilities would gradually droop and dwindle. It is in relation to these great *moral* capacities of man that the literature of power, as contra-distinguished from that of knowledge, lives and has its field of action. . . . The commonest novel, by moving in alliance with human fears and hopes, with human instincts of wrong and right, sustains and quickens those affections. Calling them into action, it rescues them from torpor. And hence the pre-eminency over all authors that merely *teach*, of the meanest that *moves*; or that teaches, if at all, indirectly *by*

moving. The very highest work that has ever existed in the literature of knowledge is but a *provisional* work, — a book upon trial and sufferance. Let its teaching be even partially revised; let it be but expanded, — nay even let its teaching be but placed in a better order, — and instantly it is superseded. Whereas the feeblest works in the literature of power, surviving at all, survive as finished and unalterable amongst men. For instance, the 'Principia' of Sir Isaac Newton was a book *militant* on earth from the first. In all stages of its progress it would have to fight for its existence, — first, as regards absolute truth; secondly, when that combat is over, as regards its form or mode of presenting the truth. And as soon as a La Place, or anybody else, builds higher upon the foundations laid by this book, effectually he throws it out of the sunshine into decay and darkness; by weapons won from this book he superannuates and destroys this book, so that soon the name of Newton remains as a mere *nominis umbra*, but his book, as a living power, has transmigrated into other forms. Now, on the contrary, the Iliad, the Prometheus of Æschylus, the Othello or King Lear, the Hamlet or Macbeth, and the Paradise Lost are not militant, but triumphant forever as long as the languages exist in which they speak or can be taught to speak. They never *can* transmigrate into new incarnations. To reproduce *these* in new forms or variations, even if in some things they should be improved, would be to plagiarize. A good steam-engine is properly superseded by a better; but one lovely pastoral valley is not superseded by another, nor a statue of Praxiteles by a statue of Michael Angelo. These things are not separated by imparity, but by disparity; they are not thought of as unequal under the same standard, but as different in *kind*, and as equal under a different standard. Human works of immortal beauty and works of Nature in one respect stand on the same footing: they never absolutely repeat each other, never approach so near as not to differ; and they differ not as better and worse, or simply by more and less, — they differ by undecipherable and incommunicable differences, that cannot be caught by mimicries, nor be reflected in the mirror of copies, nor become ponderable in the scales of vulgar comparison. . . . At this hour, five hundred years since their creation, the tales of Chaucer, never equalled on this earth for their tenderness and for life of picturesqueness, are read familiarly by many in the charming language of their natal day, and by others in the modernizations of Dryden, of Pope, and Wordsworth. At this hour, one thousand eight hundred years since their creation, the Pagan tales of Ovid, never equalled on this earth for the gayety of their movement and the capricious graces of their narrative, are read by all Christendom. This

man's people and their monuments are dust; but *he* is alive: he has survived them, as he told us that he had it in his commission to do, by a thousand years, — "and *shall* a thousand more."

All the literature of knowledge builds only ground-nests, that are swept away by floods or confounded by the plough; but the literature of power builds nests in aërial altitudes of temples sacred from violation, or of forests inaccessible to fraud. *This* is a great prerogative of the *power* literature; and it is a greater which lies in the mode of its influence. The *knowledge* literature, like the fashion of this world, passeth away. An Encyclopædia is its abstract; and in this respect it may be taken for its speaking symbol, that, before one generation has passed, an Encyclopædia is superannuated; for it speaks through the dead memory and unimpassioned understanding, which have not the *rest* of higher faculties, but are continually enlarging and varying their phylacteries. But all literature, properly so called — literature "κατ' ἐξοχήν," for the very same reason that it is so much more durable than the literature of knowledge — is (and by the very same proportion it is) more intense and electrically searching in its impressions. The directions in which the tragedy of this planet has trained our human feelings to play, and the combinations into which the poetry of this planet has thrown our human passions of love and hatred, or admiration and contempt, exercise a power bad or good over human life that cannot be contemplated, when stretching through many generations, without a sentiment allied to awe. And of this let every one be assured, — that he owes to the impassioned books which he has read many a thousand more of emotions than he can consciously trace back to them. Dim by their origination, these emotions yet arise in him, and mould him through life like the forgotten incidents of childhood.

De Quincey

BUT who is He, with modest looks,
And clad in homely russet brown?
He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own.

He is retired as noontide dew,
Or fountain in a noon-day grove;
And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.

The outward shows of sky and earth,
Of hill and valley, he has viewed;
And impulses of deeper birth
Have come to him in solitude.

In common things that round us lie
Some random truths he can impart,—
The harvest of a quiet eye
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

But he is weak; both Man and Boy,
Hath been an idler in the land;
Contented if he might enjoy
The things which others understand.

— Come thither in thy hour of strength;
Come, weak as is a breaking wave!
Here stretch thy body at full length;
Or build thy house upon his grave.

A Poet's Epitaph. *Wordsworth.*

XX. VOCAL MANIFESTATIONS OF IMAGINATION: TOUCH

THE modulations of the voice are few and simple, — pause, inflection, change of pitch, touch, texture, and tone-color.

These may seem at first inadequate; but when we study the other arts, we find that the means of expression are always few and simple. There are but three colors; and these, with light and shade, and possibly the addition of line, are the painter's means of representing the infinite complexity of light and color, form and texture in Nature. Vocal expression, therefore, in having but a few simple elements, or means of expression, shares the character of all other arts.

The question arises, What are the peculiar effects of the imagination upon these vocal modulations?

All of these elements are used by the different powers of the man. But there are certain of these elements, such as inflection, which have a more immediate relationship to thinking and the intellect. Certain others, such as color and texture, have a more intimate relation with feeling. All these elements have a specific meaning and function; but they are used simultaneously, and for the revelation of the whole man.

What is the difference between the use of these elements in giving expression to ordinary thinking and in the expression of higher imaginative action and feeling?

Ordinary thinking accentuates them, enlarges them. Imagination tends to use them more delicately. Ordinary thinking expresses or emphasizes an idea by making a point salient, by making an inflection or a change of pitch longer, by giving a touch more force; but the imagination expresses itself more by a sympathetic modulation of the whole. As imagination relates ideas to each other, so it sympathetically relates and brings into unity very diverse vocal modulations. Ordinary thinking uses an inflection consciously, and with great deliberation; the imagination modulates the voice more spontaneously and unconsciously. Imagination makes all technique more transparent; brings the modulations nearer the soul, the execution nearer the feeling, so that all technical means are more concealed. Reason emphasizes more by isolation.

