

**George MacDonald's Lilith A:  
A Transcription**

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**(ABSTRACT)**

George MacDonald's last major work of fiction, *Lilith*, was published in 1895, but the first version of the romance was written in March of 1890. *Lilith* is an account of the unintentional journey of the protagonist into another world populated by both mythological figures drawn from the Judeo-Christian tradition and by horrific personifications of the psychological horrors of the protagonist's own mind. The story of *Lilith* describes the protagonist's experiences in this other world which bring him to the point of repentance.

The manuscript of the first version, known now as *Lilith A*, is housed in the British Library along with seven other typed revisions and printer's proofs. Taken together, the A-H manuscripts of *Lilith* represent the complete production history textual evolution of what is arguably MacDonald's greatest literary work. The body of this paper contains the 161 page transcription of *Lilith A* produced from the original manuscript and a photographic microfilm reproduction provided by the British Library.

The introduction of this paper outlines the history of *Lilith A*, describes its similarities and differences with the published version, provides a bibliographic description of the manuscript, and outlines the editorial principles used in producing the transcript of the text. The introduction is followed by a transcription of the title page created for the manuscripts of *Lilith* by Winifred Louisa, Lady Troup, who was MacDonald's daughter and amanuensis. This title page is followed by the transcription of *Lilith A*.

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## Introduction

George MacDonald began writing what was to be his last major work of fiction on March 28, 1890. According to his son Greville, what is now commonly known as the A Manuscript of *Lilith* “was originally set down as it came directly to its writer. He wrote it with the pen, continuously, its 50,000 words showing scarcely any emendations or punctuations and hardly any division into paragraphs” (“Introduction,” *Lilith*. New York: E.P. Dutton and Company, 1925. xix). This statement is more revealing, perhaps, about Greville’s perception of his father and his father’s work than it is about the actual composition process of the manuscript version of *Lilith*. A study of the MS shows that although Greville was correct in part, especially in reference to the limited use of paragraphing, he was either unaware that the MS was obviously a draft, a work in progress, or he was attempting to lend it the aura of automatic writing. On the very first page of the MS, however, there are eight words or phrases struck out, four interlinear revisions and additions, and the indication of a major change in the word order of a sentence. This is obviously not a case of automatic writing: the A Manuscript of *Lilith* is a handwritten draft of a major prose text and is thoroughly edited, revised, and annotated. The MS is, even if not the product of divine inspiration or supernatural communication that Greville would have us believe, a textual artifact of great worth, in the sense that it records the first written stage in the production of a romance of social, aesthetic, and literary-historical significance.

*Lilith* was begun in 1890 with the A manuscript, but the romance went through eight versions and revisions before the first edition was published by Spottiswoode & Co.

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Greville MacDonald’s “Introduction” to E.P. Dutton’s Centenary Edition of *Lilith*, published in 1925, is the first significant critical commentary on the work, although its primary function seems to be that of praising the spiritual insight of his father’s work. The main thrust of Greville’s argument lies in explicating the “spiritual structure” of the romance.

Greville’s “Paraphrase of the Earlier Manuscript-Version With Quotations and Comments,” beginning on p. 353 of the Centenary Edition, is the only published treatment of *Lilith A* before McGillis’s 1977 article in the *Scottish Literary Journal*. Greville’s treatment here of his father’s manuscript is designed to support his assertion that the A text is superior in “spiritual structure” to the published version, and this reading is performed even at the cost of the accuracy of quotations from the manuscript.

in 1895. The B, C, D, and E texts are revisions by MacDonald to *Lilith* before it was sent to the printers. These are undated and were written sometime between March of 1890, the date of *Lilith A*, and January 1894, the date of F, the printer's proof. B is the true transitional text: this is where most of the major revisions to storyline, themes, plot, and characters were made. The typed text of B follows the A text fairly closely, although the story had been expanded and several sections rephrased; this part of B still portrays the protagonist's search for and eventual reunion with his father in the other world. The extensive interlinear revisions, sometimes typed and sometimes handwritten, and the somewhat less extensive additions and revisions typed and handwritten on the verso of many pages present a very different story for *Lilith*. All references to the father once in the other world are crossed out and replaced by Litha, the daughter of the princess of Bulika. In other words, the search for the father evolves into the story of the acquisition of a mate. The title is also changed to *Lilith* in the revisions to B.

The C text is most notable for its inclusion of the lengthy excerpt from Thoreau's *Walking* which appears in the published version in the frontmatter. The text of D is mostly the same as C other than wording and name changes (by this text the names of Vane, Lilith, Lona, Sir Cosmo, etc. are the same as in the published version). D also includes the inscription "Off, Lilith! *The Kabala*," which is not present in C. The most important change in the E text is the systematic removal of the extensive discussions of polarized light and multiple dimensions found in the earlier versions. By E, which was the text sent to the printers, the mirror in the garret has become an ordinary mirror, the light ordinary light, and the phenomenon of disappearing into the other world becomes completely inexplicable and supernatural. *Lilith F* is a printer's proof dated Jan 1, 1895, G is the first revise from Jan 21, 1895, and H is the final revision before the printing of the first edition. In these three texts, printed by Spottiswoode & Co., MacDonald's revisions amounted to minor wording and phrase changes.

Immediately before publication, it appears that MacDonald gave the entire record of *Lilith*, comprised of a written manuscript, three typewritten versions with corrections,

a printers proof, and two revisions, to his daughter Winifred Louisa. Winifred Louisa, later known as Lady Troup, had apparently requested of her father a complete record of the production of the text, and he complied by providing her with several thousand pages of handwritten, typewritten, and printed text. A handwritten note from MacDonald to his daughter, who appears to have been the typist for the C, D, and E texts, indicates that the eight versions are the complete record of the textual evolution of *Lilith*. They apparently remained in the possession of Winifred Louisa until 1946, at which time they were presented to the British Museum “by the desire of both Greville MacDonald M.D. & Lady Troup” (see p. xvii of this paper). At some point, the British Museum’s collection of additional manuscripts was transferred to the British Library, where they are now housed in the Manuscript Room. The *Lilith* Manuscripts are catalogued in the Library as Add. 46187 A-H.

#### **A Comparison of the A Manuscript of *Lilith* and the Published Version**

A reading of the MS version of *Lilith* indicates that the overall structure of the romance remained fairly consistent through the revisions which eventually produced the published text, but MacDonald’s changes did result in major textual and thematic differences. *Lilith A* has, like the published version, a dream-vision like structure. The protagonist, a young man who in both texts has just entered adulthood, finished his university studies in the sciences, and come into his inheritance, leaves this world for adventures in another world. We are never told by the narrator in either text exactly where, or what, this other world is, although it appears to roughly correspond in the MS to extra-dimensions of being and perception, and in the MS the Raven and the protagonist give clues that this other-world has something to do with Saturn. In both versions of the romance, the protagonist has several adventures in this world, chooses voluntarily to go to sleep in the “House of Death,” rises from the dead, travels to the celestial city, and is rather abruptly returned home to his own world and own library, at which point he must make the best of life with the new hope he has gained from his experiences in the other world. So the fundamental structure, in which the protagonist is transported to another

world, experiences life and death there, and then is returned to his own world, remains true for both texts. There are, however, also major differences between *Lilith A* and the published work.

The published work incorporates all of the experiences of the protagonist of the MS, but it adds several adventures as well, and changes the tone and implication of several incidents that take place in both. While the Bad Burrow, the ruined cathedral, the dance macabre, the nursing back to life of the nearly-dead princess, the valley of the Little Ones, the storming of the evil city, and the storming of heaven by the children are all present in both texts, *Lilith A* has no scenes corresponding to those involving The Evil Wood, Mara and her minions, Lona the daughter of Lilith, or the Sexton's horse. Indeed, it appears that *Lilith A* incorporates all of those incidents and experiences of the protagonist which are most important structurally to the story, but the published version fleshes out that structure with a more detailed plot and imagery. In some ways, the MS can be viewed as a thumbnail sketch of the final version, which has a greater detail and refinement in certain cases.

There are also several important thematic differences between the first and last versions of *Lilith*, not the least important of which involves the search for the Father, both figuratively and literally. In the MS, the protagonist very clearly sets out into the other-world on a search for his father. After his first meeting and discussion with Mr. Raven, the protagonist remarks that this discourse "awoke in me suddenly a desire for which my life had, unknown to me been preparing me, a desire, which at first but as a grain of the smallest seed, grew & grew so rapidly that almost in a moment it filled my whole mind and became a determination -- to seek my father until I found him" (*MSS of Lilith*. British Library, Add. 46187 A. 7). His journeys in the other world do indeed eventually reunite him with his earthly father, and he finds that his search all along was for the heavenly Father, the creator of all. In the published version, however, the motivation for voluntarily entering the world of Mr. Raven is one of curiosity and intellectual desire. In Chapter IX, Vane tells us that, after reading his father's manuscript,

he has come to regret his rebuff of Mr. Raven's offer to let him sleep in the House of Death: "what wondrous facts might I not by this time have gathered concerning life and death, and wide regions beyond ordinary perception!" (*Lilith*. New York: E.P. Dutton and Company, 1925. 55). He also claims that he is embarrassed by his demonstration to the sexton and his wife of his fear and that he wishes to set affairs right with them, but his real motivation in re-entering the other world seems to be the selfish one of satisfying his curiosity. Although, as in the MS, Vane eventually reaches the celestial city and realizes his search as being that for God, the search for his biological father is not a motivating factor: he is told by Mr. Raven shortly after he re-enters the other world that his entire patrilineal ancestry, including his father, back to Sir Upward, an ancestor dated only as having lived and written before the advent of printing, are present in the other world, either under his protection, already "awakened" from their sleeps, or, in the case of his grandfather, in the Evil Wood "fighting the dead" (*Lilith* 57-8).

Another major difference in the A manuscript and the published version of *Lilith* is MacDonald's use of a female lead. In the MS occurs, before the protagonist enters the other world, a visit to the house by his sister Imogen's friend, an unnamed and barely described woman. Indeed, the only thing we really are told about her is that she is very beautiful (like almost all women in MacDonald's books) and that her eyes, in a typical use by the author of hyperbole, are quite amazing: "what those eyes really were God only ever knew or could ever tell, and that only to himself, for never sure was there such another mystery as the creation of those" (MS 18). The protagonist goes on at length about how he can't stop seeing those eyes, and is obviously indicating that he is quite taken with his sister's friend; however, as soon as the story proper gets started, once he has entered the other world, there is no more mention of this woman, with only two oblique exceptions. The first takes place when he meets the white dove, who is Mr. Raven's wife, the Great Mother, and Eve all wrapped into one, and the protagonist makes the following observation: "to my shuddering astonishment she was most marvelously like my sister's friend with the live eyes, so like that to this day I cannot say I know that



it was not she” (MS 28). The second reference to Imogen’s friend is when the protagonist first sees the princess’s eyes. The protagonist describes his sister’s friend’s eyes as being “large and dark and deeping, making one, that is me think that a whole ~~each~~ night-heaven was condensed to make each ~~one~~ pupil” (MS 18). Compare this statement with that describing the protagonist’s first glimpse of the eyes of the princess: “great dark orbs, like globes cut from another night that that [sic] illumined by any star” (MS 75). Besides indicating an eye-fetish on the part of the protagonist, this passage and further reference to the princess’s eyes, along with the passage identifying Imogen’s friend with Eve, account for the only presence of this character in the text from the 20th page or so on. The protagonist falls in love with the vampiric princess, and she and Eve are the only two female characters in the major portion of the MS. In the published text, the presence of female characters is markedly different.

In *Lilith*, Vane has no love interest of any sort before he meets Lona, although he does not immediately recognize her as being a suitable lover (after all, she is when they meet only fifteen). His ambiguous relationship with Lilith herself is unquestionably sexual in its imagery and implications; Vane sums up his rather strange and difficult relationship with Lilith by saying “I felt that, if I did less than loathe her, I should love her” (*Lilith* 182). Each of Lilith’s vampiric attacks on Vane is accompanied in the text by heavy sexual imagery and descriptions of the ecstasy involved for both parties, although in the end the illicit relationship causes both “mortal pain” and grave harm. It is only on his second encounter with Lona, when they conceive the plan of storming Bulika with the army of children and overthrowing Lilith, that Vane falls in love with her, and from this point on there is no separation of them except through the death of Lona at the hands of Lilith, her mother. After Vane is pushed back into his own world, which Adam calls the “old world,” by the hand of the Father, he explains that “as yet I have not found Lona” (349). The impression is given that he will seek no other mate, but will wait to find her again when he “wake[s] at last into that life which, as a mother her child, carries this life in its bosom” (351). In the A manuscript, when the protagonist is pushed back into his

morning room where his sister and her friend are at breakfast, he finishes his narrative by saying that “life was rather dull for a while; but a comforter was given me, and the name of my comforter is Hope” (MS 161). The ambiguous nature of this statement, which follows his sudden appearance to his sister and her friend, to whom he relates and explains his adventures, suggests that Hope could be interpreted here as either the spiritual virtue or the name of Imogen’s friend. Either way, because the protagonist is no longer in love with the princess of the other world, he is free to give his heart to another, whereas in the published version, Vane is still in love with Lona.

It should be remarked that the names of the characters and the title of the romance were not consistent throughout its textual history. The A manuscript is untitled, the title page being that written by Lady Troup for the entire collection of texts and inserted into the book, presumably during its stay at the British Museum. In fact, the title of the text was not settled on by MacDonald until some time after the beginning of the B text. Through the end of the first paragraph on page 9 of the B text, emendations and interlinear corrections are done in a red ink, but starting with the second paragraph on 9 MacDonald began using black ink for revisions. The original title at the beginning of the B text is “ANACOOM A TALE OF THE SEVENTH DIMENSION,” but this is crossed out in *black* ink, and “Lilith” is written beside the old title; this suggests that the new title was chosen at some point after the beginning of B. It appears that the name Lilith was not used at any point in the typed text of B, which would indicate that the title change coincided with the very extensive revisions to that text. The new title was at least adopted by the time Winifred Louisa started typing what would become the C text. The names also changed quite significantly during revisions.

The most important name change that occurs during the evolution of *Lilith* is that of the protagonist. Although he is only alluded to by name three times in the A manuscript, the protagonist’s name quite clearly is written as Fane. The sexton-librarian-Adam character introduces the protagonist to his wife as “M. Fane.” The *OED* indicates that the word fane has at least two meanings which are appropriate in some way to the

character of the protagonist: the most common meaning of fane is as an alternative spelling of 'vane,' which fits well with the protagonist's initially passive character and also with his eventual role as a guide to the lost princess, in that he gains symbolic identity with the other herald figure in *Lilith*, the "golden cock" which stands in place of a weather-vane on the roof of the ruined church and crows the resurrection "in defiance of the gates of Hell" (MS 152). This would also make sense, considering that revisions resulted in the protagonist's name being changed to Vane.

The *OED* also identifies the word fane as being derived from a Gothic word meaning 'temple.' The significance of this interpretation of the word is far reaching; the MS is filled with images of both false and true temples, ranging from the library of the protagonist, where he worships the knowledge found in books, to the palace of the princess, where she is worshipped by her oppressed subjects, to the House of Death, where those ready to "lie down to live" come to worship and be made new. By using the Biblical association of temple with the body, the mistreatment of their bodies by both the protagonist and the princess, and the frequent references to maimed, disfigured, or stained bodies in *Lilith* (take, for examples, the black wound in Lilith's side in the published text and the black wound in the hand of the woman in the House of Death, apparently Fane's mother, in the MS) becomes an interesting avenue for exploring possible meanings of the texts. In both versions, the protagonist and Lilith, indeed *all* beings, must lie down in the House of Death and die, at which point their bodies grow younger and more beautiful and are cured of all their disfigurements: bodily health and beauty seem then to become metaphors for the state of a being's soul. Indeed, in both the MS and the published version the protagonist has a difficult time accepting that the princess/Lilith character is evil because of her extreme outward beauty; so, it is clear that the appearance of the body, the temple of the soul, is in *Lilith* intimately connected to states of spiritual health or sickness of a particular character. The end result is that the characters' outward appearances mirror their inward characteristics: the protagonist is short sighted, both physically and spiritually; the princess is beautiful but horribly

flawed; the dwarfs or Lovers are cute but of very short spiritual and mental stature; and the residents of the “Bad Burrow,” representative of the horrors of the individual unconscious, are of exceedingly disgusting and frightening visage.

Lilith’s character also has a name change, or at least a name attribution. In the MS, the character is only referred to as “the princess,” although there is one instance where she is named Astarte, but the name is crossed out. This lends credence to Greville MacDonald’s claim in his “Paraphrase of the Earlier Version,” appended to the 1925 E.P. Dutton edition of *Lilith*, that Astarte in the MS represents the princess’s “ideal beauty in which she was first created,” her “own undefiled nature” (372). There is certainly an identity established in the MS between Astarte the leopard and the princess, although by the time the book was published the leopard had become merely a form that Lilith could take at will, and the figure of Astarte as such is not present, although she is replaced by Mara’s white panther. Be that as it may, the princess does not become Lilith until the B text. I would suggest that the change was responsible in part for the change in title of the B version, which would explain why the title was changed only after MacDonald had gotten several pages into his revisions. It appears, actually, that in the typed body of the B text there is no mention by name of Lilith, only of the princess; this would indicate that the title of B and the attribution of Lilith’s name was not settled on until the extensive revisions were made by hand to the text.

The only other major name change from the MS to the published work was one which actually occurs within the text of the MS itself. The very first name given for the spotted leopardess is Ashtaroth, which is crossed through and changed to Astarte, which is used consistently throughout the rest of the text, and then in the published version as the name for Mara’s white leopardess. I want to note here that, as will seem obvious from the discussion of names so far, most of the names in *Lilith* are derived from Judeo-Christian mythological sources. To gloss these names is, I feel, of great importance, but that is work better left to another scholar or another time. Suffice it to say that almost

every name in any version of *Lilith* brims with either allegorical or mythological significance.

The Dwarf people of the MS went through a significant change before they appeared again in the B text. They were changed from the Dwarfs to the Lovers, or the Little Ones, and their characters changed as radically as their names. While in the MS they were the most dull of creatures, “quite satisfied with themselves, with their life and living” (MS 51), they appear in the B text as the Lovers or Little Ones, who are the abandoned children of the citizens of Bulika. The Lovers are as ignorant, in general, of life as the Dwarfs, taking almost everything for granted, but they are far more kindhearted and loving than the incredibly selfish Dwarfs. Indeed, it would appear that the good and bad qualities of the Dwarfs from the MS are split into two separate peoples in the B and subsequent texts: the Lovers are the analogues of the good natured Dwarfs and the always positively characterized children of the Dwarfs; the Bags, or big stupid adults of the B text, are similar to the adult Dwarfs after they have in the MS grown a little in stature and arrogance. The enslavement of Vane by the Bags in the published version parallels the enslavement of Fane by the Dwarfs after he is left to die in the woods by the princess: the functional difference is that the Lovers rescue Vane from the Bags, while in the MS Astarte wreaks havoc on the Dwarfs, killing as many as she can get her claws on in vengeance for treating her master so poorly. The storming of both the city of the damned and the city of heaven by the children remains functionally the same in the different versions, since Fane was accompanied by the Dwarf children rather than adults.

It also appears significant that Fane willingly lies down to sleep the sleep of death with Adam and Eve much earlier in the MS version than in the published version. In the A manuscript, Fane’s overthrow of the city and capture of the princess with the help of the children, and his third and last encounter with the Dwarfs, takes place *after* he awakes from his slumber in the House of Death. He and Astarte set out on a mission, a holy mission so to speak, to capture and convert the princess. Indeed, when the princess is brought back to the House of Death, it is Fane and not Adam who reassures her of the

benefits of dying and convinces her to surrender her will. In the published book, Vane performs the act of capturing Lilith purely because he thinks it will benefit the Lovers and Lona, and his death cannot happen until he performs a vital service for Adam and the world he is in by restoring the Waters of Life through the planting of Lilith's severed hand in the desert (*Lilith* 305-10). This change is probably indicative of the evolution of Vane's character. In the MS, Fane is allowed by Adam to wander at will through the world and make the mistakes he needs to make naturally, and he comes to the proper state of despair and loss of faith in his own worthiness by himself. He is not half so dense or disobedient a protagonist as the one which appears in the published work. Vane of the published work is not just ignorant of his soul's state, but actively disobedient (for example, see the episode involving Adam's horse, pages 214-220), and this marks a major difference between the two texts. Because of his disobedience to the instructions of Adam, Vane in the published work cannot ever be the spiritual avatar that Fane of the MS becomes.

It is also useful to note here that the story line of the beginning of the MS version, specifically the episode involving Fane's first introduction to the librarian, is preserved in the published text in large part as the chapter entitled "My Father's Manuscript" (48-54). MacDonald made significant changes to this passage, such as the removal of all references to polarized light and its properties and the inclusion of the hidden manuscript room in the library, in order to make the chapter more consistent with the tone of the final version, but for the most part this chapter echoes closely pages 4-12 of the MS. In the MS there is an oblique reference to an ancestor who once got trapped in some other world before returning intact, and this is the only reference which gives any indication that the male members of the family have a habit of disappearing into another world. The inclusion of parts of the MS in Chapter VIII, and the change which makes the portrait in the hall that of "old Sir Up'ard" instead of the father of the protagonist, gives the published version a degree of recursiveness which the MS does not possess. In the published text of *Lilith*, the protagonist is merely the last in a very long line of ancestors

who have traveled, voluntarily or not, into the other world; in the MS, the protagonist is very clearly seeking his father, who is the only other person known to have disappeared into this other place.

## Textual Note

### Description of *Lilith A*

The A manuscript of MacDonald's last work is written in a manuscript book of approximately eight and a half inches in width by eleven inches in height. The writing space is approximately seven by nine inches. Each page of the sewn thread-bound sheets is ruled in blue ink, 26 lines to a page; each page has two single vertical rules establishing margins of approximately one half inch on the left side of the leaf and one inch on the right side of the leaf. The manuscript is written in black ink in a fairly even cursive hand, and the text occasionally overflows the lined margins of the manuscript book. The text is written only on the recto. A title and contents page written by Winifred Louisa, Lady Troup, is inserted before the first page of the text. The numbering of the pages in the upper right hand corner is that of MacDonald. On the cover of the book are glued two pieces of paper: one, white, in the upper center of the cover, which has handwritten in the center "Lilith" with a "1" written immediately below it (each of the books containing the manuscripts given to the British Museum are labeled with a number, presumably by Lady Troup, as indicated on the title page inserted into the MS book); the second piece of paper is black with the legend, printed in white paint, "BRIT. MUS. ADDITIONAL MS. 46,187 A." Printed on the first (blank) page of the text is the British Museum catalogue number in black ink, "ADDITIONAL MS. 46,187 A."

### Editorial Process

The text presented here is a transcription based on direct consultation of the manuscript housed in the British Library and on a photographic microfilm facsimile provided by the Library. Since the manuscript is authoritative, the main body of the text and all emendations being in the hand of the author himself, I have attempted to represent as accurately as possible the graphical appearance of the text. I have retained MacDonald's line and page breaks, page numbers, all corrections and revisions, both marginal and interlinear, and errors. I have chosen not to regularize grammar, punctuation, spelling, or diction; because the text is a draft of a romance, and because it is being



presented here as a draft instead of a finished work, it is desirable to minimize editorial revision of the text. I have made use of only one editorial symbol in the body of the transcription, and that is the bracketed question mark, [ ? ], which is indicative of an illegible character, word, or phrase. For example, an illegible passage will appear as follows: “household [??????]” from page 3 of the MS, where each question mark stands for a struck-through character.

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M S S  
of  
L I L I T H



British Museum  
Seal

by  
George MacDonald  
(published in 1895)

- No 1      Begun in MS Book.  
" 2      Begun afresh in Typescript  
"3,4,5    Copied and corrected  
" 6      Proof  
" 7      1<sup>st</sup> Revise  
" 8      2<sup>nd</sup> Revise (Bound & with inscription)
- 

By the desire of both  
Greville MacDonald M.D., & Lady Troup  
(son and daughter of the author)  
these papers are gratefully  
consigned to the care of the  
British Museum

Winifred Louisa Troup  
1946 --

March 28, 1890

When first I became aware that I was myself, I found myself one of a family, living in a rather strange old home, which might be worth describing were it concerned in more than a very small part of my narrative. We loved each other a good deal, my brothers and I, but not enough to kill the selfishness in us. ~~So that~~ There was no day happed without some quarrelling, neither, happily, without reconcilings both mute and expressed. <sup>What the result ~~trial~~ might have been</sup> How the ~~experiment~~ <sup>experiment</sup> ~~resulted~~ <sup>(I cannot say.)</sup> had we gone one as we were going, ~~an~~ until we grew up quite, <sup>^</sup> but a certain strange experience on my part led to the altering of many things, <sup>results or consequences of it</sup> and to this day I cannot tell where the ~~alteration~~ <sup>alteration</sup> will stop. Even now I am filled with wonder and awe as I write. The sun is shining his best above me; the sea lies blue below his gaze; it is the same air I have breathed from infancy -- and yet every now & then the whole outspread splendour will suddenly assume the aspect of a passing show, or rather of an evnelope that may any sudden moment be drawn aside, revealing things hidden but there all the time. This experience is the thing I have now undertaken -- not to write -- but to try to convey some ~~poor-weak~~ <sup>poor-weak</sup> impression of -- weak or strong, partly as I am able to give it, ~~worthy and~~ partly as my reader is able to receive it.

My mother I had no memory of, and my father had

become to me as a shadow, and an old shadow, of whom  
seldom heard  
even the name was ~~nearly forgotten~~ in the house. But there  
were things told of him among the servants that kept alive  
in the hearts of some of us a vague sense of something  
we did not well know what to call it. For my part I could  
not tell whether I remembered anything of him or not,  
though I must have seen him. The portrait of him hung  
in the entrance hall of the house, and there was an hour  
in every evening for the space of three summer months  
at which if the door happened to be open the light of the  
sun as it approached the Western horizon fell upon the  
picture and made its shape & colour come out wonder-  
fully. For it was one of those portraits that, the more light  
you throw upon it, the more colours appear as having  
producing  
been used in ^ the general effect of the likeness. I was not  
in the habit of studying this portrait, but several times in  
my life I knew that I had seen it with the ^  
sun  
light from  
the open door upon it; and now, when I happened, which  
was not often, to think of my father, I never could tell  
whether the form that appeared to my imagination had been  
left in my mind by his own person or by the portrait which  
always hung there, and indeed, as often as we went into  
the hall, seemed somehow to influence the whole air of  
the place, and to dominate all that entered, for as black  
as it was in the absence of the direct sunlight.

There were persons in the household who said that he was dead; there were others who said that all they were justified in saying was that he had disappeared: whether he was dead, especially as what dead meant they could not tell, they did not know: one thing only was certain, that he was nowhere to be found. There was indeed one solemn old person, always dressed in black <sup>were always</sup> as if he ~~had been~~ mourning his master's absence, who, as often as he was questioned, expressed himself as unspeakably shocked at the wickedness of thinking he was dead, but would tell you things about him that made you wish he were dead indeed -- at least would have made me wish he were dead but that I did not believe what the butler told me about him, and after one or two interviews with him never sought him any more but always avoided him as much as I could, though that was difficult especially on Sundays when he was more talkative than on other days. For, soon after, I came to know that I was myself, I was anxious to know about my father, and did that once or twice seek enlightenment from the butler -- but no more. There were guardians of the family, no doubt, but at that time I had never come in contact with any of them, and it was a great wonder that the affairs of the household <sup>did not</sup> [?????] go to utter confusion. They were I believe bad enough at times, but it was like a watch too old & dirty to keep good time but which yet never actually stopped or quite

turned day into night by its false testimony.

There were ~~had~~ two

~~I was with~~ younger than myself -- the youngest a girl --

and a good many older, who were rather rough with us little ones, though as we grew we got stronger and abler to stand up for ourselves. Some of them made great game of me because I was fonder of study than most of them and was more in the library than any other room of the house, reading whatever came in my way that I felt any inclination to read. Hence it came that I learned a good deal of what the people of that time called science -- always changing the thing they gave the name to, but never changing the name, so that the name seemed the <sup>permanent</sup> chief part and the thing named in continual change -- which showed really that the name was not the right one, but ought to have been in constant change like the thing it represented. But I wander from my purpose. One day when I was reading a book upon light and its properties, I looked up suddenly and saw a thin pale little man beside me whom I did not remember having seen before. He told me he had been the librarian in my father's time, but had been so troubled by his disappearance that he had not been able to endure the house after he was gone, and had forsaken the post. I asked him ~~how~~ if he knew any thing as to the circumstances attending his disappearance & he sat down by me, and gave me the following narrative.

"I do not understand the thing," he said, "but I will tell you as much as I know myself. I was never, I need hardly say, on what you would call terms of intimacy with your father, but he did honour me by using what service I was able to render him; I was a good deal in this room with him, and knew that he made much use of the volume you now hold in your hand. Some indeed, have said to me since that from their knowledge of the book they are convinced that he must have written it himself, although he had not put his name on the title page.

As to that I can say nothing, for, although my business is with books, I know next to nothing of what makes them books -- the souls of them, that is -- just as the doctor, whose business lies with men and women, may know them only as live bodies, & not as ~~not ???~~ the beings that make these bodies live and not dead. If

you would let me look in the book a moment, I could tell you what he was at that time chiefly occupied with: -- yes, here it is! It was polarized light. One day he laid down the book and saying, 'Come with me,' went out of the room. I followed him up the stairs of the house, one flight after the other, without any surprise, for though I ~~knew~~ <sup>had</sup> never been in it, I knew that he had a room we took to be a laboratory of some sort, away among the huge rafters of the house. he came to a door, to reach which I had to step from beam to beam to avoid breaking through into some room below me. I entered after him. The room was very dark. Through the



faint brown light from the open door, for there were but a few dusty, glimmering skylights about me, I saw him open another door in the middle of the room, leaving it open behind him. I followed, and came to an inclosure of about four feet square, in which was a kind of light I had never seen before, and there, ~~through what seemed a window~~ I saw your father, but he seemed far off, and wandering away for a great distance through a misty kind of atmosphere, beyond which I saw what I took for the blue tops of mountains sharp against the paler blue of the sky. I would have followed, for I loved your father and was not afraid, but the moment I took a step after him I struck against the glass of either a window to some supernatural region or of a mirror that reflected nothing, for I could not see myself in it; and gradually the mist deepened, and I saw your father no more. I ~~told~~ came down trembling, as you may well believe, and foolishly, in my fear, told the butler what I had seen, but he said I had lost my senses, and he would not believe a word of my story. Neither was he the least more inclined to believe it as the days passed and <sup>your</sup> ~~my~~ father never appeared. No one ~~however~~ but myself had seen him go up the stair and everyone looked for him coming in at the front door as usual. But the years have passed and passed & he has never come. I do not know what to think. I only know that I have lost the one man to whom I was able to look up with a

love that desired nothing but to please him." "Was my father such a good man then?" I asked. "Ah my child! my child! to have to ask such a question!" Now I was at the moment fifteen years of age, and was not pleased to be called a child by any one. But the eyes of the old man were filled with such genuine regret and commiseration that I could not show any offence. On the contrary the sight of his emotion awoke in me suddenly a desire for which my life had, unknown to me been preparing me, a desire, which at first but as a grain of the smallest seed, grew & grew so rapidly that almost in a moment it filled my whole mind and became a determination -- to seek my father until I found him.

