ANCIENT TALES FROM MANY LANDS

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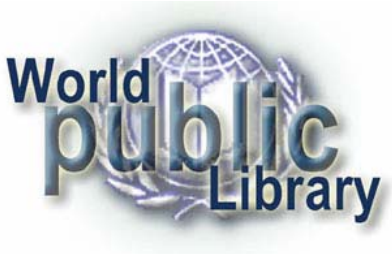

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ANCIENT TALES FROM MANY LANDS

PLATE I

MAUI : THE POLYNESIAN CULTURE HERO

Carved Wooden Image in the Museum, University College of Wales. Aberystwyth

ANCIENT TALES FROM MANY LANDS

A COLLECTION OF FOLK STORIES

BY

R. M. FLEMING

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

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PREFACE

Before Miss Fleming became known for her work on behalf of the Geographical Association, she had attained a reputation among teachers for her wide reading of folk traditions, and her skill in using folk tales for teaching children social geography and history. By reading the tales in the original in several languages, and in literal translations by native writers in most others, Miss Fleming has tried to get at the spirit of the tales, and her scientific spirit is well shown in the choice of illustrations for this book. Teachers will welcome illustrations that are in the spirit of tradition, and the children who read the book will be even more pleased by them. Interpretations are suggested, and comments added, from the point of view of the researcher, and Miss Fleming's high standard has recently been brought out by her valued contributions to both the Geographical and the Anthropological Sections of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at Edinburgh, 1921. There is thus behind the present book, in spite of its simplicity of form and directness of appeal, a long course of reading and thought, a weight of learning, and an almost unique successful teaching experience, a combination rare enough to give the book a special interest.

The progress of research has shown of late how much truth there is behind what were supposed to be fanciful Greek tales, and we are ever learning new meanings

behind the Hebrew traditions. It is almost certain that research will bring out, in similar fashion, points of value in British tradition, which have been too long neglected, largely because of a faulty view of history. It has been too lightly assumed that the "Anglo-Saxons" cleared out the earlier peoples of Britain, or chased them into Wales, and so traditions of pre-English Britain have been considered "alien" by English-speaking people. This view is being corrected by fuller knowledge, and so our older traditions claim fresh study, and it is important to try, as this book does, to spread a proper grasp of the interpretation of tradition.

The authoress is right in endeavouring to draw geography and history nearer to one another, and to encourage the teaching of both together, provided the teacher deals with social geography and social history on a world basis rather than a national one. By right use of folk tale, as suggested in this book, notions of chronology can be given a reality and a value difficult to attain otherwise, and the pupil can be led to appreciate on the one hand the common humanity of the world's peoples, and on the other the diversities of their long struggles with differing environments. We have here a channel of approach to the study of humanity freed from the blighting influence of the idea of the State as power; we are led to see men facing differing problems, and moulding themselves differently according to the solutions found or attempted. The spread of thought and teaching on such lines would not only influence greatly the breadth of education and the outlook of future citizens, it would also help not a little towards diminishing foolish and ignorant prejudices which now divide the world's peoples. To do this is to promote mutual understanding and appreciation based upon a rich foundation

of knowledge, and that is the central aim of the authoress' work in this and in allied fields.

The teacher will find the special chapters written for him of great value, as they come from a school teacher of long experience, and not from a professorial or an arm-chair critic of the schools, and indeed the mind of the teacher is strongly in evidence, alongside of that of the careful student, throughout this book, which should spread far and wide amongst the schools of the country, as well as among those who try to interpret tradition, and who will no doubt welcome it cordially.

H. J. FLEURE

January 1922

FOREWORD

For the suggestion which led to the collection of these tales, and for anything in the book which is of any value, I am indebted to Dr H. J. Fleure, Professor of Geography and Anthropology, University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, and I am happy to have this opportunity of recording my gratitude to him. I should also like to thank Mr J. D. Williams, Librarian to the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, for much valuable help in the matter of getting the necessary books. Mr Harold J. E. Peake, Honorary Curator of the Museum, Newbury, and Dr A. C. Haddon, F.R.S., Reader in Ethnography, Cambridge, gave me much valuable help and criticism.

My very grateful thanks are due to Mr E. N. Fallaize, Honorary Secretary of the Royal Anthropological Institute, for help in choosing and collecting the above illustrations; and to the Council of the Royal Anthropological Institute for permission to reproduce Plate II. from the Journal of the Royal Anthropological Institute, and Plate III. from *Man*; to the Director and Trustees of the British Museum for Plate VIII. from the *Guide to the Babylonian and Assyrian Antiquities in the British Museum*, and Plate VI. from *Excavations at Ephesus: The Archaic Artemisia*, as well as for permission to figure Plates VIII. and VII. from the collections of the Ethnographical and the Prints Departments respectively. In connection with the last named, I have to thank Mr T. Athol Joyce, of

the Ethnographical Department, and Mr Lawrence Binyon, of the Prints Department, for their kind assistance. I am indebted to the Committee of the British School at Athens for permission to reproduce Plate IV. from Vol. IX., Plate 3 of the Report of the British School at Athens, and to the Honorary Curator of the Museum, Univ. Coll. Wales, Aberystwyth, for Plate I.

R. M. FLEMING

January 1922

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ANCIENT TALES FROM MANY LANDS

PRINCE FIRE-SHINE AND PRINCE FIRE-SUBSIDE

A JAPANESE STORY

Long ago in Japan there was a prince named Prince Rice-in-Plenty, who ruled over the fertile plain called the Land of Fresh Rice Ears. This land is opposite to the Land of Korea.

Now, when Prince Rice-in-Plenty left his place in heaven and came to rule this land, he pushed aside the eight-fold clouds, and came floating across the Floating Bridge of Heaven to the fair land of the Thousand Rice Ears.

When the Prince saw it, he exclaimed, "This is a land on which the morning sun shines straight, and which the evening sun makes bright. So it is an exceedingly good place."

He built himself a palace of stout rock pillars, and made great wooden crossbeams, and dwelt there.

Now one day, as he walked abroad, he met the most beautiful princess. So lovely was she that her name was Princess Blossoming Brilliantly, like the flowers upon the trees. At once Prince Rice-in-Plenty fell in love with her, and asked her to marry him.

She replied that he must first ask her father, the King of the Mountains. So Prince Rice-in-Plenty sent a message to her father, asking if he might marry Princess Blossoming Brilliantly.

The King of the Mountains sent back the very ugly sister of the princess, and with her a present, saying that he would be very glad for the prince to marry this ugly elder sister.

Alas ! she was so very ugly that the Prince was quite frightened, and sent her straight back to her father. Then he married the Princess Blossoming Brilliantly.

Now the King of the Mountains was much vexed at this treatment of his elder daughter, and he sent word to the Prince, saying :—

" Had you married my elder daughter, though snow should fall and wind should blow, thy children should have lived for ever like the everlasting rocks. Now, however, they shall be but frail, and shall die like the flowers upon the trees."

So for that reason, it is said, the Emperors of Japan do not have very long lives.

Now they had two children, one named Prince Fire-Shine and one named Prince Fire-Subside. They were given these strange names because a fire broke out in the palace just before they were born, and died down again just afterwards, in time for the children to be saved.

Now, Prince Fire-Shine made his living by fishing on the sea, and caught both great and little fish. But Prince Fire-Subside made his living on the mountains, and hunted for wild animals.

One day Prince Fire-Subside said to his elder brother —" Let us change places, you give me your fish hook, and I will give you my bows and arrows."

For a long time Prince Fire-Shine would not agree to this, but at last he gave in. So Prince Fire-Subside went a-fishing, but alack-a-day ! he never caught a single fish, and what was very much worse, he lost his brother's fish hook in the sea ! Then his brother came and said :— " The mountains have luck for thee, and the sea has luck for me. Come now, give me back my hook."

But Fire-Subside answered, " I can't give you back

the hook, for I did not catch a single fish with it, and at last I lost it in the sea."

But Fire-Shine only kept asking for the hook the more earnestly. Then Fire-Subside took off his huge sabre and broke it in pieces, of which he made 500 fish hooks. These he offered to his elder brother, who would not take them, but only kept on saying, "I want my own first fish hook that brought me luck."

Then Fire-Subside sat by the seashore and wept aloud. Hereupon there came along the Salt King, and asked, "Why are you weeping?" The Prince replied, "I exchanged my bow and arrow for my elder brother's fish hook. Now I have lost the hook, and though I have offered him many fish hooks in exchange, he will not take them. He only keeps on asking for the hook that I have lost."

So the Salt King at once built a beautiful little boat of bamboo strips plaited very tightly. In this he put Prince Fire-Subside, and pushed him off, telling him to go on till he came to a pleasant road. Along this road he was to go in the boat until he came to a palace built like fishes' scales, the palace of the Ocean King.

He added, "When you come to the gate of the palace, you will see a many-branched cassia tree above a well. Sit on the top of the tree till the Ocean King's daughter comes to you."

Everything happened as the Salt King had said, and he climbed up into the cassia tree and sat there.

Soon the maidens of the Sea King's daughter came to the well to draw water. In the well there was a light, so they looked up and saw the beautiful young man in the cassia tree.

They thought it very strange, but when he begged for a drink, they offered him some water in a beautiful jewelled vessel.

Instead of drinking the water, the Prince unloosed the jewel at his neck, and placed it in the vessel, where it stuck so tightly to the sides that the maidens could not

unloose it. So they went back and showed it to the Princess and said, "There is someone sitting in the cassia tree above the well. He is more beautiful even than the King. So when he asked for a drink, we respectfully gave him some water, but, instead of drinking, he placed this jewel in the vessel. As it stuck so tightly to the side that we could not get it off, we brought it to you as a present."

Then the Princess, thinking it all very strange, went and looked at the Prince in the cassia tree. He was so beautiful that she was delighted, and went back to her father saying, "There is a beautiful person at our gate." Then the Sea King himself went out to look, and was so delighted that he brought the Prince into the palace. Here he spread eight layers of sea-lions' skins, and on these eight layers of silk rugs, and begged the Prince to recline on them.

Then he made a great feast, and married Prince Fire-Subside to his daughter. For three years they were very happy together. But one night, the Prince began to think of all that had gone before, and heaved a deep sigh.

This troubled the Princess so much that she said to her father, "For three years the Prince has been very happy, but to-night he heaved a very deep sigh. What can be the matter with him?"

So the Sea King asked Prince Fire-Subside what was the matter, and the Prince told him the whole story of the fish hook. Then the Sea King summoned together all the fish of the sea, both great and small, and asked if any of them had by chance taken the hook.

Now the tai fish complained that it had something sticking in its throat and could not eat. On its throat being examined, the hook was discovered sticking there. It was taken out and washed, and given to Prince Fire-Subside.

Then the Sea King told Prince Fire-Subside to give back the hook to his elder brother, Prince Fire-Shine,

and say to him, "This fish hook is a poor, silly thing, and will make its owner both poor and silly."

The Sea King also said to the Prince, "If Prince Fire-Shine makes low fields, do you make high ones, and if he makes high fields, do you make low ones. As I rule the waters, your elder brother will certainly be ruined."

Then he gave the Prince two beautiful jewels, one to make the tide flow in, and one to make the tide ebb out. He told him that if Prince Fire-Shine grew angry about his fields being ruined, and attacked Prince Fire-Subside, the latter had only to put forth the tide-flowing jewel to drown him. Then, if Fire-Shine expressed his sorrow, Fire-Subside was to put forth the tide-ebbing jewel and let him live.

Having said this, the King called a crocodile, one fathom long, and asked him to take the Prince to the Upper World. He warned the crocodile to do it respectfully, and not to frighten him in mid-ocean.

When he reached the Upper World, Prince Fire-Subside sent back the crocodile, and gave the fish hook to his elder brother, exactly as the Sea King had told him to do.

Upon this, Prince Fire-Shine became poorer and poorer, and came savagely towards Fire-Subside to attack him.

Just as he was about to attack him, Prince Fire-Subside put forth the tide-flowing jewel, and nearly drowned Fire-Shine. Then Fire-Shine expressed his grief, and Fire-Subside put forth the tide-ebbing jewel, and saved his elder brother's life.

This happened several times, and then Prince Fire-Shine bowed his head and promised to be his brother's guard, and to serve him respectfully by day and night.

THE LEGEND OF MAUI

A POLYNESIAN MYTH

MOTHER TARANGA had four sons, whose names all began with Maui. One day she and her sons and relatives were dancing together. Now as they were dancing another little infant crept into the house and hid himself behind the other older Mauis. Taranga came along to count her sons, so that they might stand up ready for the dance. This is how she counted them: "One, that's Maui-taka; two, that's Maui-roto; three, that's Maui-pae; four, that's Maui-waho." Then she saw little Maui and cried, "Hello, where did this fifth child come from?" Then little Maui said, "Ah! I'm your child too." The old woman counted over again, "One, that's Maui-taka; two, that's Maui-roto; three, that's Maui-pae; four, that's Maui-waho." "No, you are not my child. This is the first time that I have seen you." But little Maui would not give in, and stood between the ranks of the dancers saying that he was really her child, till at last Taranga got angry and said, "You be off out of the house at once. You are no child of mine." Then little Maui said, "Come now, mother, don't you remember a little baby that you had, and that died by the seashore, and was buried in the sea foam? Well, the seaweed caught me in its long tangles and wrapped me close. The waves of the sea rocked me in my seaweed cradle. The winds blew me on to the shore, and the soft jelly fish on the long sandy beach rolled themselves around me. Then came along an old man, who saw the birds coming in flocks to peck me to death. He ran quickly and stripped the jelly fish off

me and carried me to his home. There he hung me up in the roof so that I might feel the warm smoke and the heat of the fire, and so I was saved alive by the kindness of that old man. Then I heard about the dance, and so I came here."

When his mother heard all this she cried, "You dear little child. You are my very own child after all. I shall call you Maui-tiki-tiki. Come here and kiss me." When the four elder brothers saw their mother kiss and fondle Maui-tiki-tiki, two of them grew jealous, and began to say that he was not their brother at all. But the other two spoke nobly, and said, "Never mind, let him be our dear brother. In the days of peace remember the proverb, "When you are on friendly terms, settle small quarrels in a friendly way." It is better for us, oh brothers, to be kind to other people. These are the ways in which people gain influence in the world :— By working for food with which to feed others, and by caring for the good of other people more than their own, so that peace may spread through the world." The other two brothers quite agreed with this, so that little Maui-tiki-tiki became one of the family without any quarrelling. When Maui grew older, he became very clever in magic and enchantments, and he also became very fond of mischief.