The imagination is the faculty that deals with relations. If a book and a hat be placed upon a sofa, and an unimaginative painter asked to paint them, he will make a study with each in more or less isolation,— simply presenting facts clearly and definitely. But the imaginative painter will look through the mere isolated facts concerning each object, and find a mystic kinship or connecting idea, and paint a picture full of expression.

The chief language of imagination is the refinement and harmonious co-operation of all the modulations of the voice.

There are, however, certain peculiar intimacies between the imagination and some modulations of the voice. One of these is *touch;* as has been shown, the imagination excludes everything that is crude or exaggerated, and uses that which is more subtle and simple. Touch is especially liable to be perverted by mere mechanical or muscular use of the voice. Besides, touch is the most immediate and direct effect of force upon the voice; and as imagination is spontaneous and immediate in its action, its presence always gives delicacy, decision, and definiteness to the vocal touch. These qualities of touch also, when present, tend to awaken the imagination of the auditor.

While imagination renders the touch delicate, it must not be understood that there is consequently a lack of force. Notice the intensity and decision of the touch, in the following extract: —

"Ah, once more," I cried, "ye stars, ye waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew;
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you!"

And with joy the stars perform their shining,
And the sea its long moon-silver'd roll;
For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul.

Self-Dependence. *Arnold.*

Thus it is not alone in the delicacy and decision of the touch that imagination reveals itself, but in the variety of the modulations of the touch which imagination causes. Sometimes there is a very important representative element in the touch; for instance, notice the difference between the touch in these two illustrations: —

Swift ran the searching tempest overhead;
And ever and anon some bright white shaft
Burned thro' the pine-tree roof, here burned and there,
As if God's messenger thro' the close wood screen
Plunged and replunged his weapon at a venture,
Feeling for guilty thee and me: then broke
The thunder like a whole sea overhead.

Browning.

Of a sudden the sun shone large and bright,
As if he were staying away the night;
And the rain on the river fell as sweet
As the pitying tread of an angel's feet.

Alice Cary.

Problem XX. *Give a decided but delicate touch with the voice which will be as suggestive as the brush-stroke of the greatest painter.*

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

It was the calm and silent night!
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was Queen of land and sea.
No sound was heard of clashing wars;
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain;
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars,
Held undisturb'd their ancient reign,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago.

'T was in the calm and solemn night!
The senator of haughty Rome
Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home.
Triumphal arches gleaming swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
What reck'd the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago.

Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor:
A streak of light before him lay,
Fall'n through a half-shut stable door
Across his path. He passed — for nought
Told what was going on within;
How keen the stars! his only thought;
The air how calm and cold and thin,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago.

O strange indifference! — low and high
Drows'd over common joys and cares:
The earth was still — but knew not why;
The world was listening — unawares.
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world forever!
To that still moment none would heed
Man's doom was linked, no more to sever,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago.

It is the calm and solemn night!
A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness, charmed and holy now.
The night that erst no name had worn,
To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay new-born
The peaceful Prince of Earth and Heaven,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago.

Domett

THE night has a thousand eyes, and the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies with the dying sun.
The mind has a thousand eyes, and the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies when love is done.

Francis William Bourdillon

XXI. VOCAL MANIFESTATION OF IMAGINATION: PAUSE.

ANOTHER most dignified and important means of expression is pause. It shows the action of the mind as receiving an idea. It is the mind taking time to weigh and deeply realize the truth which it is to express. The absence of pauses denotes superficiality and lack of feeling. In proportion to the dignity and weight of the reading, the intensity and depth in the action of all the faculties of thought and feeling will be greater in number and length. Pause is one of the most dignified modes of expression.

Hence, as the imagination gives an exalted action of the mind, and is always associated with noble feeling and a living energy of all the faculties, there is a greater tendency to use pauses when there is action of the imagination than in the expression of ordinary thinking. The pauses are needed to give the mind time for depth of insight, and also to give both speaker and hearer time to create, appreciate, and feel the complex ideas and situations.

Moreover, imagination is contemplative; and contemplation requires time. Again, the imagination is reposeful; it does not didactically dominate, but sympathetically awakens attention. For these and many other reasons, actions of the imagination are especially associated with periods of silence.

I GO to prove my soul!
I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive! What time, what circuit first,
I ask not: but unless God send His hail
Or blinding fireballs, sleet or stifling snow,
In some time, His good time, I shall arrive:
He guides me and the bird. In His good time.

Browning.

Thus, pause is a special means of manifesting the imaginative action. As silence is the most dignified form of revealing mental

activity, and as the imagination is associated with every struggle to express the ideal or deep realization in thought, so, as the most ideal action of the mind, it requires the most ideal and simple as well as subtle methods of emphasis, and the most exalted and noble modes of expression.

I HAVE heard the long roar and surge of History, wave after wave, — as of the never-ending surf along the immense coast-line of West Africa.

I heard the world-old cry of the down-trodden and outcast: I saw them advancing always to victory.

I saw the red light from the guns of established order and precedent, — the lines of defence and the bodies of the besiegers rolling in dust and blood, yet more and ever more behind.

And high over the inmost citadel I saw magnificent, and beckoning ever to the besiegers, and the defenders ever inspiring, the cause of all that never-ending war,

The form of Freedom stand.

The Age-long War. **Carpenter.**

WORLD-STRANGENESS.

STRANGE the world about me lies, never yet familiar grown, —
Still disturbs me with surprise, haunts me like a face half known.
In this house with starry dome, floored with gem-like plains and seas,
Shall I never feel at home, never wholly be at ease?

On from room to room I stray, yet my Host can ne'er espy;
And I know not to this day whether guest or captive I.
So between the starry dome and the floor of plains and seas
I have never felt at home, never wholly been at ease.

William Watson.