Little as I knew or could yet know about him until I found him, I was convinced that he was not dead, and that he could not have gone where he could not be found -- except indeed that if he were anywhere whence he could have returned he would not have left his children so long without him and so helpless.

"I will go and find him," I said. "I would have started long ago," he answered me, but I did not know how to set out. I do not know where the door is!" "How can you have been so long in the house," I said, "and not know where the door is?" "I know all the doors to the house as well as, perhaps better than you my boy; but they are all doors out, and what we want is a door in, that we may get into the world into which I believe your father has entered." "I do not understand you," I returned. "There out there is the world, and the way into the world is out at the

hall-door." He made me no answer for a moment or two, but leaned his head on his hand and his elbow on one of the bookshelves. The red glow of a setting sun shone into the room and ~~it~~ washed with a rosy light all the gilded titles & backs of the books around us. "Almost every one of those books is a door into another world than that the hall-door opens on," he said. "But" he went on, "look here:" -- and again he closed his eyes: -- what world is the image of your father in now as I see him with my heart swelling with love toward him?" "Oh, that's a world inside your own head!" I answered, with a little laugh of amused unbelief. "Just so," he replied. "Then you allow there is at least one other world your hall-door does not open upon -- the world of my thoughts?" Yes, that!" I replied, with childish scorn of being found in any blunder." "Think a little," he resumed; "nothing that the hall-door opens upon ever was or even could be yours except it got into the world that is inside your head -- and yet the world inside your small head is ever so much bigger than the world to which the hall-door is the door!" "My father ain't in it!" I answered. "Then you will never find him." "I will find him," I replied. "Just you show me where you saw him last and I will find him." "I will show you where <sup>I</sup> you stood when I saw him," he answered. "But believe me there are more worlds and kinds of worlds than you have ever thought of or will be able to think of for many years to come. You shall not say, however, that I did not do what I could to help you. For the door -- that you must find. I cannot show it to you,

nor do I believe can any man. Come, however, I will show you what  
you  
I ask of y me." He turned as he spoke and led the way from the library. I

followed in silence. As I walked behind him I saw what a curious-  
looking old man he was. When I stood with him face to face I thought  
he was a little bald man; but now that his back was to me, I saw  
that he was very thin and very tall, and that at the back of his  
head the hair hung down long, and was as white as snow. He  
had a long garment on, whether a coat or a dressing gown I  
could not tell, but instead of slippers one might have looked for,  
he had on a pair of stout shoes. I learned afterwards that he was  
almost always out of doors, and that, although he was the  
librarian he was very seldom seen with a book in his hand.

Out of doors they said he never seemed to be looking at anything,  
and indoors when anyone saw him he was always writing, but  
no one ever took a letter to the post for him or saw what he had  
written. Up and up the stairs he went -- at last up <sup>short</sup> ^ stairs  
here and there, with passages between, which I had not known  
to be in the house at all, and at last into a waste empty place  
immediately under the great slabs of stone that formed the roof  
of the old house. "Take care how you cross here," he said, speaking  
for the first time since we left the library, "for there is no floor: you  
must keep on the beams." I was not afraid, and was steady  
enough to follow without a false step till we came to a  
small door which he opened, and then I saw myself in the  
place he had before mentioned. It was a great low room,

with what looked like a closet built in the middle of it, from which rose something that looked like a comical chimney and went right up through the roof. Into the closet I went, and there we found ourselves almost in the dark. "That is where I saw him last -- at least that is the direction in which I saw him," said my companion, and pointed. I looked. There was just light enough for me to see before me what looked a mirror, rather, but not very large -- about the size of an old-fashioned door to an unimportant room. I saw my own face and figure, and those of my strange guide reflected in it. "I think you are amusing yourself with me, sir!" I said, but felt as I said it a little frightened; the place and every thing in it seemed so solitary and so strange. "That is nothing but a common old fashioned mirror." For I ~~had~~<sup>knew,</sup> as my eyes got more accustomed to the dim light, that I had often seen such a mirror in other rooms of the house, though indeed this was larger than any I had seen before -- with a black great ^ eagle with outspread wings on the top of it. "Yes, he answered. "You are quite right. There is nothing very peculiar about the mirror: there are other very like it in the house. All the difference lies in the kind of light that falls upon it." "Light!" I returned, "there is no light to fall on any mirror here!" "You will soon see how far you are mistaken!" he answered. With that he pulled a small chain, and I heard a creaking, and saw that the thing like a chimney that went through the roof began to turn round. The old gentleman looked at his watch.

He had to put it close to his nose to see what the time was. It was, he said, close upon noon, and the sun was -- so many degrees, I do not remember what he said -- so many degrees, so many minutes above the horizon. "We will wait a moment. And now tell me, do you know what is polarized light?" I told him that I had seen the words, but did not know what it meant; and as I said so I saw that there was indeed a second mirror just like the first standing at right angles to the other, and that the mouth of the chimney seemed to be looking at it. The librarian pulled <sup>this and</sup> ~~and~~ that chain yet again, and the chimney turned creaking. Then he pulled a third, and a great blaze of noonday sunlight fell upon the face of the mirror I had just discovered. It did not fall ~~stra~~ perpendicularly, or at right angles upon it, but, as I afterwards discovered at a certain angle, so that all the light or nearly all was reflected on the face of the first mirror. Then I saw a marvel. The light thrown upon the first mirror vanished -- went through it -- came back no more to our eyes. "Where is the light gone I said to my companion, full of amazement. "Gone to look for where it came from, I fancy," said he. "I cannot tell. Perhaps it is gone to light up the fourth dimension somewhere. The phenomenon is well known. The light that vanished was polarized light. Perhaps it is the correlative of some sense that is not yet developed in us, but belongs to creatures fashioned on principles of being or at least of manifestation quite different from ours." I did not in the least understand his words at the time, but somehow they staid with me, and afterwards I understood the words, but the

phenomenon no more than he did who said them. But I still believe that the mirror that refused to reflect them was no ordinary mirror, but of a mysterious kind like certain others on record the belief in the tales of which used sorely to try my sense of the absurd, but concerning which I have now learned at least to hold my tongue. Had it been an ordinary mirror, it would indeed have given free passage to the polarized rays; but although everyone now knows something of the marvellous powers of such light in revealing the structure of crystals, how could it have shown -- or had any part in showing what I then saw in the mirror -- a land of mist out of which emerged the tops of distant mountain range -- and -- could I believe my eyes, the long back with its long garment of the librarian plodding away through the mist toward the far-off mountains! I turned to make sure that it was but a vision, expecting to see him by my side, but he was nowhere to be seen. He was gone after my father! Terror seized me. I rushed from the place, fell as I ran, but happily across the beams so that I did not break through to the story below, but got up sobered, and reached the library in safety, half expecting to see the old man standing there when I got to it. But he was not there, and he never came there again. neither did any one in the house appear to miss him. I questioned the old butler, but he had never heard of such a person, and advised me to watch the gates of my lips lest that which was not might slip through them. I told him I would and also I would watch the gates of my ears lest what was should be refused admittance.

I was angry with the old dullard, who presumed on the length of his service and his wisdom -- not upon his love for the family. I set myself from that moment to learn what I could about polarized light, and to find out what the strange old man could have meant by a sixth sense and a fourth dimension, but I so far from being able to imagine things what they might be then. I could not even know what his words meant. ~~now~~ But one morning early, I think it must have been about a week after these things happened, I woke suddenly, with a feeling that I had been called, and listened. The house was as still as an empty church, except that a bird was singing at my window. It was <sup>spring</sup> ~~summer~~ but too early, so ~~[?????] I [??]~~ would have said for at the ^ time of the year, ~~when spring is treading on the skirts of spring~~ <sup>to be nevertheless</sup> ~~and~~ the primroses ~~were~~ in blossom; ^ I saw a bunch of them in a vase on my dressing-table, and thought how kind it was of my little sister Imogen I had not seen them till then. to put them there for me: then I turned on my other side and went to sleep again, and did not wake till the bell rang for breakfast. I was the first down after all, except ~~my sister~~ Imogen, whom I thanked for the primroses. She told me she was sorry to say she had had nothing to do with them, and that she had looked ~~for~~ <sup>in the garden looking</sup> to see if any were out on a grassy bank ^ to the south, where they always came first, but there were none there. I ran up the stair to bring mine down to show her. I caught them up, but tripped as I left the room and dropped the little vase that held them. ~~When~~ I picked it up uninjured, but looked in vain for the primroses. They were gone, and I had to return without them, feeling curiously unwilling to speak on the subject. A moment after I called out-



straight upon  
From the room where we sat a door opened into the garden, ~~and~~ the  
grass of a little lawn. It was a little open now, and I saw as if growing  
within the door, or at least on the very threshold, a small bush of prim-  
roses. I jumped up with a cry, stepped out, turned, and began to  
gather them for my sister. When I raised my head with the <sup>small</sup> ^ bunch  
in my hand, and thought at once to step into the room again, I  
gasped: there was no door, no house there, but a wood of tall pines  
which stretched in every direction with the rays of a level sunset  
pouring into it. I looked down, and there was the bush of prim-  
roses at my feet. What was I to do. How was I to find my sister?  
And where was my half-eaten breakfast? I was in a great  
perplexity. But I remembered a tradition in the family of ~~some~~ <sup>an</sup>  
ancestor to whom something similarly strange had happened some  
hundreds of years before, and I concluded that if he had come out of it all  
right I knew no reason why I should not too, though I must confess my  
heart did beat rather uncomfortably at the strangeness of my position.  
I thought too what would my little Imogen think at my leaving  
her so suddenly without a word. She would imagine I was some-  
where in the ground. And she would be looking for me in vain; for she  
could never find the pine wood in which I was now. As I was thinking  
in which direction I had better go, I saw a bird, something like a  
rook approaching me with slow deliberate pace through the  
boles of the firtrees, casting a long queer shadow before him for  
the sun was at his back. He came straight toward me, and I felt  
that he came with the confidence of an old acquaintance.

He stopped at a little distance, made me a bow & said, with a tendency to caw which gave him something of a bur in his speech, "Who are you, sir?" I was so amused at the creature who I thought had been taught certain phrases that I answered, "Who am I? Why, myself of course! Who else should I be?" "~~See~~ You might be your own father now, or your own fool!" answered the rook with another bow, and a twirl round as if he were on the point of departing -- when I saw by his back very plainly that he must be my old friend the librarian, for no one, I have since learned, can assume any new shape so that [?] he shall not retain -- not so much some distinguishing feature, as a general air, acting as a reconciling solvent to all the peculiarities, ~~and~~ recognizable as his own. But this is premature. I felt that I was caught in the wrong, and as he turned again toward me, took off my hat, and begged his pardon, saying I had mistaken him, I could not tell how, for a rook. "Suppose I were a rook," he returned, "I live and move and have a being: why should you be rude to me?" "Why indeed!" I returned. "Forgive me." "Why should I forgive you?" "Because I sorely need your forgiveness, having done wrong to you." "I forgive you," returned the rook; "and more I will tell you two things that you need to know. One is that no one can say he is himself, until he knows what he is, and what himself is. In fact nobody is himself and himself is nobody -- and there is more in that than you know, but not more than you need to know. The other thing is that you have somehow got into this country to soon, therefore I must tell you the way

You must walk on due east through the wood, for the space of a mile or so, when you will meet a squirrel with his cheek full of nuts. You will ask him the way home, and he will tell you." "But I have not a compass, and I do not know which way is due east." "Don't you know the south from the north side of a fir tree?" No." "Then I must show you the way myself." He set out, walking in a straight line, much faster than I could have thought any bird less than an ostrich could have walked, and I followed. And the longer I followed, the more convinced I grew that I was following the ex-librarian at home. Indeed, after we had gone about a mile, and were drawing as I could see by the light to the outskirts of the wood, he was so like the same to my mind that I constantly expected him to turn and show me the same countenance I had seen that day in the library. Yet he remained only the size of an ordinary rook. When he stepped out from among the trees, he stepped somewhere else for I could see him no more, and I saw that I was at the bottom of our own garden, and that the sun was almost at its height, though in the wood I had left I had seen the bars of sunset crossed like heavenly rails athwart the posts of the fir-tree-boles. "Is this the fourth dimension at work?" I asked myself, or have I got a sixth sense that amuses itself with making a fool of me? However I walked in at the same door by which I had left, and found the remains of breakfast still upon the table, some of my brothers having been late down.

I said nothing of what had happened to me, as, naturally, I was afraid of being set down as a liar or a madman, and I knew I was neither. After this I went to school, and from school to college, where I learned a good deal of mathematics without any approach to the discovery of a fourth dimension; and though I very seldom thought of it, yet I came to the conclusion that if such existed it could be made manifest to us only by the discovery not of the existence but of the possession of a sixth sense. I had also gradually agreed with what I continued to call myself, in spite of what the librarian took had told me, that the circumstances in which I had lost the house and found a pinewood instead must have been those of a dream, though ~~I had been~~ so curiously interwoven with those of waking that consciousness could only feel without being able to separate them. I was then full of the pride of life and strength, spending much, indeed most of my time in rowing, running, and fencing, so that, if there was indeed a world inside me, I was too much outside it to know anything about it. or claim any part of it as my inheritance. The time was to come however when I was no longer to sit on my own doorstep to receive my friends, while the moth and the rust the rain and the heat was devouring and crumbling the house at my back. When, finally, having taken my degree, I went home with the intention of pondering seriously how I would thereafter dispose of my time, leaning in my foolishness to the idea of writing books, though if I had but entered my own house or world I could have seen that there was positively nothing there visible or at least as yet that it would do any live creature good to know about --

and that therefore to make books I must rob the houses of other people, -- I say when I went home with this foolish thought in my head, but with considerable gladness in my heart at the thought of seeing my sister Imogen again, I found that she had a friend with her whom I had never seen before. She too had been to school, and the main result was this friend. I am not going to try to describe her, for the effort, as far as conveying my notion, or any true notion of her, would be altogether useless. Yet I must, seeing I am about to compel my reader to have some shadow of her in his thinking peace, contrive that that shadow shall not be too glaringly unlike her. I say therefore that her features were lovely; if they had a fault it was that they were too regular, and too white. Corresponding with these facts they were very still, as still almost as death when they were not in any movement. And yet her face had in it fire and life and motion enough for many faces, only it was all condensed and gathered in her eyes, which were large and dark and deeping, making one, that is me think that a whole night-heaven ~~each~~ was condensed to make each ~~one~~ pupil, with the stars remaining to give the flashes of their motion, and an eternal twilight gathered about for the horizon of the iris. What those eyes really were God only ever knew or could ever tell, and that only to himself, for never sure was there such another mystery as the creation of those. The still face face was like an eternal repose, the live eyes like an eternal creation -- From what I say my reader will at once conclude that I fell in love with her. For myself I do not know what love is and therefore cannot tell whether I fell in love with her or not. All I know is that now I went

into the house on the doorsteps of which I had played for so long,  
 and found it full of her eyes. I could not open a room but there were  
 the eyes looking at me. I could not look out of a window but the eyes  
 were looking in. Not a drawer -- I mean not a book could I open but  
 the pages were flashing so with her eyes that I could not see a word  
 in it. So I gave up, and sat down for the eyes to flash me and ~~draw~~<sup>absorb</sup>  
 me to death. I would not have mentioned them, however, in this book,  
 had it been possible to make my story true and intelligible without  
 them. But my very being would now be unintelligible without them,  
 then how could any story I have to tell of myself be other than a mockery  
 without them. Then somehow the light of those eyes appeared to sink down  
 and permeate all her body, so that every "pearl-shell helmet" of a finger  
 was a thing to wonder at and worship; and then it flowed away from her  
 out into the heavens and sank like a flood into the earth and made  
~~it all look~~<sup>the universal cosmos</sup> lovely with itself. In a word she was so beautiful that I dared  
 hardly look at her, possessed with a feeling that if I did so I did not know what  
 might not happen to me. Certain if she were to let the light in her, I thought,  
 flash out upon me, I should be burnt up and disappear. One sweet  
 summer morning, or rather fore noon, for it was, I think, about ten of the clock,  
 I was gazing out of the window. I was in my own room, a small study that  
 opened out of the library, and looked out on the same piece of smooth grass  
 on which the window of the breakfast room opened. I was holding a  
 star-sapphire in the sunlight, and wondering, I thought, what might  
 be the secret between the six knife-edge rays that showed in it and  
 the sun from which they came; but I think now that I was really

wondering what kind of a star the light of her eyes would make in the gem, when the ~~light of the~~ sun-star disappeared, and a wonderful change passed upon the stone. Then first I began to know that the Arab tribes who count it a magical talisman are scarce to ~~blame~~ call mistaken. I started and looked up. No one For just one moment an eye looked out of the stone—~~whose eye I did not~~ was near me ~~need to ask~~ but the sun had disappeared, ~~and~~ the sky was overclouded, and the air had suddenly grown sultry. There had been heavy rain the night before, and underneath the window a thrush was acting the house-breaker, for he was forcing his way into the shell of a snail that he might devour him, when I saw come walking up toward the window a ~~solemn-eye~~ <sup>gaited</sup> rook. A strange feeling at once possessed me that something was going to happen, nor had I long to wait before something rather more than important, as it turned out, did happen. The rook made a bow to me, then with a sudden spring flew up to the window-sill, there stood and bowed again. I threw up the sash, and he stepped on the inner ledge, bowed again, flew down on the floor, and walked toward the door without looking behind him. I followed to see what he would do. In truth, although I seemed not quite a stranger to the bird, I had no thought at the moment of my old friend the librarian, but thought he was some tame rook belonging to the neighborhood which I had better follow to see that he did no mischief. He led the way through the library, ~~and~~ into the back hall that opened on the little lawn ~~breakfast room beyond~~. No one was there. He went up to the door that opened on the little lawn. It was closed. I turned the handle to let him out. The moment I did so, I heard the first roll of a thunderstorm.

walked  
 The rook stepped out, and stood on the ~~doorstep~~. I would have followed,  
 but the rain suddenly came in torrents. I stood looking out, and my  
 companion kept his place, turning his head this way and that with a  
 satisfied approving look. So human were his motions that I involuntarily  
 remarked, "Fine weather for the worms, Mr. Rook!" "Yes," he answered,  
 he could speak -- or was it only that  
 and it did not at the moment seem odd that ^ I understood him? -- "the  
 ground will be soft now. They will get in and out with ease. It will  
 be a grand time on the steppes of Uranus. Perhaps you do not know  
 that all the animals there are and will be till the end of the age, bur-  
 rowers like the mice and the moles. It is a grand sight there to see  
 the ground heave and out come -- well what you would call a --  
 mammoth, or  
~~mastodon~~ a hairy elephant I think you call him. I was a little  
 frightened the first time I saw the bog serpent come out. You never saw  
 such a head and mane! But the shower is nearly over. Don't you  
 think we had better be going?" "Going where?" "Where you've got to go,"  
 he answered. "I don't want to go anywhere." "I know that, but it makes no  
 difference -- at least not much." "I don't mean to leave the house today."  
 "I know that, but you mean to go out into the garden." "Ah, that is another  
 thing." The rook stepped off the threshold, and as there were now  
 but a few drops falling, like soft diamonds in the sunlight, for  
 on to the stone he had left. walked  
 the thunder cloud had rolled away. I stepped out after him ^ He stepped  
 away across the lawn. "You will wet your feet!" I said. "And my beak,"  
 he answered, beginning to wipe it first this side and then that as if  
 he were sharpening it on the grass. Then he suddenly dug it deep  
 among the roots of the grass, and drew out a great wriggling red



worm. He threw back his head, and opening his beak, tossed the worm into the air. To my astonishment, I confess -- for nothing astonishes me now except selfishness -- the worm spread out great wings of gorgeous red and black and flew away. "Tut, tut!" I cried; "I am astonished at you, Mr. Rook! Worms are not the larvae of butterflies!" "Never mind; I'm not a librarian now, I'm a sexton." "Is that the way you carry on your trade then? I vow I thought sextons buried dead bodies, but you dig up live ones and make them yet livelier!" "A good deal," he answered. "Yes; that's my way now! What's yours? -- You're a man of your word anyhow, for you said you would not leave the house today!" "What do you mean by that?" "That there was no occasion: the house has left you!" I turned where I stood on the doorstep, and my eyes went deep into a pine-  
stone  
forest. My feet were on a mossy ~~rock~~, the top of a great rock that went deep into the earth -- at least so it seemed. "Where am I?" I cried. "In the  
Four dimensions, or somewhere of that sort, only your ~~other~~ <sup>corresponding</sup> senses are not awake yet. You had better follow me lest you should hurt some one." "Hurt some one! I see nobody but you!" "That's just it. You see that fine -- I mean that very fine tree away fifty yards to your left? That grows  
your  
on ~~the~~ kitchen hearth." "You are making a fool of me." "Nobody can do that but yourself." "That's a good thing." "Perhaps. I don't know." "Shall I walk into the fire?" I said, going straight for the tree he had pointed out. "No," he answered, "but you will, I think, knock against Miss -- I don't know her name -- the lady with the eyes. She is playing Grieg's Wedding March on the grand piano in the drawing room. There! that rose tree is hiding its legs, or at least what you call taking

the place of them.” “But two things can’t exist in the same place at the same moment!” I said. “Oh, cant they?” he answered. “I did not know.” “Why how could you be a librarian and not know that?” “I daresay I knew it when I was a librarian, but I am a sexton now, as I told you. I do know that you and the lady with the eyes can’t be in the same place at the same moment; so I thought I had better tell you. Don’t you hear her playing?” “No, I don’t.” “I do. If you don’t believe me, go and smell the wedding march in those quivering rose-petals. It’s there.” I did as he told me, and certainly though I did not recognize the odour as that of the wedding march, which I knew very well, it was, although plainly a rose-odour, yet something very different from any scent of rose I had ever been before aware of as entering my being. But suddenly, I was seized with consternation. I knew not why at first. Then I remembered that I had promised to drive my sister and her friend to a lovely spot a few miles away and a where there was an old churchyard still older churchyard, ~~and~~ neither of which had been in use for many years though there was a talk of restoring the church for service again. “I wish you would kindly show me the way back,” I said. “No use; the door is shut,” he answered. “You must go a long way round and go in at the front door.” “Then tell me how.” “You will have to go through your own heart,” said the sexton, “I believe; but I am not very sure, and cannot direct you. I can only lead you on the way your have to go.” “Home?” you mean. “Yes, home, certainly,” he answered, with a little hesitation between the words, but I thought that might be because he was a rook. I could not help giving a sigh of bewildered disappointment. I had heard of

persons being carried away by the fairies, but that seemed quite natural and credible to what had befallen me! Everything seemed topsy turvy. I did not see how life was to be led at all on these new conditions. How was a man to make his living if he were liable to be whisked away at any moment to the country of four dimensions or whatever the rooks called it. True I had never done a stroke to make my living in the country I had left, or rather which had left me, but apparently I would have to do so in the country I had come to. I felt in my pockets: there was scarcely a coin there, and I had my doubts whether even my one sovereign would be current here. Perhaps money too required to have four dimensions! My only consolation was that I had come into this condition by no wish or fault of my own; and therefore I had a feeling as if I might look to be taken care of. It did not occur to me then that I had had just as little to do with coming into the world of three dimensions or indeed with coming into existence at all. That however did not make the reflection in the least less reasonable. All this time the rook stood regarding me. "There's no hurry," he said. "We don't go much by the clock here. But perhaps it would be better to go. I will take you to see my wife. She is nicer to look at than I am." "She may be that and no beauty," I thought, but politeness prevented me from saying it. He led the way and I followed. After we had walked some distance, still among trees, though for the time we had left the pines behind us, my guide said, "You see that hawthorn?" "I see a gnarled old man with a great white head and beard," I said. "No, no; look again." Then I saw it was an old hawthorn in blossom. That grows where the altar of the old church used to stand. Listen." I heard like the ghost of a glad

music, but I was not sure that I heard anything. "They still go there," said the ex-librarian. "Who goes where?" I returned. "The people that used to pray there -- some of them -- only they never go to pray there now." "What do they go for then?" "They go to sing out their thoughts. They would hurt them if they didn't. They're so strong and burn so. With only one throat each they can't make music enough to let it out in private; but what one hasn't another has, and so they gather to help each other's love & thanks out by singing, because everyone then feels that what they all sing he sings & every one sings, with one mighty voice, and on the great torrent of that voice their big thoughts float out of every heart like great ships out of the harbor to cross the eternal seas." "And why don't they meet & pray?" I asked. "Because our people at least find they can least pray alone. They're always at prayer. Look look!" he cried, and even he showed a little excitement, as he pointed with his beak up in the air, where a white pigeon was flying round & round, mounting higher & higher, with the sunshine flashing from its wings. "there's one!" "One what?" "A prayer on its way up home. I wonder now who has prayed that prayer!" "But how can a white pigeon be a prayer?" said I. "A prayer is a thought of the heart!" "Ah, you don't understand yet! The heart from which you come is so strong in making that he can even make the power to make; so that he gifts certain of his children with the power to make things. So sometimes they pray to him, where others would only wearily lift their heavy thoughts upward, by sending their thoughts in shapes <sup>the</sup> to God of live things shapes natural to them, as if they said, there is one of my own things made as I would make it. And that's a prayer -- a word to the big heart from the little one.

Look there's another!" We were walking now over a rocky moorland sort of place, with dry plants and low flowering shrubs about it. My guide pointed to a small flower that blossomed fresh and lovely at the root of what seemed -- for I felt sure of nothing in this new country -- a rough granite block. No [??] description could convey a sense of the grace of form and colour sweetness of the flower, of a pale rose, with a purple heart. "That is a prayer-flower," said my guide. "How do you know it?" I asked. "I know it, but how I know it I cannot tell you. If you know it, you know it; if you don't, you don't. What better would you be if I were able to put you up to knowing one, if you did not know it of yourself and itself? Whose work is it to make a wise man of you. The business & the plague is to get you made a fool to yourself that you may begin [??] to learn the right way." But for all his contemptuous words, for so they sounded to me then, I could not help imagining that I saw something in that flower different from any flower I had known in the land that had left me. And an awe came over me as I thought of the heart that might then be listening to what that flower had to say to the inventor the father of all the flowers in heaven and in earth. I fell into deep thought, and noted little more until I found that we were drawing near to small cottage that stood alone in the middle of the heath, on which, as far as the sight could reach, there were no more trees than a few scattered solitary stunted pines. The sky was covered with cold gray and blue clouds, and the heath looked as if the sun had never shone radiant upon it since the <sup>hour</sup> ~~day~~ it was made <sup>curiously</sup> what it was. The wind blew cold as if it came from some world beyond the reach of the sunrays,

yet it seemed to refresh me rather than make me shiver. It was like  
 the coolness of a mossy hollow, filled with maiden-hair <sup>over which small</sup> and ~~trickling~~  
 streams went trickling. "Here we are at last!" said the <sup>crow.</sup> ~~raven~~ "What  
 it is! I could have called on my cousin the bird of paradise in half the time."

"I don't think we've been so very long," I said. "Neither we have. In this  
 country we ~~can~~ <sup>plumbline</sup> pull of the ~~pendulum~~ you call gravitation -- only you  
 can't see us do it -- and then to see world spin round under your feet!

Do you know how fast the world spins?" "That depends on what  
 part of it you are in." Not at all; not at all!" said the crow. "That's  
 only half of the affair. But here we are at the sexton's house! You are  
 welcome." "Where is the churchyard, if I may ask?" I said. The crow  
 turned round and round with outstretched neck, as if he meant  
 to say that all round, wherever I looked, I saw the churchyard.

The dreary wind swept more then was the crow's churchyard! Was it  
 the churchyard of the universe? Was I to be here with no companion  
 but his bird until spring and sunshine should wake this dreary  
 place? I had left the spring in the world behind me; here was  
 winter, and as the sun went down the winter came on apace, &  
 then I began to see and found <sup>it</sup> ~~he~~ was so indeed, that all the seasons  
 of the year were constantly passed through in each day on this moor.

The winter lay frozen there all the night. The spring came with  
 the sunrise, and at noon it was hot summer. The autumn  
 was its afternoon, and then with the sun it darkened down  
 again to the winter. Oh how cold it was growing already, as I  
 stepped across the threshold upon the earthen floor of the sexton's cottage!

A wind from the moor seemed to come blowing in behind me, as if it pushed me into  
a haven of rest or a prison of enforced repose -- what if both. In front of me ~~was~~<sup>on the opposite wall</sup>  
I saw  
what in my fluttered confusion I thought I took for the lid of a coffin leaning  
up against it with bright plate and handles, but presently, almost as soon  
as I crossed the threshold, I saw that it was only a door, for it opened, and  
dressed like her husband in black.  
a woman came out. To my shuddering astonishment she was most mar-  
vellously like my sister's friend with the live eyes, so like that to this day  
I cannot say I know that it was not she --- only difference seemed to be  
<sup>The</sup>  
that her face was yet whiter, with a tint of the blue of ice in it; and her eyes  
<sup>^</sup>  
were yet larger and more radiant <sup>^</sup> than hers, thought not so full of changes, but  
glowing with a steadier and more ethereal light. "Here is W. Fane, my  
dear!" said the crow; but when I turned toward him he was the long-coated  
librarian of my father's house. "W. Fane is welcome. Does he wish to sleep?" said  
the woman. "I think not," replied her husband; "he has not yet done his day's  
<sup>discovered</sup> <sup>neither is he weary or heavy laden.</sup> No  
work. He has neither made nor found nor invented any thing, ~~yet; and no~~  
gentleman would turn the shell of his egg into a bedroom, and go to sleep in  
it. M. Fane has not earned his night's rest yet!" I suppose that instead of  
replying I looked astonished at the change in him. He saw it and re-  
<sup>dig</sup>  
sumed. "You thought I was a crow! Not I." "I saw you ~~throw~~<sup>threw</sup> the worms from  
the wet lawn!" "And then?" "Toss them in the air and they grew butterflies." "Was  
that like a crow?" "No." "Very well; I told you I was a sexton! So I am. But it  
was more convenient for my purpose that I should be my bird-self for the  
moment. Everyone has a beast-self and a bird-self, and a very fishy, yes, and very snaky  
self in him. There are periods in his life when you can determine what  
sort of fellow he is by seeing which predominates in his countenance."

He was thin and tall, and his face came full in the light of the small window high up in the cottage wall. I looked at him more attentively than I had yet done.

His face was pale like his wife's; ~~and~~ his eyes were ~~grey~~ yellowish, and his nose reminded me much of ~~what~~ <sup>the beak</sup> of my crow-companion; ~~but~~ <sup>them</sup> his mouth was very thin lipped and his eyes were pale, but the curves of it were beautiful,

and there quivered about them a shadowy smile that had in it love and pity and a touch of hearty humour as well, as if he knew something that was all right but he must not tell it you just yet. "Can you give us anything to eat and make the world look a little more friendly, wife?"

he said. Her still face never moved, but she went to a cupboard, and brought out bread and wine and put them on the table. "I have no thing else," she said.