He noticed that some of the people of his tribe daily carried food as a present to a very old chieftainess of his family. Maui begged to be allowed to take the daily present of food himself to the old lady. For many days he took the food, but, instead of carrying it to the old chieftainess, he hid it each day. At last she guessed that something was wrong, and sniffed, and sniffed, and sniffed, so that she could smell who was hiding her food, and eat him. Presently she smelt the scent of Maui, and prepared to eat him, but Maui called out that he was one of her own family.

"Then why have you treated me in this deceitful way ?" said she. Maui replied that it was because he

wanted her to give him her jawbone, so that he could work enchantments with it. The old lady gave it to him, and he went off with it in high glee.

Not long after this Maui began to think that the days were not nearly long enough. This was because the sun sank into the ocean so very soon after it rose in the morning. He said to his brothers, "Let us catch the sun in a noose, so that we can compel him to go more slowly. Then men will have longer days in which to work for their food." The brothers laughed and said, "Why, no man could go near the sun because of his terrible heat." But Maui told them that he would help them with enchantments. Then they began to spin and to twist ropes to make a noose strong enough to hold the sun. In doing this they found out how to plait flax into square ropes, and flat ropes, and round ropes. At last they had enough ropes ready. Then Maui took the magic jawbone, and his brothers took plenty of food and the ropes, and they all set out. They travelled by night and hid themselves by day, so that the sun should not see them, and went far, far to the east till they came to the spot where the sun rises.

Here they built a long high wall of clay. At each end they built huts of the boughs of trees, in which they could hide themselves. When these were finished, they arranged the loops of the noose. Then the brothers of Maui lay in wait on one side of the place out of which the sun rises, so that they could catch him in the noose. Maui lay in wait on the other side with the enchanted jawbone in his hand, so that he could rush upon the sun and attack him while the brothers held him in the noose. At last the sun came rising out of his place like a red fire, spreading far and wide over the mountains and forests. He rose up and his head and arms went through the noose, so that the brothers could pull the ropes tight around his body. Then the monster began to struggle, and to jerk backwards and forwards, till the snare shook. Out rushed Maui and struck the sun so

fiercely that he cried for mercy. At last they let him go, but he was so much weakened by his wounds that he was never again able to rush swiftly through the sky, but had to creep slowly, so the days became long enough for men to enjoy them.

Some time after this, Maui went out fishing with his brothers. His fish hook was made of carved mother-of-pearl and ornamented with hair from the tail of a dog, so that it looked very beautiful. It was pointed with a bit of the magic jawbone. Maui had noticed that there was too much sea, and not enough land, and so he had determined to fish up some land from the bottom of the sea. This would make islands, so that it would be easier for men to find shelter when crossing the vast ocean. He let down his magic hook, and tugged, and tugged, and tugged, breathing enchantments all the time. His brothers wept and wailed as the sea became churned into foam and bubbles, while the great island heaved up to the top. They were sure they were going to be destroyed. At last, however, the island appeared, and their canoe was grounded on it. Then Maui told his brothers not to eat any fish till he had sacrificed to the gods and goddesses. But the brothers disobeyed him, so the island began to shake and tremble because of the wrath of the gods. That is why the island is rough and uneven, with mountains, and plains, and cliffs. If the brothers had obeyed, the island would have been smooth, and flat, and easy for men to travel upon, just as it was when Maui fished it up from the floor of the ocean.

It was with an enchanted fish hook that Maui fished the island from the depth of the ocean, and if you look at a map you will see that Hawkes Bay is the shape of a fish hook, because Maui's enchanted hook became the cape that stretches far out into the sea there.

One night Maui wickedly got up and went round and put out all the fires left in the cooking houses of each family. Quite early in the morning he called out to the slaves, "I hunger, I hunger. Cook some food

quickly for me." The slaves found that their cookhouse fire had gone out, so they ran to all the other houses in the village to get a light. Alas! all the fires in the village had gone out, so no food could be cooked. The slaves were frightened and would not obey their masters any longer. Then Maui set out to find the goddess of fire and get a light from her. His mother warned him not to play tricks with her. Off set Maui, and soon found the goddess of fire. He told her that he was her grandchild, and begged some fire from her.

The goddess welcomed him gladly, and pulled out one of her nails and gave it to him. As she did this, fire flowed out of the nail. Maui enjoyed seeing her do anything so wonderful, so instead of taking the fire back to the people who were waiting so anxiously for it, he just put it out and went back for some more. He told the goddess that it had gone out, so she pulled out another nail, and exactly the same thing happened. Wicked Maui went a little way, and again put out the fire and went back for some more. When he had done this several times, the goddess said, "Why, the fellow is playing tricks on me." She pulled out her last nail, dashed it on the ground, and set the whole place on fire. Maui rushed to escape, but the flames rushed after him. Then he changed himself into a fleet-winged eagle, but still the flames rushed after him. He tried to cool himself in a pool, but the water was boiling. He tried to fly to the forest to alight on the trees, but they were all burning fiercely. The very earth and sea caught fire, and Maui nearly perished. Suddenly Maui called on the father of winds and storms to send rain to put out the flames that were pursuing him. Immediately heavy lasting rain began to fall and the fire was put out. In fact the goddess of fire only with great difficulty saved a few sparks which she hid in the wood of certain trees so as to keep them from being altogether lost. This is why men have to choose the wood of certain trees, dry

it in the sun, and rub pieces of it together when they want to make a light.

Maui's last act was to seek out the goddess of death, and try to steal her secret from her, so that men need never die. As the young hero set out to seek her, there came to him as companions the small robin and the large robin, the thrush, and the yellow hammer, and every kind of little bird, and the water wagtail. They all started off with Maui in the evening, and found the goddess of death fast asleep. Then Maui said, "My little friends, don't laugh if you see me trying to play tricks on this old woman." The little birds were frightened because she looked so very terrible, and begged Maui to take care of himself. He replied that if only they would not laugh, but would just keep quite quiet till he had played his trick on her, he would not only come through the struggle safely, but would never have to die at all. Then he crept towards the fierce-looking old goddess. He looked so very funny that the little birds had to screw up their tiny little cheeks so as not to laugh. At last the water wagtail couldn't keep his laughter in any longer, and broke out into his loud, merry, cheerful note. Alas! upon this the old woman awoke, saw Maui, and crushed him to death.

So the goddess of death lived, and human beings and plants and animals have had to die ever since.

A BABYLONIAN STORY OF THE CREATION

In the very beginning of things there was no world at all. No reed had yet sprung up. No tree had been created. There were no animals and no plants. No brick had been made, nor were there any cities nor any temples for the city gods. Indeed, there were not even any gods then. There were only two great heaving, confused masses of water, in which dwelt two dragons, one named Apsu, and the other named Tiamat. From the watery waste in which Apsu and Tiamat lived were born the gods, so Apsu and Tiamat felt that they were the father and mother of the gods.

As soon as they were born, the gods tried to bring order and peace into the universe. Now this vexed their father, Apsu, who did not like new ways, and was quite contented to go on in the old wild, watery disorder. So he arose in a great rage and called his servant Mummu, and said to him, "O! Mummu, thou servant that pleasest my spirit, let us go unto Tiamat, my wife, the mother of the gods."

So Apsu and Mummu rose up and went to the mighty Tiamat and lay down before her. And Apsu cried out to his glistening dragon wife, "By day I cannot rest; by night I cannot lie down in peace because of the disturbing ways of the gods, our children. Let us destroy them, and then we can peacefully go on in our old disorderly ways."

When Tiamat heard these words, she felt angry that Apsu had been vexed, and she trampled with rage and cried aloud, and cursed the gods who had disturbed Apsu's old ways. She asked Apsu and Mummu to join her in plotting to get rid of the troublesome gods. Just

as they were making their evil plans, there came along the greatest and wisest of the gods, who was named Ea. He listened, and heard the three of them muttering and growling and snarling curses against the gods. But he was so wise that he thought of a plan by which he got rid of Apsu at once, and put Mummu, his servant, in prison. So for a time the gods were able to go on trying to get things into order again.

But unfortunately Ea had had to leave Tiamat in her watery waste, and she was more madly enraged against the gods than before, because of the loss of her husband, Apsu. She was restless and full of evil plans, and ready to rebel against the gods. She soon found a helper in one of the gods who had quarrelled with his brothers. Together, they planned to destroy the gods, and Tiamat created eleven huge monsters to help her. These great creatures had ugly teeth of a most alarming size, and poison in their veins instead of blood. They were so very strong and powerful that it seemed as if nothing could now save the gods. Besides these monsters, she created wild, roaring tempests and hurricanes, and worked by day and night to make weapons to help her in her great battle with the gods.

But once more Ea learnt all that she was planning, and told the other gods that Tiamat was advancing against them with vipers and dragons, and hurricanes and tempests, and sharp weapons, and eleven huge monsters, which were most terrifying even to look upon.

Then the minds of the gods were troubled, and they were filled with fear and distress. They sent Ea to try to persuade Tiamat to give up her cruel plan. Ea came near to the mighty dragon, and begged her to give up her revenge, and to leave the gods free to go on putting things in order. But Tiamat only muttered, and growled, and raged the more fiercely, and came hurrying on with her horrid army. Picture the dismay and distress of the gods when Ea told them the dreadful news.

One only amongst them, the great god Marduk, did not lose his courage. He stepped proudly forward, kissed his father on the lips, and said to him, "O! my father, rejoice and be glad, for thou shalt tread upon the neck of Tiamat, the hateful dragon."

Then Marduk's father forgot his fear, and told his son to set out bravely, for he would certainly be given strength to slay the dreaded Tiamat and her evil army. The other gods all gathered together and made a great feast, and when they had eaten bread and drunk sesame wine, they prepared a lordly chamber for Marduk, and made him a prince among the gods. But in order to test his power of being able both to destroy and to create again, they placed a garment before him. They said to Marduk, "Command now, and let the garment vanish, and speak the word again, and let the garment re-appear."

Marduk opened his mouth and spoke, and at his word the garment disappeared. He spoke again, and behold, there was the garment in its place again. When he had done this twice, the gods rejoiced and bowed the knee to him, crying, "Marduk is king."

They placed him upon a throne, and gave him a sceptre, and a ring, and a mighty weapon. The mighty god stepped from his throne, hung his bow and quiver by his side, slung his spear upon his belt, and grasped his club in his strong right hand. His body glowed with burning flame, and he made a vast net in which to trap Tiamat. He set the North Wind and the South Wind, the East Wind and the West Wind to watch that no part of Tiamat should escape. He also created even greater tempests and wilder winds and hurricanes than Tiamat had made. He raised his mighty weapon, the thunderbolt, and mounted his chariot, the raging storm. This was drawn by four fierce horses, rushing swiftly, with foaming mouths and snapping teeth. A dazzling brightness, like a great crown, gleamed about his head as he set out to face Tiamat and her evil army.

So terrified were they at Marduk's approach that

their strength failed them and they were troubled. Not so with Tiamat. She did not even turn her neck, but came raging and foaming straight towards Marduk. Then he called loudly and boldly to her, and reproached her with her wicked plans against the gods, and offered to face her in single combat. This enraged her to such a dreadful extent that she shook with wrath and uttered wild shrieks, and tried to cast a spell upon Marduk. She did not succeed in her evil purpose, however, for as she came rushing towards him, Marduk caught her in the net and slew her. The hideous army of monsters tried to escape, but Marduk caught them too, and took away their dreadful weapons and made them prisoners.

The gods beheld the destruction of Tiamat and her army, and rejoiced exceedingly. Now, as Marduk gazed on the dead dragon's huge body, he devised a cunning plan. He split it in half like a great flat fish, and used one half to make the heavens and the other half to make the earth. In the heavens he made stations for the great gods, and set their images, the stars, in the sky. He fixed the stars for the different months, and ordered that time should be reckoned by years. He caused the moon god to shine forth, and crowned him every month without ceasing. He filled the heavens with splendour, and created the reeds and plants upon the earth.

Then the gods met together and praised the wondrous works of Marduk. They were not quite satisfied, however. They complained that, though Marduk had overcome Tiamat and made the heavens and the earth out of her body, he had not made any people upon the earth, to build temples and worship the gods.

When Marduk heard these words of the gods, his heart prompted him, and he devised a cunning plan. He said unto Ea, "My blood will I take and bone will I create, and I will make man that he may dwell upon the earth and worship the gods." Then he ordered Ea to cut off his (Marduk's) head, and to make man by

mingling the blood which flowed from his body with clay. This Ea did, and thus were men made to dwell upon the earth and to worship the gods.

The great gods met together and sang a hymn to Marduk, the slayer of Tiamat, the maker of heaven and earth, the creator of men. They gave him fifty titles of honour, calling him the founder of sowing, the creator of grains and plants, the one who had caused the green herb to spring, the god of the favouring breeze. They sang that he had created the earth, and made paths for the stars, and cared for the gods like a shepherd. They ordered men to worship him, since he had made the firm earth for them, and to pray to him, for his heart was wide and his compassion great.

MOTHER ISHTAR[1]

AN ASSYRIAN STORY OF HOW LOVE WAS LOST

THE goddess Ishtar, whom the Assyrians worshipped, was the daughter of the Moon. She had lost someone whom she dearly loved, and made up her mind to search for him in the great region where the dead wandered. This region was ruled over by Queen Ninkigal, and was called Hades.

Ishtar descended to the house where all must meet, upon the road along which men go, but cannot return. Ishtar, however, was a goddess, and so was not afraid that she could not return along the road. She arrived at the gate of Hades.

"O! keeper of the entrance, Open thy gate! Open thy gate! I say, that I may enter. If thou dost not open the gate, I will break down the door, and split open the portals, and will set free the dwellers in Hades to attack the people on earth."

Then the porter opened his mouth and spoke, and said to the goddess Ishtar, "Stay, Lady; do not shake down the door. I will go and tell this to Queen Ninkigal." He entered the presence of Queen Ninkigal and said, "Thy sister Ishtar threatens to break down the door."

Queen Ninkigal grew pale with rage like a flower that withers, and she trembled like the stem of a reed. "I will cure her rage," quoth Queen Ninkigal. "Go, porter, open the gate for her."

The porter went and opened the gate. "Enter,

[1] The above story should be compared with the Greek story of Ceres and Persephone.

Lady; it is permitted to thee to enter. Queen Ninkigal will come to meet thee."

The first gate admitted her, but the keeper stopped her and took the great crown from off her head.

"Keeper! do not take the great crown from off my head."

"Enter, Lady; for the Queen of the land demands her jewels."

The second gate admitted her, but the keeper stopped her, and took the ear-rings from her ears.

"Keeper! do not take the ear-rings from my ears."

"Enter, Lady; the Queen of the land demands her jewels."

The third gate admitted her, but the keeper stopped her, and took the precious stones from her hair.

"Keeper! do not take the precious stones from my hair."

"Enter, Lady; the Queen of the land demands her jewels."

