

Mother's Learning Library
Supplement One

Well-Educated Mother's Heart Learning Library

Libraries of Hope

Mother's Learning Library
Supplement One

Compiled by Marlene Peterson

Libraries of Hope

Mother's Learning Library:
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When Queens Ride By

by Agnes Sligh Turnbull

Jennie Musgrave woke at the shrill rasp of the alarm clock as she always woke–with the shuddering start and a heavy realization that the brief respite of the night's oblivion was over. She had only time to glance through the dull light at the cluttered, dusty room, before John's voice was saying sleepily as he said every morning, "All right, let's go. It doesn't seem as if we'd been in bed at all!"

Jennie dressed quickly in the clothes, none too clean, that, exhausted, she had flung from her the night before. She hurried down the back stairs, her coarse shoes clattering thickly upon the bare boards. She kindled the fire in the range and then made a hasty pretense at washing in the basin in the sink.

John strode through the kitchen and on out to the barn. There were six cows to be milked and the great cans of milk to be taken to the station for the morning train.

Jennie put coffee and bacon on the stove, and then, catching up a pail from the porch, went after John. A golden red disk broke the misty blue of the morning above the cow pasture. A sweet, fragrant breath blew from the orchard. But Jennie neither saw nor felt the beauty about her.

She glanced at the sun and thought, It's going to be a hot day. She glanced at the orchard, and her brows knit. There it hung. All that fruit. Bushels of it going to waste. Maybe she could get time that day to make some more apple butter. But the tomatoes wouldn't wait. She must pick them and get them to town today, or that would be a dead loss. After all her work,

well, it would only be in a piece with everything else if it did happen so. She and John had bad luck, and they might as well make up their minds to it.

She finished her part of the milking and hurried back again to the overcooked bacon and strong coffee. The children were down, clamorous, dirty, always underfoot. Jim, the eldest, was in his first term of school. She glanced at his spotted waist. He should have a clean one. But she couldn't help it. She couldn't get the washing done last week, and when she was to get a day for it this week she didn't know, with all the picking and the trips to town to make!

Breakfast was hurried and unpalatable, a sort of grudging concesion to the demands of the body. Then John left in the milk wagon for the station, and Jennie packed little Jim's lunch basket with bread and apple butter and pie, left the two little children to their own devices in the backyard, and started toward the barn. There was no time to do anything in the house. The chickens and turkeys had to be attended to, and then she must get to the tomato patch before the sun got too hot. Behind her was the orchard with its rows and rows of laden apple trees. Maybe this afternoon–maybe tomorrow morning. There were the potatoes, too, to be lifted. Too hard work for a woman. But what were you going to do? Starve? John worked till dark in the fields.

She pushed her hair back with a quick, boyish sweep of her arm ad went on scattering the grain to the fowls. She remembered their eager plans when they were married, when they took over the old farm—laden with its heavy mortgage–that had been John's father's. John had been so straight of back then and so jolly. Only seven years, yet now he was stooped a little, and his brows were always drawn, as though to hide a look of ashamed

failure. They had planned to have a model farm someday: blooded stock, a tractor, a new barn. And then such a home they were to make of the old stone house! Jennie's hopes had flared higher even than John's. A rug for the parlor, an overstuffed set like the one in the mail-order catalogue, linoleum for the kitchen, electric lights!

They were young and, oh, so strong! There was nothing they could not do if they only worked hard enough.

But that great faith had dwindled as the first year passed. John worked later and later in the evenings. Jennie took more and more of the heavy tasks upon her own shoulders. She often thought with some pride that no woman in the countryside ever helped her husband as she did. Even with the haying and riding the reaper. Hard, coarsening work, but she was glad to do it for John's sake.

The sad riddle of it all was that at the end of each year they were no further on. The only difference from the year before was another window shutter hanging from one hinge and another crippled wagon in the barnyard which John never had time to men. They puzzled over it in a vague distress. And meanwhile life degenerated into a straining, hopeless struggle. Sometimes lately John had seemed a little listless, as though nothing mattered. A little bitter when he spoke of Henry Davis.

Henry held the mortgage and had expected a payment on the principle this year. He had come once and looked about with something very like a sneer on his face. If he should decide someday to foreclose–that would be the final blow. They never would get up after that. If John couldn't hold the old farm, he could never try to buy a new one. It would mean being renters all their lives. Poor renters at that!

She went to the tomato field. It had been her own idea to do some tracking along with the regular farm crops. But, like everything else, it had failed of her expectations. As she put the scarlet tomatoes, just a little overripe, into the basket, she glanced with a hard tightening of her lips toward a break in the trees a half mile away where a dark, listening bit of road caught the sun. Across its polished surface twinkled an endless procession of shining, swift-moving objects. The State Highway.

Jennie hated it. In the first place, it was so tauntingly near and yet so hopelessly far from them. If it only ran by their door, as it did past Henry Davis's for instance, it would solve the whole problem of marketing the fruits and vegetables. Then they could set the baskets on the lawn, and people could stop for them. But as it was, nobody all summer long had paid the least attention to the sign John had put up at the end of the lane. And no wonder. Why should travelers drive their cars over the stony country byway, when a little farther along they would find the same fruit spread temptingly for them at the very roadside?

But there was another reason she hated that bit of sleek road showing between the trees. She hated it because it hurt her with its suggestions of all the passed her by in the endless procession twinkling in the sunshine. There they kept going, day after day, those happy, carefree women, riding in handsome limousines or in gay little roadsters. Some in plainer cars, too, but even those were, like the others, women who could have rest, pleasure, comfort for the asking. They were whirled along hour by hour to new pleasures, while she was weighted to the drudgery of the farm like one of the great rocks in the pasture field.

And–most bitter of all–they had pretty homes to go back to when the happy journey was over. That seemed to be the strange and cruel law about homes. The finer they were, the easier it was to leave them. Now with her–if she had the rug for the parlor and the stuffed furniture and linoleum for the kitchen, she shouldn't mind anything so much then; she had nothing, nothing but hard slaving and bad luck. And the highway taunted her with it. Flung its impossible pleasures mockingly in her face as she bent over the vines or dragged the heavy baskets along the rows.

The sun grew hotter. Jennie put more strength into her task. She knew, at last, by the scorching heat overhead that it was nearing noon. She must have a bit of lunch ready for John when he came in. There wasn't time to prepare much. Just reheat the coffee and set down some bread and pie.

She started towards the house, giving a long yodeling call for the children as she went. They appeared from the orchard, tumbled and torn from experiments with the wire fence. Her heart smothered her at the sight of them. Among the other dreams that the years had crushed out were those of little rosy boys and girls in clean suits and fresh ruffled dresses. As it was, the children had just grown like farm weeds.

This was the part of all the drudgery that hurt most. That she had not time to care for her children, sew for them, teach them things that other children knew. Sometimes it seemed as if she had no real love for them at all. She was too terribly tired as a rule to have any feeling. The only times she used energy to talk to them was when she had to reprove them for some dangerous misdeed. That was all wrong. It seemed wicked; but how could she help it? With the work draining the very life out of her, strong as she was.

John came in heavily, and they ate in silence except for the children's chatter. John hardly looked up from his plate. He gulped down great drafts of the warmed-over coffee and then pushed his chair back hurriedly.

"I'm goin' to try to finish the harrowin' in the south field," he said. "I'm at the tomatoes," Jennie answered. "I've got them 'most all picked and ready for takin'."

That was all. Work was again upon them.

It was two o'clock by the sun, and Jennie had loaded the last heavy basket of tomatoes on the milk wagon in which she must drive to town, when she heard shrill voices sounding along the path. The children were flying in excitement toward her.

"Mum! Mum! Mum!" they called as they came panting up to her with big, surprised eyes. "Mum, there a lady up there. At the kitchen door. All dressed up. A pretty lady. She wants to see you."

Jennie gazed down at them disbelievingly. A lady, a pretty lady at her kitchen door? All dressed up! What that could mean! Was it possible someone had at last braved the stony lane to buy fruit? Maybe bushels of it!

"Did she come in a car?" Jennie asked quickly.

"No, she just walked in. She's awful pretty. She smiled at us."

Jennie's hope dropped. Of course. She might have known. Some agent likely, selling books. She followed the children wearily back along the path and in at the rear door of the kitchen. Across from it another door opened into the side yard. Here stood the stranger.

The two women looked at each other across the kitchen, across the table with the remains of two meals upon it, the strewn chairs, the littered stove–across the whole scene of unlovely disorder. They looked at each other in startled surprise, as inhabitants of Earth and Mars might look if they were suddenly brought face-to-face.

Jennie saw a woman in a gray tweed coat that seemed to be part of her straight, slim body. A small gray hat with a rose quill was drawn low over the brownish hair. Her blue eyes were clear and smiling. She was beautiful! And yet she was not young. She was in her forties, surely. But an aura of eager youth clung to her, a clean and exquisite freshness.

The stranger in her turn looked across at a young woman, haggard and weary. Her yellowish hair hung in straggling wisps. Her eyes looked hard and hunted. Her cheeks were thin and sallow. Her calico dress was shapeless and begrimed from her work.

So they looked at each other for one long, appraising second. Then the woman in gray smiled.

"How do you do?" she began. "We ran our car into the shade of your lane to have our lunch and rest for a while. And I walked on up to buy a few apples, if you have them."

Jennie stood staring at the stranger. There was an unconscious hostility in her eyes. This was one of the women from the highway.

One of those envied ones who passed twinkling through the summer sunshine from pleasure to pleasure while Jennie slaved on.

But the pretty lady's smile was disarming. Jennie started toward a chair and pulled off the old coat and apron that lay on it.

"Won't you sit down?" she said politely. "I'll go and get the apples. I'll have to pick them off the tree. Would you prefer rambos?"

"I don't know what they are, but they sound delicious. You must choose them for me. But mayn't I come with you? I should love to help pick them."

Jennie considered. She felt baffled by the friendliness of the other woman's face and utterly unable to meet it. But she did not know how to refuse.

"Why I s'pose so. If you can get through the dirt."

She led the way over the back porch with its crowded baskets and pails and coal buckets, along the unkept path toward the orchard. She had never been so acutely conscious of the disorder about her. Now a hot shame brought a lump to her throat. In her preoccupied haste before, she had actually not noticed that tub of overturned milk cans and rubbish heap! She saw it all now swiftly through the other woman's eyes. And then that new perspective was checked by a bitter defiance. Why should she care how things looked to this woman? She would be gone, speeding down the highway in a few minutes as though she had never been there.

She reached the orchard and began to drag a long ladder from the fence to the rambo tree.

The other woman cried out in distress. "Oh, but you can't do that! You mustn't. It's too heavy for you, or even for both of us. Please just let me pick a few from the ground."

Jennie looked in amazement at the stranger's concern. It was so long since she had seen anything like it.

"Heavy?" she repeated. "This ladder? I wish I didn't ever lift anything heavier than this. After hoistin' baskets of tomatoes onto a wagon, this feels light to me."

The stranger caught her arm. "But–do you think it's right? Why, that's a man's work."

Jennie's eyes blazed. Something furious and long-pent broke out from within her. "Right! Who are you to be askin' me whether I'm right or not?" What would have become of us if I didn't do a man's work? It takes us both, slaving away, an' then we get nowhere. A person like you don't know what work is! You don't know–

Jennie's voice was the high shrill of hysteria; but the stranger's low tones somehow broke through. "Listen," she said soothingly. "Please listen to me. I'm sorry I annoyed you by saying that, but now, since we are talking, why can't we sit down here and rest a minute? It's so cool and lovely here under the trees, and if you were to tell me all about it–because I'm only a stranger–perhaps it would help. It does sometimes, you know. A little rest would–

"Rest! Me sit down to rest, an' the wagon loaded to go to town? It'll hurry me now to get back before dark."

And then something strange happened. The other woman put her cool, soft hand on Jennie's grimy arm. There was a compelling tenderness in her eyes. "Just take the time you would have spent picking apples. I would so much rather. And perhaps somehow I could help you. I wish I could. Won't you tell me why you have to work so hard?"

Jennie sank down on the smooth green grass. Her hunted, unwilling eyes had yielded to some power in the clear, serene eyes of the stranger. A sort of exhaustion came over her. A trembling reaction from the straining effort of weeks.

There ain't much to tell," she said half sullenly, "only that we ain't gettin' ahead. We're clean discouraged, both of us. Henry Davis is talking about foreclosin' on us if we don't pay some principle. The time of the mortgage is out this year, an' mebbe he won't renew it. He's got plenty himself, but them's the hardest kind." She paused; then her eyes flared. "An' it ain't that I haven't done my part. Look at me. I'm barely thirty, an' I might be fifty. I'm so weather-beaten. That the way I've worked!"

"And you think that has helped your husband?"

"Helped him?" Jennie's voice was sharp. "Why shouldn't it help him?"

The stranger was looking away through the green stretches of orchard. She laced her slim hands together about her knees. She spoke slowly. "Men are such queer things, husband especially. Sometimes we blunder when we are trying hardest to serve them. For instance, they want us to be economical, and yet they want us in pretty clothes. They need our work, and yet they want us to keep our youth and our beauty. And sometimes they don't know themselves which they really want most. So we have to choose. That's what makes it so hard."

She paused. Jennie was watching her with dull curiosity as though she were speaking a foreign tongue.

Then the stranger went on:

I had to choose once, long ago; just after we were married, my husband decided to have his own business, so he started a very tiny one. He couldn't afford a helper, and he wanted me to say in the office while he did the outside selling. And I refused, even though it hurt him. Oh, it was hard! But I knew how it would be if I did as he wished. We would both have come back each night. Tired out, to a dark, cheerless house and a picked-up dinner. And a year if that might have taken something away from us–something precious. I couldn't risk it, so I refused and stuck to it.

And then how I worked in my house–a flat it was then. I had so little outside of our wedding gifts; but at least I could make it a clean, shining, happy place. I tried to give our little dinners the grace of a feast. And as the months went on, I knew I had done right. My husband would come home dead-tired and discouraged, ready to give up the whole thing. But after he had eaten and sat down in our bright little living room, and I had read to him or told him all the funny things I could invent about my day, I could see him change. By bedtime he had his courage back, and by morning he was at last ready to go out and fight again. And at last he won, and he won his success alone, as a man loves to do.

Still Jennie did not speak. She only regarded her guest with a half-resentful understanding. The woman in gray looked off again between the trees. Her voice was very sweet. A humorous little smile played about her lips.

"There was a queen once," she went on, "who reigned in troublous days. And every time the country was on the brink of war and the people ready to fly into a panic, she would put on her showiest dress and take her court with her and go hunting. And when the people would see her riding by,

apparently so gay and happy, they were sure all was well with the Government. So she tided over many a danger. And I've tried to be like her.

"Whenever a big crisis comes in my husband's business–and we've had several–or when he's discouraged, I put on my prettiest dress and get the best dinner I know how or give a party! And somehow it seems to work. That's the woman's part, you know. To play the queen- "

A faint honk-honk came from the lane. The stranger started to her feet. "That's my husband. I must go. Please don't bother about the apples. I'll just take these from under the tree. We only wanted two or three, really. And give these to the children." She slipped two coins into Jennie's hand.

Jennie had risen, too, and was trying from a confusion of startled thoughts to select one for a speech. Instead she only answered the other woman's bright good-bye with a stammering repetition and a broken apology about the apples.

She watched the stranger's erect, lithe figure hurrying away across the path that led directly to the lane. Then she turned her back to the house, wondering dazedly if she had only dreamed that the other woman had been there. But no, there were emotions rising hotly within her that were new. They had had no place an hour before. They had risen at the words of the stranger and at the sight of her smooth, soft hair, the fresh color in her cheeks, the happy shine of her eyes.

A great wave of longing swept over Jennie, a desire that was lost in choking despair. It was as though she had heard a strain of music for which she had waited all her life and then felt it swept away into silence before she had grasped its beauty. For a few brief minutes she, Jennie Musgrave, had sat beside one of the

women of the highway and caught a breath of her life–that life which forever twinkled in the past in bright procession, like the happenings of a fairy tale. Then she was gone, and Jennie was left as she had been, bound to the soil like one of the rocks of the field.

The bitterness that stormed her heart now was different from the old dull disheartenment. For it was coupled with new knowledge. The words of the stranger seemed more vivid to her than when she had sat listening in the orchard. But they came back to her with the pain of agony.

"All very well for her to talk so smooth to me about man's work and woman's work! An' what she did for her husband's big success. Easy enough for her to sit talking about queens! What would she do it she was here on this farm with me? What would a woman like her do?"

Jennie had reached the kitchen door and stood there looking at the hopeless mele about her. Her words sounded strange and hollow in the silence of the house. "Easy for her!" she burst out. She never had the work pilin' up over her like I have. She never felt it at her throat like a wolf, the same as John an' me does. Talk about choosin'! I haven't got no choice. I just got to keep goin'–just keep goin', lie I always have–"

She stopped suddenly. There in the middle of the kitchen floor, where the other woman had passed over, lay a tiny square of white. Jennie crossed to it quickly and picked it up. A faint delicious fragrance like the dream of a flwer came from it. Jennie inhaled it eagerly. It was not like any odor she had ever known. It made her think of sweet, strange things. Things she had never thought about before. Of gardens in the early summer dusk, of wide fair rooms with the moonlight shining in

them. It made her somehow think with vague wistfulness of all that.

She looked carefully at the tiny square. The handkerchief was of fine, fairy like smoothness. In the corner a dainty blue butterfly spread his wings. Jennie drew in another long breath. The fragrance filled her senses again. Her first greedy draft had not exhausted it. It would stay for a while, at least.

She laid the bit of white down cautiously on the edge of the table and went to the sink, where she washed her hands carefully. Then she returned and picked up the handkerchief again with something like reverence. She sat down, still holding it, staring at it. This bit of linen was to her an articulated voice. She understood its language. It spoke to her of white, freshly washed clothes blowing in the sunshine, of an iron moving smoothly, leisurely, to the accompaniment of a song over snowy folds; it spoke to her of quiet, orderly rooms and ticking clocks and a mending basket under the evening lamp; it spoke to her of all the peaceful routine of a well managed household, the kind she had once dreamed of having.

But more than this, the exquisite daintiness of it, the sweet, alluring perfume spoke to her of something else which her heart understood, even though her speech could have found no words for it. She could feel gropingly the delicacy, the grace, the beauty that made up the other woman's life in all its relations.

She, Jennie, had none of that. Everything about their lives, hers and John's, was coarsened, soiled somehow by the dragging, endless labor of the days.

Jennie leaned forward, her arms stretched tautly before her upon her knees, her hands clasped tightly over the fragrant bit

of white. Suppose she were to try doing as the stranger had said. Suppose that she spent her time on the house and let the outside work go. What then? What would John say? Would they be much farther behind than they were now? Could they be? And suppose, by some strange chance, the other woman had been right! That a man could be helped more by doing of these other things she had neglected?

She sat very still, distressed, uncertain. Out in the barnyard waited the wagon of tomatoes, overripe now for market. No, she could do nothing today, at least, but go on as usual.

Then her hands opened a little; the perfume within them came up to her, bringing again that thrill of sweet, indescribable things.

She started up, half-terrified at her own resolve. "I'm goin' to try it now. Mebbe I'm crazy, but I'm goin' to do it anyhow!"

It was a long time since Jennie had performed such a meticulous toilet. It was years since she had brushed her hair. A hasty combing had been its best treatment. She put on her one clean dress, the dark voile reserved for trips to town. She even changed from her shapeless, heavy shoes to her best ones. Then, as she looked at herself in the dusty mirror, she saw that she was changed. Something, at least, of the hard haggardness was gone from her face, and her hair framed it with smooth softness. Tomorrow she would wash it. It used to be almost yellow.

She went to the kitchen. With something of the burning zeal of a fanatic, she attacked the confusion before her. By half past four the room was clean: the floor swept, the stove shining, dishes and pans washed and put in their places. From the tumbled depths of a drawer Jennie had extracted a white

tablecloth that had been bought in the early days, for company only. With a spirit of daring recklessness she spread it on the table. She polished the chimney of the big oil lamp and then set the fixture, clean and shining, in the center of the white cloth.

Now the supper! And she must hurry. She planned to have it at six o'clock and ring the big bell for John fifteen minutes before, as she used to just after they were married.

She decided upon fried ham and browned potatoes and applesauce with hot biscuits. She hadn't made them for so long, but her fingers fell into their old deftness. Why, cooking was just play if you had time to do it right! Then she thought of the tomatoes and gave a little shudder. She thought of the long hours of backbreaking work she had put into them and called herself a little fol to have been swayed by the words of a stranger and the scent of a handkerchief, to neglect her rightful work and bring more loss upon John and herself. But she went on, making the biscuits, turning the ham, setting the table.

It was half past five; the first pan of flaky brown mounds had been withdrawn from the oven, the children's faces and hands had been washed and their excited questions satisfied, when the sound of a car came from the bend. Jennie knew that car. It belonged to Henry Davis. He could be coming for only one thing.

The blow they had dreaded, fending off by blind disbelief in the ultimate disaster, was about to fall. Henry was coming to tel them he was going to foreclose. It would almost kill John. This was his father's old farm. John had taken it over, mortgage and all, so hopefully, so sure he could succeed where his father had

failed. If he had to leave now there would be a double disgrace to bear. And where could they go? Farms weren't so plentiful.

Henry had driven up to the side gate. He fumbled with some papers in his inner pocket as he started up the walk. A wild terror filled Jennie's heart. She wanted desperately to avoid meeting Henry Davis's keen, hard face, to flee somewhere, anywhere before she heard the words that doomed them.

Then as she stood shaken, wondering how she could live through what the next hours would bring, she saw in a flash the beautiful stranger as she had sat in the orchard, looking off between the trees and smiling to herself. "There was once a queen."

Jennie heard the words again distinctly just as Henry Davis's steps sounded sharply nearer on the walk outside. There was only a confused picture of a queen wearing the stranger's lovely, highbred face, riding gaily to the hunt through forests and towns while her kingdom was tottering. Riding gallantly on, in spite of her fears.

Jennie's heart was pounding and her hands were suddenly cold. But something unreal and yet irresistible was sweeping her with it. "There was once a queen."

She opened the screen door before Henry Davis had time to knock. She extended her hand cordially. She was smiling. "Well, how d'you do, Mr. Davis. Come right in. I'm real glad to see you. Been quite a while since you was over."

Henry looked surprised and very much embarrassed. "Why, no, now, I won't go in. I just stopped to see John on a little matter of business. I'll just--"

"You'll just come right in. John will be in from milkin' in a few minutes an' you can talk while you eat, both of you. I've supper just ready. Now step right in, Mr. Davis!"

As Jennie moved aside, a warm, fragrant breath of fried ham and biscuits seemed to waft itself to Henry Davis's nostrils. There was a visible softening of his features. "Why, no, I didn't reckon on anything like this. I 'lowed I'd just speak to John and then be gettin' on."

"They'll see you at home when you get there," Jennie put in quickly. "You never tasted my hot biscuits with butter an' quince honey, or you wouldn't take so much coachin'!"

Henry Davis came in and sat in the big, clean, warm kitchen. His eyes took in every detail of the orderly room: the clean cloth, the shining lamp, the neat sink, the glowing stove. Jennie saw him relax comfortably in his chair. Then above the aromas of the food about her, she detected the strange sweetness of the bit of white linen she had tucked away in the bosom of her dress. It rose to her as a haunting sense of her power as a woman.

She smiled at Henry Davis. Smiled as she would never have thought of doing a day ago. Then she would have spoken to him with a drawn face full of subservient fear. Now, though the fear clutched her heart, her lips smiled sweetly, moved by that unreality that seemed to possess her. "There was once a queen."

"An' how are things goin' with you, Mr. Davis?" she asked with a blithe upward reflection.

Henry Davis was very human. He had never noticed before that Jennie's hair was so thick and pretty and that she had such

pleasant ways. Neither had he dreamed that she was such a good cook as the sight and smell of the supper things would indicate. He was very comfortable there in the big sweet-smelling kitchen.

He smiled back. It was an interesting experiment on Henry's part, for his smiles were rare. "Oh, so-so. How are they with you?"

Jennie had been taught to speak the truth; but at this moment there dawned in her mind a vague understanding that the high loyalties of life, after all, relative and not absolute.

She smiled again as she skillfully flipped a great slice of golden brown ham over in the frying pan. "Why, just fine, Mr. Davis. We're gettin' on just fine, John an' me. It's been hard sleddin' but I sort of think the worst is over. I think we're goin' to come out way ahead now. We'll just be proud to pay off that mortgage so fast, come another year, that you'll be surprised!"

It was said. Jennie marveled that the words had not choked her, had not somehow smitten her dead as she spoke them. But their effect on Henry Davis was amazingly good.

"That so?" he asked in surprise. "Well now, that's fine. I always wanted to see John make a success of the old place, but somehow–well, you know it didn't look as if–that is, there's been some talk around that maybe John wasn't just gettin' along any too–you know. A man has to sort of watch his investments. Well, now, I'm glad things are pickin' up a little."

Jennie felt as though a tight hand at her throat had relaxed. She spoke brightly of the fall weather and the crops as she finished setting the dishes on the table and rang the big bell for John. There was delicate work yet to be done when he came in.

Little Jim had to be sent to hasten him before he finally appeared. He as a big man, John Musgrave, big and slow moving and serious. He had known nothing all his life but hard physical toil. Heaviness had pitted his great body against all the adverse forces of nature. There was a time when he had felt that strength such as his was all any man needed to bring him fortune. Now he was not so sure. The brightness of that faith was dimmed by experience.

John came to the kitchen door with his eyebrows drawn. Little Jim had told him that Henry Davis was there. He came into the room as an accused man faces the jury of his peers, faces the men who, though the same flesh and blood as he, are yet somehow curiously in a position to save or to destroy him.

John came in, and then he stopped, staring blankly at the scene before him. At Jennie moving about the bright table, chatting happily with Henry Davis! At Henry himself, his sharp features softened by an air of great satisfaction. At the sixth plate on the white cloth. Henry staying for supper!

But the silent deeps of John's nature served him well. He made no comment. Merely shook hands with Henry Davis and then washed his face at the sink.

Jennie arranged the savory dishes, and they sat down to supper. It was an entirely new experience to John to sit at the head of his own table and serve a generously heaped plate to Henry Davis. It sent through him a sharp thrill of sufficiency, of equality. He realized that before he had been cringing in his soul at the very sight of this man.

Henry consumed eight biscuits richly covered with quince honey, along with the heavier part of his dinner. Jennie counted them. She recalled hearing that the Davises did not set a very

bountiful table; it was common talk that Mrs. Davis was even more "miserly" than her husband. But, however that was, Henry now seemed to grow more and more genial and expansive as he ate. So did John. By the time the pie was set before them, they were laughing over a joke Henry had heard at Grange meeting.

Jennie was bright, watchful, careful. If the talk lagged, she made a quick remark. She moved softly between table and stove, refilling the dishes. She saw to it that a hot biscuit was at Henry Davis's elbow just when he was ready for it. All the while there was rising within her a strong zest for life that she would have deemed impossible only that morning. This meal, at last, was a perfect success, and achievements of any sort whatever had been few.

Henry Davis left soon after supper. He brought the conversation around awkwardly to his errand as they rose from the table. Jennie was ready.

"I told him, John, that the worst was over now, an' we're getting on fine!" She laughed. "I told him we'd be swampin' him pretty soon with our payments. Ain't that right, John?"

John's mind was not analytical. At that moment he was comfortable. He had been host at a delicious supper with his ancient adversary, whose sharp face marvelously softened. Jennie's eyes were shining with a new and amazing confidence. It was a natural moment for unreasoning optimism.

"Why that's right, Mr. Davis. I believe we can start clearin' this off now pretty soon. If you could see your way clear to renew the note mebbe . . . ."

It was done. The papers were back in Davis's pocket. They had bid him a cordial good-bye from the door.

"Next time you come, I will have biscuits for you Mr. Davis." Jennie had called daringly after him.

"Now you don't forget that Mrs. Musgrave! They certainly ain't hard to eat."

He was gone. Jennie cleared the table and set the shining lamp in the center of the oilcloth covering. She began to wash dishes. John was fumbling through the papers on a hanging shelf. He finally sat down with an old tablet and pencil He spoke meditatively. "I believe I'll do a little figurin' since I've got time tonight. It just struck me that mebbe if I used my head a little more I'd get on faster."

"Well now, you might," said Jennie. It would not be John's way to comment just yet on their sudden deliverance. She polished two big Rambo apples and placed them on a saucer beside him.

He looked pleased. "Now that's what I like." He grinned. Then making a clumsy clutch at her arm, he added, "Say, you look sort of pretty tonight."

Jennie made a brisk coquettish business of freeing herself. "Go along with you!" she returned, smiling and started in again upon the dishes. But a hot wave of color had swept up in her shallow cheeks.

John had looked more grateful over her setting those two apples beside him now, than he had the day last fall when she lifted all the potatoes herself! Men were strange, as the woman in gray had said. Maybe even John had been needing something else more than he needed the hard, backbreaking work she had been doing.

She tidied up the kitchen and put the children to bed. It seemed strange to be through now, ready to sit down. All summer they had worked outdoors till bedtime. Last night she had been slaving over apple butter until she stopped, exhausted, and John ad been working in the barn with the lantern. Tonight seemed so peaceful, so quiet. John still sat at the table, figuring while he munched his apples. His brows were not drawn now. There was a new, purposeful light on his face.

Jennie walked to the doorway and stood looking off through the darkness and through the break in the trees at the end of the lane. Bright and golden lights kept glittering across it, breaking dimly through the woods, flashing out strongly for a moment, then disappearing behind the hill. Those were the lights of the happy cars that never stopped in their swift search for far and magic places. Those were the lights of the highway which she had hated. But she did not hate it now. For today it had come to her at last and left with her some of its mysterious pleasure.

Jennie wished, as she stood there, that she could somehow tell the beautiful stranger in the gray coat that her words had been true, that she, Jennie, insofar as she was able, was to be like her and fulfill her woman's part.

For while she was not figuring as John was doing, yet her mind had been planning, sketching in details, strengthening itself against the chains of old habits, resolving on new ones; seeing with sudden clearness where they had been blundered, where they had made mistakes that farsighted, orderly management could have avoided. But how could John have sat down to figure in comfort before, in the kind of kitchen she had been keeping?

Jennie bit her lip. Even if some of the tomatoes spoiled, if all of them spoiled, there would be a snowy washing on her line tomorrow; there would be ironing the next day in her clean kitchen. She could sing as she worked. She used to when she was a girl. Even if the apples rotted on the trees, there were certain things she knew now that she must do, regardless of what John might say. It would pay better in the end, for she had read the real needs of his soul from his eyes that evening. Yes, wives had to choose for their husbands sometimes.

A thin haunting breath of sweetness rose from the bosom of her dress where the scrap of white linen lay. Jennie smiled into the dark. And tomorrow she would take time to wash her hair. It used to be yellow–and she wished she could see the stranger once more, just long enough to tell her she understood.

As matter of fact, at that very moment, many miles along the sleek highway, a woman in a gray coat, with a soft gray hat and a rose quill, leaned suddenly close to her husband as he shot the high-powered car through the night. Suddenly he glanced down at her and slackened the speed.

"Tired?" he asked. "You haven't spoken for miles. Shall we stop at this next town?"

The woman shook her head. "I'm all right, and I love to drive at night. It's only–you know–that poor woman at the farm. I can't get over her wretched face and house and everything. It–it was hopeless!"

The man smiled down at her tenderly. "Well, I'm sorry, too, if it was all as bad as your description; but you mustn't worry. Good gracious, darling, you're not weeping over it, I hope!"

"No, truly, just a few little tears. I know it's silly, but I did so want to help her, and I know now that what I said must have sounded perfectly insane. She wouldn't know what I was talking about. She just looked up with that blank, tired face. And it all seemed so impossible. No, I'm not going to cry. Of course I'm not–but–lend me your handkerchief, will you dear? I've lost mine somehow!"

Overview of Mothers of Influence

Now I would like to help you catch the vision of Mothers of Influence, an organization founded by myself along with Marley Billings and Jen Goostrey.

We see something extraordinary on the horizon and women and especially mothers play a key role. Let me begin to unfold what we see by opening with an impression of contrasts.

I was flying home from speaking at a conference and as I was looking down at the cities below, I was thinking how tiny they looked from where I was. And for whatever reason, I tried to picture the Tower of Babel down there, maybe because I was trying to imagine a really big building. I pictured how massive that tower looked to the ones who were building it. I could imagine them standing at the base of it, looking up and going Wow! Look what we have built by the workmanship of our own hands! This is magnificent! We can see it must surely reach right up to heaven. We can just climb up there ourselves. And bring on the flood waters again. We've got it covered this time. We'll just climb our way to safety.

But then I tried to imagine it from God's perspective. I was just a couple of miles up, and from my vantage point, it was small and insignificant. Then the tower switched to another tower in my mind's eye– some of the tallest towers in the world are bank towers. And I pictured all the money in the banks piled up in gold bricks around the tower, and from my point of view, it was just a little speck down there. Then I tried to imagine how big the country was. I was maybe taking in 50 or 100 square miles. How far did the country go–for that matter, how big was 25,000 miles around the world! It was huge! And that

little bank tower and all its gold bricks became even more of a speck.

Then I thought of the earth which seemed so huge and imagined it next to the sun and the earth became a dot. Then the whole solar system was put against the Milky Way and our Solar System became a dot. Then the Milky Way was put against the universe, and the Milky Way became a dot. And that bank tower and the Tower of Babel became a tiny particle of nothing.

Then came the impression of the contrast. As I looked around, I saw light as far as the eye could see. And I thought of how we're taught the Light of God fills the immensity of space. Think of the comparison between the little tower of gold and this Light. We use different words for this Light: Spirit of the Lord, Truth, Living Waters that when we drink this water, we never thirst again.

The effect of this Light upon us, the fruits of this spirit are Peace, Love, Joy and Understanding. These are its gifts. The Light is a pearl of great price, that the merchant would sell all he had to possess it.

In earth's economy, the richest person is the one with the most money. In heaven's economy, the richest person is the one with the greatest capacity for this endless Light and thereby the greatest capacity for Peace, Love and Joy.

So the question at hand is how do we increase our capacity for Light so that more of it can be released in the world?

We see forces combining together to do works of darkness and destruction. What are the forces that combine together to release light?

We believe those two forces are Heart and Mind working in combination, or in other words, the more the heart desires that which is good and beautiful and true, and the more the mind is willing to comply with true principles and laws, the greater the release of light. Take away either half of the combination, and the light is blocked. Let me try and build my case.

We are a very mind-focused, academic-based culture. We lean heavily towards the Mind side of the combination. You know when you're in the realm of the mind because you can test and measure it. How far away is the sun? What is the population of New York? The mind feeds on facts and information. We associate Reason and Science with the mind which is about discovering the laws, principles and rules by which the universe operates. The mind demands proof and evidence. Science and Mind are good.

The heart on the other hand is immeasurable. How wide is joy? How deep is love? The heart is the place of desires, dreams and visions. The Arts–Music, imagery, Poetry and Story–warm and open hearts and travel to a place deep within us that words alone cannot reach. Hard-heartedness blocks Light.

There is an order to this combination. Notice the heart develops before the brain within the womb and emotions develop before intellect outside the womb. It appears Nature has reserved childhood for making impressions on the heart while it is open and uncluttered. And mothers are divinely gifted for this heart work.

As simple as this combination of Heart and Mind appears, the world has had a really hard time holding on to the balance. We lean towards one side or the other. Yet, history shows us that when Heart and Mind, Faith and Reason, Art and Science

combine together in balance, there is a burst of light on the world. We call these Golden Ages.

Let me show you what I mean as I take you on a brief tour through history.

Let's first go back to 5th century BC Ancient Greece which is known as the Golden Age of Greece. Here you find Socrates going around teaching people to think and question, functions of the mind. We see great dramatists such as Sophocles, Euripides and Aristophanes keeping the hearts of the people warm. Pericles is a wise ruler who has given the people wise rules to follow. But he is also a lover of the arts and he commissions buildings such as the Parthenon and the Acropolis that are built to the highest standards of math and engineering but also crafted by artisans who love beauty. Heart and Mind. Even their ruins still inspire us. The Ancient Greeks are known for their love of beauty and truth and they continue to influence the world 2500 years later.

Following a series of wars, the Greeks could sense their Golden Age was slipping and they started leaning towards the Mind to solve their problems. They reasoned that what they needed to do was to build large academies and teach the young men how to think and reason and persuade others. They hoped the academies would produce great leaders to lead them back to their Golden Age. But in the process, the heart was left behind. Not only did these academies fail to produce a single leader of note, the Greeks slipped into slavery, never to rise again.

Fast forward several hundred years. Now things have swung the other way and you find a people who are ruled by their hearts. The power players of the time are the storytellers and bards who know they can sway the people any way they want

with their stories and songs. The people are driven by their fears based in superstitions and false traditions. We call it the Dark Ages. Only half the combination so the light is blocked.

Now go forward a few more hundred years to the 14th century when the intellectual writings of the Greeks made their way to Europe by way of Italy, and there is this wonderful re-birth which is what Renaissance means and another Golden Age where, for a time, Mind and Heart, Faith and Reason, Art and Science combine together. Look at the shining stars of the 1400s and 1500s–Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Shakespeare, Galileo, Copernicus, Kepler, Martin Luther. We see Columbus and all the other explorers out looking for new worlds and possibilities. Light began to burst forth upon the earth.

And then, man looks around and says, "Man is magnificent! Look what we have accomplished by the workmanship of our own hands." And they leave God and the heart behind and enter a new Age of Reason.

It was in this Age of Reason of the 18th Century that a tender-hearted, kind man arrives on the scene named Johann Heinrich Pestalozzi. He looks around and notices that for all the learning going on, it's not making anyone's lives any better. The people are miserable. Especially the children. The adults are so anxious for them to get into the Greek writings that they start hammering Greek in them almost as soon as they can talk.

A great desire grew in his heart. He wrote: "I wish to wrest education from ...cheap, artificial teaching tricks, and entrust it to the eternal process of nature herself; to the light which God has kindled and kept alive in the hearts of fathers and mothers . . . Love is the sole and everlasting foundation in which to

work."

He continued: "The primary law is this: the first instruction of the child should never be the business of the head or of the reason; it should always be the business of the . . . heart. It is for a long time the business of the heart, before it is the business of reason."

He was given charge over a classroom of orphans and started incorporating the tools of the heart–Story, Song, Pictures and Rhymes, even though he didn't have much to work with. Even then there were school administrators who stopped by. "Mr. Pestalozzi. Where are your test scores?" and Pestalozzi would say, "Look around! The children are happy! They're engaged in learning! They're teaching each other!" and he would be given the stern look of disapproval.

Through his work, Pestalozzi came to realize that the mother is the most effective educator of the heart. He wrote, "The eternal laws of nature lead me back to your hand, Mother." He faced bitter opposition to the idea his whole life.

One of his followers was a man named Friederich Froebel who also understood it was the mothers who were the most important teachers of the heart. The problem was the mothers were overworked and exhausted just trying to keep their families alive. He knew they weren't likely to add one more thing to their lives. But he noticed it was usually the oldest daughter in the family who had charge of the younger ones. So he thought, "What if we open a school and invite these older girls to bring their younger siblings and teach them together so that when they become mothers, they will be prepared." So he created the Kinder-garten or child-garden–a place to grow children. The first kindergartens were formed to train future

mothers. He felt it may take three generations. He, too, faced heartbreaking opposition.

Although Pestalozzi and Froebel felt like failures in their lifetimes, their writings continued to influence other educators into the 19th century, like Charlotte Mason who wrote, "We allow no separation to grow up between the intellectual and spiritual life of children, but teach them that the Divine Spirit has constant access to their spirits, and is their Continual helper in all the interests, duties and joys of life." She taught that True education is between a child's soul and God.

Maria Montessori was also influenced by Pestalozzi. On the opening day of her school in one of the poorest sections of Rome, she read from Isaiah: "Arise, shine, for the light is come and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." At the conclusion of her speech, she added, "Perhaps it may be that this children's Home may become a New Jerusalem, which, as it is multiplied . . will bring LIGHT into education." She was criticized and asked what she meant, and she replied that she scarcely knew.

Pestalozzi also influenced Rudolf Steiner who created Waldorf schools.

And then something wonderful happened.

There was a group of intellectual giants–men and women–who were scholars in history, literature, nature, art and music. As they came to understand the importance of stories to warm and open children's hearts, they wrapped their great knowledge into stories for young people and loaded them with principles for happy living and fed children with desires for a love of the good and the beautiful and a faith in God. It's not uncommon to read in their prefaces things like: Dear boys and girls. I love you. I want you to be happy.

The years from around 1880 to 1920 are known as the Golden Age of Children's Literature–the balance of Heart and Mind, Faith and Reason, Art and Science.

Then something else wonderful started to happen. The mothers started doing what mothers do–they started gathering and organizing and forming study groups to re-learn the art of storytelling in their homes and there was a great storytelling revival in the early 1900s. Then, realizing the importance of educating a woman's heart and the difficulty for her to go away to college, the Delphian Society was formed in 1910 with the intent to bring college home to busy mothers who could only study a few minutes each day. The Delphian Reading Course was the equivalent to a bachelor's degree in Classic Studies and included a study of History, Literature, Art, Music and Nature as well as other subjects. Women formed study groups and met once a month to have conversations about what they were learning. Within a few years, over 2000 groups dotted the nation and were found in every major city.

Is it a coincidence that the generation that followed is known as The Greatest Generation?

And then came the 1920s and 30s and once again Man said, Isn't Man magnificent and an educator named John Dewey changed the course of education for decades to come. His intentions were revealed in a document to which he affixed his name in 1933: the Humanist Manifesto which declares: "Reason and intelligence are the most effective instruments that humankind possesses. There is no substitute." And by the way, There is no God.

We have entered another age of reason, of facts and information, scientific proof and evidence, test and measure.

And something has happened that Hans Christian Andersen warned would happen if the mind ruled in a little story he wrote about a Snow Queen. Our world has turned upside down–that which was bad is now seen as good and that which was good is now seen as bad; every fault is magnified and every good is mocked.

We hope you can begin to see why the call for more Math and Science, more rigorous academics, the introduction of academics at earlier and earlier ages and our obsession with test scores is actually fueling our problems.

We are trying the failed solution of the Greeks.

But here's what we can't stop thinking about. This is the extraordinary event we see just over the horizon. What if we can hold on to this height of intellect? They tell us knowledge is doubling every 72 hours! What if we can combine this height of mind with a proportionate depth of heart? Would we not expect to see a new burst of light upon the world and the entrance into a Golden Age unlike the world has ever seen?

Look at what technology has gifted us in just the last fifteen years to make this combination of Heart and Mind possible.

We have been gifted with the finest literature that has ever been written.

In the 10th century, a princess gave 200 sheep, a load of wheat, a load of rye, a load of millet and several costly furs for one copy of a German monk's writing.

In 1999, Internet Archive was formed for the purpose of digitizing every book that has ever been written and posting it online for anyone to read for free. There are now over 14 million books available in the online library and they are adding

a thousand books a day which gives us instant access to the thoughts and ideas of the greatest men and women who have ever lived. Part of that great harvest of books includes the Golden Age of Children's Literature as well as the writings of the heart educators enabling us to re-learn the lost arts of educating hearts of children which have disappeared in our obsession with the mind. Along the way, technology gifted us with a tablet to make the reading of these treasures convenient and portable.

We have been gifted with fine art.

In the 15th Century, when the great Florentine artist Cimabue completed his Madonna, the shops were closed, workmen dropped their tools, farmers left their tasks, the soldiers were released from the camp, all the people assembled in the streets; the artist was borne on the shoulders of the multitude, the picture was lifted up and carried at the head of a procession that marched with music and banners and tumultuous shouts toward the church, where the canvas was hung that all might feast their eyes upon its loveliness.

All that for one painting.