"Nothing but the best!" said her husband; and nothing loath I sat down as he desired me, and began to eat. Never ~~did~~ <sup>had</sup> I before enjoyed a meal as I enjoyed

that bread and wine; for they seemed to go straight -- not to the hunger only, but to the <sup>deeper</sup> heed that made the hunger. I grew stronger and stronger as I ate,

and before I had done all my discomfort at finding myself in such strange new circumstances had vanished, and was replaced by a wondering desire to know what was to come of my very strange adventure, to account

for which I had been all the way in vain endeavoring to Fashion a theory, even falling once upon the ~~idea~~ <sup>wild notion</sup> that I was under the mesmeric

influence of a madman who was causing me to dream all these things

that came to me. But I would believe anything rather than that my soul was the slave of anyone that could not create me or had not created me. I

would rather cease to be than be in the power of any, even myself, save

his that had called me into being and so was my life. I now felt I



could go on to meet whatever should come. But I felt tired and in need of rest, and remembered with some anxiety that the sexton had said he hardly thought I would want to sleep there yet. So I said to him, "I don't know, sir, whether you think a man ought to have no rest at all except what he has earned. It seems to me that a man without sleep will never be able to earn sleep. Never was anything given that did not come of something given before." "Good," said the sexton; "I never meant that you should not have a little slumber now and then just to wash your poor brain from the phantoms of the human day. What is this I have brought you to but a halfway house of mine, a hostelry, an inn as of old." "Then after all you are no sexton, only an inn-keeper?" I said. "True for you!" he answered, as if he had been an Irishman, and patted the table with his palm, reminding me irresistibly of the way they pat down the turf on the pat down the graves in the sweet country-churchyards -- lovingly, coaxingly as if the accompaniment to an inward lullaby. Perhaps I started at the thought: I would not be so foolish now, having seen more, but he smiled with unutterable sweetness -- a smile that redeemed all the oddity of his face and his figure and his long coat, and said, "I am not going to bury you M. Fane, though I am called the best sexton of God's ^ parish. I go by other names too, but never mined. Will you trust me?" He looked me full in the face. I looked him full in the face, and said "I will." "Then come," he returned; "you shall see my chambers, and choose your own bed, so far as I am able to give you a choice." He rose, and as he rose his wife took a chamber-candle from another table and led they way. I rose to follow. Again it seemed to me that

the door I approached was the lid of a coffin set up against the wall, but the woman opened it and walked in. I followed. The chill air as of an ice-house met me, and what the place was like I could not see, but it felt strange -- I should have said like a vault or a cellar, but that there was no muskiness in it -- only dear pure cold. But I was hardly a step inside the door when the light of the candle the woman bore flashed upon something white that lay a little raised from the floor. Was it a bed, prepared to give sleep to any live soul in such a place of mortal cold? Beyond I saw another glimmering more faintly, and on the other side as we walked another. As we came near to the first, I saw that under a cold white sheet, nor any covering more lay stretched straight and motionless as if in death, the form of a man or woman, its lines appearing through the covering that lay close to the shape, but I could see the features too vaguely to read anything upon them. We walked on between two rows of couches, on every one of which lay a human figure covered with one cold white sheet. I could not speak. I asked no question, but waited in growing dread. Did they mean me to lie down among the dead and sleep? "The place is dark, wife," said the sexton. "The moon will be up soon. She is rising now." As my hostess spoke, in a clear sweet voice that sounded of old sorrow to which she had long bidden farewell, the first rays of the level moon shone through the low windows of the building, of which there were many, though small, and I then saw what the place was like. It was low and narrow & long -- how long I could not see. Away and away it stretched, with its [???rows] of beds foot to foot and side

by side, about six feet between, and on every couch lay on that slept -- but whether the sleep of death I could not tell; something seemed different in it from either. The place had a strange mingled look also -- whether more like a barn or the interminable aisle of a church I could not tell in the level light of the moon. It shone cold indeed upon the cold drapery and the pallid countenances that lay each turned upward. Now I could see that they were all different in expression and history. There lay on in the prime of manly strength, the dark beard flowing down from the still white frozen face, the forehead as smooth as marble, but a last vanishing shadow of pain about the corners of the mouth which looked as if it must smile ere long. Next to that lay the form -- I dare not, in my ignorance of the whole strange thing, say body -- the form of a girl, where a submissive sadness possessed the placid features. She was very lovely to look at, lovely as the finest marble from the marble mountains, and her form revealed no wasting from disease or sorrow from 'killing care' or grief of heart. If such there were it had been charmed asleep. Some seemed to have died in childhood, some in youth -- at all ages indeed; and nowhere was there greater loveliness than on the face of an old lady -- though how I should have known her to be aged but for the white hair, I could not tell. There was no submissiveness on her stately countenance but a right regal acquiescence, a testimony strong as the foundations of the heavens that all was well. But on the faces of some there were the lingering signs of strife, of hopeless lots, of a secret that nothing could console. This last was rare, and somehow the face that bore it bore the look of having

died but lately, while some of the dead faces seemed to have been dead long years, so utter was their repose. We came at last to an empty couch. The form of a very old man lay on one side of it, his <sup>arm</sup> ~~hand~~ outside the sheet and the white strong hand clenched as if on the grip of a sword, but no sword was there. On the other lay the form of a beautiful woman of middle age. Her arm also lay outside the sheet, abandoned and open, and I saw one dark spot in the centre of the palm. The heavenly sexton, for such I now counted him, went up to this one, and stooping looked at the hand but did not touch it. "It heals well!" he said. "There is not poison in those nails." Then, turning to me, I ventured to speak. "Are they dead?" I asked. "I cannot say, because I do not know what you mean by dead. If I say, as I should to my wife, that this or that one is quite dead, it would mean something quite different to you. Therefore I say not whether they are dead or alive, but there they are! This is only one vault in my churchyard. Out there on the moor they are lying, thick as leaves, or rather as the shakings of the great white rose of heaven. And the moon is all night reading their faces." "But I thought the part of a sexton was to bury the dead!" I said, hoping to get him to explain. "Some sexton's duties go farther. But if it be his part to bury the dead, surely it is nothers part to keep them dead. Is it not the way in some of your villages <sup>--</sup> ^ of the three dimensions," he added the words with a parenthetic smile -- that the sexton is also the bell ringer? And if he should mingle in his call the two flocks in his care, who shall blame him? Is he never to cry Awake thou that sleepest and arise from the dead? But it is no use talking

for nothing of all that has anything to do with what you see  
 before you now. These ought to be dead. They did not creep here  
 before their time greedy of sleep. But some of them are not quite  
 dead and therefore they cannot come alive." ~~But do~~ There is your  
 couch!" I shuddered. "But I am alive!" I said. "Too much alive, but you will  
 soon be more <sup>alive -- praised</sup> happily Praised be the life that throbs & pauses & throbs  
 again!" "This place is too cold for sleep!" I said. "Look," he answered; "do  
 these find it so? But in truth thou art not as these, yet will it do  
 thee no harm to sleep <sup>with</sup> by them though it may be not as they sleep.  
 Be not afraid. Gather to thee thy courage, and yield up thyself that  
 thou mayest rest indeed." But the man and the woman seemed to me  
 as those that are familiar with death, and would persuade me that  
 a charnel house was a place of lordly repose." I will not," I said; "I am  
 my own master, and I will sleep where I will sleep, not in a place of  
 mortal cold." "On that couch thou will feel no cold," he said solemnly  
 and kindly. But something evil seemed to wake in me with anger  
 against him, and I said, "Yes, because I shall be too cold to feel any  
 cold!" And with that I turned my face toward the door. It was easy  
 to find, because I had but to walk back between the rows of  
 the dead. The woman followed with her candle, and the sexton came  
 behind. But what a long way it seemed that I had to go before  
 I came back to the cottage! In the middle of the floor I turned  
 to ~~go~~ say farewell, for I would not be rude to those with whom  
 I had eaten and drunk. They looked very sad, and their faces  
 looked like the faces of those who lay stored in their treasure-house behind.

A twinge of self dissatisfaction crossed my mind. They meant well by me, I said in my heart; but their offer was but a sort of mockery, for how can a live man go to sleep among the dead? And with that I said, "I thank you kindly, but I cannot in reason accept your offer. A live man is no tenant for the chamber of death!" "Alas, didst thou not find the air of it sweet?" said he, while his wife stood like one chidden unjustly. "Sweet indeed," I answered, "but cold." "Knowest thou," said he, "and his voice grew a little stern, "that thou didst bear with thee into that chamber the odours of death,<sup>1</sup> and that the air is the purer that thou hast left it?" Then I was angry and turned away and strode from the door. Once I turned as I stumbled over the rough heath. There in the moonshine on the threshold of the cottage, which looked like a ruined hovel, stood a crow and a white dove. I walked on, thinking of what I had escaped, but still indulging the notion that the pair meant to take some advantage of me with their mysteries and their offered shelter. They did not indeed look bad or deceitful, but there are tricks. All the same I was far from satisfied with myself. I had a vague suspicion that I was a coward, and an undeveloped shame was burrowing within me, ready to lift its head when the time came. Why should I have feared to lie down by the dead? Was not I alive? Then the lovely face of the woman with the stygma upon her hand came back to me, and I said, "What ill <sup>a face</sup> could have come to me with ~~one~~ like that so near. Evil could not have come nigh! I will go back and say I am sorry, and will thankfully avail myself of their good hospitality." So I

turned and went back toward the cottage. I could see it nowhere. I  
did not then know that only he who enters a house at the front  
and goes out at the back will ever find it again in that country.  
But, looking about, I saw the ~~raven~~ <sup>crow walking</sup> about among the plants that  
covered the rough face of the moor. "I went up to him and said, "I beg your  
pardon. I behaved very badly. I will go back with you now and spend  
the night with your flock of the dead." Somehow I found I could not  
help speaking as he spoke when I addressed him. Ah! is it you?"  
he returned, looking up. "Yes, you will one day, but not now, not  
now. Your hour was not come, or you would have staid. But I  
should have liked seeing how you looked when in the spring  
you saw how they looked, when the blood began to flow again. But  
I can do nothing more for you now." "Will you not tell me which  
way to go to get home?" "Ah there again! You & I mean such different  
things by home. As to what you call home, I do not know the way  
to it. If I did I don't know that I would tell you. We are not at  
liberty in this country to tell people anything just because they would  
like to know it. That would be to please ourselves. But home as I <sup>understand</sup> [?????] ~~the~~  
the word is always ever so far away [be] in your hand. How to get there  
it is no use telling you. But you will be forced to go to it for all that.  
Everybody who is not at home has to go home. You thought you  
were at home where I found you. If it had been your home you  
could not have left it -- and nobody ever was or ever will be at  
home without having gone there." "You talk in riddles!" "No, no;  
the riddles keep talking me -- that is it." "But you can tell me

what direction I ought to go in?" "For what?" "At least to find some people of my own kind." "I cannot. I do not know what direction you have to go in." "I think it is not very friendly of you to come and take me away from my home and then leave me <sup>stranger</sup> ~~and~~ in a strange land without a guide or the least instruction how to direct my steps." "You took yourself out of my hands, and thought to do better. And it may be better in the end. I hope it may. Good night." Having said this, he turned and walked away, looking at the turf as he went. Having nothing else to do I stood and watched him. He pounced upon a spot and began diggin with his bill, then presently threw ~~gh~~ something up into the air, which burst into a gentle flame, and came through the air pulsing toward me. I saw that it must be some kind of firefly. But it seemed larger than any I had heard of, and its light was more yellow than green. It flew past me away over the heath. I thought I could not do better than follow it. But it was a strange and terrible night in which I found myself awake from having refused to lie down among the dead. And first of the terrors was the cold regard of the moon. I did not observe it at first, for I had began to wonder whether her light would be easier or harder to polarize than that of the sun, being already reflected. But as I looked up I saw that she was staring at me as I say. I felt annoyed at first but then I thought that I saw that there was a pitying curiosity in her gaze as if she was wondering what would come to me next, seeing I was so foolhardy as be out there alone instead of asleep in the sexton's cottage. Presently I felt the earth begin to shake and heave



under me; then it settled again, and I saw a ripple of earthquake, like  
forward

the motion of some burrowing creature run away from under my

feet in the direction the firefly had taken. I saw it heaving and

settling again. Then I saw one similar coming toward me out of

the distance, vaguely perceptible in the stare of the moon. Now I

knew she was watching to see how I would take it. Like a solid, but unextended

wave the solid ripple approached me, and when about six

yards away ~~the~~ it burst open and with a scramble and a bound

issued an earth-tiger, with the mould hanging around his mouth.

His eyes flamed, and he came on as if he would tear me to pieces.

Only he was utterly silent, no cat-roar issued from the red thought

behind the snarling jaws. I had no weapon, and indeed I had

little doubt that weapon would have nothing availed. All I

could do was to stand and stare at him. But just as I thought he was

going to seize me, he turned his head to the ground, and sunk into

it burrowing out of sight. "It was but a phantom of night and

the moon!" I said. "I will fear none other that comes." But I thought it a

terrible thing that I should be walking over the top of a sea filled

with such awful fishes. The next moment the head of a serpent

a little way off.

came out of the ground ~~close by me~~. It was as big as that of a polar

bear, and after it followed in long wriggles of self-extrication the

huge body of the reptile. In a moment, swift as any in Dante's

Malebolge, it threw itself upon me cold and clammy, smell-

ing of the earth. "Does it live on the dead?" I thought, "and knows

not how to harm the living?" Sure enough it wound me round and

round, but neither squeezed me too hard nor bit me, and at length drops from me as if exhausted and hid itself in the earth. "What does this mean?" I thought with myself. Is it my presence on the surface of this moor of the dead that brings the creatures out? Do they scent their prey from below? and if so, why do they leave me unharmed? I did not know then that it because I had sat in the house of holdy death and looked upon the faces of them that dwelt therein, they could not for that night harm me or turn me aside from my journey. When in some after times I speculated on what, ~~the~~ vision or reality, the thing might mean, I thought I knew that the ground of that moor outside the house of death was but the outissue of my own soul, the under soil of the vineyard of my own being, deep in which, unknown to myself lay such nameless horrors. All that night they assailed me, until I grew so accustomed to their fierce attack and foiled retreat, that I not only smiled at their terrors, but speculated in the imagination of what might be the next form of the excellent monstrosity of the place. Little I thought that I owed my safety to the shining of the moon, which though but a poor reflected light and not the radiance of the primal truth of the system, did yet utterly hamper and for the time debilitate the swarms of the place that they did not hurt me. How much quicker would I not have followed the firefly had I know that if I were found within the circle of that ground after the moon was set, I should in a moment be the not long struggling prey of a group of the nearest monsters. Yet in my ignorance I beheld with calmness the gradual descent of the

weary solemn moon adown the hollow sides of the vaulted heaven. Just as she set I came to a deep but narrow ditch ~~of~~ filled to the brim with water horribly discoloured. I sprang across, and up a rocky ridge that surrounded the place, which had been growing more & more swampy as I advanced. The same moment the moon disappeared from the upper part of the world in which I wandered, and therewith from behind me arose a wild and waste cry as of frustrate greed, and fathomless rage of disappointment. Several wolves came leaping over the ditch after me, and startled ~~at~~ <sup>by their</sup> howls I thought the moment had at length arrived when I must fight for my life, but ere they reached me they fell groaning to the earth: their hour not mine was come; they could not crawl back even to the edge of the ditch they had overleaped, and I walked on my way rejoicing. And now came another strange thing. For the firefly which had been my guide thus far came to me and went pulsing with golden bursts of flash around my head, seeming to indicate that there was no need for him to guide me any farther, and to show that if such was his intent, I understood it, I sat down where I stood. the same instant the firefly shot away eastward at an amazing speed. Now whether it grew larger I cannot tell, or whether it was the law of the country that distance cannot make some things look smaller, I do not know, but that firefly shone and shone away in the east like a yellow star, till the sun came and absorbed its light, and then I looked around me and was able to see the kind of place in which I was. The moor

lay calm and still on one side, as seemingly quiet as any in the land or world or system I had left; for was it not in Saturn that the sexton told me the bogs were full of burrowing and wallowing creatures? Who would have thought that all that peaceful expanse was but a skin stretched over a world of buried passions and fiercest greed. Ah! it were well thus to bury the dead evil, but how fare, it when the buried evil is alive still, and ever ready to break ravening forth! It was but a rough land that lay around me still, and I saw no sign in it of human presence. No smoke sweetly stained the horizon, no plough had scored the ground within my sight. All I could do was but to change the horizon around me, the ground under my feet. I rose and without design began to walk. As soon as I began, I seemed to have a choice, for between the rocky lumps that broke the ground -- old hard rocks covered with ancient lichens, their lay mossen hollows winding through, little more than broad enough to walk in, constantly joining other depressions, as if the <sup>stony</sup> ~~wa~~ crust of the surface had been in all directions scored through down to the moss. There the walking was easier, and I amused myself walking out patterns as of a carpet as I went, following this and that <sup>waterless</sup> ^ channel. I seemed to be taking my own way, but the most absolute freedom of ignorance may be but the kernel to <sup>a</sup> ~~the~~ most determinate leading. I seemed so free that I was hardly moved by any the weakest choice, and was aware of no leading, no impulse. But the only man who can be absolutely free is the man who made himself, and where does that man dwell? Or what man can be free but the man who is more than free -- namely the man who by love shares in the freedom of his perfect origin the being who willed him forth

I went wandering and maundering along through this plain of cracked rocky crust, glad that my feet were on the soft moss and not on the hard rock, and thinking whether all these fissures had ever been filled and flowing with cool limpid waters. The sun rose higher and the shadows that mottled all the surface about me drew in and as he rose in as if they were being sucked back into themselves by the rocks that threw them. A ~~strange~~ hope that I was destined to arrive somewhere grew stronger in my mind, and though hours passed during which I trampled a waving line through the low rocks without an idea of whither I was going, for one time I went eastward by the sun and another found I was going westward without heeding or more than just perceiving that I <sup>was</sup> [??????] constantly changing my direction, though in the main going southward, and with a curious sense that there was a fifth direction in which I was going without being able to find what the sense meant, when suddenly I came on a little shrub on my way. I greeted it as a messenger of wonder and hope, and I thought with myself that in some wars, the outposts and pickets are of the feeblest soldiers of the army. But my brain could not find what the idea led to or even whether it was correct or not. I showed the little shrub the respect of going round it and not stepping over it, never thinking that my fate in a sense hung upon the action for I was all the time being watched from behind a hundred rocks by keen eyes. Yet I heard no sound or if I did took it for that of some small bird or wild think of the rocks and moss. Had I seen the faces in which were set those peeping eyes, I should have taken them for those of goblins, very likely, but there I should have been wrong as we shall see. By and by I came upon another

shrub to which I showed a like respect. Soon a third appeared, and now I came upon them at shorter intervals. They were also a little larger but still very small, and before long I began to see that they had all the appearance of full grown trees except in size. In fact they were like those trees dwarfed by the Chinese. The general level of the ground at length rose, so that I saw the horizon much nearer than it had yet appeared, and when I got to the top of a ridge I saw that a great forest of these dwarf trees lay before me, with clearings every here and there, in most of which were what looked like dwellings, and in some of them great gatherings of these dwellings into miniature towns. I thought at first I had surely found the land of Lilliput. I could not remember how Gulliver got there, but I fancied it was by sea: then I had approached by the land-side. If it was Lilliput, which I do not believe however, my experiences were a good deal different from his. I had now to take a good deal more care as I went not to break the trees for they grew in the cracks that had hitherto been my paths, as indeed how could they grow anywhere else where all was hard rock? So I got on the rocks, and stepped over the cracks and the tops of the trees. But now the rocks began to yield. The cracks grew into spaces, and the trees grew the ~~close~~ <sup>in larger</sup> masses of unbroken forest, and as I looked farther into the country I saw that there was cultivated land, ~~and the~~ <sup>but no</sup> gleam of water either as lake or river or well; and came to my eyes, ~~though as yet I had seen no river~~ <sup>a</sup> yet the whole region was green. I lay down at the foot of ~~the~~ <sup>a</sup> rock where there was for some reason a small space clear of trees, for I was now weary and thirsty. As it occurred, I lay down on the edge of what was in reality an orchard of <sup>more</sup> miniature fruit-trees for when my eyes were on a level with the foliage,

me, within  
 I saw that close to ~~my~~ easy reach of my hands, was what seemed an apple tree,  
 full of rosiest checked apples, only they were not bigger than small cherries.  
 like some toy, of which  
 It was a lovely tree, ~~and the fruit filled the leaves like jewels~~ was represented  
 by precious stones of varied [??] hues in which red and green predominated. I  
 pulled one and tried if it was edible. It was delicious. I pulled and ate, and  
 though they were so small, yet on gooseberries I had often made so much of a  
 meal when I was a boy that I could not eat much dinner after. I found  
 them greatly refreshing; and if the fruit did not open my eyes it cleared  
 them surely, for then, after my thirst more than hunger was assuaged,  
 I became suddenly aware that I was the centre of a dense multitude  
 of beholders, for hearing a little whimpering sound as I threw away the  
 core of an apple I looked down, and there were eyes as the sand on the sea-  
 shore for multitude looking up at me, ~~and stood~~ A great crowd of little people  
 went stretching away among the trees till I could not see where it ended.  
 the sight of all the eager wondering multitudinous little faces all staring  
 at me made me burst out laughing, wherupon a storm of sweetest  
 prettier laughter rippled the sea of faces, and the air around us at once.  
 The sound was like the wind in the bells of the heather as on lies amongst  
 it on a hot summer day, only louder and more plainly laughter. They  
 were delighted evidently that I had shown myself friendly by my  
 laughter whence they responded to it so gladly. They were very small  
 something in proportion to the smallness of their trees, and the im-  
 pression they have left on my mind is that their heads were larger  
 in proportion to their bodies than with us -- only that may have come  
 from ~~me~~ my seeing them so much from above, and not receiving

not  
 the proper impression from being on their own level of being. They  
 were faces of all sorts -- that were turned up to me -- but mostly pleasant,  
 for now good humour was prevalent. My glance was lost in their mul-  
 titude however, and I could tell as little concerning them as I could have told  
 from sending my eyes as far as my sight could reach over such a multitude  
 of upturned faces of the size of my own. After the laugh which went  
 rolling away and reviving with many a returning surge, followed a  
 shout and a waving of hands in the air. Presently there was a scattering  
 and then came, after a few moments, <sup>some</sup> ~~a few~~ of their women crowding  
 up to me, with their little aprons full of other kinds of fruit, friendly  
 offerings for the acceptance of the great being who had come to visit  
 them. I found afterwards that they thought I was their deity come down  
 from the sky to show himself to them. <sup>I am more anxious</sup> having ~~more~~ things ^ to tell while I can,  
 I shall not linger here to set down at full how I fared among these little  
 people. I saw them again afterward. Therefore I will not say how I came  
 to understand them, nor how cleverly & with such painstaking they  
 managed to communicate with me, in a great degree by the exceeding  
 expressiveness of their signs, the whole rooted in the fact of their excelling  
 powers of personification. Every shade of feeling, I had almost said of  
 meaning or intellectual significance, they knew how to put in human  
 shape. Their bodies were perhaps made more plastic than ours -- cer-  
 tainly they were more capable somehow of being informed by their souls  
 in all their varieties of conscious condition, and I cannot but think that  
 in a higher state of being to which we men hope to attain, there will be a  
 similar enlargement of power or rather a similar intensifying of the  
 relation between soul & body, so that through all the body



its movements and changes, and not those of the face only or of the mouth by speech, shall we be able to convey the things in our hearts that need and seek to be conveyed. They made me, before I left, understand them so well that when I went away it was with no weak conviction that I knew in a great measure what sort of people they really were. The general courses of nature were much the same with them as with us, else communication would not after all have been so satisfactory, for all intercourse is founded on sameness with the differences of sameness and not of difference. In the process of learning from them what they thought of me and of my convincing them that there was no essential difference between them and me for that mere size in itself <sup>nothing on</sup> ~~only~~ <sup>a way</sup> ~~indicated~~ which I could lay the stress of smallest importance -- telling them that they felt just the same amongst their small trees and in their small houses as <sup>I and my people</sup> ~~we~~ who were larger than they felt among our larger trees and in our larger houses, I came upon what they had to tell me concerning the religion of the country which had favoured the mistake they had made concerning me and my involuntary presense in their country. For they told me that there was a tradition through all the country, though whether really believed or not it was <sup>because</sup> ~~that~~ hard to say, ~~that~~ nobody made any difference for it, except to call certain trees that were bigger than the rest by a peculiar name, a tradition that at one time there was a great huge man much bigger they thought than even myself, who once lived in the country, but who was not in it now -- at least not so far as they could tell, only the country was larger than any of them knew. There were some, they confessed,

who said that he was in the country still and had indeed never gone out of it, only he was never seen now, and went abroad only in the night when they were all asleep and could see and hear nothing. They said he lived on the top of some great mountains away in the south country which were much too high for any of them to climb. Others, but they were philosophers by trade, said he was there still and always, only as some things were too small to be seen and yet there, so this man was too big to be seen and yet he was, but that it did not matter much for if that was true of course they were much too small for his seeing them: there was therefore no relation at all between them, and certainly if there was no other bond than filling at different times portions of the same space, the philosophers might well be in the right. Others said it might be so in part, but they were sure he had to do with certain things that occurred now and then, though not very often. They said that some years before they were born, the earth shook and shook as if it had been a great beast quivering with fear -- from which had arisen a sect of philosophers who said the earth was an animal, and we lived on it like certain small creatures that, if we do not take care to drive them away, will plant colonies in our persons. But others said it was only the walking of this person through the night. Then in their own memory there had been a great storm of wind that blew down many of their trees and made some parts of the country quite desolate: doubtless that was he with his great breath. "But why should he hurt you so?" I asked. That led to another idea, they said, that was believed by some: they said he did not like them, and showed it every now and then -- though in the main he left them alone so much that the thing so stated was hard to understand.

Some said he had been very friendly to them once but they had somehow -- they did not know how, offended him, and first he had left them and gone out of sight, and sometimes, when the thought of them came to him, he showed his ancient offence by thunder and lightning and wind. -- Even then I noticed that they did not mention rain, and I soon found that no rain ever fell in that rocky land, though it did seem to me always when I lay down to sleep, especially when I lay on that ear with which I hear best, that I heard the murmur and babble of many underground waters, hurrying from somewhere elsewhere --perhaps from the throne of God down into the abyss. I dared not conjecture - but I heard them. And then one by one came out other things that were said about this being whom they neither believed nor disbelieved in. There was even a most remarkable report that, strange as it might seem, all these little people were the actual children of the great big unseen person too big for his own children to see; but that a wicked man had come who was a wizard, and he had said a spell over them, and made them all so small that their father could not any more find them, and that he went about always over the earth looking for them. Some said that they heard and felt the wind of his sighs in the still summer nights as he walked along searching; and they heard the trees rustle as he stooped among them and sent his fingers through searching as if they were like grass to him to see if there were any of his little ones among the roots of them. He said that the summer lightning, for there was no other in that country, were the gleams of his searching lamp as he turned it in their direction, but he had not found them yet & would never find them they thought -- they hoped not, for they did not

know what he might do to them. He got miserable about them sometimes they said, for they had seen spots on the ground that could be nothing but the tears he shed as the because he could not find them. "But could you not then do something to help him find you?" I said. "Ah no -- no, he's so big!" they answered; "and then I daresay it is all nonsense." "Has no one of you ever seen him?" I asked. "There again there are some rumours, but never anything but rumours," was the answer. One person said he had seen him standing at sunset with his head up against the middle of the sky, and his arms stretched out in deep blackness over the land, when there arose such a wind that he threw himself on the ground in terror of being blown away, and the trees bent and groaned and sighed all around him as the mighty rushing passed over them, and when it suddenly ceased he raised his eyes and the figure was gone. "That certainly is not much of testimony," I acknowledged. For how should those ever bear worthy testimony concerning him, who did not look him in the face, and would be glad not to see him! "The only others who have ever said anything about him were children; and children with us are such imaginative little things that noone would be foolish enough to heed what they say." "What sort of things do they say? Do you remember any of them?" I asked. After some hesitation a woman present said, "My children came home one day and said they found the big man sitting in the woods. He spoke to them, and they had looked up as high as his knee, and they heard his voice, but could not see his face." "If they had seen his face you would never have seen theirs," said another. "You know my children died soon

after they came home and said they had seen him!" "Yes, but you know they would play with fire!" There was however one story worth hearing. In it also were two concerned. One came home saying that they saw the big man and he was very kind to them. He took them both up one in each arm, and they saw right into his great big eyes, and there were such lovely pictures in them. "And little brother smiled at him," said the child, but I was frightened. Brother put his hands on his face and kissed him; but I tried to get down. Then he set me down, but brother wouldn't let go, and so he carried him away with him, and I came home alone. If he would come again I wouldn't want to be set down. I want to see brother."