The fourth gate admitted her, but the keeper stopped her and took the small, lovely gems from her forehead.

"Keeper! do not take the small, lovely gems from my forehead."

"Enter, Lady; for the Queen of the land demands her jewels."

The fifth gate admitted her, but the keeper stopped her and took the emerald girdle from her waist.

"Keeper! do not take the emerald girdle from my waist."

"Enter, Lady; for the Queen of the land demands her jewels."

The sixth gate admitted her, but the keeper stopped her and took the golden rings from her hands and feet.

"Keeper! do not take the golden rings from my hands and feet."

"Enter, Lady; for the Queen of the land demands her jewels."

The seventh gate admitted her, but the keeper stopped her and took the robe from her body.

Then when Mother Ishtar had thus been robbed of her jewels and her robe, Queen Ninkigal came towards her and mocked her, and made fun of her strange appearance. Then she ordered her servants to lay hands on the Queen Ishtar, and she punished Ishtar in various cruel ways for having dared to threaten to break the doors of Queen Ninkigal's kingdom.

But Ishtar was the goddess who brought love and prosperity and happiness into the world. So when she was shut up in Queen Ninkigal's kingdom and was suffering, the people in the world missed her very much. She was the goddess, too, who cared for all the young things, so when she was away, there were no more children or calves, or lambs, or spring flowers.

Black sorrow settled on the world, and a weeping messenger pleaded with the Sun and the Moon to bring Ishtar back to freedom. Then they joined the messenger, and went weeping to Hea, the great lord of deep thoughts.

Weeping, they spoke to Hea and said, "Mother Ishtar went down into the earth, into the kingdom of Queen Ninkigal. Since then, she has not risen again, and there is no love or happiness in all the earth."

Then Hea made a figure of clay, and breathed life into it. He sent the man whom he had thus made to the kingdom of Hades, saying, "Go to Queen Ninkigal's kingdom. The seven gates will open before thee. Queen Ninkigal will forget her temper when she sees thee. Frighten her with the names of the great gods and with many clever tricks, and she will set Mother Ishtar free again."

The man whom Hea, the Lord of Deep Thoughts, had thus made, went to Queen Ninkigal's kingdom, and the Queen agreed to set Mother Ishtar free again. Her servants poured the water of life upon Ishtar, and healed her. Then the first gate let her go through,

and her robe was given back to her. The second gate let her through, and the diamonds from her hands and feet were given back to her. The third gate let her through, and the emerald girdle from her waist was given back to her. The fourth gate let her through, and the small lovely gems of her forehead were given back to her. The fifth gate let her through, and the precious stones of her hair were given back to her. The sixth gate let her through, and the ear-rings of her ears were given back to her. The seventh gate let her through, and the great crown was placed upon her head once more.

Then Mother Ishtar returned to the earth, and love and happiness and prosperity came back to earth. Children, and calves and lambs, and spring flowers were seen everywhere again, and great thanks and praise were given to Hea, the Lord of Deep Thoughts, and to the man whom he had made.

A NEW ZEALAND STORY

Long ago the Sky loved the Earth, and clung so closely to her that no ray of light could peep between. Now the children of the Sky and the Earth grew weary of being shut up in the darkness between their father, the Sky, and their mother, the Earth.

There were six of these children, the Father of Men, the Father of Forests and all things that dwell in them, the Father of Winds and Storms, the Father of Wild Food, the Father of Cultivated Food, the Father of the Fish and Reptiles. Worn out by the everlasting darkness, the children discussed what they should do with the Sky and the Earth, whether they should slay them both, or whether they should only part them so that all living things might have light and sunshine, and room to grow.

The Father of Men, alas! the fiercest and most warlike of the brothers, said, "It is well, let us kill our parents, Sky and Earth." But the Father of Forests, and of all things that live in forests, and of all things that are made of wood, said gently, "Nay, not so. It is better to part them, and to let the Heaven stand far above us and the Earth lie under our feet. Let the Sky become a stranger to us, but let the Earth remain close to us as our nursing mother." All the brothers agreed to this plan except the Father of the Winds and Storms. He felt very grieved at the thought of parting his father from his mother.

Then the Father of Cultivated Food rose up and tried to rend apart the Sky and Earth. He struggled long, but failed to separate them. Then the Father of Fish and Reptiles rose up and tried to rend apart the Sky

and Earth. He struggled long, but failed to separate them. Then the Father of Wild Food rose up and struggled, but in vain. Lo, then, the Father of Men made fierce efforts, but he too failed. Then at last the Father of Forests slowly rose. He could do nothing with his hands and arms, but when he planted his head firmly on his mother, Earth, and pushed his feet against his father, Sky, slowly, slowly, with mighty efforts and much straining of his back and limbs, he pressed the Earth down and thrust the Sky far, far above him. Though Sky and Earth wept and shrieked and groaned, the Father of Forests struggled on till he had separated them widely one from another.

But the Father of Winds and Storms was furiously angry that his parents had been separated. Moreover, he dreaded lest the world should become too fair and beautiful, so he arose, and followed his father to the heavens. To this very day he hides in the sheltered hollows of the skies and sends forth fierce squalls and winds, and whirlwinds, and dense, massy, dark, gloomy clouds, and wildly drifting clouds, which come before a hurricane, and black clouds that bring thunder, and hurrying storm clouds flying across the sky.

He swept along then in his stormy rage, in the midst of his army of clouds and hurricanes. As the breath of his mouth smote upon the Children of the Forest, the giant trees were scattered on Mother Earth, and decayed and died. After having thus punished his brother, the Father of the Forest, the Father of Winds and Storms next fell upon the seas, and lashed the ocean in his wrath. Then the fishes fled to the depths of the ocean for safety, while the reptiles fled and hid themselves upon the shore, and both fish and reptiles have lived there ever since.

This made a quarrel between the Ocean and the Forest, for the Ocean was vexed that the Forest had

sheltered his children the reptiles, instead of making them return to their father, Ocean. So the Forest supplies the children of men with nets woven from his fibrous plants, so that they may catch the fish children of the Ocean. In revenge, the Ocean swallows canoes, sweeps off lands and trees and houses in mighty floods, and ever laps at the shores of the earth, so that the roots of the forest trees are loosened, and they are swept far out into the Ocean.

Then the Father of Winds and Storms tried to punish the two other brothers, the Father of Wild Food and the Father of Cultivated Food. But Mother Earth, grieved for the children of men, hid the seeds of foods in her bosom till the stormy season was over, and the Father of Winds sought in vain for them. The Father of Winds and Storms next sought to destroy the Father of Men, but what did he care for his brother's anger? He had always been fierce and war-loving. In spite of all his brother's buffeting and wild raging, he stood erect and unshaken upon his Mother Earth, and defied the winds and storms. As the fury of the storm died away, anger rose in the heart of the fierce Father of Men, because his brothers had fled and left him to fight alone. So he twisted tough leaves into snares, and hung them in the forest and caught and ate the children of the Forest. He made nets from the flax plant, and threw them into the water, and caught and ate the children of the Ocean. He scraped a wooden hoe into shape, and plaited a basket, and dug roots from his Mother Earth and ate them, and the poor plants of the Forest, that had been dug up, withered in the sun. Thus all his brothers, except the Father of the Winds and Storms, had to help to provide food for the Father of Men.

From that day to this the Sky has been separate from his wife, the Earth. Yet they still love one another dearly: the soft warm sighs from her

loving bosom rise forever from wooded mountains and valleys, and men call them mists. The Sky mourns all night long, and drops tears upon the bosom of the earth, and men call these tears dew-drops.

PWANKU

A CHINESE STORY

In the very beginning of things, nothing had any shape. There was only a mixed mass of muddy water and shapeless rock. There was not even sky or earth, or sun or stars.

In the midst of this confusion there was hatched the first man, Pwanku, much in the same way as a chick is hatched out of a shell. As soon as he was born he was given a very hard task indeed : nothing less than to carve out the heavens and the earth. He must have been very clever indeed, for the only tools he had were a chisel and a mallet, and there was no one to teach him how to use them or to be a help to him in any way.

Fortunately he was not only very big and strong, but each day he grew six feet taller. It took him eighteen thousand years to finish his task, so you may try to guess what a fine big fellow he must have been when he died. He must have looked very strange indeed, for out of his head grew two huge horns. His great teeth jutted out of his mouth like elephants' tusks. His face was wild and fierce, and his giant body was covered with thick, long hair.

Though there were no other human beings on the earth for him to talk to, he was not quite alone. He had three very odd companions, a phœnix, a dragon, and a tortoise. He started cheerfully on his mighty task, and the three animals kept close by his side. Soon he had made the beautiful sky, and the sun, and the moon, and the stars. I am sure he felt pleased when he saw how lovely they were.

There is a Chinese picture of him carving out the mountain tops, holding in his brawny arms the wonderful chisel and mallet. Through the gap in the rocks, which he has just made, can be seen the sky, with the sun, moon, and stars all shining at once on their powerful creator, Pwanku. On his right hand are the phœnix, the dragon, and the tortoise, and if you look closely at the shell of the tortoise, you will see that the artist has drawn marks which look like tadpoles. They are not tadpoles, however, but Chinese writing telling the whole story of the early history of the world. It seems a great pity that the tortoise died, and its shell was lost, for now no one knows the early history of the world, as it was not written anywhere else except on the shell of the tortoise that had watched Pwanku making the earth.

At last Pwanku's task was nearly over, and he was so weary that he lay down and died. His dead body, grown to an enormous size during these eighteen thousand years of toil, was as useful as his living one had been. All sorts of wonderful changes took place in it. His head became the mountain chains, his voice the thunder rolling among them. His left eye became the light of the sun, and his right eye that of the moon. His four limbs became the four cardinal points, north, south, east, and west. His beard changed into stars, his skin and hair into herbs and trees, whilst his breath became the clouds and winds. From his teeth and bones were formed the rocks and metals, whilst the marrow of his bones crystallized into beautiful jewels. The sweat that had poured from him as he wielded his mighty tools, fell upon the earth as rain. His blood flowed in the valleys as the streams and rivers. The fertile fields were formed from his flesh, and all the little hills from his muscles.

The funniest thing that happened, however, was that the tiny insects crawling about his body became the first men and women upon the earth.

A HINDU STORY OF THE CREATION

In the beginning this world did not exist, but everything lay in the darkness that falls on those who sleep. At last came the moment of awakening. The Great Power who cannot be seen or heard or felt, who is eternal, and who is the soul of the world and all the life upon it, determined to create the world from his thoughts.

He first willed that the great waters should appear. Upon the waters he willed that there should be a golden egg which shone like the brightest of the stars of the morning. Within the egg was the beginning of all the life in the world, and from it there came forth Brahma, the Lord of all the Stars.

Brahma rested in the golden egg for a year of the gods—which is longer than an age of men—and did nothing but think. At the end of that time he willed that the egg should break into two parts, from which the sky and the earth were formed, while the space between them became the air, which is the storehouse of all the refreshing showers.

He then made the mind, and gave it power to rule the senses. He made all living creatures, and gave to each of them their special work in the world. He created the gods. He made time, and divided it into days and months and years. The stars, the seas, the rivers, the mountains, the valleys, and the plains were all made by him.

He gave to men the power to choose good and evil, and to all creatures that breathe he gave the power to feel pain and pleasure.

Brahma, the Lord of Creation, looked upon the men

whom he had created, and said to them, "What shall be your tasks?"

They replied, "We are not our own masters, O Lord: command what we shall undertake."

Then Brahma said that the first set of men whom he had created should be priests, and told them to study the Sacred Books of India. These Sacred Books Brahma had drawn out of fire, and air, and sun. This first set of men are the caste of priests in India called Brahmans. The next set of men he ordered to be soldiers, and to protect all other men from their enemies. They are the caste of Kshatriyas or soldiers. The next set he ordered to buy and sell, to till the ground, and to look after the cattle. They are the caste of the Vaisyas. The fourth set were to be slaves and servants of the other three. They are the Sudras.

As men had been made subject to pain and suffering by Brahma, they were forced to build houses to shelter in when the rains and the heat and the cold were too much for them. They also had to build cities in which they could take refuge from their enemies. At last there came a time when their food failed them. In great distress, and worn out by long hunger, they called upon Brahma. He at once drew forth from the earth very many different sorts of seed, which he gave to men so that they might sow them, and reap harvests from which to satisfy their hunger.

Many years afterwards a worshipper of Brahma, named Manu, was seated by a stream thinking upon Brahma, the Lord of All. To him there swam a fish, who asked to be saved from the stream. Manu took the fish and put it in a jar. Soon, however, the fish grew so very large that the jar would not hold it. Then Manu threw it into a pond. Here again the fish went on growing, so that it was at last too large even for the pond. Then it called to Manu, and said, "Bring me, O Holy Man, to Ganges, the Ocean's Beloved Queen.

In her I shall dwell." Then Manu took the fish and threw it into the Ganges.

There the fish continued to grow, so that at last it was too great even for the wide river. Then Manu brought it to the ocean and threw it in. As soon as Manu had done this, the fish told him that a great flood was coming upon the earth. He added, "Thou must cause a strong ship to be built and a cable to be fastened to it. Then take all manner of seeds with thee, and go on board with seven wise men, and wait for me to come."

Manu did as he was told, and, taking all the seeds, floated on the billowy sea in the beautiful ship, with the seven wise men. Soon the fish swam up to the ship, and the cable of the ship was fastened to the horn of the fish. The fish, being thus fastened to the ship, drew it very rapidly over the salty waters, and carried its crew over the ocean, whose waves danced wildly and whose waters thundered loudly.

Tossed by the raging winds, the ship whirled wildly on the waters. Soon the waters covered everything except the ship and the mighty fish that drew it. For many years, the unwearied fish drew the ship through the heaving mass of waters. At length, however, it brought the vessel to the highest peak of the Himalaya. Here it ordered the companions of Manu to fasten the ship without delay to the mountain peak.

Then the fish revealed himself as Brahma, Lord of All, and ordered Manu to create anew all living beings, gods and men, the world and all things in it, both movable and immovable.

HOW GANGES CAME TO EARTH

A HINDU STORY

Long ago the great river Ganges proudly rolled over the plains of heaven, and scorned to descend to earth. At that time a great misfortune fell upon Sagar, King of India. His sons were searching for a horse that should be beautiful enough for him to sacrifice to the gods.

So eager were they that they did not notice a saint who was praying, and rudely broke in upon his prayers and disturbed them.

In order to punish them for this sin, they were told that unless their ashes could be washed by the waters of the Ganges, they should never enter heaven. As the river was in heaven and not on earth, there seemed no way for Sagar to reach it and obtain the water to wash his sons' ashes. So he prayed Siva, the mighty Lord of Heaven, to order the Ganges to come down to earth.