Today, I can do a Google search and pull up hundreds of thousands of masterpieces of art that have been hidden away in private estates, museums and palaces around the world.

We have been gifted with the Masterpieces of Music.

You Tube has only been around since 2005, but now I can pull up just about any great masterpiece of music and watch it performed by the finest musicians in the world. I get front row seats to the Bolshoi Ballet and the Metropolitan Opera. When I get ready to do my dishes, I can invite Leonard Bernstein into

my kitchen, along with his entire symphony orchestra and give him a playlist to play for me. In surround sound. Without charge.

The kings and queens of yesterday, with all their wealth and power, could not have had the kind of heart education now delivered to the humblest home, for free. This is an education fit for a royal generation of a Golden Age.

I see just one missing piece for this combination of heart and mind to happen. And for that missing piece I need to go back to the Golden Age of Ancient Greece. Scholars attribute the opening of this age to a poet named Pindar who awakened a desire for beauty in the hearts of the Greeks through his poetry. But who awakened that desire in Pindar? I found the answer in an old children's book. Pindar's teachers as a youth were two women–Clyrtis and Myrna–two renowned singers who sang songs into his heart.

What we need now is a generation of mothers who can sing songs into the hearts of their children and awaken their desire to feast on this great harvest of the ages that has just been delivered to their homes, free for their use. But who will sing the songs in the mother's hearts for it will be out of the abundance and treasures of their hearts that the children will be fed.

Tending to the hearts of mothers is why Mothers of Influence was created.

* * * * *

In the snowy mountains of northern Lebanon
There is a small grove of trees.
The people call it the Cedars of God.

The mountains were once covered by these trees.
They are extraordinarily strong and majestically tall.
The prized trees were revered and sacred.

Today there is only a remnant.
Cedars of Lebanon have special significance.
The righteous shall grow like a Cedar in Lebanon,
flourish, bring forth fruit.

The roots of the trees run exceptionally deep.
This slow and methodical growth anchors the tree
and keeps it connected to an underground spring.

Then begins the great climb upward.
Growing for thousands of years,
The towering trees stand as devoted sentinels.

As they age the crown begins to flatten and the
side branches form great reaching arms.
Ezekiel called it a 'shadowing shroud'–and
encircling shelter and refuge.

We are sisters, all part of the same forest.
We are pushing our roots deeper,
Striving upward in our learning,
and ever reaching outward to influence for good.

By small and simple things . . . are great things brought to pass

* * * * *

We see mothers picking up the work where it was left off a hundred years ago while we took a detour. We needed this

reign of the mind for technology to thrive and make it possible for the work to continue. Look at the labor saving devices given you to free up your time for this work–you can put your dirty clothes in a washing machine, push a button and walk away. You can put your dirty dishes in a dishwasher, push a button and walk away. You can put dinner in the microwave and 5 minutes later, you're ready to eat. Turn on a faucet and hot water comes out. The mothers of our 6000 year written history must look upon our generation with envy.

But where much is given, much is expected.

We are the first generation of mothers to arrive on the scene when all things have been prepared to usher in the next stage. The heavens are watching and the earth is waiting. Already we see mothers doing, again, what mothers do: they're gathering and organizing.

Like our symbol, the Cedars of Lebanon, we want to grow deep roots, strive upward and reach outward. We encourage the formation of Mothers of Influence chapters to accomplish this in small and simple ways. A woman can start a chapter even if she is the only member, but we hope she will invite others to join with her. We need each other for strength and support.

The story is told that many years ago, a young boy visited his uncle who worked in the lumber business. They were looking at the trees in the lumber camp when the boy noticed a very tall tree standing alone on the hilltop. Full of excitement, the boy showed his uncle the towering tree. "Look at that big tree!" he exclaimed. "It will make a lot of good lumber, won't it?"

To the boy's surprise, his uncle shook his head. "No," he said, "that tree will not make a lot of good lumber. It might make a lot of lumber but not a lot of good lumber. When a tree grows

off by itself, too many branches grow on it. Those branches produce knots when the tree is cut into lumber. The best lumber comes from trees that grow together in groves. The trees also grow taller and straighter when they grow together."

[told by Lloyd Newell, Music and the Spoken word, Feb. 26 2017. See Henry D. Taylor, Conference Report, April, 1965, 54-55; cited in Barbara A. Lewis 'Why is Unity Important?' Ensign, Dec. 2016, 49]

Women grow stronger and straighter when they have the support and encouragement of others. Invite older women whose children are grown, mothers with young children, high school daughters, single women who have no children of their own, women of all faiths and political persuasions, neighbors, co-workers and friends. We suggest you limit your group to 10 to 15 members so that all may participate and participation is key, as you will see. As you grow, branch off and form new groups.

The Delphian Society, which I'll talk about in a moment, declared: "Ten small discussional groups in the community will do more to create a new way of life than a hundred mass meetings with a thousand in attendance at each."

Mothers of Influence is about tending hearts: her own heart, the hearts of children, the heart of her home, and the heart of her community. By tending her own heart, she creates roots that are deep and sturdy. From the depth of her own soul, she begins to nourish the hearts of her children and others within her sphere of influence as she strives upward and creates a lifegiving home of becoming and belonging. And then, reaches outward to bless the community in which she lives.

We have selected the Delphian Reading Course as a primary

way to begin to gain an understanding of the world in which we live and deepen our roots. The Delphians believed there is no darkness, only ignorance. Knowledge is empowering. As mentioned earlier, this ten volume course is the equivalent of a Bachelor's Degree in classic studies and includes a study of history, literature, philosophy, poetry, drama, nature, art, ethics and music. Who can measure the influence of a woman with such understanding? As stated in Volume I, "...if a love for things worth while–the lasting and enduring thoughts and sentiments of men–increases, and the desire for wider knowledge is aroused, the hope and ambition of the Delphian Society shall have been largely realized.'

Just to clarify: While the spirit of the Delphian Society has inspired us, we are not attempting to re-create it. We are grateful for this wonderful resource with which we can begin to educate ourselves, but Mothers of Influence has its own objectives.

As you study, you set the pace for your own learning. One mother may only find 3 minutes to herself in the bathroom to read while another woman may have hours of leisure to fill. Our only recommendation is to commit to a habit of daily feeding your mind, even if you only read a single line of text some days. Our bodies need food every single day; our minds are no different. Some mothers may find the reading challenging. By daily study, her capacity will grow to meet the challenge.

We suggest that chapters meet monthly so that group members can come together and share what they've been learning. Recommendations for how this might look are given in the Mother's of Influence edition of A Mother's Influence where we have included suggestions from the original Delphian

handbooks. One change we have made is to not assign a set number of pages to read but allow group members to progress at their own rate. Delphians designed ways to help women practice formulating and expressing thoughts and ideas by heart. We feel that by following the practices laid out by the Delphian Society, women will become more articulate and confident and their voices will become voices of great influence, which was a primary objective of their study groups.

As Abigail Adams observed, "If we mean to have heroes, statesmen and philosophers, we should have learned women."

We can't express enough the power in taking on a study like this. Some years ago, a novel approach was attempted in dealing with the problem of homelessness. A college level humanities course was designed and made available to people living on the streets. The effect was miraculous. As they came in contact with ideas from the ages, they began to lift themselves out of poverty. The Clemente Project has had great success in many places in the world.

The Delphian Course has the same power to enrich your life. The joy and the sensation of the mind and heart opening up and expanding is beyond description.

A free digital version of the course is available here on the site along with study guide questions, or you may order a hard copy.

Now, as a mother's heart is filled, the natural effect is she wants to share what she is learning with her children and with others. But there is an art to it. As the branches of the tree being to spiral upward, we look to how to tend the hearts of children and home.

A Mother's University has been created to help women re-learn the lost arts of educating hearts of children. Even if a woman has no children of her own, the things she will learn will add a measure of joy and satisfaction to her life and will bless all who are in her sphere of influence. The teachers and mentors at this University are the group of educators who lived a hundred years ago mentioned earlier who left their wisdom to us in their writings. These writings have only recently resurfaced. The study is designed as a 12 month rotation schedule so that you can learn line upon line, layer upon layer, drawing on what you're ready to take in the first time through and deepening the understanding each time you return as you spiral upward and outward. These writings are supplemented with articles and the research of educators today who confirm the wisdom of the past which will give you confidence as you move forward.

We recommend you set aside at least 15 minutes once a week to peruse the ideas found in the Mother's University. Keep notes of what you learn. The Mother's University is free online. When you come to your group meeting, share your experiences as you begin to apply the lessons in educating and warming hearts.

As your heart begins to warm and be filled, as well as your children's, your home will become the outward expression of what you treasure in your heart as you create a lifegiving home of belonging and becoming. As Maya Angelou wrote, "The ache for home lives in all of us."

We love Sally Clarkson who has had a twenty year ministry of helping mothers create lifegiving homes. She says, "Making a home is a functioning of making time to love." She had her first child at the age of 31. Having never changed a diaper or

spent one day babysitting, she had no idea how to be a mother or to build a home. But she learned. Her ideas are simple and practical with suggestions for each month of the year.

Even if you are single, living alone, you still need a lifegiving home to come home to; a home that nourishes, nurtures, and sustains life and beauty. And just a side note --single women and women who have not had children play a vital role in this work! If you are forming groups, please do not exclude them. While this is Mothers of Influence, we consider all women to have mothers' hearts because of an innate desire to nurture.

We recommend that you set aside a little time at the beginning of each month to look through Sally's ideas for that month and choose just one thing that you want to implement in your home. And when you come to your meeting, share your ideas with each other. Listening to the experience of someone else can be so inspiring and motivating.

And now, as the tree reaches maturity, it begins to reach outward to provide shade and refuge in the community. Learning that has no outlet grows stale. While we encourage political and civic activism and raising voices in regards to policy and lawmaking, the scope and vision of Mothers of Influence is as a cultural lift not as an activist organization and we ask that you not use the name Mothers of Influence in connection with worthy activities that are not part of our purpose and mission.

We encourage Mothers of Influence chapters to always be mindful of ways to add beauty and refinement to the community at large. As a group, and with your families, consider ways to serve such as planting flowers in the community, even if only a planter box, reading inspirational

stories to children in a homeless center or donating quality books for the children there, influencing the librarian to increase the number of wholesome and inspirational books on library shelves, placing fine art in public places, joining with other MOI groups and sponsoring talent shows, art galleries, putting on plays, bringing in guest speakers and musicians, writers and poets to inspire young hearts. Sponsor art and music contests for young people. Always keep your eyes open as to where you can plant a little beauty and add a little light to your community.

A lesson drawn from Robert Browning's Paracelsus is this: "There is an answer to the passionate longings of the heart for fulness, ... And the answer is this: Live in all things outside yourself by love and you will have joy. That is the life of God; it ought to be our life."

It's amazing what a little light can do.

A daring experiment run in 1982 during the war between Lebanon and Israel was referenced by Gregg Braden in a book called 'The Spontaneous Healing of Belief'. Researchers trained a group of people to 'feel' peace within. At appointed times on specific days of the month, these people were positioned throughout the war-torn areas of the Middle East. During the window of time when they were feeling peace, terrorist activities ceased, the rate of crimes against people went down, the number of emergency-room visits declined and the incidence of traffic visits declined. When the participants' feelings changed, the statistics were reversed. This study confirmed the earlier findings: When a small percentage of the population achieved peace within themselves, it was reflected in the world around them.

The study became known as the international Peace Project in the Middle East and the results were eventually published in The Journal of Conflict Resolution in 1988.

In the preface of an old 1892 book about the 15th century world of Henry V, it reads:

Old faiths had lost their inspiration. Old forms of government were breaking down. The very fabric of society seemed to be on the point of dissolution. It is however part of the irony of history that a great ideal too often finds its finest expression only when the period of decline has already commenced.

The remedy for present evils was sought not in the creation of a new order but rather in the restoration of an old ideal. To bring back the Golden Past must be the work of a hero who could revive in his own person its virtues.

Henry of Monmouth, deriving his inspiration from the past, was the champion of unity against the forces of disintegration.

Is this so different from the teachings of a humble carpenter 2000 years ago who taught: Tend to the kingdom within and all else shall be added unto you.

Being a champion of unity against the forces of disintegration is the work of Mothers of Influence. After the organization was named, we noticed the initials formed the word Moi and it made us think of Lancelot, in Camelot, singing: C'est Moi–'tis I! And so we ask: "Who can make a change in the world? C'est Moi! Tis I."

For as Confucius reminds us:
To put the world right in order
we must first put the nation in order;
To put the nation in order,

we must first put the family in order.
To put the family in order,
we must first cultivate our personal life,
we must first set our hearts right.

We hope you will join us! Go to mothersofinfluence.org and register yourself as a Chapter and begin to grow it. Or look for an existing chapter to join. Cedars of God planted around the world will provide an ever encircling reach of refuge and hope. We believe angels are standing by ready to assist you in this important work. A little leaven, a little salt, even a single candle in a dark room can make a difference. By small and simple things, great things will come to pass.

Excerpts from the Delphian Handbooks

Almost twenty years have passed since the inception of the Delphian movement, which had its beginnings in courses planned for the individual after the methods formerly followed in university study. For the past ten years this form of education has been conducted through the medium of nearly two thousands Delphian chapters reaching throughout the length and breadth of our land.

Delphian membership increases materially every month and each new year rivals possibilities undreamed when the movement was first conceived.

For those who are for the first time affiliating with this national movement and for all to whom Delphian comes as something hitherto unknown, it is thought desirable to issue this handbook, presenting the purpose of this great organization and indicating briefly the scope of its present activities. The limitations of necessity imposed upon a booklet of this size prevent the inclusion of any but the most direct and condensed information.

THE CHALLENGE

The most quoted sentence in one of the most widely read books of a decade states that civilization "has always been a race between catastrophe and education." It has been repeated so often because every thinking person recognizes it for a profound truth, and also because it has a challenge that this age joyfully accepts. We are all on the side of education, and we feel confident of the outcome. Especially are women, so recently made sharers in the direct responsibilities of

citizenship, asking how the race is going today and whether catastrophe has a chance of overtaking its competitor.

Looking at the crowded high schools, special schools and colleges, one is inclined to answer in a triumphant negative. More than twice as many students are in our high institutions of learning as were enrolled before the war, and the number increases every year. Education must be in small danger of being outstripped by catastrophe, if numbers are a measure of strength. But examined from other standpoints, the situation is not quite so hopeful. To being with, a large part of this increase in school attendance is only the natural consequence of our increase in population, though the proportion of those receiving high school and college training is greater.

Again, we must ask whether this education is adequate to the test before it. As that is only to be known in the future, "we have but faith, we may not know." And it must be admitted that when one looks for improved taste, manners and morals, and fearless leadership that should herald the triumph of our educated over the rulers of the darkness of this world, catastrophe does not appear so far behind as we could wish. Evidently the schools alone are not enough. The constructive thinkers who are graduated must find strong allies awaiting them. That is where the Delphian movement comes in. It keeps before busy women the ideals and the ideas of college.

THE GAGE OF EDUCATION

College is popular for many reasons, some of which have nothing to do with education, and still with progress from catastrophe. College is valuable because it can develop individuality, can establish among those who come to it as strangers the fellowship of a common interest in the things that

make life fine, and above all, can train men not merely to know, but to think.

The Delphian Movement was organized to bring these same advantages to the home-keeper, the business woman. Its methods are the college methods adapted to the busy woman's scheme of life, to the exigencies of a life where the pursuit of culture must be an avocation, and not as in college, one's chief business. The culture that will put civilization out of the reach of ruin is not an accumulation of facts, but a way of looking at life. The aim of the Delphian Movement is to cultivate in its followers the habit of bringing a new vision to bear upon familiar things, as well as to bring the unfamiliar into one's range of vision.

When Lord Lister brought to the medical profession, and through it to the world at large, a new conception of cleanliness, he added thirty years to the average span of life, so greatly was the percentage of recoveries from illness increased. Since the nature of sound-waves and of electric currents has been determined, it has become possible to listen to the speaker or the singer whose platform is a thousand miles from our seat in the audience. Yet the generation of 1800 would have indignantly denied being ignorant of cleanliness, and what is more commonplace than lightning and sound?

It is a long step from the Egyptian charm-doctor to the modern surgeon, or from the idea of Zeus the thunder-wielder to Franklin's kite, or Marconi's wireless. What the Delphian believes is that equal progress might be made in personal and social improvement if we could revise our habits of thought about them.

It is expected that the regiments of young people whom we send to school will find some helpful light on the problems waiting to be solved in the practical world. The task of each generation is more complicated than that of the preceding one. If youth succeeds in putting enlightenment a few steps further ahead of catastrophe it will be because it does not work alone; because there are enough of the mature and experienced who also have the saving attitude toward life; the determination to examine things in their causes, and trace them to their results.

ENTERING THE LEAGUE OF YOUTH

The Delphian Movement aims to keep women in the ranks of youth. So long as one believes that "the best is yet to be," and acts upon that conviction, years have no power to impose age upon her. They can only bring judgment to guide enthusiasm for new enterprises. "Divine discontent" is a precious gift of youth, and the impulse

> To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire;
> Shatter it to bits, and then
> Remould it closer to our heart's desire

is the very soul of progress. It is for the mature to see that the remoulding is done without the preliminary shattering, which is always expensive. The culture we have inherited is faulty, but very precious withal. When we can make clear to the younger generation that we are aware of its flaws, and show them that we know how it came to be as it is, they will take us into their plans for changing it. The Delphian chapter provides definite plans and tangible means for realizing this ideal.

The loss to the world from the follies of youth is slight compared to what it suffers from the unused powers of the mature. Youth is not naturally contented with mediocrity. If

its aspirations are not to be abandoned, it must see maturity prizing ideals, making them real in everyday life. To live all one's days in "the common light of common hours" is not simply to accept the materialistic for oneself. It is to make those who follow uncertain whether anything really counts except the materialistic.

The Delphian Movement is based on the idea of developing and turning into practical channels, the power of the adult woman's mind. By the methods of higher education it aims first at the personal improvement of each member. Groups trained through self-expression to appreciation of the best, become powerful factors for the social progress of the community.

THE TEST

"Yes, that is good theory," some one may say, "but will it work out in practice?" The best answer to that is some account of how it has worked out, not in one chapter, but in hundreds in all parts of the country. The few examples that follow are typical.

How many of us read the theatrical news of New York, sigh to reflect that it is not only the center of our dramatic profession, but its circumference also, and then resign ourselves to confining our knowledge of drama to the movies?

Here in a far western city is a Delphian chapter, giving a playlet which was one of the successes of the Little Theatre in New York. Its members have familiarized themselves with the standards of drama in different times, and are presenting their own interpretation of a modern play. Who will have a keener understanding of dramatic values, those who watch even the best actors, or those who undertake to interpret a character by taking part in a drama?

Another chapter is meeting each week to read plays of Shakespeare, and finding this so worth while that they follow the same plan with Goldsmith's 'She Stoops to Conquer,' thus obtaining, as they testify, "a much better knowledge and understanding of the plays."

In a southern community, the Delphians presented Ibsen's "The Doll House." An eastern chapter gave the stately tragedy written by the earliest of dramatic masters–the Agamemnon of Aeschylus. They found in these something more than mere plays, something that made the terms of ancient drama or modern comedy at once more significant and of abiding interest.

In another state we join a group about a loop, on which a Syrian is weaving rugs like the many that are exhibited about the room. We perhaps examine them and see only lovely combinations of colors, representing a bird, a pitcher, a V or a black spot. But to the Delphians these things are symbols of ideas, not of objects alone.

To them the V is not simply the characteristic design of a prayer rug, but it represents the Niche in the sacred mosque at Mecca, wherein is deposited the Koran. The black spot beneath the point of the V is not a mere color contrast, but commemorates the stone given to Abraham by the angel Gabriel, originally white, but turned black by contact with sinful men of all the tribes of the earth. The tree is not an attempt to copy something beautiful in nature, but it typifies the tree of life, the immortality that rewards the faithful. The water jug, too, standing near the tree of life has a significance. Its message is, that after death the owner may use the water in it to wash from his eyes all evil he has seen on earth, from his ears all he has heard impure, and from his mouth all that he has

spoken. So he will be fit for immortality typified by the tree. These things, and many others concerning the process of weaving, the history of the industry, the way the lovely colors are produced, are being told to this Delphian chapter by the Syrian, who has brought his loom to illustrate his talk.

Let us follow this same chapter to another meeting. We shall find ourselves in a great hall of a prominent organization whose carpets and hangings are of dark blue velvet, with a ceiling which reproduces the sky's own blue and its towering clouds. Against the walls stand representations of Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian columns and pediments. Not a note is used, and the ease and fluency of the speakers, the simple, yet comprehensive presentation of the topics, show that they have not merely familiarized themselves with the subject, but made it their own, and so a lasting source of understanding and pleasure.

Now the room is quite darkened, and when the soft lights again are turned on, four statues appear, each on a white pedestal in the center of the room. The lovely Diana, the majestic Pallas Athene, Minerva, and the Caryatid from the Eretheum, reproduced by living models, every fold of the drapery true to the original, and the "deathless marble" perfectly imitated even in flesh and hair. The spectators fairly hold their breath as the rose, blue and violet lights play upon the figures. Those who were fortunate enough to be present were unanimous in their verdict: "The loveliest thing ever given in the city."

The pleasure and the knowledge that comes to the individual member from such activities as these are of incalculable value to the community. It was William James who remarked, even when he was lonely for the ordered beauty and age-old culture of France, Italy and England, that Europe had been made what it was because the people had stayed in their own towns and

villages, and worked tirelessly to make the most of all their beauties.

We shall have beautiful cities and tasteful homes, not when we can admire the masterpieces of Europe and of our own metropolitan galleries, but when we learn to "prize what we have" whether in Boston or Gopher Prairie.

A NEW INTERPRETATION OF EDUCATION

But better than even these instructive and enjoyable programs is the attitude of the women who arrange them. They are turning knowledge of the subject into a living force in their everyday lives, and never a meeting but features art in practical fashion. They are pursuing Higher Education. Does that connote to you poring over abstruse subjects? Professor Arthur T. Hadley, president emeritus of Yale University, says that the collecting of information, whether in college or in kindergarten, is a childish pursuit; that the great task of education is that of training to think, to use one's mind in the business of living. Only when this practice is general can we hope for real social progress. In the meantime numberless groups are spreading the leaven of such ideas, and none more faithfully than the Delphians.

A whole booklet would be required to tell of the practical ways in which their trained power to observe and think has found expression.

As is to be expected, Delphian chapters co-operate with the schools. In various cities they have offered prizes for excellence in scholarship, in debate, or in composition. They have supplied reference books and purchased pictures. They have financed lectures on subjects of life interest and have invited

the school faculties to attend. They help support scholarships for deserving college students.

In the broad field of social progress that is included in public welfare there is scarcely a division in which Delphians are not active.

Hundreds of chapters have federated with the city and state Federations of Women's Clubs. In one of the larger middle-western cities, Delphians were elected to six of the seven offices of the City Federation. This is a testimony to the personal improvement which chapter activity promotes.

A chapter in a small city writes:

"We are recognized by the community as being not only the leading study club of our city, but as being representative of that part of the population interested in social welfare and civic improvement. In all community activities where such organizations as the Rotary or Lions Clubs are called upon to take a corporate part, Delphian is invariably included. We have been honored by being requested to submit lists of books to be purchased by the city library and to help in distribution of Christmas cheer to the poor."

From the east comes similar testimonies such as the following:

"The most satisfying result of our study is the greater initiative manifest among the members, and a greater appreciation of educational activities and women's movements. Several of our members belong to other educational societies and they gladly give the credit for their better grasp and presentation of subjects to the discipline gained through the Delphian work."

What is the Delphian movement, and what is the Delphian plan? To answer that it is a national organization for adult

education is insufficient. The educational agencies we have known have not had this vital connection with everyday activities. On the contrary we have always thought of graduation as "going out into life," and have expected it to mark a lasting farewell to all that school connotes. Though we have felt every day we live an increasing need of wider knowledge and deeper wisdom, we have not felt impelled to seek it by the school-room methods.

What we want is something to use in the place where we live and work, and not some abstract learning for the class-room.

What are the requirements for a life of usefulness and enjoyment? This is the question which, in different forms, man has asked since civilization dawned. It was for its wise answers to hard riddles that the Delphian oracle of ancient Greece won fame; and because this movement like the famous shrine is devoted to finding the wisdom that life requires, its originators chose the name Delphian. This typifies both the unending quest for knowledge and the answer to the eternal questions.

It requires no inspired prophet to tell what is the secret of the wider life we covet. For the many problems that confront us, we need understanding, and for the enjoyment of all the beauty in which the world abounds, we need appreciation.

Our schools give us the history of Assyria or of Poetry, but even the best colleges are not conspicuously successful in laying the foundations for understanding the forces that made Assyria's destiny, and, consequently, our own. Nor does the mastery of the periods of literature with dates and names ensure that we shall know how to find delight in great poetry, or recognize a good play when we see it; or even talk entertainingly about any of these.

How does the Delphian Movement bring to its followers the mental attitude indicated in this report?

"When one busy housewife finds time to call another over the telephone in order to discuss with her some phase of the Renaissance or a Bach fugue; or when the conversation over the afternoon teacups turns from personalities to modern poetry, or art, we may then truthfully say that the interest in cultural subjects has become an everyday habit instead of an occasional diversion. And this is what invariably happens when two or three Delphians are gathered together."

THE CHAPTER

To meet such needs the Delphians plan was formulated. At first it aimed only to give to individuals that cultural background that brings understanding and appreciation. Soon it was realized that practical culture must find expression in the group. "No man liveth unto himself," and even understanding and appreciation are barren achievements unshared. The chapter was substituted for the individual membership.

Each group is an independent unit, self-governing and self-directing within the general requirements of Delphian membership. The members are united in the common purpose to pursue higher education–that is, understanding and appreciation–and to bring about through these, personal improvement and social progress.

It will readily be seen that such an ideal will bring together the progressive women of a community on a broad, democratic basis. Those of various views learn to think together without thinking alike. The benefits both to the individual and to the community of such a group cannot be estimated.

THE METHOD

To reach a definite goal, one must follow a fairly definite road. The chapter described earlier, whose interest in art found such an inspiring practical expression, did not suddenly develop that ability; it was a fruit of systematic training. This is the initial step to all understanding and appreciation. The plays of our theatres, pictures man paints, the songs he sings, and the structures he builds are determined by the ideals he venerates in his soul, and the kind of life he must live in the workaday world. Consequently a survey of human progress is fundamental to our purpose.

A noted English scholar has said that "the most encouraging new feature of western civilization is the number of people who are genuinely asking themselves what they are doing and why they are doing it." The chapter activities of Delphians are designed to answer these questions as they apply to cultural pursuits.

THE PROGRAM

The Foundations of Our Culture

Woman has always recognized as her chief business the task of making the world a better place to live in. When Columbus discovered our country, he found the women of the Indian tribes cultivating the ground. The men were not concerning themselves with increasing the fruits of the earth, but with possessing themselves of what was to be acquired by force. In civilization as well as in savagery men strive for the means of living, and women make the living worth striving for.

Today the field in which women must work for this betterment is widened to include every department of modern society, and

the equipment that served five thousand, five hundred, or even fifty years ago is no longer adequate. Fifty years ago physicians fought malaria with quinine. Today the fight against that disease centres against the mosquito. So to make the social order whole and perfect, we must be sure we are using the right method. Delphian Chapter work includes an examination of the foundation of our culture.

The Building of Our Social Structure

A foundation is necessary to any building, but it determines only the general outline of the edifice. It gives no hint of what the finished structure will be like; what shining marble, lacy stone work, gleaming mosaic, cunningly wrought metal, glory of glowing glass may adorn the finished fabric; so the Delphian follows the thrilling epic of building the social order under which we live.

It is a narrative of varied and breathless adventure. To build our house of life, skin-clad barbarians moved out of their dark forests, became mail-clad knights of King Arthur's Round Table who vowed themselves to the quest of the Holy Grail. Or later, they flamed at the preaching of Peter the Hermit, and rode with floating banners to rescue the Holy Sepulchre. For this reason Marco Polo sojourned in the dim rich cities of Kublai Khan, Gutenberg invented the printing press, the great universities were founded, the cathedrals rose as visible and lasting emblems of the universal faith, erected not at a king's command, but by the people themselves and their God. For our house of life, too, the artists, Leonardo, Raphael, Titian, Michelangelo, Giotto, Bramante, Bunelleschi and a host of others made the Renaissance as glorious for the eye as did the scholars and the poets for the mind. Our government, our forms of worship, differ from those on which they were

founded, and our code of conduct for gentle-folk is one by which even such great gentlemen of antiquity as Pericles or Horace would have found strange. To trace their fashioning is as entertaining as it is instructive.

DRAMA

Throughout our survey of the making of our social order, ritual, ceremonial, procession, pageant and play are constantly in evidence. Strange as it may seem, the instinct which impels the savage to put on a hideous disguise of horns or feathers and perform a grotesque dance is the same one which clothed the knights in their brocades on the Fields of the Cloth of Gold, or inspires children to "dress up and play like" all sorts of things; the same one which has filled play-houses or picture theatres from the days of Aeschylus until today.

As soon as man begins to think, he begins to dream of the way he would like life to be. The savage who puts on the beast's horns and the civilized man who attires himself in cloth-of-gold to march in a procession, both enjoy for the moment the pleasure of escape from life as it is to life as they dream of it. There are two of the simplest expressions of the dramatic instinct. How this grows into the play that interprets life, and what has determined the kind of plays from Sophocles to Shakespeare and from Shakespeare to Shaw is another theme of discussions. Through this acquaintance with the art of drama and of the theatre–something a little different–Delphians learn to appreciate plays as literature and as productions for the stage or the screen.

ART

When you look with proper pride at our Capitol in Washington, do you know that it is Renaissance architecture,

and can you tell whether a pillar is structural or decorative? Do the terms Norman, Romanesque, and Gothic mean anything to you? Are you really happy looking at old masterpieces, or are you secretly puzzled as to why you are supposed to admire them? Do you know how Leonardo gave Mona Lisa her "enigmatic smile"? Can you tell a Romney from a Reynolds? No matter what you answer to these questions, you will find the Delphian study a "mounting stairway to surprise and delight" through discussion of the principles of beauty and the spiritual quality that makes great art.

The habit of observation is developed, and with it appreciation of "things we have seen a thousand times nor cared to notice." We find that now, as in the days of Phidias, or Tutankhamon, art cannot really be separated from practical life. Material for the study of this subject includes copies of paintings, the sculpture, and the architecture which have given western civilization its standards in these art, and the pictures are supplemented with discussions of the qualities that have made the original masterpieces.

By such training, the member prepares to enjoy the beautiful creations of every age and clime, including her own.

MUSIC AND POETRY

Music and Poetry are another theme of discussion, two arts originally inseparable and still closely related. There is hardly anyone who does not admit a fondness for music, or who is not interested in the history of art and the men who have made it. The development of opera from its beginning as an adaptation of Greek drama, to the present combination of gorgeous spectacle, moving drama and difficult music that make grand opera, is a chronicle of unfailing interest.

It is said that no one can be uninteresting who will spend ten minutes a day reading good poetry, provided it is done with understanding. The Delphian programs are designed to bring into the possession of Delphians the open sesame to this treasure-chamber of culture. Enjoyment of these two arts opens up the too little known realm of imagination and emotion, and makes the mind become "a mansion for all lovely thoughts."

FICTION–ANCIENT, MEDIAEVAL, AND MODERN

History records what man has done for the state; literature what he has done as a human being, an embodiment of hopes, fears, passions, aspirations, loves and hates. Man does not live to fight and enact laws. He fights and legislates that he may live more freely and fully. Great literature is the record of life. At first thought it would seem that it should be the commonest of all products, but the truth is that few human beings live to the full measure, and of these scarcely any can transfer the essence of life to a written record. Those whose voices have carried down the ages deserve an attention which men and women of today rarely give. They will give us understanding of both human life and what constitutes literary excellence.

Fiction is old in spirit, but modern in form. Story telling is as old as language itself, and the story teller has been the delight of all ages. However, fiction, as we commonly use the term, is scarcely two hundred years old.

Through the pleasant medium of mediaeval stories and the immortal epics, the Delphian plan completes its sketch of the cultural background of our civilization. It leads Delphians to discover the difference between the ancient tale, the mediaeval romance, and the modern short story. Its followers understand

why the novel is our most popular reading, and what makes great novels great. They have followed man as he constructed the framework for his living–his governments, laws and treaties. They have surveyed his aspirations to embody truth in beauty. They have scaled the heights to which his imagination soared and entered into the ecstasies and the abysses of his soul experience in music and poetry, and they have lived in sympathy the life of each age as its masters of literature revealed it. Henceforth all they see, read, and hear has meaning and "belongs" to some of the everchanging but eternal forces that make our world.

CHAPTER SUPERVISION

The Delphian plan does not cease with outlining a system of education and furnishing the material to carry it out. It includes keeping in close touch with both chapters and individual members.

As it has been frequently stated, the Dephian Society regards education as a means instead of an end. The end is the advancement of the individual and, through her, of the community. It follows then that all education must find expression.

From a chapter in a small western town, remote from any art galleries, comes the following:

"It is surprising to see the interest of our members on entering a room of pictures. You will hear such remarks: 'There is a Raphael,' or 'That is a Rubens, a Rembrandt,' or whatever it may be. What one reads and also sees stays in memory much longer than if only read."

Another chapter has applied the "wisdom of the ancients" thus:

"With our regular lessons we studied our immigration problem, our present laws and noted the progress of our new immigration bill, studying its provisions. We found several outside articles, one by Secretary Davis and one on racial dominance, which interested us. This was suggested by question for discussion in the program outline, "Egyptian Civilization Modified by Asiatic," and it has made the study of racial characteristics and influences more interesting all through the year's work."

DELPHIAN APPEAL

Often the question is asked: "Is the Delphian plan designed for the experienced or for the inexperienced person–for the college-trained or for those of lesser opportunity?" This organization includes the responsible, representative women of every community, whatever their previous training or club experience. It is significant to note in a chapter recently organized in one of our western cities, that all four of its elected officers were past presidents of the local women's club, while the chapter included others to whom club work was a new undertaking. In other words, those who have been for years giving out ideas seize eagerly an opportunity to take in still broader information. Being national in scope, avoiding religious and political differences, Delphian appeals to the progressive American woman who is ambitious to gain a keener insight into vital matters of her own generation.

THE UNFOLDING VISTA

Following the Delphian plan to its goal is something like riding to a mountain top on the cog-wheeled train which twists in and out of one tunnel after another, but is climbing all the while. Each time the train emerges from a tunnel or a cut, a view of

the valley below is revealed. Each time the travelers see a little farther, get a cleaner understanding of the topography of the valley where they have lived so long. So Delphians traveling up the paths of understanding come to know the relations one to another of those things which fit into what we are pleased to call "everyday life." And with this understanding, they are better equipped to guide their steps.

If we would improve a community, we must first improve the individuals who make up the community. Libraries, art galleries and museums would be wasted in a village where none could read or write. To make them of any use, the individuals must be brought to improve themselves. Progress is a personal matter after all.

PERSONAL IMPROVEMENT

So the real question is, "What will the Delphian plan do for me?" Is the chapter's work a true index of what they individual member may expect to achieve? The answer is emphatically yes, for the very essence of the Delphian plan is individual development.

Other organizations carry on their work by having the many listen to papers prepared by the few. The Delphian chapter programs are arranged to stimulate comment and discussion by every member.

Papers are ruled out, because Delphians are seeking practical culture. Very few women have to read a report every day, or even every week or every month, but all women are called upon to converse practically continually. Next to having something to say, the most important thing is to be able to say it well, and both of these are achieved through the practice gained in Delphian chapters. It is not inspiration on which we must

depend for ability to express ourselves clearly and with composure, but practice. Americans are notoriously poor conversationalists, the cultivation of ready speech and the acquiring of a background of cultural knowledge being sadly neglected.

Through Delphianism, month by month, year by year, one gains the knowledge which is the basis of literary judgment, and understanding of social and political questions. Through the following of the methods prescribed for conducting the chapter, one has this knowledge in usable shape.

Each member opens the conversation concerning her topic and invites informal discussion to which all contribute additional ideas or information.

Presently the habit of expressing oneself easily becomes settled, and unconscious. From ocean to ocean today are women who attribute their ease in public participation to the training received in Delphian chapters.

Who does not covet the ability to hold listeners in delighted attention by the power of mental poise, graciousness of manner, and command of adequate language in which to convey a wealth of ideas? This is one of the prizes which the Delphian movement offers the individual. With this, and inseparable from it, will be the understanding of current affairs, the ability to enjoy the best that literature and art can offer, and the vital interest in all things that make for the advancement of humanity.

"Suppose a man to be interested in any study whatever, either in promoting general education or eager to acquire knowledge himself. He will find, at every step he takes, that he is appealing to the authority of the past, is using the idea of former ages, and carrying out principles, established by ancient, but not forgotten thinkers. If he studies geometry he will find that the first text-book put into his hand was written by a Greek two thousand years ago. If he takes up a grammar, he will only be repeating rules taught by Roman schoolmasters and professors. Or is he interested in art? He will find the same thing in a far greater degree. He goes to the British Museum, and he walks into a building which is a good imitation of a Greek temple. He goes to the Houses of Parliament to hear a debate, and he enters a building which is a bad imitation of a mediaeval town-hall. . . . Such a man, the moment he takes a warm interest in anything–in politics, in education, in science, in art or in social improvements, the moment that his intelligence is kindled, and his mind begins to work–that moment he is striving to throw himself into the stream of some previous human effort to identify himself with others . . . .

"Let this be our test of what is history and what is not, that it teaches us something of the advance of human progress, that it tells us of some of those mighty spirits who have left their mark on all time, that it shows us the nations of the earth woven together in one purpose, or is lit up with those great ideas and those great purposes which have kindled the conscience of mankind . . . .

"The more closely we look at it, the more distinctly we see that progress moves in a clear and definite path; the development

of man is not a casual or arbitrary motion; it moves in a regular and consistent plan. Each part is unfolded in due order–the whole expanding like a single plant. More and more we see each age working out the gifts of the last and transmitting its labors to the next . . . .

"It is sheer presumption to attempt to remodel existing institutions, without the least knowledge how they were formed, or whence they grew; to deal with social questions without a thought how society arose; to construct social creed without an idea of fifty creeds which have risen and vanished before . . . .Progress is but the result of our joint public opinion; and for progress that opinion must be enlightened.

" . . . Let a man ask himself always what he wants to know. Something of man's social nature; something of the growth of civilization. He needs to understand something of the character of the great races and systems of mankind. Let him ask himself what the long ages of the early empires did for mankind; whether they established or taught anything; if fifty centuries of human skill, labor and thought were wasted like an autumn leaf. Let him ask himself what the Greeks taught or discovered: why the Romans were a noble race and how they printed their footmarks so deeply on the earth. Let him ask what was the original meaning and life of those great feudal institutions of chivalry and church, of which we see only the remnants . . . .

"Above all, we must look on history as a whole, trying to find what each age and race has contributed to the common stock, and how and why each followed in its place. Looked at separately, all is confusion and contradiction; looked at as a whole, a common purpose appears. The history of the human race is a history of a growth. It can no more be taken to pieces

than the human frame can be taken to pieces. History is a living whole. We must learn how age develops into age, how country reacts upon country, how thought inspires action and action modifies thought."

–Frederic Harrison

EXPLANATION OF DELPHIAN PROGRAMS

Delphian Programs are not 'lessons' to be 'recited,' but exercises in expressing one's thoughts. They are based on Delphian Text assignments and do, of course, train the memory and fix the facts of the assignment in mind, but Delphians should not lose sight of the fact that learning facts is not the end of Delphian activities, but only a means to the end of being a valuable and useful member of society.

Two arts which every modern woman needs are conversation and public speaking. Everyone needs to be able to talk well on a variety of subjects, and there are few women who do not in club, or church, or neighborhood meeting, need practice in speaking concisely and composedly on a given subject, while the attention of a whole group is fixed upon them.

The Delphian program trains members in these two arts. Questions in the study guide are to be used as a guide in preparing reports, or starting discussions.

If your group is all reading the same topic, then open the meeting with one person assigned to give a 3-5 minute summary of the topic for the day.

Otherwise, move on to the reports. This part of the program is a training in speaking before an audience. The text assignment is not to be recited, like a lesson, but made the basis of a three

minute talk on whatever the member found most interesting in that assignment.

The time for this part of the program will vary from half to three-quarters of an hour. Informal discussion may follow each report, or be postponed until all the reports are given.

The General Discussion is an exercise in conversation. During this period all members, particularly those who have not taken part previously, comment on any topic related to the day's program, or comment on the relation of the subject to the life and thought of today.

The leader then provides a five-minute resume of the program, recalling the most important points, emphasizing connections. It is an exercise in talking to an audience.

REGARDING TOPICAL REPORTS

The reason why so many reports given in literary clubs prove dull and wearisome might be offered with equal truth in explanation of much of the conversation which is heard on every hand. Neither the club member who is discussing a previously assigned subject nor the ones conversing give much attention to the matter in hand. Not only are the statements and observations mentioned commonplace in themselves but little or not attempt is made to render them more acceptable by skillful telling. To be sure, some people are so endowed with imagination and power of expression that the simplest incident may become the subject of charming narration, but, with the majority, thought and continued practice are necessary to the attainment of proficiency in speech.

The primary object of Delphian training is beyond question to develop a good historical background, preparing those who

follow it for intelligent citizenship. However, in addition to this, if faithfully pursued, it leads to ease in self-expression, whether required for public or private purposes. Little of one's active life is passed in making reports; much of it is spent in conversation. For this reason members are urged to employ the conversational method in chapter work.

Upon meeting a friend or stranger, one may soon exclaim: "Is this not a beautiful day"; the fact is self-evident and the hearer merely assents, whereupon the matter dropped. Suppose one were to say instead: "Days like this remind me of early spring in the interior, when sudden warmth and pussy-willows meant that winter was gone." Instantly several pictures have been called up in the mind of the hearer and even though the two have been heretofore unknown to one another, an enjoyable conversation is likely to ensue, because imagination and memory have been aroused. To observe that it is raining when water is being steadily precipitated is not likely to provoke enthusiastic comment and may even prove depressing; whereas, if someone begins: "In such as rain as this I had an unusual experience"–those present will either yield their willing attention or little groups will begin to exchange experiences encountered on stormy days. In other words, the simplest fact can be given a turn which instantly removes it from the commonplace and makes it absorbing. "Someone tickled my nose," would sound trivial enough; yet Max Muller, in his Memories implants it in our minds by explaining that his first remembrance was of his brother's awakening him by brushing something against his nose to tickle it. Immediately the reader searches his own memory for his earliest recollections, which is like to prove quite as inconsequent.

Suppose one to have been assigned the topic: The Geography of Egypt. Many a report on that theme has been given something like this:

Egypt lies in the northeastern corner of Africa. It is a small country. The Nile flows through it, emptying into the Mediterranean Sea. Each year the river overflows, making the land fertile. The delta is low; the valley is narrow and high cliff's border it as one ascends. Egypt was isolated in early times.

Sentences ad infinitum may be added, all in the same monotonous strain. It needs only a droning voice uttering such disconnected statements to put an entire roomful of people mentally to sleep and actually to bring such physical relief to one or two if the atmosphere be close.

Suppose, on the other hand, that one with the warmth and enthusiasm starts out: "The region which we know as Egypt is the bed of an extinct ocean, and, had it not been for the Nile River, it would be a desert, like the Sahara." That one sentence contains more food for thought than the entire paragraph above cited. Study to gain the ready attention of your audience with your first sentences. Having once secured it, even prosaic facts will be tolerated, whereas if those listening conclude at the outset that a report is going to be tedious, it is difficult later to get back the attention that has been released. A great entertainment circuit, whose playhouses reach into several states, makes this the test of applicants; that they be able to secure the attention of an audience in three minutes. Otherwise they are rejected. The psychology upon which such a rule is grounded has significance for us all.