As often as he said this the child would cry afresh; for certainly all bore witness that no trace of the child had been discovered. And almost all this made [?? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?] the mothers regard him as an ogre who took as many children as pleased him and carried them away to devour them. I could get no nearer to any religion among them. Neither could I at all persuade them that if there possibly might be such a being, they ought to try to learn about him, or as that did not seem easy, to get to some speech of him, for they might really belong to him though they did not know for certain. Did they not ever cry out to him in the hope that their voices would reach him. But they answered no they never did that, and indeed all they wanted of him was that they would leave them alone and forget them if he could -- at all events that he would not trouble them. And I thought with myself how miserably sad it was if the being ~~had~~ were then Father, and was going about the world in sorrow

of heart saying All the day I stretch out my hands in vain, and  
all the night I bend over them but they will not hear, will not see me!  
I sought to interest them in the country I had come from. They could not believe  
me that there were nations of men as big as I was. They heard me and did  
not show any doubt of my truthfulness, but I found that the old idea  
was still in possession of their minds, and that to them I was still a prodigy,  
an exception. I then discovered that they seemed to have no faculty for  
progress of any kind. Their fertile country provided them with everything.  
They neither ploughed nor sowed nor reaped but lived on the fruits of the earth.  
They were a pleasant friendly people without any religion. I saw no sign  
of their worshipping they Earth even as the giver of the plenty that kept them  
in life. As to the giver of that life, as to the maker of their bodies or the author of  
their conscious being the only sign they gave of any instinct of the kind was  
that they turned away with dislike from the notion of the big man -- except  
as I say, one or two of the children who seemed to have had some sort of reve-  
lation into which I could not inquire. They were quite satisfied with them-  
selves, with their life and living. As for the universe, they had not a thought  
beyond this that what came in contact with them was the beginning and  
end of things. They were because they were: it was enough for them! All  
was right, nor did they ever doubt that it would keep so. They never  
even thought how they could do nothing to keep it so. Their rainless  
waterless country was their perfect condition of life. After I had learned  
so much of them, I began to find them uninteresting. Where there was no  
self-dissatisfaction there was no aspiration. Where there was no goal the  
could wake no  
race was un- eagerness. I wondered what it meant, and I wondered the most

when I lay down at night and heard the sounds of the waters, gurgling  
 and flowing underneath. But the sound of them was very faint. They were  
 far down in the rocky bowels of the earth. All this time I was never thirsty.  
 That is my body was not thirsty. As the trees grew and flourished without  
 visible communion with water, so my body seemed to go on without <sup>drought</sup>~~dryness~~  
 or longing. But it was not so with my mind. That longed for the sight ~~and~~  
 the coolness and the motion of the live part of the world. I wondered whether  
 water would not do something for this race of dwarfs. Surely they were not  
 in their natural condition! Surely they were stunted! Everything must be  
 stunted where there was no more than just a keeping alive, and a giving birth  
 to the same sort of beings on and on. Was there for them an eternal wandering  
 along dry Channels in which no water ran with frolic and strength  
 along to somewhere else? Was there for them no mountain, not even a hill  
 to climb? Was there not even a stair to climb -- no tower to ascend -- no church-  
 spire that overlooked the land? Their houses, the building of which seemed the  
 sole call for their strength and ingenuity had not even a step up at the door,  
 and were all of but <sup>a</sup>~~one~~ floor and walls and a roof -- not one story above  
 another anywhere. I wandered about but nowhere saw rising ground,  
 nowhere any source of possible storage of water. I could do nothing  
 for them. I must go elsewhere! But whither? My home was lost; my  
 people were I knew not where. I might be in the planet Saturn for  
 aught I knew. Wherever I was for any knowledge of definite hope I had  
 of return or progress, I was but as the people I was about to leave. I might as  
 well be afloat on the roaring ring of Saturn, whose waters, though to  
 our eyes lent a calm lucent motionless ring of splendour, rush raving in

mountainous conflict of billows ever round and round the far-off spinning planet -- a shoreless sea, to escape from whose swiftness, the swiftness that holds it shining aloft in its million-miled circuit, would be to fall into the limitless abyss, without even the support of a tumultuous ocean, perhaps without the attraction of any orb to ensure a swiftening fall and ultimate deliverance from the power of material relation. Yet I lived, and that was a hope if not a pledge that I was not an outcast from the world where life seemed worth having. Had I but one companion of my own kind, I thought, how different would it not be! Walking was a little difficult for fear of my damaging their property as I went with my big feet, of whose smallness I had at one time -- how far away & how dreamlike that time now -- been conceited. The ways were narrow, very narrow, and where there were no ways through the interminable orchards, I could not pass through between the trees. I could step over three or four perhaps at once but it would be to crush down another beyond. And then their leaves were so thick and the children were lying about everywhere! One thing I noticed that, as the children gave their mothers very little trouble of any kind, gathering their food like their education just as it came from the All about them, they did not love them quite so much as many girls love their dolls. They did love them in a way & degree, but when anything happened to any of them such as their dying, which did not seem often to happen -- oftener indeed they disappeared -- they did not shed more than a very few tears. They did not say like the people of a certain tribe in my world, "Never mind, it will come again;" but they did say another would do as well, and it was therefore wrong to grieve; and that when a thing



was gone, it was foolish to treat it as if it were not gone by thinking about it. When I told them I must go, they smiled. "Perhaps another will come!" they answered. I offered to take two of them with me if they would go. But they laughed at the idea. "That would be to "not ourselves!" they said. They had not a notion of any form of existence, not even of space beyond the region that held them and their fruit-trees. When I was out of their sight it seemed to them just that I was not. They seemed as no speculation so to have no imagination. That I had come to them, they knew, but not that I had come from anywhere. I asked them how I had better go to get out of their country without doing more mischief than could not be helped. They did not seem to understand me. So I filled my pockets with all the fruit they would hold and set out one fine morning -- all mornings were fine there -- after having slept and dreamed well to the music of the underground streams, which were, I found, quite inaudible to the little people. In what direction I set out I do not know. I found myself, when I woke from a reverie, walking, and although I was in a daydream yet stepping carefully. It was only left me to resolve that I would keep in as straight a direction as I could, for then, even if I were going right across the dwarf's country, I would sooner get out of it than if I went this way and that, constantly hoping to find a shorter way out in some other direction. That would be to resemble the man that never finds his calling in life but goes on changing and changing. And I was glad, after keeping to my resolve throughout a whole day in which I had walked very wearisomely, stepping over some thousands of full grown trees upon my way, to find that I had done even better than I

been able to hope. For as the sun was near his setting, I saw before me at last the reflection of his rays from a rugged rocky slope to which I slowly was ~~g~~ approaching. The slope was not steep, but chiefly of bare stone, fissured and furrowed and lined with green just as the flat<sub>er</sub> country through which I had come to the country of the dwarfs. Between the trees and the slope, there was a space of a few yards of the softest greenest moss, and there I lay down to rest myself, for the sun though never very hot in those parts had yet added a little to the weariness of my footfaring -- while all the time somewhere in the universe my horse was pawing the question what could have become of his master. The moment my head was down on the moss, I heard the sound of the hidden waters much nearer. They did not seem at half the distance down in the earth. I glanced up at the slope beneath which I lay, and saw or seemed to see plainly enough that I was at the foot of a dry cataract -- a phrase, if you will think of it, just as proper as one in commoner use -- a dead man; as if it could be a cataract where were only the rocks down which the water had once flowed! and as if there could be a dead man! My heart swelled in me with delight at the thought of the merry lovely delicious tumult that had once laughed in the face of the universe from those dry rocks. Then it was pretty clear that the country I was just leaving behind me had once been a lake or rather had held a lake instead of a forest of dwarf fruit trees, and that all the channels I had walked along or stepped over as I came from the haunted swamp, had once been ~~the~~ channels "where the water was wont to go wandering."

But how the water came now to be underground that I could not tell.

Neither did it follow that the underground had not been there all the time before as well as since the upper waters disappeared. Certainly it seemed that if they were to flow once more as they had once flowed the dwarfs and their country would vanish in a week. What the ~~ceasing~~ <sup>utter lack</sup> of the water ~~flow~~, evidently <sup>for</sup> in ages long, ~~back~~ might-have had to do with the dwarfed stature of the inhabitants, I could not quite see, so long as they were able to live at all without it. But they most likely were associated.

It would be impossible to walk along such ground as from the look of the slope I concluded that above to be, in the night would be hardly possible, so I lay still where I was and ate the fruit in my pockets intending to fill them again in the morning. The dew fell heavily in the night, but did me no harm. I woke in the morning as refreshed as damp, and rose to walk eastward and meet the sun. I climbed the slope, along the dry mossy channels, and came as I expected upon just such a country as I had walked over to the country of the dwarfs. All day long I walked, and came at length to some tamarisk and juniper trees, after which came stunted firs, and these came quicker and quicker, until at last I found myself in just such a forest of firs as I stepped into from my own door into the wonderland in which I had now been ~~wander~~ <sup>a banished</sup> man for so long. A wonderland that delights not is a dreary country, and so I found it. I wondered if it was possible that I had suddenly dropt down dead, so suddenly that I did not know it, and that I had been wandering to find my place in <sup>what they call</sup> the world beyond the grave ever since. I seemed to myself to be in just such a body as I had had before, and yet I could perceive, I thought, some differences.

I felt no necessity, however, for settling the question. Here I was! Where I was however was of small debatable consequence seeing I did not know in the least where here was. It was enough that I was a consciousness with an outlook: the distance of the outlook was a small matter -- and now a very small one for I could not tell any more than when I was in the world of my birth what the next hour would bring forth. Here as ere I entered the wood, I walked on and on as nearly in a straight line as I could judge, and as I went I saw signs of the place being kept by the hand to the mind of man. Not that the wildness was in any way interfered with. The same warm brown carpet of needle-leaves was everywhere spread, and the bits of branches lay everywhere ungathered, but the trees had been planted with some approach to regularity, and at equal distances, or nearly so, from the boles, were planted various flowering shrubs of which different kinds of roses were the most numerous. These grew more cared for as I went on [?] so that I could not help hoping that I was coming near to some large house where I might at least meet with something of interest. One of the things that made me think very likely I was dead was that though I could and did eat and drink when food came in my way, and though sometimes I was quite hungry, I never felt the least anxiety as to how I was to fare in the matter of these necessities. Something to fill my dream was what I wanted. The horror would be to wander thus limited to bare existence, without a friend or companion. I had not once since I entered these regions begun to sing a song, either when waked by the sun or resting in the evening. If I only had a dog that could understand me! Then I began to think how I had been given to loneliness in the world I had left

how I had preferred the company of a book or a pen to that of a live  
 man or woman of my own kind. I had never then learned to come really  
 near to man or woman, but always talked from the surface of my <sup>thoughts,</sup> ~~being,~~  
 and was glad to get off again to my silence and my book. If the author of the  
 book had come along, I should have left him for his book. That might happen  
 to be necessary with some, but it was in any case to prefer the dead thoughts to the  
 live one, the thing thought to the thing thinking. A man is more than the greatest  
 of books. So perhaps now, I thought, I am left without a human presence that  
 I may learn what "made in the image of God" means. As I went on the wood  
 thinned away a little. The trees were larger and sent great stems up like  
 columns that might support the domes of the heavens. The <sup>shrubs</sup> ~~trees~~ between were  
 now all great rose trees, and they were gorgeous. Suddenly I spied, as I looked  
 far forward through the wood what looked like a great house or castle, but it  
 was so undefined both in form and colour that I could not be sure about it.  
 Neither as I came nigher did I grow more certain as to what it was. At  
 length however I stood in front of it. Now to this day I cannot quite tell you  
 what it was, but it seemed a ruin, everywhere & throughout overgrown  
 with ivy, the ivy intermingled with various blossoms that hung in it thick.  
 It almost looked as if the ivy had devoured the building from which  
 it had gathered its own shape, and now stood by the self support of  
 its own interlacing. At the porch, there were plainly however the  
 stones of the doorstep lintel & side posts; but when I entered, I saw  
 the be sure the stair that led at once to a higher level or what seemed  
 such a stair; but the twistings of the ivy were such about the indivi-  
 dual stones that the ivy seemed to support them & not they the ivy.

In parts there was nothing to step upon but lacing ivy brambles, and then would come a stone or two again. It grew plain to me that the ivy was a terrible snaking sycophant and had devoured the building by whose help it grew. What can there now be in such a place, I thought but birds. What a splendid place for their nests where the foot of man no more can find safe support. All the same I was going up and up myself as I said[??].

The stair conducted me to the first-floor of what had  
~~I may here remark that hitherto in~~ been a great house indeed.

The rooms were large and lofty, but broken in every direction, and the breaches filled with a solid darning of ivy. It was a picture of life in death, of a destroying life that lived by the loss of its companion.

I thought how many partnerships in the world I had left were like it.

I had to give great good heed where I set my feet. Then I came upon another stair, rather more solid than the former, and up this I went easily to a second floor much like the first; and from that again I ascended to the garrets of the building, where I found, in a largish room, almost roofless but for the canopy of ivy leaves and other leaves & flowers mingled with it, a large bed in one corner, upon which some hangings of cloth of gold yet showed that it had once been a state bed in the house, and had been in its old age sent up to the garret, where it had already all but outlasted the house itself. Strange to say it was prepared with both wool and linen coverings as if for the reception of a guest: It could hardly be fore me, I thought. Yet what harm if I threw myself across the foot of it and rested for a bit. No very fastidious guest surely would accept the shelter of such a strange bedroom of such dangerous access. I obeyed the impulse & threw myself upon it. I could now see all the tracery

of the branches and leaves over my head. I saw the flowers growing  
 dark for the sun was down and the darkness was gathering. In a few grapes  
 moments I saw the first star hanging like a topaz in the leaves, and  
 soon the whole canopy of my room was like a tree in Aladdin's cave,  
 where the fruit was of jewels, for it was sparkling with stars some of  
 them throbbing now one colour now another, a thing I had never  
 seen in the country I had lost except when the star was within a few  
 degrees of the horizon. The night closed down as I watched the nests  
 above me, and the little heads that now and then shot out over their  
 edges with their bright peering eyes were all drawn in, and after a  
 few faint chirpings they all went to sleep. But there were flutterings here  
 and there among the branches; for an owl would come sailing out. I  
 could not see him except he came fairly between me and the sky right  
 above me, but I often felt the <sup>C</sup> <sup>cool</sup> (silent) waft of his ^ wings through the room.  
 No one came to take my bed from me, and I fell asleep. I was waked  
 at midnight by a great noise of revelry. It came from below. The room  
 where I was revealed nothing. I carefully felt my way to the stair and  
 stole down, and as I went the sounds grew clearer yet more tumultuous  
 Down another stair I felt my way with hand and foot carefully scouting  
 till I reached the great room at the head of the first stair. I peeped  
 in at the door, & what a sight it was. I saw a splendid room, filled  
 with gorgeously dressed men & gracefully robed women, all mingling  
 in old time dances one after the other, the minuet, the pavin and  
 the hay, the coranto the lavolta, with g right hearty dancing.  
 I was at first so dazzled with the lights and the shining of the

jewels they wore that I could see nothing of their faces but the flashing  
 of their eyes. But presently a mist seemed to fall from my eyes, for I saw  
 their faces, if faces they could be called. What a sight it was, ~~and~~ what a  
 horror, and what a discord with the music and the motion. For every  
 face was of bone <sup>that carried no covering of</sup> ~~without~~ flesh, <sup>bare jaws</sup> ~~a~~ the face of a skeleton, with its ~~ank~~  
 truncated nose, and lifeless disclosure of teeth, grinning as the wide  
 universe, while, most fearful of all, the eyesockets were not empty, but  
 [??]  
 in every one of them sone a living eye. ~~a~~ From out of the wreck of the  
<sup>of eye, and</sup>  
 face shone every colour every expression of character and feeling  
 that eye could have shown in a live frame. The beautiful proud eye  
 dark and lustrous, seeming to condescend to everything on which it bent  
 was perhaps the most terrible; the languishing eye was the most  
<sup>alone with</sup>  
 repellent, while the sad eye was ~~itself~~ its setting, sad exceedingly, sad  
 with an infinite sadness. I went nearer; I walked about among them.  
 Vision or reality they took no notice of me. What they were to each  
 other I knew not, but I thought they did not see each other as I saw them  
 but as each thought of self. They different from those I had counted live  
<sup>in</sup>  
 men & women this that they did not know they had no faces over their skulls  
 and the living do not know that they have skulls behind their faces. I  
 concluded that everything seemed to them as they had seen it in life. To  
<sup>the</sup>  
 them the floor on which they danced was solid, not broken masonry ~~and~~  
<sup>filled with the</sup>  
~~w~~holes in which were ^ tracery of climbing plants. It looked solid even  
<sup>for moments</sup>  
 to me when I was among them, but I soon found I had to heed my steps.  
 I was no obstruction to their motions, but every one seemed to affect me  
 in an individual manner as he or she passed around or through me



I could not tell which. Is there thought I, a fifth, a sixth, any number of dimensions, that so many worlds can coexist, and so little influence each other. Is there material of which ~~no~~ senses we have not are yet cognizant? May there be a hundred orders of beings alive in the same space and each individual with abundance of liberty? How unlike the world, I thought, in which I have been moving of late! How like yet how unlike the world I have left behind. Is it their doom for their folly in the days of their earthly being that they must meet thus? Or is it their folly still that will persist in endeavouring to draw the good lof life from the bones of death? How long will it thus endure? Will they ever learn to love as become wise? Alas, I knew not much my own heart as I questioned and spoke! What added to the horror of the sight in my eyes was their hari remained uninjured. It was dressed in the fashions of the time, and lay lovely in itself, but loathsome on the white bones of the forehead the temples the cheeks. The ears were there and the diamond <sup>the</sup> and pearls <sup>glittered</sup> glimmered in <sup>many a</sup> <sup>was</sup> "the tips that ~~are~~ the jewels of the ears;" while various gems glowed and flashed from the night of raven locks, from the sunrise of golden tresses, or from the moonlight of pale vaporous interwoven curls -- from beneath each of which, with immodest self assertion gleamed the ivory bones -- some clear white, others creamy or yellow with age. Ah thought I it were well for some that they thought of the scaffolding of their beauty -- a scaffold that stands when the walls are gone! I looked at their feet. The dresses were short & I say the dainty, silk clothed <sup>domed like</sup> instep the temple of the dance; I saw the ankle that told the symmetry of the leg; I looked above

and saw the white shoulders and neck, perfect halfway up, and then beginning to wither into the pedestal of the skull face. The music grew wilder, the dance faster and faster, the eyes glowed and gleamed, ~~when I began to see that~~ <sup>in flakes</sup> the flesh was peeling from their bones, and dropping like rain on the floor, while the whole white ~~the whole~~ <sup>and</sup> skeleton was emerging from ~~the garments both of the~~ <sup>A shiver went through</sup> flesh together. ~~not dropping~~ the assembly; the lamps of their eyes went out, and I stood alone, or seemed to stand alone amid the broken stones and the cold glimmer of the ivy-leaves while an owl went sweeping <sup>silent empty room where</sup> silently through the skeleton of the great <sup>room</sup> ~~room~~. But for anything I knew those hundreds whom I had ceased to see might be dancing on still <sup>more</sup> in a region to me ~~quite~~ <sup>quite</sup> inaccessible than the heaven of heavens. I had felt no fright, had not for a moment been discomposed. The country itself <sup>is able and therefore intended</sup> had prepared me for anything. Whoever ~~could~~ <sup>from</sup> cross its threshold must leave fear behind him or be lost. But I can claim no merit of my courage. As the region of my birth had forsaken me so had fear gone from me. The power that sent me thither had given me the armour needful for the country -- fearlessness, for surely the most dangerous thing in the world is fear -- save of <sup>But I felt</sup> one power, and that is God. ~~I grieved my~~ disinclined to remain where I was any longer. I had slept, and now sleep was quite gone from me. I descended the remaining stair, and went out into the wood, resuming my walk as nearly as I could judge keeping the same direction in which I had come. The moon was just rising, a battered crescent, looking weary of her own constant round of change. She was listless and dispirited.[???] A cloud was near her to keep her company, and the stars were too bright and happy: she did not care for them. She seemed to say: "Is the world going to last for ever?"

when suddenly a warm wind that grew stronger swept through the hall and blew out the lights. But the glow of their eyes yet gave light enough with the help of the starry heaven for me to see that it was melting the forms around me, for

I felt something of the same, and seemed to walk along in an uninteresting dream, in which I knew only the moonlight and the tiresomeness. I walked with my eyes bent on the ground, looking hardly on this side or on that, when seeing something sideways lying at the foot of a tree, I was interested just long enough to cast a clearer glance in that direction. It was something white, and had a look of human shape about it. There was just enough of level <sup>quarter</sup> ~~half~~ moonlight to show, as it fell upon it that it was something different in colour from the brown earth. I went nearer. I went up to it. I knelt beside it. Yes; it was the body ~~of~~ at least of a human being. Was it alive? I could not tell. It seemed quite dead. I laid my hand upon the face. It was cold as that of a corpse -- with that <sup>more & other than</sup> ^ stony coldness there are few that do not know. It was naked, and worn so, either with want or sickness that at first I thought it must be one of the company I had so lately seen at the wild dance. It was not a skeleton, but so nearly one that even in that dim light I could count every bone of the ribs, and <sup>have ed</sup> the whole countour of the skeleton was as visible as if there had been but elastic leather drawn over it. I found it was the body of a woman. How could she have come there in such a condition? There was no sign of <sup>decay of</sup> ~~wastin~~ death about her. All that wasting was the wasting of life not of death. My natural reverence for whatever had been a woman's, her earthly garment most of all, compelled me to stand and consider. How could I leave it, possibly to the gaze of irreverent eyes, <sup>and</sup> ~~of~~ the dishonour of brutal indifference? Beasts, if such were here, though as yet I had seen none, might tear it to pieces or devour it, before "the friendly rains" could wash it into the soil! But what could I do. The ground was hard with the roots

of trees, and I had no tools with which to fashion a grave. And even as I said so, something said it might be she was still alive. But if she were, was it at all likely that she would live? Certainly not if I did not do something to help the life in her. I had in my pocket a bunch of the grapes I had found hanging from the airy bedroom I had occupied in the spectral castle -- but I could not bear the thought of squeezing the juice into the mouth of a corpse. I must see <sup>more closely</sup> ^ if there was any sign of life about her. I put my hands under the sharp bony shoulders, and raised the body a little. <sup>The leaves</sup> ~~It~~ were not quite so cold that were under her. If she was dead, she had not died so very long ago, and there was no indication of decay about her. I laid my hand against her heart, but there was no motion at least that I could discern, nor ~~did~~ <sup>was there</sup> any sound or sign of breathing. I laid the form down again to think, for I was sorely bewildered. This might be the very thing I had come there for, but how was I to tell? What was I told? Glad I was however that I had nothing else to do, that no known duty was calling me away from the office of helper, if here there was anything to help. I observed as I stood looking down on the cause and object of my perplexity, that I had laid it so that one of the hands was uncomfortably beneath the body. At least I could right that! I raised it again and drew it out. Then I noticed that the bony hand was clenched hard like a fist, and that it seemed to hold something. I looked closer, and I saw that there was something in the hand not very small, but I could not see what it was or how big. I tried then with both mine to open the hand, but could not. <sup>It seemed one solid piece</sup> ~~Either the rigor mortis~~ so firmly were the fingers closed. But as I still tried, it seemed to me that I felt more than once the slightest movement of active resistance to my efforts,

whereupon I desisted, and with a glimmer of something that could hardly be called hope, I began to treat the body as something that might yet live. I squeezed a grape into the mouth, but there was no sign of swallowing all my under clothing warm from my person, upon her, Then I took off my ~~outer~~ garments and put ~~upon it~~. then gathered a quantity of dry pine-needles and covered it right over in the hope of bringing some warmth into it. That done, I tried ~~the~~ another grape, but still there was no sign of swallowing. The juice however was, I thought, in the mouth, and might find its way down. I doubt if in the country that had left me I should have had the hope to persevere so long, but I knew that the same laws did not hold in everything of this country, therefore, just because I did not know I would and could go on. I was not like some who make the fact of their ignorance a plea for doing nothing at all. Then I sat down beside the form, ~~of a~~ corpse or woman. I could not tell, until the day should dawn, and perhaps bring with it some knowledge of what I had better do. It was drawing toward sunrise, and the moon was gone down, when I caught sight of something moving in the leaves not far from me. Presently I saw that they were two snakes slowly moving across the line along which I looked as I sat. They never looked toward us, but kept a line straight on. A little later two rabbits or hares, I could not in the dim light tell which went past us a little farther off, but apparently moving in the same direction. A moment more and two deer went thitherward, wherever that thither was. Again a while, and what seemed to me like two quite small ~~two~~ bears, and then three or four foxes -- then long bodied things of the weasel and pole-cat kind darted past. These were followed by small flights of doves and sparrows and woodpeckers & squirrels and monkeys.

So that I began to wish very much to know what it could be that was drawing them all seemingly in one direction. But I would not leave the body yet to go and see lest some of the animals, particularly the bears or monkeys might meddle with it. But all through the night I had heard no cries, certainly no roaring of larger and more dangerous animals, so that I was not very anxious. I sat therefore until the sun should rise. Once I put my hand into the heap of pine-needles, and could not help thinking that the thermometer had I had a thermometer would have stood a quarter of a degree higher, only of such a small difference I could not be certain. I was certain of this however, that heat that heat that comes of being covered must be a generated heat, and that if you covered a corpse with all the blankets in the world it would not grow warm -- except by the changes of decay, and that I could not believe was there. So my hope grew a little, by about as slow and uncertain degrees as the warmth grew in that heap. I longed for the sunlight that I might be doing something, for my body was threatening to be as cold soon as that I was trying to warm if I did not get up and move about. At length the east level through the boles of the trees began to grow clearer, to light up to glow with golden promise, and then the <sup>sun</sup>~~sun~~ looked up, with his great innocent glory, and I rose too, and going to the heap, withdrew the <sup>from the face</sup> pine leaves, and looked to see whether I was the miser of a great treasure, or the owner of <sup>a case of jewels,</sup> the box whence the rarities were gone. Alas, she lay as motionless as when I found her. But now first I saw the face -- ah how drawn & hollow! How sharp on the bones, and how the teeth seemed to show through the lips, a little parted. But it was not a face like those I had seen in ~~play~~ night. The outer garment of the human was still there, and yet it might be that

the bird was in the nest.

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I covered up her face again, and set out to see whether there might not be some help where all the creatures had gone trooping at the hour of dawn.

I could follow the tracks here and there of the different animals through the pine needles. I saw them converge and meet and go on in one trail.

And as I went the trees grew fewer, and the grass appeared between them, and by and by the forest ceased and a great expanse of loveliest grass

appeared. Stretching away to the very horizon, a very paradise for cattle and sheep but none such appeared. Still the trail led me on, and I came

at length to a deep stream that flowed through the meadow not more than three feet wide, and about the same depth. I stooped to drink, but found

it was very hot and ~~we~~ had a somewhat strange, but not altogether unpleasant metallic taste. I found afterward that there must be arsenic in it. Here

at least was warmth -- heat in plenty, and possibly healing. Anyhow the banks showed that plenty of ^ animals came thither, and what all ^ creatures

drank of could hardly be hurtful to human beings. It was not nice, and I was not thirsty having had plenty of fruit, so I did not drink, but returned

at once to my care. Taking her from her temporary grave I raised her in my arms, and carried her the way I had just come. She was tall, but little

weight, for there was little more than bone left; so I had no difficulty in

lying like a child across my arms: I carrying her ~~though because of her height~~ I feared to hurt her by carrying

her in a more convenient way for myself. I made haste with her for I could not protect her from the currents of air as I went. I reached at

length the ~~hot~~ bank of the stream. It was too hot to lay her in it, lest the shock should be too great; so I laid her down on the bank, and with

my handkerchief proceeded to bathe the poor wasted, ~~unlovely~~ <sup>gaunt form</sup> from

head to foot in the water as hot as I could lift, filling my shirt with it  
 like a sponge. So wasted was she ~~you~~ <sup>I</sup> could not ~~have told~~ <sup>tell</sup> whether she  
 was young or old except that the plentifulness and colour of her hair  
 a dark burnt brown declared her not beyond middle age. Her eyes  
 were closed, but not quite. There was a little opening between the lids  
 as if ~~out there~~ <sup>over that horizon</sup> the sun of her life might yet look forth, but now it made her  
 seem but the more death like. Indeed as I went on bathing the poor  
 bones I was hardly able even to hope that any breath would return or  
 that they would ever stand up to be a watchtower whence the soul  
 might look out over the world once more. I had to keep bathing her  
 fast that no part might <sup>have time to</sup> get cold while I bathed the other. It seemed  
 very hopeless to go on, but who could tell how things might go where  
 so many things went differently from the ways of the world that had  
 left me! There was no sign or motion, but the body did gradually get so  
 much warmer that I ventured at last to get into the stream, which  
 ran slowly here, and take her with me into the water. Holding up her head  
 I <sup>thought to</sup> let her float with the slow sway of the stream, but ~~she~~ <sup>the rest of her</sup> sank to the bottom  
 and so I let her lie, holding up her head & shoulders, but only her face  
 above the water. After about ten minutes, I ~~do~~ laid her again on the  
 bank, got out and having dried her as well as I could, I put on her all  
 my clothes except the ~~of~~ wet shirt, and running back to the wood  
 brought [sic] pine-needles by armfuls enough to cover her up again &  
 keep in the warmth. The bank of the stream was very dry & warm  
 from the heat of the water. Then I ran up the course of it to see if there  
 might not be some cover near its source if that were within my ken.



All the time she had kept her ^ hand firmly closed upon the something that was in it, and I was too much occupied with her life to ~~trouble myself~~ think of discovering the nature of ~~to see~~ the one possession she had. I had not to go very far to find the source of the stream. ~~Toward~~ The horizon in that direction was occupied with the distant hills, which sank slowly down hill within half a mile of where I stood, and ~~there~~ at my feet was the final rocky gasp of the hills in a rugged heave of the ground: behind me all was level plain, through which the stream floated serenely away. It issued from a little rocky cave which looked as if from level to level of the hills behind it the water had been trying to get out and had at last been able only by the failure of the hills to confine it any longer. It was but a little cave from which it burst, and at first I thought it was not large enough to give shelter to the dead one of us; but creeping in ~~the~~ through ~~a rather~~ narrow opening, I found that there were several big stones that I could roll out of it, and thus make a little more room -- Indeed if I could but find broken boughs strong enough in the wood, I might lay them across the stream, ~~having no confluents~~ which ^ issued at the same size from the very heart of the rock that formed the back of the cave, and thus make a bed on which she could lie comfortably, and here there would be no danger from cold. If I could but bring her back to life she would be warm enough to nourish the life in this cave of the hot river. I would run back and see how she fared, and then run to the wood to gather some of the fallen boughs. I found her lying just as I left her The heat had not brought her to life but neither had it developed any sign that was against hope, ~~and~~ I gathered a few ~~great~~ small boulders that had apparently rolled hither from the hills on some ~~temporary~~ torrent, put them in the water to get hot, and then placed them on both sides of the body.

I then ran at full speed to the wood, and had not to go much into it  
 before I had gathered plenty of branches for my purpose, with bunches  
 dry and  
 of their ^ dried leaves still clinging to them. With these I went back to the  
 and had soon  
 cave a shorter way, succeeded in constructing the bridge over the torrent  
 what  
 that was to be a bed of recovery or confirm the death of ~~my~~ might be  
 my neighbour or but her rejected garment. I then went back to where  
 I had left her or her body lying. I will say her now as easier to use.  
 I gathered her up in my arms, holding her close to me to keep her warm.  
 But the air was not cold, and indeed all the time I was there, though  
 it was never too hot, and the sun was sometime clouded over it  
 was never cold any more than in the Sandwich Islands. But so near  
 to a skeleton was my burden that I was seized with a fear that after  
 all I held in my arms one of the dancers of that strange night, and  
 that the head then leaning against mine was in truth a  
 that when I laid her down, I should see the ^ fleshless skull. It was a  
 relief to find that the face was as I had seen it hitherto not indeed in  
 contour far from a skull, but the difference made all the difference  
 between possible life and certain death. I had to lay her down and  
 get into the cave first, and then draw her in as gently as I could. I then  
 laid her down across the hot stream that rushed full & plentiful  
 from the rock, covered her over with the softest pine leaves I could  
 find, and now put on myself the outer garments she could do  
 without, for it would be now impossible she should miss them.  
 I then tried her with another grape. To my joyful hope I found I could  
 open her mouth to put it in. There it lay unheeded by consciousness  
 or will, but I hoped some of its life-juice might find its way down

into her body. In other respects the only change was that she was now no longer cold. It was not just like the warmth of life, but I reasoned that if she were not alive the heat that I had placed her in would work the changes that follow death. So there I sat down, and there I sat day after day, night after night, seven long days and nights waiting what would come. I felt as Adam might when he woke from the deep sleep into which he had been cast, if he found, instead of the live lovely <sup>Eve gazing</sup> ~~unique~~ down upon him, such a body as I now had lying motionless beside me, picture and symbol of the death of which he knew nothing yet. For, only think, I had not seen one of my own kind since I saw the sexton and his wife and their great stores of the dead, and the last I had seen of them was as a raven and a dove. I had nothing to do, nothing to interest me, no ambition from sheer ignorance of the state of the life in which I found myself, of what went before it, and what might or could be coming after it. Of the country in which I was I knew nothing and seemed to have little enough ground for hope. But there by my side lay a wasted form, of which I could at the least say I was not sure that she might not live and be one to whom my soul could speak. Then first I knew what solitude what loneliness meant. I knew that a man was a noman who had no company but himself -- that only by the reflex from others upon him could a man attain to the genuine individuality which is the idea of a man. I had a prevision of what it was yet many years before I came really to understand, that man to be a true man and capable of spending any time alone, must have had the education that a whole world of his fellows could give, and that

that was not enough without something more. Had I not then had that hope, however it might be a hope to disappoint, had I not had it then, I do not know how I should have kept alive. If I had not slain myself, I see nothing else but that I should by slow degree have sunk to be one of those that came trooping through the wood of a morning to drink the waters of the hot stream that flowed through the land. The dream of a woman to be my mate and friend was enough through all that dreary time to keep away the fiends of hopelessness, and make it possible for me to continue to be a man -- a man with an object in life, and present purpose and the lambent intermission of a great glowing hope. In vain I endeavor to express what I mean. The soul of man cannot breathe its own atmosphere without degenerating into less than a man. In a word to love one's neighbour can alone keep a man alive to love anything. Every morning I put a fresh grape in the mouth of the woman, taking away what was unconsumed. For every day I left her for a time to seek the environs of the shattered castle, and gather of the grapes and other fruits that grew untended there. Upon these I found I could live very well, and almost began to think that much of the evil in the world that had left me must come from eating things that were less fitted for the organism of man than these about me. But then I forgot that the whole system of things was different here. Still there might be something in it. I kept to the grapes, however, as being the fittest for the woman. At length one night a curious thing happened. When I woke in the morning, I found that my hand was painful, and looking about I found that I had been bitten in the night, and the back of my hand was much

swollen. In the centre of the swelling was a triangular puncture which looked like the bite of a leech. I concluded that some sort of snaky creature had got into the cave, and had done it. I remembered that I had seen some on their way to the hot stream that morning in the wood. As the day went on it grew better, and I thought no more about it. Surprised however I was when I found in the evening that the swelling had quite gone down and that the wound was almost healed. I had searched the little cave, turning over every stone where it seemed as if any creature might be coiled beneath; searched all the couch where my companion lay lest something might hurt her, but found nothing, or the slightest trace of anything. As the days went on now, I could not help becoming aware, and with what a rush of glad hope the first perception of the fact dawned upon me, that the sharp edges of her skeleton form had begun to disappear. Oh joy! there must be life or there could be no growth! The tide that had been asleep in such a long interval in the ocean of life, had begun again to flow. Its first rising ripple showed in the bones of her neck. Like a rock on the sea shore betwixt sea and land there was a thin pellicle of water covering its bareness. I now watched in the hope of verifying that which might only be a hope, watched so closely that the very closeness would have prevented me from distinguishing the gradual change. I had to make the effort of recalling what I could remember of what she had been, and every time I did so I was sure she had made progress; and yet every day would the fear return that I had been misled by my anxiety and eagerness to believe. So another week passed, and then came a night when I could not sleep. I rose at last, thinking I would go out

where did he  
sleep?