He not only prayed, but he lived a very hard life, denying himself all comforts and enduring many hardships in order to persuade Siva to grant his prayer.

At last he died, but his son, who had not been with his careless brothers when they disturbed the saint, continued to pray to Siva, and to live just as saintly a life as his father had done. It was no good, for Siva's heart was still hard. Then the son of Sagar died, and his grandson came to the throne. He too, prayed to Siva, and lived in the same way as his father and grandfather had done. Alas ! it was all in vain, for he too died, and the Ganges still remained in heaven.

Then Sagar's great grandson took up the task, and

his prayers and his saintly life touched Siva's heart, and he ordered the Ganges to leave the plains of heaven and descend to earth.

As you can guess, this did not please the river at all. In fact she was so very angry that she made up her mind to come down with such mighty force as to wash away the earth, and even to wash away great Siva too.

Gathering together all her waters, she hurled the mighty, raging torrent at Siva. So much mightier was he, however, that he caught the angry river on his giant head, where the hair grew thick and tall as the trees in the forests on Himalaya's slopes.

Here the raging Ganges rushed wildly about, trying in vain to find some way of escape, and here she stayed for many a year till her pride was quite tamed.

Then at last Siva once more bade Ganges descend to earth. This time she was quite pleased to obey, for she was weary of wandering about among Siva's hair.

With a deafening roar, her waters poured down upon the solid rock with such great force that the very earth shook beneath the blow. Picture what a pretty sight it must have been to see the waters sparkling with all the colours of the rainbow, as they came falling through the air. White clouds of foam and silvery spray were tossed in every direction, and the light shone and sparkled on the gleaming scales of the fishes as they too came tumbling down amidst the waters.

Kings and peoples, and even gods in their shining cars, came to see the wondrous sight. Soon the river became calm and quiet, and flowed proudly and steadily over the sandy plain to the sea.

Then Sagar's great-grandson brought the ashes of Sagar's sons to the side of the stream, and bathed them in its waters. So Sagar's sons entered heaven at last, and Sagar's great grandson gave praise and thanks to mighty Siva.

A WEST AFRICAN STORY OF THE CREATION[1]

"Brothers, hear a tale!" "Good, let it come!"

In that part of Africa which lies along the Gold Coast, the people call their god Odumakuma. In the very beginning of things Odumakuma decided that men and animals ought to be put into the world. So he sent his chief craftsman, who was named Mbusoo, into the world, and ordered him to make ready the bodies of two dozen men and two dozen beasts.

Now Mbusoo found that it took him very much longer to make a man than to make a beast, and as he had been rather lazy over his task, he had not enough time to create the men and beasts properly, as Odumakuma had ordered him to do. So in order to save time and trouble, the lazy fellow made one dozen men and then made three dozen beasts. He hoped that Odumakuma would not notice that the four dozen was not equally divided between men and animals.

In the meantime, Odumakuma grew very troubled at Mbusoo's long delay in carrying out his task, and sent for Ifu, his black monkey messenger. He ordered Ifu to go and enquire why Mbusoo had not completed his task. Ifu started off gaily, meaning to do his errand properly, but he was always fond of fun, and soon forgot all about his message to Mbusoo, and began to play about and dance the war dance. He enjoyed this so much that he just went on dancing and playing, and neither went on to Mbusoo nor back to Odumakuma.

[1] These two West African stories are adapted from the original native MSS. which Professor W. H. Barker, of University College, Southampton, obtained when he was in West Africa, and which he very kindly placed at my disposal.

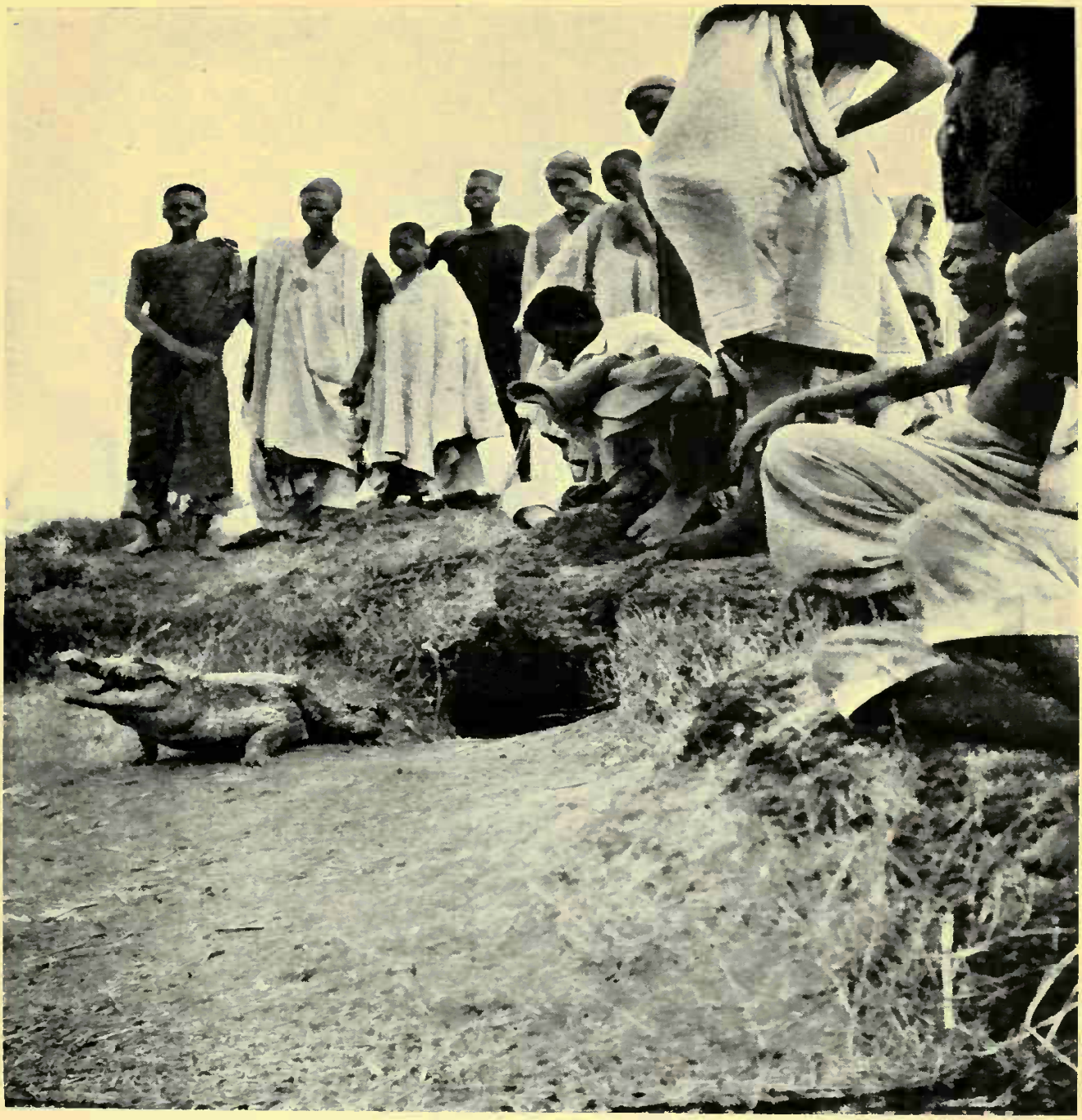

PLATE II

THE SACRED CROCODILE AT THE VILLAGE OF MUSAWA, NIGERIA

(This crocodile has a ring through its nose, and is said to be two hundred years old)

At last, Odumakuma decided to set out himself in search of both Mbusoo and Ifu. He soon overtook the latter playing about and dancing the war dance. "Oho, Black Monkey," said he, "how is it that I find you dancing about here instead of taking my message to Mbusoo?"

Ifu was quite overcome with shame when he saw his lord, and hung down his head and made no reply. Presently, however, he began to beg for pardon, and asked to be allowed to go with Odumakuma to find Mbusoo. When Odumakuma forgave him, and said he might come with him, Ifu the impudent actually asked that Odumakuma would make his name to be remembered among all the nations that were going to be created.

Then Odumakuma and Ifu went together to find Mbusoo, so that Odumakuma might see the men and animals that Mbusoo had made, and bless them. On his arrival Mbusoo greeted him warmly and cheerfully, and brought out the men and animals that he had made, and laid his works before his lord. Odumakuma examined them very carefully, and soon found that instead of two dozen men, Mbusoo had only made one dozen, while he had made three dozen animals instead of two. He therefore said to Mbusoo, "Are these all the men you have created?" and Mbusoo answered humbly, "Yes, my lord, those are all I made." After that, Odumakuma took a seat and ordered Mbusoo, his chief craftsman, to bring all the lifeless creatures he had made to him to be made perfect and living. Mbusoo hastily did as he was told, and presented his works to his lord. Odumakuma then, to make them perfect and finish the task of creation by making them live, took a living leaf in his right hand, and, rubbing it between his palms, dropped the sap on the eyes of the dozen men, and breathed upon their faces. Immediately, they all came to life, rose up and then sat down.

Odumakuma then turned to the left and plucked a

living leaf with his left hand, and rubbing it between his palms, dropped the sap upon the eyes of the three dozen brutes. They at once jumped up and began to run away to the woods. Mbusoo became much alarmed when he saw the brutes running away into the woods, and begged his lord to change some of them into men. Odumakuma replied that if Mbusoo could catch any of them, he would change those that he caught into men. Mbusoo promptly began running after the brutes and caught as many as he could. Then Odumakuma plucked a living leaf with his right hand, and, rubbing it between his palms, dropped the sap on the eyes of the brutes, and breathed upon their faces. At once all these brutes became living men, who joined the dozen men on the right. Then, and not till then, the mixed creatures scattered in pairs, and their children became the nations of the world. Odumakuma did not forget the request of his black monkey messenger, for Ifu's name is never missed in the names of the nations. Thus in the African language the word for Europeans is Abrofu ; for Ashantis, Ashantifu ; for Africans, Ebibifu, and so on.

This laziness of Mbusoo had another very sad result, for it made the men who were descended from brutes changed into men have beautiful human bodies, but the cruel minds of brutes, and that is why there are bad men in every nation in the world. Perhaps it is why, when men quarrel, they call one another brute, pig, donkey, ass, goose, and such names.

THE SUN, THE MOON, AND THE STARS[1]

ANOTHER WEST AFRICAN STORY

"Brothers, hear a tale!" "Good, let it come!"

ONCE upon a time there was a great scarcity of fish in the world, and people became very hungry. Very early in the morning Kweku Tsi and his father, Kweku Anansi, went six miles into the deep, dark forest to hunt for food. By mid-day Kweku had caught a fine musk deer, which he took and showed to his father, Kweku Anansi. Anansi was very pleased and told his son to wait under a certain large tree till he came back. He then went off to the deepest part of the forest. Kweku Tsi waited an hour beside the tree, but, as his father did not come back, he called with a loud, long voice, "My fa.....ther." A demon with five heads, who was prowling about in the forest looking for human beings whom he might eat, heard the call, and answered in the same loud voice, "Ye.....s." He then made his way towards the tree. Kweku Tsi was terribly frightened when he saw the demon coming towards him with a big stick in his hand. He ran and hid in a hollow in a tree. The five-headed demon was very angry when he saw no man, but only a musk deer. He said fiercely, "Deer, you called me." As the deer did not answer, the demon beat it with a stick for some time, and then went away.

Kweku Tsi came out trembling soon after the demon

[1] Permission to print this version has been kindly given by Prof. W. H. Barker, whose book, "West African Folk Tales," 8s. 6d., published by Messrs Harrap, is invaluable as a source of African tales.

was gone, but as his father still did not come, he lifted up his voice once more and called, "My fa.....ther." At once the demon came hurrying back to beat the dead deer till all its bones were broken. Kweku Tsi hid as before in the hollow of the tree, and came out when the demon was gone. This time he didn't dare to call his father, but sat under the tree trembling and glancing fearfully around him. When Anansi came at last and saw the deer beaten to pieces, he stood speechless with anger for some time. Then he asked his son who had dared to do such a thing. Kweku Tsi told his father all about the demon with five heads, but Anansi did not believe a word of the story. In fact, he ordered his son to call "My fa.....ther" again, to see if the demon would come again. Kweku Tsi was much too frightened to do it at first, but presently he yielded and called, "My fa.....ther," and then ran and hid himself in the hollow of the tree. Up came the demon in a fine rage. He had five long faces on a single neck, and two of his heads glowed like fire. The eyes of the middle head were so very strong that they could see into the distance for millions of miles. When he saw Anansi he said, "Why did you call me?" Anansi replied, "It was not I who called you. It was your grandson, who is hidden in the hollow of the tree."

Upon this poor Kweku Tsi came trembling out of his hiding place. You may guess how pleased the demon was to get two human beings so easily.

He ordered them to pick up the deer and carry it to his country for him. They then started. But the demon could only walk quickly, and Kweku Tsi could only walk slowly, so the demon soon left them behind. As soon as they had lost sight of him, Kweku Tsi said to his father, "Let us run away," but Anansi at once called out, "De.....mon, your grandson wants to run away." The demon called back, "Tell him if he doesn't want to die at once, he had better not run away." Every time Kweku Tsi asked his father to run

away, his father called out to the demon, and the demon said just the very same words.

Towards evening they came to the demon's country, and saw a great crowd of men, women, and children, all wearing black clothes. One of them told Kweku Tsi that they were all dressed in black because the demon had cast a spell on them, so that they could not run back to their homes. He said that each day the demon made one of them wear a white cloth. Then when he came along at night he found the one with the white cloth, and ate him for supper. That very day, when the demon looked at his captives, he gave both Anansi and his son a white cloth to wear. In the night, however, Kweku Tsi was clever enough to change them for two black ones, and so they both escaped being eaten.

This happened for four nights, and on the fifth the demon took leave of his servant, the White Cock, and set off to try to catch more men. Now the White Cock had orders to crow loudly and call back the demon if anything wrong happened. Fortunately Kweku Tsi knew that if seed was thrown on the ground before the White Cock, it would not crow till it had eaten every grain of the seed. So Kweku Tsi threw a whole bag of seed on the ground before the White Cock, and then began to talk over plans for getting away. This was the plan he made.

The spinners were to spin a long cord and make a rope-ladder, which he would throw to his great-great-grandfather, the Big Star, to hold. Then they would all go up the rope ladder together and be saved. At the end of the month the rope was ready. Then Kweku Tsi ordered them to kill all the demon's cattle and eat their last bit of food, saying that he would find food for them as soon as they had got safely away. He also told them to take all the bones of the cattle in a bag.