Animated, enthusiastic people are everywhere welcomed. We say there is something contagious about them. That is

precisely what the word enthusiasm means: divine fire, which ignites something within us and opens the way to intercommunication of minds.

Unhappily, for fear of giving offense, poor work is tolerated month after month in many study clubs. While at the start, if members are inexperienced in similar endeavor, it is necessary to encourage and hearten them, it should soon be put squarely up to each organization: which plan shall we follow: spare everyone's feelings, day by day, and remain in mediocrity, or once for all, set foolish pride aside and resolve to show improvement, month by month? There is no question whatever but that a more brilliant report can be rendered by a beginner if permitted to write it out previously and read it; it is just as true that such a procedure gives little if any benefit in ease of expression, which ordinarily it bores all who listen. It is better to give one sentence without paper or notes than to read a brilliant report. The second method, followed for years, leaves one ultimately just as unprepared to rise to her feet and express an opinion when unexpectedly called upon to do so, whereas the one who is able to utter, but a sentence the first time will remember two or three the second and so on. Where papers are tabu, five months show an astonishing progress in ease of expression. Where members weakly insist that without them they are helpless, years will find them making slight advance.

It matters now how well adapted a course may be, how carefully prepared, how comprehensive, it is possible to cover a year's study and have little to show for the time so expended, either in historical familiarity or in fluency of speech. It is likewise possible to make such progress during a single year that acquaintances will begin to inquire what has happened.

The following suggestions have been found useful by those following them:

1. Since you are pursuing the Delphian Plan from choice and not compulsion, determine to get them most and not the least out of it.

2. Do not aspire to be brilliant nor be disturbed by the brilliancy of your associates.

3. Prepare in advance your report by doing the necessary reading and investigating. If it aids you, write out a report and see how long it takes to read it. Then destroy your paper and talk it, aloud if possible, so that your own ears can inform you as to how well or badly you are speaking. Talk your subject over in the family informally and discuss it just as informally at the meeting.

4. Continually increase your vocabulary by writing down new words that you find while reading magazines and books. Occasionally sit down by the dictionary for half an hour and learn the pronunciation and meaning of each. Make a point of employing such words in your own conversation. If you learn one new word weekly or daily, a year or two will find you with a much more complete vocabulary and you will no longer use the same adjective to describe cakes and sunsets, frocks and concerts.

5. Do not hesitate to take topics or have a part in impromptu discussion. Rather, embrace the chance to participate. Some day when an organization honors you by conferring an important office upon you, it will be easy and natural to rise to the occasion, and accept it graciously.

6. Invite criticism rather than resent it. You will derive small benefit from a mediocre chapter but much from one that is steadily and quietly improving.

7. Try to deepen your interest and enthusiasm in life generally. It intensifies your charm, whether at home or abroad. Impatient, bored people are in the majority; distinguish yourself by growing more and more animated-which never means to gush.

8. Have a definite time for reading and study, either one-half hour daily or a couple of hours occasionally. Even if subjects do not at first appeal to you, further acquaintance with them is sure to make them more interesting.

It often aids one to look upon a year's study as preparation for travel, which is far more likely to come about if one is planning and making ready for it. Although in school and college each may have pursue various periods of history, literature and the like, each decade brings new knowledge, new interpretations, and, to remain conversant with literary subjects, one must occasionally recover them.

It is quite as true in Delphian work as in any other that there are no lightning roads to brain development. Only by sustained effort do we gain anything worth while. If one will faithfully adhere to the plan indicated, the habit of regular study, reading and conversation about what is read will grow and make life more abundant.

Upon adults today rests the responsibility of the future. In homes where reading is a favorite occupation, the children naturally become readers. Each teacher can tell within a week which of her charges have had this rich environment. For one so blessed, five show pitiably its lack. Not only in the

immediate family but in the neighborhood a reading household exercises an influence. It is the hope and expectation of those who have made the Delphian movement possible that a circle of animated members in each community is bound to lead presently to higher standards in art, drama and music and that even in remote villages an influence may be exerted to procure better movies and to provide some good pictures, good music and good books by means of which the rising generation may be able to elevate its ideals and standards.

THEY HAVING TORCHES

Though personal improvement is the foundation of Delphianism, Delphians are ever mindful that living can never be a personal matter.

Who can estimate the value of these circles, which are multiplying throughout the country? Who can fail to see the possibility for the future in thus banding together earnest progressive women of each community? In one state there is in every town of three thousand or more people a Delphian chapter; broader vision, fewer prejudices, greater tolerance must necessarily follow in the wake of centres where enthusiasm for a higher plane of thought are being enkindled. The hundreds of practical ways in which Delphians are promoting social progress are one indication of the power of this idea. Everywhere are vast resources of the wealth that is most needed today, that of mind and spirit. The Delphian plan makes these available to their owners, and thereby enriches the whole community.

The symbol of the Torch Bearers has been set forth in poetry, painting and in stone; each passing the light received to those

who follow. We whose debt to the early Greeks is so tremendous can continue the work they began, and perpetuate the sentiment expressed in their own words:

"They, having torches, pass them to one another."

How Shall We Best Conserve Our Nation's Moral Forces?

An address delivered before the
National Congress of Mothers
by Elizabeth Harrison in Denver
June 12, 1910

" . . . let us see to it that the priceless efforts of childhood, priceless because they mean the development of inner power, are never ridiculed nor discouraged, nor set aside as worthless, but, rather, that they shall be encouraged . . .God never meant that any human life should be a failure. And could we carry true mother-love to all humanity no life need be a failure.

"Great is the work before us!"

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WHAT MUSIC CAN DO FOR YOU

A Guide for the Uninitiated

by

HARRIET A. SEYMOUR



PREFACE

——— to know
Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape,
Than in effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be within.

—ROBERT BROWNING.

NOW that the whole world is bent upon a constructive policy for all nations, the subject of education has become more than absorbing. Most of us have come to the conclusion that we all are in need of being re-educated. The failures of the past must become the means of leading us to a better future.

Musical re-education aims at making music a practical study for the average person by teaching him its connection with life. This is brought about by the close study of the fundamentals of hearing, and understanding what we hear. Music is a necessity; it is for all. It is "something ever singing," but it must sing consciously,

and scientifically as well as emotionally, before it becomes of educational value. It is to this end that we present this unpretentious volume to the people of America.

The author wishes to thank Miss Lieze Godwin and Miss Margaret Lee for their helpful co-operation, also those whose enthusiasm has helped to fan the flame of desire for re-education in music.

H. A. S.

WHAT MUSIC CAN DO FOR YOU

I

AWAKENING TO LIFE THROUGH MUSIC

Musical training is a more potent instrument than any other, because rhythm and harmony find their way into the inward places of the soul, on which they mightily fasten.
—PLATO.

TO have a full life is the conscious or unconscious aim of every individual, we might say the aim of the world, for the world is nothing more than the sum total of individuals. If the consciousness of the individual is right and constructive, the world problems must of necessity adjust themselves.

By establishing harmony in the individual consciousness, harmony of mass conscious-

ness must follow, for in the fundamental things of life individuals differ very little. The desire for more joy, more love, more health, more happiness, is universal, and makes us all akin. This life of completeness is not merely a Utopian dream; it is a practical result of co-operating with a law, the Harmonic Law.

Chaos in the world is caused by the chaos of separate lives, with their resulting actions and reactions upon other lives, and is directly due to lack of compliance with the law of Nature, that is, to the law of Harmony, for Nature is Harmony. Ignorance of Nature's law is at the bottom of all misery.

Would not every individual seek to put himself in direct accord with this law if he knew that by so doing he would make his life full and rich? Would he not do it from a purely selfish motive?

The law of Nature cannot change itself to suit the whims and ignorances of Nature's children, but it does stand ready to serve as soon as her children learn her secrets and avail themselves of them. If

ignorance is the cause, the remedy is education. Not the kind we have had in the past, education in externals, but a fundamental understanding of the Harmonic Principle which governs everything in the universe, the sun and the planets, as well as each individual life. But what has this to do with music? Taught as it has been in the past, as something separate from life, it has very little to do with it, but in the new understanding, as a channel through which the law works, it has a great deal to do with it. It is the link by which the individual is made one with the law itself.

The great principle is: *First, Listening, then Thinking, and then Action.*

Start with the premise that we must formulate and carry out a new scheme of education which will be based upon the idea that man is his own salvation. In him are all the possibilities for harmony and growth. Education has only to furnish a stimulus that will cause the awakening of this larger self, thereby changing his mental images, which will in turn change his reactions and so his life.

Music will bring about this awakening; therefore in the new education it must be classed not as a luxury, but as a necessity. "It is," as Basil King says, "like water in its relation to humanity." The craving for it is apparent on all sides. Wherever there is a park concert the crowds flock to hear it. When "like the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la," the hurdy-gurdy comes forth from its winter of inactivity, the children gather around it to dance and sing, and the grown-up children slacken their pace as they walk by.

There is an interesting and rather touching incident that occurs every day in the Grand Central Station in New York City. In that vast arcade, which is a city in itself, there are many shops of every conceivable nature, clothing shops, candy shops, haberdasheries, restaurants, book shops, everything for the convenience and temptation of the transient population. In the midst of this hive of activity there is a little music shop where popular songs are tried out on the piano for interested purchasers. Every day at noon the stenographers and clerks

from adjacent offices gather there with their lunches to spend the noon hour where they can hear a little music. For the time being the workaday world is forgotten. Cares and problems slip away, and when they go back to their offices they go back refreshed. This bit of music at the lunch hour is all that many of these girls have in their lives, and the very expression on their faces tells the story of their hunger and craving for it.

We must have music and more music. In this as in almost everything else we have two extremes. An immense gap has existed, and still exists, between those who are able to play technically well, at least, the most difficult music of the great masters, and those who, loving it more and needing it just as much, cannot afford to study. Of this latter class few can ever afford to have a piano or a phonograph in their homes.

Mankind wants peace and harmony in the world, but makes it practically impossible for the masses to have the means of attaining it. Psycho-analysts have proven conclusively that the reactions from wrong mental impressions are destructive, both to

the man himself and the world in general. Take a depressed day laborer who gets up in a dirty, close room where children are crying, the mother is scolding, and the heat is overpowering. Before him is a day's work and after that a return to the same environment. Can we blame him if he becomes violent and destructive? He blames the system and we blame him, and the real truth of the matter is that neither he nor we are properly educated or this situation would not exist.

"Yes," says some one for the sake of argument, "this is all very true, but Germany has been one of the most musical countries, and surely we have had ample proof of her destructive reactions." We have, but herein lies the whole point. We must do exactly the opposite of what we have been doing. We must use music as a means to an end and not regard it as an end in itself. Music is both an art and a science. In the new order we must have vision and imagination, but we must also have an understanding of law, and learn to work out every problem according to

law or principle, rather than by imagination or mere mechanical skill.

In order to enter into the spirit of music or harmony we must go back to its fundamental principle. If this method were adopted in all forms of education we should become a well-grounded nation in a most practical way. As it is we are slaves to name and form.

A man studies scientific farming, working out all sorts of elaborate problems as to cattle, milk, butter, etc., but if anything happens to the farm hand who milks the cows, he cannot get, with all his scientific knowledge, a drop of milk from the udder of the best cow alive. Take a girl who is graduated from a school of domestic science, put her into a house where there is no cook, and she will be able to tell you how many calories each person should have and what the cave man's diet was, but she will not be able to cook a decent meal.

In music a girl may have learned by imitation—that is, by having been shown over and over just how to play certain passages, to play some difficult composi-

tions, but put her in an environment where the harmonizing of some simple tune is needed and frequently she is absolutely incapable. Her Bach and her Chopin are of no avail, for she cannot do the practical thing.

At the Music School Settlement a blind man who had been studying for a year or more complained bitterly that the teacher refused to give him what he wanted and needed. Upon investigating his case it was found that the teacher was a follower of the —— method. The blind man's desire was to be given the chords that would help him to harmonize tunes so that he might practice the songs that he had to sing in the synagogue, which meant both his outlet artistically and his means of earning a living. The teacher, however, had insisted upon his playing for an hour each day five-finger exercises of a certain type, then reading through by the Braille system for the blind a deadly dull study for the fingers, and, finally, as a great treat, playing a little "piece" fit for a child. When he came to us with his complaint the teacher

grew quite irritable, explaining that he had not yet got to chords, that they did not come before volume three, and that he was only in volume one. Which is the more important, the teacher or the pupil, the method or life?

In a desire to make amends we offered to show him the three elementary chords. We felt responsible for his not having been given what he needed, so set to work to make it right. We spent two hours at the piano getting the sound of the one chord and its root, with its relation to the melody he was singing, then the four chord and then the five. His ear was already awakened, so in a short time he was able to play basses, not only to little folk songs, but also to his synagogue songs, to Schumann, Schubert, and others. The knowledge of these chords opened up harmonic consciousness in the man, curing him of his irritability and pessimism. It was also the means of securing more musical work for him, thus changing his life from one of despair to one of constructive thinking and acting.

To accomplish the awakening of the harmonic consciousness we must begin with music in schools. Children naturally love to sing and to skip around to lively tunes. Instead of the tedious do, re, mi method, we should begin with lovely children's songs, singing games, skipping, and dancing. In this way children are given the joyous, harmonizing atmosphere of music and are put in a musical mood before they are confronted with the mechanical and intellectual side of music.

Music is made up of melody, harmony, and rhythm. In order to enter into the essence or spirit of music one must feel and hear. After that, performance may follow if it be desired. In passing we might say that it would not hurt grown-ups to be a little more simple. We all sham too much, and musically the whole world has, so to speak, put up a bluff.

The law of melody is simple. The rhythmic swing comes first, which is different from what is termed "time," and children soon find it for themselves. Then the resting note of the tune, the center of it,

or the keynote of the scale, is heard in various ways. In some children this anchorage may awaken at once; in others, not so soon. It cannot always be said when a child will become cognizant of the keynote of a tune, as many mothers and teachers would like us to do, but it is certain that they have it in them and will do so, if we have patience coupled with the right attitude. Forcing is of no avail. It has to come through naturally, and the function of the teacher is to awaken, not to instruct. After the awakening of the consciousness to harmony, melody, and rhythm instruction is possible, but not before.

To know the law and its uses, this is the eternal process. We learn to know the law of music through listening and understanding. Harmony has heretofore been taught in such a complex and external way that the average person is simply confused and gets no practical value from it. Yet how much we do need the harmonic principle for daily living!

It is indeed better for children to grow up before they are given the old-fashioned

teaching, if they are to have it at all. Some mothers have known this intuitively and have allowed their children to go without music lessons rather than be given the kind of teaching which, as the children at the Settlement say, gives them "a hate on music." For this reason it is better not to have any lessons than to have mechanical, theoretical lessons: it is a kind of mentally blighting process. We spoil, by putting in the wrong idea, the music that is in the child waiting to be brought out, as, for instance, the real consciousness of God is often spoiled by the outward form of learning the prayer book by heart, learning to genuflect, etc.

It would be better to refrain altogether until some inner religious feeling has been aroused. And so in music. Many a person's real love for music has been blighted by having first been given the outer form. They have become disgusted and their desire for music has been killed. To insist that a child shall practice every day is to find him shaking the hourglass and trying to cheat in every possible way. But give him

a tune he likes to pick out and harmonize and you will have to take him away from the piano by force. This is a strong statement, but we have seen many such instances. Pupils forget to eat in their desire to find basses and tunes; others refuse to go to sleep until they have found the bass to a certain song. One mother said: "Sally doesn't come to lunch. She doesn't even hear me call her, and all on account of her absorbing interest in some little song that has caught her fancy." Another says that in order to have peace at home she is obliged to lock the piano.

The attitude of the old-time musician has been that children must grow up before studying harmony. The truth is that little children of five or six can hear the root of a chord, or "hear under," as we say, as well as, if not better than, adults. If you begin before they have been spoiled by the old external and mechanical methods of teaching, they will hear the three fundamental harmonies within themselves as easily as the birds in the woods.

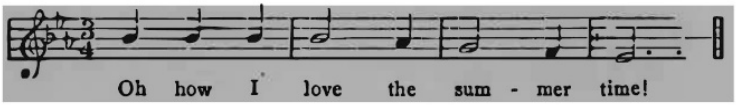
The great need is, for parents, teachers,

and pupils alike, to follow the one great law of *listening first*, then action. Quite naturally you ask what we mean by listening. It is just this. To sit quietly and when perfectly relaxed, mentally and physically, repeat some phrase or verse, such as:

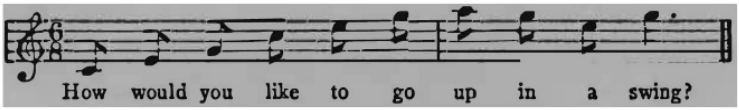
> "He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things both great and small."

Get the swing, the rhythm, or rhyme of these words; it will come to you from the idea or sense of the words. In this instance the importance is easily found to rest on the words, *prayeth*, *loveth*, *things*, *great and small*. The swing, then, is out on *prayeth*, in on *loveth*, out on *things*, in on *great and small*. Now quietly listen for a tune, to the first phrase of the verse, "He prayeth best. . . ." The tune will come naturally when the rhythm is grasped. Any child easily hears a tune to words and will respond almost instantly, and adults can do the same thing if they will let go of self-consciousness. These tunes come without effort from children of all ages. Here are two exam-

ples, the first from a boy of seven who had never had a music lesson.



And this from a girl of eleven who had had the kind of lessons that had made her hate music.



Music—that is, melody, harmony, and rhythm—is inherent in everybody, only waiting to be brought out. By that we do not mean that everyone can be a Beethoven, but that everyone has some music, some connecting link with melody and harmony within him. Music gives an unlimited chance to develop this inner sense, making it grow, as does a plant, first underground, unseen and unheard, then visibly.

All studies should be based upon this law—from within, out, and mathematics and music should come first on the list.

Mathematics is so closely allied to music that it is an intensely interesting thing to follow. There are seven tones to a scale. These tones are related through mathematical vibration. There are three chords, all resolving into one. The twenty-four keys of music are found to bear the same relationship to one another as the chords to one another—that is, the next sharp key is five up, the next flat key is four up. One, four, five are the three elementary chords. A circle of keys works out perfectly and the 

three chords form a triangle as , and so on up to higher mathematics and into overtones and the fourth dimension.

The following incident illustrates the awakening which comes through listening. A young girl had become unhappy and pessimistic through the study of social conditions in their chaotic state. Music teachers in Europe and in this country advised her to practice more, but no amount of practice brought relief to her troubled mind. Finally one of the new music teachers tried to persuade her that

law does exist and reign, that man is his own salvation, but she remained unconvinced—when suddenly the teacher played the scale down, leaving off the last note, and the girl involuntarily sang it.

"Where did that come from?" asked the teacher.

"I heard it inside," answered the girl. "You are right. There is a law and it's in me."

After listening quietly and hearing inwardly there comes an inner sense of harmony. The chaos of vagrant thoughts is calmed into repose; the mind is stilled to outside influences and becomes a reflector for the inner light which comes only through stillness. Thoughts become positive, ideas are born, and one dares to dream of great accomplishments, and through the stillness comes the thought, "I can and I will." Those things which seemed beyond reach come quite naturally within the realm of possibility. Faith in our own powers is built up when the chaotic thoughts of the outside world are stilled, and we believe in our own ability to be and to do what we

will. Dreams and ideals which have been vague take on definite form, shaping themselves under the influence of that harmony which has been established through listening.

II

MELODY, RHYTHM, AND HARMONY

In no other study is performance so insisted upon.
—DALCROZE.

BY the New Education we mean that we are to begin by recognizing the potential possibilities of every child and seek to draw these out. Education no longer means filling a void, but developing that which is latent in the individual. We are to be continually constructive in spite of the fact that we are bound to be discriminating; idealistic, but at the same time practical. We are to seek to find in everyone the germ, at least, of the hidden talent that formerly we did not trouble ourselves about unless it gave marked evidences of its existence.

With these ideas well fixed in mind let

us see how they can best be applied to music. First let us consider what music is and what angles of approach it offers. As an art, music is a symbol of the art of life. It has as its mainspring the same source—God. As a science it belongs to that branch known as mathematics, numbers, whose underlying principle is order. It has yet another angle, one which depends upon the recognition of both the former ones. It is a language—the greatest of all languages, since it can say that which no words can ever convey. To understand this universal language, to intensify it and so enrich our lives, is the object of music-teaching under the new educational system. We want music to be of practical use to everyone, and to make it that we must cease imitating and get down to fundamentals.

In the old method it was necessary for the pupil to depend eternally upon the teacher, so in most cases he grew bored and ceased to play at all. No one can remain really interested in a subject for any length of time unless there is a possibility

of getting something to work out alone. But if one begins with hearing the principles of melody, rhythm and harmony can then be learned, and from these one can always advance alone into a larger and larger understanding.

With this hearing knowledge of melody, rhythm, and harmony, music becomes more "usable." A boy or girl is enabled to play an accompaniment in any key for the fun of a sing after dinner, a mother can turn home into a real heaven by playing songs for her children. She can play dances, too, and without having to search the piano for the notes of that "skippy dance" that the children like so much. She may not play Beethoven's fifty-one variations, and yet she may, according to the interest she has in learning the more difficult compositions of the masters. But the point is that she can do something with music which has practical value and will lend grace and harmony to life. But to do this we must begin at the very beginning.

We are coming to realize that in almost everything a certain vanity of being "ad-

vanced" has led us to skip the fundamentals. Everyone wants to do the fourth year's work in the first year! But we can get real enjoyment and interest out of foundation building. To hear inwardly a simple tune and its harmonies is worth more than to *play* a concerto without consciously hearing a single note of it. Being really musical means to hear inwardly, and the new education in music aims to awaken this inner musical consciousness.

Once this sense is awakened music becomes a practical help in education. It develops the power of concentration, in that one is forced to do the work himself. No one can hear for you, no matter how good a teacher he may be. It awakens what some one has so aptly termed the "submerged self," which brings about the inward development toward which all education is directed. In other words, it is a great freeing process, a practical means of awakening a sense of love, law, and order-the trinity of all freedom.

So music takes on a new aspect. It is no longer a mere accomplishment, it is a

psychological means of liberation, a vital necessity to us all, and a practical educational subject which we can no longer afford to neglect. But to make use of its value we must change our method of attack.

Music is primarily a language of sound, and it is this sound, and sequence of sounds, that is of value to us. We must learn to capture a melody with our inner ear, hear it not only as a melody, that, is, with the relation of one note to the other, but as rhythm and as harmony. This requires that we feel, think, and finally analyze; then that we rehearse our feeling, utilizing what thought and analysis have contributed. But what is to be gained by this? Let us be practical.

Suppose, for example, that something in your life is troubling you, that some one whom you love is in dire distress or that your own personal affairs are in such a muddle that you can see no way out. You are growing ill, going round and round in a circle of fears from which you are unable to escape. In desperation you go to hear some music, hoping to forget for a moment.

As the orchestra plays the strains of a Beethoven symphony or some lovely modern tone poem you find your nervous tension loosening. Your mind pauses, so to speak, to listen to the sweetness, the power of the sound. You are released from the paralysis of fear, and suddenly a way out presents itself, a simple solution which you were too tense to see before the music loosened you.

Now suppose that by studying the fundamentals of music from the listening side only you were enabled, without attending a concert, to recall this feeling at will; you would then be in a position to utilize one of the greatest powers of music. You could seat yourself in your own room and inwardly repeat all that lifted you above your worries. You would have within you the necessary technique for solving problems, for quieting your nerves, and for resting your body. For it is through the awakening of melody, rhythm, and harmony in our minds that we are able to express these selfsame things in our bodies and in our affairs.

But to obtain this useful technique we must apply ourselves diligently to each of

the three elements of music. Melody is the most obvious of the three, rhythm the most primitive, and harmony the least understood.

When a Beethoven hears a melody he does not hear it as a thing separate and distinct in itself, he hears not only the tune, but its rhythm and harmony as well. He hears the three things as one. Oneness, unity, is the big underlying law. There is only one supreme chord, the tonic into which all the others must resolve, just as there is but one solution to all problems—oneness with God.

But there are steps to be taken before we, who are continually seeing our separateness, can achieve the creative awakening which will bring us to the same sense of oneness with melody, rhythm, and harmony that Beethoven had. Music was his natural element; all things spoke to him in its terms. As he walked abroad the woods, the flowers, the brooks, the birds all contributed their part to the motifs which are still inspiring, helping, and healing humanity to-day. He had brought with him a fully awakened musical consciousness which enabled him to hear that which we

unawakened ones do not—the music of the spheres, a continuous, glorious symphony. Why, most of us cannot follow a simple folk song, swing its rhythm, or find its bass! How then can we possibly expect to enter into the consciousness of Beethoven?

Yet it can be accomplished, and the reward is in far greater proportion than that of many studies which heretofore have been considered of indispensable value.

Music understood from the hearing side, studied through listening, thinking, and feeling, brings us closer to truth, to an understanding of ourselves and a harmonization of conditions, than any other study. A noted sociologist, who openly goes to war with "art for art's sake," says that to her music and life are so closely interwoven that a single term should suffice for both. And it is for this that we are aiming—to make a conscious union between our life and music. To do this we must study each of the elements of music with a view to finding each within ourselves and bringing them into a perfect union through intelligent listening and feeling.

III

MELODY

A tune is a spiritual thing.—SCHUMANN.

NOTHING repays so well in any study as getting down to an understanding of the simple law of things and working it out step by step until we actually have it or become one with it. "Some people think they know, some know, and some know that they know."

In music, as in other sciences, we must *know* that we *know* in order to enter completely into its spirit.

We are living in an age of scientific analysis, where every thought, act, and emotion is being subjected to the X-ray of comprehensive research. The war has brought us up with a sharp turn and made us face ourselves more frankly. We want

to be sure that what we are spending, whether it is time or money, is spent intelligently. Granting this, it is an interesting and significant fact that during the worst phases of the war, when rich and poor alike were counting every penny, people flocked to concerts. There was "standing room only" an hour before the music began. People seemed to hunger and thirst for it.

But why does the average person go to a concert, and what does he get out of it? Often not even a tune to carry away. Most commonly it is merely a certain emotional exaltation. But a purely emotional and sentimental reaction will not enable the hearer to appropriate for permanent use his sensations of pleasure and delight, and he therefore fails to get the amount of mental poise, the physical relaxation, and the true spiritual significance that he would get if he heard understandingly and etched what he heard on his memory, to be recalled and reimaged at will.

Music is generally accepted as a softening, harmonizing influence, necessary to all people. From the hospital ward to the con-

cert hall the cry is for more music. But out of the thousands who buy tickets for a concert, how many get more than a passing wave of pleasant sound?

It is an interesting experiment to choose an ordinary group of people and try them out musically in simple ways. For example, suppose your group to have just heard a concert, such as one of the New York Symphony concerts, the program consisting of the Dvorak "New World Symphony," some songs, and perhaps the "Symphonic Poem" of Liszt. Take the first motif of the "New World Symphony," which is really a simple folk tune, and ask



any of your group if they can hum that tune. If they can, ask them to draw in lines a picture of the direction the melody takes—to make "a pitch picture." The idea is, that if the realm of music is to be entered through *hearing* one must begin by being able to follow the tune through its pitch.

A very intelligent man who goes to many concerts every year once told me that it was impossible for him to tell which direction the tune of "Three Blind Mice" takes, and that he had given up trying to hear more because his professional friends had been so discouraging and superior. Most people are deaf to melody, but by training the ear through the inner process of listening, it becomes an easy and natural thing to follow a tune correctly.

If thoughts are things, and they are, musical thoughts, in the sense of tunes that we can hear within, are an addition to the general good and are conducive to peace and harmony both individually and nationally. It seems extravagant to claim that, if everyone could be shown how to follow a tune and to remember it, the world's unrest would be ameliorated, but this would seem to be a fact, nevertheless. Because, by so doing, each individual would become conscious of the harmony within himself and would express that harmony to an extent varying according to the degree of its awakening.

Psycho-analysts claim that physical ailments are caused by destructive mental impressions. Since mental impressions rehearsed make up the sum total of human consciousness, it is therefore worth our while to learn consciously to follow the melody line of a beautiful motif and to register and keep it. This would result in something more permanent than a mere temporary sensation of pleasure, as we shall prove.

A young man, well educated, ordinarily strong, with devoted friends and plenty of money, became unhappy and discouraged as the result of illness. He decided that there was nothing worth while in life for him, so concluded to let go and die. The doctor had told him that if he did let go, that unless he put up a fight for life, he would die. As he lay, contemplating death, the memory of the second movement of Beethoven's immortal Fifth floated through his mind:

Beethoven. Vth Symphony.



He listened to the subjective concert with joy in his heart, which came from the fact that he could hear and register a tune. He became more and more absorbed in it, imbued with its harmony and, through it, he was stirred to a desire for life and its fullness, and with a supreme effort put up the fight which brought about his recovery. He is now a valuable citizen and has since become a powerful instrument for the strength of the Allied cause and for peace.

Music has been studied by the so-called talented people in a complex, expensive, and too often egotistical way. Counterpoint and fugue may be all right for such as these, but for the average person who goes to concerts something much more simple is needed, and, if the truth be told, a great many of these musically educated ones are lacking in an understanding of simple fundamentals.

It is better to enter into the spirit of a melody by really hearing it than to play a complex composition in a purely external way, for "Music is harmony, harmony is love, and love is God," said Sidney Lanier.

That great clergyman, Heber Newton, who courageously went ahead of his time in so many ways, and with whom, happily, the times have now caught up, gives us the following in his *Mysticism and Music:*

A scientific musician bethought him of making the chords of music record the lines of their sound waves so that the eye could have a picture of the forms thus produced. Suspending five pens from the wires of a piano so that they should move delicately over sheets of paper, by striking the chords carefully and allowing the sound to die out naturally, he succeeded in making the vibrations of the sound waves of each chord trace the lines of its movements.

The results were designs of mathematical exactness of exquisite beauty, strangely suggesting the great typical flower forms. These diagrams were thus the expression to the eye of the music which the ear hears, the audible world translated into the visible world, the revelation of a mystery until then unseen by human eye, ungrasped by human thought.

Music is a language, although it is really something more. It might be termed the universal language, one to which all nationalities and races respond. In the same sense it is a religion, symbolizing the Oneness or Love which unites all people.
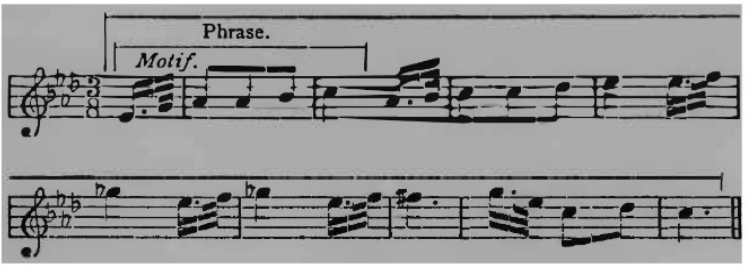
The Sufi religion, one of the cults of India, is based on sound, and their claim is that sound—that is, music—will bring us closer to what is termed God-consciousness, or Universal Love, than any other medium.

We have all had the experience of being lifted out of petty worries and selfish desires through some wonderful music, especially singing, like the Russian choir, a fine string quartet, or an orchestra. Therefore, realizing the power of music, is it not worth while to put ourselves consciously into the spirit of music that we may understand its message? Let us hear it silently, listen to it, understand it, then, remembering it through this understanding, act upon it. So will the action which follows always be a melody in itself.

Now what is melody? It is a definite idea expressed in a sequence of sounds, producing a unified impression. It is the golden thread which runs through all music, forming what we call the tune or air. It can be likened to the plot of a story, where setting, environment, and action all revolve around the main idea; or to the theme of a poem.

In the language of words it is like making the short statement, "I love you," and repeating it in various inflections of the voice, then elaborating this statement by telling what awakens this love—blue eyes, sunny smile, beautiful nature, etc.—and then coming back to the original theme, "I love you."

Musicians use the terms "motif" and "phrase," which are very simple terms to understand. Motif is the smallest pattern of the melody. Music has distinct patterns, and in this respect we can go back to nature and find, in form, the same plan that exists in relation to sound. Flowers, snowflakes, stars, moon, sun, all have a few simple forms which occur over and over again.



Sound has form, and melody creates itself from very simple patterns, elaborated

and repeated in different keys, just as the triangle, the circle, and the square repeat themselves and combine in nature, thus creating other more complex forms. Motif is, then, the smallest pattern in music. In "Three Blind Mice" the motif or smallest pattern is



This little pattern of three notes is repeated and then repeated again, from a higher spot, and then elaborated and repeated again.

A phrase is a more complete musical thought, ending either in what we may call a comma or a period. We are too prone to juggle terms without the slightest idea of their meaning. Teachers who understand the meaning of certain technical phrases too often take it for granted that the pupil also understands. A teacher once asked a little girl the definition of the word "phrase," meaning, of course, in a musical sense. The child thought a moment and then said in an exultant tone of

voice, "It is the French word for strawberry."

Another little story, which is amusing as well as indicative of the lack of understanding of the simplest things, is of the little girl who went home after a music lesson and asked her mother how many carrots there are in a bushel, explaining that her music teacher had asked her this same question. Mystified, the mother asked the teacher what carrots and bushels had to do with music. The teacher, equally mystified, thought over the questions of the day before and finally exclaimed, "Why, the question I asked was, 'How many beats are there to a measure'?" Do not these examples serve as a commentary on all education?

To enter into the real sense of a phrase, both spiritually and intellectually, we must first get the motif of the melody, then look for the place where we should naturally breathe if we were singing it (and it can be done much better if it is sung), and then find the place where we should naturally stop. In this way you have the principle

of melody. It has pattern or form, it has pitch, and it says something, which is punctuated just as any other language is punctuated.

The pattern of a tune is most easily explained by illustrations. The idea is that the line of sound varies just as the line in a drawing, or of a tree, or a hillside, varies. It has an upward trend, a downward trend, or it travels along on a straight line.

People who have never paid attention to melody in the sense of being able to really hear it, and so making it their own for all time by becoming conscious of it, are surprised when they discover themselves unable to say whether "The Star-spangled Banner" moves from above downward or from below upward. It is so simple that no one realizes how dimly he hears until it is pointed out to him. Now here is a pitch picture of the beginning of "The Star-spangled Banner":



In other words, a pitch picture is the line which the tune describes. Here is a picture of "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes."

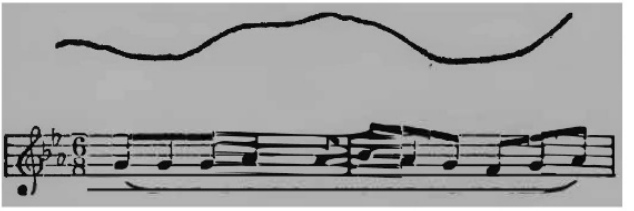


This may seem a little complicated and an easier way is to make little dots like this:



In fact, each person may work out a way of his own so long as the same principle is there.

Here is an illustration of the last tune written out in notes with the line following it:

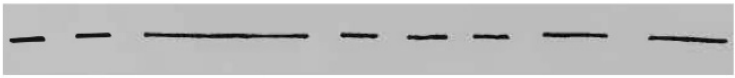


Then to be added to this are duration pictures, little lines which would show

whether the sounds we hear are long or short. These help us to make rapid sketches to aid our memories. Here is a duration picture of "Over There":



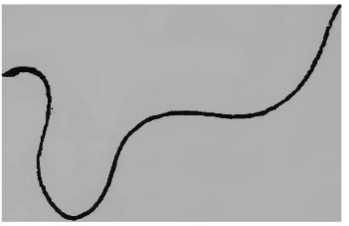
Here is one of "Smiles":



It is a case of inwardly following the tune and noting the length of the different sounds. By combining the duration and the pitch pictures one gets a clue to the tune which will recall it. Of course musicians do this naturally, but the general public has been shut out from the real benefits of music through having no simple way of taking a musical short hand.

A musical friend of ours had been off in the wilds for a long time. She returned to New York just in time to hear a great violinist play the Beethoven violin concerto in the key of G. She was entranced

by it, and in order to register it in her mind, thereby having it always for her own, she jotted down on the program this picture of the motif of the last movement.



So, instead of its being merely a fleeting pleasure, that wonderful, inspired melody became at once a part of her. She was conscious of it in its elements of pitch and duration, and could recall it to memory whenever she desired.

Here the phonograph is of real help. We can play a tune over and over, making pitch pictures and duration pictures until we become so adept that the concert hall holds no terrors for us.

The majority of us have only sensations where we should have experiences—vivid, clear, easily recalled, and reimaged experiences—with which we may change the

dark times of fear and worry into times of beauty, harmony, and peace. This is truly the function of music, but we cannot have this power without paying the price of a little time and attention.

IV

RHYTHM

Amid the mysteries that become more mysterious the more they are thought about, there will remain the one absolute certainty, that we are ever in the presence of an infinite and eternal energy, from which all things proceed.

—HERBERT SPENCER.
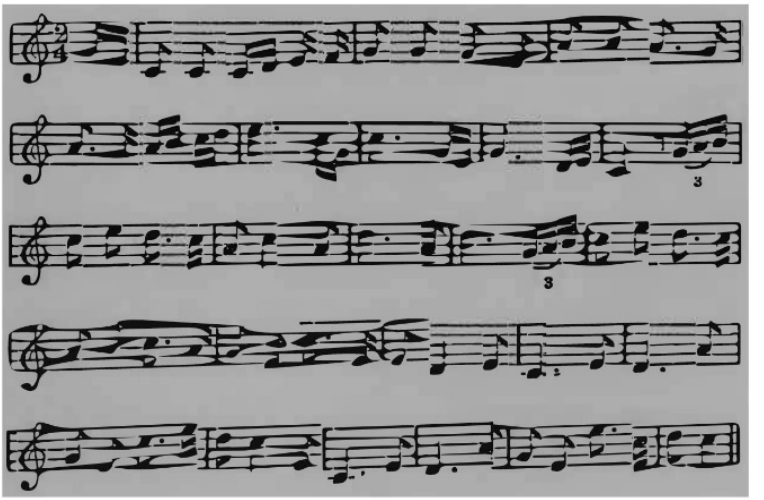
IMAGINE the world without rhythm and perhaps you can get some conception of what rhythm really is. Every great teacher has virtually said that God is all; that all else is delusion, unreality, nothing. Even the man who says that all is matter simply uses another term for the same thing. The idea remains that everything in the universe is composed of one substance, the term we use to designate this substance is unimportant, be it God, Matter, Light, or what not.

We are told by scientists that everything is in vibration. The form a thing will

take depends upon its rate of vibration. Wood is vibration at one rate, light is vibration at another; the difference between a hod carrier and a seer is the difference in their rates of vibration. Now rhythm is vibration slowed down sufficiently for us to realize it—a more exact definition than that, it is almost impossible to give; but the most satisfactory way of getting an understanding of it is to look for it in nature, and to learn about it in that way. This will lead you to recognize that there are large rhythms and small rhythms, wheels within wheels, so to speak. The big rhythms are the celestial bodies in their swing out and back, the seasons, the sun, the tides, etc. Inside of the big rhythms we find smaller ones; the year has a natural division of seasons, the twenty-four hours, divided into day and night, an out swing and a back swing, like the pendulum of a clock, and yet there is only one swing—the eternal underlying swing of the universe. Nature has been showing us this law for æons and we can apply its principle to music just as well as to anything else.

Rhythm points eternally tc unity in diversity. It is better to begin our study by actually swinging such rhythms as we can. "Do the thing and the power comes." So let us seek some simple, practical ways of coming into the realization of rhythm in music.

A great confusion between rhythm and "time" exists in the minds of most people. The simplest way of experiencing the fact of the big rhythmic swing, underlying all music, is to get some one to play all sorts of familiar things to you, and for you to swing your arm as you feel, for example, to the tune "Dixie":



you would swing up until you came to C, and then down.

To "London Bridge is falling down" the



up swing would last until G, and then the down swing would come, ending on C.
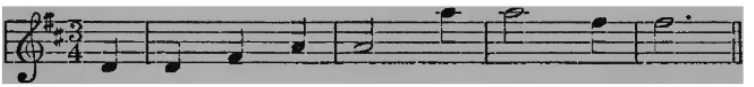
A phonograph will help very much in swinging rhythms by yourself. Folk music and dances are good for this sort of thing. People are generally quite surprised to find that the "Blue Danube Waltz" swings up and back, when they always thought of it as in *three* time.

The big swing gives a fundamental sense of rhythm which is far more useful than counting.

Children taught in this way, even those who appear to have little or no sense of rhythm, get such a really awakened rhythmic sense that when they go to school they are picked out for the way they dance. The sense of rhythm is potential in every one, but in a great many people it has never been awakened. Sometimes people who

play very well, but are nervous, lose their nervousness through inwardly realizing the rhythmic swing while they are playing. Several such cases have come to our notice, and concentration upon rhythm, as a swing out and back, has a steadying influence upon the mind.

To be able to feel the rhythm of something to which one is listening makes us more conscious, thereby giving us a better idea of what the composer felt during his contract with the inner world of beauty, whose messages he is delivering to us. Counting sometimes, indeed very often, blocks rhythm. Time is inside of rhythm. It is the mechanical means of determining time. In the "Blue Danube Waltz," for instance, the time is 1 2 3—the rhythm is 2.



To sing a tune, and at the same time to swing its rhythm, is a good way of learning to feel it. Dalcroze has a complete system of what he calls Eurhythmics. Even for

ordinary people who have no time to spend in special studies, some of his ideas are a help. For instance, take the "Blue Danube," and swing the big rhythm while you step the time. Swing one, two, and step 1 2 3. A whole family could easily grow rhythmically conscious by spending an hour or so in the evening working out these fundamental ideas. Of course there are complexities of rhythm, but these are unnecessary to the average person, and at all events it is better to grow fundamentally rhythmic before trying the complex.

The word "rhythm" is sometimes defined as "proportion." It is certain that there must be pulsation—or motion—with a sense of more rest in one spot than in another, or more importance in one spot than in another. People call this "accent," but this seems a dangerous word, because it often leads to such terrible playing. People should not put an "accent" on the first note of every measure. It is like reciting poetry with jerky emphasis on each important word. Music flows; it does not

come in hunks. When a great master is inspired to write a song or a symphony he does not hear a regularly accented string of notes: he hears a musical phrase which says something. Take the lines,

> "He prayeth best who loveth best,
> All things both great and small."

Say them with a strong accent on prayeth and loveth, and you have that unpleasant jerkiness which is not beautiful. It is the same in music. People often play in "bars," as they call it. In fact, people very often practice in bars. A violinist once rejoiced that he had "gotten outside of bars, at last," meaning that he had been able to hear a musical phrase *as* a phrase and not as lumps of sound. It is really a pity that music has to be written with bar lines, and people ought to try to think of music in phrases, just as they would poetry. This takes away the dull, unrhythmic quality which so many people have painfully acquired by counting in bars instead of singing in phrases. For advanced stu-

dents harmony and rhythm are closely linked, and the harmony colors the rhythm, one might say. But this is, as Kipling says, another story. Suffice it to say, swing the big rhythm—to musical phrases—and you will become more and more rhythmically conscious. Your body will respond in health and your mind in happiness.

V

HARMONY

What is it to be really musical? When you have music in your heart and head.—SCHUMANN.

THE great need of the world to-day is harmony. We all realize that something is wrong and are ready to try some new way. But everyone will agree that there must be a state of repose before anything constructive can take root. Can music contribute practically to bringing about this state?

In a preceding chapter we dealt with the various possibilities of melody and rhythm in relation to general, as well as musical, education, and we hope that the reader now realizes that there is a definite value to be obtained from a better understanding of music. To achieve not only this better

understanding, but to make music a component part of our lives, we must make each of its three elements our own. We must be able to use not only melody and rhythm, but harmony as well. As we have only to add the harmonies to find greater beauties in a melody, so we have but to come into harmony with life to see its fuller beauties and possibilities.