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into the open air. The moon was shining, and the bright air sent some light into the cave. Naturally the first thing when I got up was to look at my charge. Oh bliss eternal! thought I, do I see her eyes ~~open~~? I looked nearer. Great dark orbs, like globes cut from another night that that <sup>from</sup> illumined by any star, shone up the dim spot where she lay, and seemed to light up the cave. I bent over her. I could not speak. My heart beat so that I feared it would break all the machine of my body in pieces. Then I saw that they were closed, and was in doubt whether it was not some illusion caused by the longing of my endless hope that had made me see my heart's desire where it was not and never would be. I did not go out. I lay down again and wept, but whether from hope or disappointment I could not, I think, have told. Certainly I did not question my feeling as to what it was. I presume ~~now that~~ it was the reaction from the overpowering gladness, mingled with the doubt whether in that gladness there was any ground of reality. So exhausted was I by the feeling that I fell fast asleep. That night I was bitten again, just as before. Everywhere I searched, but could find nothing to account for the wound, which was of the same peculiar form as before. I concluded at length that there was some large creature of the leech kind that lived in the hot stream, and came out now and then, and had <sup>a wound & then</sup> both times bit me, sucking ^ my blood as does a leech. I fancied indeed that I felt as if I had lost blood, though there was no sign of bleeding about my ground or the place on the floor of the cave where I had been lying. The place was swollen as before -- but only a little, and the wound as before, was nearly well before night. But had the

woman really opened those glorious eyes upon me, or had she not? The very possibility involved a new care, brought a new difficulty: what was I to do to clothe her if she were indeed going to rise as from the dead. Then I remembered the bed on which I had thrown myself for the night in the ruined castle. Thither I took my way as I did almost every day. I climbed to the roof, and entered the little room. It was plain it had not been slept in since I was there. Noone would ever claim ~~these garments~~ <sup>that furnishing!</sup> I wondered that I had not thought of it before, but it was well. Those sheets and woollen things would make quite good garments for her -- if only we had the implements. The way however would show itself! When I returned with the spoil and a fresh supply of fruit, she lay as before, but when I put a grape within her lips, she made a slight motion to receive it, and to my delight swallowed it by slow degrees, sucking it apart. Then my joy rose full grown. I knew that indeed she lived. For another week there was no sign, except that I was now sure she was growing in flesh -- fairer and fatter, though the progression was slow. But I never once saw her eyes open, and greatly doubted yet whether I had really seen them on that one occasion. I was still every now and then, it seemed to me at regular or nearly regular intervals, annoyed by the same sort of bite or puncture, <sup>now in one part of my person, now in another, generally neck or arm</sup> and my constantly renewed endeavour to find the creature that did it was as unavailing as before. I certainly suffered a little in strength in consequence, but not very seriously. It could hardly be, I thought, from any great loss of blood, but then fruit was not the best food to restore any such loss however slight. We should, I trusted, before long, be able to forsake the place altogether, and set out on

our travels together, and then the annoyance would cease. After all what did it signify! What was such a trifle when, visibly before my eyes, death was passing into life, and a soul gathering strength out of the wells of the infinite to be my companion, and deliver me from the hell of my loneliness! I now had plenty of occupation to fill up the long intervals of my much too easy task of nursing. I was employing all the ingenuity of which I was master, to prepare garments that she might put on the moment she desired to do so. Happily I had a useful knife in my pocket. I drew thread out of the sheets, and the points of aloe leaves, a few plants of which grew on the borders of the forest made me wonderfully good needles, except that they made much too large holes for the small thread that followed to occupy them. However from two blankets I made a very wearable jacket and petticoat, and then of one of the sheets made something like a long <sup>Greek [Chiton?]</sup> ~~smock~~ and of the other, which was easiest of all to make, something very like a Greek pharos, to wear above all. I was very much pleased with my own handiwork. The stitches to be sure were of the largest, but I took care they should be well fastened, and as I had plenty of time, and a small strip of the linen gave me a good many threads, I even embroidered the shoulders of the chiton in a thin rough fashion, remembering some work I had seen taken from an Egyptian coffin. Then came the difficulty about her feet. But I soon bethought me of something that would do, I thought. On the borders of the wood, along with the aloes grew some bushes of the prickly pear. I knew what the inside of the ugly leaves of this was like -- its layers of netted fibre and pulp. I got out a good many of the reticulations, and fastened them together in every direction both

always the stone in her hand.



with fibres of its own and with linen yarns; I ~~now~~ then covered them with pieces of woollen substance, drawing all close together with as many threads as it would hold. Then I cut off the tops of my boots, and fitted the leather to the one side of them securing it on firmly in the same way -- so that here was what seemed to me a very fair set of sandals, which tied to her feet with strips of sheet or blanket, whichever might seem best upon trial might I hoped serve to protect her feet until we should reach some place inhabited by people more or less of our own kind. And still as I worked for her she seemed to be growing more and more ready to receive and use the things I had been so long making. All this time the hot stream was flowing underneath her, the warm air from its surface rose and filled the cavern, and when I touched the body that lay over it, I could not but believe that the evident warmth that was now to be felt in it was from within itself in part as well as from the heat of the river. One night I woke feeling breathless and faint, and sorely in need of fresh air. What was my delighted amazement when I saw, in the pale morning light that yet scarcely saw, gleaming which immediately sought refuge in the filled the place, a tall graceful form, scarcely concealed in some of the couch it seemed to have but just left. "I have caught the vile creature," said a sweet, rather feeble voice, "and killed it." With what seemed to myself at the moment a praiseworthy presence of mind I answered so as not to cause her any embarrassment, "What creature?" "The creature," it answered, "that was sucking your blood." I felt then that the blood was trickling down the inside of my arm, and knew that that was the cause of my faintness. "What is it like?" I asked. "A horrid gray leech," she answered, "inches long. I have thrown it into the river." "Ah!" I returned, "I fear it will only be too com-

fortable there, and will come again!" I was vexed with myself the instant I had said it. "I am very sorry," she answered. "I heard you moaning and got up to see what it was. There was the horrid thing sucking at your arm which lay bare. I snatched it away at once, and then was in such a fright at it that I threw it from me and it splashed into the water."

"Never mind. We'll kill it next time!" I answered. "Thank you for delivering me."

I was astonished at my being able to restrain myself as I did. Surely it would have been more natural had I burst into a passionate welcome from death into life! What was it that made me able, even for her sake, to keep [??] composed in manner, if not quite so composed in feeling. It was this -- the perplexity at her coolness, at her taking my sleeping presence as a matter of course, at her having done what was needful for my deliverance from the reptile without waking me up, or at least doing anything intended to wake me. Her manner was as if she had known me for days and weeks at least, while now first I knew with certainty that she was rescued from death, and that my patience was rewarded with success. I rose to my feet, but whether from having lost blood or from agitation and excitement, I turned faint and fell. When I came to myself, I lay in the couch she had left. We seemed all at once to have changed places. She was dressed in the garments I had prepared for her, grand at once and graceful as a goddess, with her pale, almost colourless face, and the same glorious eyes I thought I had seen open once to rival the darkness of primeval night. She looked at me inquiringly. There was no [????] any kind in the look -- only a simple questioning. "Would you mind letting me get up?" I said. "By all means," she answered. "I suppose I must

Stone in her hand  
all the time

creep through that hole?" "That is how I brought you in," I answered.

"You brought me! Why?" "Because I found you lying dead, as it seemed in the neighbouring wood, and worn to a skeleton, apparently with hunger -- Tell me how you came to be there." "Did you bring me to life?" "I did. I have been trying to do so for the last three months, I think, and only now do I seem to have succeeded. But I cannot understand how it has come about so suddenly at the last!" "Did you find me in these clothes?" "No; those I made for you as well as I could <sup>to be ready</sup> when you should come to yourself." "Where are my own?" "You had none. If it had not been that I found this hot spring, I could never have recovered you from the deadly <sup>the</sup> cold." She turned her pale face from me, and with ~~an~~ ease of a strong woman passed, not ungracefully, through the narrow difficult entrance and left me to get up and put on what clothes I had. I was a little disappointed, and something of my sense of loneliness returned when I found that she showed so little interest in me. If she did not like my having found her in such a plight, yet had I not delivered her from the death that the condition implied. She did not know how reverently I had handled her, how like a father left with a motherless child I had tended and ministered to her during her life in the very arms of death -- or was it not rather her death in the ~~very~~ <sup>for</sup> arms of life? I had, knowing only an utter loneliness save each other, been building on the assured hope of her loving me, and holding by me in our desolate condition. And might it not be so yet? Such glorious beauty could not be without a heart beneath it, however deep it might be hidden! -- The deeper hidden, the truer! I should call back her heart as I had called back her life! I saw all this † as I was preparing to join her. Then I stooped

and drank of the hot water with its curious taste, and washed in it, and went out to join her. I could not at first see her anywhere. Then I descried her half a mile away; climbing a slope to the <sup>north</sup> east, and walking swiftly, as if she knew precisely whither she was bound. I started after her. Whether from dread of losing her, oh how much more suddenly than I had found her, or that the water I had drunk had given me unsuspected strength, I do not know, but my faint sleepy weariness was gone, and, I seemed to myself to follow light as the wind and confident of overtaking her. Nor in this was I disappointed; but we had passed, I should judge, over about five miles, before I actually came up with her. She seemed indeed to be using all her strength & speed to escape me, unwilling as I was to believe it, and not once did she look around though by her motions she seemed perfectly aware that I was coming nearer to her. But in all her movement there was swiftness <sup>sight,</sup> rather than haste. She moved, to my love. [~~Col??~~] like one of the goddesses of the Greeks on her way to the rescue of one of her human favourites. Alas that favourite was not myself! Away, away she was bound from me; & it was only when I was within three yards of her that she stood and turned sharply though still with a grace <sup>such</sup> <sup>seemed</sup> as ~~was~~ born of composure, to meet me. I was hot and breathless and panting; she pale, <sup>with</sup> quiet, and with strong measured regular inhalations, but eyes that seemed to fill half the heaven of her face and give light to the world. And, could I believe it? -- those eyes seemed filled with as much mirsible <sup>clear</sup> dew as makes the stars look larger on a ^ summer night. "Why do you follow me?" she said. "Can you ask?" I returned. "Have I been living

so long in the one hope of seeing you open your eyes, and now you ask me why I follow you?" "I wish you had let me go in peace," she answered. "I would have spared you if I might. Stay now where you are until I am out of your sight, that I may be as if I had not been and an evil thing, yea my being not bee to yours ^ a curse! I am not worthy of you." She turned and at once resumed her swift gliding walk, and would soon had I waited, have disappeared beyond the level horizon. But was it possible, even had what she said been true, was it possible to choose the loneliness of an empty world rather than the company of a creature, whatever she might be that I did not know, so gloriously beautiful to the eyes that she filled with her beauty? The strange difficult question arose in me, Is not any life better than no life? Bad cannot live but in virtue of the good in it: therefore any life is more than emptiness. Then I rebuked myself for any argument involving the possibility that any evil could dwell beneath such a face such a form. "It is," I said to myself, but the modesty that comes of an unattained ideal; it is but the weakness born of illness!" I did not ask myself was it weakness large that gave her that pace that but for the beauty the grace of it would have been a stride. In truth I feared she would outstrip me, and compel me into loneliness again. I ran and rejoined her. "Have pity on me," I said. "Do not leave me." I laid my hand on her arm. She drew back from me as if a serpent stung her. She stopped. "I am having pity on you," she answered. "You do not know at what a cost to myself!" Her eyes blazed full upon me, and to my infatuation they seemed full of something like love: they looked hungry. Then suddenly they

clouded, and in a moment, like a spring released, the tears poured in two rivulets down her cheeks. But there was no storm of sighing, no sobs or any other commotion -- only a sudden gush of tears that as suddenly ceased as she turned to renew her journey. But after seeing her weep because of what she counted a compulsion to forsake me, how could I leave her. My heart swore in itself that nothing should make me forsake her but the death itself. I followed and followed. All that day I followed, but she never paused -- never ate, never drank. I offered her [??] a few grapes I had caught up at my sudden departure. She would not stop even to look at them. Her whole anxiety seemed, so far as I could understand, to weary, to distance, to leave me, to escape where I could never find her. But now the night was coming on. The sun had gone down, and the twilight had deepened so much that I had to keep near her to make sure that she did not vanish from me in the deepening darkness. All the time we had been walking over soft grass, like the grass of an English down, only thicker and greener. Suddenly far away ~~to the north~~ <sup>toward</sup> I thought I saw a dim light on the horizon, and I hoped the moon was going to rise and then I should more easily keep her in sight. But the moon never rose, yet still the light was there. As soon as she saw it she altered her course a little, and went straight for the light. Slowly it spread a little, as we went, but it did not grow much brighter. I could not think what it might be except indeed it were the light of a great city. But suddenly, as if her heart had burst, she dropt on the ground and lay still. She was defeated -- utterly exhausted. Her

goddesslike energy was vanished. She lay in a heap, ~~that~~ <sup>but</sup> even  
 then could not be other than graceful. I drew near and knelt beside  
 her. "Do not touch me," she cried in a low voice almost of agony that ended in  
 a shriek. I did not heed her, but put my arms under her to lay her so that  
<sup>[??] better</sup>  
 she could repose from her fatigue. I seemed to have the right to minister  
 to her as I thought best. Had I not been the means at least of restoring  
 her to life? Did she not belong to me by the right of something next to  
 creation? Had she shown that she hated me, I must have let her  
 go; but to lose her for some fastidious fancy -- except indeed there  
 were some prior unspeakable claim upon her, fit antagonist to  
 mine -- that would be the folly of weakness! She lay with the hand  
 that still clutched the stone -- not that then I knew what she clenched --  
 under her. When I moved her, both her arms hung down as if life-  
 less. Suddenly she threw them both round my neck and drew my face  
 toward hers. I could not hold her up then. She fell back on the grass,  
 and drew my face to hers. <sup>She began</sup> ~~to~~ as I thought to kiss my face,  
 and cling to it kissing, and my lips sought hers. A sudden sting  
 of pain shot through my cheek -- so sharp that I started back. But  
 her strong arms held me tight; her mouth clung to my cheek; the  
 pain ceased; a slumberous fatigue, a dreaming indifference crept  
 over me, and presently I knew nothing, not even that such arms  
 were around me, and such lips pressed to my face. I came to my-  
 self in the chill of the morning. I lay alone. One little drop of blood  
 I found congealed upon my face. I rose feebly to my feet. Away  
 in the distance lay a great city. A few paces from me stood the

woman, radiant as a sunrise, looking at me in silence. I staggered toward her. "Back!" she cried imperatively. "You can do no more for me. You see that city? -- There my father reigns. There I am at home. If you go there the people will stone you!" But I was deaf to her words. How could I heed them while she stood there, flashing with beauty. I went toward her. She drew back. She stood up to her full height, and raised her arm, at once lovely and strong, as if she were about to throw <sup>a</sup> ~~her~~ spear with the full force of all her body. The stone in her hand she threw. It struck me on the forehead, and I fell as one dead. In a little while, I came to myself. My forehead was badly bruised and cut, but not much blood had flowed. How my heart felt I need hardly say. I rose to my feet. The sun was not yet risen. I could not have lain very long. I looked toward the city. Was it the dimness of my sight? was it some hallucination caused by the blow? Was it the lingering remnant of some dream I had been dreaming? Halfway to the city, bounding with great leaps over the level grassy plain as if eager to reach it ere the people woke, I saw or seemed to see a creature like a panther, but white, its skin spotted with many spots. I gazed & gazed, but saw still the same bounding thing, growing smaller & smaller, till at last I saw it with one great leap, clear the wall of the city, and I saw it no more. I think I must have again sunk on the earth, for there is a gap here in my memory. When I came to myself, I was wet from head to foot, and there was a slight sound of flowing or <sup>rather the</sup> murmuring of a ripple <sup>near and</sup> of water about me. I raised myself. I lay in a great sponge of



soaking grassy turf. Where did it come from? The place had seemed quite dry all the way in the day and the night! Then to my surprise I felt my body quite well. My heart was sore enough with the treatment it had received, but the wound on my head was almost healed. I looked about me for the source of the spring and could see none. But in the water I saw lying what I at once knew must be the stone with which the woman had struck me. It was a strange stone of a <sup>cloudy</sup> dim ~~milky~~ blue, with shifting pallours in it -- about the size of a pigeon's. I took it up, and put it in my pocket, then, without thinking why, I set out toward the city. Whether I went in the hope of again seeing the woman who had taken such a hold of my love, or whether it was the <sup>love of</sup> ~~natural drawing~~ to my kind drawing me out of the wilderness ~~desert~~ and its loneliness, I cannot say. Very soon there was mingled with both the desire to protect the people of the place from the terrible depredations of such an animal as I had seen stretching its lithe body in long cat-like leaps toward its crowded streets. What I could do I did not know, but I felt that anyhow that was the <sup>next stage</sup> ~~goal~~ of my journey whatever might be the end of it; that I foresaw as little now as at the first. I set out, so refreshed that I could not but think some power was interested in my welfare, and had reached forth a hand through the <sup>morning</sup> ~~night~~ of the world and the night of my swoon and restored me to more than my former strength, showing me that work was required of me which was independent of my own inclination, for all was so dead in my heart that I would rather have lain down & died than gone forward to meet the most glorious fate.

Insert here what he did for the dwarfs?

But when I drew near the gate of the city I remembered how I must look to the eyes of the inhabitants. I was in a right beggarly condition as regarded my dress. But there was no help: I must look what I was -- a being that had lost his world, and then lost what had promised to make the new world in which he found himself more precious far than the former. I entered the gate unchallenged for no one was near at the moment, but there passed but a moment ere my trouble began. Some children fell upon me with rudest mockery and jibes and words of insult, then when I would not heed them but passed on, they took to throwing things at me, and all I seemed able to do was to make haste into the more crowded parts of the streets, thinking that at least the better sense of their elders would protect me from violence, seeing that I did none. But there I was mistaken. I was struck and pushed and hustled about, simply, so far as I could learn, because I was very plainly in a condition of extreme poverty. I several times stopped and sought to address some more benevolent-looking person as he passed me. But invariably, with a glance, he passed on; and the women seemed much the same as the men though they were not so actively injurious, leaving me to the inhospitalitie, of the poor stranger. For I found afterwards that the great offence among these people was to be poor. It was not that the poverty was regarded as a demand on their wealth. That they never felt and they never gave to meet the need of any one, though I learned afterward that they were profuse in their giving to their friends who had no need. They laid gifts of great price on their altars, and

drove the poor man out of their churches. But I cannot tell much about the place, neither do I care to describe anything of its outward appearance, for I was not long in it, and was glad to hear it. But one thing I must tell. I had taken shelter in a small archway, and for a moment had escaped the notice of the little crowd that had been following me: another something had attracted their attention, and presently I saw what it was; for past the arch shot with a great bound a white leopard or panther covered with spots. It was useless to think of following it. <sup>Everyone</sup> ~~In the~~ made way for it, crouching close to the wall. As they persecuted me so they stood in terror themselves of this animal. As soon as it passed, I ventured, in the gloom of the little court to ask a woman who had rushed in for refuge beside me, what the cause of the terror was. Humanized by it perhaps, for a moment, she answered, trying to peer at me through the dark, as wondering what sort of person I could be who required to ask such a question, that it was a pet of the princess; that it was generally kept in a cage, or when loose, had its mouth in a muzzle and its feet in strong leather stockings, but that once and again it had broken loose and had killed several children; she could not tell now whether or not it was muzzled, and nobody now waited to see, but got out of the way as quickly as possible. There were very strange unaccountable things told of that panther she said. She did not know what to believe, and would dare let pass her lips some of the things she had heard concerning it. Some went so far as to say there was an evil spirit attendant upon the princess, and

that when it pleased it entered into the princess and drove her mad, and that when it was driven from the princess it went into the leopard. She did not know whether the people feared the princess or the leopard more. The leopard would tear them to pieces if it had the chance, but the lady actually blasted men with her beauty.

There were worse things too that were said about her, but it was time she held her tongue, only I was a stranger and if I dared say a word of anything in the city that was not pleasant, the mole would be worse than panther or princess either. I asked her where I could go to lodge for the night. She said no one in that country ever received a stranger. It was not the custom of the place and would not do.

She would advise me to remain where I was, the people would go home to their houses now for fear of the leopard, and when it was dark I had better get as near the gate as I could, and if I escaped being eaten by the panther, I might creep out unseen as the gate was opened, and after I was out nobody would care to go out after me. I thanked her for her good counsel, and she left me there, after giving me a piece of bread from a basket she carried. Why are you alone of all the city good to me?" I said. "I do not know," she answered, "but I think you must have something about you that makes me." The moment she was beyond the <sup>arch</sup> gateway, she stooped down, picked up a stone and threw it with all her force into the darkness where I stood.

The same instant with a roar the white panther seized her: whence she came, <sup>I did not</sup> ~~neither~~ see, neither, I am sure did the woman.

I rushed to deliver her, for she was in worse trouble than I in

the grasp of the terrible beast, which, for her mouth ~~and~~ claws were muzzled, was giving her terrible blows, knocking her this way and that as a cat does with a mouse she does not want immediately to kill, but to have her fun with first: I threw myself on the animal, and grasped it with both hands by the throat. It needed little courage indeed to do so, for since the treatment of the princess I cared nothing about my life, and felt that the blow that slew me would but break down my prison wall and deliver me. Then came another wonder. The creature let the woman go, who rose and fled nor ever looked behind her, while the panther tearing herself from my grasp, neither attacked me nor fled from me but lay down at my feet. "Go home," I said, and she rose and went away with cringing creeping steps, and I followed her. If anyone saw me in the company of the panther, no one took any notice of me, and I followed to the gateway of a great castle that stood with a large open square in front of it. She led me round to the back quarters of the place, suddenly sprang up a wall and disappeared. I waited I did not know for what, but all that interested me now -- I could not say that I loved for what I felt did not seem like love, and yet I was drawn thither by it, was within those great castle-walls. I went along by the wall until I came to a small door -- so small that no full-grown person could have passed through without stooping nearly double, and there I waited for what might happen next. Presently the door opened. I did not see it for I stood close to the wall outside, and the door was in the inner face of the wall, leaving a deep recess in its thickness outside of it.

The little door opened, and I heard the rustling of garments but no one appeared. Then a voice I knew well said in a whisper, "It will not do tonight: it rains." "Not much your royal highness," answered the voice of another woman. "It may rain so much before we get there that I shall not be able to find it. I cannot think how I could be such a fool as to part with it as I did, for pure rage, nothing more. The creature actually presumed to love me. I could have forgiven him that but that he should have presumed to see me in the state I was in then! The thought was unendurable to me! But I ought to have borne anything rather than lose the gift of my godmother." "I can't think why you prize it so much!" "Neither can I give you any better reason. But my godmother was a very wise woman. I believe she is alive somewhere still, but she has never been seen since she gave me that sapphire. The good of it I do not know, but I know two strange things of it that not all my father's power could take it from my hand without my own will; and that from whatever stranger reason, as often as I laid it aside from contact with my person it would begin to weep. That is how I shall be able to find it again: all the ground about it will be wet. Only if it rains, and the ground everywhere be wet, what good will that do me!" "See, your highness, the moon is coming out from behind that cloud. She looks a little strange, as if the neighbouring prince of the air had something in hand tonight, but I think we might make the attempt."

Ashtaroth

"Very well. We can but turn back. Is ~~the leopard~~ ~~the~~ Astarte shut up?"

"She is now. ~~But~~ She broke loose again this afternoon but came home quite cowed." "If one of the citizens, be he the best in it, has dared to hurt

her, I will let her loose on the city unmuzzled and unmuffled. My  
percious Astarte! But we must not both be out at once. That would  
bring mischief -- especially now that I have not my sapphire about  
me. That young fellow in rags! I fear he is at the root of some mischief  
against me. The insolence of the beggar! Fit only to feed Astarte -- or  
her betters! He to think one thought of love to me!" Then followed the  
silence of rage; and I knew the glorious creature stood stout with  
rage against me within ~~two~~ <sup>three</sup> feet of where I stood. And this was she  
whom I had ~~carried~~ <sup>taken</sup> in my ~~own~~ <sup>the</sup> arms from the arms of the ghastliest  
death and born her in gaunt nakedness of every bone her body held  
to the only shelter I could find for her, and there nursed her back to  
life as if she had been but a newborn infant! And then! and then!  
how had she used me ere she drove me from her presence! But might  
it not be true that the woman had told me, that an evil spirit  
had possession of her, and when not in her very body, was by her side  
in that of her panther? Should I return evil with good, and restore  
the stone she had lost? That I must not do, for I had no right to  
strengthen her in her evil ways. No, I would keep the stone, and learn  
how to use it for the good of men, perhaps of those to whom she had  
done nothing but evil. It would be but evil to her to ~~put~~ <sup>How it had helped me.</sup> give her  
security in evil. I put my left hand in my pocket, and grasped the  
stone -- remembering well how no force I had ventured to use had  
been of the least use to take from her otherwise powerless hand.  
<sup>avail</sup> <sup>it</sup>

At the same time I knew I had feared to hurt her, and that no  
such fear would influence her in repossessing herself of the  
talisman.

thought  
 Then the conviction came to me that she could not touch me to hurt  
 me while I held the talisman, and with that came the temptation to  
 dare, and drink yet more of the poison of her beauty. I longed to look  
 on her again, and let me eyes revel in a glory that was not the glory  
 of truth but of false-seeming. And therein I sank into sin, and the  
 prince who was gathering his airy forces about the tower had me  
 in his power. And I had to learn that where the heart is not pure, no  
 good talisman has any power to help. I knew I was wrong, or might  
 have known had I cared enough for what was right -- that it was not good  
 to have to do with evil, and that to ~~love~~ <sup>love the sight of</sup> the rich casket in which I knew  
 lay a fierce plague was to sin against humanity. I knew that I did  
 not love her soul, therefore I ought not to have desired to look on her beauty.  
 and my own eyes  
 I knew from their words that the moon shone straight into the recess  
 where the princess stood, looking out, not yet determined whether to  
 set out that night in search of what I had in my hand. I stepped  
 forward from the wall, turned and confronted her. The moon shone  
 full upon her face, so it was white like snow in the contrast of her great orbs  
 of blackness. But the whiteness turned to the pallor of death whern she saw  
 me, but not with fear, with the rage of hate. "Beggar!" she said between the  
 clenched pearls of her lovely teeth. Then she turned her attendant and  
 said, "Go quick. Tell them to remove Astarte's -- you know -- and bring  
 her down to this door. Quick!" The other went, closing the door behind  
 her and leaving the princess alone in the niche, and me outside in the  
 moonlight. I knew well enough what she meant, but I did not budge.  
 She stood looking at me, with the flame of the most towering scorn



in her eyes, but did not vouchsafe a word. Her cloak had fallen half way from her person, and her neck and shoulders gleamed radiantly white in the moon, and her eyes glowed like black fire above the whiteness. A few moments passed, and the princess, <sup>began to</sup> ~~who~~ listen. Then swiftly she stepped from the niche sideways, and stood where I had been before. The same moment the door opened, and with a suppressed but bloodcurdling roar, out leaped Astarte. With one bound she was clear of the wall and upon my shoulders, aiming at my throat; but before I could grapple with her she dropped from me like a withered thing, like a scorched caterpillar, and lay huddled up at my feet. But instantly she sprang <sup>up again</sup> ~~to her feet~~ and stood erect rearing on her hind legs, not one moment too soon, for like a great solid bar of glowing silver, and with another suppressed roar that seemed to hold suspended in it all the essential hate of hell and its every demon, <sup>more lovely and</sup> another panther, larger and whiter ^ and more terrible leapt, not upon me, but upon Astarte. I looked ~~up~~ around: the princess had disappeared, and the new come panther was white with her skin and spotted all over with her eyes. I saw as they rolled and writhed and mingled like the two great lithe cats they were, that the contest must be of brief duration, for Astarte could not hold her own before the new-comer. My soul took the part of Astarte, and I threw myself into the contest. I sought to drag the larger panther from the other but she had her throat in her mouth, and must certainly in a few moments kill her. I found myself compelled to strike. With my

left hand in which I held the sapphire, I struck her as strong a blow  
 as I could send from me between her eyes. She left her hold of Astarte  
 and fell backward. I was on her instantly with my knees on the  
 creature's chest, under its forelegs. Then the great eyes of the princess  
 looked up at me pitifully, and I knew with horror that my knees  
 was crushing her under me. I sprang to my feet, <sup>but was scarcely</sup> ~~not~~ sooner  
 up than she, with the blood streaming from her forehead. But what  
 a change had passed on her. She was gentle as Astarte who lay again  
 at my feet, caressing them with every limb of her body. The fact was  
 she knew now what I held in my hand, and knew that by force she  
 could not regain it. With the swift <sup>lithe</sup> panther-mind, she threw herself  
 into another temporary life. "I yield," she said. "You are my master. Your  
 magic is more powerful than mine." "I know of no magic," I answered. "I know no magic  
 but to stand by my friends. It makes my heart ache, none the less, princess,  
 to see you bleed!" "You could not help it. You did quite right. You have con-  
 quered the woman in the panther. Come into the palace and rest. All  
 that is mine in it is yours. I am sorry I cannot wait on you,  
 for I am dizzy and my mind wanders from the blow you gave me  
 -- for which I thank you, for now I know what you are, and am  
 no longer ashamed to be overmastered by you. I thought of you as a  
 beggar into whose power fate had thrown me, and I hated you.  
 Now I know you for royal as myself. I am your property, by you  
 rescued from the jaws of death; I am your slave with the willing  
 service of love." The door behind her opened. She entered & I followed,  
 with Astarte at my heel. <sup>double</sup> A long row of servants stood with lights in  
 their hands forming a live avenue from the door in the wall

over the moat  
 to the great portcullis of the castle. Her attendant had given out that  
 a certain prince she expected had come in disguise and without  
 attendance. I was with ~~great~~ ceremony conducted to a great chamber  
 gorgeously appointed, with silver sconces round the walls, and a fire of  
 sweet scented pine-logs blazing on the hearth as if I had been expected  
 but I knew that could not be. It was too early to go to bed. Supper was  
 to be ready in an hour. Fine garments were brought me by the man  
 appointed to wait upon me, and glad I was to feel that I was  
 once more dressed, though not in the fashion of this world yet in a way  
 that satisfied my notions of myself. How delightful were all the small  
 necesseties of the toilet once more! and I dressed with care. I would have  
 the princess see that I was not unaccustomed to the ways of a life  
 not altogether unlike her own. But however carefully I dressed, not  
 for one moment did I let the sapphire out of my hand. Even when bathing and  
 washing I ~~used~~ <sup>held</sup> the sapphire in my hand, and was careful not to let it  
 go. How could I tell what unfriendly eyes might be watching me and  
 ready to pounce upon me. When I could not manage with it in my hand,  
 I put it in my mouth for the moment. But failure would have  
 ruined everything, and so I suppose ~~they~~ <sup>she</sup> would attempt nothing until  
~~she~~ <sup>she</sup> was certain of success. I cannot to this day understand how I could have  
 been so silly as to put myself thus in the dreadful power of the woman. But  
 so it was. The king received me with courtesy, and looked a good natured  
 lazy old man who liked to be let alone and would interfere with nobody  
 were it not upon compulsion. The feast was gorgeous. I sat next to the  
 princess, and she showed me every attention fit to show at table. For the

for many months  
 first time, it seemed as I supped, I ate and drank freely, and with an  
 enjoyment to which I had been long unused, living as I had been  
 on the plainest viands or on nothing at all. The wines were specially  
 excellent, although all of them were such as I did not seem ever to have  
 tasted before. When the king rose, we all rose. After he left the room  
 a good many of the gorgeous company sat down again, but the  
 princess, ere she followed her father from the room turned to me and said,  
 "I imagine you would prefer to retire early: you must be greatly  
 fatigued. I thanked her and said I would go to my room at once  
 if she would kindly order one of the servants to show me the way for  
 I was certain I could not find my room unconducted. She answered  
 she would herself show me the door of my room: her own was close  
 to it, so in a minute I was again alone in my large chamber.  
 I undressed and lay down, giving myself up to all the delight of a  
 soft sweet bed after the hardships to which I had been of late accustomed.  
 Probably this delight would have been marred by certain anxieties as  
 to what thoughts they really were that ruled the sudden change in the  
 princess's behaviour to me, but that as I have confessed, I ate and drank  
 so freely. But I wonder yet that I should have so compliantly filled  
 the gold cup  
~~my glass~~ set for me as often as my hostess invited me to partake yet  
 again of the kings own favourite wine & vintage. I was young, and the  
 wine of old age was hardly fitted for me. ~~At~~ In a few minutes I  
 hung from the roof  
 was fast asleep, a silver lamp continuing to light the chamber  
 with a soft subdued light. I half came to myself once in the night.  
 The lamp was still burning. A delicious languor was upon me.