Then he threw forty bags of seed on the ground before the White Cock. While the Cock was eating this, all the captives had a great feast, and brought the bones to

Kweku Tsi. He then offered up a prayer to his great-great-grandfather, the Big Star, and threw up the rope to him. The Big Star caught it at once, and all the people climbed up the rope, leaving only Kweku Tsi and his father. Then Anansi climbed up and left Kweku Tsi last of all.

The Cock was still busy eating the seed, but the middle head of the demon, which had such powerful eyes, chanced to see the other end of the rope and the captives far above him. He hurried homewards and reached the place just when Kweku Tsi was beginning to climb the ladder. Kweku Tsi began hurrying up the ladder, carrying the bag of bones and the demon's fiddle. The demon began climbing after him, and soon reached Kweku. Kweku threw him a bone, and as the demon was very hungry, he stopped to eat it, and every time he came near, Kweku Tsi threw him another bone till the bag was quite empty. Then Kweku played a tune upon the fiddle, and the demon had to go down and dance. When Kweku stopped playing, the demon climbed up again, and this happened many times until Kweku reached the Big Star, his great-great-grandfather's country, when he cut the ladder, and the demon fell on his heads and died.

Then his great-great-grandfather, the Big Star, changed Kweku's father, Anansi, into the moon, the captives into the stars, and Kweku Tsi himself into the sun. He ordered Kweku Tsi to do as he had promised, and feed the captives, so that is why the moon and the stars receive their light from the sun.

AN ICELANDIC STORY

In the beginning of things, there was neither sand nor sea nor frozen waves, nor heaven nor earth, nor grass upon the earth. There was, however, a great giant named Ymir. From his flesh the earth was formed. The sea was his blood, and the hills were his bones. The skull of the huge ice-cold creature became the vault of heaven. His hair changed into trees and plants. His eyebrows became a pleasant dwelling place for men, whilst his brains became the heavy clouds which drift across the sky.

The gods who brought about these wonderful changes were named the Aesir, and they formed nine great kingdoms, three above the earth, three upon the earth, and three beneath the earth. The very lowest of these kingdoms was a place of everlasting cold, and fog, and mist, and it was a dreadful punishment to be sent there.

Growing under and through and above and around these nine kingdoms was the great ash tree named Yggdrasil. From its branches fell the gentle dews that made the valleys fertile. Its three roots had grown very far back in the dim past. Under one root dwelt the goddess of death; under another lived the first giants; and mankind dwelt under the third. As soon as the Aesir had made the noble earth and the great vault of the heaven, the sun shone from the south over the rocks, and the earth became covered with delicate green herbs. But the sun and the moon did not know their powers, nor did the stars know their places in the heavens. So the Aesir met together in council by the ash tree Yggdrasil and fixed how the sun and the moon were to shine, so as to enable men to reckon in days and months

and years. They created two beautiful horses, one to draw the sun across the sky and bring each day, and one to draw the night across the sky and give men time to rest in pleasant sleep. A wild wolf ran across the sky before the chariot of the sun, and another wolf chased the setting sun into its home in the west.

At first there were no men and women created, but there was a race of huge giants created in a very curious way. From the lowest of the nine kingdoms, the place of everlasting cold and fog and mist, there flowed poisonous cold streams, and some of the drops that were thrown out of these streams grew into the form of a mighty giant formed of ice. Then from the south there flew sparks of fire, which fell upon the ice giant and gave him life, and thus the race of giants came into being. The Aesir next created the race of dwarfs out of the rocks of the earth. One of these dwarfs was the god of sleep, and he and the sun god never got on together very well. Then the three greatest of the Aesir, among whom was the god Odin, created a man named Ask and a woman named Embla. These two were in the first place mere pale shadows, with neither soul nor sense, nor power to move, nor goodly colour. One of the Aesir gave them blood and goodly colour, another gave sense, and then Odin, the greatest of the Aesir, gave them spirit. Thus was the race of human beings created.

Now each day the Aesir met in their pleasant home, Asgard, and tried their strength in many ways. They learnt to make and use furnaces to forge precious things to make fine tools. They built beautiful altars and high temples. They played great games together, and were very happy indeed. They did not care at all that they were not rich in gold, for they did not even know of its existence.

Then alas ! there came to the halls of the gods three maidens from the homes of the giants, who were the children of that first giant who had been made out of

ice and fire. One of these was named Gullveig, and she knew the use of gold. Because she had plenty of gold, she had been able to tame wild wolves, to practise many magic arts, and had always been the joy of evil people. After she had brought gold to the Aesir, and made them realise how useful it was, all sorts of dreadful things happened. Neither men nor giants nor Aesir kept their promises. For the first time war broke out upon the earth, and the Aesir ceased to be happy any more. They were so grieved and troubled about all these things that they met together to consider how to punish Gullveig for her sin in having introduced the use of gold. They pierced her with lances, and three times they tried to burn her, but every time she escaped, and she still lives. There is no doubt about that, for to this day men and women still break their promises, and fight and do many evil things for the sake of gold.

Now, after all these things there came a very severe and dreadful winter, which lasted for three years. At the end of the three years' winter many terrible things happened. Wars broke out everywhere; a monster wolf escaped and ate the sun and moon. The waves of the ocean danced wildly and the waters rose in flood. The great tree, Yggdrasil, trembled and caught fire, and the flames attacked and burned the heavens and all the stars fell from the sky. Meanwhile the earth had been drowned in the mighty rushing waters. It seemed in that dark time as if all things were at an end.

After a time, however, the fire died down, the waters of the ocean sank, and the earth arose once more in all its green beauty. Happily, the daughter of the sun had escaped when her mother was devoured by the monstrous wolf. She now took her mother's place in the sky, and shone upon the green earth. The frozen streams were unbound, and fell in pretty waterfalls among the rocks. Birds flew in the air, fish swam in the streams. The fields brought forth great harvests.

Of all the men and women on earth, only two had escaped in this dreadful time. They had found a safe corner in which to hide themselves, and had been fortunate enough to be able to keep themselves alive by feeding on the morning dews. Their children were ancestors of the race of men. A great hall, brighter than the sun, and adorned with gold and jewels, was created so that heroes who had died in battle might dwell there and be happy for evermore. There they could spend each day in fighting and feasting, and this seemed to them a very pleasant way of passing the years.

A STORY FROM EGYPT

The earth god, Neb, and the sky goddess, Nut, had two children, who were very different from one another. One, named Osiris, was so just and upright that he was called "The Good Being." The other, named Seth, was so evil that he was called "The Wicked Being."

Now Osiris became King of Egypt, and ruled it very wisely. He taught the people of Egypt how to use their hands to make pottery and jewels, and many other beautiful things. He made many wise laws, and in his reign the Egyptians learned to live much better and nobler lives than they had ever done before.

Unfortunately, his brother Seth grew very jealous of him, and a dreadful plan came into his wicked mind. He invited Osiris to come and dine with him, and by a trick persuaded him to enter a beautiful jewelled coffin, which he had prepared. Then Seth and his friends shut down the lid very quickly, and threw the coffin into the river Nile.

When Isis, the loving wife of Osiris heard of this wicked deed, she was much frightened lest Seth should also try to kill her little son, Horus. So she took him by night to an island in a lake near Buto. On this island was a temple, in which dwelt a goddess. She promised to take care of poor little Horus, and said that, in order to prevent any enemy reaching the island, she would make it float about the lake, so that no one could ever be sure where it was.

Then Isis set out to search for her husband's body, so as to bring it back to Egypt and give it proper burial. She was sure that if he were not properly buried, Osiris would be very unhappy in the next world. After a

very long search, she found the coffin in a foreign land, and brought it back to Egypt. She was very glad to recover it, for she loved her husband, and wanted him to be happy in the next world.

Not only was she a good wife, but she was a very loving mother, so as soon as she could, she went to the island in the lake to see her little son Horus. Alas! while she was away the wicked Seth got possession of her husband's body once more.

He thought that, as Osiris had been such a good king, and was the child of a god and goddess, his body would help to make the land fertile, so he buried fourteen pieces of it in fourteen different parts of Egypt, in order to make the land more fertile. Poor Isis was much distressed on hearing this dreadful news, and once more she set out on her travels to recover her husband's body again. To her great delight she found all the fourteen pieces of her husband's body, and Osiris was buried properly again.

This time her love had a great reward, for Osiris became king of the cool, misty kingdom which lies in the north-western sky. This land is watered by the Milky Way, just as the land of Egypt is watered by the Nile. Here the great men of the earth, who have tried to be good on earth, sit at their ease in the shade, and play draughts or they row idly about on the winding canals.

By and by, when Horus grew up, he drove the wicked Seth out of Egypt. Then he and his mother, Isis, joined Osiris in the land of souls, and when an Egyptian died, he always tried to enter the Kingdom of Osiris. In order to test if he had been good enough to deserve this great reward, his heart was placed on one scale-pan and an ostrich feather on the other. If he had been good on earth, his heart was so light that it did not weigh more than the ostrich feather, and he was allowed to enter the beautiful, cool, misty kingdom of Osiris.

Once a year, in October, when the seeds were being planted in the rich Nile mud, the Egyptians made bowls,

full of Nile mud, with corn planted on it. These they called "Gardens of Osiris," and they are often found now, quite dried up, but with holes in their sides, which show where the corn had sprouted and pushed through their sides long ago.

Sometimes, too, they made little clay figures of the god, and stuffed them with corn. Then they wetted them and the corn sprouted out all over the image of the god. This they did because they hoped Osiris would help the corn, which was their chief crop, to grow well.

The Egyptians loved Isis very much, because she had been so faithful and loving to Osiris and Horus. They made pictures of her clasping her little son in her arms, and every Egyptian mother tried to be as loving to her husband and son as Isis had been to Osiris and Horus.

WHY PEOPLE DON'T LIVE FOR EVER [1]

AN AMERICAN-INDIAN STORY

THE great god Olelbis had his home in Olelpanti, high above the world. He made up his mind to send all things down to the earth to live. Not long afterwards a great deal of trouble broke out upon the earth, because the flints and the rattlesnakes and the grizzly bears were not behaving as they ought to do. So all the people in Olelpanti met together to discuss what they could do for the people on the earth. They talked together for five nights and five days.

On the sixth morning, Olelbis called the two brothers Hus, and told them he had a great work for them to do. He told them to go to a place called Stillwater, where the first tree was growing. When they got there, they were to find stones and pile them so as to make a road from earth to Olelpanti. Olelbis told them to make the road of very strong stone steps, each higher than the last. Half way on the road to Olelpanti, the brothers Hus were to make a place where people could spend the night, and to put clean good water there for them.

Olelbis then said, "When you have finished the whole road, people will come up out of the earth. When they

[1] This story and the story of Tuina are adapted from Jeremiah Curtin's "Creation Myths of Primitive America," published 1898 by University Press, John Wilson & Son, Cambridge, U.S.A. It forms part of the Wintu Mythology. The Wintus were a stock of Indians, who, before the coming of the white men, owned and occupied all that part of California situated on the right bank of the Sacramento, from its sources near the foot of Mt. Shasta to its mouth on the northern shore of San Francisco Bay.

PLATE III

A Stoney Indian

From the Morley Reservation near Calgary, Canada

grow old, they can go back to the beginning of the road made by you, and climb the steps. When they get to the water, which you have placed half-way up, they will drink of it, rest one night, and then go on climbing up to Olelpanti. I myself will put two springs of water at this end, one for them to drink from, and one for them to bathe in. After old people have bathed in one spring, and drunk from the other, they will grow young again, and go back to earth quite healthy and strong. When they grow old the second time they can climb the steps the second time, and again become young, and thus they will live for ever. When the trees, which are small now, grow large, there will be no branches except at the top, the acorns on the trees will have no shells. They will just be ready to eat without any husking or cracking. Nobody will need to climb, for the nuts will fall down ready for eating."

The two brothers set out to go and make the road. One brought stones and the other piled them up. The brothers were very strong and worked well, so that the steps soon reached the clouds. At this point, there came along an old man named Sedit. He was dressed in an otter skin, and had buckskin leggings, ornamented with shells. Sedit drew near and watched the brothers working, but they did not speak to him.

Sedit was very curious, and wanted to know what the brothers were doing, but although he asked them many questions, they took no notice at all of him. They just went on working quietly and steadily. At last Sedit grew angry and said, "If you don't come here and tell me all about what you are doing, I will spoil your work."

This threat frightened the brothers Hus, who did not want to have their work injured. They told Sedit that they were working for Olelbis, who had sent them down to make the road.

Sedit began to be very rude, and to say that he did not care at all for Olelbis, and that the brothers were silly to work for him. The brothers Hus did not like this, and said that they would tell him why they were making the road. Then the elder brother told him of the plan for keeping people young for ever, and for saving them trouble about the trees and the acorns.

Sedit listened and looked at them, and then he began to sneer. He said, "Do you think that is a wise plan? I don't. I will tell you what will happen. Suppose an old man does go up this road, and come down young again on the other side, he will only be lonely. Suppose an old woman goes up and comes down again young. She will only be alone, and it will be very dull just going up old and coming down young over and over again. They will never have any friends, nor any children, nor any fun in the world. I think it will be very much nicer too for the trees to have branches right down to the ground, so that men have to climb them and knock the acorns from the top with a long stick. I think that it is better for men and women to have to husk the acorns because then they can throw the husks at one another, and have some fun. When they have fun and laugh, and are pleased, they will feel well. Besides, what are the people to eat if nothing dies? Deer will not die, fish will not die, and people will have nothing to eat but acorns. I think, too, that it is nice for a man to have a wife. The man can catch the fish and kill the deer, and the woman can cook them, and they can both eat together. I think it is nice for old men and women to die, and then new babies can be born, and people can enjoy the fun of the babies. Then all the neighbours can come and look at the new baby and say, "What a nice baby." Then when an old man dies, his son can take his place, and when an old woman dies, her daughter can take her place. I think that this is the right way. All men and animals ought to grow

old and die in this way. When people fight, they will use flint and kill one another, and a crowd will come to see the fighting, and that will be a pleasant excitement."

The two brothers sat there and made no answer at all. "Well, my grandsons," said Sedit, "I know that what I tell you is right. What do you think?" The brothers said nothing at first. They just sat and thought. After a while the elder looked at Sedit and said, "I believe that you are old enough and ought to know. I think that you are right, grandfather." Said the younger, "Would you like to die, and be lying on the ground, and not rise any more? You want others to die. Would you like to die yourself? Olelbis does not want anything to die, but you want everything to die. You want to spoil all the work Olelbis sent us to do."

Then the two brothers stood up and walked away. Sedit called to them to come back and talk things over again, but the two brothers did not turn back. They pulled out some great stones, and the whole road fell crashing to the earth. The two brothers then flew up higher and higher, until they reached Olelpanti.