IN my distress I called upon the Lord, and cried unto my God: he heard my voice out of his temple, and my cry before him came into his ears. Then the earth shook and trembled, the foundations also of the mountains moved and were shaken, because he was wroth. There went up a smoke out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devoured: coals were kindled by it. He bowed the heavens also, and came down; and thick darkness was under his feet. And he rode upon a cherub and did fly: yea, he flew swiftly upon the wings of the wind. He made darkness his hiding-place, his pavilion round about him; darkness of waters, thick clouds of the skies. At the brightness before him his thick clouds passed, hailstones and coals of fire. The Lord also thundered in the heavens, and the Most High uttered his voice; hailstones and coals of fire. And he sent out his arrows, and scattered them; yea, lightnings manifold, and discomfited them. Then the channels of waters

appeared, and the foundations of the earth were laid bare, at thy rebuke, O Lord, at the blast of the breath of thy nostrils. He sent from on high, he took me; he drew me out of many waters. He delivered me from my strong enemy, and from them that hated me; for they were too mighty for me. They came upon me in the day of my calamity: but the Lord was my stay.

From Psalm xviii.

XXII. VOCAL MANIFESTATION OF IMAGINATION: TONE-COLOR.

One of the chief means by which imagination manifests its activity through the voice is in the modulation of the texture and resonance of tone. The delicate modulation of pure tone by imagination and feeling may be named tone-color.

The color of the voice is wholly distinct from inflection. Inflection and changes of pitch are elements of form; but tone-color has respect to the modulation of the quality and resonance. Inflectional modulation for the most part, as has been shown, manifests the logical relation of ideas. Inflection shows the rational action of the mind; but tone-color manifests imaginative and emotional relations.

There is an important difference between quality and color of the voice. There are legitimate qualities, — such as purity, mellowness, resonance, and openness, — which are always present in good tone; and, on the other hand, there are illegitimate qualities of voice, such as nasality, throatiness, or flatness. These are faults, and should never be used in noble expression. Tone-color is the emotional modulation of good tone. Nasality is a quality but not a color of the voice. A nasal or throaty voice can hardly be colored by emotion. In fact, the voice must be made pure, free, open, resonant, and elastic by training before there can be any mastery or practice of tone-color in vocal expression.

This principle, which is a fundamental one in all vocal expression, has been violated by many "systems." The complete failure to recognize tone-color, and the perversion of inflection, the use of abnormal qualities and stresses to express emotion, have been the chief factors in degrading elocution, and in making it the slave of the lowest forms of literature. Until this fact is recog-

nized, discussion of the nature and action of the imagination in relation to vocal expression is useless.

According to the mechanical system, only a few emotions can be expressed by pure tone; while according to the singer's, pure tone must be used in the expression of all noble emotion. There can be no doubt in the mind of any one that in all fine oratory and acting, the principles held by the leading teachers of song have been consciously or unconsciously obeyed. All noble emotions in any true vocal art manifest themselves through modulations of normal tone. It is only in the expression of secrecy of an abnormal type, and of the very lowest forms of anger, that an aspirate or throaty or nasal tone is used; and even in these cases it must only be suggested.

Every emotion has a distinct modulation of voice peculiar to itself. Joy has one color, love another, and patriotism still another. The elimination of abnormal qualities of voice as elements in vocal expression makes possible a greater, more delicate, and more natural variation of the voice, as well as truer expression.

Emotion modulates the color and texture of the voice, because it modifies or modulates the texture of the muscles of the body. It is the vibration of the muscles of the body which is chiefly concerned in producing the resonance of the voice. Any modulation of this muscular texture will therefore modulate the tone. In one emotion the muscular texture is firm; in another, soft and plastic. We see this in the face and in the hand. Instruments have been invented to measure the effect of the diffusion of emotion through the body. In this nervous diffusion and emotional vibration will be found the scientific explanation of the complex and beautiful modulations of tone in those whose imaginations and voices have been cultivated.

In a well-trained voice all parts of the body are brought into sympathy and co-ordination. The emotional activity centres in the diaphragm and the muscles controlling breath. Thus in a good voice the whole body is attuned like a vocal instrument, and emotion causes a sympathetic vibratory response.

Sound is vibration, and anything that interferes or changes the vibration modifies the sound. The kind of timber used in a piano

or violin affects its tone. A tuner, after tuning a piano, may find one key where there is something wrong. He will examine the piano, and find that the cause is in some loose panel or screw, or in the presence of some foreign substance. If a mechanical instrument like a piano is so sensitive, how much more responsive must be an organic, living body, every part of which is in sympathetic relationship, and in fact a vital portion of a muscular and nervous system!

Tone-color is the pleasing and ideal element in vocal expression. It is the most poetic and imaginative. It reveals the highest and most delicate feeling. It discloses the mystic depth of the soul.

Resonance is often confounded with pitch. People desire low voices. Really, the desire is not for pitch, but for resonance. The sense of resonance and tone-color is rare, and must be developed.

The development of tone-color belongs rather to vocal training; but it is so important and so much neglected that it must receive some attention in this connection.

The most simple course is to read imaginative and emotional lyrics as simply as possible, beginning with joy and love, admiration of Nature, or some noble emotion. Noble emotion develops the nobler qualities of the voice. Husky tones and other imperfections may in a great measure be corrected by the right practice of joyous lyrics, such as Wordsworth's "Cuckoo."

Another method is to practise reading such short extracts as are found at the close of this lesson, in contrast with each other. Give joy in contrast with sorrow, and make the difference as delicate and as true as possible. The student must be able to define clearly twenty or thirty emotions without changing from the noble and normal qualities of his voice. At first, he will think it impossible to show so many differences; but after practice and right control over his voice, he will discover that he can discriminate a larger number, and that the human voice is capable of indicating every shade of feeling.

In such practice it is essential that constrictions, such as nasality and hardness, be removed from the voice. The tone must be round and smooth. The voice must be "placed."

In such practice, it is far better to use poetic and imaginative extracts, because tone-color is ideal and refined, and reveals the imaginative nature. Where there is no feeling, there can of course be no tone-color. Those who speak invariably in a cold and neutral manner, without imaginative response, or without allowing the imagination to dominate the feeling, have, of course, no tone-color. The voice itself may be naturally resonant, but tone-color be wholly lacking. Tone-color is the imaginative and emotional modulation of the resonance of the voice.

Work upon tone-color not only trains the power to distinguish subtleties, but it also tends to develop the imagination. Development of the imagination and of tone-color should go together.

PROBLEM XXI. *Arrange twenty to thirty short extracts or lines, each with different emotion, and render them truthfully by the voice.*

SING loud, O bird in the tree! O bird, sing loud in the sky!
And honey-bees, blacken the clover seas! there are none of you glad as I.