I felt as if I were swiftly floating far from land on the bosom of a sunset sea. Whether I should reach any shore I could not tell, did not care. To live was itself -- or was it not to die that was dearly delightful -- and surely I was dying. I had no pain -- Ah, what a shoot what a sting in my arm, my left arm ~~where~~ <sup>in whose hand</sup> lay the sapphire. But it was there! through all the keenness of the sting, which seemed to shoot right down into my heart I felt it. But ah! there again! that was sharp! Something was holding me; some other, some unseen pathetic life was near me where I lay, too near me. I tried to draw my arm nearer and ease the pain by a change of position, but I could not. I would have struggled, but I could not even try to struggle. Yet I suppose I quivered and shook with the pain, for a hand was laid <sup>my head</sup> on my face, and I was pressed down into the pillow. I could see nothing but a weight lay across me. I yielded. The last glimmer of consciousness showed me rise from the bed the [??] splendid form of the princess, with something terrible in her eye, but a look of satisfaction about her mouth. She smiled, and I saw on her white teeth a streak of red. I suppose she saw me look at her. She struck me on the face. It seemed as if she drew a knife across my eyes, & they flashed in my head I think -- I gave a cry, but I remember no more. I came slowly to myself, but after how long I cannot even conjecture. It must have been weeks, I think. I do not know how I came to myself though I cannot help thinking that my companion had something to do with the holding back of my life -- for on my feet lay the white spotted panther. Perhaps

also the strange sapphire firmly clasped in my hand may have had its share. I moved a little, and then I saw the strange friend that was caring for me, for she ~~came~~<sup>got</sup> up from my feet, and came and licked my face. I do not think I started. ~~W~~hen I saw the big head and the long tongue come over me. I did not seem to care about anything. But from that moment I knew that I was growing better. I found that I was lying at the foot of a tree in ~~the~~<sup>a</sup> pine-forest: afterward I knew that I lay on the very spot where I had found the princess, and the stone which then I sought in vain to loosen from her hand was now as firmly clasped in my own. I laid my hands on my own body and found that I was the living skeleton now; that if I had lain there altogether untended, I must ere now have been altogether dead, and then, with the mouldering away of the muscles, the sapphire would have been set free: this, I conjectured, but not for a long time after this, must have been the object in laying me down there. Some law I did not know rendered it necessary for the recovery of the stone that the dead hand that held it should moulder away in the open air. The princess's people must have brought me here, I said, or how could Astarte have found me. Thinking about the creature's affection for me I concluded that, although the stone was my defence from her attack at the castle and she was subdued by its force, yet my defence of her from the panther princess must be what had roused her gratitude and made her attend to me all the time of my seeming death. Then there was another difference between the princess's fate and mine. How she came to be such

finds a knife  
dropped there

a skeleton I could not tell; how I had come to it I knew and she knew, and if the people of even such an evil city as she ruled in were to come to know what I knew, surely they would burn her at the stake! But I found the stone in her hand cold and dry. But in mine I fancy there was a difference caused by its touching the earth. Was it possible that Astarte, taking me at first for dead had proceeded to try and bury me, and had, as I found it, covered my hand and arm with earth -- then finding what followed had left me alone and waited. For from the stone in my hand was flowing a small stream clear as crystal, away from where I lay through the wood. Of this stream Astarte had drunk, and it had kept her alive. I now drank of it, and found that my strength began at once to come back to me. I thought if the princess could have drunk of the treasure she carried about not knowing its worth, it would have stilled the demon thirst of her soul, and she would not have longed for blood. There is a water that is better than any blood. Whoever had such a stone as I bore, carried with him endless supply of all that was needful for life and comfort. I got up and looked at the water as it went flowing and flowing in a ceaseless trickling stream from my hand. What a lovely rivulet it was that went meandering through the trees. Presently its source ceased, and I found that if I would have it yet flow, I must lay it again on the earth when with a burst the water again rushed from it. I thought I would follow whither it had been flowing all the time I lay as dead.

By slow walking and many rests, I followed it out of the forest, regaling myself as I passed with the grapes of the ~~old~~<sup>ruined</sup> castle. The water took nearly the path I had come; but soon I began to see that the volume of the little stream diminished rapidly. In my hand, and not upon the earth the sapphire gave out no water. Yet it was plain where it had flowed; and as I went on I could trace its course even after all the dampness ceased by the brighter green of the mosses in the channel it had taken. For I was soon in the scored and broken surface of rock that circled the country of the dwarfs; and it was clear what choice of channel the water had made as it flowed toward what had once been a sounding fall of waters, but which now I found dry as before. But the curious thing to me was the breadth <sup>strange</sup> to which the water seemed to have spread; the green was so wide; and soon I saw as I went on that here and there were other little streaks of green that came from this side and that and joined the main channel from the ~~sp~~ sapphire spring. I was driven to the conclusion that the water as it went along the surface woke and drew toward itself such hidden springs as were under the earth; for I remembered how <sup>dry</sup> when I lay under the old waterfall I heard the sound of many waters under the earth; and I thought that if it went on flowing like that it would draw water enough to itself to make at length a river <sup>that</sup> ~~large~~ <sup>scored channels</sup> would fill all the ~~riffs~~ in the broken country. But when at length I reached the head of the old waterfall, and looked down into the valley of the dwarfs beneath, I was greeted by a shout and a mingled <sup>outcry</sup> ~~torrent~~ of which it ~~of?? the~~ would have been hard to say whether cursing or blessing predominated.



Through it all however was mingled an astonishment ~~to~~ I could not account for, seeing they had already known me. Also I was possessed by some wonder what change had passed upon the people, which, looking down on them from above I could not unravel; but when I descended and joined them, I found they had all grown very considerably, and were now about three feet high. But as all their trees had grown in like proportion, they were not aware that any change had passed upon them; for I found by and by in my further brief intercourse with them that the cause of their wonder was that, though I was still larger than they I had grown to about half the size I had been, and this, I found presently, altered in a great degree their feeling toward me. They treated me rather as a deceiver who ~~usurper~~ had passed myself off upon them for a greater man than I was. And very speedily a party among them began to prophecy that they had only to have patience and full confidence in themselves as the crown of the universe, and they would soon find that the <sup>man</sup> ~~being~~ who, fact or myth, was said to haunt the place, would soon be compelled either to get out of the way altogether, in order to escape dwindling to the proper artistic reasonable size <sup>that</sup> ~~of~~ was assumed or at least possessed and approved of by them, or that he must give up his pretensions and appear to them in their own size and show them what he could do for them, or what on the whole he was fit for. They had not got very much brains yet, or they would have better understood how it was that their orchard had turned into impenetrable thickets, for of course space had not grown

as well as the things that filled it, and they had now hard work to get at fruit enough for their subsistence. Had they known that it was they themselves that had grown they would doubtless have been filled with an overwhelming pride, and the consequences would have been more disastrous still. That things tended that way with them was shown in a certain combination that began for the purpose of mastering and enslaving, and compelling me like Samson, not only to labour for my captors but to make ~~me~~ them sport in my degradation. Having no wild beasts in their country they showed not the smallest fear of Astarte, who seemed as changed in disposition toward humanity as toward myself. I came concerning her to the conclusion that the devil could no more find refuge in her when he left her former mistress because of the gratitude she felt toward me for taking her part and preventing the princess from tearing her to pieces. They had gained no moral growth of any kind with their physical, except that downward growth of pride from seeing the decrease of others. They had seen the water flowing into their country, but had neither recognized its potency, nor suspected its better virtues; and when it ceased at length to fall down the ancient paths, they only looked at it as a curious phenomenon, without suspecting it of any relation to themselves or their own conditions. Their pride alone had grown by the influx of that element which no country can make any progress without. The possession of the wonderful sapphire gave me no advantage here, <sup>though</sup> ~~yea~~ it did not bring upon me the deadly danger of the princess. At first they were tolerably friendly, and the children would ride on Astarte's back, nor did she

mind their teasing much; but they showed me an amount of dull rudeness they had never showed when I was to them twice the size. In fact they regarded me as in decadence, and that if they did not get some good of me now, I should very soon be too small and feeble to render them any service. Now I had been but a little while there, resting under their trees and partaking of their plentiful fruit, seeking to recover from the great vital losses I had undergone at the palace, when I became aware of the difficulty they now had in gathering sufficient fruit because of the tangled condition of their ^ great orchard. As soon therefore as I had recovered a little, I took my knife and began to cut away as much of the tree under which I had lain as I thought it would bear. They came and looked on with doubtful understanding, and thought from the first that I was doing them an injury. I had imagined at first that they abstained from clearing the trees a little because they had not grown in strength but only in size -- as was indeed the case -- they were stronger in both. They grumbled and growled afraid to interfere because of my knife in part which they had not seen before, and took for something mysterious before which the ~~the~~ twigs fled in fear. But when the next day they saw me attempt to cut away the bushes of small fruit that the others might have more room, bear better and be more accessible, they have a universal howl of such rage as made Astarte prick up her ears, and give an internal answering growl; but I patted her and she was quiet again. I saw they thought I was destroying their property. They were just like the miser who ~~h~~ regards as a

robber the nurse who takes of his cold dead coin to buy the warm life for him.

That night as I lay asleep, I was, like Gulliver by the Lilliputians, overwhelmed by a multitude. They ~~did not come~~ sat upon me with a dead weight of live bodies till they had hampered me hand and foot with the long stems of creeping plants. I could at first have thrown them from me, perhaps; at least I would have made the attempt, but I perceived that they were not attempting to kill me, and I had seen now they misunderstood my efforts for their good. Still I would have made a fight for it but for the certainty of what would happen if I did, As it was it was all I could do by my voice and words of which Astarte at least understood the tone, to prevent her from leaping among the poor stupid creatures and tearing them every one to pieces. Her tail was lashing from side to side, and no doubt astonished not a few of them by knocking the uppermost off the heap that swarmed above me: they had scarce a notion of force; weight was all their idea of it. By keeping my voice even however and my tone cheerful I gave A her the idea that whatever they did it was with my consent and approval. I would wait to see what they meant before I would do anything lest I should punish them more than was needful. As soon as they thought me tolerably secured, they began to search me. Then they saw the stone in my hand, for I always slept with it in my hand, carrying it in a pocket during the day, such as it was for my dress was now very primitive, as I had been laid out naked to die. This they tried for some time to take from me and hurt me not a little in the attempt; but I restrained every expression

of resentment or annoyance or suffering, for dread of the four-footed  
 vengeance by my side. Becoming at length satisfied that they  
 could not open my hand, they desisted; and resumed their search,  
 for so it ~~as~~ turned out <sup>to be</sup> ^ for my knife. This they soon found and took, and I  
 made no sign. Then they went away and left me. I released myself with  
 some difficulty from the thorny withes with which they had bound me, and  
 would have left the hut but found they had tied the hut all round & round in  
 like fashion, and the door they had secured as well as soon as they were  
 all out of it. I thought it better therefore to wait till the morning, for  
 still I was afraid what the least sign of dissatisfaction or endeavour  
 might rouse in Astarte. In the morning they came to me and told me I  
 had done their property much wrong and now to make up for the injury  
 I must work for them, and pull the apples and other fruit which it was  
 now impossible for them to reach. In vain I expostulated with them,  
 telling them why I had been cutting down some that they might get at  
 the rest, and that where they could not get through they could not  
 expect a larger man like myself to pass. If they would give me the  
 knife I would do my best for them as I began to do before. But they  
 laughed at me, and, because I had made so little resistance in the night  
 appeared to think I had lost my strength with my apparent decrease  
 in stature. One of them thrust the point of the knife into my leg from  
 behind, so that I but just caught a cry of wrath in time, for I knew  
 all would be over in a moment if Astarte were roused. So the strength  
 of my ally was the cause of my weakness. I could soon have beaten  
 a hundred of them into abject submission, but blows from me would  
 buffets

have been teeth and claws and blows to kill from the rage of my companion, so I endured and tried to obey as best I could. And certainly I could reach higher than they to find the fruit on the treetops, and I could bend boughs and even stems to get through where they could not, but the moment I broke a branch or crushed a shrub, there were fierce outcries backed by fierce threats, and I had to be so careful that the life grew weary to me by the end of a month. At length the evil spirit of the people grew rampant. I ought to have left them sooner, perhaps, for I could always have done so in the night, but I had a strong feeling that I would do for them what I could, and bear while I could because of the kind help they had in a passive kind of way shown me when first I visited them. I thought with myself that if I could but gain their confidence so that they would believe what I said to them and do what I told them, I would find some way whereby they might reap the good that wonderful thing I carried could work for them under right and true conditions. For the means of doing this I was waiting. Beside where was I to go for something to do, for surely the working of some help in the world is the chief hold that one has upon the world. To live only for what one can get out of the world is but to <sup>lead</sup> be the lowest kind of life -- the existence of a mere parasite. So, as I say, I endured until the bad conditions of those I tried to serve brought their doom. I was going home weary one night after a hard day's work, unable to enjoy under the moon the sweet scents that had all day mingled with the beating of the sun upon my head as I laboured. Perhaps it was my dejected appearance that encouraged the insolence of the half grown [??] children to gather about and insult me with evil words,

those who could not get near enough to pinch and otherwise  
harass me,

which presently bore the fruit of evil deeds, for ~~they~~<sup>^</sup> began to throw stones from the outskirts of the little crowd. In this amusement some of the grown men presently joined, and ~~a~~<sup>seeing that</sup> the more I expostulated the worse they grew, I at length held my peace. But by and by a stone, well or ill aimed I do not know, but I think the intention was not serious hurt, struck me on the head, and I fell senseless, and knew nothing more that happened before I came to myself, and found a great silence around me, and Astarte standing licking my face, as she often did in the morning to wake me up. But this was not the morning, and there were many asleep around me, for when I rose and walked a step or two I found the ground plashy underfoot, and soon I found it was no sapphire dew that made it so, for every here and there the moon shone on a face the light of which was like her own, a mere reflection from the surface. How many Astarte had slain in her wrath I cannot tell. There was no good in waiting to count where I could not restore. All the others had fled to their houses, and were still trembling through the night, when Astarte and I were threading ~~the~~<sup>like those</sup> gulleys down which I had come by slow descent to that foolish valley of little men who did not care to be greater. Whither we were going I did not know. When the sun rose we were a long way into the stony, trackless waterless desert, and we were weary. I sat down. Astarte began sniffing about the pocket where rested the Sapphire. I took it out and laid it down in a bed of moss. Immediately the water rushed from every pore of it, and a little stream went tinkling along the moss-covered channel up which we had come. I drank and Astarte drank and we felt mightily refreshed. Then she crept into my arms, and we lay and slept. When

about to  
 we awoke the sun was setting, and the moon rising just opposite. We  
 rose and set out on our journey. I knew that we must be in the same desert  
 I had traversed before, but I had no idea what road I was taking. The moon  
 did rise, and we journeyed on, Astarte happier than she had been for a  
 long time. She had, I think, been perplexed between my will and her own  
 all the time the dwarf people made me work for them; and now that I  
 was free and she had had her vengeance upon them, sweeping them away  
 like mice, she was more than content, and beguiled for me the tedium  
 of a journey without a goal by her gambols all around in the moon-  
 light. I could not see her spots much in the moonshine; she would  
 dart from my side and away in a long white streak over the  
 channels and scores in the rocky ground, now vanishing for a  
 moment as she would ~~take~~ <sup>run along</sup> a bottom for a while, then suddenly emerge  
 like a white flash, and stretch away in a great round, sometimes taking  
 tremendous leaps ~~of over~~ <sup>some deeper ravine</sup> [m??th??], and coming back to my side with  
 a bound and a sudden stop as if she had just leaped down from the  
 moon to pay me a visit, a four-footed Diana, but, not like Diana, I  
 hope, hanging out a long red tongue like a dog and panting like one too.  
 Indeed the way she ran ~~you~~ <sup>I</sup> might have taken her for a cheetah  
 but her feet and claws were indeed those of a cat and bore no likeness  
 to a dog's. Thus we travelled a long time, and at length came to a  
 general dip in the surface, and so to the margin of a swampy  
 lake. I thought without a doubt this must be the marsh, in some  
 part or other of its extent, which I had crossed when I left the sexton's  
 house. I knew it was haunted with horrible appearances, but I had



found them no worse than appearances, for though they had ~~threatened~~<sup>menaced</sup> me frightfully they had done me no harm. So without a thought of fear I stepped upon the uncertain surface. I had almost forgotten to fear anything now. I had come through so much, and had learned my self such a poor creature that there was no great reason why I should remain alive. Therefore danger was nowhere. We had not walked three paces when Astarte came close up to me, and walked touching my leg, and I felt that she trembled <sup>with fear</sup> or shivered with cold, one or the other: I felt neither. Had she been small enough, I would have taken her in my arms and carried her, but she was as heavy as I was myself, and the ground I say was here swampy, there boggy, and now and then nothing but a skin of root interwoven turf, afloat on water of unknown depth. So we walked carefully along. Suddenly as before the ground began to heave at some little distance and come heaving toward me like a wave; then out of the heave rose a terrible head with ~~little~~<sup>fleshy</sup> tubes hanging on it for hair. It opened a great square mouth and snapped at us. The same moment, trembling as she was Astarte sprang right at it, and fell into a great pool of water beyond it in which the moon shone clear. In a moment she was out and by my side again, trying to shake herself but not quite knowing how. Presently came the head of a fearful snake, fearful for size and its great lamping stare. As it flew Astarte, with a similar result, though this time there was no water near enough to fall into. After a third such trial she made up her mind, and paid no heed to the variety of frightsome shows that seemed only to pretend to attack us. But little she or I knew how the thing really was!

We approached the other side of the bog. Just ere we reached it, the moon whose light had been growing less and less powerful as she approached the horizon, went down, and all the hollow of the bog was dark.

The same moment reared itself before us the long neck of an unknown and indescribable creature with the face of a corpse, but with mouth wide open and long human teeth. The old shudder laid hold of Astarte,

and she flew at its throat. I dreading nothing stepped on the firm land and ~~but~~ turned to see why she was not by my side. Then I saw her in fierce combat with the last apparition. They seemed twisted together inex-

tricably, but the water was beaten into a mist about them by their struggles and I could ill see in the moment I had to look, what ~~had~~ <sup>was</sup> taking place. It lasted but a moment, and then all was still. I looked

to see my loved Astarte if one victorious, but there was neither sound nor motion more till presently up came a great breaking bubble from the deeps, and I knew it was the last breath of my friend. ~~I~~ <sup>The bubbles</sup> seemed indeed to

send out her last groan as they broke, and I knew I was left alone, and that it was no use for me to plunge into the unknown abyss after her. I sat on the shore and wept. Now indeed I was friendless. Ever since I had set out

I had been in trouble. I had done nothing well. I had helped to worse those who were not ready for help. I had brought to life one whose being was a curse to the country she had ~~ruled~~ <sup>oppressed</sup> and who had apparently been cast

out as an evil doer. I had had wonderful gifts given me, yet nothing had succeeded. My best friend was a panther, and she had died for me.

I was a useless worthless creature, not worth living, and unworthy of any creature dying for me. How was it all? Then I knew that I had been

all the time caring, if not only, yet chiefly for myself, that I had not been  
 valiant for the truth in the earth, and felt that my life was a failure. I  
 threw myself down on <sup>the bank of</sup> ^ the frightful marsh, and lay there in despair. Long  
 necks with fangs came out of the water and <sup>curved</sup> ~~ben~~ over me, and heads  
 came down and looked me close in the eyes, and opened their jaws and  
 shot out forked tongues as if they would soon make an end of me, but  
 I did not move. I did not care for life. They could not touch me although  
 the moon was down, for I was across the border of their power. How  
 long I lay I cannot tell, but at last something touched me on the  
 shoulder and I rose on my elbow and looked round. I could see  
 nothing, and lay down again. Presently I felt something again  
 touch me, again looked, and again saw nothing. The night was dark and  
 I looked too high. A third time came the touch, and with it the voice of the  
 Raven, "I thought it was about time for you to come back. I have been  
 out looking for you every night for the last few nights." "I'm not worth  
 looking for," I said sulkily. "Don't bother about me." "That's just why," he  
 answered. "You are hardly worth looking for, and that is just why I am looking  
 for you. You cannot be left in such a miserable condition as not to be worth  
 looking for! That would never do." "Don't talk to me," I said. "I have just lost  
 the best friend I have -- the only --" "No, no; one of them," he interrupted;  
 "and you have not lost <sup>your friend</sup> ~~her~~. Has your philosophy not taught you that nothing  
 can be lost? Tell me who it is." "A panther," I answered. "If you go down  
 to the bottom of the bog and look about, you will know her by her  
 white skin and dark brown spots -- that is if they haven't eaten her  
 up already in that hell of horrors." "Ah," said the Raven, "it is time I did!"

Now I had been talking in bitter mocking of my grief, and thought that in return as I deserved, the raven, whether he was sexton or librarian, was mocking me. But he gave a loud caw and the next instant came shooting through the dark, like a great white arrow head, the shining pigeon his wife. She had a shining stone in her beak, like a serpent-stone, but much larger. "That's right!" said he. "You have brought the lantern! I thought you would know! You go home, if you please, sir to the cottage, and wait thee till we come. You are of no use here!" "I know it!" I answered bitterly. "I am of no use in any part of the wide universe!" "Yes you are -- and at this moment. You are of use to do as you are bid and go home." I rose and went, but just turned my head with my first step, in time to see the dove -- it was too dark to see the raven -- shoot head foremost with folded wings into the water close to the edge of the bank. I wandered carefully along the dry heath. "Let my feet take me!" I said, if they know how; I neither know where the cottage is, nor care to find it. It were better I had never been born!" But whether my feet knew the way without me, I cannot tell, there was nothing what might be in that country, but at last, I struck against the door. The house gave back a hollow sound and I thought of those that lay silent within -- if indeed they still lay there, and all was not altered since I went away. With a great awe, which could not be called fear, I opened the door and went in, groped my way to a chair for it was very dark and sat down. One thin door and a whole night of darkness was all that lay between me and the endless chambers of the dead, and I sat down there with them --

the only waking amid all that sleep. How long I sat I do not know;  
 I think I dozed, perhaps I slept. I was very weary. I thought if I had only  
 had a light to guide me I would have gone into the -- what -- God's library --  
 was it? -- and seen whether I could not find an empty bed whereon I  
 might lie down and rest and grow very cold. At length I was roused by a  
 little noise outside. The latch of the door was moved; it opened; and then came  
 stepping the tail and of  
 slowly in, ^ backward, the raven; then came ^ the drowned, limp, dejected  
 in the root of it in the beak of the sexton  
 body of Astarte, her white skin mudded amongst the eye-like spots, and  
 up  
 then came the dove, struggling along with difficulty, for she held the  
 Thus  
 head of the panther by a beakful of its skin. and all the great body  
 in  
 of the drowned creature was borne between the two birds, and laid on the  
 floor of the cottage. "What did you do with the lantern?" said the raven. "I left  
 I will go  
 it in the bog," answered his wife. "We shall and get it tomorrow night. They  
 Then she lighted her candle. It looked the very  
 wont touch it." "That they won't!" answered the raven; ^ and when I looked same candle with  
 which she had lighted  
 again, I saw that I was in ^ company of the father's long-coated librarian, and of his wife, the  
 me through her vaults.  
 his still, pale woman that loved the dead. "I think you had better go to bed,"  
 said the librarian. "We have this creature to prepare for -- " "I will not  
 have her skinned and stuffed!" I cried. "You may call it embalming -- I  
 dont know, but I won't have it done. It's a mockery. I'll go and bury  
 the you have taken,  
 her in the heath. I thank you very much for your trouble ^ but it is my  
 part to do the rest for her!" They left the body on the floor and came to me.  
 The woman set the candle on a little deal table, and they brought chairs and  
 sat down one on each side of me. Then the woman said, "I should like to  
 sing to you a song I learned when I was in my nursery in the other world --  
 the world you came from. I used to think it silly then, for I was too silly to

understand it, but I know what it means now, and I think it may do you some good to hear it. This is it." With a voice a little cracked, but of wonderful sweetness, she began to sing; and as she sang all the crack or the harshness went away, and before she had ended, I seemed to hear a strong woman-angel singing high in heaven, higher than ever any man had lifted up his heart to the Lord. And this is what she sang -- for I never forget a word I heard in that cottage. [See opposite page.] I sat silent and listened, and when she had done I said nothing. Then her husband began. "Do you know why you have been so unsuccessful since you left us?" he asked. "Yes, I do," I answered. "It is because I am a fool." "How do you know that? What have you done foolish?" he returned. "Oh, everything," I answered. "Can you tell me the first and most foolish thing you ever did?" he persisted. "Bringing a dead woman back to life," I answered. "No," he returned; "you never brought her to life! How could you when all the time you left yourself dead?" "Me dead!" I said. "Yes, and you will be dead so long as you refuse to die." "You talk in riddles!" "Perhaps; but ~~not then~~ <sup>all the more</sup> I talk what is true." -- "Come now, and go to bed." "Yes, yes!" I answered; "that is all I want; that is all I have been waiting for! Welcome the cold world and the white neighbours!" "He must have a little supper before he goes to bed!" said the sexton's wife. "There is no need of that," I said. "Where is the good? ~~in~~ <sup>in that bed</sup> I shall but sleep the sooner that I do not eat before I lie down." "There is a kind of food that helps one to go to sleep and to dream well," she answered & rose. She set bread and wine on the table, and I ate and drank and was more sleepy. So she took the candle and led the way, and I followed, and the sexton followed me, and so we entered the long vaulted chamber. And there were the beds in rows, and I looked at every face as I passed, and every one lay just as I had left them

The same expression lay still upon every countenance just as I had then remarked it -- or at least if there were a change it was too faint for me to recognize it. On and on we went through between the double row lying feet to feet, until we came to the same place where we had the former time stopped, and there was the bed, vacant yet, that had been then offered to me. "Has no one lain down for the long sleep since I was here before?" I asked. "Yes, a few -- not very many. Why do you ask?" "Because I find the bed you offered me before vacant still." "But we knew you were coming back, and why should you not have it kept for you?" "How did you know?" "For one thing we know that every creature must one day lie down in such a bed." <sup>What a</sup> ~~It will~~ time it will take then before all the lives in the world have thus laid themselves down!" "It will, they are not coming fast now; but of all things of which there are plenty, time is the most plentiful; and of all things of which there is least except among men, hurry is the rarest. Mortal process knows it. <sup>And then there are beds constantly though slowly becoming ready for others empty by the departure of those that are in them.</sup> ~~And then,~~ again we could see from your face that you were on the way, that the ripening process had gone so far that the cold chamber would soon be the next." I suppose I looked surprised to hear that my face had revealed any such fact, for the sexton went on: "Look here, and you will see," he said, leading me a pace farther to the foot of the next bed, where I had before remarked the beautiful matronly face of resignation. <sup>active</sup> "There is the next who in this part will be ready to go. She is ripening fast. Her soul is now away in --" Here he checked himself, and resumed. "She will probably be up and away by the time you come to yourself."

"I am sorry for that," I rejoined. "I should have liked to see such beauty as that

when it came awake." ~~Wh~~ For I saw that, beautiful as I remembered her she had grown greatly in beauty now. "When you come awake, you can go and look for her. There will be plenty of time. Only you must not look for a middle aged matronly woman then. She is growing younger every hour until she reaches the very prime of womanhood, and then she will open her eyes and see -- ah, what she will see!"

By this time I had grown very cold, and as sleepy as I was cold. "It's time to undress," said the sexton. I sat down on the side of the bed, and the two carefully and tenderly undressed me, talking all the time to keep me awake until they had put upon me a long linen nightgown, and removed the last of my garments. Then they helped me on to the bed, and laid me out quite straight, and covered me over with the once cold linen sheet. They took up my clothes and the candle, said goodnight and went away and I heaved a great sigh of relief to find myself where I was -- in the dark vault with the hale dead.