Now the harmony of music and the harmony of life both have for their foundation the same law—the law of order. Harmony in music is not the intricate study that we have been led to believe, speaking quite simply. It is the law of order as applied to music. Take, for example, two chords; one clashes and jars, giving one the sense of unrest, while the other gives the ear and mind a sense of repose. All the elements of harmony are in both, and when we have used the principles of harmony the first will resolve itself into the second and be transformed. For in reality there is only one chord, just as there is only one God. All the other chords are moving toward this one chord, just as we mortals are all

moving toward a realization of our oneness with God. There are, in other words, many elements, which taken separately are unharmonic, but when brought into the proper order by the application of the law, resolve into one Great Harmony.

So it is with life. If in our imaginations, our minds, we could see people as harmonic in thought, word, and deed, that is, all striving, however discordantly, to attain some kind of harmony with life, we would do much to bring about the very state of repose for which the whole world longs. But we must do even more than this. We must bring harmony as an active force into their lives, and what better way is there of accomplishing this than through the language that everyone loves—music?

We know any number of people who have changed all sorts of difficult conditions in their lives either through the study of music or by the harmonic principle in life becoming apparent to them through music. A young girl, to give a definite and personal experience, who complained bitterly of poverty, ill health, disappointment, and unkind

treatment of friends came to us for help. At first it seemed almost hopeless, because she would not face herself, but one day a rift was found in her armor which made her see that the only logical way of interpreting life is to know that the outside is but the reflection of the inside; that if there was a lack of harmony in her objective, external life there was something wrong in her. From that time she gradually developed strength of character enough to face herself. One by one she overcame the dragons of fear, envy, laziness, worry, and self-pity that had blocked her progress, and grew into a splendid, strong, happy, healthy, and self-reliant woman, who not only supports herself comfortably, but is able to volunteer a great deal of time to developing harmony in others.

Then we knew a boy whose life had been much handicapped by stuttering, and who had quarreled with his father, who suddenly awoke to the symbolism of music, through harmonizing tunes. He knocked timidly at my door, drew close to me and whispered: "What is this? I feel that life is changed.

I can talk without stuttering and my father came and put his arm around me and brought me home. Now I believe I can have anything I want." Later he was sent to a university and educated for the profession he had dreamed of.

Another girl was handicapped, apparently, by the most distressing home conditions—a drunken father, a sick mother, and a lazy streak in herself. Once awake to the possibilities of the harmonic law, she worked unceasingly with herself, doing everything, on the material plane as well as on the mental and spiritual, to harmonize every dissonance. In a few years she had moved her family into a better apartment, had given her mother the nourishing food and fresh air that would restore her health, and had deported the drunken father to an environment which better suited his unharmonized consciousness.

Harmony is not a passive thing; it is active and alive and as contagious as the measles. But the law works both ways; just as one bad apple in a barrel will spoil all the rest, so will an inharmonious person

create an atmosphere which will communicate itself to everyone who comes within his reach. Like the inkfish which is armed with a pouch full of inky fluid for the purpose of blinding its enemies, how easily a depressed person casts an inky gloom around a room! On the other hand, one person who is in tune will harmonize a whole family without saying a word. How quickly a jolly and well-harmonized person will bring up the tone of that same group of people! We can all tune up every thought, word, and deed. Tune up our own instruments that we may each take our place in the great orchestra which plays the symphony of life.

Most people imagine, on hearing the word "harmony" in relation to the study of music, that it implies long years of dry plodding. Such has too often been the case, but is no longer so. Anyone can be taught through listening to recognize the simple harmonies of a tune, and everyone should be taught. For, when the law of harmony is embodied in the cellular structure of our bodies, its outer expression is

health and peace. Health, mental and physical, should always be our first consideration, since no great heights can be attained without it. So, if listening understandingly will help to bring about peace and health, we have within our grasp not only our development in the art of music, but through it our development in life.

To make this effective there is a simple musical training which will wake in us our latent harmonic consciousness. This in turn will give us a practical knowledge of harmony in music and arouse in us a corresponding vibration in our bodies and lives.

Given a tune, the object is to be able to hear its harmonic setting. Negroes and South Sea Islanders can do this without training. Children unspoiled by mechanical training can "hear under"—that is, hear naturally the underlying harmonies of a melody. At the Music School Settlement in New York we have tested hundreds of children, and only about three out of every hundred are unable to hear and sing the fundamental harmonies. So we find that the three harmonies are potentially

present in everyone. God is no respecter of persons, and harmony is the gift of God. But it remains for us, having found it in ourselves, to accept the gift and use it for our own development and the betterment of the world.

The first step for one who desires this harmonic education is to hear the keynote. That music means more when the keynote is heard is quite natural when one realizes that it is in this way that the inner realm of harmony is consciously contacted. We grope around in darkness, seeking peace, rest, and quiet, quarreling with life and everyone about us because we do not achieve satisfaction, when right in our very midst is the path to the sun which will illumine us.

"Ye have eyes and see not, ears have ye and ye hear not." It is these unhearing ears and unseeing eyes that have been the cause of our inharmony. But, through the proper understanding of music, hearing ears and seeing eyes will be developed, opening up new worlds of sound and sight within us. For these faculties are given

us as tools, and through their right use we can here and now bring about for ourselves infinitely better, happier, and fuller lives. Too many people say, "When I make enough money I shall retire and take up music as an amusement." That is putting the cart before the horse. Since fullness of life is that which everyone desires, why put off until the end of life the study which would accomplish this purpose? Why not turn about and get a knowledge of the law of harmony which would increase a thousandfold the consciousness and appreciation of life, love, and truth?

A great many people, especially men and boys, probably because their voices lie low, often play good basses to college songs, hymns, etc. It is natural to them, but the trouble is that they do this unconsciously. Now we, as human beings, are above the animals in point of evolution; we have the power to do what we do consciously and with reason rather than by instinct. We have the ability to mentally rehearse an experience, thus registering the image upon the brain. Therefore, if these basses are

played consciously and understandingly, the whole principle of harmony will be understood and become of practical use.

As with everything else, we must begin at the beginning. We too often build without a proper foundation, thereby only cheating ourselves; nor does this apply alone to the lay musician. A great many accomplished performers and teachers have done the same thing. They can play a Chopin scherzo, but ask them to play "'Way Down upon the Suwanee River" and they are lost. They cannot do it without notes.

How curious it is that we have gone on all these years deluding and fooling ourselves into thinking that performing a few easily forgotten "pieces" is knowing music! If anything in life is not of practical, everyday use, what good is it? Music should not be a thing apart from the rest of life. We must hear inwardly in order to have a better outward life. We must understand melody, harmony, and rhythm really to enter into the realization of music; to so find harmony, beauty, and serenity within

ourselves, and from that center change our characters and life conditions.
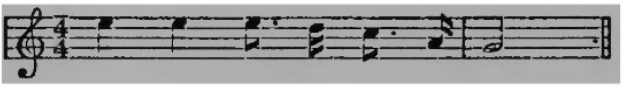
In looking at pictures we get the effects of outline and color by knowing an angle from a curve, and being able to distinguish red from yellow; it is much the same in music. We enter into the spirit of music by intellligently hearing from within the direction which the melody takes, its rhythm, the keynote, and the fundamental chords underlying it. There are three chords, the eternal triangle, always resolving into one. Anyone can learn to inwardly hear these chords under a melody. The first step is the right attitude of mind—that is, faith and confidence in the power to hear, and this is dependent upon mental and physical relaxation. To become relaxed and still, requires a certain technique and discipline. It does not take long for the average person to accomplish this, but, like everything else, it differs with the individual. The easiest way to relax is to repeat some verse or words that present the idea of quiet to the mind and the body.

Having become as relaxed as possible, play

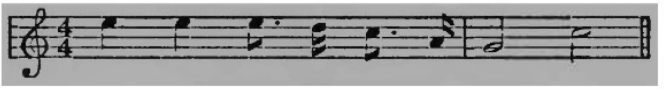
a scale downward, beginning on C. When you have played seven notes pause and analyze your feeling. It will be one of unrest, incompleteness. Add an eighth note, another C, and the resulting feeling will be one of rest, completion. Repeat this exercise, only vary it a trifle by playing the scale upward. Here you will find the same feeling of incompletion until you add the final C. Try this in other scales and the effect will always be the same, so perforce we learn that the law of order demands that all sounds, notes, progress either downward toward the first note or sound, or upward to a repetition of the first note, the eighth of the scale. Having found that this is true in the simplest of all tunes, see if it is not equally true in the folk song and other simple airs. Now this note from which all the other notes proceed and return is called the keynote. It is an astonishing fact that two-thirds of the people who play are unconscious of the key in which they are playing. Key in music is like home in life: it is the resting place, the note that receives, we might say, all of the others

and to which they all go quite naturally. It is from this note that the piece, be it song, sonata, or symphony, gets its signature. We say a sonata is in F if its keynote is F, or in A if its keynote is A, or in D if its keynote is D.

Sing "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching," and stop here:



Ask yourself whether you have landed on a note that gives a sense of completion. No? Then go on until you do, and it will be:
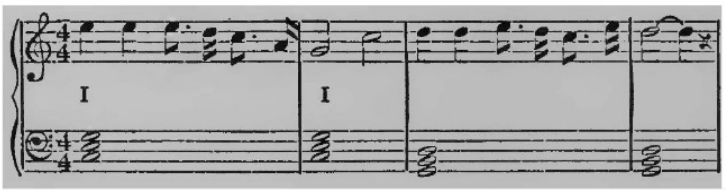


This is the keynote.

Having trained yourself by singing the keynote of innumerable songs, etc., you are then in a position to go farther. Since you have already established the keynote of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching," let us continue with that song.

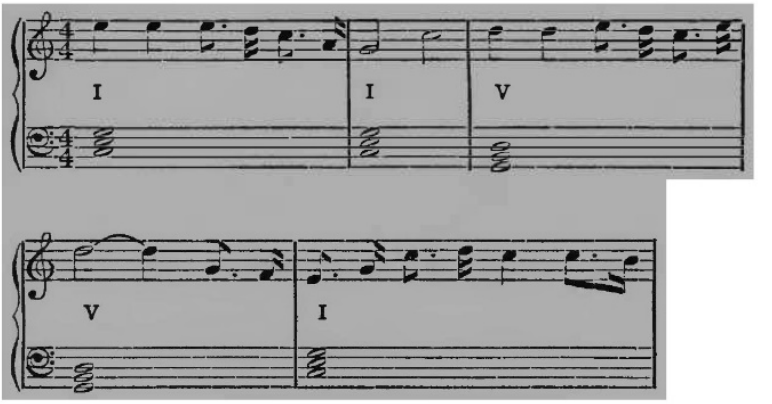
Sing over the first phrase slowly. Listen attentively and try to hear the first underlying chord. Do not feel around on the piano for it; wait until you have *heard* it within, then play it. Having found the first harmony, the first chord, which in this case would be
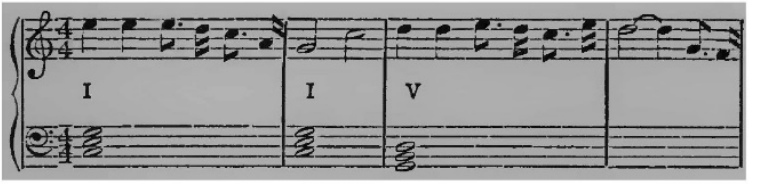


that is the I chord based on the keynote, which is C. (We have chosen the key of C because to most people it is the easiest of keys, but any key will do as well.) Now sing the next phrase and see if you hear a like harmony; failing to do so, continue until you do. Having firmly established this chord in your consciousness, return to the beginning and commence a new search for a new harmony. This harmony will be
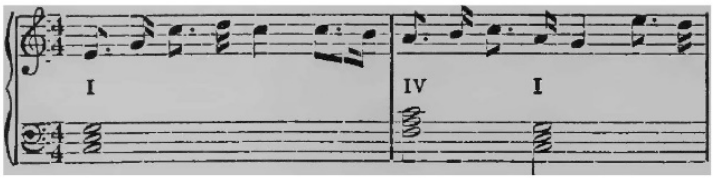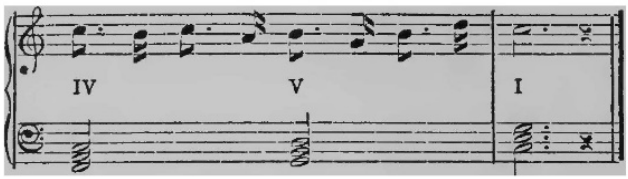


the V chord whose base or root note is the fifth of the scale, or G. This chord is a restless chord, it can never stay put, but must move up or down, one way or the other, and the law of harmony demands that it resolve itself into the I chord, so we have



A new harmony now presents itself and we hear







the IV chord built on the fourth of the scale, F, which, though not so determinedly restless as V, still must resolve back to the I chord, as you will *hear* in the last phrase.

These are the three fundamental chords that you must seek to hear under every melody that comes to your ears. Thoroughly to familiarize yourself with them, reverse the exercise and instead of singing the melody, waiting until you hear the harmony and then playing it, play the melody, wait until you are conscious of the harmony, then sing its root note, the note on which the two upper notes stand. Having sung this, sing the two remaining notes of the chord.

If you will continue this practice faithfully over a few weeks, you will gradually wake within yourself that source of harmony and peace that will draw everything in your life into its proper relation, as well as enable you to harmonize simple tunes.

So you come to hear the three fundamental chords that are all in reality that there is to harmony. The rest are merged chords, blended out of these three fundamentals, just as we blend colors. If you know the three primary colors, red, yellow, and blue, you have the key to all the rest. Knowing the principle or law of any subject gives you the power of working out every possible problem connected with that subject.

In this way we get at the inside or truth of music. One word to remember is "wait." If you are listening for the keynote, relax and wait until you hear it. Do not think. This listening is deeper than thought. It is feeling.

If you want to hear the keynote, give yourself part of a tune, then in silence and peaceful expectation wait until your inner

ear reports that note to you. This process is a much more natural one than we think. There is nothing mysterious about it. We are each one of us a part of the whole, therefore why should we not, by realizing a certain quietness and oneness with that whole, be given the answer to any question? A drop of water partakes of all the qualities of an immense reservoir, then why should we not partake of all the qualities of the universal life?

This brings us to the consideration of two other parts of harmony. The first is what is known as "mode"—that is, the music you are playing in the minor mode or the major. Again it is a question of listening. Play the chord of C (C, E, G), change the middle note to E flat, then play these chords again, first one, then the other, trying to analyze the feeling they give you. C, E, G is in the major mode, C, E flat, G is in the minor. People sometimes say that the minor is sad, and it is true that all funeral marches are written in the minor mode. But there are a number of compositions written in the minor mode which are not

sad, such as "The Wild Horseman" of Schumann and "The Album Leaf" of Grieg. Still, specialists in folk music maintain that oppressed people always express themselves in the minor mode.

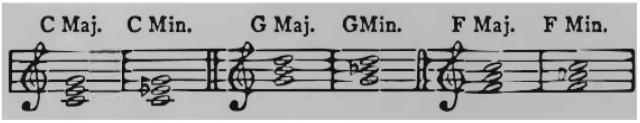
All children do not by *any means* feel the minor to be sad. If you play these two chords to a child, asking what difference he finds, he may answer you in the terms of color. Some say that the minor is "deeper." One seven-year-old child, when hearing the minor chord for the first time, said, "I am alone in a desert."

Bach usually ended a composition with a major chord, even though he had written the whole of it in the minor, thereby conveying the idea that he considered the minor unfinished. Busoni, in a little book called *Æsthetics in Music*, says there is but one mode, the major mode.

Looking upon this question from the psychological standpoint, it is easy to affirm that for the average person the major mode is the more wholesome, since it is both more cheerful and more positive.
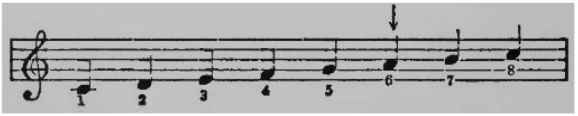
If you wish to learn to hear whether a

composition is written in the major or minor mode, drill yourself on chords



and sing.

In order to read music intelligently one has to understand the so-called relative minor. The scale of the relative minor begins on the sixth of the major scale.
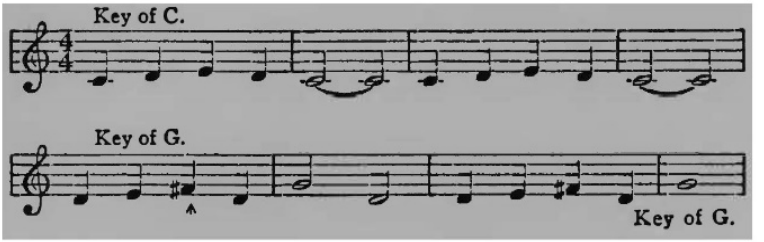


In learning to read music you must bear in mind the fact that the same signature may designate either the major or its relative minor. Also help yourself by listening intently to the first strains of any music you hear and deciding whether it is major or minor.
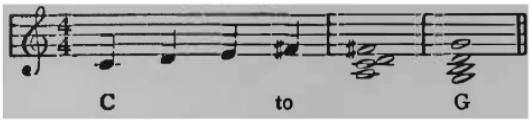
The next point to take up in connection with the understanding of practical harmony is what is called modulation—the

changing from one key to another. It is not easy to explain this on paper.

The wisest way to approach this subject is to first hear where a tune ceases to be in one key and goes into another—that is, where its keynote changes. Take the following example:



The keynote changes from C to G at the point marked. When you have *heard* that this is so then seek to find how it changes. This involves hearing an added note to the V chord, and the five chord of the NEW scale at that. But to make it clearer here is an illustration. Suppose you want to go from the key of C into the key of G; the easiest possible modulation is to play four notes up from C—that is, C, D, E—then when you come to F, sharp it, pause and sing what you hear under it, and you have



the dominant seventh chord—that is, the dominant chord of G plus its seventh note. But it must be admitted that to do this without help is extremely difficult.

VI

MUSIC FOR CHILDREN

The education of heroes shall be gymnastics for the body and music for the soul. Begin the education with music.
—PLATO.

MOTHERHOOD is to the race what the keynote is to music. Of all women, mothers and teachers are the most important. The right attitude toward motherhood is a subject that we are just beginning to treat with any degree of intelligence and common sense.

Why, when everything depends upon bringing a better type of human being into the world, do we treat the subject of sex and children as though it were something to be ashamed of? The greatest of all teachers called the body the temple of the Holy Spirit, and yet, up to the present time, people have married and children have been born one might say carelessly, without

preparation. We educate our young girls in all sorts of surface ways, give them social *savoir faire*, teaching them all sorts of superficial things, and leaving the great subject of motherhood and preparation for it, untouched.

Take the subject of music as an example. Instead of teaching a girl the beginning of music, the fundamentals, which she can in turn pass on to her children or use to enliven and harmonize the home life, we encourage her to acquire an amount of technical skill, which depletes her physically, being the wrong kind of technique, and which enables her only to play music that is over her own head, as well as the heads of most of her family and friends.

These "pieces" which she learns at such a cost of energy and time, to say nothing of her father's pocketbook, are forgotten and laid aside as soon as she marries. Ask any convention of mothers about their musical education, and you will get the same answer from 90 per cent of them. They never "seemed to get anywhere with their music, so they dropped it." Though

they all wish they had kept it up for their children's sake, and husband would appreciate some simple music, too.

Girls are the future mothers of the race, and education must take that fact into consideration. Now, what can a mother do who has had the old-fashioned musical education? She can first sit down and think out the question of music for children and decide why she thinks they should have it and what results will follow in developing their lives. We need to do more real thinking to determine what things we want for our children and what the benefits are going to be.

Picture a house where there is absolutely no music, no piano, no singing, not even a phonograph or a pianola. Is there not a dead, depressed feeling about such an atmosphere? Environment is an all-important factor in the rearing of children, not merely material environment in which everything is done for the physical welfare of the child, but the spiritual environment which we may term atmosphere, abused as this word has become.

A kitchen may have a better atmosphere, and often has, than a drawing-room. Why? It is the state of mind of those who are in it. Many a mother supplies material comfort in every detail and yet starves her children of the very thing they need so much. What can music do to supply this lack? For example, picture a mother off in the country where there are no concerts, and where the village choir sings out of tune; where, if there are pianos, the ever-present popular songs are all that can be found on the racks. The children sing a hymn or two and a few songs, but music is, in the real sense, an unknown quantity. This mother can easily learn to use music for the highest and most permanent good of her children, and also her husband and friends, simply by using intelligently the limited means within her grasp. If she can read music fairly well, and most girls can, her first step should be to acquire some book of folk songs and dances (see Appendix) and some children's songs, which are simple and have constructive words.

An hour of this music just before bed-

time will prove of immense benefit, for the consciousness of the child will be thoroughly harmonized and will work all through sleep in a constructive, harmonizing way. It is a scientific fact that the subconscious mind takes up the thoughts with which it is supplied, and during sleep, when the objective mind is stilled, works out those thoughts in exact likeness, producing an effect in the external life exactly similar to the cause. Therefore it is of the utmost importance that our thoughts should be happy and constructive just before we go to sleep.

An hour of good music at bedtime will so harmonize the child's consciousness that he will go to sleep happy and serene. Those thoughts will do their unfailing work of rebuilding, physically, mentally, and spiritually, all through the night, and the child will awaken in the morning in the same happy, healthy frame of mind.

Play over some of these folk dances and let the children skip around and act out what is in the dance. Musical folk games are splendid and give children a sense of

rhythm. They feel that everything moves more easily when done to music, and they play together as one harmonious group. The spirit of play and joy seems quite natural.

Every mother should realize that she must supply something by which harmony is maintained. Leaving little children alone means whining, quarreling, demanding candy, toys, etc. Music is such a force for bringing people together and making them forget themselves that the older members of a family are fully as much benefited by it as the children.

We have spoken of the importance of music before the child goes to sleep. It is equally important to have it in the morning when consciousness is brought back to the waking state, to maintain that harmonious attitude throughout the day. Therefore it is of equal importance to start the day with a song or two.

The Hindus have a morning song, a song for noon, an evening song, and a song for midnight. They have songs of praise, songs of love, songs of joy, songs of peace,

and many others. To them the home is a sacred temple and the parents the priest and priestess of the actual presence of God, who is acknowledged and rejoiced in with every homely event of the day. This is idealizing the real in a practical way.

It is quite easy if a mother will take the trouble to give the children the right fundamental training in music, which makes it an actually understood language to them from the very first.

A child learns to speak through speaking, to walk by walking, and to sing by singing. Experience *versus* formal knowledge is the new idea in everything. "I prefer to do rather than talk" might be the motto of the new educational teacher.

Having found within herself the laws of melody, rhythm, and harmony a mother will be able to communicate them to her children, and thus not only smooth out rough places in the daily lives of the family, but awaken in the children a real love and appreciation of music. More than that, she will teach them the right process for all study—that is, from within out. First

silence, then listening, then understanding, then remembering, then singing, and finally playing.

The pleasure of music is thus made to serve a definite purpose in life, establishing a true relationship and co-ordination, and giving the children a technique by which they may live in a more practically ideal way.

But a good many mothers have no time to give to the study of music, so the work which should really be done by the mother herself must be given over to teachers, and here we must pause to say a word for and about teachers.

During the war a number of our teachers ran elevators as a patriotic service, and when the war ended they continued to do so because the salary paid an elevator operator was so much more adequate in relation to living than what they were able to earn by teaching. Everyone knows that whereas a painter, plumber, or carpenter is receiving a living wage, teachers are still getting so little that they often suffer for the lack of the necessities of life, to say

nothing of the things that would aid them to become better teachers. For the study of any art by a person who aims to teach it is a long, slow, and difficult process. It requires not only health, vision, and contact with the best in the musical world, but a knowledge of general education, of the other arts, of psychology, and of child psychology in particular. To these must be added sufficient time for continued and concentrated work, and all this costs a great deal of money.

To be sure, all teachers are not single-minded, they are human, and sometimes, through chance or circumstance rather than real preference, they become music teachers from a business motive. But these are in the minority. We have found most teachers self-sacrificing and devoted to their work, pitifully lacking in the ordinary comforts of life and in the peace of mind and state of health which a little more money would give them. Even a so-called, high-priced music teacher is financially insecure. Her season is short, people are thoughtless in regard to discontinuing their lessons, and

her expenses are heavier than those of other teachers. For the new teaching demands enthusiasm, and she must avoid getting into a rut. This means keeping her health, optimism, and peace of mind; it means keeping alive the artistic side of her musical life through practice, study, and contact with the world of music, and at the same time keeping her intellect awake in some big way to avoid becoming dried up. In addition, she must allow some time for her own life, for companionship, and happiness of a personal nature. So, from a purely selfish standpoint, society should consider giving teachers a comfortable living. To this remark there sometimes comes back the answer, "Too much would spoil them." A little spoiling certainly would not harm hundreds of teachers whom it has been our privilege and pleasure to know. To end this subject, here is one little incident drawn from actual life:

At the Music School Settlement we have the children of a great many workers whose trade is uncertain. Sometimes there are long periods of dullness, during which there

is literally no income. When this occurs music lessons, cheap as they are and as much as they are loved and longed for, become prohibitive. At such times dozens of children drop out. During one of these periods a faculty meeting was called to ascertain whether the teachers, whose pupils had been forced to drop out, could possibly make time to visit these children and find out what probability there was of their returning. It then came out that two-thirds of these children were being privately taught *for nothing* by teachers who we well knew were driven all day long by the necessity of earning a living, not only for themselves, but in many cases for some dependent. So much for the teacher, her vital interest in her work and her self-sacrifice.

We find that five is a good age to begin the musical education of a child, though he should have had a musical environment before he was born and every day thereafter. What is meant by musical education is that a definite hour for music be set apart two or three times a week, in

which some understanding person (preferably the mother) shall begin to awaken the musical consciousness in the child. It would be ideal to have a group of six children, all about the same age, assemble each day, and under the guidance of the right person play musical games, swing and walk rhythms, sing songs or sing about things just as they would naturally talk about them. We have learned through intimate contact with children that they do naturally chant or sing about everything if the teacher or mother sets the example by having songs for the simple functions of daily life.

It certainly lends romance and buoyancy to the endless washings and brushings and dressings that have to be attended to with children if we sing to them. The same philosophy holds good here as elsewhere. If you are singing with your whole being you cannot be worried, cross, angry, or really idle.

Such a class for children aims to stir up the musical consciousness of the child. The results are sometimes quite startling.

For instance, a rather awkward and apparently unmusical child, the little daughter of a well-known sculptor, suddenly began to dance so exquisitely that people asked whether she had been trained by Miss Duncan, and could not believe that she had not been specially trained.

It is difficult to describe one of these classes, and well-nigh impossible to give anyone written directions as to how to conduct one.

In one instance the principal of a big school, seeing the apparent simplicity of these classes, tried to introduce them by telling the music teachers what to do. But after a little he was surprised to discover that it was not so "easy as it looked"; it certainly is *not* so easy as it looks.

Seeing six little children dancing about to music, swinging their arms, singing songs, or playing a musical game makes some people ask, "Do you call this a *lesson?*" This makes us smile. It is such a commentary on the word "lesson." Growth is the object of all teaching; the growth of the child in consciousness to the end that

he shall really be awake in a musical sense—if it be music that he is studying. Our education has shown itself such a failure in that it has caused children to be lacking in health, peace of mind, initiative, self-reliance, and a desire to be of service, and needs really to be reversed from one of a more or less mechanical process to something vital and real. The little boy who cannot add a few figures, though he has "finished arithmetic," and who says that what he learned in arithmetic is the *word* "gazinta" (goes into); the mother who has had years of music lessons and who cannot play a simple tune with its bass, and all the rest, are some of its amusing results. You can no more see the result of music lessons in a given time than you can see a flower when the seed has barely sprouted. No one wants to pull up the seed and see a result, but we think we must get results that are concrete in the children. Children's classes look very like play, but in order to conduct them a teacher must be a rare person. She is the awakener of the *spirit* of music in the children. From this awakening springs a

definite consciousness of melody, rhythm, and harmony, which, being set up in the child, finally produces results, sometimes quite startling in artistic power and beauty, and always produces a love and a far better understanding of music than that of the average grown-up.

Singing games, with their elements of gayety, dramatic action, and social contact, make a really ideal way of beginning a children's class. Miss Hofer's book, *Singing Games for Children*, and the English singing games—in fact, those of all countries—should be used with little children. We like the "Muffin Man," "Looby Loo," "The Farmer in the Dell," and "Annie Goes to the Cabbage Patch," for the first ones, but the field is immense, and each mother or teacher can best select her own material.

Then songs for children to sing! What a field there is to be explored! In America the average child's repertoire of songs is a shocking thing. It is incredible that, knowing as we do the effect of environment upon children, we allow them to store their minds

with the worst imaginable trash. To be sure we have no folk music here in this country, but we have some really beautiful songs written for children—such as the songs of childhood—of Jessie Gaynor. Then there is the folk literature of England, and France is a perfect gold mine, to say nothing of all the other countries. We use these songs, and in the class the children swing the rhythm, find the pitch, duration, pattern, and keynote of every song they sing. Transposing is easy when it is done from the listening sense. Nothing is ever done as "ear training," it is all strictly from the musical sense—that is, the creative side, sticking to the principles of melody, rhythm, and harmony as our basis.

Musical conversation, in which the teacher sings a question and the child answers it, always in the rhythm, is one of the ways of feeling and hearing the keynote. Singing a scale down to the second, pausing and letting the child complete it, is another good way; or singing a folk song and letting the child end it; or making up a tune and seeing

if it really ends or needs an ending, always pausing to listen and remembering that actual performance comes last.

All these exercises can be done with the phonograph. For the swinging of rhythms there is nothing so good; the same is true in connection with stepping rhythms, skipping, and dancing. The phonograph offers a great variety of music of the very best type and is very practical where the mother has no time to devote to the learning of the necessary music, for as a teacher she has to know a great deal of rhythmic music, folk dances, and other good music, such as Bach, Beethoven, and Grieg, which she can play while the children do anything they like. This helps them to listen, to adjust their bodies to the rhythm, and, besides its musical value, has a real value in regard to health and nerves. But in this connection there is one thing that must be avoided by the teacher: never notice the fact that the child is out of rhythm. If you will emphasize the rhythm of your playing, or swing your own body in rhythm and give him time together

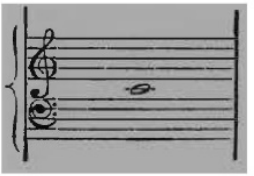
with simple music, he will get into the swing.

We remember a child, who was in a class with six little children, who seemed hopelessly unrhythmic. His mother was quite concerned, and repeatedly complained to the teacher that he seemed never to step or dance "in time" as the other children did. The teacher, knowing better than the mother, and not having the natural impatience and vanity common to most mothers, urged her to wait until the sense of rhythm in him was really awakened. (We believe, you see, that one must be ready in order to really learn anything.) Well, one fine day, when no one was bothering over Teddy's rhythmic vagaries, he began to dance in perfect swing, and having felt the delight of it he kept on long after the other children had had enough. The teacher, seeing what had happened, played on and on, until his little fat legs nearly dropped off, but the ecstasy and satisfaction of having found it in himself made Teddy more than willing to suffer and work. This is the great point.

There is no discipline like unto *self*-discipline.

We use a blackboard continually. The children make pitch pictures, duration pictures, and anything else that helps them to let out the music they hear within themselves.

And here we must consider the element of notation. When we teach children to read their notes we do not teach them the bass and treble as two different things, neither do we separate them from melody. Rather do we seek, by training the inner sense of sight, to have the child visualize middle C in a melody like "Baby Bye" (Jessie Gaynor's "Miniature Melodies"), and to associate its picture, which looks like this,

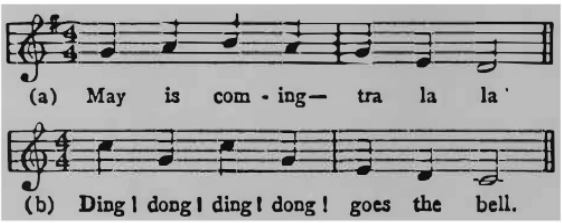


with its sound.

We prove to them that they can see with their eyes closed—that is, see with their

inner eyes, and hear with their inner ears. Children have this power of visualization (seeing with the inner eyes) strongly developed. They are able to visualize a note, for instance, that they have seen with their open eyes. Having awakened this consciousness, we draw two staffs on the board, the bass and the treble, placing middle C where it belongs—that is, on the first ledger line below the treble staff. We then have the children look at it, then close their eyes and see it. Then we erase its picture and let them draw it. After that they can go to the piano and pick it out. When this note is well fixed in their consciousness we take up in a like manner the notes above and below C in the treble and bass.
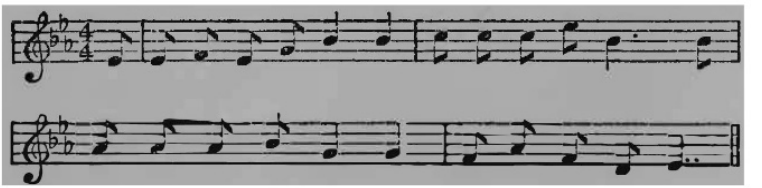
Children are full of creative ability, and little children find it easy to make their own tunes. Here are two, words and music, given by children of six:



When they can make accurate pitch and duration pictures, and can read their notes, it is then well to have them write their own tunes in their own blank books, so that they may grow accustomed to writing music as well as playing it.

A class of children soon becomes quite free musically through these various simple drills, which a teacher must know how to vary to make them interesting.
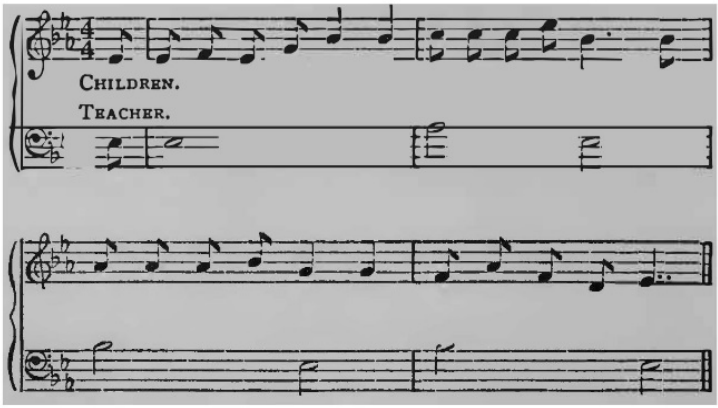
The last principle to awaken is the harmonic, and we have been surprised to find that little children "hear under"—that is, hear the underlying harmonies of a tune, quite naturally. Sometimes it is enough for the teacher to begin to sing the roots of the chords underlying a song which the children are singing. Their harmonic sense will wake and they will take it up naturally. Suppose, for instance, that the children are singing, "I Had a Little Nut Tree."



The simplest harmonic setting to this tune is

I—I—IV—I—V—I—V—I

The teacher should sing the root or principal note of each chord as



After a little she can try playing the tune either on the piano or the phonograph, or she may sing it and ask the children to sing what they hear under it. Having caught their interest, it is then wisest to set about hearing the root of the I chord, or the tonic as the musicians call it. To do this play several chords, and get the children to pick out the I chord by noting its quality of rest, and *not* by telling them the name of the

chord. When the I chord is made so familiar they can hear it under any simple tune you can take up the V chord. Have them note its quality of *motion* as differentiated from the I chord, and how it *always* moves toward the I chord. Do the same with the IV chord. By degrees you can give tunes that bring out a V, and later still a IV. There is absolutely no hurry in this work. The idea is musical consciousness; development, not performance. More is accomplished in the end, not only musically, but in health and character, by going slowly and insisting upon a process, which is always the same—that is, silence, listening, etc. When performance is a natural thing, and sometimes this is the case even with young children, we do not try to stop them, but we never try to speed up the playing, and never urge them to learn "a piece." The natural outcome of hearing, swinging, singing, etc., is not only playing, but composing, and a rounded musical and mental development.

Older children who have been trained in this way play little basses to folk tunes

quite easily. Two children can go to the keyboard, one playing the melody and one the bass. They play it in C and they play it in G, or in any easy key, for, since it is a matter of hearing, all keys are equally simple.

This lays a foundation that has literally no end. Upon it one can either become a good listener in the true sense of the word or an artist.

Memorizing becomes an actual science, since to hear makes one sure of what to play and one loses the misery of uncertainty so well known to pianists. Analysis, through hearing, changes all of that.

The question of material is a very important one. In the children's classes every teacher adapts her material to the needs of her children.

Speaking in a general way, folk music, the Gaynor "Miniature Melodies," "The Cady Folk Tunes for Ten Fingers," and similar music is used. A teacher must be really familiar with her material. She must know whether a song is suitable for a child, whether its harmonization includes a IV

chord or not, etc. The better acquainted she is with her material (she should really know it by heart) the better her teaching will be. Teaching "with a book" is never a success. In fact, freedom and creativeness are the key to the teaching of children's classes, coupled with real musicianship.

VII

PRACTICING

The reaction from personal effort is a feeling of joy and freedom.

"WHEN I was little I used to shake the hourglass to make the practice time shorter." Haven't we all done much the same thing.

"You and I could be very good friends, mother, if it were not for this horrid music," wails a little boy to his adoring parent. "Mother says, 'Now go and practice,' whenever she sees me, and so I try not to go near her," remarks another child. "I was just going to practice because I really wanted to, when the maid said, 'Your mother told me, miss, to remind you to practice,' and then I made up my mind I wouldn't." This is the reaction to be got

from nagging a child or forcing a child to practice.

A doctor once ordered malted milk, and nothing but malted milk, for a child who had a severe case of whooping cough. It was a perfectly sensible order, and would have been the very best thing if the child had been the kind of child that liked malted milk and would take it. But in this case the baby refused, calling loudly for pancakes. Everyone knows that pancakes are not the proper food for a sick child of three. However, starvation seemed the alternative, and finally in the middle of the night, having carefully studied the directions of Aunt Jemima's pancake flour, the cakes were made and *fed* to her, and on them she throve. This is not a plea for feeding children on pancakes. It is merely to show that you can prescribe certain things to children, and that is one thing, but you cannot make them assimilate these things *unless they want to.* The psychology of it then is to be able to get children to want the right thing, and to do what is right for them through creating a real desire. "De-

sire is the soul of will." We must learn a way of getting the intense interest of children, and then they will practice without being reminded.

In the cases where we have tried this it has worked out in every instance, and every mother knows that all the preaching and forcing in the world is without avail if a child has no interest in what is to be done. "Sometimes I think with my eyes, and sometimes I think with my brains," said a fourteen-year-old girl. This is just the point; a child can actually sit on the piano stool and spend the allotted period playing the notes and all the time be thinking of skating, dolls, food, etc.

Older students do the same thing. It is the same old story of the letter and not the spirit. The result is worse than nothing, because the *love* of music is either killed entirely or the desire to learn music is given such a blow that it takes an unusual stimulus to start it up again.

It is interesting to interrogate people on this score and find out how *many* of them have had the same experience and how they

regret it. It is almost always through an unwillingness to practice because of some one's nagging.

"Then you do not believe in practice," you say. You are wrong. We *do* believe in practice, and in more concentrated practice than the average child has ever dreamed of. Furthermore, we get it, but not by nagging. Let us explain. When children are taught in this newer way they are not expected to arrive at a certain given point in a given time. The teacher studies her pupils, adapts the work to them with one idea in mind: that they shall become musically conscious. But in working toward this ideal she takes into consideration the kind of child, its temperament, ability, and state of health. In adapting the work she may get a sluggish child into such a state of interest that he will surprise everyone by his devotion to practicing. A nervous child, one that works under a certain tension, and is overconscientious, has naturally to be differently treated. The music lesson is secondary to the child; the child comes first. When children are inwardly aroused—that

is, when music is awakened in them, they become so interested that no one has to urge practicing. They spend hours picking out tunes and finding basses for them. Sometimes mothers call up at bedtime, begging to know what chord belongs in such and such a place, "under" such and such a tune, because Sally will not go to sleep until she finds it.

Hundreds of teachers and mothers will tell you the same story. And it is a perfectly natural thing when we remember that the one thing that we are all looking for is the Truth—and these simple fundamentals are the truth of music. Besides this, they give instant pleasure in making it possible for a child to do something himself, something that he likes and understands. To be able to pick out a tune easily is in itself a pleasure, and many a grown-up man has remarked how much he would give if he had been taught that. One of these men recently said that he had been discouraged by having to do interminable finger exercises, and made to choose between baseball and music, so he gave up music for good.

The idea of giving the technical side of anything before having awakened a love and a desire for it seems to us to defeat the end at the beginning. To commence with finger exercises invariably means to kill the interest. Every child likes to pick out a tune, but hardly any child likes to play finger exercises. Through picking out a tune, the keynote, scale, and rhythm are naturally learned; so through the desired thing the technical part of the subject is easily learned.

And here let us say a word about another subject in regard to practicing: counting. In the first place, the object of counting is really a rhythmic one—that is, a rhythmic swing underlies time, and time is the mechanical side of rhythm. A child might count all the way through a piece and still be out of rhythm, therefore the end desired is not obtained. It is again the letter *versus* the spirit of the law. Neither does jerky counting help rhythm, rather does it hinder it. Breithaupt says: "We urgently recommend that the pupil be taught to desist from pedantically counting bar by bar;

he has too much else to do." To read the music, play with arms, hands, and fingers, and to count into the bargain are three actions which the child cannot possibly accomplish simultaneously. It is hard to get teachers to acknowledge this, but the proof of the pudding is the tasting.

It is a fallacy to think that spending a certain amount of time at the piano playing over chords, scales, and pieces is practicing. Mental vacuity is often the state accompanying these performances, so is it not better for a child to spend a few minutes in which his whole attention is taken up finding the melody that he *wants*, and perhaps finding its bass as well? When he begins to hear tunes of his own inwardly, and to pick them out on the piano, he is forever concentrated in his practice. Under these circumstances the chances are that he will devote more than the time allotted.

In one school they were obliged to lock the pianos to keep the children from practicing too much. We are always amused when people beg us to insist upon a given amount of practicing. Our advice is always

to leave them alone, and in a short time you will be begging them to stop.

"My family objects to my playing hymns at midnight," laughs a mother who has taken up her music again. She enjoys knowing just what she is playing so much that she cannot leave off even at bedtime.

Children who have learned to hear inwardly eventually do a great deal of practicing *away* from the piano. That is, they learn to hear music from looking at it, just as one would read a poem. A little girl who had been taught in this way went to another city, and began to study music with a new teacher. A new folk song was put up before her, and the teacher said, "You may take this one."

The child sat quietly looking at the music. "Why don't you play it, dear?" asked the teacher. "Because I am looking it over." This child was reading the melody (mentally), getting the keynote, determining whether the folk song was written in a major or minor key, deciding about the phrasing, fingering, rhythm, and harmony before playing. It is a definite

inward process, and leads to the kind of musicianship that makes music a factor in life whether one has an instrument or not, and whether one can attend a concert or not. When listening has become a perfectly definite process, when the melodic and harmonic law have become a part of you, just as walking has become automatic after one's first baby efforts, then comes a certain power. You are able to play easily in any key; you can harmonize and memorize away from the piano without effort. Our aim is to achieve this kind of musicianship, and this cannot be accomplished through a forced practicing of a certain number of hours daily.

You cannot force children to learn anything, but you can so present a thing to them that you will arouse their interest and cause them to undertake the subject of their own free will. At first they may seem uninterested, but give them a chance to act on their own impulse, have faith in the child and his unerring feeling for beauty and truth, and this will pass.