LIFE is no idle dream, but a solemn reality, based upon Eternity and encompassed by Eternity. *Carlyle.*

DAY is dying! Float, O song, down the westward river!
Requiems chanting to the Day — Day, the mighty Giver.

OH, Brignall banks are wild and fair, and Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there would grace a summer queen.

STILL, through our paltry stir and strife glows down the wished Ideal,
And Longing moulds in clay what Life carves in the marble Real.
Lowell.

OH! the bells of Shandon sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

HIGHER still and higher from the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire the blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

THE last link is broken that bound me to thee,
And the words thou hast spoken have rendered me free.

MERRILY, merrily goes the bark
On a breeze from the northward free:
So shoots through the morning sky the lark,
Or the swan through the summer sea.

Scott.

MARCH to the battle-field! the foe is now before us;
Each heart is Freedom's shield, and heaven is shining o'er us.

O'Meara.

I HELD it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

AH! that lady of the villa — and I loved her so —
Near the city of Sevilla — years and years ago.

Waller.

NEVER pay any attention to the understanding when it stands in opposition to any other faculty of the mind. The mere understanding, however useful and indispensable, is the meanest faculty in the human mind, and the most to be distrusted; and yet the great majority of people trust to nothing else.

WHAT ho, my jovial mates! come on! we'll frolic it
Like fairies frisking in the merry moonshine!

I COULD not love thee half so much, loved I not honour more.

THE mossy marbles rest on the lips that he has press'd in their bloom; and the names he loved to hear have been carved for many a year on the tomb.

Holmes.

ONE morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree:
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

A SONG, oh a song for the merry May!
The cows in the meadow, the lambs at play,
A chorus of birds in the maple-tree,
And a world in blossom for you and me.

THE cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

AH, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;
And in the hereafter angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

Whittier.

UP! comrades, up! in Rokeby's halls
Ne'er be it said our courage falls.

BACK, ruffians! back! nor dare to tread
Too near the body of my dead.

NO ray is dimmed, no atom worn,
My oldest force is good as new;
And the fresh rose on yonder thorn
Gives back the bending heavens in dew.

Emerson.

SHALL I, wasting in despair, die because a woman's fair? Or my cheeks make pale with care 'cause another's rosy are? Be she fairer than the day, or the flowery meads in May — if she be not so to me, what care I how fair she be?

George Wither.

HENCE! home, you idle creatures! get you home!

WE can show you where he lies, fleet of foot, and tall of size;
You shall see him brought to bay: waken, lords and ladies gay.

The Hunters. *Scott.*

AND so beside the Silent Sea I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me on ocean or on shore.
I know not where His islands lift their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift beyond His love and care.

MODEST and shy as a nun is she; one weak chirp is her only note:
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he, pouring boasts from his little throat.

— WAKE! oh, wake! and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

Mont Blanc. *Coleridge.*

OH, and proudly stood she up! Her heart within her did not fail:
She looked into Lord Ronald's eyes, and told him all her nurse's tale.

THE silent organ loudest chants the master's requiem.

Emerson.

OUR birds of song are silent now; few are the flowers blooming;
Yet life is in the frozen bough, and Freedom's Spring is coming.

Massey.

PROBLEM XXII. *Select short extracts with subtle changes in the imaginative conception and feeling, and naturally reveal these by the color and texture of the voice.*

FIRM-PACED and slow, a horrid front they form, —
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm!

WITH foreheads unruffled the conquerors come — but why have they muffled the lance and the drum? . . . Ye saw him at morning how gallant and gay! in bridal adorning the star of the day: now weep for the lover, — his triumph is sped; his hope it is over! the chieftain is dead! But, oh for the maiden who mourns for that chief, . . . she sinks on the meadow, — in one morning-tide a wife and a widow, a maid and a bride!

CHANGE as ye list, ye winds! my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Black-eyed Susan. *Gay.*

I 'VE wandered east, I 've wandered west, through many a weary way;
But never, never can forget the love of life's young day.

Motherwell.

I TOLD her how he pined: and ah! the deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love, interpreted my own.

TOO low they build who build below the stars.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust, so near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must*, the youth replies, *I can.*

Emerson.

IMAGINATION AND DRAMATIC INSTINCT.

THE bee to the heather, the lark to the sky, the roe to the greenwood, and whither shall I? Oh, Alice! ah, Alice! so sweet to the bee are the moorland and heather by Cannock and Leigh! Oh, Alice! ah, Alice! o'er Teddesley Park the sunny sky scatters the notes of the lark! Oh, Alice! ah, Alice! in Beaudesert glade the roes toss their antlers for joy of the shade! But Alice, dear Alice! glade, moorland, nor sky without you can content me, and whither shall I? *Sir Henry Taylor.*

GENEVIEVE.

MAID of my Love, sweet Genevieve!
In Beauty's light you glide along;
Your eye is like the star of eve,
And sweet your Voice as Seraph's song.
Yet not your heavenly Beauty gives
This heart with passion soft to glow:
Within your soul a Voice there lives!
It bids you hear the tale of Woe.
When sinking low the Sufferer wan
Beholds no hand outstretch'd to save,
Fair, as the bosom of the Swan
That rises graceful o'er the wave,
I've seen your breast with pity heave,
And therefore love I you, sweet Genevieve!

Coleridge.

SONG.

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind, thou art not so unkind as man's ingratitude; thy tooth is not so keen, because thou art not seen, although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky, that dost not bite so nigh as benefits forgot: though thou the waters warp, thy sting is not so sharp, as friend remembered not.

Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly: most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly: then, heigh, ho! the holly! this life is most jolly. *Shakespeare.*

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

OFT in the stilly night ere slumber's chain has bound me, fond Memory brings the light of other days around me: the smiles, the tears of boyhood's years, the words of love then spoken; the eyes that shone, now dimm'd and gone, the cheerful hearts now broken! Thus in the stilly night ere slumber's chain has bound me, sad Memory brings the light of other days around me.

When I remember all the friends so link'd together I've seen around me fall like leaves in wintry weather, I feel like one who treads alone some ban-

quet-hall deserted, whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead, and all but he departed! Thus in the stilly night ere slumber's chain has bound me, sad Memory brings the light of other days around me.

Moore.