On the sense of quiet content to find that I need no more stand up, that I was stretched out with nothing more to do than to lie stretched out! It was cold, cold, cold; how cold I cannot convey by any words -- colder than any imagination of mine could have touched, or could now touch, for I found that ~~only~~ <sup>could only</sup> the reality ~~was~~ be felt, could not be conceived or even <sup>by the imagination while actually</sup> pictured ~~to the mind itself while~~ present to the body. But it brought with it no pain, no longing for warmth, but a welcoming of the cold. It seemed to soothe all care, melt away every pain, comfort every sorrow. I felt like one who breathes with delight the damp odours of the earth's bountiful bosom, aware in it of the ghosts of



all the daisies and primroses, crocuses and snowdrops waiting in million folded crowds to take their bodies again, and rise into the upper world of sun and wind. I grew colder & yet colder, and as I grew colder, and less and less conscious of myself, I grew the more blessed with a content that I could not create, a divine satisfaction. Then like dreams began to come. The last I remember till the time of my awaking began to approach was that I lay naked on the snowy-peak of the loftiest mountain in the world. The white mists were rising slowly from below, but up with me was the cold moon and the colder sky in which she dwelt. I had done with myself and all its world, and I slept. What followed that night I only know by what I learned afterwards. My entertainers went back to their outer cottage, and set themselves to wash and clean <sup>the</sup> ^ panther. Tenderly they smoothed down her shining skin, and combed any tuft they found on her, then ~~e~~ having waited a while and assured themselves that I was asleep, they carried Astarte into the hall of the dead, and laid her across my feet as I slept. She gave me no heat as she had so often done before, for she was now one of the waiting dead like myself. I know by what I saw afterwards how lovingly they laid her out too. They laid her couching with her hind feet under her and her forefeet stretched out like a crusader's dog, only she was on my feet, not my feet upon her, and her head couched on her fore paws, her tail decently curled round, and the tip laid on her spotted back, ready to be wagged the moment she should start to her feet. And so through the long long night we lay in frozen luxury of Death.

But how long that night was what mortal, certainly not myself could tell! It might have been three hours, it might have been three centuries. I doubt if time had much or anything to do with it. If I was in the land of the fourth dimension, or the land of two or three more senses, or rather far, if I was in the land of thought, deeper in higher up than any of those, it may be that it all took place during the solemn aeonian march of one second pregnant with all eternity: I cannot tell. I know nothing. But the next thing was I began to dream of all the wrongs I had done to anyone & everyone in the world where I used to live. But the lovely thing was that I was in the act always of declaring my sorrow, and making reconciliation with him or her whom I had hurt or offended. Every human soul I had anyhow caused a moment of uneasiness had, apparently in great part in virtue of the wrong done become unspeakably dear to me. Oh how tenderly precious was my younger brother over whom I had sometimes tyrannized. How I wept and abased myself before him! how graciously and lovingly he consoled me. So with my father whom I had disobeyed; so with my mother whose injunctions I had thought absurd; so with my sister whom I had looked down upon with the usual male brutality of pride. It seemed that the joy of my life henceforth would be to be the ceaseless slave of every one of them. I was now continually contriving plans of serving now this one now that. I would build them such houses as had never been built before; buy them such horses as had never run before; make for them with my own hands such jewels as would gladden their hearts with colour and form.

I would write them such books as would make their hearts burn within them to read; I would invent such things, with the help of all I knew of physics and mechanics and the forces of the world, as would make glad with wonder! Then there fell a cloud of great darkness over all my spirit, and I awoke -- awoke in cold darkness, not a glimmer of light about me, but my heart filled with the intense peace that comes of fearing nothing and hoping infinitely. I had lain but a moment thinking how glorious would the light be when it came, what a new creation it would bear with it out of the world of my brains, when something moved on the bed, and a moment after heavy feet came up by my side, and a <sup>cold</sup> tongue began to lick my face. I knew at once. Of course it is Astarte! I said to myself, and was nowise astonished, although when I saw her last she lay as limp and dragged as ever was drowned cat. <sup>^</sup> But Astarte was cold through and through ~~as~~ and I could just feel her tongue upon my cheek -- no more; for I was an icicle <sup>^</sup> ~~The~~ I did not yet know that the only way to get warm now was to do things. Action was now the sole source of heat: the <sup>idle</sup> ~~cold~~ man must henceforth be the cold man. No more fires to heat the half-live corpse! no more glow save from the will to do, the one real furnace of life! This I learned by insight, and Astarte in her degree soon learned it by experience. It was yet dark, but why should I remain where life was growing indeed, but was not yet? I tried if I could move, and sprang light from the bed, and Astarte sprang after me. Through the darkness I could see her green eyes lamping with full blown pupils to seize on what light lay to me imperceptible even in the darkness of that home of death. But scarcely was my foot on the floor; I had not gained the alley between the rows of death beds,

I clasped her to me and we made a jubilee of our meeting such as might have waked the dead though not a sound from us broke the stillness of the universal death.

cold as  
as cold as  
she.

when I saw the candle coming along through the darkness, and went to meet our host & hostess. They greeted me with a quiet good morning, but I felt it as full of meaning and love as the sun is of light. "Please let me have my clothes before I go out," I said. The woman answered me with a smile, "If I were to give you them you could not like the look of them now. They are all moth & worm-eaten, and scarcely hang together." "Then what am I to do?" "You have upon you the long shining garment of death: what do you want more! When you come to the swamp, gather a few rushes like Dante, and make a belt for your waist, and then you will be right well equipped, for that garment never wears out." "Farewell for a time," said the sexton. "You may have to come back this way, I did not know, but you will never have to die any more. What they call death down in your country is no death at all -- and is no good at all except you die here as well." I thanked them for all the kindness they had shown me, and especially for helping me to bed, and then we took our leave, and following the hint given me we went straight for the swamp of horror. It was still, so far as regarded the night, very dark, but a curious change had come over the world, affecting the face of the darkness itself. For I saw every bush of heather, every juniper tree, every blade of grass that grew under and around us as we went along. Yet I saw nothing I could have called light. There was no thing to cast any shadow. Shadow would come with the sun. But every thing that grew had just light enough in itself to show its own shape & colour, and so it placed itself in my being. And this was but one outer shape that my new life took; for the world around me

and my own being seemed all one. The existence of these things and my consciousness of them was as one, so entirely did I live in everything that entered at any door of my sense. The microcosm and the macrocosm were at length in harmony. When I heard the heatherbells ring as I passed a full bush, then I felt the joy of the breeze that waked them, and the joy of the bells that responded with their sweet tinkle, and I lent them the hall of my being to rejoice and be glad in. For now my being was a gladness of perfect peace, on whose ocean rose ever and anon the waves of a fresh joy. One day and how many might they not rise wind and wave, together to a wild exulting tempest! I knew now that life, mere and pure, is itself bliss, and where it is not bliss it is not life, but life mingled with death. Everything lived that did not live for itself, and to every eye about me was bliss, and in myself I knew it was bliss. Every breath of the dark wind that blew where it listed was in me, as often as I gave it heed was a glory equal to an organ blast of soaring hallelujahs. I was at last. I lived and nothing could touch me! And all this was before the sun of the first morning of my new life arose. We came to the swamp, and fearless, for Astarte followed me like a dog, we stepped upon it. Close at my first footstep grew a bunch of long rushes, with its brown flower outbreaking to see the world & perpetuate its kind. I gathered as many as Astarte could carry in her mouth, and went on over the swamp, weaving my girdle as I went. And thus bending down my eyes I became aware that all the horrid depth was illuminated. This I cannot account for except on the supposition

that the woman whose name I have since learned is Eve, had left there  
 the serpent stone that it might a little awe and restrain its inhabit-  
 ants. Certainly a dim greenish light pervaded the whole <sup>watery</sup> ^ substructure, so  
 that I saw every hideous form that lay coiled there -- forms more fan-  
 tastic in ghastly~~ness~~ <sup>more</sup> making horror than ever the reacton of poet's  
 brain from ~~ever~~ <sup>more</sup> delight of beauty than it could bear ever was able to  
 invent. I will not attempt to describe them. What the diver who went  
 into the whirlpool  
 down to fetch ~~up~~ the king's cup saw there was nothing to these.  
 -- Coils and bulges and glares of Octopian life are mild beside them --  
 every one topped with a head concentrating the terror of all the body out of  
 which it came as an evil flower out of an evil stalk. But they  
 lay all perfectly quiet as we passed above their heads. Not one of  
 them moved or gave a wallow in its sleep, so that I thought they  
 must be dead. But I soon saw I was mistaken. I need hardly say  
 that not death itself had made me lose my hold of the sapphire which  
 I had folded in my hand as usual when I settled myself to my long  
 a little in the breast of my gown,  
 repose. I had it in ~~my~~ pocket ~~now~~, but having finished my belt  
 and fastened it about my waist, I took it again in my hand, and  
 not thinking why passed it from one hand to the other. Now in that  
 country every motion is meaning or wish. The moment the stone was  
 in my right hand, it began to drip; and the moment a drop fell into  
 the water of a pool, the whole swamp was one heaving, wallowing,  
 up and down tumble of utter confusion. It was as if a sharp and  
 mightily potent poison had entered the very centre of life of the place  
 and every mass of ugliness was writhing in direst torture of death.

But not a head rose above the surface in attempted escape. I made haste  
 and put the marvellous thing again in my pocket, and soon, with an  
 occasional returning heave or shudder now here now there, the slimy  
 mass sank once more to rest. Then I knew that one day the holy song  
 of the praising universe would enter in at the ears of even the lost tribes  
 of incompleated ~~animal~~ life, ~~F~~ And hell itself would pass away. And  
 leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day. But we went on and  
 left them lighted in their sleep by the serpent-stone that Eve had left  
 there, when Adam the sexton librarian helped her to rescue my beloved  
 Astarte. But the sun, the sun was coming, and at last through his  
 curtains of crimson and gold he looked out "like God's own head," and then  
 first I knew what a blessed child of God that aerial storm of molten  
 metals was. Then I saw every little flower ^ on the way we went they  
 mostly  
 were ~~all~~ humble flowers of the lowly mosses -- straighten its stalk  
 neck  
 and lift up its ~~head, and~~ with outstretched head looking for the sonship  
 of the children of God. Everything was alive and expectant. Something  
 , coming  
 was coming ^ none the less coming that it was long upon the road.  
 It mattered not whether it were today or tomorrow or in ten thousand  
 years, it was coming, and the little necks were stretched out to see  
 and every morning would thus be stretched out until it came indeed!  
 The very rocks drank the rays that fell across them slantingly  
 like the light-sponge they were. Every moment was a joy a bliss a  
 delight, and we walked sedate & swift, for even Astarte was too blisssed  
 to gambol, two joy-fires, two altars, which as the earth offered its flowers  
 and fruits and odours to the skies, steamed heavenword with the thoughts

or at least sensations of a divine consciousness. We were walking over the same dry scored, rock country I had gone through twice before, and right before me in the hollow in which we were walking, I saw something shining clear as lightning in the moss, and stooping and drawing it out, for it was in great part overgrown, and but a small portion had revealed it to my eye, I found it was the most lovely sword I had ever beheld -- such strength, such flexibility, such an edge on both sides, such radiance of essential steel -- straight as a line, save that its edges were two converging lines to an <sup>invisible</sup> ~~absolute~~ point. The hilt was a cross, the guard of wrought iron, beautifully chased & inlaid, and the grip was covered with jewels of all hues & kinds, the pommel being a pear shaped diamond. It had no sheath, but I managed to suspend it by my belt of rushes -- only fit belt perhaps to be the hanger for such a sword. Astarte seemed a little afraid of it at first as it swayed flashing by my side; but she soon learned to walk close to it with a humble gait, and indeed, <sup>before</sup> ~~at first~~ she used to walk almost always at my right side she now always went at my left, as if she would be near the glorious weapon.

So we went until we came to the valley of the dwarfs. They came rushing out to see. Their country was less cultivated than ever, & the crops of fruit seemed fast dwindling. It was plain that were water anyhow to appear, it would become <sup>a swamp like that we had left,</sup> ^ a dwelling for owls and cormorants and evil beasts. I think they knew me, for some of them began to lay their heads together and eye me with evil looks and gestures of contempt. But I was no more angry with them than if they



had been, as indeed they were, my own baby-brothers. I spoke to them seriously, begging them to consider that if their orchards went on deteriorating as since first I knew them, they would soon cease to be a people at all, for there could be no fruit to keep them alive; but they would hardly listen. I told them that I was going to clear their ground for them, and I hoped they would not interfere with me, for they might anger my companion, and that they had before found dangerous. They dared not mock but they looked very sullen. I drew my sword. They thought I was about to attack them ^ and fled; but when they found that my campaign was against the crowded trees, they came back and surrounded me with howls and execrations. I did not heed them however, but laid on lustily with my weapon. Never was there a better. I was astonished to see what a blow with that sword would do. First I made alleys in all directions through the universal orchard, till I had thus cleared a large space of the country by cutting down their trees, then I began to prune individual trees, and so leave room for the fruit to grow, and for the sun and wind to reach it that it might grow. The people crowded into the walks and avenues, and seemed heartily to enjoy the room they had. They seemed actually to expand themselves in bodily size, for the trees had been actually crowding them out of the country. They did not now venture to interfere, and all the time the edge of my sword was unnotched -- remained indeed altogether undulled. Then when I had got a quarter of the land thus cleared, I tried to persuade them to go to work on the rest. They had certain rough tools with which they could have done something.

But they absolutely declined, they said it was all very well for me  
 whose great tool did everything for me without my having any trouble  
 myself; but for them they could do nothing with such miserable tools  
 as they had. I told them that if they would only begin, I would work alongside  
 of them for their help and encouragement. But they said they were content  
 as they were and did not want me to do anything. They were a contented  
 people till I came, they said; and yet they would be contented if only I  
 would leave them alone. So I resolved I could give them one parting gift  
 and leave them alone. So I dug a hole where I heard the sound of the  
 underground waters, and there I laid in my sapphire, and stood watching  
 it with my sword in my hand till gradually the hole was filled and  
 not only with the water from the stone but it had drawn to it the waters  
 from beneath, and now there was a spring where had been none in  
 again  
 well  
 having taken my sapphire,  
 the memory of man. Then ^ I dug a trench round one of the trees and  
 watered it plentifully from the new well, and telling them to do the same that day  
~~once~~ for some weeks  
~~that every~~ week, and watch the result, I left them to try if I could not  
 teach the children something. So I spent one week more with them, but  
 when the day came and went and I saw they had done nothing to water  
 the tree again, I saw it was all of no use. I saw that until they suffered  
 they would not grow a hair's-breadth; but I did not know how I was  
 destined to bring that same suffering upon them. All the time that I  
 was busy with the trees, the birds and the butterflies and the dragon-  
 flies even the owlets when it was broad day, kept crowding about in  
 and flying sometimes in quite a thick cloud about & over our heads --  
 attracted we could not tell by what: and in nothing was the change in Astarte

move evident

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than in the patience with which she took all the teasing of the flies and of the children. Now when we started to go, an army of creatures, and not merely those of the air but those of the earth as well kinds of came crowding after us -- all ~~the~~ creatures that live in the trees and burrow among the roots set out to accompany us. But to my astonishment we were hardly out of the valley in which the orchard nation lives when when the children -- I think from the number almost every child that could walk, and some were such toddlers that I set three of them in turns on Astarte's back as we went along, only I am anticipating -- came running in a scattered crowd up the sides of the slope to join us. They were dancing and shouting and looked better children than I had seen them look before, and certainly I had never before seen them half so merry. What to do with them I did not know, but I could not help thinking what a tyrannical act it would be to send them back to such dull parents as did not value them, and so leave them to grow up like their fathers and mothers. However I did not feel that I had a certain right to interfere, when up from the valley came panting all the mothers of the children, not entreating their return or drowned in tears at the thought of their wishing to leave them but raging and scolding because they had gone without leave, and threatening the most frightful things they knew, to be inflicted the moment they had them in their power again. At the moment of their coming within a few yards of the hind most of them, and as one of the mothers was pursuing one of the children who ran with terrified speed to escape her in the crowd, a little boy who, I learned after was an orphan, having neither

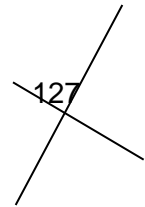
father nor mother, and whom Astarte had specially befriended, rode, mounted on the spotted back of his friend, couching a long reed he carried like a lance, full tilt into the middle of them. They scattered and fled in all directions, and in a moment or two more they were down the slope of the valley, and we saw them no more. Thus easily did they put up with the loss of their little ones! But my hope was that though they did not love them much, they would in that dullest of places, soon miss even their teasing, and would begin to lament for them, and so sorrow might do something to deliver them from their ruinous self-satisfaction. So we went on our way a shining company. For a moment I was a little thoughtful as to how I was to feed the large company, but I soon discovered that the sapphire water was food as well as drink, and every morning I chose a hollow in a rock and filled it with water, and thither they all flew to drink, and thither after them all the creatures with and without wings flew when they had done, and they needed nothing more, though travelling all the time till they went to sleep, until the next morning before we set out again. And oh the merriment and the frolics of that journey of the children and the creatures! But whither were we travelling? Indeed I did not know then and did not know for some time. But as we went I bethought myself that it might be as well to teach them something besides gladness, though of course that was perhaps indeed the best thing for them to learn. They ought to have some initiatory lessons in self-control. They were perfectly obedient for any one moment but they could not be for two moments together, and it was not wholesome for them or for me to have to be continually and always telling them things to do & not to do. So I proceeded to drill them, in a faintly approximate sort of a way

into a little army. I could think of making them march sedately. They could  
 not live on sapphire water and be able to take two steps the same together!  
 But I thought I would make them scamper in ~~in~~ some resemblance to rank  
 and I succeeded in a measure. I would  
 and file, now marshalling ~~ing~~ then in a square, now in a triangular phalanx  
 now in a solid circle, and even tried the pentacle, but that they could not  
 manage. The resemblance however was very often of a general kind and  
 far enough from being exact, only they did try to keep together as I told  
 them, and more or less succeeded; and so I led on my little army  
 of children, little knowing that it was indeed a crusade, for I was  
 going I knew not whither. They learned to obey the word of command  
 so far as to keep tolerably together. For ~~defensive~~ armour, they were  
 mostly naked, the little darlings; for weapons there was but my one  
 sword gleaming in front for the whole army; for commissariat, there  
 was my sapphire stone with its many shifting milky glammers;  
 at once  
 for the transport service ^ and rear-guard, Astarte the spotted panther. And so  
 with sunlight and wind and jubilation and laughter went the crusade  
 of the children along the desert way that led toward the great wicked city.  
 And it went the children were growing more & more beautiful. I could not  
 in the time perceive any difference in their size, but they grew more &  
 more perfect as children -- more and more angelic at once & more human.  
 almost  
 The plainest of them had grown ^ lovely before that march over the chan-  
 nel scored plain was over. Seldom was there any quarrel, and never  
 any hate. As soon as one began to grow selfish he began to grow weary  
 and unable to keep up with the rest, and when any of them stopped  
 behind to keep him company, Astarte would join them, and if he was

quarrelsome, she would drive the others away from him, and leave him. But presently she would creep back by the clefts, and lie near him though he did not know it, and when he had wept awhile and approached despair she would bound up to him, take him on her back, and fly like a level streak of white lightning, with the child clinging round her neck to rejoin the army. He was sure to be good for sometime after that. We came to the pinewood in which I had seen the strange spectral dance, and passed the tree under which I had found the body of the princess. It was the early morning and the time when all the creatures were trooping to drink of the hot stream. As many as we met, all but the bears and the foxes, all joined our company and followed us. The great butterflies and dragonflies, mingled with bats and owls and pigeons and many song-birds, some of which sang as they flew went circling round and round the heads of the children, now lighting on their heads and shoulders, now dropping on the grass, & letting them go far ahead, then following with whirl of wing and many cries as if calling to be waited for. One little fellow there was whom sometimes you could not see for the multitude of birds that perched on and clung to him. Most of them had their favourites among the children. Then the animals followed, and after the bears joined us, † we had quite a little troop of wisery, for the children very soon learned to mount the bears, and soon you would not see one of the bears without a child on his back, shambling along. We crossed the hot stream into which all the animals plunged, and came out fresh and happy. Most of the children too plumped into it, and

had to be lifted out again, the low banks were so steep. We came at  
 last to the rising ground whence we could see the <sup>inhospitable</sup> city. It was mid-  
 day when we reached it, and <sup>most of</sup> ~~all~~ the people were out in the streets  
 as was their custom before the principal meal of the day. The gates  
 stood wide open, the sole appearance, and that but an appearance  
 of hospitality about the city. They <sup>C</sup> were unguarded, for, of a long  
 time strangers had avoided the place, until at length there were  
 none to exclude and so the gates stood wide open and unguarded. We entered  
 it jubilant. No road led to it; it opened just on the grassy plain. The  
 few we met in the first street stood aside and stared, and uttered not  
 a word. But when we came to the market place, the crowd, with  
 many a cry of astonishment closed in before us, and prevented our  
 proceeding. We were bound for the palace. The children showed not  
 the smallest fear, but sought playfully & merrily to push their way  
 through the ~~between~~ close crowd. But the men and women that composed it, as  
 soon as ever their eyes became accustomed to ~~the~~ the sight of an army  
 of children began to treat it with the contempt which made so a large  
 a portion not of their being but of the consciousness they had made for  
 themselves. I did not know what to do. I had no desire and was not  
 aware at the moment of any right to use the sword I carried against my  
 own kind, and <sup>to threaten with</sup> ~~preferred to do~~ it if I did not intend to use it would have  
 been false, and I had left all pretence behind me in the <sup>temple</sup> ~~cell~~ chamber of the dead.  
 At length one of the bigger boys, but quite a child, in pure exuberance  
 of merriment threw himself upon a very tall man who was next  
 him in the crowd, and before he knew was astride of his shoulders,

and patting his head with his plumpy palms. The man swore and  
 flung him on the street, lifting his foot in his brute wrath to strike  
 him. But ere he struck, like a gleaming projectile Astarte shot  
 over the heads of more that intervened, and ~~se~~ placed herself instead of  
 the child on the shoulders of the man, dealing him such a blow with  
 her paw as stunned him, so that they dropped together while I lifted  
 the child and set him on my shoulders instead, where I gave him  
 my sword to ~~pla~~ <sup>carry</sup> and so staid his weeping. This he waved slowly  
 about his little head, and it flashed in their eyes like the flaming  
 sword that turned every way at the gate of the garden of the world.  
 "Cavalry to the front!" I cried. The children <sup>shook their files a little asunder as</sup> ~~made what way~~ they could for the press  
 and through their ~~ranks~~ came slowly trotting to the front, all the bears,  
 each with his trombone of a growl. Astarte walked in front without  
 a rider, so ready to spring, the bears walked after & <sup>cleared a</sup> ~~made~~ way by  
 snapping this side at that at the legs of citizens. I let the army  
 pass me, and brought up the rear among the other animals, with  
 the boy on my shoulders waving the flaming sword. So we had no  
 more molestation on our way to the palace. The noise had not come  
 to the ears of the wardens with any alarm in it. We found the gates  
 open there also. Here I <sup>took my</sup> ~~resumed~~ <sup>in middle</sup> place at the ~~head~~ <sup>head</sup> of the army, that I  
 might see ~~that none of~~ all round lest some  
~~alongside of Astarte~~ the little ones might mischievous, and so we  
<sup>be</sup>  
 marched to the attack, for the place was not taken although we were  
 inside of it. The garrison was at dinner, and we were <sup>crowding</sup> ~~sw~~ up the  
 main staircase, when I suppose we were seen from the top, for  
 down like a live avalanche came the panther that was larger ~~th~~ <sup>spotted white</sup> and





stronger than Astarte, doubtless taking her for the power ~~that~~ <sup>in which we put our trust</sup> emboldening  
 us to the attempt. The other panther destroyed, she might do as she  
 would with the infant crusaders! In an instant arose a noise of  
 hate and strife, with howling and tumbling <sup>; crashing</sup> ^ and tearing, feline curses  
 and yelling. I hastened through to the front. "When we get to them," I said  
 to the child on my shoulders, hit the big one with the flat of the sword.  
 It would be a pity to spoil her white skin." The child was eager to get at  
 them; I too dreading what might befall Astarte before we succeeded.  
 An opportunity came presently in one of the convolutions of the striving  
 mass, and the child struck the larger panther a sounding blow on the  
 shoulders with the flat of the sword. With a shuddering sigh, "the lofty  
 lady stood upright," and as she rose the shape seemed to wither off her,  
 and all the spots to hurry in a dizzy swim up to her eyes and there  
 settle in her dark flashing orbs, leaving her white as snow from head  
 to foot except for the red mark across her shoulders left by the flat of the  
 sword. Astarte fell down and began to lick her feet, but she turned  
 to flee. Then as with one accord the children rushed upon her grasping  
 her wherever they could lay hold, <sup>some</sup> ~~and~~ climbing on the shoulders of the  
 others to reach her neck. She stumbled on those about her feet, and they  
 crowded over her till they would smother her, <sup>I feared</sup> kissing and patting her  
 and behaving as if they had all & each found their mother. Little  
 they knew that a moment before she would have torn their heads from  
 their bodies in her rage. That moment Astarte who stood outside  
 the tumult gave a howl of terror and fled behind me. They boy on  
 my shoulders made a blow with the sword at something I did not

see, and through the very marrow of my bones went the shudder as of an electric shock. The next instant there was a noise like a clap of thunder and all the doors of the palace seemed to fly open as with a furious blast of wind. The lady raised herself sitting, filled her arms with children and hugging them to her, burst into tears, which the children nearest to their source began to wipe away with their hands and kiss away with their innocent mouths. Then she would have crept away screened by a convoy of the little ones. But I dared not let her escape. Open doors invite presence, and where the Power of the Air has been before he will seek entrance again, and a castle where he can find refuge at will must either be destroyed or have its doors fast-locked. For weakness is the stronghold of vice. I tore down the great cords that looped up a curtain near me, and without remorse, though my heart was sore at handling untenderly the beautiful limbs that might in a moment be again those of a panther, relentlessly while yet she wept nor made the smallest resistance, I bound her hand and foot. Then leaving her with Astarte, and telling the boy with the sword to mount guard over her, and if he saw any sign of her turning again into a panther to strike her with the flat of the sword, I went on with the rest of my army through the palace. Now the old king had turned foolish, and had a fancy for awlays sitting on his throne. He felt his strength both of body & mind failing him, and fearing that his people would learn to laugh at him, he thought to preserve his dignity by sitting always on his throne & never receiving in any other way even the commonest visit. When I entered the throne room with my army

the little ones swarmed up the steps of the throne, and up on the king's knees, and so bewildered the poor old man that he stared & for a time could not speak. He thought he had died without knowing it and that the cherubs were come to carry him up to the country of old kings. I called them down and told them to amuse the king with their gambols while I went to arrange things for our going. I saw how that I had done my work in this direction. I went back and saw that the princess was safe. She lay as I had left her bound hand and foot with Astarte and the child with the flaming sword standing over her, attended by an outer ring of the small but powerful bears. I took four of these bears and tied them together side by side with but a little distance between; then I took a long cushion from a sofa near and laid it across their backs, and bound it upon them; then I laid her upon the cushion, and covering her up with the curtains of red silk, I recalled the children, and told them to form in marching order in the court. The soldiers had seen the white panther, and probably mistook. They interfered with nothing I did. Probably all impulse had for the time left them. I took the sapphire from its pocket and sprinkled the face of the princess with a few drops. She shuddered and opened her eyes, saw the sapphire, and wept afresh. Then first I think she recognized me, and a light flush rose to her face. We set ourselves in motion. The carrier bears behaved well. I set four <sup>and</sup> ~~two~~ children at their heads, <sup>of the</sup> ~~of the~~ they kept them well together <sup>any</sup> so that the lady was borne along without great inconvenience to her -- down the stairs, across the court, and into the streets. Again the people

Make her go  
and dress --

crowded around us, but when they saw their princess borne away on the backs of four bears, they were filled with consternation and dared not speak. As we went along I saw the woman who had first told me what to do and had then thrown a stone at me. I stopped and asked if she remembered me. She did not until I recalled myself to her memory. Then I told her that I had been a stranger in their city and they and their princess had abused me, and now I was carrying her away in consequence, and that the same thing would befall them if they went on in their evil ways. She was on the point of laughing me to scorn, but that instant Astarte laid her cold nose to her hand. She looked down, and fell on her knees at my feet. I told her she needed not fear me, but that her own pride was the one beast to be afraid of, for that would bring her to what she would know as ruin if she did not change her ways. I went on again after telling her to tell the same thing to the rest of them. So we left the city, and went out again on the wide plain. I walked by the side of <sup>the</sup> bears but said nothing to the princess, only now and then sprinkling her face with a little sapphire water. The sun went down and the moon rose. The flutterbies and the dragonflies and the birds, all but the bats and the owls went to bed -- that is each went to the child he liked best, and on his or her shoulders or hair went to sleep, while out came the moths from the fur of the bears, and went flying along in the moonlight over and about all the little heads. At last I thought we must rest for a while, and I stopped the army, and I undid <sup>all the ropes of</sup> the bears, and <sup>holding the mattress at the lady's head</sup> made the ~~two middle ones~~ walk from bear at the other end

under the cushion, and then the next ~~between the other two~~ and the next, till she lay on the ground without any shock. But the moment I was going to leave her, she cried out: "Oh pardon me, and do not leave me. I know why you have brought me here." "Where have I brought you?" I asked. "You must know," she answered, that this is where I had you cast out, for here I meant you to lie until -- until your hand should drop the sapphire. I know I deserve it, but I pray you take me with you and I will be your slave." Now I had no intention of leaving her in any misery, but not therefore could I trust her. "We shall all remain here for the rest of the night," I answered. And they all slept, and I think the princess slept but I kept watch, not knowing what might happen. And all the night long terrible shadows out of which flashed fierce and cunning eyes kept prowling about our camp; but I had placed the princess in the middle of the host of children and so not an evil creature was able to come nigh to her. And all the night long I walked round and round the camp, with my sword in my hand, whose blade & hilt kept flashing in the moonlight; and all the night Astarte walked behind me in my footsteps at half the distance of the circuit. It was a terrible night for both of us; for me I was defending the princess from the longing of the demon to re-enter where once he had been; and Astarte knew that if he entered again there would be the old horrible fight to fight once more, and all the good might be undone. But Astarte did not know that the best guard between the woman and the demon were the little ones that lay huddled like dead cherubs in the moonlight about her couch.

So the night passed as the night always must, and the dawn came as the dawn had always come hitherto, and the children all came alive, and some mounted their bears, and some mounted Astarte, and one mounted me, and then I went and yoked the bears, and then went to ~~undo~~ <sup>put the cushion</sup> again upon them, and lay the princess on it.