So, having aroused the child's interest in
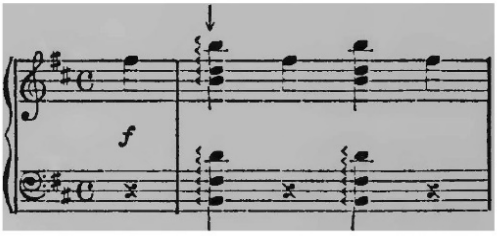
music, leave him alone. Do not nag him to play, do not nag him to practice, and, above all, *never show him off*. Let him volunteer to play or sing, but never ask him to perform in order to impress the mother of some other child. Let music be a natural, spontaneous thing in the home, and the love of it will grow and prosper.

For the more advanced student the same general advice also holds good; but to make it more exact, and to give him a definite routine, we will give an outline of how to practice a given composition. Let us take, for example, the Bach B minor "Gavotte," arranged by Saint-Saëns, planning to study it with close attention.

Play the "Gavotte" through to get a general idea of it. If you are uncertain about what sort of dance the gavotte is, look it up. If you have not read a life of Bach, get one (Parry's is a very good one) and read it. Make sure that you are to be quiet and undisturbed when you practice, and provide yourself with a small blank book and a pencil. Play the first phrase of the "Gavotte," stop and name your key

(B minor), then play the B-minor scale and the three elementary chords of that key, I, IV, VI. In this way the key becomes subconsciously settled and this makes concentration much easier. Each phrase must be analyzed in a broad way, giving the fundamental sound, and making a rough sketch of the harmonies. Sing the melodies, then sing the root tone of the bass, and play the melody.

Rhythm and time being two distinct things, the student must decide upon the rhythmic swing of the music, and whether the accent falls on the B or the F in the theme, as:



Evidently the B is the accented note. Then practice at once pulling off the chord, with B sounding above the rest. The guide is always, of course, the ear. Concentrate on

what you want to hear and then play a phrase slowly and decide whether you have been able to objectify what you have heard. The more you *listen* the better you will play.

In studying make a note of whether you did or did not concentrate, making a cross to stand for concentration and an "o" for wandering. Children respond very quickly to this way of recording concentration and learn to hold their minds to one thing, not only in music, but in other things. *If you can command your thought, you can command your life.*

Then in your blank book put the word "accuracy" on another page, and after you have thoroughly analyzed its meaning, concentrate on playing every note *exactly as it is written*, recording your progress.

The old way of endlessly repeating a passage has been a failure, because, while the fingers were playing the notes more or less accurately, the mind was wandering. If, as scientists tell us, we made phonographic records in our minds of our thoughts, how much more vividly we might impress our minds and retain the desired image if we

would take pains to be accurate and to *think* of nothing else while we did it.

We should not have to practice all day, and besides that we should be gaining in mental power and endurance with every hour of accurate concentrated work.

Next, the pedal must be carefully thought of. The clarity of the music must not be disturbed, and here *listening* is again the path to success.

It is better for the student to find his own pedaling and fingering; the marks given being only suggestive. Having gone through the composition, analyzing it, playing it accurately, marked fingering and pedaling according to your own sense of harmony and beauty, you may begin to think of how to express the message. Is this music gay or sad, and what does it say?

Some one has spoken of it as "the tallest thing ever written." It has a quality of freedom and bigness which everyone must feel, but is not half the charm of hearing different people play the charm of hearing what the composition means to them? It was Mendelssohn, was it not, who said, in

objecting to program music: "How can I know what it must mean to you? A composition may mean a rose to you, and to me a cabbage."

The main thing is for the performer to *feel something*. The reason so much playing is uninteresting is that the player is not conscious of any emotion or feeling. Just try playing a simple little thing to some one and of deliberately sending out a thought, or of sending up a prayer, and you will have satisfied your audience. This is the great mental drill for each one of us. We have asked advanced pupils to tell us frankly what they thought of while they practiced or played, and the answers have varied from "purple hats," "ride on a bus," to "love of friends" and "beautiful sunsets."

There is a mystic communion in music played by the *whole self* which satisfies and helps, but this kind of music is rarely heard. Why? Because people allow their minds to wander, instead of entering into the inspiration of the composer and touching a higher, finer part of themselves and their listeners.

Plato says, "A false note drives away God." This is another plea for accuracy; we must be true in order to deliver the higher message. To play with "expression" means that you are absorbed in the beauty and exaltation of the music, that you have forgotten yourself, your little personal self, or "bloated nothingness," as Emerson calls it, and have entered into a higher realization of beauty and power.

There are phrases in this "Gavotte" that need special study, for instance, the octaves in the tenth measure.* Do you want them legato? If so, finger them with the fourth finger on F sharp, practicing slowly, listening intently for the nuance you want. Each time record the result, and if you once are able to play the passage legato, repeat it three times, listening, concentrating intently as you do so. Measures 18, 19, 20, and 30 will need the same kind of practice. The entire composition ought to be gone over carefully for fingering, the object being to express the musical idea

*The Saint-Saëns's transcription in B minor.

according to your ideal. If you want the passage in the fifty-sixth measure to go smoothly, try different fingerings until you discover the one that suits your hand. All hands are not alike and there can be no ironclad rule. Your *ear* is your only guide.

The next difficulty is in measure 48. Here we have the use of the third pedal. Begin by playing the bass alone from 43, and hold the F sharp in 48 with the middle pedal, releasing it at 52. Practice very thoughtfully and slowly until you have been able to do this several times. Then play the treble, finding the fingering and practice thoughtfully. Stop and play the end of 48 and 49, 50, 51, and 52, *singing* the alto voice, then play the alto and sing the soprano; in other words, study these measures until you thoroughly understand them.

Some one once asked MacDowell how *long* one must practice a certain composition. He answered, "Until you understand it." The fallacy is, that we think we understand before we really do. If a great composer spends hours and hours on a single phrase,

we must be willing to spend time and thought and not to want to cover too much ground in a short time. To read through a great deal of musical literature is excellent, but when we set out to study a composition there must be no haste if there is to be accuracy and beauty.

In memorizing, make a schedule and see and hear mentally each phrase. This is slow work, but sure. The bass seems to be the main stumbling block in memorizing, therefore the student should play the treble and sing the bass of each phrase if he wants to be really sure. Perhaps the reason why so many people play better when they are alone is that they are really not sure enough of the notes of a composition to be able to concentrate on the message to be expressed when others are about. Music is the language of the spirit. When through concentration in practicing we are free from the thought of notes, fingering, pedals, etc., we can truly express our inner spiritual selves and thus give the message to those who are listening.

VIII

TECHNIQUE

"Education should increase faith to such an extent that fear would be impossible."

OF the thousands who have taken music lessons for a year or more and then stopped in disgust 90 per cent will tell you that finger exercises and scales made them hate music. The young girl who begins lessons with enthusiasm is soon disillusioned by the eternal and uninteresting grind of 1, 2, 3, 4, and children get to regard music lessons as a form of punishment, invented for their special benefit. "What have you studied?" asks a new teacher. "Oh, scales, and there seems to be no end of them," answers the tearful child. We have undoubtedly put the cart before the horse, defeating the very ideal we hoped to es-

tablish. Now that everybody is agreed upon the fact that the object of the study of music is *realization*, or *consciousness*, there is a general rush toward a different and more real kind of music study. People are finding out that working for effect will always end in catastrophe. Bluffing lasts only for a while; the day of settlement is bound to come. Children are not to blame that they have found music lessons dull. Family life has lost out enormously in that young girls gave up music before they married and had children of their own.

But why have we put technique in such a wrong relation to the study of music? If we could wipe away all impressions as to what has been the way of teaching music, and start without prejudice, we might come to the following conclusions: First, that music must be felt and heard before a note is played; that music, being a language of sound, must be heard and understood in terms of sound; that no one should try to play anything until he has listened, heard, sung, and understood simple tunes followed by fundamental basses. Second,

that the technical problem is not simply that of hands and arms, but takes in the whole body, involving a knowledge of the laws governing physiology and anatomy; that tone production involves physics and that it is in its last analysis a mental process, based on the law of freedom through control.

Take a child beginning to study music (and all children should certainly be given the chance): *what* ought to be done after the first class lessons, which are described in another chapter? In the first place, one should look the child over as an individual, for no two children are alike. There are, of course, types, such as the phlegmatic, vital, etc., which one might classify roughly to begin with, adapting the treatment to the type. For instance, almost everyone needs to learn to relax; but a very phlegmatic child needs just the opposite. There are certain things we ought to think of; one is, what will add to the health of this child, NOT how are we going to get this child to play a piece in two months.

A nervous child must go more slowly

than a phlegmatic one, and can be greatly helped to a more healthy condition by a teacher who understands his needs. To be sure, the whole life of a child is involved in this problem, and a music teacher cannot really supply all that is needed. She can, however, suggest a regime of right exercise and training, if it is needed, and then give the same kind of thing in the music lesson—that is, do things that will help toward establishing strength and health of body. It is better to go slowly and grow up into strong, self-reliant womanhood or manhood than to play some difficult music at an early age. People have paid too great a price for technical brilliancy. The great artist needs it; the average person does not. We need just enough technique to enable us to play simple things well—that is, the average person does. The talented people and geniuses are in a class by themselves, and we should not try merely to ape them.

A few exercises which help us to relax, gain tone, beauty, speed, and accuracy are all that are necessary. To relax is not so easy. In his immortal essay on this sub-

ject, James says, "Now do not say 'I will go right home and relax,' because you will find it less easy than you supposed."

Annie Payson Call in *Power Through Repose* gives a number of helpful suggestions about relaxation, calling attention to the way we sleep, ride, sit, etc., always screwed up in bowknots. Yvette Gilbert spoke of the mouths of Americans, and how tense their faces looked. We have all had experiences in our own lives which prove that relaxation is a help toward health and a happier life. Then there is the opposite to relaxation: a certain tension and power, which may be learned in simple ways. Last of all is speed, which is so often a limitation. Doctor Mason was a real pioneer, for he gave the real basis of technique in his *Touch and Technique*, but Matthay, Breithaupt, and, later, Schmitz, have evolved even a clearer psychological process. To have the possibility of relaxation and its opposite, to be able to plan mentally the desired speed and then get it —this is the ideal of modern technique.

The great amount of time spent on acquir-

ing strength seems stupid, when, as Matthay puts it, a newly born baby is able to hang on a stick, holding up its own weight with its newborn fingers! There seems to be plenty of strength in them. We already *are* strong, free, flexible, and we have lightness, calmness, and speed. It is only that we need some definite means of bringing out these capacities and powers. A little technique goes a long way. First listening, then thinking, then singing, playing, and then some technical exercises to make the playing more conscious and more beautiful —this is the proper sequence.

Music is in everyone to *some* extent; but we often kill it in those whose talent is not such that they will go through endless discipline and discouragement in order to accomplish the end they have in mind.

Too much technique given too early either kills the love and desire for it or it develops a person to a high standard; this is only useful to those who are to be professional musicians. With children it is often better not to do any technical work at all for several years. With older people

a little that will help limber up stiff hands and arms, combined with a definite mental control, is the necessary thing.

Technique is really an attempt to accomplish liberation of the body, and combine it with expression. From the very first the Greeks combined bodily movements with music, which seems entirely reasonable. The life of rush and hurry which we force upon our little children makes it almost impossible to carry out this idea. Children would have a better start if they could meet every day for musical and physical drills. We have frequently talked of putting this sort of thing into the school in which we are working. Plato describes such an ideal education, including speaking, poetry, rhythm, melody, harmony, bodily culture, and control. Certainly this would form a wonderful basis for a useful and happy life.

We do not want less technique in anything, we want a better, more practical technique, which will give us more power, more health, energy, and peace. One of the things that will help to bring about a

practical technique is breathing. From the purely musical standpoint breathing has immense value. But we must learn to breathe. Babies breathe naturally; it is only when we begin to "educate" our children that they form habits of sluggish breathing.

Every teacher should try to study breathing herself in order to be more healthy, alive, and self-controlled mentally as well as physically. Since the war, when so much was found to depend upon a knowledge of breathing, there has been a deeper interest in this important subject. It is true that deep breathing affects the mind and that mental action affects the breathing. For instance, under the so-called newer kind of healing treatments that are now acknowledged as helpful, even by some doctors, the breathing deepens.

"Going into the silence"—that is, stilling the mind, deepens the breathing. The opposite is likewise true—that is, deep breathing helps to still the mind. Listening also stills the mind and deepens the breathing; in fact, any act of concentration will do the same thing.

The effect of continuous deep breathing on health and state of mind is easily proved. Fear in all forms, such as timidity, suspicion, doubt, worry, or depression, can be allayed by long, deep breaths.

A noted opera singer who during the war did a great deal to increase the lung capacity of officers, and therefore to increase the tone and carrying power of their orders, tells a story on himself which shows the effect of breathing on the mind. He says that up to the time of his deep study and interest in the science of breath he always recoiled from going into a manager's office, and that when he did go there he acquiesced in almost any proposal, feeling so timid and depressed that he was unconscious of the fact that he was signing himself away for twopence. Since breathing deeply and studying the effect of deep breathing he has learned to take a deep breath before entering the manager's office and he now finds himself dictating to the manager! Besides the obvious effect upon mind and body, the study of breathing can be made co-ordinate with playing. In this

realm the singers have outstripped the instrumentalists and it is high time that we avail ourselves of this power which will chase away the specters of fear and forgetfulness and draw to us beauty of tone and phrase. But in going on to tone we must draw some comparisons with the old ideas of technique. Simply to get a loud tone is not the object of technique, although it would often appear so. Sometimes a pianist's playing has been described as sounding "like six pianos." But six tin cans beaten lustily will make as good a sound. We have often confused *noise* with music. "A soft voice is an excellent thing in woman," and it seems as though the average person liked a soft tone on the piano. A great virtuoso cultivates a big, resonant tone, which he needs in a place like Carnegie Hall, but children, amateurs, and lovers of music who simply want to play a little at home need not spend hours in acquiring loudness. Quality is better than quantity, and with the right physical condition, and the training which induces listening, there is very little danger of de-

veloping this fault. Pounding and banging, in the sense of loudness and brilliancy, is a curse, as many a weary man will testify.

During the war the music which we took into hospital wards had to be right in tone quality. We learned this through experience, and it is distressing to think that there were times at first when some poor, racked soul was forced to hear a voice that yelled or a pianist who pounded. There was such a demand for music that we made the mistake of accepting people on some one else's recommendation. It was the men themselves who made us realize our mistake by turning wearily to a game of solitaire. On the contrary, when some one with a beautiful mellow tone sang or played, it was difficult for the performer to get away.

Another valueless technical practice is the repetition of one figure, either scale or phrase. What would be the use of repeating words over and over if there was no connection with the mind? One could never get very far, for instance, in acting, if the words of a part were simply memo-

rized in a parrotlike way, yet people are continually doing this in music. "Now play it twenty-five times with the right and twenty-five times with the left" is familiar to most of us. We remember a pupil who came with her arms full of exercise books—Czerny, Pishner, Hannon, Schmitt, Cramer, and Tausig. She proudly announced that she had "been through them all." "You must have a very good technique then," was the innocent rejoinder. "No, it's strange, I cannot play a thing," she replied. Is it not the fault of our entire educational system that we lay stress on getting through something in a mechanical way but do not ask ourselves whether it is worth anything practically until we have paid a fearful price in time for what has failed to yield any result?

A few vital things really understood and thought about are worth a hundred books of exercises gone through mechanically. The latter is simply a waste of time. Now that we see how these things bear on technique in music let us consider for a moment how we can achieve relaxation,

proper breath control, mental control, and concentration.

Doctor Worcester, originator of the Emmanuel Movement, gave a formula for relaxation which proved of real help to people. He had them sit quietly in a comfortable chair and say (with eyes closed), "I now relax my body." Then every part of the body—head, eyes, neck, back, arms, etc., down to the tips of the toes—is told to let go. He then had them say: "I relax body and mind. I let go of all worry and fear." Such relaxation opens the consciousness for growth and permits the body to become an avenue of expression.

Concentration comes next, and this is aided by breath. So having relaxed, breathe deeply for a few minutes, then begin to play, fixing your attention on the center of your back—not on your fingers. (It is presupposed that you have memorized the notes.) Now listen to your tone and phrasing. Here breath again comes into account. Breathe in, on your out rhythmic swing, and let out your breath on the inward swing. The deeper and more rhyth-

mically you breathe the deeper your tone and the more rhythmic your playing.

NOTE: For fuller details see *How to Breathe Correctly*, by Edward Lankow.

IX

MUSIC FOR GROWN-UPS

If music is to prove itself the most spiritual of all the arts, it must do so by aid of the audience.

—R. H. SCHAUFFLER.

DURING the war everyone realized, more than ever before, the absolute necessity of music, and since the signing of the armistice there has been no abatement in the steady flow of people to concert halls. There now is a real love and appreciation of music in this country. The next step is to get more understanding of it. Enjoyment and benefit come from understanding, and, although we heartily sympathize with the people who object to being eternally "educated," we know that everyone is eager for a reaction that will combine pleasure with profit, provided it be not too obviously "educational." The youth of

to-day assumes a lightness, a frivolity, a dislike for serious occupation that would be alarming if it were deep seated. But the root of it is unrest, coming from a decision that since present education is a failure we may as well be merry and uneducated. But prove to any person of adolescent years and scornful attitude that there is real pleasure and the possibility of growth in anything you have to offer and you will immediately get another attitude. What they want is a balance of intellect and spirit. We have said so repeatedly that music can be both emotionally satisfying and scientifically true that it may seem wearisome. It is true, nevertheless, and people have lost out so continually by being one-sided that it is about time to change.

Some of the remarks made after concerts are illuminating, in that they are an indication of the way people react to music. After a piano recital by Novaes we heard a woman remark, "Oh, isn't her shoulder work wonderful?"

After a Bauer recital of modern music- "Why did he play so many wrong notes?"

At a performance of Beethoven's fifth symphony—"Doesn't the horn play loud, and wasn't the conductor's hair funny?"

"Does music go up and down or crosswise?"

"Did you see that lady in the balcony? She fainted from emotion when they played the Tschaikowsky 'Pathetique.'" (All heart and no head type.)

In his delightful book, *The Musical Amateur*, Robert Schauffler says a great many things that one could quote. He divides listeners into two classes, constructive and destructive. He speaks of the contagion of listeners, and says that even a few destructive listeners are deadly to the crowd. Harry Barnhardt, the great community-singing leader, put it in another way when he said, "Sit near the man who sings well; if you can't sing yourself you'll catch it from him." This law of contagion certainly works. The ancients used to engage great mathematicians, great historians, and great poets simply to live in the house with their children, knowing, as they did, that something of what these great minds

contained would emanate to those near them.

So, if you want to learn to become a creative listener, select some one who hears, to go with you to concerts. Beware of the person who is musically educated but destructively critical. Choose a companion who has a right heart and is not eternally looking, as some one has put it, "for the bum note." But what is creative listening, and how shall we become creative listeners?

Schauffler describes the destructive listeners as "All head and no heart," "All heart and no head," and "No head and no heart." He tried the experiment of buying up a section of seats at symphony concerts for people who wanted to learn to listen creatively. He quotes one man who was the fortunate recipient of one of these tickets: "I shall never forget the thrill of that moment when the master's baton descended out of the tense silence, invoking the power and glory of the fifth revelation according to Beethoven, and then, as I felt something within me resounding, not only to the recreation of that music by string

and reed and brazen throat, but vibrating as well to kindred resonances from the hearts about me, I suddenly saw art in a new guise. I began to be dimly conscious of music as a social power binding people by myriads of strands to all those other human beings who have tasted, or are to taste, the ecstasy of creative listening."

But what *is* creative listening? Schauffler is a little indefinite. What we need is a little simple instruction for listeners, giving them not only the inspiring idea of what an integral part they really are of every concert, but also showing them how they can actually hear the music inwardly, and so become a very part of it. One of the simplest things for a music lover, who goes to concerts, to do is to learn *not* to look so much, but to listen.

A young girl was describing a recital by a well-known pianist whose blond hair is much admired by his feminine followers. "Oh, it was a *wonderful* recital. I can't remember what he played, but his hair looked so lovely against the blue curtain!"

Close your eyes, relax as much as you can,

stop thinking and simply *listen.* Now, to the average person who has had a year or two of music lessons and stopped in disgust, a symphony is simply, as some one has put it, "a nice noise." With eyes glued to the performers and mind wandering, people get a hazy satisfaction, a sense of ease, or a certain optimism, from hearing music, but they could easily get a deeper, more lasting, and much more fascinating effect if they decided to become musically conscious of what they were hearing. When people speak of *hearing* they are sometimes mistaken in the meaning of the term, for "to hear," as we mean it, is not the fact of not being deaf, it is the act of being inwardly aware of what is being played. There is actually an inner ear that hears and there are definite ways of learning to "hear more."

The principles spoken of before, in regard to intelligently listening to melody, rhythm, and harmony, must once more be reiterated. To close the eyes and relax enables you to concentrate upon the inner listening much better. Blind people often hear better

than those who can see for this very reason. To close the eyes is simple, but to relax is different, in this day of excitement and unrest. A good thing to do is to go to the concert hall early, and deliberately plan to get into a receptive mood. When we think of how people rush from dinner to a symphony, hardly allowing time to be seated, no wonder the music means nothing but a wave of emotion or a feeling of ease. To record the event and make it at all worth the while get there early, sit quietly, and deliberately relax the body and still the mind, cultivating a mood of receptivity. Choose one thing on the program to which you are going to listen analytically and try to hear the following things: Is the music in a major or a minor key? Can you hear the keynote? Can you follow the simplest idea which we commonly call tune, a motif, or phrase? Can you feel the simple rhythmic swing of that phrase or motif? Could you make a picture in lines on your program that would enable you to store that motif in your mind, carry it home, and pick it out on the piano? Every concert should

and could yield us a harvest if we could recall one or two tunes that would help cast out fear and worry in times of stress, helping to build up hope and faith in their stead. There is a real value in being able to protect ourselves from destructive thought by constructive memories, such as a beautiful theme. Constructive thought leads to constructive action. Music, *stored in the mind*, is a direct and definite means of constructive action, which is not only a benefit to individuals, but to homes, cities, states, and countries.

Musical education, of a simple sort, would do more than the average mind can imagine to reconstruct society. Everyone believes in right thinking. Thinking motifs is right thinking of a high and powerful order. Given the power to hear the pitch (upward and downward movement) of a theme, or motif, or tune, to hear its keynote, its rhythm, even without the harmonic setting, you have a stored-up picture that will arouse feelings of peace, rest, love, joy, and altruism. These feelings can be recalled through your power to recall to mind the music. Through rehearsing the music with

attendant feelings, depression, discouragement, fear, anger, hate, and destructiveness of all kinds will not only be eliminated, but *replaced* by harmony, peace, and joy.

Added to the obvious strength of melody, might be harmony—that is, the fundamental bases of chords—I, IV, and V. A person who knew nothing of these chords might have to get a little help from some one who understood how to awaken what we call "hearing under"—that is, hearing the root tone of the I chord, the IV chord, and the V chord.

We are looking forward to the time when every public school will give the fundamentals of music from the standpoint of listening and living, rather than that of performance. Rich and poor need this education, and the awakening of the harmonic consciousness would do a great deal toward bringing about better social conditions. Everyone needs it—the capitalist and the cook, the day laborer and the queen. Is there anyone in any walk of life who is not looking for that realm of melody, rhythm, and harmony which he must and will finally find in himself?

X

PHONOGRAPHS AND PIANOLAS

Musical training is a more potent instrument than any other, because rhythm and harmony find their way into the inward places of the soul, on which they mightily fasten.
—PLATO.

NOW that everyone agrees that music is necessary, that every sort of person both wants and needs music, that we work better, play better, think better, and live better if there is plenty of music to decorate the atmosphere, the question naturally arises: How shall everyone get it?

It is still almost impossible for the average person to have sufficient leisure time for study. After the day's work a man needs a certain amount of absolute rest and relaxation. He needs the peace, the inspiration that music can give him; so, if he cannot play for himself, the next best thing is to have a phonograph or a pianola.

Phonographs and Pianolas

Not long ago, as we were sitting in a train, a weary brakeman passed through. Instantly we fell to discussing what kind of music he should have. He might want to play the violin or the piano; in all probability he did. For, judging from our experiences in Music School Settlements and statistics in this connection in the public schools, all kinds and conditions of men, women, and children want to play some instrument. The demand for music is enormous. Music School Settlements always have long, long waiting lists of eager applicants who, as one child said, love music, consider it a luxury, and are very happy that they can get it for twenty-five cents.

When the late Doctor Rix posted a notice to the effect that violin lessons would be given in a certain public school for fifteen cents he had seven thousand applicants. Thousands of people flock to the free concerts given on the Columbia College campus during the summer and to those given in the Metropolitan Museum of Art during the winter. It is right that there

should be this free music, particularly if we want a new nation with love, beauty, and harmony as its ideal. We build cathedrals, churches, chapels, and do all we can to induce people to go to them. This is right, but why not go farther? Since God is love, love is harmony, and harmony is music, why not help people to God through free music *ad libitum*.

Music is a spiritual language that unites people of all nations. We have seen Bohemians, Rumanians, Chinese, Poles, Russians, Italians, French, Scotch, Irish, Jews, and Christians all mingling in a friendly, happy state through the influence of a settlement orchestra. For even though they may not understand English, they do understand the universal language of music.

But to return to the brakeman. He must have some music, so let us give him a phonograph, say, on the installment plan. To what constructive use can he put it? He will, in all probability, buy records and enjoy listening to them in a more or less external way, for, as some one very truly remarked, "Sometimes music is like a nice

warm bath, and sometimes it's like an emotional spree."

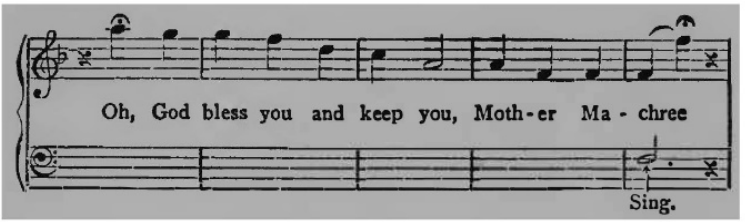
But since the time has come to get the balance between the purely emotional side of music and the more intellectual side we must both feel and think, doing neither to the exclusion of the other. We can do both, and should do both, if we want to avoid the overemotionalism that produces inertia and immorality, as well as the over intellectuality which kills all love and joy. What can our brakeman do to achieve this happy medium?

First, he can and must be careful of the kind of records which he buys. We have learned that some music, notably an overstimulating type of ragtime, wears out the nervous system instead of quieting and renewing its strength. Such records should be avoided. But good marches, waltzes, and folk dances with a decided rhythm to which he can pat his foot, dance, or whistle, are highly recommended. Then as his taste develops he might take some of the standard light operas, like those of Gilbert and Sullivan. To these could be added the

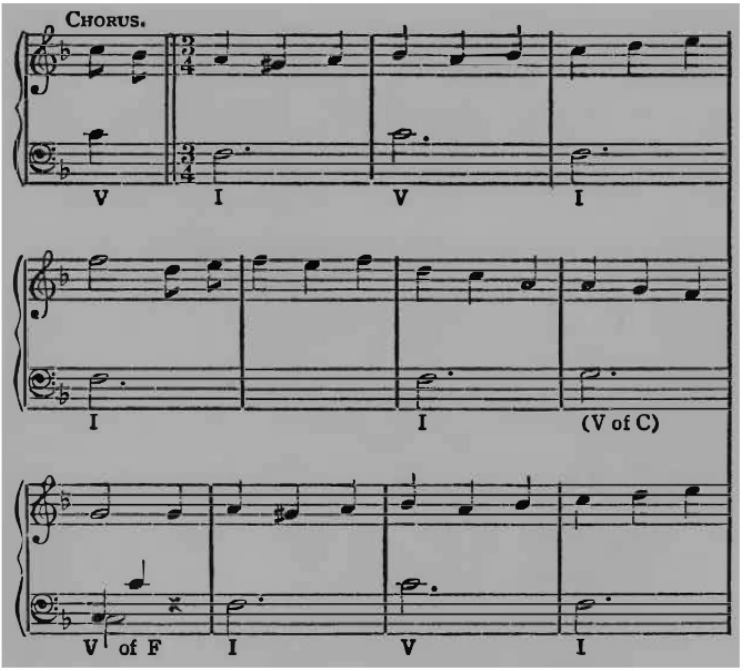
innumerable lovely ballads which he knows and always loves. Then, if he has perhaps a little guidance, he could try stopping the instrument in the middle of a song and completing it himself, in this way awakening the musical consciousness, though without a name. If he could have more help, he might then try singing basses and altos with the instrument, thus discovering for himself the underlying harmonies of the tune.
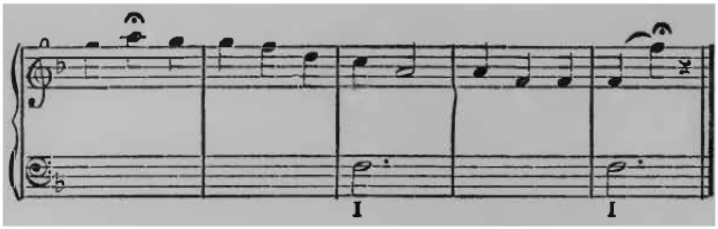
The phonograph is also an excellent way for the children to learn good songs, as well as helping the whole family to study in an informal way with the idea of learning more. For instance, you can take a record such as Charles Harrison, singing "Mother Machree." Play the record through, having everyone listen to the tune and its ending. Let anyone who wants to, try to sing the tune to the others, and let the others judge whether he is right or wrong. Then play it over again and have everyone end on the keynote with it. Then try to hear whether it is major or minor. Having found this out, repeat it and find out what the rhythm

and time are. Then sing the end note as a bass note like this



and come in with that bass note as often as it seems to occur, like this





showing I and V chords and the basses to be sung in chorus.

If anyone can sing the root of the five chord do that. The next evening review what was done the night before. Then play one or two records, having each person simply relax to the feeling without trying to hear anything definite. Then go back to the song of the night before and review it, playing the keynote, swinging rhythm, tapping time, and "singing under."

A list of records which are adapted to this kind of study is given in the Appendix. The same thing is applicable to the pianola, only there we can take up more easily than with the phonograph the study of the terms of music, as well as its historic forms.

Where one comes across a world-famous name it is always well to read a short life of the man. This lends color to his music,

gives a better understanding of the emotional side of his art, and opens up a still wider field of study.

Naturally, the course of study to be pursued through a phonograph or pianola would differ with the individual. There would be any number of people farther ahead in taste, needs, and interest than the brakeman. One person might want to prepare to listen more intelligently to a concert. Another might wish to acquaint himself with opera, while still another might only want to store his memory with beautiful songs. But in each case the only fundamental difference in procedure is the choice of records.

So through mechanical musical instruments you can obtain, if you are sufficiently persistent (for even here music requires concentration and control of mind), the fundamentals of music which will lead you to a harmonious, fuller life, and a more stable character.

XI

MUSIC AND HEALTH

The four necessities of life are food, shelter, raiment, and music.—RUSKIN.

SOME years ago a movement was started by Eva Vescelius * for healing through music. But despite the fact that marvelous results were obtained, too little attention was paid to it. The medical profession scoffed and the lay mind looked askance.

Always having believed in music as a fundamental factor in the general development of life, we felt that the development was one of significance and determined to test its possibilities.

We gathered groups together and had some one play, while those of the group

* *Music and Health*, by Eva Vescelius. To be obtained at The League for the Larger Life, 227 West Seventy-second Street, New York City.

recorded the effect upon themselves by jotting down a word or two, such as courage and hope, as the effect produced by Chopin Prelude No. 1; peace and harmony, that of Beethoven Op. 31, No. 3 Minuetto, etc.

Musical meditation was another experiment—that is, improvising on the piano to certain words. Taking such a phrase as "infinite goodness," some one played softly and rhythmically to the group for about five minutes. Soon the music had its effect upon both player and listeners. Through such experiments we found that music was one of the greatest helps in accomplishing constructive meditation.

But up to that time we had only experimented, then one day came an opportunity to prove the results. A young woman was dying. Her baby had died at birth a few weeks previously, and since that time the mother had steadily failed. The doctor had just left her room saying emphatically that there was no hope and to give her anything she wanted.

She looked up at her agonized husband

and said: "Music. I want music. I know that will cure me." Fantastic as the idea seemed to him, he could do nothing but hasten to give her the thing she craved. So they brought her to us, motoring many miles. The nurse in attendance looked askance on what seemed to her a foolhardy and useless errand.

The first day old familiar tunes and some of the Chopin that she had always loved, especially the "F-sharp Major Nocturne," were played softly to her. Her body relaxed under the soothing influence, her nerves became less tense, her breathing deeper and more rhythmical, increasing the circulation. That night she slept. With the shutting of the senses to the outside world the harmonic reaction brought about by the music continued its work of healing all through the night.

The next day she was visibly stronger, so the music played was of a gay and rather forceful character—Grieg's "Wedding Day" and some folk dances. A flush of color and hope came to the faded cheek. Her mother, nurse, and husband all ad-

mitted the rapid change, and the patient herself announced that she was going to live, which she did.

Over and over again men and women who have not rested for weeks fall quietly to sleep under the influence of musical therapy. Those who have insufferable worries are able to unbosom themselves, headaches disappear, depression is relieved, and severe fevers are assuaged. And why not? Musical healing is not merely an emotional thing which takes a patient's mind off his troubles for the time being. It is a scientific fact and its benefits are lasting.

All sound is vibration and communicates itself by waves. Physics tells us that "When a tightly stretched violin string is set in transverse vibration by plucking or bowing it, a sound is heard, and it can be seen by the blurred appearance of the string that it is in rapid vibratory motion. As the vibration dies away the sound becomes fainter and fainter and ultimately ceases. If the vibration is suddenly stopped by touching the string, the sound at once ceases." Wave motion travels out from

the source or body which produces it—in the case of music, this is the instrument—to the surrounding atmosphere. The sensation of sound therefore is produced by the wave motion from the source of sound on the ear drum.

This phenomenon of physiology is generally admitted and understood at its face value, and as we go deeper into it we see that through the sense of hearing the plexes of nerves in the human body catch the vibrations sent out from the source of sound and vibrate sympathetically with them, just as the mute strings of an instrument will respond to waves of sound set in motion by the plucking of the strings on another instrument in the same room.

As everything in the universe is in vibration, thought likewise travels in waves. With these scientific facts before us we see that when one relaxes and listens to music, the sound waves and the thought waves combine to carry their vibratory message, producing a similar effect upon the nervous system of the body, which is the most finely and delicately constructed wiring

system known. It is not difficult to see, therefore, that the proper selection of music plays a very large part in musical healing.

If the patient is depressed and the nerves are unstrung the Gavotte from "Iphigenia," or something similar, will raise the vibrations until the delicate wiring of the body is in tune. If the nerves are taut and tight, almost to the snapping point, a selection should be chosen which will relax and loosen them until they are vibrating in sympathy with the music. They are then ready to carry the message of health, hope, faith, and courage to all parts of the body. Breathing becomes normal and rhythmic, awakening the circulation, and the spirit of harmony pulses through the whole human organism.

Indeed, thought carries so perfectly through this medium that it is not only possible but easy to communicate ideas. We once played the Bach "Gavotte in B Minor" (Saint-Saëns) to a man who was unusually sensitive but not in the least a musician. He gave the following perfect analysis of our thought. "In the

beginning, the word joy was the theme; in the middle, something happened." The fact of the matter being that we wanted to use the third pedal, and in the effort to find it the thread of the thought was lost.

Constructive thinking to music is the consciousness of the sound itself plus a mental and a spiritual consciousness. If people who play are thinking of their fingers, their notes, or of their own performance the audience registers that. Perfection of technique and note is necessary, but the rest must also be there, else the real inspiration and help which can come from music is lacking.

Music makes anything go. It makes a peace meeting more peaceful, it intensifies the spirit of courage in soldiers, it makes drunkards drink more, it seduces, it uplifts, it stimulates workers, it soothes and it heals. We are to decide its use, destructive or constructive. Nothing is wholly good and nothing is wholly bad; it is the use we make of it which determines its effect.

Since the war doctors have begun to

admit the wonderful help of music, not only in cheering the depressed, but in actual healing. One of the doctors in a war hospital not only approved greatly of music in the wards, but brought with him from his own hospital in the West an experience that is worth citing. This man was a lover of music and a thorough believer in its therapeutic value. He proved to his own satisfaction and that of his colleagues that by using certain records on the phonograph he was able to reduce the amount of discomfort, as well as the quantity of the anæsthetic about to be administered to patients who were being prepared for operations. He had music played to them as they went under the anæsthetic, and again as they were emerging from its effects.

Doctor Peterson, the famous neurologist, showed us a little Swiss music box which he had had made for his patients suffering from insomnia, believing that it would help them to sleep. He smilingly remarked that its only drawback was that it ran down, and for that reason, if for no other,

a human being with an instrument was preferable.

The war precipitated the practical application of music to health, giving us many opportunities to try out its efficacy. It also gave us the opportunity of proving that the *mind* of the person who is either singing or playing has a great deal to do with the effect of the music upon the listener. In the hospital wards men instantly felt the difference between a person who simply performed music and one who meditated while playing.

The following case came to our notice when we went out to one of the hospitals for men who were unable to go "over" on account of illness. It was our third visit there, and since there were so many wards that we could not cover them all we went to those which we had not visited the week before. A fine-looking young fellow, clad in a dressing gown, kept coming out of one of the wards, beckoning to us and then disappearing. At last we decided to go and find out what he was so persistently calling for. His eyes glistened as he said, "If you

only knew what this music has meant to me you certainly would come." We returned to his ward, where we played and sang, and he told us this story: He was from the Middle West and had only been married a few months when a telegram came, saying that his wife had died suddenly. He went all to pieces. "They took me to the nut ward," he said, "and I didn't think I would ever come out. Then one day you people came in with the music. I never can tell you what a sudden feeling of restoration and health came to me when the lady played on the violin." ("The Swan," by Saint-Saëns was the piece played.) "I knew I was well," he continued, "and could hardly wait for the doctor to confirm it and send me over. I realized that I must forget my personal sorrows for the sake of my country, and I did. Here I am going to be discharged to-morrow, and going over next week." His blue eyes shone as he said: "There's something about the music you play that we all feel. It's different from the rest; seems to go right to the spot and gives us courage."

The people who played that day had consciously ministered, both mentally and musically, to these men. Musical meditation is much more powerful than the performance of music by some one whose thoughts are wandering and whose mind is not concentrated.

A nun in one of our suburban hospitals played her patients to sleep instead of giving them the prescribed narcotics. The doctor, skeptical at first, was glad enough to get such good results without the disagreeable reaction from drugs. In all hospitals the day should begin with music. Music should, as some one has aptly put it, decorate the atmosphere continually and keep us all in touch with the realm of harmony in ourselves. It should be a bridge between heaven and earth, but we have been misusing it. In one of Tolstoy's books he complains of a girl who insisted upon practicing or, rather, banging one passage of the Liszt "II Rhapsody" over and over. He also writes in the *Kreutzer Sonata* of the sensual effect of music. Both times he is justified in what he says, for in many cases we have misused music.

It is one thing for great artists to practice hours and hours on the difficult compositions of Schumann, Liszt, Bach, and others. They have a right to reproduce these masterpieces for those who can understand and appreciate them, it being their life work; but for the average person it is futile and vain, and worse than a waste of time. If the ordinary person would only learn to hear and understand some beautiful and simple music and to play with a mellow tone, instead of whacking the piano, we would have the full benefit of music, physically and spiritually.

The ordinary practicing of music is destructive to the nervous system. Look at the physical wrecks who have returned from Europe, or even from some conservatories in this country. We are mad to allow our children to destroy themselves in this way. I have a case in mind which clearly illustrates this point.

Two women met and went into ecstasies over a foreign teacher with whom their respective son and daughter had been studying. At the end of the conversation

one mother asked the other, "Where is your son now?" "In a sanitarium," answered the first woman. "And where is your daughter?" "She is dead," the other replied, sadly.

One very rainy night a young crippled girl, who had sacrificed a great deal to get down to the settlement for a normal class, finding herself the only member of the class who had braved the storm, asked the teacher to play for her. The latter knew how ill she was, and also knew how to meditate when she played. She played many things, always with some constructive thought in her mind. After the hour was over the girl stood up, and thanked her, saying: "There is something different in the way you play. I cannot make it out, but I had a bad headache when I came in and now it is gone. Besides that, I had quarreled with my stepfather, and now I am at peace with him inwardly and shall go home and make it objectively true."

Now we know that music will be more than doubled in its spiritualizing effect if the mind of the player is fixed upon some

constructive or soothing or awakening thought. It is this that we call musical meditation.

During the last few years all of us have realized that our hectic living is wrong—rushing madly from one thing to another, asking questions and not stopping long enough to hear the answer, dragging our children from one lesson to another, and then surfeiting them with all sorts of artificial amusements. All of this seems like a game invented to prevent anyone from pausing to think. Have we really come to this, that our state of mind is too undesirable to be allowed a moment's chance in which to register?

Various new kinds of religion, such as Christian Science, Unity, New Thought, Divine Science, Bahaism, and some of the Eastern philosophies, are asking people to keep still, at least for a few moments each day. The contention is that in doing this the inner voice will speak, and health, peace of mind, and control of environment will be the outcome. A great many people will tell you of practical instances in which

they have spent a profitable half hour in silence, or how they have become convinced of just what course to pursue, thus working out a hard problem victoriously. Orthodox religious people will say, "But we have been told from the days of Moses and David to 'Be still and know that I am God.'" Yes, but they have not been still, nor have they known that they were God. The answer of a certain clergyman rather exemplifies this attitude. On being told of what a New Thought noon hour of silence had done for one of his parishioners he said: "Yes, it is true that meditation is good for the soul. I'm sorry I am so busy that I never have time for it."

A little book called *The Practice of the Presence of God*," written by a sixteenth-century monk, tells of how the author lived every moment of his very practical and useful life in the consciousness of the Divine Presence, being in a continual state of meditation, even while he was peeling potatoes in the kitchen.

Musical meditation is a combination of this attitude of mind and music. Dr. James

Porter Mills was the first person to make this happy combination — music and thought. At his meetings he gave drills in concentration, to music. The first time it was done the wonderful sense of rest and the ease with which one could hold a thought made us realize its power.

Last winter we had the pleasure of speaking to the congregation of Doctor Guthrie, whose famous old church, St. Marks-in-the-Bowery, is so well known for the practical nature of its spiritual life. In speaking of musical therapy, musical meditation was naturally touched upon. Doctor Guthrie insisted upon holding a meditation then and there. We took the words, "Infinite Goodness," improvised softly to these words, the four hundred people, cultivated men and women, joining in the silent thought to music. After the meeting a number of people, especially men, came up and spoke enthusiastically of the rest that it had given them.

For musical meditation, a program could be made such as this: for insomnia—"Peace, Perfect Peace"; for depression, in connec-

tion with some serious illness that may look hopeless—"The Joy of the Lord Is Your Strength," or just Joy or Power or Love; for headache—Harmony and Love. There are two ways of directing this musical meditation, one is to improvise to the words; the other, to choose some very good melody, such as Rubinstein's Romance in E flat, Chopin's F-sharp Nocturne, or the C Major Prelude No. 1, which are all good for this purpose, using appropriate words, such as have been mentioned, while you play.

Learn to pick out a tune, and to find the chords that go with it; you can then add to this some words of health, joy, peace, or aspiration and see how it will link you to the heavenly realm within yourself and make you physically better. If you have a phonograph, listen to that in a more conscious way, using different records for different purposes, as Chanson d'Inde for abstraction into higher realms, or a Strauss waltz for the joy of life.

If you go to a concert and have learned to hear the fundamentals of Melody,

Rhythm, and Harmony, associate with this music some words of the master poets, or quotations from the great scriptures, such as the New Testament, the Bhagavid Gita, or the Koran, and to you will surely come more harmony of mind and body, and from you will radiate more health and love to those about you.