Sedit watched them flying higher and higher, until they disappeared. Then he said, "I wish I had not said so much. I wish I had not said anything at all. I *am* sorry. The Hus brothers said everything on earth will have to die now, and asked me if *I* wanted to die. What am I to do?"

He looked round and found a plant with long, broad leaves, the wild sunflower. He found plenty of these plants, and stripped the leaves from them. He then pulled off all his fine clothes, and stuck the leaves into his body, and made a long tail of leaves. Then he thought to himself, "I will fly up to Olelpanti, and not stay here where people have to die." He rose a little way in the air, but the leaves began to get dry and

break one after the other, and Sedit came whirling down to the ground, and was killed. Olelbis looked down and saw Sedit falling. "It is his own fault," said he, "he is the first to die, killed by his own words."

THE COMING OF FLINT AND OF TUINA[1]

A NORTH AMERICAN STORY

LONG ago the chief of the very first people in the world said to them, "Sweat and swim to-day, for to-morrow you must go hunting."

Well, the next day they went hunting, but could not kill so much as one deer. This was because they had no good arrow points; their points were just made of common stone. When they went back to their chief, Jupka, that night and told him they had caught nothing, he said, "There is an old man in the south who kills a great many deer. His name is Kaltsauna. I must bring him up here to show you how he kills them."

Jupka sent a very swift messenger to the south to find Kaltsauna. The old man was sitting inside the door with his legs crossed, making flint arrow points. The messenger stepped in quickly and surprised old Kaltsauna, who at once drew a flint knife from his side and made a thrust at the intruder.

"Stop, uncle, you mustn't kill me." "Why do you call me uncle," said Kaltsauna, hiding his arrow points quickly. "I have come for you, uncle. The chief Jupka has sent me to invite you to come to our Round Mountain Place. We cannot kill deer with stone arrow

[1] This is a Yana story. The Yanas lived in Sacramento Valley and previous to August 1864 numbered 8000. The second week of August 1864 the whole tribe were massacred by the white people, and only a scattered few escaped who happened to be away at the time. These did not number more than fifty. This hideous occurrence was the more reprehensible as the Yanas were a most harmless and industrious tribe, very willing to work in the fields for the settlers.

points, and we have no other kind. The chief knows that you will kill deer all the time, and wants you to come and show his people how to do it."

Kaltsauna rubbed his hands clean and got all the flint dust off them. Then he rolled his flints in a skin very carefully. Next he mixed flint dust and rubbed it on his face, and made paint and rubbed that on his face too. He took a sharp piece of flint and thrust it through the middle of his nose. He looked very threatening and fierce now that he was dressed for the road.

" You go on and tell Jupka to make a huge fire of wood, and I will come later by myself," said Kaltsauna. Then he took his quiver of grizzly bear skin and his bows and arrows of black oak. He put flints under his left arm and took bows and arrows in his right hand. Jupka had made a huge fire of wood, and all the people were waiting. " He is coming, he is coming," they shouted when they saw Kaltsauna in the distance. But when he came near, they didn't dare to look at him. They hung their heads. " Make way for me. Make way. I will strike unless you give me room," said Kaltsauna, as he came near the crowd of people. " Spread out a skin," said Kaltsauna to chief Jupka.

The skin was spread and Kaltsauna emptied his robeful of arrow points on it. He sat down and gathered each kind of flint into a heap by itself. He pushed the white flint away, and ordered it to go to Hakamatu, and to this day there is plenty of white flint in Hakamatu.

He sent the blue flint east, and the yellow flint to a creek not far away, and to the west he sent flint with fine black, blue, and white stripes. Then he put plenty of flint in Round Mountain Place where Jupka's people were living, and told them that people would find flints in these places whenever they wanted them and went to look for them. Besides flints, Kaltsauna gave each of Jupka's people a wedge made of deer horn and a piece of stone, and showed them how to dress the flint

and to make arrow points. Then Kaltsauna went back home. On the second day after he had gone, Jupka called his people together and said, "Sweat to-night, swim early in the morning, and go out on a great hunt to-morrow." They had very different fortune on this hunt, now that they had their flint and arrow points, for every one of them killed a deer.

The whole party returned to the Round Mountain Place then with great rejoicings. Jupka himself never went out to hunt. He just lay in the house and told all what they were to do, and showed them how to do it. He never ate anything himself, but just smoked and smoked all the time. When his people came in from hunting, they put down before him all the deer they had caught. The chief took his flint knife out, and cut the meat into pieces and roasted it. When it was cooked, all the people sat down and ate together, except Jupka. The women prepared acorns and mice. Jupka placed three very large baskets of mice in three different places, and in front of each basket were people to deal out the mice to each person that wanted them.

Next time they wanted to go hunting they chose a clever man to sing and dance and dream about the deer, and the best place in which to find them. His name was Ahalamila. When evening came, Ahalamila took his pipe and made a fire. He blew smoke in every direction, and then put down his pipe. He took fir leaves and threw them on the fire. While these were burning, he sang, "A white rock, a quartz rock," over and over again, and he put a beautiful white quartz rock on the ground. On the north, south, east, and west of the quartz rock he thrust a small twig of fir, and one of blue beech, into the ground. Ahalamila kept looking at the twigs, which rose quickly, grew up and became little trees. He walked around them and sang, and pinched off a leaf or a bud from one limb or another as he walked. Soon the piece of quartz rock began to move of itself, and swelled and changed shape, until at last it turned

into a white fawn. Just at daybreak the white fawn began to walk round among the trees, and sniff as though it smelt something.

Ahalamila picked up the little fawn and blew smoke from his mouth, blew it about on all sides. Then he put the fawn down again, and it changed back into a piece of white quartz rock. Soon daylight came, and Ahalamila stopped singing.

"I have finished now," said he. "It will be better for us to hunt in the south." So the people went hunting in the south, because Ahalamila had dreamed that they would find deer there. Alas! no deer were found, and one of the men began to taunt Ahalamila and to say that he could never find deer however much he sang and danced. This angered Ahalamila, and he answered that the deer had been in the south, but the other men had frightened them away. On this the people fell to fighting fiercely with their new weapons, and many of them were killed, including poor Ahalamila. This was the first battle in the world, and the people who were killed were changed into rocks, which are to be seen there to this very day.

Now all this time Jupka had been lying at home in the Round Mountain Place. Presently he heard the dreadful noise and shouting. "My people are fighting," said he; "I must stop the battle." Then he rushed out towards the south into the middle. "I want both sides to stop," shouted Jupka. That put an end to the battle, and all the people followed Jupka home. Next morning they went hunting in the north and found plenty of deer, so they didn't fight among themselves. The morning after this hunting in the north, Jupka heard loud shouting in the east. A great giant of Jupka's race thrust his head above the edge of the sky. This person had beautiful feathers streaming out in every direction from his head. Jupka had ordered him to shout, and had told him in the morning that when he raised his head above the edge of the sky he was to shout.

Jupka gave this person the name Tuina. Now Tuina had to start from the east on his travels across the sky every morning. A path had been made for him across the sky from east to west. In order to make himself ready for his journey he dressed and put on his armour, and took a very tiny dog and put it under the hair on the top of his head and tied it there. Before he was dressed and armed, and had put the dog in his hair, Tuina had no brightness, but when he started, he filled the whole world with light, just as he does now in the daytime.

Tuina went straight along the road in the sky from east to west, till he reached the great water. When he was ready to plunge into the water, a water grizzly bear was coming out and saw him. Tuina spread cut his arms as if they were wings, and poised himself ready for jumping into the water. "Tuina is coming," shouted the grizzly bears of the water. "It will be too hot here if he comes, so let us go to the high mountains."

A great crowd of water grizzlies came hurrying out of the ocean and went away to the high mountains. Tuina jumped into the water, and it rose on all sides, boiled up, rolled over the shore, and every kind of shell of the ocean went to land at the time. Tuina went to the very bottom of the ocean, deep under the water and under the ground, and back again to the east. He was able to do this because long ago Jupka had turned the earth bottom upward, and made a path right through it from west to east for Tuina to travel along. Jupka ordered Tuina to go along the path in the sky from east to west every morning, and to travel back along the path under the earth from west to east every night. This he still does. Can you guess who Tuina is, and who the water grizzlies are ?

HOW DEATH CAME INTO THE WORLD

A HINDU STORY

A GREAT Hindu king had the misfortune to lose in battle a grandson whom he dearly loved. Filled with grief and distress, he said to his very wise friend, Sanjaya, "What is death? Why does death take away all living creatures? O godlike one, tell me this!"

Sanjaya, comforting him, told him this story, which had been told before to a sorrowing king.

Listen, O mighty King! In the beginning, Brahma created all things that have life. As he was the powerful Lord of All, and was filled with undying energy, he made all living things so well that they showed no signs of decay, but lived on for ever. They increased to such an extent that the goddess Earth groaned beneath their weight. In her distress, she called upon Brahma to lighten her burden by destroying the creatures that lived upon her.

Brahma wished to help the goddess Earth, but he could not think of a way. As Earth continued to moan and complain of the weight upon her, Brahma fell into great wrath, and from the wrath of the Lord Brahma, a mighty fire sprang up, which blasted the rocks, burnt the trees, and licked up the water in the rivers. The fire blazed so fiercely that it threatened to destroy the whole universe.

Then Siva became alarmed, and appealed to Brahma, the Lord of all the gods, saying, "O Lord, thou hast made all living creatures with great care, and now thou art destroying them. My heart is filled with pity for them. I pray thee to spare them."

Brahma replied that he did not wish to destroy the universe, and that what he had done was for the good of the goddess Earth, not to bring evil upon living creatures. Then Siva, the Protector of all Living Things, begged Brahma not to destroy the universe and all living things.

Brahma, hearing his words, became filled with a desire to do good to all living things, and shut up within himself the wrath from which the fire had been kindled. But even as he put out the destroying fire, there was born a beautiful woman with dark hair and glowing red eyes. She stepped forth from the fire as it died down, and smiled upon Brahma. Then Brahma called upon her by the name of Death, and asked her to slay the creatures whom he had made.

On hearing this, the lotus-eyed Death became very sad indeed, and wept. The Lord of All caught the tears she shed in his hands. Then she pleaded with him to spare her this dreadful task, saying :—" How can I do such a cruel and evil act as to take away the dear life breath from thy creatures ? Sons and friends, and brothers and fathers, are always dear. How, then, can I leave thy creatures weeping in sorrow for them ? "

But Brahma told her that to do what he, the Lord of all the World, ordered her to do, was not cruel and wicked, but was her duty. Then the tears she had shed, and which he had caught in his hands, became diseases whom Brahma ordered to be helpmates to Death in her work of destroying all living creatures. Then Death knew that she must obey the Lord of All, and went forth from his presence weeping bitterly.

THE CHURNING OF THE OCEAN

A HINDU STORY

SAUTI, a Hindu who had wandered to many places, visiting sacred waters and holy shrines, came to the forest where dwelt the holy men who had denied themselves all the pleasures that other men love. They received Sauti kindly, and bade him be seated. When he had recovered from his weariness, they begged him to tell them of all the things he had learnt on his many travels.

The story of the Churning of the Ocean is one that Sauti told to Saunaka, one of these wise men.

Sauti said, "O wise man, about this time was seen that most beautiful of horses, that gem of steeds who arose at the churning of the Ocean for nectar."

Saunaka asked, "Why did the gods churn the Ocean for nectar? Under what circumstances did that best of steeds appear?"

Sauti said, "There is a mountain named Meru. The rays of the sun fall on its golden peaks. There dwell the gods, but it is too mighty to be approached by sinful men. So high is it, that its golden shining peaks kiss the heavens." The gods came together upon it to discuss how they might recover a wonderful drink called the Amrit.

Then Narayana, the spirit that moves upon the face of the waters, said, "O! ye gods, churn the Ocean. By churning the Ocean you will recover the precious Amrit and also many jewels."

Sauti said, "There is a mountain called Mandara. It is covered with herbs and trees, among which count-

less birds pour forth their melody." The gods decided to tear up the mighty Mandara, and use it as a churning stick, but alas! they could not even so much as shake the huge rock, which defied all their efforts to move it. Then the gods came to Vishnu and Brahma, and called upon them saying, "O! ye gods, think out some plan so that Mandara may be torn up for our good."

Sauti said, "Then, O wisest of men, Vishnu came to their help, and the lotus-eyed one laid this hard task on the mighty Ananda, the Prince of Snakes. Then, at the bidding of Vishnu, the mighty Ananda tore up the rock, and the gods with Ananda and the rock came to the shore of the Ocean, and said to the Ocean, "O Ocean, we have come to churn thy waters, and thus to get the wondrous nectar Amrit."

And the Ocean replied, "Be it so, only give me a share of the Amrit. I can well bear the churning of my waters by the rock." Then the gods went to the king of the tortoises and said to him, "O Tortoise King, thou must hold the mighty Mandara rock upon thy back. The Tortoise King agreed, and the gods placed Mandara upon the back of the tortoise.

Then the gods made Mandara the churning stick, and took a snake to be the cord, and set about churning the Ocean to get the Amrit. Some held the snake by the hood and others by the tail, and thus they turned the mighty rock and churned the waters of the Ocean.

They grew so hot and weary that the showers which fell from heaven were cool and refreshing, as were the flowers that fell upon them from the trees on the whirling Mandara.

Then, O best of sages, out of the deep came a tremendous roaring as the mighty rock churned its waters, and many of the fish were crushed by the rock, and died in the salt waters of the Ocean. From the turning Mandara great trees were torn up by the roots, and fell into the water, and the mountain looked like a mass of dark clouds charged with lightning. O best of

Brahmans, the fire increased and burnt the lions and elephants and other creatures upon the mountain's sides, until at last the storm god extinguished the fire by pouring upon it heavy showers.

O best of Brahmans, after the churning had gone on for a long time, the gods obtained gums and various juices, and fine gold from the Ocean. But still the Amrit did not appear.

Then the gods called upon Brahma and said, "Sire, we are spent. We have not strength left to churn, and yet the Amrit has not appeared. We have no help now, unless the spirit that moves upon the waters will hear us."

Brahma listened to their prayer, and said to the spirit that moves upon the waters, "O Narayana, be pleased to grant the gods strength to churn the deep afresh."

Then the spirit that moves upon the waters heard their prayers, and said, "Ye wise ones, I grant you strength. Go, place the mountain in the waters and churn them once again."

Then the gods, with renewed strength, recommenced their churning of the Ocean. After a little while the mild moon, which had been lost during all this terrible time, arose from the Ocean and shed its thousand rays upon them. Then came wine, and the wonderful white steed, and then the wondrous jewel, Kaustubha, which adorns the breast of the spirit that moves upon the waters. Then, to the joy of all, came one bearing the much longed-for Amrit in a white vessel. The churning still went on, however, and there arose at length a great elephant with two pairs of shining white tusks.