But she begged hard to be allowed to walk; so I undid her bonds, saying "You promise me then to follow me wherever I choose to take you?" for by this time I saw what I had to do with her. "I promise," she said, and I allowed her to walk on between myself and Astarte. Soon we came to the ~~pa~~ hot stream. She looked up its course and saw the cave whence it issued, the place where I had brought her to life, and shuddered. Then we came to the spot where I had found her lying bound, and I said to her, "Did you ever see that place before?" And she answered, "No." I told her that was where I had found her to all appearance dead of hunger. She looked ~~up~~ at me with her great eyes, and I had not before seen them so soft. "I do not know whether I can honestly thank you," she said. "You will before we have done with each other," I said. "You are not going to torment me?" she said, and her eyes dilated with horror. "Certainly not," I answered, "except to persuade you to do what is right be to torment you." She was silent, and I went on. "Will you tell me," I said, "how you change yourself into the white leopard?" I do not need to know for I am your master now, but I might be able to help you if I knew." "I do nothing," she answered. "I just be one." "Well," I returned, "the next time you are wanting to be one, don't be one." "Ah but I can't help it." "So long as you don't help it, you will be in the power of your enemy to

make a princess a beast as often as he pleases. He likes to get into you and then you are not yourself any more; you are you & he together. Then you think you are taking your own way -- and so you are, but <sup>at the time,</sup> you are taking his way much more than your own. You know what kind of things you do when you are pleasing yourself! Look there!" And I showed one of the triangular marks on my arm. "Is it your own self alone that would do a thing like that?" She looked ashamed -- the first show of shame I had ever seen on her face? "You lost this lovely thing," I said, "because you would please your own self by throwing it at me to drive me away! There is the mark of it on my forehead! Why did you care so much for it if you could part with it so lightly?" "I believed it was of value." "What good did it ever do you?" "None that I know of." I had it in my hand and passed it to the other, when my hand filled with water and I threw it on her as we walked through the wood. "Oh!" she cried, "how good it is! It will make me good!" "No, it cannot do that! You yourself must want and try to be good, else it is no use. It is helping you now but it cannot make you. It is bringing back the thought of a time when you were much better than you are now, when you loved your mother, and the black-browed man had never come by your door at night, and taught you to make yourself beautiful to him by --" I showed her my arm again. "What am I to do!" she cried. "When he comes he makes me feel strong to do what he tells me." "But think how weak he leaves you when he goes away!" "Yes; then I hate myself." "Wherever he has once been, he always comes

and comes again. Do you know that all the night long he was prowling about the camp trying to get in to you?" "Yes, I knew it and lay trembling. How was it that he did not?" "It was because you lay in the midst of the children? A child is stronger than the being whose power you obey!" "How can a child be stronger?" Because he is not alone. In the true child the strongest of all dwells, for he is as a child himself." "How am I to keep him out of me? "I cannot be always in the midst of children." "And if you were, you would never be quite clear of him. As long as he could get in it were not for something else outside of you, he is almost getting in. The only place he cannot get into is one where he is driven from the door by the person that dwells in that house. It is not possible for her to send him out once he is in, but there is a watcher always ready to help her who tries to keep the door shut and not let him in. Sometimes he goes away of himself, but then if the person does not make haste to get the strong watcher to come in and take his room he is sure to come back & make her worse than ever. When he comes again you must keep him out, and keep keeping him out, and then all the things in all the universe will come in to help you. There is however a way to get rid of him altogether, and drive him from you like a howling dog, but I cannot tell it to you now. I am going to tell you, if I find you a true woman but not yet, for I am not sure of you yet." Then we walked on in silence for a long while. The next night we spent on the border of the land of the dwarfs. Again we were besieged all night long in our camp. The children



slept through it undisturbed; and the princess slept, but as often as I looked down on her, I saw the sweat pouring from her forehead. Was it he that was making her dream? If it was, and that in spite of the children, then she was resisting him. I woke her. "Come," I said, "we will meet him together!" She rose trembling, and I led her through multitude of the [??] the sleeping children, and out of the charmed environs of the camp. But I took care to have my sword in my hand. We walked a little way on to the plain, she trembling a little as if with cold. "I will help you," I said, "but the victory that sets you free must be your own: it cannot be mine." The moon was halfway down in the west, a clear, thoughtful waning moon, whose radiance fell wide all over the country round, mottling all the land with short shadows. Suddenly she was eclipsed as if the shadow of the world lay upon her. We looked up. She was still visible, but seemed to send out no light. A thick film of something lay over her patient beauty; for that which ~~has~~ but reflected light always must need patience. Then the film swept off to one side, and I saw against her light the jagged outline of a hooked bat-like wing. "He is coming, princess!" I said. "Be strong & keep him out." A cold wind with a kind of burning sting in it blew over us. The princess would have fallen to the earth but I said "Stand, and meet him like a princess. Some thing I could neither see nor feel yet shook me from head to foot, but I stood. The next moment the princess turned and sprang upon me. She was nearly my height. She tore my one garment from my shoulder, and took the flesh in her teeth. I did not move. "Now is your chance, princess!" I cried. "For all he urges you,

would have  
and makes you think it is you and not he that ~~wants~~ it, do not.

It will be the grandest victory if you do not yield now. You see I do not resist you. I would have you overcome. She seemed to sob, but it was not a sob. She heeded no word I said. Suddenly a sharp pang went through me. Then I knew that the triangle had <sup>burst</sup> ~~broken~~ the gates of my life, and that life from me was flowing into the foul hollows of a life in death. A moment more and I should have fallen and for the time all would have been lost. Swiftly I laid the cold blade of steel along her back, reaching over her shoulder. She shuddered violently. Again the cold stinging wind enveloped us, again the moon was eclipsed. The princess lay at my feet, but did not touch me. "Rise," I said. "Another failure!" "Bind me hand and foot!" she said. "I am vile, but do not cast me out." "I will not. But you love yourself, and while you love yourself, he will come & come & come. You are not good." [??] "I know it; I know it; I hate myself; but if you knew what the longing was like!" "If you knew what it was like -- how vile it looks to that moon! But you do not." Go and lie down. We start in the morning for the house of Death!" "You are going to kill me?" "That would be no good. I could do that now & here at once. But what good would that do you?" "It would rid you of me." "I do not want to be rid of you. I want you to be rid of the other! There is no way for it but you must die. I must help you, as I am now doing, to slay yourself." "I never can do that!" "Not without help." We went back to the camp, She lay down, and again I watched all night, and in the morning we came to the orchard valley where dwelt the half grown dwarfs.

“Oh there’s home!” cried the children. “We’ll go and see father and mother!” “Go,” I said; “and as many of you as please can remain with them. As many of you as would like to be taught more, come back here in an hour.” They ran away with shouts and laughter. I went after them to the verge of the valley. The place was as we had left it. The sun was up, but the people all asleep. Some of the trees were dead, and some stood rotting upheld by the overgrown mass of the crowded foliage. There were no signs of cutting down -- of any effort after restraint & betterment. I went to look at the well I had dug. It was dried up, and the grass had grown high above it. There was no sign that footsteps had sought the place. Yet the trees near it looked the only healthy ones I saw. I went back to the place where I had left the lady with Astarte and the bears. She was lying with her arm round the neck of the panther, and <sup>she</sup> ~~she~~ was licking her hand.

Before ~~At~~ the end of the hour, the children came running back but not shouting as they went away. Some were weeping; all were silent. A few were missing, but I knew at once which they were; for ~~not~~ all children I knew every child of my army. “Well?” I said. “Mother would not <sup>are</sup> ~~are~~ not children. have me!” they said, one after the other. “If we could do without her we had much better go,” mine said.” “Mine said we were a great expense and there was some chance of getting on if only we would stay away. So we came back to you.” Here there was a general burst of weeping. “I want you if your mothers don’t,” I said. “Come along.” Then they dried their tears; some mounted their bears; some got upon Astarte; others crowded beside the lovely lady who lay on her

cushion and was again carried by the four bears, for she was very white and unhappy. The little ones did what they could to cheer her, but she hardly heeded them, only gave one a kiss now & then. I may mention here that the next time I saw that valley, the orchard was full of small wild beasts. I went among them, and knew by their faces who they were. But that was not until long after. The children are all right as you shall hear. I do not know how it is but every time that I had to cross the terrible swamp, it was at night, and every time, I went to the house of Death it was in the evening or the night. I was afraid for the children, for how easily, I said to myself, would not ~~one~~ of those horrors pick one out here and there and swallow him before I could interfere. But I soon learned I need have no fear for them. I ought to have remembered that the last time I passed, the enemy lay still as a stone until I was passed over. But then I had gone through the cold house and these little ones had not. Still something told me that I must not delay; that if I would rescue the princess there was no time to be lost. We came to the swamp after the moon was down. It was lighted up <sup>through</sup> ~~to~~ its every watery cavern -- none the less terrible for that. The serpent-stone must still be there! Astarte leaped fearlessly upon it. So did the children -- the first half <sup>of them --</sup> looking down with curious eyes into the deeps but not making out the shapes they saw there. I But when the bears ~~with~~ that bore Astarte stepped on the shaking quags, the whole horrid brood was in a sudden uproar. The whole pit boiled & heaved. They wanted the <sup>princess,</sup> ~~woman~~ whether ~~to~~

as a companion of their life or to devour I do not know.

On all sides around the little army as it went on, arose long necks with billed heads, and tried to reach across those of the children to reach the lady, and for a moment or two at first for all the efforts we could not be on both flanks in front and at the rear of Astarte and myself, for ^ it seemed as if one of them must catch at once, her by the arm and lift her aloft over their heads. But the danger was caused, negatively, by the momentary terror of the children at the horrible creatures that appeared around them. The next moment instead of shrinking from them they began with ~~little~~<sup>small</sup> feet and chubby fists to fall foul of the presumptuous monsters. They punched and they kicked, they cleared the way and defended the flanks in an untiring and most childlike manner, and when the lady saw how the innocent fought for her, the longing I know grew hot in her heart to be innocent like them. One little one, finding his antagonist too unimpressionable in front ~~quite~~ came to me complaining he could not get the beast to mind him or even look at him, and begging for one cut of my sword. I gave it him but went behind him not sure of what might happen. The child took the sword in both hands & dealt such a downright blow on the leg of the monster, the only place he could well reach that the creature gave a snort, looked down at the child and dived out of sight with a great splash. Then he gave me the sword with a word and smile of thanks and flew at the head. Slowly we fought our way onward. What we saw beneath and around us was terrible, but we were glad that it was lighted up, else I do not know how we should have got through: we should of course!

At length we gained the shore. The children crowded on the bank. The bears could not get up with their litter so easily, and for one moment the princess was left unguarded. A shapeless jelly dashed upon her, with a poisonous outburst. A white dove dropped <sup>upon</sup> ~~into~~ her ~~lap~~ and began making holes in the jelly with her beak. It rolled off into the marsh with a squelching sound. The princess moaned, and said it seemed to set her on fire: she was sure she must be one blister such was the pain. I got my sapphire and sprinkled her well with it, and the pain departed. The dove hopped down as soon as the bears were on the firm land, and then with its whiteness, which was all the light we had, she led the way to the house of the sexton. The door stood open, but the cottage would not hold the fifth part of us, crowded ever so much. "I have brought you a great company tonight, Eve!" I said. "We are glad to see you all." "Of course you cannot give us all beds, and indeed I am not anxious about more than one," I returned; "but one, if you please, I must have, for this lady." "I can lie <sup>my cushions,</sup> ~~on the mattress~~ she said. "Ah no, dear lady, You must go to bed!" said the woman, "But we can put you all up -- all but you -- you don't want any more sleep. You took out all your dying at once." "Surely," I said, "the little ones don't need that sleep!" "Everyone does. It is the only way to sit down with Someone. He did too. You'll see how those little ones will go to bed! I know the sort! My husband is busy getting the beds ready for them." "You frighten me," said the princess. "Come in at once for mercy sake!" cried the woman, and she <sup>lifted</sup> ~~drew~~ the princess from her litter and carried her in, and shut the door in haste. "The children!"

“No harm will come to them,” she answered. The same moment a blast of wind dashed against the house, and made it rock, then died moaning away. The princess looked like a corpse. “It is he,” she murmured. “Who?” I said. “The big black bat,” said the woman, but he can hurt no one in here. You may open the door to the children now.” If that is your friend, will you go to him? The door is open!” I said to the princess. “No, no, no!” she cried. “I know what I deserve; but pardon me once more.” “If you do not go to bed where this woman, I know her well, will show you, he will have you again, and then you will try to kill me.” “I know. I will die. I will not be his horrid friend anymore. How am I to do it.” “If you lay yourself down on that bed, you will never die; but his power over you will die, and he will be as much afraid of you as he is of this sword I carry.” “Kill me with it.” “No, you must die. It won’t do to kill you. I could not kill you. The only one who can kill you is the black bat, and when he kills you you never know you are dead, but do whatever he likes and think you are doing it yourself.” “I will go. Please, hostess, if you will show me my room! I am very tired and not fit to live!” The woman lighted her candle, and led the way to the strangely shaped door. As she opened it, Adam met her. When he saw the lady, “Let <sup>her see</sup> the children go to bed first,” he said; “that will encourage sleep. ~~die~~ She is afraid to ~~die~~ She thinks it is death! You know better, my son!” The chill air made the princess shiver, and she was scared at the sight that dimly met her eyes in the poor light of Eve’s one candle -- so many people asleep! such a great room! But at the motion of the

woman she stepped aside. The sexton was gone out to call in the children. I looked about, and saw no beds prepared. The same forms, so far as I could see and distinguish yet lay on the same couches, and had not moved since I had seen them last. The children came running in on their bare little feet. They came dancing merrily up to the strange-shaped door, but not a sound crossed the threshold of it. The darkness, the cold, the silence, the something mysterious and strange about the place made them still. Then they began to talk in suppressed voices, almost whispering. "What a curious place to sleep in!" said one. "It's so cold!" said another. "Yes, it is a cold chamber," said our host the sexton, "so you had better go to bed at once." "Where shall we go?" they said. "Go and choose," said he. "Sleep wherever you like." They all scattered over the place, running fearlessly on into the darker parts. "Oh!" cried one to Eve, who kept as near as she could in the middle of them with her candle, "I see such a beautiful lady! May I sleep with her? I will creep in so quietly, and not wake her!" "Yes, you may," said Eve. The little fellow crept under the sheet, and lay quite still, looking out for a moment. But quickly his eyelids fell, and he was white as the woman he lay beside. "Mamma! Mamma!" cried another little thing, and crept into the bed. "Oh, she's so cold! I'll make her warm." He crept close to her and put his arms round her. In one moment he was asleep with the sweetest smile of contentment on his face. "My mamma won't have me!" said a third peeping up over the edge of another bed: "will you have me?" And receiving no reply he began to climb up and was presently under the snowy sheet.



Thus every one of them sought and found at least an unobjecting bed fellow, and in a few minutes every child lay still and white by the side of a still white woman, asleep in the arms of the holy Death. Then I turned to the princess. "Come," I said, "let us follow and find your couch. Eve led the way, she followed, then I, and then Adam." "How awfully cold it is!" she said. "When it is cold enough," I answered, "it will begin to be pleasant." "How do you know about it?" she asked. "Because I have gone through it." "Then you know what you say to me?" "I do." But you are alive!" "Very much alive!" I answered; "and you can never be alive, you do not know what life is until you have gone to sleep in this holy cemetery!" "He cannot come here?" she said, with sudden terror as we walked along. "No; he cannot. Not one of your dreams will he disturb. If ever he come here it will be to lie down on one of those beds of his own will and go to sleep. He does not know himself that the day must come when he will do that. Now he is the terrible thing that all the horses in heaven start and rear at the sight of except one white one!" "I will; I will!" I heard her saying to herself as we went along. We came to an empty bed. I looked on this side and that, and knew it. "There," I said, "that is where I lay, and had the sweetest of dreams, and woke so blessed in the morning. I think I had some bad dreams at first, but when I woke I had forgotten them all." She said not another word, but laid down the sheet, and stretched herself out <sup>straight</sup> ~~of~~ with a sigh of safety. "Would you like Astarte to be at your feet?" "Yes, please." I called Astarte, who came bounding. I told her what was required of her. She sprang on

the bed and lay down on the princess's feet. I looked at the princess:  
 she was already asleep. I turned to Astarte: she slept also. We left  
 the ~~great~~<sup>long</sup> hall of death, and went forth to await the morning. We  
 sat and talked and I learned many things, but whether I was passing  
 through a vision, or other people were alive in it as well as myself,  
 even as it seemed to me, I could not get Adam to say. He would not  
 even tell me even whether he was librarian or sexton, not even  
 whether he was the old Adam or the new man, whether Eve was  
 the old Eve or the new Jerusalem. I seemed in a maze about everything.  
 But the sexton said, "the night is here, and the morning is at hand: hold fast.  
 The night positive is aorund us; you cannot, but I hear the slow  
 flap of the bat-wings against every side of the cottage. There is one  
 he loves inside -- that is one he would devour because she is pleasing  
 to him -- for that is what the children of the night in every world call  
 love -- the same love that makes the swine devour their young. But  
 the sun is coming; I hear him not neither see him; nor can I prove  
 to any soul that he is coming, but I believe it and hold fast." The  
 old man rose as he spoke; his wife rose also; they looked at each  
 other and smiled; and from their mouths and faces the smiles spread  
<sup>two</sup>  
 over their bodies, and ere I could say they are changing, before me stood  
 the two angels of the resurrection; his countenance was like lightning,  
 and she held in her hand a napkin that flung great flakes of splendour  
 about the place. Then they sat down again and I saw Adam and Eve --  
 the sexton of the world, and the keeper of the church-library. The night  
 began to thin. A moaning wind began to blow in pulsing gusts. "You

hear his wings now?" said the sexton. And I said I heard them. "He will depart presently," he added, "for he has a devil within him that will not let him rest." "A devil," said I. "Yes," he answered; "he has himself within himself, and therefore is himself -- the devil." "But is there not a something deeper yet in him, for he did not make himself!" The old man smiled and said nothing, and with that I heard as of rush of wings, and saw that the room was lighter. "Come," said the sexton, "and you shall see a sight to make God glad." We rose and followed him to the chamber of death. We had scarcely entered when he said, "Hear the golden cock that sits on the clock of the universe!" I listened, and heard, but oh so far away! -- millions of miles away, it seemed -- a clean jubilant outcry from a golden throat, the <sup>by</sup> notes that sang in defiance of the gates of Hell, the <sup>creation</sup> infinite troubled universe of God, his better chaos, nor yet his kingdom. "Amen, bird of God!" cried the old man, and the words rang through the silent house ~~spaces~~, and seemed to go on and on into the infinite spaces. But at the sound of it like the rising of a cloud of white doves with wings of silver from among the potsherds, up sprang the army of little ones, calling aloud, "Crow again, golden cock." They leaped on the floor, and began hugging and kissing each other as if they had been parted for centuries or rather, as was the truth, as if they were new born and found their real selves each in the others. Then they came running to me, and such faces for gladness I had never seen -- ~~as~~ such gladness I had never even dreamed of in my own soul into which it went. One caught sight of Astarte as he passed the foot of the princess's bed. He reached up and threw his arms round the great sleeping head. "Wake up, Astarte!"

he said. But Astarte slept on. "She has slept herself cold!" said the child, and went up to look in the bed. "Wake up, princess!" he cried. "It is morning, and we must ~~be~~ go." But the princess slept on. "He touched her. "She is cold too!" he said, ~~the~~ and looked round with a wondering dismay, in eyes that searched for comfort. Adam went up to him. "Her wake is not ripe yet!" he said. "She is busy forgetting, and when she has forgotten enough she will be ripe, and will wake." But as the old man spoke, the child spied another child that lay by her side -- the only one of the company that had not sprung to answer the golden cock. "Peter!" he cried. "Wake, Peter! we are all awake but you!" But the child did not wake, and the other child wept. "Let him sleep. He's not quite ripe for waking yet. Let him wait for his mother! He is quite happy. The princess, the child, and Astarte will wake together and not be lonely even for a moment." So we set out. It was the most glorious of resurrection mornings, for all mornings are resurrections, and all springtime and all lamentations. But now the order of our march was different. I used to lead the children, in the time past; but now they took the lead, and I followed. The butterflies and darting dragons hovered about the heads of the children in a cloud of colours and flashes, sometimes falling down on them and rising again like a <sup>snow</sup> ^ storm of many-coloured flakes, as they flew on. I came after with the bears and all the other creatures about me. And when we set out, it was not in the direction of the fearful swamp. We had done with that and the worm that dwelt in it. We went on through the cold sleepers on and on, and came at last to a huge iron-bound and iron-studded door. It seemed to open of itself as we drew near but

His father  
wakes with  
the children

1

there were those that opened it though we could not see them. What a  
 burst of glory was it that rushed into our souls as the two leaved gates gave  
 way. I looked back ~~as we stepped~~ <sup>when we had got</sup> a little way off, and beheld the front of  
 a splendid church, but all in ruins, more than half-fallen, but on the  
 highest peak that was left stood the golden cock that shouted to the universe.  
 It was a summer day like the best in the world I had met, but somehow  
 it was different by being more like itself. The new heavens and the  
 new earth were the same, only I saw into the soul of them -- or rather  
 the souls of them, of everything I met, came into me, and made friends  
 with my soul, and told me we ~~all~~ came from the same place, and meant  
 the same thing different ways, and I was going to him and they were always  
 with him where they were for the never had meant anything but him  
 for they were only the lightning that took shape as it flashed from him  
 to me. Something like this was the talk that everything held with us as we  
 went. ~~It wanted nothing of the foregone~~ <sup>But whither we were going I knew</sup> but vaguely. The children had  
 taken the lead, and I followed, not altogether blindly, but altogether willingly.  
 The country now was richly diversified. We walked over soft meadows  
 filled with the sweetest of flowers, who -- for which had nearly dropped out  
 of our vocabulary -- who looked up in our faces with a clear meaning in  
 their own, and whatever that meaning was, there was a welcome mingled  
 with it. We came to deep rivers, into which the children threw themselves  
 with joyous cries, and sported as they swam. But they never paused in  
 their onward way. They took everything as it came, and let it go as it  
 went. We came to thick forests with many a pillar supporting their  
 "high embowed roofs," and the children would often climb the trees

as they went following the squirrels of their army, going up one side  
 and along the roof and down on the other rather than go round the ~~the~~  
 trunk -- but so swiftly it was but a frolic of a moment's delay; they  
 were up with the rest in a moment or two. We came to great  
 mountains, where sometimes they seemed to know <sup>the</sup> a path of the  
 serpent through beneath, sometimes led us straight up precipices  
 where they only saw the steps which it was possible to climb, and  
 I and the bears only after they had used them. <sup>My father and I walked together.</sup> ~~Once we came to a great~~  
 At first we did not say much. I had always loved my father but had  
 been brought up in a certain awe of him, so that I could not much  
 as I was moved to speak, begin the conversation; and as he seemed  
 inclined to silence my heart went on smouldering in me, and no  
 flame burst forth. But I had no doubt that all was right between  
 us, for in him who has slept in the eternal cemetery, there is no  
 dividing element left when he wakes. So I waited without fear. And  
 then I knew that a tide was gathering, a spring swelling in both  
 our hearts that would presently break forth, as of itself without a  
 conscious will of the speaker. By and by we saw before us a great  
 city, built somehow like a city of old on a plain around a mountain  
 and up the sides of the mountain to where the great palace stood  
 among the clouds. Never had I seen such a glorious show of  
 city. The moment it came in view, my father turned to me, and  
 we fell <sup>in the</sup> ~~in~~ each other's arms. <sup>we</sup> "The one thing I have of all in the  
 world we have left is our love," he said. "I love you more than ever  
 I loved you. I watched you for a long time after I left you, and even through

a time when you thought far too much of yourself, I loved you as my own. I knew you were a little afraid of me, and I did not know how to cure that without doing you harm, and I thought it, and yet believe that it was safer to let you grow up to the discovery of my real feelings than to try to make you know them before you could understand them. Now tell me what you are thinking." "I ~~am~~ want to tell you how sorry I am that I did not understand you better," I said. "But I always loved you. That is what brought me here. For I was always longing to be able to tell you I was sorry that I had not made it the aim of my life to serve you." "No," he replied; "that you could not do: It is only the head of the clan -- the father of all that you can give your live to serve. For do you not know that the nearer we come to that great city there, with the palace in the clouds, the more I feel that I am not your father!" "Father! father! you will break my heart!" I cried. "No, no;" he answered. "I am going to make you very happy. You have heard in the days when you used to read the old book, 'One is your father, and all you are brothers!' In a few miles more, you and I will know that we are brothers, dearer than any brothers in the world you have left, because I was your father there, and because now we know the father of us both. The father of fathers and of sons is one and the same. Come, come! My heart is <sup>find</sup> longing to ~~go to~~ him as your heart never could have longed to find me. The relation is so infinitely closer, and brings us his children so immeasurably closer!" "I shall always think of you as my father!" I said. "As the father," he returned, "through whom you came to go home to the

real father." For an hour we walked in silence. The children sped on before, never looking behind them. Great clouds gathered about the palace on the mountain-top. Gray and dark and purple they began to move as against each other and toss and gyrate. Suddenly a blinding flash played about the little army, but it blinded none of them. We heard them through the great darkness that followed, in which we could not see our way although we held on our way, we following the children led, talking to each other. "Did you see?" "I saw! Yes, I saw!" "What did you see?" "The beautifullest man I ever saw." "I heard him speak!" "What did he say?" "He said, 'You's all mine, little ones! Come on.'" With that there came another flash, and then my eyes were opened too, and we saw that the great quivering flash that played about us was all made of angel-faces, that lamped themselves visible for a moment, crowding and centring, and then-fvanishing. We walked on and on. These were the messengers that came to welcome us. A third flash came: it was full of the faces of men & women and children. A fourth: it was full of the souls of all kinds of creatures, beasts & birds. "Oh such horses! such dogs! such creatures we had never before seen! Strong birds with wings that seemed to cover half the heavens, with beaks that would not tear and claws that would not carry away. Oh such cranes! and flamingoes! And such pigeons and peacocks! all in one heavenly flash." I said my old pony!" I said to my father. I am sure it was she!" "I saw her too! The father has taken care of her for us!" Then the lightning ceased, her too! The father has taken care of her for us!" Then the sky cleared and

Father & mother  
child



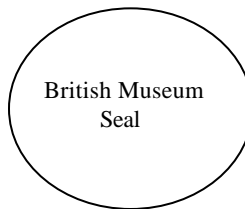
And all the time it had not thundered. Then came a sweet rain,  
 and it made us so cool, and breathe so deep, and step out with  
 such strong strides! Before it was over the sun came out, but  
 the rain was better than the sun, and shone like all the gems we  
 knew on the earth. "Now I know," said my father, "why he gives  
 precious stones to them that dwell on the earth! -- It is because  
 they cannot always have the sun and rain of this country whence  
 they went out to make them glad!" The clouds gathered again, and  
 the rain fell in torrents. Still and always it made us cooler and  
 happier, and we walked faster & faster. The children indeed had  
 begun to run, and we had to walk faster to keep up with them. We  
 were all put to it before long to keep up with the youngest child even -- bears and  
 all except the dragonflies, who took to <sup>shooting</sup> flying as straight ahead  
 as arrows. Then suddenly we came to the margin of a great full  
 river that ran in great volumes of rushing water through the  
 midst of such a meadow! such grass! such daisies & butter cups  
 and crocuses and Narcissi, and anemones! And they all  
 went on growing in the bottom of the river just the same as  
 on the banks of it, only they were larger and lovelier underneath  
 the waves. And they did not break off or lose a petal, though the  
 water bent them nearly to the earth and rushed along. With a great  
 shout of jubilation, the children dashed into the rushing sweeping  
 radiant almost silent river. And one wonderful thing was that,  
 although there was such a torrent of rain, which had hardly yet  
 ceased yet not one turbid spot was to be seen upon the face or in

the bosom of the limpid waters, which took a pale green tint as of a pale beryl from the grass over which it ran so deep and strong. They plunged in with a shout, and were swept away swimming strong in the great torrent. We followed all of us and swam, but were borne far down to the ~~the~~ torrent -- else how should we have found the great stairs that went right into the water -- stairs of malachite and porphyry, that rose higher and higher on the crown of arches that rose higher and yet higher toward the city. Out upon these stairs the children scrambled, in ones and twos in threes and fours, now a dozen and now but one, and oft at full speed up and up. The stairs went right across the tops of the houses in the plain, and straight to the palace gates. The children were almost breathless such a climb it was before they reached them. An angel, as like Albert Dürer's Melancholia as she could look sat at the open gate. They tumbled on her in swarms. She tried to stop them, that their entrance if it was permitted might be decent and orderly. It was no use; they overcrowded her and away up more stairs & more. Then came more angels down meeting them. They swarmed upon them that they could move neither hands nor feet, and pushing up and up they went till they were filling the street of the city within the last of the gates, and the woman angels had crowded out upon them, and caught them one by one and taken them away and fed them and put them to bed. So was the kingdom of heaven taken by storm by the children of the dwarfs. "Ah!" said the colonel of the guard, "it is good! I wanted another corps of infantry to send against

a certain army of black bats I hear of on the outskirts! These  
 will make short work of them! <sup>I will</sup> ~~They~~ have them properly armed as  
 soon as the darlings are rested!" The name of the colonel was  
 Cacourgos Heteros. Then he saw us and the bears. "Take these animals  
 to the royal stables," he said, "and turn the rest into the king's ground."  
 Then approach us, he bowed low, and without a word more than  
 "Welcome home!" he turned and led the way still further. How  
 my heart felt now, thoughts cannot form themselves to tell. All  
 my life I had wanted I knew not what, and now the thing I wanted  
 but knew not was about to be given me. We went in at a  
 lovely gate, but what it was made of I could not tell, but it had  
 something to do with what the sunrise is built of. I talk foolishly,  
 but I cannot help it. Then I saw the source of the great river we had  
 crossed. It came rushing from among rocks -- oh with what a  
 perfect plentifulness! and something seemed built over it from  
 beneath which it came out but it was neither a bridge nor a house  
 nor a church. What it was I could not see for a white cloud upon it  
 but I knew that that was the cloud out of which had come the lightning  
 alive with livings. But before we got up to it along the torrent dash of  
 the <sup>live</sup> water, the white cloud <sup>sank</sup> ~~came~~ down to us -- close to us. A hand came  
 out of the cloud and took that of my father, and drew him within  
 the whiteness. Then the hand came out ~~of~~ again and took my left hand,  
 and the hand was warm and soft and strong -- the very hand of ~~loving~~  
~~for~~ a brother, and drew me along by the edge of the cloud to a little door  
 with a golden lock that I saw just through the edge of the cloud.

gently  
This the hand opened and pushed me through. ~~I heard the~~  
~~click of the book as it closed behind me~~ I turned quickly,  
but saw only the board of a large clasped volume close, and heard  
little  
~~and~~ it lock shut with a ^ click. I turned again -- and lo,  
I stood in the morning room of ~~my~~ the house where I was  
born, and my sister and her friend sat at the table at  
breakfast. They ~~said~~ bade me good morning as if  
I had just come in from the garden. Afterward, when  
I told them some things, they said I had dreamed. But  
I have my own thoughts.

Life was rather dull for a while; but a comforter  
was given me, and the name of my comforter is  
Hope.



### **David L. Griffith**

David Griffith received his Bachelors of Arts in English from Virginia Polytechnic Institute and State University in 1998. While an undergraduate, he concentrated his studies in both Medieval English Literature and Critical Theory. As a graduate teaching assistant in Virginia Tech's English Department, David taught Freshman English for two academic years. His concentration in the Masters program was again in Critical Theory, although the majority of his research was on George MacDonald and *Lilith*. David is currently an editorial assistant for the *Journal of Quality Technology*.