XII

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MUSIC

Music is a moral law. It gives a soul to the universe, wings to the mind, flight to the imagination, a charm to sadness, gayety and life to everything else. It is the essence of order and leads to all that is good, just, and beautiful—of which it is the invisible but nevertheless dazzling, passionate, and external form.—PLATO.

WE began with the idea of finding a means of bringing out of ourselves more joy, more health, more love, and more happiness, through the inner realization of music. The concluding thought is, that the remedy for all ills is education. Real education develops energy, power, and, best of all, faith. It develops so much faith that there is no room for fear. Faith in anything is a tremendous asset, but faith in one's own inner connection with the source of all power and truth changes everything for the better. Nothing will succeed with-

out enthusiasm, fervor, energy, and faith. Let us go back and trace the steps which finally lead to this faith-consciousness.

We rise or fall through our senses. Our training has been so very superficial and unconnected with life that we must virtually be re-educated.

In the teaching of music we have looked for a superficial effect, rather than for real training. The sense of hearing is naturally to be trained through the study of music. Music study also involves the senses of sight and touch. These senses linked up and in an active state give us what we call feeling. To really listen is much more difficult than we realize, because our bodies are not in perfect condition, and we are accustomed to such scattered mental processes. To still the mind means a powerful control—and who has it?

Listening, then, or, better yet, silence, is really the first step in *hearing*. Sound, color, and form are the three sides of everything in the material universe, and the natural universe is our means of contacting the invisible universe, the deeper conscious-

ness, the self, or God. If we will but take the material given us and use it we will really develop. The brain is said to be capable of 90 per cent more development than we give it. Our hearing is practically unawakened, even in the everyday sense, because we do not listen. Some one comes from a distance to ask a question; while you are answering it he is thinking of something else or asking another question. No one listens. Listening involves concentration, and who can concentrate?

Music stands in a much closer connection with pure sensation than any of the other arts, for they depict images of external objects, whereas in music the sensation of the tone is in itself the material of the art. This sensation is only to be had through concentrated listening.

Through the very simple drills given in the preceding chapters one can learn to concentrate and to listen. Music is, one might say, organized sound. Its laws are simple. It is a combination of beauty and order which everyone loves and needs. It is for everyone, not only for the talented

few. It is for everyone as a means of development, and is not merely a means of performing upon some instrument. It is a form of consciousness to be attained through individual effort with the help of a few definite exercises. The banker needs it, so do the cook, the brakeman, and the philosopher. It is no respecter of persons, but free to all who will take the trouble to work it out in the simple way which leads us to a fuller life.

We want to learn to be in tune with higher vibrations, because we realize that we shall have more joy, more health, more happiness. To attain this is both possible and practical. If we are, as most of us believe, gods in the making, the process is from a lower to a higher vibration. The writer has not enough technical knowledge of physics to speak deeply of the science of sound, but reasoning it out from a common-sense survey of the subject it appears to be in this wise:

A pig likes to be scratched on his back-low rate of vibration; a cat likes to have her fur stroked—again low rate of vibration;

the ear receives the impressions of rumbling wagons—a little higher, but still a low rate of vibration; the wind howls, the sea rages, water splashes—a little higher rate. Then comes a rhythmic sound, a drum or something like it, in which there is regularity. Then the sound begins to move, up or down, and to have a particular resting place—keynote. Then another element is heard, making a foundation for the melody and rhythm, until at last we have a complete thing—a combination of three elements of beauty, which we call music.

We all know that a temporary sense of rest, joy, or pleasure comes from hearing music even without understanding it. This can be multiplied a thousandfold, giving the faith-consciouness before spoken of, if one can *really* hear and so enter into the world of music. Nature lovers know a feeling of unutterable joy caused by ocean, sunset, trees, and scenes of natural beauty. The same state can be obtained through music when it can be photographed or registered on the brain and rehearsed in the absence of musical instruments. But the

great question is, how shall everyone be given a chance to enter into this inner world of music? Symbolically, music stands for the harmonizing principle in life, and practically it so works out if we are willing to be very simple about it. Listening has been known down the ages as a means of spiritual development. Learning *really* to listen is what brings us in touch with ourselves, and through this inner contact we get the answer to our problems. The scriptures of all countries lay great stress on stillness, and every great philosopher has given days and nights to silent meditation. It is all quite a simple and not at all a supernatural, mysterious thing, this relaxing and listening. Many a business man has attained success through what he calls a "hunch." In other words, he retires to his office and waits until he feels or hears a definite guidance in regard to his special problem.

What better technique could anyone have than the power to retire to an inner sanctuary within himself, there to obtain the right answer to any problem? "Sing-

ing under," as we call singing the roots of chords, has developed this power in many a child, so that they have had the capacity to still their minds and really listen to guidance which has saved their lives and brought them happiness. To "hear under" brings a sense of security, which in turn develops faith—faith in that inner kingdom of harmony which, as one of our great teachers has put it, "makes every man his own best companion."

The fact, then, that in music law and order reign is proved without question. We have seen that there is a melodic law unfailing in its exactness. We have seen faith restored by the recognition of this one fact—faith in an unseen Power which is orderly and justly working out everything with mathematical precision. (If you send out a thought of hate, fear, or worry you will receive the same. If, on the other hand, you send out one of love, faith, and hope the same will be returned.)

If we are really musically conscious, music brings us to a feeling of harmony within and without which at once becomes

religious. It is better to be able to pick out some little melody with one finger and *really hear it* than to play a Beethoven sonata in an external way. A tune is essentially a spiritual thing. We can neither *see* it nor *touch* it. Listening inwardly and learning step by step how to retain the consciousness of this tune, so that we may in time of stress rehearse it, protects us from feelings and thoughts that are destructive. No one really enjoys being destructive, either outwardly or inwardly. The price paid is far too great. Imagine, then, a form of general education by which each person became convinced that within himself was the "meeting place with God," harmony and order, plus the answer to any and every problem. Would it not be a form of universal religion with practical results?

Little children are ahead of adults in this respect; help them to retain it by connecting their musical education through songs, musical games, and little tunes of their own making. Grown people, who have to work, should have had this training

in school. Everyone should be given these fundamentals of listening as a regular part of his education.

Concentration of mind, so much talked about and so rarely attained, is one of the results of intelligent listening. Concentration is consecration. One of the great mystics has said that all we can ever give to God is attention. Listening trains the mind to pay attention. Schools, in fact every type of life—domestic, industrial, and professional—are full of people who have too little power of concentration. It is the obvious reason for failure in any undertaking, be it business or religion. But interest must precede this much-desired concentration, and music, studied from within, proves itself to be intensely interesting, one might say fascinating.

Connect music with words and you get one of two things, a song or a chant. The repetition of any constructive idea is helpful, and, when music is added, it becomes doubly so. Chanting has been, and still is, a part of all ritual, and rightly so. It is simply singing constructive words in a sim-

ple measured way. "Music makes anything go. Chant your heart's desire, and it will come to pass."

Modern chanting, or chanting to the tunes known by people of to-day, is a strong help, both in its healing power and in character-building. Fine characters will live fine, helpful lives. "As a man thinketh, so is he." For the religious life of to-day we prescribe some gay singing on arising in the morning. Control depression and laziness by singing while you bathe, exercise, and dress.

The power of the word is mighty. A child will laugh at a bump if you teach him to say "funny" when he falls down. So it is with us all. What we say about it, and what we sing about it, determines its effect for good or evil upon us. Some of the New Thought, Christian Science, Unity, etc., people have absolutely made themselves over by persistent constructive chanting. A woman, in some articles on success, ordered her pupil to say "joy" sixty times every day. It seemed ridiculous, but at the end of the sixty times her depression had

fled! And, laugh as we may, the proof is in the result. Now chant something joyous over and over and see the effect. The dancing and chanting followers of Eastern cults had a grain of truth in them which did powerfully affect their lives.

Repetition of the same tune to given words with improvised basses that vary a little will induce sleep in some racked person whose eyelids have not closed in many an hour. Mothers are wise when they croon to their babes. In the hospitals we have had wonderful experiences, both with our soldiers and children. A place cannot maintain gloom where there is music plus a right mental attitude. People cast gloom over whole companies if they are inwardly depressed or perturbed. But they can also change a gloomy group into a joyous one through a mental attitude of harmony and cheerfulness. Mental integrity is what we need in this world of ours, people in tune with themselves who are thinking in a constructive way about the "other fellow."

Music is in a sense a religion, in that it teaches us to practice what every bible has

preached—*love*. Love and harmony are synonymous. We look and long for the day when this power to retire to an inner state of harmony has been awakened in every living individual. Ignorance is the only sin. Light comes through stillness and listening. Music is really an invisible world, the world of beauty and of order, which we can find within ourselves. Music, we repeat, has been regarded too much as an accomplishment and too little as a means of development. To urge a child to learn to play "pieces" before he really hears inwardly is to spoil a spiritual realization for him and blunt his power of solving the problems of life. Children, when they are very small, are full of faith. Music, heard inwardly through listening, certifies faith in a wonderful way. Therefore we should let the children develop slowly and truly by hearing before they play.

If every child in our schools, public and private, could only have this early training in listening and understanding the law of order and harmony of sound to be found within themselves, this would be a far

better world in which to live. Some one has said that knowledge is "the arctic zone of the soul," and this is indeed true of music. To try to get an effect—that is, to perform, before we are inwardly conscious, is starting in the wrong way. Our education, essentially in music, has always seemed to dodge the beginning. If we want what the mystics call "God consciousness" we must be willing to begin. Impatience is one of our very worst faults. No parent in the Settlement ever wanted to see the word "beginner" on his child's music; he wanted "concert." Everyone of us is guilty of this in some degree, and it is, absolutely, death to progress.

All the letters of the alphabet tacked on to a name will not make a really fine person; so all the external equipment musically possible will not bring you in actual touch with the inner harmonic world which *is* music. Music *is* religion in the sense of its being a form of consciousness common to all who have let go of the outside and listened.

To be master of environment is to be master of life. Music gives the necessary

development for this attainment. We only register what we actually let in. We can change conditions by symbolically dipping every inharmony into the harmonic world within ourselves and thus transmuting it into harmony. A young girl once did this by clinging persistently to a little tune while chaos reigned around her. We can always dwell mentally in a world of our own, and music is a means given us by which we may turn failure into victory, and chaos into calm.

Listening forces us to look within, to seek and know ourselves. The inner world is the real world. "Be still and know that I am God" in terms of to-day is, "Still your body, relax, and listen." You will not only hear the end of the tune and the fundamental chords, but you will learn that by stilling your mind you will be able to get the right answer to your problems. Follow this inner listening with action and you have a perfectly balanced philosophic basis for both music and life.

From within out, this is the process, this is education, this is the road to health and happiness.

Harmony shows us that there is always a resolution to a dissonance—that is, a solution to every problem, and if we will listen, we can hear it. A good foundation brings good returns. A foundation laid within will unfailingly bring returns on the objective plane. A harmonic state of mind is sure to be externalized in outer conditions of harmony. "Love in search of a word," is Sydney Lanier's definition of music. This language of love is in a sense a silent language in that stillness is the first requisite for hearing. A person who lives harmoniously is inwardly conscious of an unqualified faith and happiness based upon a state of consciousness. If each person were at home with himself he would have neither time nor desire to defame his neighbor. Through his own harmony he would *af*fect and *in*fect others. Through our mental habits we either add to or subtract from the general harmony of the world. Give to everyone a little training in listening and he automatically becomes a part of the ocean of faith, love, and harmony which is finally to enfold us all as one great family.

PROSE AND POETRY
FOR CHILDREN

BY

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ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF CHILDREN'S LITERATURE.

Prehistoric literature was undoubtedly poetic in form. Our vision of the first literary artist is of a man rather old, who journeyed from patriarchal family to patriarchal family, or from hamlet to hamlet, carrying to man the only formal message of those times; for in the primitive there was but one means of literary dissemination—by word of mouth. Just how the old bard presented his theme it is difficult to picture. It is certain he was an adept at oral expression. The rhythm of his lines he chanted and rechanted 'till it became the essense of song, and the music of his voice he accompanied with the lyre or the harp which he himself played. When he sang he took great care in enunciation; for to make himself clearly understood was very necessary. Combined with all these agencies of expression the primitive bard was a master of the art of gesture. But gesture, then, was not as we understand it now. Not only movement of hand and arm and not only facial expression, but every muscle of the body was brought into play and through its movement, made to aid in the expression of the thought. Thus the bard used the combined arts of music, the recitative, and expressive bodily action.

To the people of the patriarchal camp or the hamlet the tales of the bard took the place of newspaper, magazine, drama, book, library, lecture, reading-club. His advent was looked to as the sole source of news and discussion. He was the only professional purveyor of information.

Thus his art became the starting point of the world's literary life. From it was finally differentiated all the various literary forms as we now know them. It may be

assumed that love, war and the gods were in the main the themes of the Bard-stories. No doubt the bard learned to adjust his song to the love-lorn, to the hunter or soldier, or to the religious devotee; or perhaps the lover or warrior or prophet himself turned bard, and so had his own peculiarly colored tale to sing or tell. Thus gradually the bard-story became differentiated. Music more fittingly adorned the expression of certain passions and thus the resultant became lyrical; or other stories abounded in strong action, and the bard, with his followers, gave himself up to the most violent rhythmical physical contortions; and so gesture became the prevailing element in the expression, and thus the dramatic-story developed.

Again the pure recitative prevailed to the greater or less exclusion of the music and action elements, and the tale became more truly epic.

Thus from the primitive bard-matrix has been shaped modern poetry. At the same time it must be remembered, no piece of literature is truly poetic in which any of the ancient elements is lacking. Every true poem has music; it advances an idea, and is dramatic.

The more modern bard of which Sir Walter Scott tells in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" and "The Lady of the Lake," is a partial survival of the ancient bard. Allan-Bane is both poet and prophet; but one must believe that the old man's dependence on the Douglass family was not at all characteristic of the untrammeled life of the ancient musician who was free from alliances with particular towns or hamlets or families, and traveled to the end of his life bearing his message of love or war. Scott, however, rang down the curtain on the life-play of the last of the bards; bidding him adieu in words that are as sure of immortality as any Scott wrote:

The way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the bards was he,
Who sang of border chivalry;
For, well-a-day! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them, and at rest.
No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
He caroled light as lark at morn;
No longer courted and caressed,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay;
Old times were changed, old manners gone,—
A stranger filled the Stuart's throne;
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door;
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.

There is a striking analogy between the line of development of the child, in its attitude to literature, and that of the race. The race's first appreciation is of rhythm; so is the child's. Jack London, the novelist, in "Before Adam" gives his idea of the primitive race's first invention of a piece as follows:

"We were very angry, insanely, vociferously angry. Beating our chests, bristling, and gnashing our teeth, we gathered together in our rage. We felt the prod of gregarious instinct, the drawing together as though for united action, the impulse toward co-operation. In dim ways this need for united action was impressed upon us. But there was no way to achieve it because there was no way to express it. We did not turn to, all of us, and destroy Red-Eye, because we lacked a vocabulary. We were vaguely thinking thoughts for which there were no thought symbols. These thought-symbols were yet to be slowly and painfully invented.

"One after another of us joined in the orgy of rage, until even old Marrow-Bone was mumbling and sputtering with his cracked voice and withered lips. Some one seized a stick and began pounding a log. In a moment he had struck a rhythm. It had a soothing effect upon us; and before we knew it, our rage forgotten, we were in the full swing of a hee-hee council.

"But we Folk of the Younger World lacked speech, and whenever we were so drawn together we precipitated babel, out of which arose a unanimity of rhythm that contained within itself the essentials of art yet to come. It was art nascent.

"In the intervals of pandemonium, each chattered, cut up, hooted, screeched, and danced, himself sufficient unto himself, filled with his own ideas and volitions to the exclusion of all others, a veritable centre of the universe, divorced for the time being from any unanimity with the other universe-centres leaping and yelling around him.

"Then would come the rhythm—a clapping of hands; the beating of a stick upon a log; the example of one that leaped with repetitions; or the chanting of one that uttered explosively and regularly, with inflection that

rose and fell, 'A-bang, a-bang! A-bang, a-bang!' One after another of the self-centred Folk would yield to it, and soon all would be dancing or chanting in chorus. 'Ha-ah, ha-ah, ha-ah!" was one of our favorite choruses, and another was, 'Eh-wah, eh-wah-hah?'"

The Anglo-Saxon poem, "Beowulf," with its complicated alliteration, is an illustration of how strongly pure rhythm appealed to the younger man. But rhythmic pieces hung only in the borderland between the prehistoric and civilization for, with the dawn of intelligence, the drift was into myth and story or literature in which action and imagination were recorded. So presently, in English literature, the poem loses, to a certain extent, its strongly emphasized lyric cast, and becomes the recitation of a dramatic story, such as is seen in Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales."

Lastly the poem passes even out of the story epoch into the descriptive or narrative, the poetry of thought and philosophy. That this racial development is, in a general way, an indication of the line along which the child develops we shall now see.

All of us know well the child's instinctive love for the "Mother Goose Melody." A close study of the little one to determine what there is in the melody to attract shows it at once to be rhythm. What is suggested in thought is found to be nothing more than a series of striking pictures which are easily grasped by the senses; while the action is fantastic.

When the age of appreciation of the jingle is well under way, there is an unconscious trend into a new field in which the pieces are a combination of prose and poetic. "The House that Jack Built" is the type of these. The chief characteristic is repetition. The separate sentences are in truth prose but in course of repeating and re-re-

peating become more or less poetic. Besides the placing of rhyme; e. g., "the priest all shaven and shorn, that married the man all tattered and torn, that kissed the maiden all forlorn," as well as the alliteration, gives further rhythmical effect. It is to be noted that the many repetitions of the same words are of distinct educational value to the child as distinct pronunciation of and familiarity with the words are thereby insured.

In "The Old Woman and Her Pig" the prose element still more fully prevails, yet the recurrence of the jingle still gives all the charm of the mother-goose melody. The story beginning "A mouse in the oven was spinning blue wool" in the "Stepping Stones" Readers, is another example of this class of children's literature. These prose-rhythms make an easy step into the appreciation of the prose of the reading-book, as they lie on the borderland of myth and story.

Throughout the kindergarten and primary years, rhythm continues to be the chief element in poetry attractive to the pupil.

So strong is the instinct for music that the six-year-old may be taught to memorize pieces far beyond his years in thought and emotion. Teachers, therefore, often deceive themselves into thinking their classes fully appreciate such poems as "The Children's Hour" (Longfellow), and "The Little Boy Blue" (Field), because of certain incidental childish ideas in the poems; but this apparent interest of the children is the inborn love of childhood for exquisite poetic music. The attempting of work thus in thought and action beyond the child's mental capacity, leads to arrested development. The teacher should watch carefully the materials and should select not only the rhythmical, but that which combines the rhythmical with childish experience.

One of the daintiest conceptions, "Daisies," by Frank Dempster Sherman, is illustrative:

At evening when I go to bed
I see the stars shine overhead;
They are the little daisies white
That dot the meadow of the night.

And often while I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky the moon will go;
It is a lady, sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For, when at morning I arise,
There's not a star left in the skies;
She's picked them all, and dropped them down
Into the meadows of the town.

Note, also, that the rhythm of the following lines by Charles Warren Stoddard, "The Voice of the Mission Bell," imitating the ringing of a bell, is to the point:

And every note of every bell
Sang Gabriel, rang Gabriel,
In the tower left the tale to tell
Of Gabriel, the Archangel.

Again the tender love childhood has for animals is a most fruitful suggestion of material for the reading or memory lesson. Thus "Kittie and Mouse", "Mary Had a Little Lamb", "The Owl and the Pussy Cat" and "The Tree Toad", and others, carry the child into this real realm of his play life. The following poems are much beloved by the little ones:

KITTIE AND MOUSE.

Once there was a little kittie,
White as the snow;
In a barn she used to frolic,
Long time ago.

In the barn a little mousie
Ran to and fro;
And it saw the little kittie
Long time ago.

Four soft paws had little kittie,
Paws soft as snow;
And they caught the little mousie
Long time ago.

Nine pearl teeth had little kittie —
All in a row,
And they caught the little mousie
Long time ago.

When the teeth bit the little mousie
Mousie cried out, "Oh"
But it got away from little kittie
Long time ago.

DAPPLE GRAY.

I had a little pony;
His name was Dapple Gray.
I lent him to a lady,
To ride a mile away.

She whipped him, she lashed him,
She rode him through the mire;
I would not lend my pony now
For all the lady's hire.

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
Thy father's watching the sheep,
Thy mother's shaking the dreamland tree
And down drops a little dream for thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The big stars are the sheep;
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
The bright moon is the shepherdess,
Sleep, baby, sleep!

LITTLE BIRDIE.

What does little birdie say,
In her nest at peep of day?
"Let me fly," says little birdie—
"Mother, let me fly away."
"Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger."
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
"Let me rise and fly away."
"Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger."
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

(Permission of Houghton Mifflin & Co., Publishers.)

THE VOICE OF THE DOVE.

Come, listen, O Love, to the voive of the dove,
Come, hearken and hear him say;
There are many To-morrows, my Love, my Love,
There is only one To-day!

And all day long you can hear him say
This day in purple is rolled,
And the baby stars of the milky way
They are cradled in cradles of gold.

Now what is thy secret, serene gray dove,
Of singing so sweetly alway?
"Many To-morrows, my Love, my Love,
Only one To-day, To-day!

—*Joaquin Miller.*

(Permission of the author, The Whitaker and Ray Co., Publishers.)

Children's poetry in the kindergarten and largely in the primary grades falls as regards subject-matter under two heads, the "wonder-poem" and the "make-believe-poem."

Good examples of these are respectively, "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star," and "Winter Jewels."

THE STAR.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky!

When the glorious sun is set,
And the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep;
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveler in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

The child wonder-poem has arisen from a desire to express in music the numberless thrills the boy or girl feels as nature or life unfolds its newness to him. Thus,

There are three green eggs in a small round pocket,
And the breeze will swing and the gale will rock it,
Till three little birds on the thin edge teeter,
And our God will be glad and the world be sweeter!

(By permission from Edwin Markham. McClure Phillips & Co., Publishers.)

is a joyous childish revel in the window-bird-nest,—an illustration of ever-recurring delight that even the adult has as he looks into the home of the bird.

Thus it becomes the duty of the teacher to be sensitive to the touches of emotion that seize the children as the mysteries of art and nature are unfolded to them, to the end that the poetry given may nurture and strengthen the tender impression of the pupil. Thus

WINTER JEWELS.

A million little diamonds
Sparkled in the trees,
And all the little maidens said,
"A jewel if you please;"
But when they held their hands outstretched
To catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams came
And stole them all away,

is appropriate to the dewy spring morning; just as Jean Ingelow's "Seven Times One" in the "Songs of Seven" is expressive of the child-delight in outward things.

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
  There's no rain left in heaven;
I've said my "seven times" over and over;
  Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old, I can write a letter;
  My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no better;
  They are only one times one.

O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
  And shining so round and low;
You were bright! ah bright! but your light is failing,—
  You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven
  That God has hidden your face?
I hope if you have you will soon be forgiven,
  And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
  You've powder'd your legs with gold!
O brave marshmary buds, rich and yellow,
  Give me your money to hold!

O Columbine, open your folded wrapper,
  Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
O cuckoopint, toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear, green bell!

And show me your nest with the young ones in it;
  I will not steal them away;
I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet,—
  I am seven times one to-day.

FOR THE INTERMEDIATE GRADES.

The intermediate years of school conform in a general way to the period of child-life known to physiologists as "childhood proper." This runs approximately (varying in different children) from eight to eleven in girls, and from eight to twelve in boys. As it is an age of great physical activity, so it is also an age of great mental activity, which manifests itself in exercise of the imagination. In the earlier part of the period the child is adjusting himself, preparatory to the later rational thought processes, through the process of fantastic imagination. Hence the myth and the story begin here to be attractive. Later all sorts and forms of adventure, and exciting contests are the sources of his mental food.

It is not strange then that his taste for the poetic in this period is far different from what it was in the pre-

vious period. If we should characterize the literature which the pupils best react on at this age, we should call it the heroic, and should perhaps name the good old production of Mrs. Felicia Hemans, "Casabianca," as the type. It may be objected that the "Boy on the Burning Deck" stands for that irrational bravery which is not just the thing to put before the child. This point is open to argument; but the spirit of obedience and respect pictured in the poem commends itself in an age when the young appear too self-willed.

The story of "Paul Revere's Ride" also presents a phase of heroism which touches the boy, especially him who has been fired by reading the stirring times beginning the American Revolution. "Barbara Fritchie" has, too, the mark of the heroic as has "The Charge of the Light Brigade," though these belong to the latter part of the period under consideration.

James T. Field's "The Tempest," for the lower years of intermediate, and Browning's "The Ride from Ghent to Aix," for upper, are two additional heroics which linger long with the child who reads them.

FOR THE GRAMMAR GRADES.

The seventh and eighth grades are co-ordinate with the physiological period in the child's growth known as youth. It is in this age that the pupil's emotional life begins to expand, for this is when he loses the spontaneity of earlier years and awakes to life's problems. The subject-matter, therefore, suited to this age, is that which reacts upon the emotional nature and gives control to the child. A love of direct didactic statement of the truth begins to dove-tail with the love of the dramatic of ear-

lier period. Description and narrative become satisfying. The child loves epigram and proverb, and in short any piece that has a definite clear lesson to teach. An example is seen in Markham's "The Father's Business."

Who puts back into place a fallen bar,
Or flings a rock out of a traveled
His feet are moving toward the central star,
His name is whispered in the God's abode.

(Permission of the author, McClure, Phillips & Co., Publishers.)

In the method pursued in upper grades, the aim should be to make the pupil think. Consequently the piece must be dwelt upon, mused over, until its entire setting is visualized and its atmosphere felt.

Suppose, for example, the poem under consideration is "Two Taverns," by Markham:

I remember how I lay
On a bank a summer day,
Peering into weed and flower;
Watched a poppy all one hour;
Watched it 'till the air grew chill;
In the darkness of the hill:
'Till I saw a wild bee dart
Out of the cold to the poppy's heart;
Saw the petals gently spin,
Shut the little lodger in.

Then I took the quiet road
To my own secure abode.
All night long his tavern hung;

Now it rested, now it swung;
I asleep in steadfast tower,
He asleep in stirring flower;
In our hearts the same delight
In the hushes of the night;
Over us both the same dear care
As we slumbered unaware.

(Permission of the author, McClure, Phillips and Co., Publishers.)

The first of these stanzas is pure description, so the attention of the teacher should be given to bringing out a clear visualization of the scene depicted.

One might think that the teaching of this poem to children in a country where the poppy does not grow, should not be undertaken. But it will be remembered that the incident of the petals of a flower closing at eve around an insect could happen with many another flower; so that a vivid paraphrase by the teacher of the stanza, putting some flower that the children know for the poppy, will bring about the desired understanding.

The striking contrast subtly suggested in the second stanza between the poet resting in his "steadfast tower," and the bee asleep in a stirring flower, and the idea growing out of it—the natural simple faith which abounds in life—may be made more vivid by comparing the poem with "The Sandpiper" and "The Waterfowl."

It should be said once for all that no literary quotation is of much value unless it is placed in the mind with the group of ideas to which it is naturally related. Ideas are arranged so that we can remember them by thinking them together, thus:

"And are we not God's children both
Thou, little sandpiper and I?"

and

"Over us both the same dear care
As we slumbered unaware,"

and

"He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will guide my steps aright,"

are different expressions of the same idea, and all can readily be recalled whenever the central idea, the protecting All-father, is thought of.

The ability to thus *think ideas together* gives one's thought a literary cast.

The "Daffodils" (Wordsworth) is another piece consisting in the first stanzas mainly of description which later is idealized into what, to the poet, is a tender, exquisite memory. When sympathetically interpreted, it strikes the older children with great beauty. The approach to the poem is perhaps best made through a description of Wordsworth's attitude to nature, and his habit of wandering by himself through the hills. It was on one of these wanderings that he came across the scene the verse describes. The first line it should be noted is auto-biographical:

"I wandered lonely as a cloud"

for the poem is a faithful reproduction of an experience.

It will be noted an actual knowledge of the daffodil is not really necessary to an appreciation of the poem. The individual flower is a small part of the whole scene. The poet has stood apart, has perhaps just arrived at the sum-

mit of a divide, and is looking down into the valley at a lake bordered with trees, under which is a mass of dancing color. Whether this color be from a myriad of daffodils or of poppies, or anemones, or buttercups, the effect is the same. Bayard Taylor tells us when, upon a certain time, a regiment of soldiers sang an old love song, that

> "Each heart recalled a different name,
> But all sang Annie Laurie."

So it is when we read, while we say "daffodils" it is very possible that the mind's eye sees marguerites or yellow violets, or some other flower we have seen growing en masse.

It must be remembered that the culminating effect which makes poetry cling in the mind, is the rhythm. This should be brought out with all attention to the retard and acceleration, harmonic or melodic effect, necessary to bring out the thought; for that reading of a good poem which best brings out the rhythm will best reveal the thought. Notice especially the effect of the retard in the line:

> "I *gazed* and *gazed,* but little thought."

Notice also the emotion comes to a climax in the last couplet:

> "And then my heart with pleasure fills,
> And dances with the daffodils."

In fine, it may be said, that *teaching by impression* can be used at its best in this presentation of poetry in the grades, for in some subtle, not well understood way, the successful teacher communicates her own appreciation of the emotion to the pupil.

HUMOR.

From the world of make-belief there is an easy step to the humorous. The make-believe becomes mirth-provoking as soon as absurdity of situation can be realized. In the little child whose power to think has not yet been tried out on the wings of imagination the absurdities do not appear. Hence Edward Lear's "The Owl and the Pussy Cat" may appear a serious reality to such a one; but after a while the fantastic oddities appear and the humor is enjoyed.

It is certain that the power to appreciate humor does not appear till the child can reason well. Hence the full beauty is not evident till the little one is well along in the grades. Eugene Field's "The Duel" appeals more humorously to younger children than perhaps any other poem. Close to this ranks Stevenson's "A Birdie With a Yellow Bill." Riley's "The Tree-Toad" herewith given in full, is a type of the piece in which childish make-belief is tempered into delicious fun.

"Scurious-like," said the tree-toad,
"I've twittered fer rain all day;
And I got up soon,
And I hollered 'till noon—
But the sun, hit blazed away,
'Till I jest clumb down in a crawfish-hole,
Weary at heart, and sick at soul!

"Dozed away fer an hour,
And I tackled the thing again;
And I sung, and sung,
'Till I knowed my lung
Was jest about give in;
And then, thinks I, ef hit don't rain now
There're nothin' in singin' anyhow!

"Once in awhile some
  Would come a drivin' past
And he'd hear my cry,
And stop and sigh—
  'Till I jest laid back, at last.
And hollered rain 'till I thought my th'oat
Would bust right open at ever' note!

"But I fetched her! O I fetched her!
  'Cause a little while ago,
As I kind o' set,
With one eye shet,
  And a-singin' soft and low,
A voice drapped down on my fevered brain,
Sayin',—'Ef you'll jest hush I'll rain!'"

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

(With the permission of Bowen-Merrill Co., Publishers.)

The pun requires the exercise of so fine a discrimination in the use of words that, except in the higher grades, the poem depending for its amusement upon, does not appeal. Many a child who at twelve or thirteen has tried to read Hood's "Faithless Nellie Gray," while perhaps understanding a few of the hits, waits 'till adulthood before he grins at the "Stake in His Inside," or "Badajo's Breaches," or

"The girl that loves a scarlet coat
Should be more uniform."

Good humor always carries with it an important lesson in that it makes us see ourselves as we see others. It therefore always is a gentle chiding. "Suppose" by Phoebe Cary well illustrates this influence of a humorous production,

Suppose, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying
'Till your eyes and nose are red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke,
And say you're glad "'twas Dolly's,
And not your head, that broke?"

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be wiser
Than waiting, like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest,
And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,
And some a coach and pair,
Will it tire you less while walking
To say, "It isn't fair"?
And wouldn't it be nobler
To keep your temper sweet,
And in your heart be thankful
You can walk upon your feet?

And suppose the world don't please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?

—*Phoebe Cary.*

"The Fiddler from Dooney" by William Butler Yeats is a fine example of a humorous poem bearing a gentle moral:

When I play on my fiddle in Dooney,
Folks dance like a wave of the sea;
My cousin is priest in Kilvarnet,
My brother in Moharabuiee.

I passed my brother and cousin;
They read in their books of prayer;
I read in my book of songs
I bought at the Sligo fair.

When we come at the end of time,
To Peter sitting in state,
He will smile on the three old spirits,
But call me first through the gate.

For the good are always the merry
Save by an evil chance,
And the merry love the fiddle
And the merry love to dance.

And when the folk there spy me,
They will all come up to me,
With "Here is the fiddler of Dooney!"
And dance like a wave of the sea.

(By permission of The Macmillan Co., Publishers.)

Closely allied to humorous poetry and most useful in the school-room for touching the uninitiated in lower grades, and giving them an initiatory experience with verse, is the rhythmed puzzle or riddle illustrated in the following stanzas:

"Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall;
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
Not all the king's horses, nor all the king's men
Could put Humpty Dumpty together again."

"Little Nanny Etticott,
In a white petticoat,
And a red rose;
The longer she stands,
The shorter she grows."

From the rhymed riddle, the step is easy to the verse in which the figure is simply and plainly symbolic; for it often requires the same effort of mind to interpret the quaint figure of speech as it does the puzzle, as in the following:

"Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits."

Again the verse containing the humorous play on words, or other striking conceits, adds to the interest

especially of older pupils. Of the following two, the first quatrain is as old as Greek literature; the second young as the modern magazine:

"A countryman once who was troubled with fleas
Jumped out of bed with a thundering breeze,
And triumphantly cried, as he blew out the light;
'Now I've got you, you rogue, you can't see where to bite.'"

"O never tell your secrets to a fish
Whatever else you do;
For fishes carry tales, you know,
And they might tell on you."

—*Field.*

(Permission of the "Sunset Magazine.")

These skits serve as spice and react pleasantly upon the usually serious atmosphere of the schoolroom. The list may be extended ad libitum into carefully chosen jokes, conundrums and so forth.

THE VALUE OF SYMBOLISM.

In the same way that a word may in the hand of the literary artist take on a new and varied meaning, which grows out of the resemblance of object to object; so a well known or commonplace thought expressed, not as a word, but in full sentences, may be given a new and significant meaning. Thus many times, in teaching, Christ spoke in parables.

The parable of the sower, while setting forth commonplace facts about the wheat field, was intended to tell the disciples that their work must some of it fail, other prosper.

The Allegory, Bunyan's "Pilgrims' Progress" for example, is an extended symbol, the experiences of Christian standing in the concrete as an embodiment of the trials of a follower of Christ. True poetic symbolism is the art of making one idea or series of ideas stand for another; thus in "Barnacles":

"My soul is sailing through the sea,
But the past is heavy and hindereth me,
The Past hath crusted cumbrous shells
That hold the flesh of cold sea-mells
About my soul.
The huge waves wash, the high waves roll,
Each barnacle clingeth and worketh dole
And hindereth me from sailing!

Old Past, let go, and drop i' the sea
Till the fathomless waters cover thee!
For I am living but thou art dead;
Though drawest back, I strive ahead
The Day to find,
Thy shells unbind! Night comes behind,
I needs must hurry with the wind
And trim me best for sailing."

The barnacles are put to concretely embody the abstract past. (From Poems of Sidney Lanier; copyright 1894, 1891, by Mary D. Lanier; published by Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

The intense power of symbolism lies in its power of suggestiveness. The mind grasps the clue to thought and from the clue develops the thought much more quickly than from the most direct presentation of the idea. Symbolism presents the glimmer leaving the mind to catch at the suggestion, e. g.:

"There was a door to which I found no key,
There was a veil past which I could not see,
Some little thought awhile of me and thee
There seemed, and then no more of thee and me;"

—*Omar Khayyam.*

or

"And the brooklet has found the billow
Though they flowed so far apart,
And has filled with its freshness and sweetness
That turbulent, bitter heart."

—*Longfellow.*

It is fundamental that the occult, the hidden, is a strong lure to the intellect. It ensnares the imagination and holds the fancy. More than that, it leads us to take our own peculiar personal attitude to those scenes and emotions which, if baldly or openly portrayed, would be inartistic. Thus the poet instead of "I am sick today, but tomorrow I will be well," might say, "The tide is out now, but it will soon be in again." So also it is said in biblical lore:

"A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump,"

and

"For wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat:"

because "strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life and few there be which find it."

If the symbolic shows this strong appeal to the adult imagination, it is doubly attractive to the child—especially at the age when fancy is most active. Thus nature poetry in which the forces of nature are personified, or imagined to be other than what they are, has a natural place in the child's education.

"Winter Jewels" already quoted is illustrative and the following "The Voice of the Grass" by Sarah T. Roberts:

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
By the dusty roadside,
On the sunny hillside,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

NATURE POETRY.

Productions of this class fall under two heads: first, the pure description; secondly, that which is expressive of the feeling or emotion borne into the mind by nature as a symbol.

Of the first class, the stanza from "The Two Voices" by Tennyson, and the following two stanzas by Helen Hunt Jackson, are types:

"Today I saw the dragon fly
Come from the wells where he did lie.
An inner impulse rent the veil,
Of his old husk: from head to tail
Came out clear plates of sapphire mail.
He dried his wings: like gauze they grew;
Through crofts and pastures wet with dew,
A living flash of light he flew."

"The goldenrod is yellow;
The corn is turning brown;
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

The sedges flaunt their harvest,
In every meadow nook;
And asters by the brook-side
Make asters in the brook."

Lines so purely descriptive as this, and yet so beautiful are rare, for the description easily passes into the use of the natural to symbolize some mode or quality of the mind. Thus "The splendor falls on castle walls," while pure rhythm and description in the first two stanzas, in the third stanza,

"O love, they die in your rich sky,
They faint on hill and field and river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever."

becomes by contrast a symbol leading to the expression of an ideal human quality.

In their attempts to describe dawn and the morning, the poets have on the other hand, often called in symbol. To Homer the dawn was so beautiful that he used the figure of woman to express it. "Rosy-fingered dawn" is the phrase chosen.

Chaucer, in describing the morning, speaks of the lark as the day's messenger:

"The busy lark, the messenger of day
Saluteth in her song the morrow gray;
And fiery Phoebus riseth up so bright
That all the orient laugheth of the light."

Shakespeare has two couplets in which morn is symbolized; in one as a youth, in the other as a maiden:

"Night's candles are burnt out and jocund day
Stands tie-toe on the misty mountain-top."

and

"But look, the morn in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill."

Tennyson has:

"Morn in the white wake of the morning star,
Came furrowing all the orient into gold."

Sterling has:

"Morn comes drifting on its golden tides."

When it is undertaken to embody the emotion aroused by certain aspects of nature, the nature quality becomes secondary to the human qualities the poet sees mirrored in the phenomena.

This results in such poetic conceptions, quoted later on, as Edwin Markham's "The Joy of the Hills," Herbert Bashford's "The Song of the Forest Ranger," Ina Coolbrith's "In Blossom Time," Barry Cornwall's "The Sea," and Robert Browning's lines from "Saul" beginning, "O our manhood's prime vigor" and ending, "Forever in Joy." These are the record of man's joy in nature.

The first mentioned is the type. It is later given in full. All these poems when interpreted with the rhythmic swing belonging to them will strongly appeal to the older children.

In a group by themselves are those verses which are supposedly attempts to reproduce the notes of certain birds. The "Song of the Brown Thrush" by Henry van Dyke, and "The Voice of the Dove" by Joaquin Miller are really reflections of bits of Philosophy which the author chooses to realize in the bird song, thus:

THE SONG OF THE BROWN THRUSH.

Luck, luck,
What luck?
Good enough for me!
I'm alive, you see.
Sun shining,
No repining;
Never borrow
Idle sorrow;
Drop it!
Cover it up!
Hold your cup!
Joy will fill it,
Don't spill it,
Steady, be ready,
Good luck!

—*Henry van Dyke.*

(By permission of the author, Chas. Scribners' Sons, Publishers.)

So also in "The Voice of the Dove" already quoted.

It should be remarked that only lines of the type of "Today I saw the dragonfly" are usually strictly interpreted as nature poetry. It is noticed that poems like the last two quoted, when literally construed ascribe to the birds powers of feeling and reason they do not posses. This quality of literature, however, is valuable as beautifully calling attention to the particular nature-object.

James Whitcomb Riley's lines beginning:

"Little brook Little brook!
You have such a happy look;
Such a very merry manner
As you swerve curve and crook!"

further illustrate the beauty of this kind of nature production. The following poems are striking as they combine with wonderful pictures of nature, wildness and swing of melody unrivaled.

THE SEA.

The Sea! the Sea! the open Sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever-free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And Silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love (oh! how I love) to ride
On the fierce foaming bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below.
And why the southwest blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull tame shore
But I loved the great sea more and more;
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh it's mother's nest:
And a mother she was and is to me,
For I was born on the open Sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their back of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the Ocean-child!

I have lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and a power to range,
But never have sought, nor sighed for change;
And death, whenever he come to me
Shall come on the wide unbounded Sea!

THE JOY OF THE HILLS.

I ride on the mountain tops, I ride;
I have found my life and am satisfied.
Onward I ride in the blowing oats,
Checking the field-lark's rippling notes—
Lightly I sweep
From steep to steep:
Over my head through the branches high
Come glimpses of a rushing sky;
The tall oats brush my horse's flanks;
Wild poppies crowd on the sunny banks;
A bee booms out of the scented grass;
A jay laughs with me as I pass.

I ride on the hills, I forgive, I forget,
Life's hoard of regret—
All the terror and pain
Of the chafing chain.
Grind on, O cities, grind:
I leave you a blur behind.

I am lifted elate—the skies expand:
Here the world's heaped gold is a pile of sand.
Let them weary and work in their narrow walls:
I ride with the voices of waterfalls!
I swing on as one in a dream—I swing
Down the airy hollows, I shout, I sing!
The world is gone like an empty word:
My body's a bough in the wind, my heart a bird!

—*Edwin Markham.*

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IN BLOSSOM TIME.

It's O my heart, my heart,
To be out in the sun and sing—
To sing and shout in the fields about,
In the balm and the blossoming!

Sing loud, O bird in the tree;
O bird, sing aloud in the sky,
And honey-bees, blacken the clover seas—
There is none of you glad as I.

The leaves laugh low in the wind,
Laugh low, with the wind at play;
And the odorous call of the flowers all
Entices my soul away!

For O but the world is fair, is fair—
And O but the world is sweet!
I will out in the gold of the blossoming mould,
And sit at the Master's feet.

And the love my heart would speak,
I will fold in the lily's rim,
That the lips of the blossom, more pure and meek,
May offer it up to Him.

Then sing in the hedgerow green, O thrush,
O skylark, sing in the blue;
Sing loud, sing clear, that the king may hear,
And my soul shall sing with you!

—*Ina Coolbrith.*

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THE SONG OF THE FOREST RANGER.

Oh, to feel the fresh breeze blowing
From lone ridges yet untrod!
Oh, to see the far peak growing
Whiter as it climbs to God!

Where the silver streamlet rushes
I would follow—follow on
Till I heard the happy thrushes
Piping lyrics to the dawn.

I would hear the wild rejoicing
Of the wind-blown cedar tree,
Hear the sturdy hemlock voicing
Ancient epics of the sea.

Forest aisles would I be winding,
Out beyond the gates of Care;
And, in dim cathedrals, finding
Silence at the shrine of Prayer.

When the mystic night comes stealing
Through my vast, green room afar,
Never king had richer ceiling—
Bended bough and yellow star!

Ah, to list the sacred preaching
Of the forest's faithful fir,
With his strong arms upward reaching—
Mighty, trustful worshipper!

Come and learn the joy of living!
Come and you will understand
How the sun his gold is giving
With a great, impartial hand!