Alas! then, gods and men began to quarrel as to who should have the precious Amrit, but Vishnu helped the gods, and they were soon drinking the precious nectar. But while they drank the Amrit, a mortal entered and drank of it too. Then, on the shores of the salt water sea, began a dreadful fight between gods and men. And

when the sun arose in his splendour, thousands of warriors struck one another with their weapons, and cries of distress were heard on every side. At last the gods obtained the victory. Then they paid their respects to their churning stick, Mandara, and placed it on its base again. Then the nectar-bearing gods, making the heavens resound with their shouts of joy, returned to their homes. But the white vessel from which the Amrit could always be obtained was given by the gods into the care of the spirit that moves upon the waters.

Then Sauti ended his story by saying, "Thus have I recited to you the whole story of how the Amrit was churned out of the Ocean."

THE LEGEND OF THE POSSESSED PRINCESS[1]

AN EGYPTIAN STORY

About the year 1266 B.C., Rameses II, King of Egypt, was receiving tribute from the kings and princes of Arabia and Asia Minor. The princes threw themselves on the ground before the mighty King of Egypt, and addressed him as the Lord of the Two Countries, the King of Upper and Lower Egypt, The Powerful Bull, the Hawk of Gold, the Son of the Sun, the Lord of the Thebaid, the Destroyer of the Barbarians, the Beloved of the great god Amen-Ra. They vied with one another in bringing costly presents, gold, lapis lazuli, turquoise, and precious woods from Arabia.

Then came Khattusil, King of Khatti, bringing the loveliest present of all. He and his followers had travelled to Tanis in northern Egypt in winter, in spite of the snows, of the icy passes of the Taurus, and the rain among the hills of Palestine. This seemed a dreadful journey to the Egyptians, but perhaps Khattusil and his people found the snow and the rain as easy to bear as the Egyptians found their summer heat, which seemed dreadful to the people of Khatti.

The lovely present which Khattusil had brought was his eldest daughter. She was a very beautiful person, and delighted the heart of his Majesty beyond all things he had ever seen. So when she and her father knelt before him, and offered their tribute of gold and silver, he raised her up and bestowed upon her the title of Queen. So she was married to Rameses II, and was

[1] This story is to be found on a sandstone tablet now in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris.

given an Egpytian name, which meant "the Princess who sees the beauties of Ra." For Ra was the great god of Egypt, and when the Princess became the Queen of Egypt, and went to live there, she had to worship the Egyptian gods.

Now it happened that some time later, when the King of Egypt was in Thebes for the Festival of Amen-Ra, a messenger came from the Queen's father, Khattusil. The messenger brought many presents for the Queen, and was brought into the presence of Rameses. As soon as he saw the King, he bowed before him and worshipped him. And when he had made an end of worshipping the King, he said, "My Lord, I have come to thee because of Bent Rash, the little sister of the Queen. Illness has shaken all her limbs, and she cannot be cured. Would it be pleasing to thy Majesty to send a sacred doctor to see her."

Rameses loved his Queen, "The Princess who sees the Beauties of Ra," very dearly, so he was anxious that her little sister should be cured. He ordered his servants to bring to him all the wise men of Egypt to hear the story of the illness of the Queen's little sister, Bent Rash, and from among them he chose a very clever doctor who went to Khatti to see poor little Bent Rash. Alas! he could do nothing for her, and returned to Egypt saying that the little princess must be possessed by an evil spirit.

Then Khattusil, the Queen's father, sent a second time to Rameses, as he was again keeping the festival of Amen-Ra in Thebes. The messenger bowed before the King, and said, "My good Lord, I am again before you because of the illness of Bent Rash, the little sister of the Queen." Now there was in Egypt an image of the god Khonsu, which was called Khonsu the Plan Maker. This image was famous because of its power of driving out evil spirits, and everyone was sure that this image of Khonsu the Plan Maker would be able to cure the little princess.

In the temple at Thebes, there was a great statue of the god Khonsu, and Rameses determined to ask the god if he would like him to send the image of Khonsu the Plan Maker to Khatti to cure the Queen's little sister. So the King came into the temple and bowed before the god and worshipped him, and said, "O great lord, if thou turnest thy face towards Khonsu the Plan Maker, who can drive away evil spirits, I will send him to cure little Bent Rash." Then the King pleaded with the god to let his protection go with the image of the Plan Maker. The head of the god was bent deeply, deeply, so the King knew that the god was pleased.

He therefore ordered that the image should be sent to the land of Khatti to cure the King's little daughter. The god was taken in great state in an ark, with many priests and followers, first in a boat, with five small boats to guard it, and afterwards in a chariot, with many chariots and horses to guard it.

At last they reached the land of Khattusil, and the King and his soldiers came forward to meet the god. The King threw himself face downwards on the ground and worshipped the image of Khonsu the Plan Maker, the driver-out of evil spirits. Then the god was taken to the place where Bent Rash was, and he cured her at once. For the evil spirit left her as soon as Khonsu came near. The priest of the god ordered that a solemn sacrifice should be made, and there was a great day of rejoicing.

Khattusil and all his people were so much delighted that they would not let the god go back to Egypt. He was kept there for three years, four months, and five days. Then one night, as Khattusil lay upon his couch, he dreamed that the spirit of the god came out from his temple in the form of a beautiful golden hawk, and flew back to Egypt. This filled the King with horror, and he said to the priest of Khonsu the Plan Maker, "Your god is angry with us, "Let him return to Egypt in his chariot."

So Bent Rash's father sent the god back to Egypt with very many presents of every kind, and guarded by troops and very many horsemen. They reached Egypt in peace, and the presents were given to the temple of the god in Thebes.

AN UNFORTUNATE MAIDEN

A GREEK STORY

ARGOLIS was the first state to be founded in the country which is now called Greece. Its first king was Inachos, a god who rose out of the river that waters the grassy plain on which great herds of cattle pastured in his time. Now Inachos had a most lovely daughter, Io, who, however, was not a goddess, but only a poor mortal. Her wondrous beauty brought Io nothing but grief and pain, for Zeus, the King of the gods, looked down upon Argolis and saw Io. So lovely was she that he began to admire her very much, and could think of nothing else. This vexed Hera, the Queen of the Gods, especially as Io was only a mortal, and in her rage and jealousy she began to think what evils and troubles she could bring upon the unhappy maiden.

For some time past, Io had been troubled with strange dreams, so at last she asked her father what he thought they meant. At that time, if anyone among the people of that land had strange dreams, he used to send a messenger to the Speaking Oak of Dodona. This wonderful tree would reply to any questions which it was asked, and would give advice as to what mortals ought to do if they wanted to please the gods. So Inachus sent some one to ask what Io's dreams meant, and if he ought to do anything about them. Picture his grief and dismay when the messenger brought back word that if he wished to avoid the wrath of the gods, and to save the whole of his race from destruction, he must drive his poor, pretty daughter Io out of his home and kingdom. Unhappy Inachos shed many tears, but

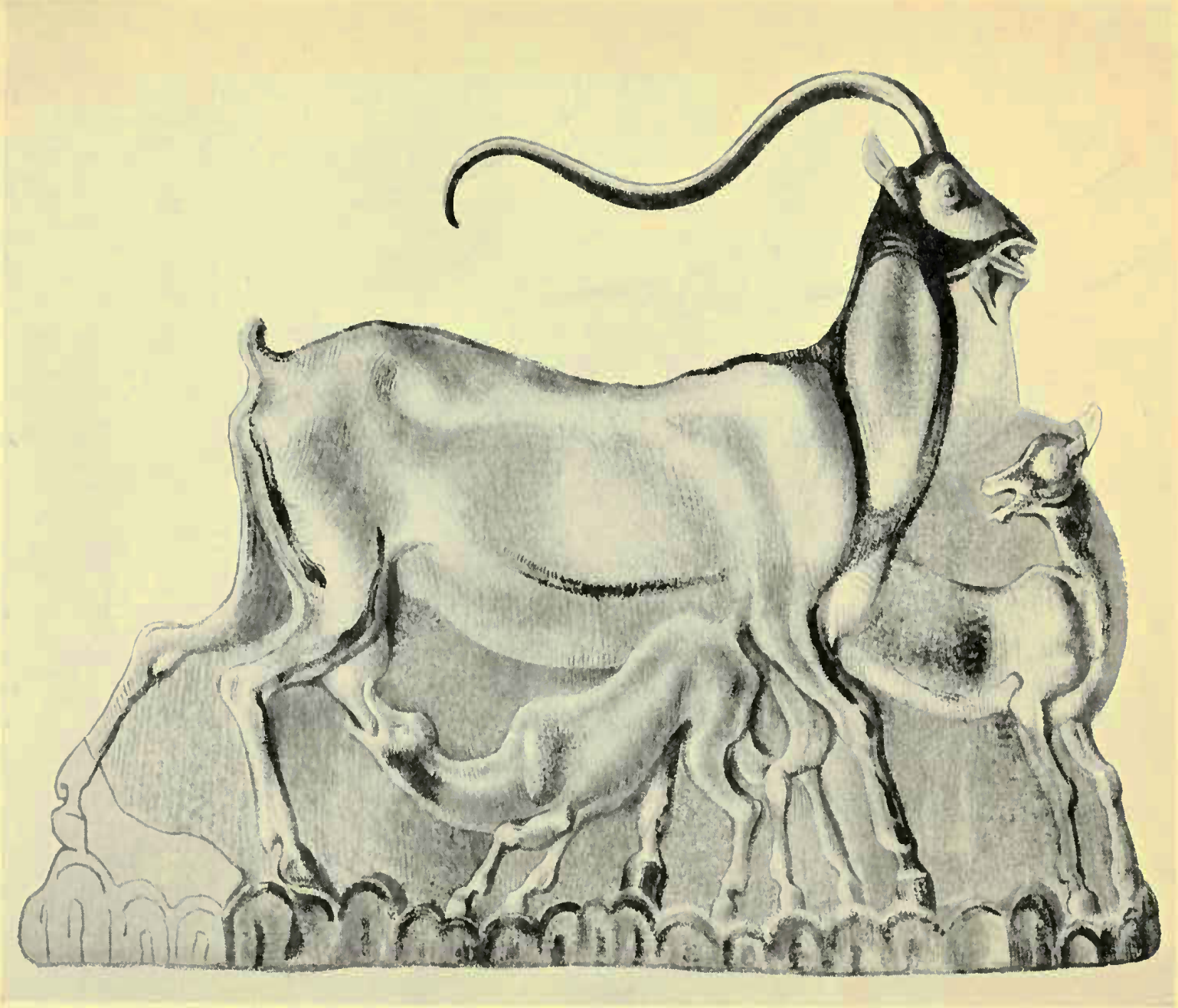

PLATE IV

FAÏENCE RELIEF: WILD GOAT AND YOUNG FROM KNOSSOS, CRETE

alas! he dared not disobey the gods, so Io was driven forth a homeless wanderer.

No sooner had Inachos done this cruel deed than Hera, in her rage and spite, changed Io into a white heifer, and thus put an end to her beauty. Besides this, she sent a horrid gadfly to torment the poor heifer with its stings. At the pain of its sharp sting, Io rushed down to the Springs of Lerna, to try to cool her burning smart in its clear waters. Poor Io! as she rushed along half mad with pain, there suddenly rose from the ground Argus, the thousand-eyed, who had been sent by Hera to goad the poor heifer still further, and to watch over her night and day lest anyone should drive away the gadfly and comfort her. Thus to Io's other misfortunes was added the constant presence of this thousand-eyed herdsman, whose fierce looks filled her with terror and dismay.

She wandered across the plains of Greece, and came to the Speaking Oak of Dodona. Here she got her first bit of comfort, for the Oracle hailed her as a maiden who would become the wife of a king, and the mother of a race of kings. But even as the oak was speaking, the gadfly stung her into madness, and she rushed wildly away to the shores of the Adriatic, which for a long time was called the Ionian Gulf, in memory of her.

Still driven by the stinging gadfly and the fierce herdsman, she wandered on till she came to an untrodden waste of wild desert, and there she saw some one whose misfortunes were as great as her own. For, chained to a lonely rock, with no shelter from the blazing summer sun, or the chill, piercing winter winds, was the god Prometheus. He had been fastened there by the orders of Zeus, who was furiously angry, because Prometheus had stolen fire from heaven, and had taught mortals how to use it. As Prometheus was a god, and could not die, but must stay chained to the rock in this wild lonely spot for evermore, his punishment was terrible indeed.

When Io reached the foot of the rock and looked up,

she begged Prometheus to tell her who he was, and why he was thus tortured, but even as she was asking him, the gadfly stung her again. She sobbed out most pitifully, "Oh! the gadfly again pierces my poor flesh. O Mother Earth! listen to my prayers and save me from the crafty herdsman who drives me, weary and hungry, by the sandy shores. O King of the gods! take pity on me. Burn me with fire, stifle me beneath the earth, or give me as a prey to the wild sea monsters, but save me from this terrible fate. Listen to the prayers of a poor maiden, for a maiden I am, though I bear the horns of a heifer."

Then Prometheus called to her by name, and he and Io told one another of their misfortunes. Prometheus sorrowfully told Io that her troubles were not nearly over, and that if she was weeping and weary now, he did not know in what state she would be before she reached the place where her wanderings were to cease. He told her that great as her misfortunes were, she was happier than he, for there would come a time when her sorrows would end, but that he must be tortured for ever.

The gadfly then stung Io so fiercely that the fit of madness overtook her again, and with wildly beating heart and terror in her eyes, she dashed on again.

Facing the rising sun, she crossed the great steppes, which had not at that time felt the plough of man. She passed great hordes of Nomad Scyths, who moved from place to place in wicker cots raised on wheeled cars, and who could shoot the arrow with deadly aim. She saw the home of that fierce race which early learnt to make sharp iron weapons, but she did not dare to go near them, for their weapons were more deadly than the Scythian arrows.

She mounted the passes of the lofty Caucasus, where the high peaks seemed to reach the very sky, and all the time the gadfly and the herdsman pursued her, quite deaf to her piteous sobs and entreaties.

She passed the Sea of Azof and the Crimea, and thus left Europe for Asia, by the Straits of Bosphorus, which still bear witness to her crossing in their name, which is just the Greek way of saying Oxford.

In her wanderings she saw many wonderful sights, the troops of armed women who fought as fiercely as any men, the three swan-shaped sisters, who had only one eye and one tooth between them, their three other sisters, the Gorgons, whose snaky locks made them so hideous that no mortal dared gaze upon them. She also came to the griffins—great dogs with the heads of hawks—and to a wild tribe of riders on horseback, who lived near the streams that wash down gold in their sands.