WHERE sweeps round the mountains the cloud on the gale, and streams from their fountains leap into the vale, — like frighted deer leap when the storm with his pack rides over the steep in the wild torrent's track, — even there my free home is; there watch I the flocks wander white as the foam is on stairways of rocks. Secure in the gorge there in freedom we sing, and laugh at King George, where the Eagle is king.

Wild Wagoner of the Alleghanies. *Buchanan Read.*

XXIII. MANIFESTATION OF IMAGINATION: CHANGE OF PITCH.

CHANGE of pitch is one of the most fundamental of all modulations of the voice. It is a universal characteristic of naturalness; there is in fact a change of pitch between every word in conversation. Change of pitch is one of the first effects of thinking, over the voice.

There is, however, an unusual change of pitch which might be called change of key, that is very imaginative. It suggests a similar effect to that of light and shade.

Observe, for example, in the following extract, how the voice distinguishes between each of the pictures by both color and pitch, in proportion to the vividness and character of the picture of each successive object or scene. How widely different is the picture of the river from that of the brook, and of both from the ocean! But when we come to the predication of all these pictures, there is a much greater change of pitch, with corresponding changes in the texture and color.

THE hills,
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadow green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man.

Bryant.

Such changes as these are especially important in deep feeling; and while intense emotion calls for an increase of tone-color and texture, yet the change of pitch and the touch are especially important from the fact that they manifest volitional control over the emotion. Whenever there is a tendency to drift in feeling, the true imaginative touch, which is always radical, tends to drift into a meaningless swell, or a so-called medium stress; while the changes of pitch become merely passive drops of the voice, which tend, on being exaggerated, to sing-song.

There is one peculiarity about changes of pitch: they are not regular or rhythmic in natural expression. Rhythm is the regulation or continuity of force, and is always normally manifested through touch; whenever there is a rhythmic modulation of inflection or changes of pitch, we have an elimination of thinking in all its forms and a sing-song melody. Force is acting without being dominated by thinking; the feeling is acting without being stimulated by the mental pictures. For this reason, there should be practice especially of change of pitch as directly expressive of the imaginative action of the mind.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

THE little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.

Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair;
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said;
"And don't you make any noise!"
So toddling off to his trundle-bed
He dreamt of the pretty toys.

And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue, —
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true!

Aye faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place, —
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.

And they wonder, as waiting these long years through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.

Eugene Field.

XXIV. INTENSITY AND REPOSE.

ARE there any general qualities or characteristics which show the presence of the imagination, or any peculiarities which show its absence in different forms of art, but especially in vocal expression?

When there is absence of imagination, there is a tendency merely to reproduce facts. Imagination breathes the life of personality into art; it unites the feeling and the fact. Absence of imagination is denoted by labor, by stiltedness, by loudness, by any crude modulation of the voice, by sudden and violent changes, by extravagant surprises of any kind; the presence of imagination is noted by directness and simplicity, by unity in the midst of the most complex elements, by great variation and naturalness in the modulations of the voice, by a sense of hidden life and mystery, by a sympathetic response and co-operation of the powers of the whole man. Absence of imagination is indicated by the use of only one modulation of the voice at the expense of the others; by the use of volitional, deliberative, or conscious force; by self-consciousness, and by a lack of natural vocabulary. Imagination brings a large vocabulary of the modulations of the voice, freedom from self-consciousness, with ease and naturalness.

Among the many qualities of expression which are characteristic of imagination may be mentioned intensity.

Intensity is in proportion to the activity at the centre. It proceeds from control without destruction, the retention or the reserve of the excitement which any emotion arouses without repressing it. Steam is intense in proportion to its compression

or confinement, and so with emotion. If there is no control over emotion, if the reader passively surrenders himself to the first impulse, passion causes mere noise or outward motions, and runs to waste.

A normal human being is one whose thought and emotion are balanced by will. Thought without will or emotion is not natural, and nor is will or emotion without thought. In the strong man there is co-ordinate action of the three elemental powers of his being.

Hence, emotion naturally implies control. When emotion is controlled, its activity is diffused through the whole body. Emotion must especially affect the breathing, or the muscles regulating the breathing, so as to cause activity in the middle of the body. When the breath is elastically and naturally retained in connection with emotion, the least touch of the voice will have character and power. This is the primary characteristic of the right use of the voice, and of a modulation of the texture and color of the tone. With such a retention of breath, every modulation suggests situation, feeling, and imaginative action.

Weakness is the result of a want of intensity in the expression of emotion.

There are noble and ignoble elements in nearly every emotion. Sorrow, for example, may degenerate into a passive whine; but controlled, retained, and suggested, it awakens sympathy, and is noble and heroic. There are always two emotions which seem very much alike, but which are far apart. One is weak, and the other is strong. Brass may be so polished as to look like gold. Who can tell the difference between melted lead and melted silver? But the difference is brought out by time. Anger and indignation, sympathy and pity, excitement and hurry, intensity and nervousness, are only a few of the emotions too often confused with one another.

The chief difference between emotions so closely akin is in the element of imaginative, stimulous, and volitional control. Sorrow, for example, implies a struggle for control over a certain emotion, while sadness is a passive indulgence of possibly the same feeling. The difference in these emotions consists more or less in the atti-

tude of the man. In fact, expression does not always directly manifest the feeling, but rather displays the attitude of the man towards it, his victory over it, or his yielding to it. Hence, control of breath is the most fundamental agent in the control of passion, and the chief element in the expression of emotion. This is especially true of sorrow. It is the struggle to control sorrow that indicates the strong man. It is only a weak man who yields, and exhibits his tears and other effects of feeling. The strong man treasures his tears; he struggles with his breath until his voice is clear. Sorrow is thus an emotion which demands intensity and suggestiveness.

All emotion represents either a stage of cumulation and progression, or of retrogression and prostration. An emotion in its retrogressive or prostrate stage is indicative of weakness. Repose demands that emotion be expressed in a stage of accumulation and control. The steam that runs a locomotive is not merely the small amount that escapes in the piston. Steam has no power except from the energy of an accumulated and restrained mass behind that which is used.

Emotion in the speaker or reader awakens sympathy and a corresponding condition in the hearer, in proportion as its cause is suggested. No one can *give* an emotion to another: feeling can only be awakened; for the roused imagination of each hearer is the cause of his own emotion. It is for this reason that suggestion of the accumulation of emotion indicates strength, while an advertisement of exhaustion indicates weakness. In the expression of any emotion, the control or the retention of the condition, the sustaining of the cause, is most important.