How the patient pine is climbing,
Year by year to gain the sky;
How the rill makes sweetest rhyming,
Where the deepest shadows lie.

I am nearer the great Giver,
Where His handiwork is crude;
Friend am I of peak and river,
Comrade of Old Solitude.

Not for me the city's riot!
Not for me the towers of Trade!
I would seek the house of Quiet,
That the Master Workman made!

—*Herbert Bashford.*

(Permission of the author, The Whitaker & Ray Co., Publishers.)

It must not be forgotten that many times poetry has an interesting relation to geography. Thus Lanier's "Song of the Chattahoochie," Joaquin Miller's introductory stanzas to "A Song of the South" (quoted later in "Some of the Treasures") may be read and interpreted in connection with a study of rivers. So also poetry addressed to the sea; e. g., Byron's "Apostrophe to the Ocean," or Barry Cornwall's "The Sea," may be used to instill emotions growing out of the study of various aspects of the sea. But such poems should be done after the child has something of a perspective of the subject matter he has mastered; in other words, after an impression of the river studied has become a memory. This means that the teacher has been able to give the children a touch of real knowledge on the subject to which the poem applies.

THE ART of WRITING & SPEAKING the ENGLISH LANGUAGE

SHERWIN CODY

HOW TO READ AND WHAT TO READ

CHAPTER I.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A GOOD POEM?

We may consider literature under three heads—Pure Poetry, the Prose Essay, and Fiction.

Poetry is unquestionably the oldest form of literature. Matthew Arnold once queried whether a people ought not to be barbarous to be really poetic. Perhaps it originated in the chant of the priests as they offered sacrifices to their gods; but the chanted tale recounting the deeds of glorious war must have come very soon after.

Mechanically, poetry consists in words arranged in measured feet and lines, corresponding almost exactly to the time element in music. Rhyme is a modern invention and in no way essential to poetry. Originally anything that could be chanted or sung was regarded as poetry. Now the song element has largely disappeared, but the requirement of measured feet and lines remains, and we may almost say that no poetry can be fully appreciated till it is read aloud.

Poetry was invented to express lofty sentiments,

sentiments of religion and the noble sentiments of patriotism and brave deeds, and finally the sentiments of passionate love. It is still the loftiest form of literature, and if we would seize at a grasp all the length and breadth of the highest literary art, we should begin with the study of poetry.

True literature should express equally Truth, Nobility, and Beauty, the intellectual, the ethical, and the esthetic. Of course one poem will be pre-eminent for its beauty, another for its nobility, a third for its truth. Let us examine various types, that we may see with our own eyes and feel with our own hearts what these words mean.

Read aloud this lullaby from Tennyson's *Princess*:

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
  Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
  Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
  Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one,
    sleeps.
Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
  Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
  Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
  Under the silver moon;
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one,
    sleep.

The first thing we notice, besides the pleasing rhythm, is the musical quality of the words. There can be no melody, as melody is known in music, but in the repetition of sounds and their enchanting variations we find something that very strongly suggests musical melody.

Then we are attracted by the beauty of the images. The words come tripping like fairy forms, and we feel a picture growing out of the *camera obscura* of our minds.

The appeal is almost wholly to our feelings; for if we stop to analyse the words and interpret their strict sense, we seem to see nothing but nonsense. The poem exists for the soothing, enchanting, dreamy beauty that seems rather to breathe in the words than to be expressed by them as words express thoughts in prose.

If there is any truth or any nobility in this poem of Tennyson's, it would be hard to say just what they are. There is nothing ignoble; there is nothing untrue. But it seems as if we had a perfect type of beauty pure and simple.

Now let us read this little thing from Shelley:

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

The fountains mingle with the river,
  And the rivers with the ocean;
The winds of heaven mix forever
  With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
  All things by a law divine

In one another's being mingle;—
  Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
  And the waves clasp one another;
No sister flower would be forgiven,
  If it disdained its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
  And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
What are all these kissings worth,
  If thou kiss not me?

Once more we observe the rhythm and the music, though not so perfect or real as in Tennyson's song; and we see the beauty of images, almost as beautiful as the images in Sweet and Low; but we observe that there is a new element: a thought is expressed. Beauty has come to the aid of truth; and while we are uncertain whether we care most for the beauty or for the truth, we cannot but perceive how they aid each other.

But we have not yet found the moral or ethical element. Neither Tennyson nor Shelley inspires in us nobler sentiments, or gives us courage to do and dare loftier deeds.

For the purely ethical type we might turn to the psalms of David, or that noble poem Job. But we find the same element in a simple and modern form in a poem of Longfellow's.

HOW AND WHAT TO READ

A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real, life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present,
Heart within and God o'er head.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,

And, departing, leave behind us
  Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another
  Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
  Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
  With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
  Learn to labour and to wait.

Once more we observe how the musical flow of the language charms our ear, and how the poem makes us *feel* that which it would teach. We miss the vibrating melody of words which we found in Tennyson and even in Shelley; and the rarely beautiful images of both the preceding poems are almost entirely absent. There is another element, however, which we could not perceive at all in those verses, and that is the element of nobility, of moral inspiration. The poem does not teach us any moral truth with which we were before unfamiliar, as a treatise on philosophy might; but it makes us *feel* as nothing else ever has the reality of that which we know already. It actually breathes courage into us,—not the courage for heroic deeds in battle, but the heroism of living nobly the common life that is ours.

It is not fair to condemn this almost perfect poem, as some critics do, because it is lacking in the Beauty and fresh Truth that make the poems of

other poets immortal; for in the whole range of poetic literature it will be difficult to find a more perfect example of nobility and heroic courage.

It will be interesting now to turn to Browning's *Rabbi Ben Ezra* and find the philosophy, the Truth that corresponds to this Nobility.

VI.

Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
  Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joy three parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
  Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge
    the throe!

VII.

For thence,—a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks,—
  Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:
What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me:
  A brute I might have been, but would not sink i'
    the scale.

* * * * * *

XXIII.

Not on the vulgar mass
Called "work," must sentence pass,
  Things done that took the eye and had the price;
O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
  Found straightway to its mind, could value in a
    trice:

XXIV.

But all the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
  So passed in making up the main account:
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
  That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount:

XXV.

Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
  Fancies that broke through language and escaped;
All I could never be,
All men ignored in me,
  This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

The subject is almost precisely that of Longfellow's Psalm of Life, but the object is not so much to give us courage as to confirm our courage by philosophy. The appeal is intellectual, not ethical.

Yet this is very different from a treatise by Kant or Hegel. Browning the poet makes us *feel* the truth. It is emotion that his philosophy, his Truth, arouses in us—an intellectual emotion, but none the less an emotion. We find the measured rhythm of poetry, but it is as far as possible from the songlike music of Tennyson's lullaby. The mechanical limits and restrictions seem an excuse for unusual and almost strained images, but images that nevertheless

carry conviction to our minds. There is, too, a beauty in the conception. This poetry is philosophy, but impassioned and inspired philosophy.

Let us now read a poem still more lofty, a poem in which rare beauty, lofty nobility, and profound philosophy are mingled in almost equal proportions. I refer to Wordsworth's Lines Written a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey:

These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even unto my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration. * * *
* * * that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,—
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul;
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things. * * *
And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,

And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.

The sweet melody of Tennyson's lullaby has here given away to a deep, organ-like harmony, that swells and reverberates, while the words seem to be making the simplest and most direct of statements. Image and plain statement so mingle that we cannot distinguish them, Truth suddenly seems radiant with a rare and angelic Beauty, and the very atmosphere breathes the loftiness of Noble Purity. Unexpectedly almost we find ourselves in the presence of Divinity itself, and the humblest meets the loftiest on common ground.

The Poets' Corner,

or

Haunts and Homes of The Poets,

by



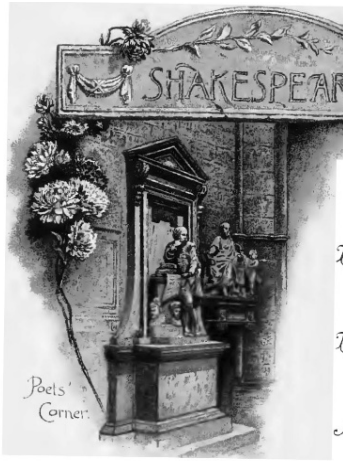
Illustrated by

Allan Barraud,

with

Introduction by

Fred E. Weatherly.



As imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown,
the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes,
and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

"Midsummer Night's Dream."

How many goodly creatures
are there here!
How beauteous mankind is!
O brave new world,
That has such people in't!

"Tempest."


Holy Trinity Church, Stratford-on-Avon



The Poets' Corner.

Where are the mighty poets gone?
Where are their burning spirits fled?
Is it beyond the stars and sun,
And do they sleep among the dead?
Or who will wake their songs again,
Or strike their silent harps once more,
And sing, in these sad days, a strain
Of chivalry and love of yore?

I tread the ways that know them still,
Where once they loved and sang of old,
The quiet glebe, the breezy hill,
The sunny bay, the wintry wold;
Churchyard and river, hall and tree,
Each has a story of its own;
But where can all the singers be,
Where have their burning spirits flown?

And then I tread the Abbey dust,
And scan the legends speaking fair,
The storied urn, the sculptured bust,
And think to find them sleeping there.
But no! They ask not such a bed,
Death hath for them no lot, or part,
The Poets live! They are not dead,
They live within their people's heart!

Fred E. Weatherly.

CHAUCER.

DEAR old England has a picturesque beauty of its own, in hill and dale, in moorland and purling stream; and this natural loveliness is enhanced by the charms of association. To the antiquarian, the historian, and the lover of literature, every inch of it is ground hallowed by the glorious deeds, sufferings, and achievements of men of genius, of the glorious company of martyrs who perished for their faith, and of warriors who bled for the cause they upheld. It is impossible to think of Warwickshire apart from Shakespeare, or of the Lake Country without recalling the sober figure of Wordsworth, while the mere mention of Surrey and Kent conjures up a vision of Geoffrey Chaucer, and of his merry calvacade of Canterbury pilgrims. The father of English poetry, however, was not country bred, London claims him for its own.

This soldier, courtier, man of learning, was, tradition says, born in Thames Street, and, if we accept his own statement, his birth occurred somewhere about the middle of the fourteenth century. Himself of gentle birth, his youth was spent in the atmosphere of the Court, as page to a Royal Duchess, and afterwards as valet to Edward III., with whom he was often at Woodstock, the Summer residence of the Royal Family. The glory of Woodstock has now departed; its great deer park, the incomparable maze in which Fair Rosamond's bower stood, the glades wherein the boy-poet walked and mused have vanished. It is in London that we must look for traces of Chaucer. When he held



the post of Controller of Customs, the poet lived in a house at Aldgate. We may picture to ourselves his hooded figure threading its way through the City's narrow lanes to the Postern Gate of the river by the Tower; passing through Fleet Street, along the Strand, and in every corner of the London of those days—a city of stately monasteries and hovels, of fortified mansions, and bishops' palaces surrounded by gardens, of churches, shops, and inns, from which hung innumerable signs. It is in Southwark that his figure seems to us most familiar. There stood the "Tabard Inn," the "gentil ostilrie," with its overhanging galleries supported by thick wooden pillars, its wide courtyard, and roomy guest chambers, whence the pilgrims started for Canterbury, to worship at Thomas à Becket's Tomb, one April morning of 1382.

Ruins of wayside chapels still mark their pleasant halting places. They stopped at Reigate, where the Town Hall stands on the site of one of these chapels. At Dorking, at the corner of Westhumble Lane, they found another, of which nothing now remains but a heap of moss-grown stones. Their route can be plainly traced by a line of yew trees, that winds up hill and down dale, through Surrey and Kent, and still indicates the "Pilgrims' Way." The trees do not grow in an unbroken line. Sometimes a clump of them forms a retreat, through whose shade the summer sun cannot pierce; sometimes a single tree, a spectre out of the past, flings its wild and twisted branches athwart the road; though here and there the yews grow in a long and orderly file. It was a gallant band that passed under the shadow of those hoary trees; "Well nine and twenty in a companie of Sondry folk." Among them rode a

"veray parfit gentil knight," with his young squire, who sang and played the flute all day, and

> "Embrouded was he—as it were a mede,
> Alle ful of freshe flouers white and rede."

A dainty prioress, whose smile "was ful simple and coy," was accompanied by a nun, "that was hire chapelleine and preestes three;" and the comely "wife of Bath," wearing hose of fine scarlet red and a "hat as broad as a buckler or a targe," rode among the Pilgrims. Thereafter comes a "gentil pardonere," a "wanton and a mery frere, an able abbot on his palfrey," a "fat swan loved he best of any roast;" and a lusty millar who

> "A baggepipe wel coude he blowe and soune,
> And therewithal he brought us out of toune."

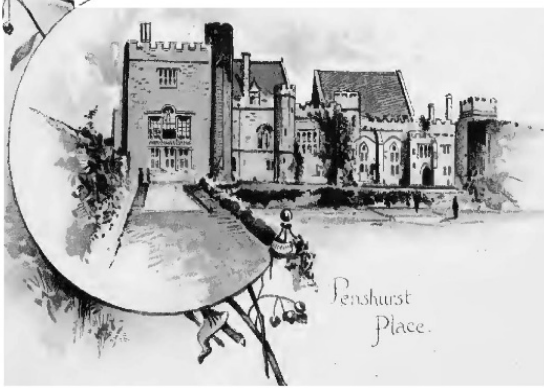
Prominent among them all is the poet's familiar figure leading the way. Let us imagine that the pilgrims have reached Canterbury; hot and dusty they enter Mercery Lane, that is crowded with traders in sacred wares. Before them rises the great cathedral, limned against the eternal freshness of the spring sky. They make their way through the lane, lined on either side with houses, the projecting upper storeys of which nearly meet above their heads. The old "Chequer Inn" stands at the corner of the High Street—every vestige of the inn has long since disappeared, its site, only, is known. The Pilgrims dismount; they enter the cathedral, through the church-yard, upon which now stands the beautiful angel-sculptured porch. Above the choir, reached by a flight of marble steps, and seen through a vista of columns, stands the shrine of the murdered Archbishop, blazing with gold and precious stones, and laden with offerings. Chaucer kneels, the print of his knees helps to wear away the pavement there. Doubtless the Prioress unpins that brooch on which is graven "Amor Vincit Omnia"; the wife of Bath detaches some jewel from her person; a sturdy franklin parts with one of the rings he wears outside his glove, and all the treasures are dropped into the shrine. There the



Chaucer Memorial Canterbury.

offerings will remain, until the day when Henry VIII will order the ashes of Thomas à Becket to be scattered to the winds, and the shrine to be despoiled. Blue Beard, we are told, carried off two heavy chests, and twenty-three carts full of treasure from the tomb. Torn stones and a worn pavement alone mark the spot where the shrine, stood five centuries ago; but the yew trees still point the way, and Chaucer's immortal poem still records that memorable journey.

The poet died before his work was completed. He expired on the 25th of October, 1400, in the house situated in the quiet garden of the Monks of St. Mary's, Westminster. Henry VII's. Chapel now covers the spot. Chaucer was interred in the cloister of the Abbey. In the sixteenth century, a poet, Nicholas Brigham, caused his remains to be removed to the south aisle, where he also erected a monument to the memory of Chaucer, the English troubadour.



Penshurst Place.

SPENSER.

THE great "Kentish shrine," Penshurst, the home of the Sidneys, is closely associated with the name of Edmund Spenser. Every glade and alley of the park awake reminiscences of the poet. It was here he wrote the "Shepherd's Calendar." It is easy to realise how the stately surroundings and the characteristic beauty of Kent, the "Garden of England," gave the decisive moulding touches to Spenser's genius; and how fortunate it was that the formative period of his life should have been spent in such a house and in such a county. Such were the early environments which helped to shape his spirit to large issues. As we stand under "Sidney's Oak," we almost expect to see the poet and his host stroll across that grass-grown pleasance, under the shadow of the avenue of mighty limes and beeches, and make their way towards the venerable tree.

The house speaks eloquently to us of these noble youths. Every room seems to breathe of their presence and of their gentle ways of life. Lady Sidney's mandoline lies in one chamber; but little stretch of imagination is needed to hear a strain of ghostly music wandering through the gallery that is hung with portraits of a vanished race; or to see the feast laid on the master's raised table, in the Baron's hall, on whose walls glistens the armour of many a gallant Sidney, and of their kinsmen. The retainers are assembled, surely Spenser will shortly enter with the head of the house,

"The President of noblesse and of chevalrie."

A thrill of delight and surprise ran through the Court of Queen Elizabeth, when "The Shepherd's Calendar" was published. A new poet had arisen; no great national poet had appeared since Chaucer had passed into the silence nearly two hundred years before. Who was this Edmund



Spenser who once again drew such tender and flexible sweetness from the English tongue? Spenser was born in London, of poor parents. He was educated at "The Merchant Taylors' School," and entered Cambridge as a sizar, or serving clerk. He was an excellent Greek scholar, and had a thorough knowledge of the "natural and moral philosophy" of his day. In 1580, he was appointed secretary to Lord Arthur Grey de Wilton—the *Artegal* of the "Faerie Queene"—whom he accompanied to Ireland to aid in the suppression of the great Desmond uprising in that unhappy land. The English Government determined to plant Munster with English colonists; Kilcolman Castle and its woods and river were given to Spenser, and it was there he wrote "The Faerie Queene." The ruins of Kilcolman Castle now stand a solitary pile dominating a desolate moorland. In Spenser's time the scene must have possessed some grace, for he speaks of its pleasantness and celebrates—

"The green alders by Mulla's shore."

To the north stretched the wild country—half-bog, half-forest and the wooded hill of Aharlo.

"Of old the best and fairest hill
That was in all this Holy Island's heights.

In his day Aharlo had become the haunt of outlaws. At Kilcolman, surrounded by the ever present spectacle of desolation, of anarchy and woe, he wrote the adventures of the "Red Cross Knight;" and the poem is coloured and influenced by the author's surroundings and conditions of life. The mournful land is often traversed by his hero; the solitary tracks barren "both of man and beasts," and the "great woods," where danger lurked, and which Spenser paints in vivid words, form a picture of the Ireland of his day. The famished figures creeping out upon their

hands and knees, "for their legs could not bear them," he says, when describing the result of the wars in Munster, "speaking like ghosts rising out of their graves," inspired some of his weird fancies. Sir Walter Raleigh visited Spenser, and listened, under the shades of the green alders, to the first books of his host's great poem. At the persuasion of the dreamer of "Eldorado," the poet returned to England, and was introduced to Queen Elizabeth. She bestowed her brightest smile upon him, and accepted the dedication of the poem. It is difficult, now, to realise the enthusiasm that was aroused by the publication of the "Faerie Queene." It became "the delight of every accomplished gentleman, the model of every poet, the solace of every soldier." Spenser lingered awhile in England, then, finding, as *Colin Clout* explains, that the selfish intrigues of Court life are not suited to the meditations of a lowly shepherd swain, returned to Kilcolman Castle. A year or two later the smouldering discontent in Ireland was fanned anew into open rebellion. Out of the woods of Aharlo, wild figures flocked one night towards Kilcolman. To them, the sweet singer who dwelt there, was but a hated usurper. Spenser, at the time, was writing, or had just written, last words of holy meditation:

> "But, henceforth, all shall rest eternally,
> With him that is the God of Sabaoth hight;
> O! that great Sabaoth God, grant me that Sabbath's sight,"

when the rebels set fire to the Castle. Mystery hangs over the proceedings of that night of terror and anguish. Spenser escaped, with his wife and his children, with the exception of one newly-born babe, who perished in the flames. The poet arrived in England a ruined and a broken-hearted man, and died at an inn in King Street, Westminster. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, by Chaucer's side. The Earl of Essex defrayed the expenses of his funeral. "His hearse," says Camden, "was attended by poets; and mournful elegies and poems, with the pens that wrote them, were thrown into his tomb."

SHAKESPEARE.

ONE of the few traditions that have been preserved of England's greatest poet relates of his passionate attachment to his native district, that even in the heyday of his career he visited Stratford-on-Avon at least once every year. In 1615 a proposal was made to enclose the adjacent common land of Welcombe. The poet appears to have been consulted on the subject, and, according to the preserved document "Mr. Shakespeare" told the agent "that he was not able to bear the enclosing of Welcombe." This midland district of England was for a youthful genius an ideal environment:

"With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,
With plenteous rivers, and wide skirted meads."

The renowned Forest of Arden, "the highest franchise of noble and princely pleasure," and Charlecote Park, the scene of Shakespeare's reported deer-stealing exploits, are not far distant from Stratford, which was a prosperous important town in the end of the sixteenth century. Only one or two generations previous to the birth of the great dramatist, Warwickshire, and the neighbouring central counties of England had been torn asunder by civil dissensions, had been the battle ground of the prolonged Wars of the Roses. During his childhood many veteran soldiers or their immediate descendants were still alive, and doubtless filled the boy's greedy ears with stirring tales of fights and heroic deeds. It is this intimate knowledge of the struggles between Yorkists and Lancastrians which make his historical dramas the



best chronicles extant of that troublous time. The Royal residence of Woodstock was within easy reach of Stratford, so the youth must have been familiar with the pageantry of Court life long before he came into more personal contact with it in after life.

Shakespeare was endowed with deep insight into human nature, with broad sympathies, and, in addition to his vivid imagination, he possessed the invaluable faculty of learning through vicarious knowledge; so that his mind became a great storehouse from which he could draw endless material. His vast knowledge of men and manners was gained principally in England, although it is generally supposed that he visited foreign lands. Nevertheless, the people of his dramas are for the most part of English type; and his descriptions of Egypt, Greece, Rome, and Medieval Italy find their counterpart in Warwickshire and in London. His merchants, watchmen, gay revellers, nobles, frank-speaking, true-hearted ladies are the inhabitants of the London of Elizabeth. Doubtless he met Falstaff at the "Mermaid Tavern," and stood him many a glass of sack for love of his wit. There he exchanged sallies with Dame Quickly, and looked of a night through the dark streets for the glimmer of Dogberry's lantern. At the houses of his friends, Lord Southampton, Lord Pembroke, Lord Essex, he saw the flower of English Society, and among them, doubtless, the blithe gallant, the courtier Benedick, the gay Mercutio, Polonius, melancholy Jacques and grave Antonio. Perhaps he was one of the guests on the occasion when the Countess of Pembroke entertained Ben Jonson at Crosby House, and there met and talked with Portia, laughing Rosalind, and beautiful Imogen.

His own early courtship was the prototype of the many beautiful love episodes in his works, which culminate in the passion and tragic deaths of Romeo and Juliet. A rustic walk of a mile and a half lay between his father's house and the cottage of Ann Hathaway, who became his wife. The path he so often trod runs through fields and grassy lanes sweet in spring and summer with the perfume of hawthorn

and of wild roses. Hard by, beyond the line of trees, Shottery Brook gleams and ripples; and when the ardent lover went in quest of his mistress, he caught the first sight of her thatched-roof cottage as he crossed the wooden bridge over the tumbling cascade of the stream.

Stratford itself was, and is, a perfect model of an English country town. The perfect parish church, is itself an epitome of our history since the Norman Conquest. In Shakespeare's day the crypt or charnel-house, part of the original Saxon church still existed; and very similar to it "to whose foul mouth no loathsome air breathes in," was the vault that Juliet saw,

> "O'ercovered quite with dead men's rattling bones,
> With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls."

In 1597 he bought the "Great House" for his wife and daughters to live in; thither he retired some years later, and there Drayton and Ben Jonson were entertained by him the day before his death. He was buried in the chancel of the church at Stratford, where his monument holds an honoured place on the north wall above the altar rails. Westminster Abbey also contains a monument in the Poets' Corner to the Immortal Bard, with an epitaph engraved on the pedestal by Ben Jonson.



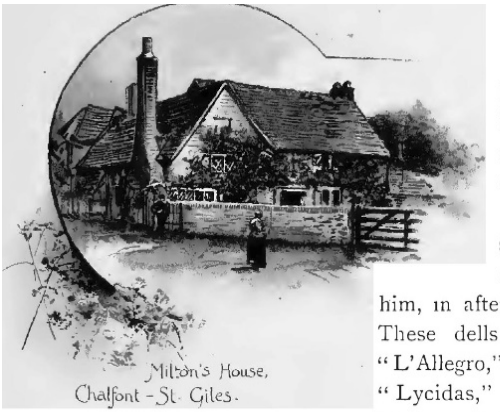
After Shakespeare's death that cynical but faithful friend wrote of him: "I loved the man, and do honour his memory on this side of idolatry as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature, had an excellent phantasy, brave notions and gentle expressions."

MILTON.

DEAR, Cockney London, has been the birthplace of a long roll of poets. Chaucer, Spenser, Herrick, Cowley, Pope, first drew breath in it; and Milton was born in Bread Street, Cheapside, well within sound of Bow Bells. Never did poet, we think, change his residence so often as did the author of "Paradise Lost;" and wherever he went his house had a garden, a peep of sky, a strip of close-shaven lawn, where he might—

"Rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth show,
And every herb that sips the dew."

Milton was a Puritan, touched with a Greek delight in the joy and loveliness of life. His father, a "scrivener," by profession, and a "man of ingeniose tastes," was a skilled proficient on the lute and the organ; a composer of madrigals, and, in his day, a famed writer of sacred songs. His son inherited the father's love of music. In his school and college days at St. Paul's, and Christchurch at Cambridge, we can picture Milton, in his leisure moments, playing on the viol, or practising on the organ of the college chapel. It was, probably, his love of trees, which gave rise to the tradition, that mulberry trees had been planted by his hand in Cambridge. There is a hoary patriarch still standing in the Christchurch College garden which is associated with his name. On leaving college, 1632, when he was four-and-twenty, the young man gave up all thoughts of taking orders, and returned to his father's property at Horton, in Buckinghamshire. Wooded solitudes, and meadows, crowned in the distance by Windsor Castle "bosom'd high in tufted trees," were the haunts wherein he "nourished a youth sublime." Every step of that



beautiful country, whence London is so easy of access, is classic ground. Its woods, its meadows and heaths are twice hallowed by memories of Milton; for the scenes that saw him in the vigour and beauty of his manhood, beheld him, in after years, old, destitute, and blind. These dells and forest aisles that inspired "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," "Comus," "Lycidas," saw him brood over the last touches of "Paradise Lost," and dream out "Paradise Regained." Seldom has poet had so privileged a youth as Milton's; seldom so forlorn an old age.

A visit to Italy, which lasted some fifteen months, closed the first blissful period. The traveller hastened his return to serve with his pen Cromwell's Parliamentary party, then rising to power. The second period of his life began with a deplorable blunder. A dismal



chapter in life's "Comedy of Errors" might be furnished by a record of the mistakes made by men of genius in the choice of their wives. The story of Milton's first matrimonial venture would rank among the foremost of such blunders. The poet had removed to a house in Aldersgate, large enough to accommodate pupils. One day Milton went to Shotover, in Oxfordshire, apparently for a holiday; he returned at the end of a month with a wife of seventeen. Mary Powell, the girl he had chosen for his life's companion, was the daughter of a jovial Royalist, who kept open house. Her life had been spent amidst gay and reckless surroundings. She cared nothing for intellectual pursuits. Before the honeymoon was over the bride's soul quailed at the dulness, the solitariness, the frugality of her lot.

She asked, and obtained permission, to visit her family. She then refused to return to her Puritan husband, and her family, under pretence of disapproval of the poet's political views, sanctioned her disobedience. Wounded to the quick by the ignominy heaped upon him, passionately resenting the thraldom of a marriage that was no marriage, Milton wrote his treatises on the justification of divorce. Two years later, when the King's cause was lost, and Milton was one of the foremost figures of the rising party, his father-in-law was ruined, and the wife then sought reconciliation with her husband. Concealed in a friend's house at which Milton visited, she flung herself at his feet; he forgave her, took her home, and magnanimously provided for her impoverished parents. The house in the Barbican to which he then removed has disappeared. There he published his first volume, containing "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," "Comus," "Lycidas." Mary Milton died seven years later in giving birth to her fourth child.

The house, 19, York Street, Westminster, comparatively lately taken down, occupied the site of the abode where many important domestic events occurred in the life of the poet. There, he became totally blind; there, he wrote some of his most important prose works. There, he took

his second wife, Catherine Woodcock, commemorated in one of his sonnets as "his late espoused saint" in whose person "love, sweetness, and goodness shined." All traces of this home has disappeared—the cotton willow-tree the poet planted, the grounds in which he walked, have vanished; workshops and other buildings cover the place.

Milton's third marriage seems to have been a prosaic and comfortable union. If according to his tenets—

> "Nothing lovelier can be found
> In woman than to study household good."

Elizabeth Minshull, his third wife, must have proved a thoroughly satisfactory partner. "God have mercy, Betty," he is reported to have said to her, one day, when she had prepared some dainty for his dinner, "I see thou wilt perform according to thy promise, in providing me such dishes as I think fit while I live, and when I die thou knowest I have left thee all."

In his old age, in his ruin and blindness, the poet appeals to our tenderest veneration. We seem to see him as his friend, the Quaker Elmwood saw him at Chalfont, as Dryden describes him, sitting at the organ under those rusty green hangings. We see his pale serene face which life's tragedy has marked with lines of noble beauty. His clear grey eyes seek the light that for him was quenched ere half his days were counted.

> "——though blind of sight,
> Despised, and thought-extinguished, quite,
> With inward eyes illuminated,
> His fiery virtue roused
> From under ashes into sudden flames."

Milton died of an attack of gout, on Sunday, November 8th, 1674, and was buried in the chancel of St. Giles, Cripplegate, near his father. His name marks the spot; but there is much reason to fear that the report of the profanation of the leaden coffin, in 1790, and of the dispersion of his bones by the parochial authorities, is true.

SHELLEY.

SHELLEY'S personality is one of the most puzzling in literature. Of no one is it so easy to narrate episodes far from flattering to good sense and right judgment, and yet, of no other poet are there more charming stories to prove how winsome, and loveable, and noble-minded he was. Matthew Arnold was wont to declare that, while every poet "had a bee in his bonnet, Shelley had a whole hive." Of a truth, this strange complex being either repels or irresistibly fascinates, both as a man and as a poet. An eminent French critic has declared that it is impossible to say whether Shelley was more a saintly sinner or a sinful saint. The remark is apt, for the poet is much more the "fallen angel," than the "born sinner."

His childhood, with its early sorrow; his agony of boyhood; his turbulent, enthusiastic youth at Oxford, in Ireland, and in London; his premature and ill-fated marriage; and his abrupt departure for abroad, with his beloved Mary, daughter of his "friend and master," Godwin; these and other episodes make the story of his life in England, one of singular pathos, as well as of puzzling contradictions. It is to Italy, that we look for happy associations of Shelley—always excepting the brief period when he haunted the Thames-reaches about Waldergrave and Marlow, and wrote "Alastor," that wonderful unconscious poetic biography.

The poet's writing and reading-rooms were ever the glens, the mountain-sides, the woods and shores. "Prometheus Unbound" was composed among the solitary wastes of the then weed-grown ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, overlooking Rome. "Adonais," that incomparable dirge for Keats, was first sung near the banks of the Serchio. The exquisite

"Cloud" was inspired by the brooding sweetness of the Pisan sky. At Leghorn, one evening, as he wandered among the myrtle groves, through which darted the fire-flies, a lark poured from the sun-set sky the music that found words in the lyric we all know and love.

At Naples a melancholy oppressed Shelley. Our illustration shows the scenes upon which he looked—the Bay, the blue and everchanging waters of which reflected Vesuvius, "A smoke by day and a flame by night." There, also, the "Stanzas Written in Dejection," that most wonderful poem of despondency ever penned, was inspired by a romantic incident in the poet's life.

How beautiful is this verse—

"Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne, and yet must bear,
Till death, like sleep, might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air,
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony."

"Epipsychidion," that perfect lyrical poem which the poet described to a friend as an "idealised history of my life and feelings," owed its creation to Shelley's ideal love for Emilia Viviani. The young contessina, a girl of great beauty, and of varied mental accomplishments, was shut up, together with her sister, in a convent by their jealous stepmother. The chivalrous, emotional poet heard of it, and he and his wife, after considerable trouble, succeeded in gaining access to the immured one, and solaced her with frequent visits, books, and flowers. Shelley, for a time, fell deeply in love with her, worshipping in her his Ideal of Beauty. Later, he was disillusioned, but fortunately not until he had written this masterpiece.



Boating was ever Shelley's favourite recreation. He was on the water by night and day, in moonlight and sunshine, whether on the lagoons of Venice, on the lake of Como, on the wild and beautiful Gulf of Spezzia; as, in his younger days he had been on the Thames, at Marlow. A short time before the journey from which he was never to return, he rowed out to sea, in a light skiff, with the wife of the friend who was so soon to perish with him. He took her out far from the shore and pausing, rested absorbed in his thoughts, and watched the varying spectacle of sky and sea. She spoke to him, he did not answer; he had forgotten the presence of his terrified companion. The flat-bottomed boat was one which would upset with the slightest jerk. "I will never again put my foot in that horrid coffin—he is seeking after what we all avoid—death," cried his companion, as at length she jumped on shore, little guessing how prophetic were her words.

At Casa Magni, shortly before the fatal journey, two strange, portent-like incidents occurred to Shelley. He saw a vision of Allegra, Byron's daughter, rise from the sea, joyously clap her hands and beckon to him. On another occasion he saw a cloaked figure approach his bedside and sign to him to follow, and when it reached the sitting-room the figure unveiled its face, in which Shelley, horrified, recognised his own features.

On the 1st July, 1822, Shelley and Captain Williams went to Leghorn in their little yacht, the *Ariel*, and there met the Leigh Hunts, who had then arrived from England. On the 8th they set sail to return home. A storm was gathering. Their progress was watched by Captain Roberts from the top of the Leghorn lighthouse, till in the hurricane a whirlwind enveloped the frail boat and hid it from sight. Twenty minutes later, when the darkness of the tempest had cleared away, no sign of the yacht was to be seen. Days of miserable expectancy passed, and at length, news came to the anxious watchers at San Terenzo that the two bodies had been washed ashore. The faithful friend, Trelawney, recognised Shelley by the two volumes in his pocket: one of Keat's poems, with the page

turned down at "The Eve of St. Agnes," the other a Greek tragedy. The bodies were cremated on the shore near Viareggio; wine, myrrh and frankincense were cast into the flames. "More wine was poured over Shelley's dead body, than he drank during the course of his life," says Trelawney, grimly. The poet's ashes were laid in the cemetery adjoining the burial-ground where his little son and Keats lay buried. "I think it is the most beautiful and solemn cemetery I ever beheld," Shelley had once written to a friend. In "Adonais," he had sung—

"The soft sky smiles—the low wind whispers near:
'Tis Adonais calls! Oh! hasten thither!
No more let life divide what death can join together."

The flat stone, encircled with acanthus and violets, which marks the place where the ashes rest, lies under the shadow of one of the weed-grown towers of the ancient Roman wall, and near to the Pyramid of Caius Cestius. The Poet's name, the dates of his birth and death, 4th August, 1792, and 8th July, 1822, and the words *Cor Cordium*, are graven on the stone, with a snatch of "Ariel's" song beneath—

"Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange."



POPE.

"THERE are some advantages accruing from a genius to poetry, and they are all I can think of: the agreeable power of self-amusement when a man is idle or alone; the privilege of being admitted into the best company; the freedom of saying as many careless things as other people, without being so severely remarked upon." Alexander Pope found yet another advantage which he does not enumerate, the acquisition of fame, which was the ruling passion of his life.

His education was of the most desultory description. His school-days were of short duration on account of his physical delicacy, but he was an insatiable reader, and especially of the English, French, Italian, Latin and Greek poets. "I followed," he says, "everywhere my fancy led me, and was like a boy gathering flowers in the woods and fields just as they fell in his way." He began to write poetry very early:

> "As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
> I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came."

The genius of the little Englishman revealed itself in the Ode to Windsor, part of which was composed when he was sixteen, and in which Diana is described as having

> "Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor shade,"

and where every glade and alley of the English wood is over-run with Greek Nymphs and Gods.

A nostalgia for the intellectual life of the metropolis, drew Pope, in early manhood, to London. When he was twelve, a friend had once taken him to Wills' coffee-house, and he had there seen Dryden, his master in

the metrical art, presiding over the assembled wits of the day, all drinking punch and smoking big clay pipes. Now, Dryden was dead, and the glory of Wills' coffee-room had set. Addison reigned over a senate of wits at Buttons' coffee-house, at a stone's throw from Covent Garden. Pope was



early admitted into the circle; but ere long we find the sensitive, irritable little man engaged in quarrels with the master and disciples. When his translation of the "Illiad" first appeared, the diminutive deformed poet was courted by the leading members of the fashionable world, by publishers and critics, and the self-taught cripple became the dread of his enemies, and the leading literary man of his day.

Life in London proved too exciting an ordeal for the poet's "tender, crazy little carcase." In 1715, he therefore bade the "dear, droll, distracting town farewell," and settled in Twickenham.

He was comparatively rich; by his translation of Homer, alone, he made £9,000. The embellishing of his cottage and grounds, sufficed to fill his days, together with the writing of poetry, which was "my only profession, and idleness my only pleasure."

Pope's quaint little drawings of ground plans, of porticoes, of columns, arches, etc., may be seen in the British Museum; they are scribbled, for the most part, on backs of letters. His cottage and everything about it delighted him; the Thames washed the edge of the lawn—

> "No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear,
> No lake so gentle and no springs so clear."

His garden measured about five acres, and was enclosed by three lanes. Pope, Horace Walpole tells us "twisted, twirled, rhymed and harmonised this bit of ground till it appeared two or three sweet little lawns opening on one another, and the whole surrounded by impenetrable woods." The "impenetrable woods" were a plantation at the back of the house on the other side of the road, which cut the poet's property in two. To unite "his wilderness" to his lawns the poet built his underground grotto. The building of this famous "shadowy cave" was his hobby. His friends indulged him in it, and sent for its adornment pieces of spar, coral, crystals, humming-birds' nests. Pope has commemorated this grotto in verse and prose. It is "a temple wholly composed of shells in the rustic manner." The shells are interspersed with "looking-glasses in regular form," and one of these in the shape of a star, adorns the ceiling. When the alabaster lamp is lit the cave glistens as "with lingering drops."

> "There my retreat the best companions grace,
> Chiefs out of war and statesmen out of place."

Then came Bolingbroke, proud of his thirty years' friendship with the poet; also Lord Peterborough, the amazing soldier who boasted he had seen more kings and postillions than any man in Europe. Bathurst who had a craze for landscape gardening, and came down to discuss his hobby with Pope, and fat, genial Gay wrote a special poem to celebrate the completion of the grotto. Swift, too, made a short stay at the cottage, and departed, vowing that the house was too small to accommodate two valetudinarians. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, whom Pope began by flattering outrageously and ended by loathing, was numbered among his guests. A host of wits, poets, statesmen, fair ladies, a crowd of candidates for fame, all eager for Pope's approval, wended their way to the cottage, of which not a stone now remains. Only the grotto survives. In its cool shade we may pause a moment and picture the friends who there sat watching on a Summer day "the sails on the river passing suddenly and vanishing as through a perspective glass." In the shadowy crowd we discern two women's figures, Maria Blunt, the woman he loved best after his mother, and that simple, homely mother, whose letters the poet treasures, whose dead face appears to him like that of a saint. It is pleasant to think of Pope at Twickenham, driving up to London, from time to time, in his coach, a "Homer in a nutshell," as Atterby called him; or rowed down the river by the waterman whose constant service rendered him a member of the establishment. "Paper sparing Pope," as Swift ironically dubbed him, because of his habit of scribbling down every fleeting thought on scraps of paper, sums up his whole life in the line he wrote of himself "The life of a wit is a warfare upon earth."

Pope died in his cottage at Twickenham, May, 1744, and lies buried in Twickenham Church, by the side of his parents.

COWPER.

OLNEY, in North Bucks, with its adjacent flats, is not noted for picturesque beauty; but it was here that an eminent English poet found such peace as he was destined to enjoy. It was but the peace of an Orestes pursued by the Furies, an interval of calm between the dire torments of a mental disorder, but perhaps all the more precious and all the more beautiful on that account. For it was at Olney that Cowper first came regularly under the care of the Unwins, and while that care lasted he always had a solace, and a refuge against the clouds of mental darkness which threatened to overwhelm him. Without someone to guide and care for him this, in a very literal sense, "child" of genius could not have steered his way through the rough world. He was constitutionally insane. It is absurd to attribute his malady to a mere disappointment in love. It was an inherited tendency, and it required but the slightest shock to his exquisitely refined susceptibilities for its rapid development. Sensibility, which is a grace in others, was in him a disease. As a young man, he became insane with terror at the prospect of receiving a good appointment on the Parliamentary establishment of the House of Lords. The dread of a short oral examination by members of the House unsettled his mind. He tried to hang himself at his chambers in the Temple, where he was at that time studying for the bar. That desperate attempt conclusively proved to his friends his inability to pursue any public vocation. He was well-connected, the son of a clergyman, the great nephew of an earl, and at the time of his birth in 1731, interest was the great passport to success in all the professions, and in this particular he would have encountered no difficulties. It came to be understood in his family that he was to be watched over; but a visit to Huntingdon led to his acquaintance with the Unwins, and his final adoption into their

household. The mode of life in the Unwin household was eminently suited to his spirit, deeply tinged as this was with religious melancholy. "We breakfast commonly between eight and nine," he writes in 1766: "till eleven, we read, either the Scripture, or the sermons of some faithful teacher of these holy mysteries; at eleven, we attend Divine service, which is performed here once a day, and from twelve to three we separate and amuse ourselves as we please." The nature of the social relaxations may be inferred from his well-known lines:

> "Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
> Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
> And, while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
> Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
> That cheer, but not inebriate, wait on each,
> So let us welcome peaceful evening in."

What a picture of quiet contentment! Yet beneath the peace and quiet of his outward life lies the haunting terror ever present with him, that he is doomed to eternal damnation.


Cowper in his Garden

After the death of Mr. Unwin by a fall from his horse, the widow removed to Olney, and as the unhappy man of genius could not possibly exist without her, Cowper accompanied her. Southey describes Olney as the most northerly town in Buckinghamshire, consisting of one long street, with the houses built of stone, but thatched; and with a great church remarkable for its lofty spire. At Olney, the course of the Ouse becomes so winding that the distance thence to St. Neots, which is

about twenty miles by land, is about seventy by the stream. Here Cowper met the fatalistic Mr. Newton, a clergyman of the most pronounced Calvinistic views, who, in spite of his genuine friendly feeling to the poet, rendered his depression the gloomier by suggesting that he was possibly shut out from all hope of the Divine mercy. Cowper acquired a certain resignation of despair by constantly dwelling on the thought, but at times it quite unsettled his reason. While Mrs. Unwin was with him, however, her exquisitely tender ministrations partially banished the haunting spectres from his mind. She taught him to find the purest and the most soothing delights in his garden, his summer-house, and in his tame hares—Puss, Tiney, and Bess—whose characters, as well as habits, he has himself so felicitously described. "Puss," he says, "would leap into my lap, raise himself up upon his hinder-feet, and bite the hair from my temples. He would suffer me to take him up, and to carry him about in my arms, and has more than once fallen fast asleep upon my knee." His literary work was, at first, merely the private diversion of an afflicted mind, in its lucid intervals; and though he had written much, he published little before his fiftieth year. He was encouraged to publish, as he had been encouraged to write, by his faithful mentor Mrs. Unwin, and he suddenly realised that he had become the most famous poet of his time. The recluse in his garden was soon the chief literary figure in England; his summer-house was the British temple of the Muse. "He calls it his boudoir," says Lady Hesketh, in one of her lively letters to her sister Theodora, Cowper's boyhood's love. "It has a door and a window, just holds a small table with a desk and two chairs, but though there are two chairs, and two persons might be contained therein, it would be with a degree of difficulty. For this cause, as I make a point of not disturbing a poet in his retreat, I go not there." "The Task" is a notable poem, though it is too didactic for the taste of the present day. Like all his works, it was directly inspired by feminine counsel, but in this instance not that of Mrs. Unwin. It was Lady Austen who



suggested to him his theme. He is eminently the poet of the home, and of all its associations. he was not writing poems full of moral maxims and good advice, or some of the most beautiful hymns in our language, he was turning an ode on "An Inkstand Dried in the Sun," on "The Death of Mrs. Throckmorton's Bullfinch," or on "The Feather Hangings of Mrs. Montagu." It is impossible to think of him without recalling to mind the gentle lady—whose death he survived but two or three years—his garden, his summer-house, and Olney Church. The hills of Surrey, as the nearest approach to mountains he had ever seen, frightened him. He longed for the plain with its placid beauties, for the gentle, but tortuous river, which was, in some sense, the image of his uneventful, yet troubled life. He wrote of himself:—



"I was the stricken deer, that left the herd,
Long since."

