

And out from all the night an answer shrill'd,
 "We know not, and we know not why we wail."
 I climbed on all the cliffs of all the seas,
 And ask'd the waves that moan about the world,
 "Where? do ye make your moanings for my child?"
 And round from all the world the answer came,
 "We know not, and we know not why we moan."
 "Where?" and I stared from every eagle-peak,
 I thridded the black heart of all the woods,
 I peer'd thro' tomb and cave, and in the storms
 Of Autumn swept across the city, and heard
 The murmur of their temples chanting me,
 Me, me, the desolate Mother! "Where?" — and turn'd,
 And fled by many a waste, forlorn of man,
 And grieved for man thro' all my grief for thee, —
 The jungle rooted in his shatter'd hearth,
 The serpent coil'd about his broken shaft,
 The scorpion crawling over naked skulls; —
 I saw the tiger in the ruin'd fane
 Spring from his fallen god, but trace of thee
 I saw not; and far on, and following out
 A league of labyrinthine darkness, came
 On three gray heads beneath a gleaming rift.
 "Where?" and I heard one voice from all the three,
 "We know not, for we spin the lives of men,
 And not of gods, and know not why we spin!
 There is a Fate beyond us." Nothing knew.

Last, as the likeness of a dying man,
 Without his knowledge, from him flits to warn
 A far-off friendship that he comes no more,
 So he, the god of dreams, who heard my cry,
 Drew from thyself the likeness of thyself
 Without thy knowledge, and thy shadow past

Before me, crying, "The Bright one in the highest
 Is brother of the Dark one in the lowest,
 And Bright and Dark have sworn that I, the child
 Of thee, the great Earth-Mother, thee, the Power
 That lifts her buried life from gloom to bloom,
 Should be forever and forevermore
 The Bride of Darkness."

So the Shadow wailed.
 Then I, Earth-Goddess, cursed the gods of Heaven.
 I would not mingle with their feasts; to me
 Their nectar smack'd of hemlock on the lips,
 Their rich ambrosia tasted aconite.
 The man that only lives and loves an hour,
 Seem'd nobler than their hard Eternities.
 My quick tears kill'd the flower, my ravings hush'd
 The bird, and lost in utter grief I fail'd
 To send my life thro' olive-yard and vine
 And golden grain, my gift to helpless man.
 Rain-rotten died the wheat, the barley-spears
 Were hollow-husk'd, the leaf fell, and the sun,
 Pale at my grief, drew down before his time
 Sickening, and Ætna kept her winter snow.

Then He, the brother of this Darkness, He
 Who still is highest, glancing from his height
 On earth a fruitless fallow, when he miss'd
 The wonted stream of sacrifice, the praise
 And prayer of men, decreed that thou shouldst dwell
 For nine white moons of each whole year with me,
 The dark ones in the shadow with thy King.

Once more the reaper in the gleam of dawn
 Will see me by the landmark far away,
 Blessing his field, or seated in the dusk
 Of even, by the lonely threshing-floor,

Rejoicing in the harvest and the grange.
 Yet I, Earth-Goddess, am but ill-content
 With them, who still are highest. Those gray heads,
 What meant they by their "Fate beyond the Fates,"
 But younger, kindlier gods to bear us down,
 As we bore down the gods before us? Gods
 To quench, not hurl the thunderbolt, to stay,
 Not spread the plague, the famine; gods indeed,
 To send the noon into the night and break
 The sunless halls of Hades into Heaven?
 Till thy dark lord accept and love the Sun
 And all the Shadow die into the Light,
 When thou shalt dwell the whole bright year with me
 And souls of men who grew beyond their race,
 And made themselves as gods against the fear
 Of Death and Hell; and thou that hast from men,
 As Queen of Death, that worship which is Fear,
 Henceforth, as having risen from out the dead,
 Shalt ever send thy life along with mine
 From buried grain thro' springing blade and bless
 Their garner'd Autumn also, reap with me,
 Earth-Mother, in the harvest hymns of Earth
 The worship which is Love, and see no more
 The Stone, the Wheel, the dimly-glimmering lawns
 Of that Elysium, all the hateful fires
 Of torment, and the shadowy warrior glide
 Along the silent field of Asphodel.

We find, in the five subjects forming this group of studies, some of the self-evident nature myths.

Compare our scientific way of speaking about the night, the morning, the sun, the moon, the change of seasons, with the treatment these subjects have received from poets and artists

GROUP II.

SOME OF THE GIANT FORCES OF NATURE.

SATURN, *Lat.*; CHRONOS, *Gr.*

HYPERĪON and Thea were two of the twelve Titans, and they were the parents of the Sun, the Moon, and the Dawn. But the most important of all the Titans were Saturn and Rhea. Their children were three sons, Jupiter, Pluto, and Neptune; three daughters, Juno, Ceres, and Vesta.

When Jupiter grew up he made war upon his father, in fulfilment of an old prophecy. The war lasted ten years, resulting in victory for Jupiter. Saturn and his army were completely overthrown, his brothers despatched to the gloomy depths of the lower world, and Saturn himself was deprived of the supreme power which was now vested in his son Jupiter, and he was banished from his kingdom.

The Romans believed that, after his defeat and banishment, Saturn took refuge with Jānus, king of Italy, who received the exiled deity with great kindness, and even shared his throne with him. Their united reign became so thoroughly peaceful and happy, and was distinguished by such uninterrupted prosperity that it