There can be no laughter without control of breath. The activity given by the emotion to the respiratory muscles causes the laugh. An artistic or voluntary laugh is most difficult: few can laugh naturally before an audience. Few of the best actors have a good laugh. One explanation for this is the lack of control over breath, or the lack of the response of the vocal mechanism to imaginative feeling.

One who tells a comical story must have control over himself in order to have any effect upon others. There is a comical picture

called "A Good Story." One monk, with his hat on and an umbrella in his hand, sits erect with a smile on his face; the other monk lies back in his chair convulsed with laughter. It is easy to perceive which told the story. The emotion of the teller is one of joyous surprise at its effect upon the other. He has controlled his own feeling so as to dominate the emotion of his listener.

Intensity and repose, therefore, relate chiefly to the attitude of the man toward feeling and expression; to the control of, or the power to reserve and accumulate, emotion. They are secured when the man is able to sustain his intellectual or imaginative activity in such relation to his sensibility as to accumulate and yet direct feeling.

DARK, deep, and cold the current flows
Unto the sea where no wind blows,
Seeking the land which no one knows.
O'er its sad gloom still comes and goes
The mingled wail of friends and foes,
Borne to the land which no one knows.
Alone with God, where no wind blows,
And Death, his shadow — doomed, he goes:
That God is there the shadow shows.
O shoreless Deep, where no wind blows!
And, thou, O Land which no one knows!
That God is All, His shadow shows.

Plaint. *Elliott.*

Again, all emotion is expressed as ideally as possible. Of course, truthfulness or naturalness is a great law; but one may be weak and another strong. What is natural to a strong man may not be so to the weak one. Of course, art will choose what is natural to the strong rather than what is characteristic of the weak. A strong man, after losing his mother, does not go about whining and pouring out his tears and revealing his sorrow. He reserves it. His voice is more subdued; he speaks a little slower; he shows effort in controlling his breath. Natural dignity requires this. There is a fundamental impulse in sorrow to cause tears, and to agitate the breath and voice; but there is also an effort in the strong man to control it.

There is thus in the expression of all the emotions a conflict of tendencies. In heroic, patriotic, or sublime emotion, the natural

impulse is toward extravagance and declamation; but at the same time there is an inclination to reserve. There is spontaneous effort everywhere in humanity to sustain conditions, and expression must regard this.

Thus we find from our study of emotion that the first or wildest impulse need not be the dominant one. There is co-ordination of impulses in all true abandon. Contrary tendencies toward excitement and reserve must be properly balanced in order to gain the repose and intensity which characterize all noble expression.

THE OLD GRENADIER'S STORY.

'T WAS the day beside the Pyramids, — it seems but an hour ago, —
That Kleber's Foot stood firm in squares, returning blow for blow.
The Mamelukes were tossing their standards to the sky,
When I heard a child's voice say, "My men, *teach me the way to die!*"

'T was a little drummer, with his side torn terribly with shot;
But still he feebly beat his drum, as though the wound were not.
And when the Mamelukes' wild horse burst with a scream and cry,
He said, "O men of the Forty-third, *teach me the way to die!*

"My mother has got other sons, with stouter hearts than mine,
But none more ready blood for France to pour out free as wine.
Yet still life 's sweet," the brave lad moaned, "fair are this earth and sky;
Then, comrades of the Forty-third, *teach me the way to die!*"

Oh, never saw I sight like that! The sergeant flung down flag,
Even the fifer bound his brow with a wet and bloody rag,
Then looked at locks and fixed their steel, but never made reply,
Until he sobbed out once again, "*Teach me the way to die!*"

Then, with a shout that flew to God, they strode into the fray;
I saw their red plumes join and wave, but slowly melt away.
The last who went — a wounded man — bade the poor boy good-bye,
And said, "We men of the Forty-third *teach you the way to die!*"

Then, with a musket for a crutch, he leaped into the fight;
I, with a bullet in my hip, had neither strength nor might.
But, proudly beating on his drum, a fever in his eye,
I heard him moan, "The Forty-third *taught me the way to die!*"

They found him on the morrow, stretched on a heap of dead;
His hand was in the grenadier's who at his bidding bled.
They hung a medal round his neck, and closed his dauntless eye;
On the stone they cut, "The Forty-third *taught him the way to die!*"

'T is forty years from then till now, the grave gapes at my feet;
Yet when I think of such a boy I feel my old heart beat.
And from my sleep I sometimes wake, hearing a feeble cry,
And a voice that says, "Now, Forty-third, *teach me the way to die!*"

Thornbury.

XXV. SUGGESTION.

"THERE are," said Professor Monroe, "three great words in expression, — imagination, sympathy, and suggestion." The last of these is vitally connected with the other two.

Suggestion implies that all expression is only a hint, that truth and passion cannot be given adequately. Thought and feeling are subtle and spiritual, transcending all symbols. A word is but a conventional symbol, and all expression only an intimation. If we have seen an object, and have associated a word with it in common with others, the name will call up the object, and a more or less adequate conception of it will be formed. Other things being equal, however, all names are inadequate, and simply stand for ideas and objects familiar to ordinary minds. Hence such higher actions of the mind, as imagination and feeling, can be suggested only to corresponding faculties in other men.

To understand this more fully, some study of the nature of expression will be helpful. We are apt to consider that thought and emotion can be given to our fellow-men. But, as we have said, this cannot be done. We cannot impart an emotion or thought to any being whose nature is unlike our own. All expression implies simply communion. It is the union of mind with mind. All that one man can do is to awaken in another mind the same faculties which are active in his own. A word evokes only ideas previously associated with it. A combination of words and ideas, however, may suggest new conceptions and truths, and arouse another mind to apprehend them. By an appeal to the imagination and to sympathy, one mind can be awakened by another to higher creative activity.

Vocal expression uses a great many languages simultaneously. Inflection, however, and tone-color are not languages which furnish symbols or signs of ideas; they merely hint in a natural way the

degree of sympathy, the point of view, the purpose and feeling of the speaker. Words also are mere suggestions; yet they far more adequately represent ideas than do inflection or tone-color in the voice.

In the expression of feeling, it is necessary to suggest the cause. A man crying on the street may awaken in the beholder either pity or ridicule, but the emotion he feels himself is not awakened in another until he conveys the cause. Thus some forms of expression are necessarily associated with others. True expression of feeling must be associated with the expression of thought.