"Here much I ruminate, as much I may,
With other views of men and manners now
Than once, and others of a life to come."

GRAY.

THE thought of Gray is closely associated with that of Burnham Beeches, which the gentle poet may be said to have discovered. During a college vacation, Gray visited an uncle at Burnham, in the neighbourhood of Stoke-Pogis. The old gentleman had been a famous hunter in his day, but, owing to the gout, was at this time, reduced to a state of grumbling inactivity. He held his delicate, dreamy nephew in contempt for preferring walking to riding, and reading to hunting. The ex-sportsman's dogs sat on all the chairs in the house, and completely ousted the poet. In self-defence, one day, Gray wandered off in search of some quiet spot, where he could absorb himself in a favourite book unmolested. He came upon a beautiful glade, "a vale and hill covered with most venerable beeches, and other very reverend vegetables, that, like most ancient people, are always dreaming out their old stories to the wind." There he read Virgil by the hour; and the hares and squirrels played about him in his retreat as they played about Adam in Paradise. Thus he writes to Horace Walpole, his brilliant college chum, who had taken an immense fancy to Gray from the moment they met when small boys at Eton. An avenue of lime trees in the college grounds called the "Poets' Walk," is dedicated to Gray, and his friend who, it is said, often paced up and down it together. Walpole has told us that they were not athletes, that they "never made an expedition against bargemen, or won a match at cricket;" nevertheless, in the famous "Ode to Eton," the poet paints a robust and healthy boyhood:

"Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace;

Who foremost now, delight to cleave
With pliant arm, thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthral?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed
Or urge the flying ball?"

When his student days were over, he and Horace Walpole made an interesting tour in France and Italy. Unfortunately the friends quarrelled, and Gray returned to England alone. It is said that since Milton, no such accomplished English traveller had visited those classic shores. Gray reached London in time to see his father die: the elder Gray had been a squanderer, a bad husband, a careless father. Mrs. Gray had procured the money for her son's education, by carrying on a business, in partnership, with her sister. After the death of his father, Gray, who was devotedly attached to his mother, took her down to the sylvan village of Stoke-Pogis, in Bucks, and there established her and her two sisters in a comfortable home. West End House—where the three ladies lived to the end of their days, and to which the poet paid constant visits—was situated at the end of the lane leading to Stoke Common. It was a simple farmstead, two stories high, with a porch over the front door opening out into a garden stocked with flowers. There we picture our poet



"Brushing with hasty steps
the dew away
To meet the sun upon the
upland lawn,"

or loitering in the rising field behind the house—crowned by a height on which a summer-house still stands—and observing the habits of the birds and flowers; noting down as was his wont, such delicately thrilling announcements as the arrival of the first white butterfly, the first song of the lark, and the first blossom on the almond-tree. There he wrote "The Ode to Eton College," and there, seven years after its commencement, he finished the immortal "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." The ivy-covered church, with the tombstones gathered round it, the simple, peaceful scenes in the gathering twilight, inspired that exquisite poem, one of the most perfect in our language, whose popularity no changes of taste or fashion have diminished. General Wolff, as he rowed up to Quebec on the eve of his death is said to have repeated those sweet and solemn words. Gray lived the life of a recluse and student in College Chambers, of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, but every vacation he came down to the quiet house, in the peaceful tree-embowered country town. We can picture the gentle poet, made much of by the three old ladies who loved and were proud of him; and with good reason, for Gray was considered in his own day to be "Perhaps the most learned man in Europe." The great people of Stoke Manor House also courted the poet. These ladies had discovered that at West End House there "lurked a wicked imp they call a poet," and vowed they must make his acquaintance. One day they arrived, and finding him out, left a mysterious message, requesting his presence at Stoke House. Gray and his hostesses soon became warm friends. There are traces of a long flirtation between the middle-aged poet and the heiress; in his note-book appears delightful jottings concerning the stately gardens at Stoke, with its old-fashioned flowers, and south wall covered with clusters of fruit.

After Mrs. Gray's death, and that of the two old aunts, West End House was shut up and Gray betook himself to London. The British Museum was thrown open for the first time to the public on the 15th of January, 1759, and Gray was among the visitors that day. He had

settled down in Southampton Row, to be near the shrine of learning. In one of his delightful letters we have a picture of the Bloomsbury of those days. "Here is air, sunshine, and quiet to comfort you," he writes.

On the death of Cibber, Gray was offered the laureateship, but declined it. In 1768, "the gentleman who sometimes writes for his amusement,"



was elected Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, where he lived the life of a recluse, in quaintly decorated chambers in Pembroke Hall, until his death on the 22nd July, 1772. He was buried at Stoke Pogis by the side of his mother, and in the adjacent Park, a monument has been erected to his memory.

BURNS.

ROBERT BURNS is the lyric poet of joy, of love, of nature. Born in days of decorous ideals, ever chasing the fleeting phantoms of delight, and dying in the ardour of his vain quest, Burns reminds us of those mythical Greek figures, half-animal, half-god, those fabled Centaurs and Fauns, with their exuberant delight in physical life, their gift of music and wise speech. It is easy to understand Burns' impatience of restraint, his imperious demand for enjoyment at any price, his sympathy with the drunken Tam O'Shanter's triumphant mood of mind,

> "Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
> O'er the ills of life victorious—"

when we think of the hardships and privations of his youth, which he describes as "this kind of life, the cheerless gloom of a hermit, the unceasing gloom of a galley slave.

He was a perfect Don Juan in his susceptibility to the charms of the "Lassies O!" the rustic Jeans, Nannies, and Marys.

He had a manly sympathy with the weak, tenderness for all dumb creatures. Saint Francis could not have worded a gentler address to the frightened mouse—

> "Wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
> O, what a panic's in thy breastie.
> I'm truly sorry man's dominion
> Has broken nature's social union,
> An' justifies that ill opinion,
> Which makes thee startle
> At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
> An' fellow mortal—"



which he had crushed with his plough, or uttered more pitying words to the wounded hare; or spoken more touchingly to the

"Wee, modest crimson-tipped flower."

His love of country, his ambitious independent spirit, his pride in the exploits of Wallace, make him the representative of Scottish genius. It was his desire

"That I, for poor auld Scotland's sake,
Some useful plan or book could make,
Or sing a song at least."

He has touched with sweetness and glory the hills, the rivers, the braes of his dear native region, Ayrshire. Born on the banks of his "Bonnie Doon," in an "auld clay biggin," built by his father, the poet was familiar since early childhood with "Alloway Kirk," the haunted burying ground which was the scene of "Tam's" adventure. Distressing poverty surrounded his early years; a poverty that was ennobled by the father's heroic struggle against adversity, his paternal solicitude for his children's education, his patriarchal piety, all of which the son commemorated in "The Cotter's Saturday night."

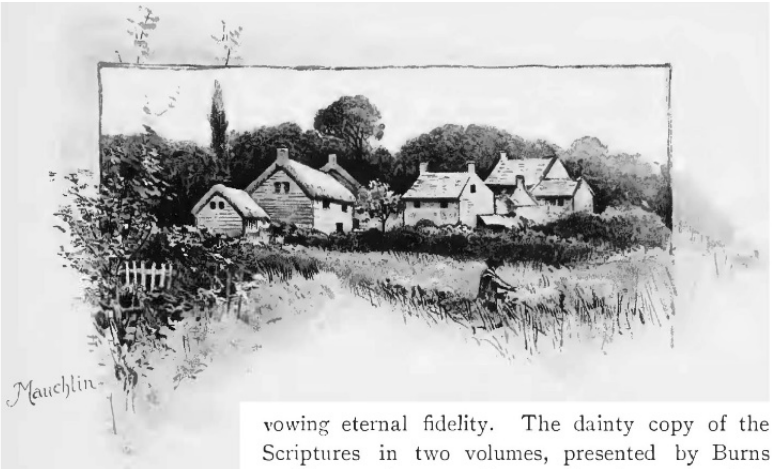
Burns was fifteen when "a bonnie, sweet sonsie lass," a year younger than himself, his partner in the labours of the harvest field inspired him to write. His first song was adapted to the melody of her favourite reel. From that time the lad was always in love, or the confidant of other love-smitten swains. The lassies, Wallace, and Nature, inspired his songs.

When Burns settled near Mauchline he was head of the family. His ambition to distinguish himself was not confined to literature, he was proud of his personal appearance and his conversational powers. He was the only man in the parish who wore his hair tied up; his gaudy red and white check plaid was draped in a peculiar way.

With his fine dark eyes, the finest Sir Walter Scott had ever seen in any man's head, his gift of winning words in speech and song, Burns was a brilliant personality. One evening, when, with his little dog following at his heels as he danced, he assisted at a penny ball given by the young men and women of Mauchline, he expressed a loud wish "that he could get any of the lasses to like him as well as his dog." A few days later the dog, the four-footed "Deus ex machinæ" in this unhappy affair, ran over some linen a young girl was bleaching on Mauchline Green. The girl was Jean Armour, who laughingly inquired of the poet if he had found a lassie to love him as well as did his dog. Burns was not long in replying:—

"Though mountains rise, and deserts howl,
And oceans roar between;
Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,
I still would love my Jean."

Shortly after, when Mauchline village was ablaze with indignation, when the Kirk authorities invited the dark-eyed Don Juan to come and sit on the stool of repentance; when the door of Jean's home was shut upon him, we find our poet standing upon one of the banks of Ayr, with Highland Mary on the other, holding a Bible between them, and



vowing eternal fidelity. The dainty copy of the Scriptures in two volumes, presented by Burns to his new love on this occasion, is preserved in the Burns' Monument at Alloway, near Ayr. On the fly-leaf are inscribed texts, as to the binding nature of an oath. The betrothed couple parted, and Mary went to visit her family in the Highlands before joining Burns as his wife. She never returned; death took her from the poet, who years afterwards wrote the well-known poem, "To Mary in Heaven."



"That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?"

In Edinburgh, where, shortly after, we find Burns, all society goes mad in its reception of the "ploughman-poet." The "Duchess of Gordon and all the gay world" made him welcome. When society grew weary of the lion of the season, Burns returned to Mauchline, married Jean Armour, his old love, and settled down on a farm—Ellisland—close to Dumfries. In the beautiful grounds of "Friar's Carse," "Tam O'Shanter" was written, in a single day. Burns composed it, as he walked up and down his favourite path at Nithside.

As a means of adding to his livelihood, Burns accepted the post of exciseman, offered to him by Government, and fulfilled its distasteful duties with energy, if not always with tact. Thereupon he gave up Ellisland, and settled in Dumfries, on his salary of £70 a year. There is no sadder story than that of the close of Burns' life. Out of the darkness float songs of ineffable sweetness, the strains of "Auld Lang Syne," of "Wandering Willie," and of "Highland Mary." In his 37th year, on July 21st, 1796, death came as a deliverer to him. He was buried with pomp and much mourning in Dumfries Kirk-yard.



WORDSWORTH.

THE plainest of plain men, gifted with genius, a peasant with the insight of a God; thus Wordsworth appears to us. He did not idealize, in the ordinary sense of the word: he saw too straight for that, but he saw the folk around him, as their Maker might see them. He saw through their common exterior to the soul within them, and the poor, the prosaic, the disgraced, became heroic and pathetic. Lucy Gray, Peter Bell, Widow Blake, might seem to most of us unworthy of notice, to Wordsworth, they are as notable as the gifted and high-born. He has been called, or rather miscalled, the chief of the Lake Poets. Had he been placed in the Tropics, he would have described the pine forests with the same exquisiteness of detail and grandeur of general effect as he has written of his native country; he would have interpreted the dwellers there, with the same spiritual recognition of the dignity or ignominy of their lot. It was this sense of the sacredness of all human beings, that made him espouse so passionately the cause of the French Revolution. When the plain man in Wordsworth is in the ascendant, he becomes tedious, for his strength and his weakness lie in this union of supreme insight with the bald simplicity of a peasant.

It is a common error to regard Wordsworth as a prosaic rhymer, who occasionally rises to the heights of great poetry, and indeed one is led to this conclusion by whole desert tracts of his verse varied but by the slightest oasis of beauty. And one feels annoyed that he should have written so much that is worthless, but when one finds from his own confession, that his baldness of language, his dullness of description are intentional, the whole of his work assumes a different aspect.

Wordsworth was consciously, and of set purpose, leading a revolution against the ornate artificial-flowery style of the eighteenth century poets—a revolution in which Burns unconsciously bore his part, and of which our Tennyson is the eldest born son—and in this effort Wordsworth fought against his own soul's impulses—as much pains was taken to avoid poetic diction as other men take to produce it—and thus he sacrificed his poetry to his idea, and produced a thousand bald lines for one gem, such as the poems to Lucy, but *he did what he meant to do*, and how many of us can say as much?

The tawdry sentiment of the powder-puff and patch-box poets of the eighteenth century is a thing of the past, and it is to Wordsworth and Burns that we owe its extinction. It is in his poems to Lucy and his sonnets that Wordsworth is at his greatest, that he rises above criticism, "into the Heaven where the immortals sit."

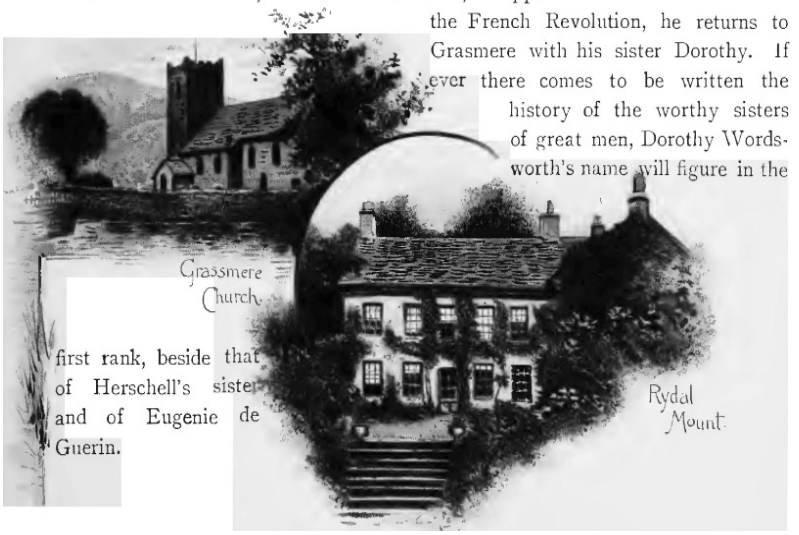
Youth rarely loves Wordsworth—he has none of the glow and glitter that catch "sweet and twenty"—Twenty often prefers the ball-room to a hill-side—and Byron to Wordsworth—but as we grow older, we love more and more, the elm-trees and meadows, the moorlands and the fens, the sunset lights, the dews of dawn awake new and more intense delight, and Wordsworth's poetry grows to be "as a beloved hand laid cool upon our forehead when it burns of some wild fever."

Every part of the Lake country is sanctified by his genius. He has breathed a soul into its hills, its dales, its tarns. About Grasmere and Rydal, however, cluster the most intimate associations with his life. Born at Cockermouth, on the outskirts of that beautiful region, the poet's childish recollections were of Derwent Water and of Skiddaw, which caught the sunset glory as it reared its head against the eastern sky. He went to school at Hawkshead, "the beloved vale," near Esthwaite Water, and there with the spirits of a healthy ten-year-old boy joined in the sports of his comrades. But even at this early age he held "unconscious intercourse with beauty, old as creation." To the age of fourteen Wordsworth dates

his "consciousness of the infinite variety of natural appearances which had been unnoticed by the poet of any age or country, so far as I was acquainted with them. I made a resolution to supply in some degree this deficiency."



In the "Prelude," we follow the history of the outward and spiritual events of his life, until the time when, disappointed with the results of the French Revolution, he returns to Grasmere with his sister Dorothy. If ever there comes to be written the history of the worthy sisters of great men, Dorothy Wordsworth's name will figure in the first rank, beside that of Herschell's sister and of Eugenie de Guerin.



To Wordsworth

"Her voice was like a hidden bird that sang,
The thought of her was like a flash of light,
Or an unseen companionship, a breath
Of fragrance independent of the wind."

The house where the brother and sister spent frugal days, was covered with roses and honeysuckles. It had a bit of orchard and a garden. They boated together, took long excursions together, read together. Both had a passionate love of nature. Dorothy kept a diary, and in it she noted down simple stories of country folk; some of the delicate effects of nature that she saw and recorded furnished themes for her brother's poems. On an expedition to Ullswater, as they approach the lake, she describes how they came upon daffodils close to the water's edge. "I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones about them; some rested their heads on the stones as on a pillow; the rest tossed, and reeled, and danced, and seemed as if they verily danced with the wind, they looked so gay and glancing." These were the daffodils of which the poet sang,

"I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high, o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze."

After her brother's marriage Dorothy continued to be an inmate of his house. The road from Grasmere to Keswick, where Southey and Coleridge lived, and that over Kirkstone to Ullswater, are peopled with memories of the Wordsworths of Thirlmere. The fair lake which the Corporation of Manchester has turned into a reservoir was the trysting place of the poets, and the rock, on which the friends and Dorothy Wordsworth carved their initials, is now doubtless submerged.

When Wordsworth was appointed to the Distributorship of stamps for Westmoreland and Cumberland, the family removed to Rydal Mount. The white house stands in "a sea of foliage" some yards from the road.



A flight of steps leads to the entrance. In Wordsworth's time, the rooms on the ground floor, the dining-room, breakfast-room, and library were simply furnished. The library contained a good collection of standard books, busts of Scott and Wordsworth, and some fine engravings. In the garden was centred the poetry and distinction of the poet's home. There was the larch tree from which for years sang a faithful thrush, and among the branches of the laburnum tree hung the osier cages of the doves. We can picture the sweet old-fashioned flowers, the grasses and wild plants that grew in the interstices of the stone steps; the terraced walks rising behind the house under the shadow of Nab's Scar's, and from which the eye travelled over a tossing sea of verdure to the gleaming waters of Rydal Lake, with its fairy islands. As with most poets, Wordsworth's study was in the open air. "Here," said a servant to a visitor who asked to see her master's study, "is his library, but his study is out of doors." The country folk watched with affectionate interest the gaunt figure of the poet wrapped in a plaid, and wearing a pair of green glasses to protect his delicate eyes, and a large hat, as he went murmuring aloud—"booing about" as they called it, and—

"Scattered to the winds
The vocal raptures of fresh poetry."

The road between Rydal and Grasmere speaks to us of the poet. Here one evening, as the glow-worms were all alight in dusky nooks, he thought of "The Pilgrim's Dream;" there he saw that monument of ice on a Winter day, "like marble, white, like ether pure." It was at Rydal Mount

that he wrote of that sunset where the mountains and the glowing mists formed a kind of Jacob's ladder. The rocks, the flowers, are all glorified by the touch of his passionate sympathy; nature is still but the background upon which are drawn the pathetic and heroic figures of the dalesmen and women, whose simple souls he understood, reverenced, and interpreted.

Wordsworth, "sole king of rocky Cumberland," died at Rydal Mount in April, 1850, as the cuckoo-clock, the sound of which had often beguiled him to feel as in a world where nothing can go wrong, struck noon. He was buried at Grasmere, according to his wish, close to the church where he was married, and near the children and sister who had preceded him. He had won the desire of his youth, to be numbered among

"The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays."



BYRON.

NO one can study the life of Byron without feeling a burning indignation against his mother, who, undoubtedly, by her treatment of him, italicised the faults, and half obliterated the qualities of his nature. Unreasonable indulgence, equally unreasonable punishment, a constant change of tutors and of studies, and a ceaseless system of worry, had the worst possible influence on Byron's character. That a different up-bringing would have produced a different result is seen from the fact that at Dr. Glennie's school at Dulwich, away from his mother's influence, he showed a marked improvement in temper and industry.

To the student of human nature, the days of childhood, and of school life of a boy, are the epitome of the future man. This is notably the case with Lord Byron, "the wild northern colt" as his school fellows called him. The whole contradictory tendencies of his manhood's care were foreshadowed in his life at Harrow. The lad we meet there, is father to the man who died at Missolonghi, for the independence of Greece. He is the Byron in embryo, whose verse was to be the awakener of the English conscience against oppression. At Harrow, we find foreshadowed in him the poet of burning thoughts and words; one also who knew how to launch the epigram of heroic emotion. The note of rebellion, which was so characteristic of Byron's genius, rang through his school career. On the occasion of a school revolt when the rebels proposed to burn down the class-room, Byron, though usually the ringleader, opposed the scheme, and averted its execution by pointing to the names of their fathers carved on the walls and desks. We recognise in the passionate hatred of oppression that inspired him at school to

protect the weak against the strong, the precursor of the man, who saw the inner meaning of the French Revolution, and denounced the Holy Alliance in its endeavour to repress the impulse of nations to win their liberty. It is fascinating to see the aristocrat sighing for the freedom of the human race; and in those fagging scenes at Harrow when Byron appeared as the protector of the feeble to those he rescued, he appeared as of a nature superior to their own, as a god helping mortals, but always as a helper. The magnanimity with which, as a child, he held out his arm to receive half the lashes a bully, too big for him to fight, was inflicting upon another child, was prompted by the same spirit which sent him to suffer for Greece.

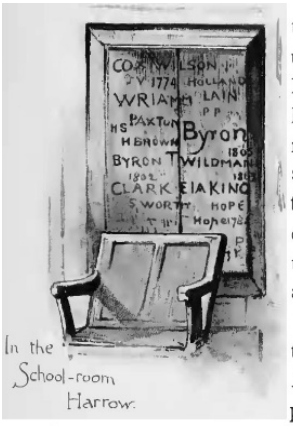
He retained the fondest recollections of Harrow:—

"Ye scenes of my childhood, whose loved recollection
Embitters the present, compared with the past;
Where science first dawned on the powers of reflection,
And friendships were formed, too romantic to last."

He overcame the disadvantages of his lameness. He was leader in "cricket's manly toil," in swimming, boxing, riding. He rebelled against routine in study; performed occasional prodigies of intellectual activity, and then relapsed into idleness. "He always," says a friend, "preferred hockey to Horace, relinquished even Helicon for duck-puddle, and gave up the best poet who ever wrote hard Latin for a game of cricket on the common." His passionate friendships are memorable, and he was loyal to them through life—

"If chance some well-remembered face,
Some old companion of my early race
Advance to claim his friend with honest joy,
My eyes, my heart, proclaimed me yet a boy:
The glittering scene, the fluttering groups around,
Were all forgotten, when my friend was found!"

When Byron was at Harrow, he fell in love with Miss Chaworth—



In the School-room Harrow.

the Mary of his poems. In after life, looking upon this one pure passion, he fancied that if Mary Chaworth had returned his love, it would have been his salvation. The melancholy and moodiness that grew upon him in his manhood, seem to have cast their shadow over him in those school days A gravestone in the churchyard on the hill is still called "Byron's Tomb." There the future poet would sit for hours in dreamy abstraction.

On leaving Cambridge, Byron, at nineteen, took up his residence, for a time, at Newstead Abbey, the home of his ancestors. But he was possessed by that eternal unrest, which is so often a part of the poets' nature. He travelled abroad for two years, and then returned to Newstead; he was profoundly lonely and wretched; his marriage proved unhappy. He plunged into politics as a distraction, until after the publication of "Childe Harold," when "I awoke one


Harrow on-th. Hill.

morning and found myself famous.' Then he realized "that, Society, as now constituted, is *fatal* to all great original undertakings," and he quitted his native country for ever. He lived in Italy, where he became acquainted with many of the eminent folk of his time, wrote his immortal works, and, finally, threw himself with ardour into the War of Independence in Greece. At his death, Stanhope wrote of him: "England has lost her brightest genius—Greece her noblest friend." The cities of Greece contended for the honour of giving him a grave. Athens wished him to be interred in the Temple of Theseus. His popularity in England had by this time waned, and his country refused him a place in Westminster Abbey; and he was buried in the quiet little village-church of Hucknall. His most enduring monument is the panel in the school-room at Harrow, on which his name is carved.



LONGFELLOW.

"THE Forest City," as Portland in the State of Maine is called, was the native town of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. At the beginning of the century it well deserved the sylvan title it bore. Built under the shadow of a primeval forest, its houses, stores, and churches of timber, its streets shaded by patriarchal trees, the hills surrounding it clothed with verdure, it had an idyllic charm. Situated on the sea, there were added to the town's pastoral sweetness associations of war and of adventure. A naval combat was fought within sight of Portland, when Longfellow was a small child; and often there would come into the harbour some great ship, laden with merchandise from a distant land. Memories of his native city always exercised a fascination over the poet whose genius is idyllic and chivalric.

"Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.

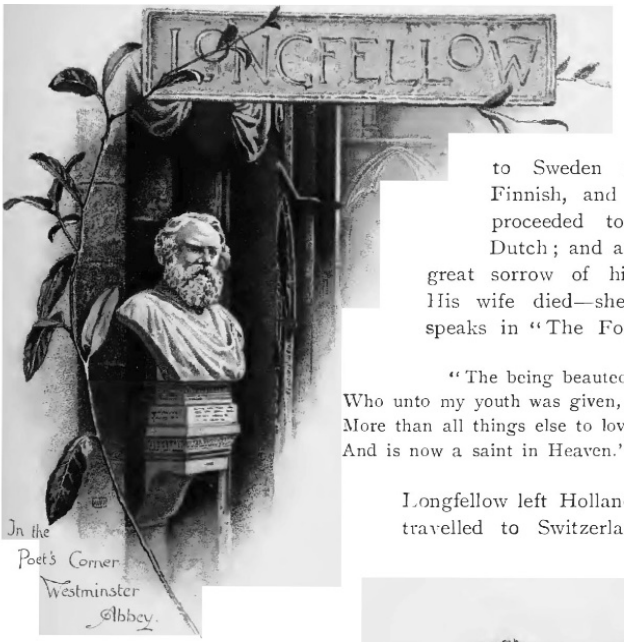
"I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides, tossing free;
And Spanish sailors, with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea."

The boy loved poetry, romance, and music. To the end of his life he remembered his mother playing the harpischord of an evening; and the mention of certain stories or poems seemed to bring back snatches of

the old melodies, to which, as a child, he had listened as she read. He loved his mother tenderly; and, as he trudged by her side to the Unitarian Chapel, he proudly carried her footstool in winter, her posy in summer. At fifteen the future poet had acquired all the learning the academy of Portland could bestow upon him, and was sent to Bowdoin College, the Alma Mater of the State of Maine. There he acquitted himself with honour, and gave evidence of a native gift of language by the brilliancy of his translations. The College authorities offered to keep open for him the post of Professor of Foreign Languages should he feel inclined to fit himself for the discharge of its duties. After he had taken his degree, Longfellow set sail for Europe, and travelled through France, Spain, Italy, and part of Germany; in each country he learned the language, studied its literature, and gathered a store of memories that became the inspiration of his poetry.

When he returned to Bowdoin, some two years later, he was an accomplished linguist. Appointed to the Chair of Foreign Languages he settled down close to the College, and at the age of twenty-two, he was the youngest and the most popular of professors. He rose at six, he went to bed at midnight, he taught French, Italian, Spanish, and lectured on their literatures; he wrote grammars, and compiled speakers. In 1832 he married the daughter of one of his father's neighbours at Portland, who had been the love of his boyhood. The fame of the young professor spread, and two years later the University of Harvard sought him out, and offered to him the Chair of Modern Languages left vacant by the resignation of Mr. Ticknor. The offer was accompanied by a leave of absence to enable him to travel in Europe for a year.

Longfellow had already appeared as a poet before the world; as a poet he was received in London, and welcomed in the best literary society. He met Carlyle, and took tea with the Sage of Chelsea and his wife, in their house in Cheyne Row. His object in coming to Europe had been to study the Scandinavian tongues and literatures. He went



In the Poet's Corner Westminster Abbey.

to Sweden and learnt Swedish, Finnish, and Danish. He next proceeded to Holland to master Dutch; and at Rotterdam the first great sorrow of his lifetime occurred. His wife died—she it is of whom he speaks in "The Footsteps of Angels."

"The being beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me—
And is now a saint in Heaven."

Longfellow left Holland broken-hearted and travelled to Switzerland. At Interlacken, he met his college friend, Mr. Appleton, who was taking a driving tour through Switzerland with his father and sister. They offered to the young widower the vacant seat in their carriage. He accepted it and sat opposite the lady, whose


Longfellow's Home



beauty, grace and angelic smile he has celebrated as attributes of Mary Ashburton, the heroine of "Hyperion." Hers "were the deep unutterable eyes, with down-falling eyelids full of dreams and slumber." The poet and the lady parted as friends; some years later Miss Appleton became his wife.

During this interval Longfellow's name had taken rank as that of the first living American poet. His was a brilliant personality; he became one of the lights of the intellectual circles in Boston; he was moreover the glass of fashion to the youth of the period. Singularly handsome, and an exquisite by nature, the poet-professor was the best dressed man of those parts. His waistcoats, his walking-sticks, the shade of his gloves were carefully copied, just as his lectures were attended by crowded audiences and his poems were read, by all America.

When Longfellow married Miss Appleton, the bride's father gave as a wedding gift to the young couple Craigie House and estate. The mansion had belonged to General Washington, and there is a fitness in the thought of Longfellow, the poet of the affections, and the singer of his country's romantic annals, inhabiting the home of the founder of American Independence. The poet's love of beauty was apparent in the adornment of the house. The poet's writing-table was placed in the room where Washington had worked among his charts and memorials of his campaigns. The golden brown of the curtains, repeated in the furniture, gave a subdued richness to the background. Faded portraits of the great soldier and his wife hung among pastel portraits of Longfellow's chosen friends—Emerson, Hawthorne, Charles Felton, Sumner. A bust in marble of the historian, G. W. Green, occupied a conspicuous place. The walls were lined with bookcases filled with rare editions—finely-bound books and

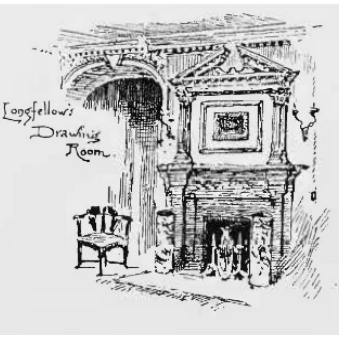
presentation copies. The room was always full of the scent of flowers; an orange tree stood in one of the windows; in the other a high desk.

Every room of the mansion contained valuable and curios or beautiful objects. It was a museum stored with relics of travels in foreign lands, with works of art and curios. The drawing-room, where, in the old days, Mrs. Washington and the General had held their simple court, was now a splendid apartment where stores of art were accumulated, and which also was sweet with tokens of home life. On the first landing of the staircase leading to the upper rooms, stood a magnificently carved Dutch clock with chimes telling the hour—

"Half-way up the stairs it stands,
It points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who under his cloak
Crosses himself, and sighs. Alas!
With sorrowful voice, to all who pass—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

In spite of the rare treasures it contained, the latch of the door of Craigie House was left ever open, that all who wished might enter in.

The shadow of death, crossed the threshold of his beautiful home, and this time it came in an appalling form. Mrs. Longfellow was here burnt to death. One evening, as she was playing with her children, the draperies of her light dress caught fire, and she died of the injuries she received.



Some of Longfellow's sweetest poems were written at Nahant—his home by the sea; a green retreat, where the woods grow to the water's edge. His two-storied house,

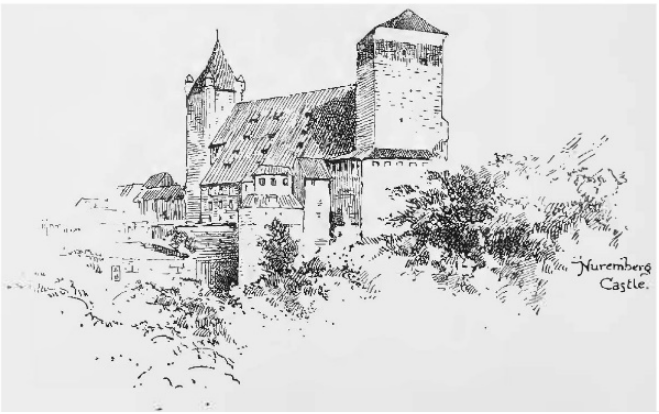
built of wood, was Italian in style, surrounded by a portico supported by pillars; it commanded a noble view of the sea and country. The airy rooms were always full of the perfume of flowers; the furniture was simple, but on the walls hung some fine pictures, and in the poet's study could always be found the newest books, and the oldest classics. Here at sunset, sweeping over the sea came borne on the wind the sound of the bells of Lyn, from the opposite shore:—

"Oh, curfew of the setting sun! O Bells of Lyn,
Oh requiem of the dying day! O Bells of Lyn!"

"The Secrets of the Sea" was inspired by the sound of the waves beating against the shore of Nahant.

Longfellow died on March 18th, 1882, in Craigie House—the beautiful home, thronged with heroic memories and poetic visions. The lilacs had not then put out their buds; and the lilac was the poet's favourite spring flower. The year before his death he had made a friend promise to place on his grave a branch of one of the lilac-trees that grow in the garden of Craigie House.

In England, Longfellow's popularity is second only to that which he enjoys in America. His bust is placed in Westminster Abbey among the poets which the nation loves to honour.



CHARLES KINGSLEY.

TO many people, Kingsley is only a novelist—a great novelist—whose work is full of virile force, and illuminated not only by flashes of genuine insight and inspiration, but by the steady shining of a high ideal. But he is not only a novelist—he is a poet, and above all, a song-writer. Most of his novels have faults—spots on the sun—but his songs are perfect—"The Sands of Dee," "Three Fishers," and "When all the World is Young." There are no songs like these.

He was born in Devonshire, and, when he was five years' old his father went to live in Lincolnshire. Here Kingsley gathered memories of "shining water, golden reed-beds, countless waterfowl, strange gaudy insects—the wild nature of the deep fens"—memories to be set in his masterpiece "Hereward the Wake." Then the living of Clovelly was given to Kingsley's father, and the family returned to Devonshire.

For years Charles Kingsley was too poor to marry the woman he loved, but when he was made Rector of Eversley, where he had been curate, he married, and lived at Eversley, till his death.

He was a thorough sportsman, and his religious belief was only stronger than his sporting spirit. It came natural to him to talk at one moment to a man about the points of a horse, and the next about the mercy of God to sinners.

He had a full and sufficing faith, and his last words were—"It is right—all as it should be."



SCOTT.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, like his great predecessor, Shakespeare, was passionately attached to the district in which his childhood was passed. Though born in Edinburgh, his youth was spent in the wild and romantic Border Country. It was an environment which deeply impressed and influenced the natural bent of his mind, stored with legends and traditions of the Lowlands and of the Highlands. Although he was the re-awakener of romance in fiction—a new force, and an inspiration in the literature of his day, not only in England, but also in France, Germany, and America—he is, nevertheless, in his tastes and ambition, a remarkable survival of the feudal days. The picturesqueness, excitement, and hospitality of the middle-ages, fascinated him; and it was his dream, to resuscitate this pageantry.

The novels in which he has given free play to this strongest impulse of his genius, are acknowledged to be masterpieces of historical portraiture. Love is the great teacher, and no other man has so completely caught the mediæval spirit, because no other man of our century has looked back along the dim vistas of history with so loving an eye.

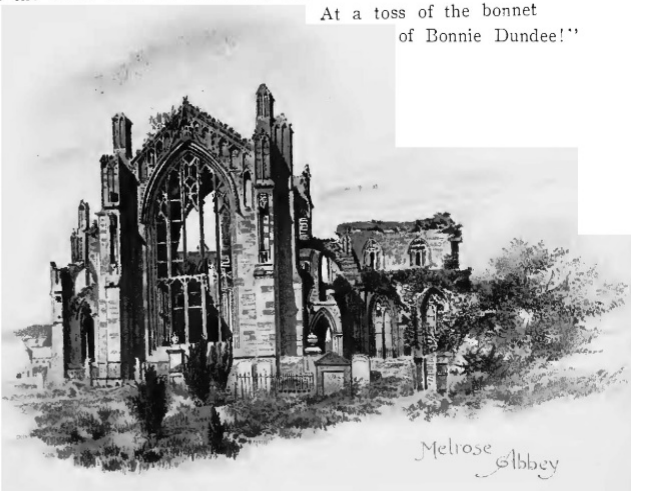
The inaccuracy of detail, to which even his warmest admirers cannot be blind, does little to mar the beauty of his work. The soul of the thing is right; the man believed in what he wrote, and this is the secret of his power.

In poetry, Scott's greatest triumphs were his ballads. There is not in the English language a more stirring ballad than "Bonnie Dundee," of which, however, few people seem to know more than the few verses usually sung.



Than this verse, no modern ballad offers us anything more fiery:

"There is brass on the target of bark and bull-hide,
There is steel in the scabbard that dangles beside;
And the brass shall be burnished, the steel shall flash free,
At a toss of the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee!"



TENNYSON.

THERE is no public man of whom we may say, we know so little and so much, as we do of our Poet Laureate. In these days of interviewers, he has eluded every attempt that has been made to encroach upon his privacy. He remains "the poet hidden in the light of thought," and yet by this light of thought, he is intimately revealed to us. It illuminates his joys and his sorrows, and it brings out with pre-Raphaelite distinctness his haunts and his homes. The exquisitely faithful transcripts of Nature he gives us, conjure up before our mind, not only the outward features of the scene, but also arouses a corresponding sentiment in the imagination.

Mr. Grindon, the President of the Botanical Society, stated in an an address which he delivered on "The Flora of Tennyson," that the poet has mentioned some hundred flowers and trees in his works, characterizing each with an accuracy of observation, which gives an almost scientific value to his descriptions, while for poetic purposes he uses each with a delicate apprehension of its peculiarities.

By close and constant communion with Nature, our Poet Laureate has caught the very note of its soul—the gay accent in the babbling rhythm of the brook, which hurries by thirsty hills, singing:

"I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley."

contrasts with the torrent-voice of that other brook he knew so well in his boyhood.

"Drawing into his narrow earthen urn,
In every elbow and turn
The filter'd tribute of the rough woodland."

Tennyson was born in Somersby Vicarage. His earliest associations are of the fen country, the melancholy and fascination of which he has interpreted for us. He brings magically near the secret spiritual beauty of those wide horizons, "The level waste, the rounding gray," that for leagues are marked by no other tree but a poplar, "all silver-green with gnarled bark;" "The wild waste enormous, where the trenched waters run from sky to sky, emblems of eternity."

The favourite haunt of his boyhood was the "Glen," the wooded ravine from which Somersby brook issues. The pathlessness, the tangled vegetation, the depth of shade, the wind-echoing sonorities of this wild spot, impressed his imagination. In miniature it represented to him the crime and sorrow-haunted corners of the world.

Blocks of sandstone lay at the entrance of this glen. One May morning, 1824, Tennyson, then in his fifteenth year, wrote on one of these rocks "Byron is dead." The news of the death at Missolonghi had just reached the retired Lincolnshire Vicarage, and everything seemed at an end to the boy poet. "I thought nothing else mattered," he said, some time ago to a friend, as he recalled the memories of his youth.

He and his brother Charles were inseparable comrades. They are remembered by the "oldest inhabitant" of Somersby and Louth, where they went to school, as shy youths, who kept very much to themselves; Alfred, especially, was a dreamer. The poet treasures many spirited memories of his boyhood, and remembers encounters with village boys, when he and Charles held the



Somersby brook in mimic warfare against an invading force of rustic lads. Among the poet's favourite trees the poplar takes the first rank. Memories of his childhood cling round

> "Poplars four
> That stand about my father's door."

These guarding trees at the rectory gate have disappeared, but still the seven elms and the sycamore are there of which he sings in his "Ode to Memory." The house is no longer the rectory; it belongs to the Lord of the Manor, who has attached another house to the living in its stead. In one gable the boy poet had his "den," through the window an owl flew, which he tamed, talking to it with that power of reproducing the notes of birds which Lord Tennyson still retains. The rectory garden, with its trailing roses, its twilight grotto, its sweetness of purple spiked lavender, rose carnations, lilies, sunflowers, was the perfumed background to much of his life at Somersby.

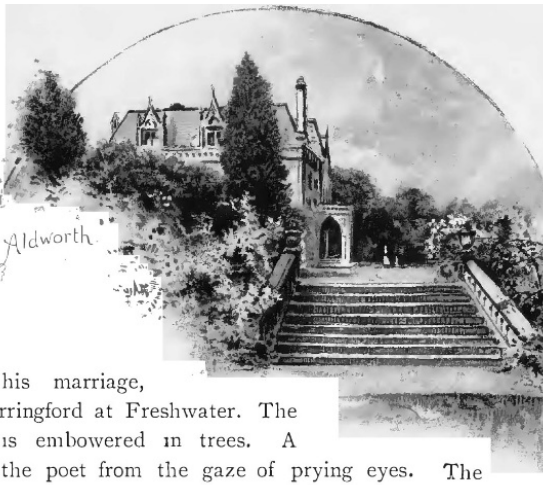
There his brother Charles put a slate into his hand one morning, and bade him write a poem on the flowers. To this garden, in later years, Arthur Hallam came constantly; and in "In Memoriam," we have the picture of idyllic days and evenings spent there. We see the

> "Witch-elms that counterchange the floor
> Of this flat lawn, with dusk and bright;
> And thou, with all thy breadth and height
> Of foliage, towering sycamore."

In "In Memoriam" also occurs the farewell to the house, that the Tennysons quitted some time after the father's death, the lament for the garden, the brook, the windy grove.

Three mills near Somersby have long contended for the honour of having suggested to the poet, "The Miller's Daughter"—the idyll that won for him the Queen's notice, and was the first step towards the laureateship. The poet has denied that any of these mills inspired the poem; if the

thought of a mill was in his mind as he wrote, it was beautiful Grantchester Mill near Cambridge — on the tree-sheltered road, up which he often walked in his student days with Arthur Hallam.



Two years after his marriage, Tennyson purchased Farringford at Freshwater. The beautiful island home is embowered in trees. A sylvan barrier protects the poet from the gaze of prying eyes. The house is roomy and unpretentious in appearance. Its chief beauty lies



in the mantle of verdure thrown over it by creepers, that covers it from base to roof. The house is situated just below the crest of the moorland hill and overlooks

"Green Sussex fading into blue,
With one grey glimpse of sea."

During the season, the poet is away; when Freshwater is comparatively empty, he returns. Then the figure of the venerable genius of the place, wrapped in a long loose cape that catches the wind, and adds to the romantic weirdness of his appearance, may be seen, pacing the summit of the down behind Farringford, with his son Hallam, or with one of his grand-children.

The house to which the Laureate resorts during the holiday season in the Isle of Wight is called Aldworth, on the top of Blackdown. It is surrounded by an open expanse of country, fragrant with heather, bracken, and wild flowers. We wade, knee deep, through the ferns and whortleberry bushes, a magic carpet of vegetation, from which the birds spring, and through which shy woodland creatures start at our approach, before we reach the gate of the solitary domain. Not a human dwelling is near. The poet lives apart, "hidden in the light of thought."