Thus all expression must be complete; any isolated language will be a very imperfect medium. True expression is a complex combination of suggestions through various languages. Not only so, but where expression is made too definite and representative in the use of any one language, it is rendered more inadequate and superficial. The common-place expressions or statements of literal facts are never suggestive. The higher the subject and the deeper the feeling, the more expression is dependent upon intimation.

Again, the subjects of the highest expression are not objects of sense. The great literatures of the world, the greatest subjects of human thought, have not been seen by ourselves: they belong to history, or are in the soul of man. Even with our eyes we see but the outside of things. The closest observer is one who not only uses his eyes, but his imagination.

Poetry calls upon us to express ideas of eternity. We must conceive the transcendent ideals of the human mind. We must struggle even for an imperfect conception of God.

We must express, in short, things which cannot be adequately conceived. How can we do this? Take, for example, an extract such as this, —

> Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
> Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.
>
> *Byron.*

No mind can adequately conceive the ocean. But to try to express the ocean itself is wholly to misconceive expression. Expression,

especially vocal expression, is subjective; it reveals the attitude of the mind. It manifests the activity of the mind rather than the concept of the mind. It reveals the act of comprehending rather than comprehension itself. Hence, what can be done in such a situation is to awaken another mind with ours, to stretch out for a comprehension of the sea. We cannot conceive adequately the whole ocean, but we can show others how far our mind can reach; and as other minds are like our own, we can inspire them also to reach with us. The great speaker must have such a trained imagination that he can show greater activity of the mind in comprehending such things, and stimulate other minds to a greater stretch, and to act beyond their customary limits.

The same is true of our efforts to express our conception of a mountain, or any unusual or sublime idea.

> Mont Blanc yet gleams on high: the power is there,
> The still and solemn power of many sights
> And many sounds, and much of life and death.
> In the calm darkness of the moonless nights,
> In the lone glare of day, the snows descend
> Upon that Mountain; none beholds them there,
> Nor when the flakes burn in the sinking sun,
> Or the star-beams dart through them. — Winds contend
> Silently there, and heap the snow with breath
> Rapid and strong, but silently! Its home
> The voiceless lightning in these solitudes
> Keeps innocently, and like vapour broods
> Over the snow. The secret strength of things
> Which governs thought, and to the infinite dome
> Of heaven is as a law, inhabits thee!
> And what were thou, and earth and stars and sea,
> If to the human mind's imaginings
> Silence and solitude were vacancy?

Mont Blanc. — *Shelley.*

Here the mind must struggle to comprehend Mont Blanc, or a certain part of it. The reader may awaken the memory of one who has seen the mountain; but no two persons have seen exactly the same things in a mountain, and if his expression is perfect, or in proportion as it is perfect, he will awaken in another mind a point of view different from his own. He will stimulate imagination more than memory.

Thus we can express the inexpressible. Man may awaken a higher conception of deity in the soul of his fellow-man. His own conception of deity may be very inadequate, but he does not express this; he simply awakens another soul to a sympathetic effort, to a higher struggle toward adequate conception.

The highest expression shows the attitude of the man and of his awakened powers. It gives to another a point of view; it reveals the soul's effort and struggle. It shows the mind's sympathetic relations or bearings toward truth, indicates and draws another mind into sympathetic and corresponding activity.

The chief agent of the human soul in manifesting its activity is the human voice. A word is a symbol of an idea; it represents an idea. The modulations of the voice, its inflections, pitches, textures, and color, cannot do this. But they can discharge as high a mission. They can show the active exertion of the soul; they can discover its sympathetic attitude; they intimate the powers of the soul which are active. Hence, of all forms of expression, vocal expression is the most suggestive and the most intimately associated with the imagination and sympathy. It can be degraded to the lowest depth, but it can also rise to the loftiest height, and manifest the greatest activity of the human soul.

The noblest speech is not that which is greatest in itself, but that which most quickly arouses imagination and feeling.

The true function of vocal expression is to suggest what cannot be adequately represented, to manifest and suggest what words cannot give. Delivery is a present active thing; it shows a living active mind.

The highest activity of the soul is imagination, and its supremest law of manifestation is suggestion. If the voice is to be modulated to manifest the deepest feelings and intuitions, the sublimest flights of the soul; if we are to feel that "The peak is high, and the stars are high, and the thought of a man is higher;" if we are ever to realize that there is "A deep below the deep, and a height beyond the height; [that] our hearing is not hearing, and our seeing is not sight," — then no mechanical rules can be laid down. The imagination and the higher faculties must be stimulated; the whole nature must be broadened, — in short, the mind must be

brought to the highest possible conception and appreciation of poetic and artistic activity.

THE VOICE AND THE PEAK.

THE voice and the Peak far over summit and lawn,
The lone glow and long roar green-rushing from the rosy thrones of dawn!
All night have I heard the voice rave over the rocky bar,
But thou wert silent in heaven; above thee glided the star.

Hast thou no voice, O Peak, that standest high above all?
"I am the voice of the Peak; I roar and rave, for I fall.
A thousand voices go to North, South, East, and West;
They leave the heights and are troubled, and moan and sink to their rest.

"The fields are fair beside them, the chestnut towers in his bloom;
But they — they feel the desire of the deep — fall, and follow their doom.
The deep has power on the height, and the height has power on the deep;
They are raised forever and ever, and sink again into sleep."

Not raised forever and ever; but when their cycle is o'er,
The valley, the voice, the peak, the star pass, and are found no more.
The Peak is high, and flush'd at his highest with sunrise fire;
The Peak is high, and the stars are high, and the thought of a man is higher.

A deep below the deep, and a height beyond the height!
Our hearing is not hearing, and our seeing is not sight.
The voice and the Peak far into heaven withdrawn,
The lone glow and long roar green-rushing from the rosy thrones of dawn!

Tennyson.

AND all day long a bird sings there,
And a stray sheep drinks at the pond at times;
The place is silent and aware;
It has had its scenes, its joys, and crimes,
But that is its own affair.

By the Fireside. *Browning*

SONG.

I DREAMED that I woke from a dream, and the house was full of light;
At the window two angel Sorrows held back the curtains of night.
The door was wide, and the house was full of the morning wind;
At the door two armèd warders stood silent, with faces blind.

I ran to the open door, for the wind of the world was sweet;
The warders with crossing weapons turned back my issuing feet.
I ran to the shining windows — there the winged Sorrows stood;
Silent they held the curtains, and the light fell through in a flood.

SUGGESTION.

I clomb to the highest window — Ah ! there with shadowed brow
Stood one lonely radiant Sorrow : and that, my love, was thou.
I bowed my head before her, and stood trembling in the light ;
She dropped the heavy curtain, and the house was full of night.

From "Wilfrid Cumbermede." *George Macdonald.*

We are spirits in a prison, able only to make signals to each other, but with a world of things to think and say which our signals cannot describe at all. *Carlyle.*

The lark above our heads doth know a heaven we see not here below ;
She sees it, and for joy she sings ; then falls with ineffectual wings.
Ah, soaring soul ! faint not nor tire ! Each heaven attained reveals a higher.
Thy thought is of thy failure ; we list raptured, and thank God for thee.

A Violinist. *Bourdillon.*

YOUTH AND AGE.

Verse, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee, —
Both were mine ! Life went a-maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young !
When I was young ? Ah, woful when !
Ah ! for the change 'twixt Now and Then !
This breathing house not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands
How lightly then it flash'd along —
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide !
Nought cared this body for wind or weather
When Youth and I lived in 't together.

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like ;
Friendship is a sheltering tree ;
Oh ! the joys, that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old !

Ere I was old ? Ah, woful Ere,
Which tells me Youth 's no longer here !
O Youth ! for years so many and sweet
'T is known that Thou and I were one,
I 'll think it but a fond conceit —

It cannot be that Thou art gone !
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd —
And thou wert aye a masker bold !
What strange disguise hast now put on
To make believe that thou art gone ?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this alter'd size:
But Springtide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes !
Life is but Thought : so think I will
That Youth and I are housemates still.

Dew-drops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve !
Where no hope is, life 's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve
When we are old:
That only serves to make us grieve
With oft and tedious taking-leave,
Like some poor nigh-related guest
That may not be dismist,
Yet hath out-stay'd his welcome while,
And tells the jest without the smile.

Coleridge.

ABT VOGLER.

[After he has been extemporizing upon the musical instrument of his invention.]

WOULD that the structure brave, the manifold music I build,
Bidding my organ obey, calling its keys to their work,
Claiming each slave of the sound, at a touch, as when Solomon willed
Armies of angels that soar, legions of demons that lurk,
Man, brute, reptile, fly, — alien of end and of aim,
Adverse, each from the other heaven-high, hell-deep removed, —
Should rush into sight at once as he named the ineffable Name,
And pile him a palace straight, to pleasure the princess he loved !

Would it might tarry like his, the beautiful building of mine,
This which my keys in a crowd pressed and importuned to raise !
Ah, one and all, how they helped, would dispart now and now combine,
Zealous to hasten the work, heighten their master his praise !
And one would bury his brow with a blind plunge down to hell,
Burrow awhile and build, broad on the roots of things,
Then up again swim into sight, having based me my palace well,
Founded it, fearless of flame, flat on the nether springs.

And another would mount and march, like the excellent minion he was,
Ay, another and yet another, one crowd but with many a crest,
Raising my rampired walls of gold as transparent as glass,
Eager to do and die, yield each his place to the rest:
For higher still and higher (as a runner tips with fire,
When a great illumination surprises a festal night —
Outlining round and round Rome's dome from space to spire)
Up, the pinnacled glory reached, and the pride of my soul was in sight.

In sight? Not half! for it seemed, it was certain, to match man's birth;
Nature in turn conceived, obeying an impulse as I;
And the emulous heaven yearned down, made effort to reach the earth,
As the earth had done her best, in my passion, to scale the sky:
Novel splendours burst forth, grew familiar and dwelt with mine,
Not a point nor peak but found and fixed its wandering star;
Meteor-moons, balls of blaze: and they did not pale nor pine,
For earth had attained to heaven, there was no more near nor far.

Nay, more: for there wanted not who walked in the glare and glow,
Presences plain in the place; or, fresh from the Protoplast,
Furnished for ages to come, when a kindlier wind should blow,
Lured now to begin and live, in a house to their liking at last;
Or else the wonderful Dead who have passed through the body and gone,
But were back once more to breathe in an old world worth their new:
What never had been, was now; what was, as it shall be anon;
And what is — shall I say, matched both? for I was made perfect too.

All through my keys that gave their sounds to a wish of my soul,
All through my soul that praised as its wish flowed visibly forth,
All through music and me! For think, had I painted the whole,
Why, there it had stood, to see, nor the process so wonder-worth:
Had I written the same, made verse, — still, effect proceeds from cause;
Ye know why the forms are fair, ye hear how the tale is told;
It is all triumphant art, but art in obedience to laws,
Painter and poet are proud in the artist-list enrolled: —

But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can,
Existent behind all laws, that made them, and lo, they are!
And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,
That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star.
Consider it well: each tone of our scale in itself is nought;
It is everywhere in the world — loud, soft, and all is said:
Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought:
And, there! Ye have heard and seen: consider and bow the head!

Well, it is gone at last, the palace of music I reared;
Gone! and the good tears start, the praises that come too slow;
For one is assured at first, one scarce can say that he feared,
That he even gave it a thought, the gone thing was to go.
Never to be again! But many more of the kind
As good, nay, better perchance: is this your comfort to me?
To me, who must be saved because I cling with my mind
To the same, same self, same love, same God: ay, what was, shall be.

Therefore to whom turn I but to thee, the ineffable Name?
Builder and maker, thou, of houses not made with hands!
What, have fear of change from thee who art ever the same?
Doubt that thy power can fill the heart that thy power expands?
There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before;
The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound;
What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more:
On earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect round.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist, —
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that he heard it once: we shall hear it by-and-by.

And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fulness of the days? Have we withered or agonized?
Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?
Why rushed the discords in but that harmony should be prized?
Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear;
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe:
But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome: 't is we musicians know.

Well, it is earth with me; silence resumes her reign:
I will be patient and proud, and soberly acquiesce.
Give me the keys. I feel for the common chord again,
Sliding by semitones, till I sink to the minor, — yes,
And I blunt it into a ninth, and I stand on alien ground,
Surveying awhile the heights I rolled from into the deep;
Which, hark! I have dared and done, for my resting-place is found,
The C Major of this life: so, now I will try to sleep.

Robert Browning