At last her wanderings brought her to the coast of the eastern Mediterranean, and passing southwards by Syria, and then turning west, she came to the land of Egypt. Here at last peace and rest came to her, for Zeus was able to free her from Hera's toils. He gently stroked the poor heifer, and at the soothing touch of his divine hand, Io became once more a lovely maiden. The gadfly and the herdsman disappeared, and she settled down in peace at Canopus, a city on the western edge of the Nile delta. Here was born to her a son, who became king of all those fertile plains that are watered by the mighty Nile. I hope he loved Io, and comforted her and helped her to forget what a sad and weary time she had had while she was a homeless wanderer through Europe and Asia.

THE DANCE OF THE GIANTS

A BRITISH STORY

LONG ago a king of Britain had won a great victory, but instead of rejoicing at his success, he was filled with grief and sorrow for the earls and princes who had helped him in the battle, but had lost their lives. As he gazed upon the green turf which covered their bodies, he fell to wondering how he might best preserve the memory of these noble friends who had died for their country.

Then he called together all the master craftsmen in stone and wood, and asked them to put forth all their skill to try to make some new kind of building that should stand for ever in memory of men so worthy. The craftsmen gazed sadly upon one another, and then told the King that they were quite unable to build anything wonderful enough to satisfy him. Just then a friend of the King said to him, "If there be any man strong enough to carry out this plan, it is Merlin the prophet. Never another man in thy kingdom is brighter of wit than he. Bid him set his wits to work, and he will build thee a monument to last for ever."

So the King sent for Merlin, who listened to his request for a monument of his fallen friends that should last for ever. Then the wise Merlin said, "If you wish to grace the burial place of these men, send for the Dance of the Giants that is in Killaurus, a mountain in Ireland."

He told the King that this Dance of the Giants was a great ring of huge stones, each so large that none of the

PLATE V

STONEHENGE

men who were now living could raise even one, unless his brain was as clever as his strength was great. He added that the stones were of such wonderful size and virtue that if they were set up in a circle around the grassy plot where the King's friends lay dead, just as they were now set up in Ireland, they would stand for ever.

Upon hearing this, the King very rudely burst out laughing, and said it would be a fine thing indeed to fetch stones of such huge size from so distant a country, when Britain had plenty of stones quite close at hand for the job. Then Merlin rebuked the King, and told him that he ought not to laugh so lightly, for he had been very much in earnest when he advised the King to send for them. He said, "Long ago giants of old did carry these stones from the furthest ends of Africa, and bring them to Ireland, and set them up there. They were at the trouble to bring them all that long way because the stones were sacred and had a healing virtue. If any of these giants of old fell sick, he had only to wash the stones with water and then to bathe in this water, and he would be healed of his disease. If any of them had been wounded in battle, he had only to collect some herbs and mix them into a paste with water that had touched the stones, and put this paste upon the wound, and it would be cured at once." Now, when the King and the Britons heard this, they became very eager to fetch the wonderful healing stones, and set them up upon the plain. So the King's brother got together a great army in case the Irish should fight to keep the Britons from taking away their stones. Of course they took Merlin with them so that he might use his wit to help them to take down and carry away these giant pillars.

At last the ships were ready, and a light wind bore them across to Ireland. Here they were met by the brave young King of Ireland, who had heard of their coming, and had got together a great army, for he was

determined not to let the Britons take away the very smallest stone of the Dance.

A dreadful battle took place, but at last the Irish were overcome, and the Britons hastened to Killaurus. There they found, to their delight and wonder, that the stones were standing in a great circle, just as Merlin had said. As they stood gazing, Merlin called to them, "Now, my men, try what you can do to fetch me down these stones. Then you will see whether strength is better than skill."

So they set to work with one accord to try all manner of plans to fetch down the Dance. They tried with ropes and ladders placed in all sorts of ways, but, though they tired themselves out with their efforts, not one of them could move a stone so much as an inch.

Then Merlin fell a laughing at them, and he put together his own engines. With them he laid down the stones so gently that the men who were watching could hardly believe their own eyes. He bade the men carry the stones on to the boats and set out for England. Presently, with the help of a fair wind, they came to a landing place. They lifted the heavy stones from out the boat in the way that Merlin told them to do, and carried them to the burial place of the King's friends. There Merlin set them up in a circle exactly as they had stood in Ireland, and so showed the King and the people that skill was better than strength, and there they stand to this very day.

As for the giants who had set them up in Killaurus hundreds of years before Merlin's time, they must indeed have been wonderful men. Although they lived so long ago that very likely they did not know how to use iron or even metal tools, but had only wooden and stone weapons and tools, they, like the lake-dwellers, could make themselves boats. What is even more wonderful is that these men, in their simply made boats, with nothing to guide them but the sun and the stars and the winds, braved the dangers of the wild, stormy

Atlantic, and sailed from Africa to Ireland. They could not, of course, put right out to sea and sail from one big port to another in a few days as the great steamers do nowadays. They had to keep near to the coast, and to stop at very many little landing places on their long journey.

One story tells us that a certain Scythian named Fenius, a king of those wandering tribes whom Io had passed in her sad journey, was turned out of his kingdom. He and some of his followers went to Egypt, but were turned out of that country, and wandered along the north of Africa and the coasts of the Mediterranean, going from one little port on the coast to the next just as the wind carried them. At last they landed on the shores of Spain, where they found a home that suited them and where they prospered greatly, and set up many of their sacred stones. Here, too, they heard many tales of a wonderful country in the west, called Ireland, where there was gold in abundance. On clear evenings they fancied they could see the shores of that favoured isle in the far distance. At last they set out to find it. There they landed and went to Killaurus, where they set up their sacred stone circle. Many people have wondered at the skill which they displayed in measuring their great circles so exactly, and in raising these heavy stone pillars into position in that dim past when men had so few tools and no books to help them. No one has ever yet found out the secret of how they did it, but the stones they raised are to be seen to this day all along the western shores of Europe from Africa to Ireland.

The country folk tell many queer tales of the wonderful things the stones can do, and of the long forgotten race of men who first set up these sacred pillars.

DIARMUID AND GRAINNE

AN IRISH STORY

On a certain day Fionn of the Fenians arose at early morn upon the Hill of Allen, and sat upon the green grass, with neither servant nor follower near him. Now Oisin, the son of Fionn, came to his father and said, "Why hast thou risen so early and why art thou alone?" Then Fionn replied that he was lonely and unhappy because his wife had died very long before.

Then Divrruing, Fionn's friend, said to him, "I myself could find thee a fitting wife." "Who is she?" said Fionn. "She is Grainne, the daughter of Cormac, the most lovely in face and form, and the fairest in speech of all the women in the world," replied Divrruing. But Fionn answered that he and Cormac had quarrelled long ago, and that he could not bear that Cormac should refuse to give his daughter to him. Then Oisin and Divrruing said they would go to see if Cormac was willing to give Grainne to Fionn. Now, when they made their request to Cormac, he said he would ask Grainne herself what she wished. So they went across together to the palace of the women in the Halls of Tara. Then Cormac sat upon the couch beside his daughter Grainne, and said, "Here are two of the people of Fionn of the Fenians come to ask thee to be his wife. What answer wilt thou give them?" Grainne only said, "If he be a fit son-in-law for thee, why should he not be a fit mate for me?" But Oisin and Divrruing were quite satisfied with the answer. So Cormac arranged that Fionn should meet Grainne a fortnight from that night in the Halls of Tara.

A fortnight later, Fionn collected the seven battalions of the Fenians, and they came to the plains of Tara, where Cormac and the chiefs of Erin gave them a pleasant welcome, and took them to the King's pleasure hall in Tara. There they feasted and enjoyed themselves, and Grainne began to talk to a Druid of the Fenians. After Grainne had sung the sweet songs of her ancestors, she asked the Druid why Fionn had come to Tara. When the Druid told her that Fionn wanted her for his wife, she said it seemed a great marvel to her that a man who was older than her father should want to marry her, and said she would have liked it much better if he had asked her to marry his son Oisin. Then she asked the Druid, "Who is that pleasant-voiced man with the curling dusky black hair, and the ruddy cheeks, and white teeth?" "That is Diarmuid of the joyous countenance," replied the Druid.

Then Grainne called her handmaid to bring to her the jewelled golden cup with the beautiful designs upon it. This she filled with wine and caused her handmaid to take to each of the guests except Diarmuid. As soon as they had drunk from the goblet they fell fast asleep. Grainne rose and walked towards Diarmuid and begged him to take her away at once before Fionn and her father awoke.

But Diarmuid said he was not worthy to marry her, and asked her what she knew of him. Grainne told him she had often watched him at the games upon the plains of Tara, and that she would not marry anyone, if she could not marry Diarmuid. Grainne walked forth to the wicket gate of the palace, and Diarmuid followed her. He sprang lightly over the wicket gate on to the green grass of the plains of Tara, and walked along by the side of Grainne. He told Grainne that she would have but a sad time with him, for it was certain that Fionn would pursue them, but Grainne said she would not be parted from him except by death. They crossed a stream and walked westward into Galway. Here

Diarmuid cut down a few trees in a grove, and made seven doors around the grove, and made a bed of rushes and birch tops for Grainne to rest upon.

In the morning Fionn and Cormac arose and found Diarmuid and Grainne gone. Fionn followed in a great rage, but lost track of them by the stream. Later he said, "I shall find them in the grove that is in the wood." Upon that Oisin became filled with pity for Diarmuid and Grainne, and loosed Bran, the hound of Fionn, and sent him to the grove to Diarmuid to warn him that Fionn was coming.

Bran understood his work right well, and followed Diarmuid's track, and came upon him asleep in the grove. When Bran thrust his head into Diarmuid's bosom, Diarmuid understood the message. He sprang up and roused Grainne, and told her that Fionn's son, Oisin, had sent Bran to him as a warning. Grainne begged him to take the warning, but he would not. Later, Oisin, still fearing for Diarmuid's life, sent his servant, who had such a loud voice that he could be heard for miles around, to give three special shouts, so that Diarmuid might know his danger and escape. But Diarmuid would not escape.

Then Fionn of the Fenians said to his son Oisin. "It was useless for you to warn Diarmuid by the message of Bran and by the three shouts of the servant, for he shall not leave the grove till I have taken my revenge upon him." So Fionn and the Fenians came to the grove, and Diarmuid would not hide or escape, but stood by the side of Grainne, and defied Fionn, and kissed Grainne three times in presence of them all. That would have brought death to Diarmuid, if it had not been for his teacher, Angus, who was wise in the learning of the Tuatha-de-Danann. In his palace on the river Boyne, his magic showed to him the danger of his foster-son. So he came upon the swift wind and reached Diarmuid and Grainne, and offered to take them away under his magic mantle, without either Fionn or the

Fenians seeing them. Diarmuid would not go himself, but he made Grainne go, promising to follow later, if he defeated Fionn and the Fenians. He asked Angus to send Grainne safe home to her father, if it should happen that Fionn killed him.

Then, when Angus had carried Grainne safely away under his magic mantle, Diarmuid went to each of the seven doors and called to know who was on the other side. Although the first six were guarded by Fenians, they felt pity for Diarmuid, and offered to let him escape. But Diarmuid would not accept their offer because he knew Fionn would kill them afterwards. When he came to the door that Fionn was guarding, he called to Fionn and said he would come by that door alone. Then Fionn charged his seven battalions on no account to let Diarmuid escape. Diarmuid, when he heard that, arose with an exceeding light and airy leap and went a great way out beyond Fionn and the Fenians so that they could not see him. He followed the track of Angus and Grainne and came upon them in a warm hut, with a wide fire flaming and a wild boar roasting on the spit. Grainne nearly died of joy to see him. They ate their meal, and Angus went away after giving them some good advice as to how to escape from Fionn.

So they wandered on by the river Shannon, and Angus caught salmon there. Then they wandered further and came to a moor in Tralee. Here they came upon a goodly youth who, however, had neither arms nor armour. The youth offered to be their man, and Diarmuid bound him to him by an oath. The youth must have been very strong, for when they came to a stream he took both Diarmuid and Grainne upon his back, and carried them safely across. He found a roomy cave for them, and made them a bed of soft rushes and birch tops. Then he took a long rod and fastened a hair and a hook and a holly berry to it, and caught three fish, which he cooked, and gave the two

large salmon to Diarmuid and Grainne, and kept the small one for himself.

Next morning, Diarmuid arose early and looked out over the sea. There he saw a fleet of ships, and men landing upon the foot of the hill on which Diarmuid stood. He greeted them and asked who they were. They told him that they were chieftains from the sea between France and Britain, and that they sought the head of an outlaw, Diarmuid, that they might take it to Fionn of the Fenians, for they themselves were Fenians. Diarmuid did not tell them who he was, but said that yesterday he had seen a man who had seen Diarmuid. "Is there wine in your ships?" quoth Diarmuid. "There is," said they.

"If ye were pleased to bring out a tun of wine, I would show you a trick," said he. So the tun was brought, and Diarmuid and the men drank the wine from it. Then Diarmuid mounted on the tun, and took it up the hill and down again without once getting off. They said they could easily do the same, but one after the other tried and failed and the tun rolled on them and crushed them. Thus died fifty of the green Fenians from the fleet of ships.

Next day, they asked Diarmuid to show them another trick. Diarmuid took the yellow spear which Mananan, one of the chiefs of the Tuatha-de-Danann, had given to him. He thrust it in the ground, point uppermost, and then rose with a light bird-like bound, and came down on the point without being hurt at all. One after another of the green Fenians tried to do the same, but each of them was cut in half by the sword, so fifty more died the second day.

On the third day, fifty more were killed by another trick.

Now on the fourth day, Diarmuid rose at early dawn and put on his magic suit of armour through which no weapon could wound him. He took his magic sword and magic javelins, which always brought death to whom-

soever they wounded. Then he went forth and told the green Fenians that he was Diarmuid, and laid about him with his magic weapons to such good purpose that all of them were slain save only three chiefs and a few servants. Next day, he wounded the three chiefs so grievously that they could not rise, and then he and Grainne wandered on till they came to the Mountains of Kerry.

The servants of the three chiefs tried to loose them from the bonds which Diarmuid had put on them, but the magic of the Tuatha-de-Danann was greater than the strength of the green Fenians. Presently, there came a witch, sent by Fionn, who heard the sad story of Diarmuid's dealings with the green Fenians from the sea.

She told them to unloose their three hounds which could be slain neither by fire nor water, nor weapon, and to set them on the track of Diarmuid and his bride. She promised that Fionn and his seven battalions should come to their aid.

The first hound was loosed, and the youth who had become servant to the wanderers told them to go on, and he would deal with the hound. He took from his girdle a tiny puppy, and put it on the palm of his hand. Then the puppy leapt from his hand right into the throat of the fierce hound, and sprang back on the youth's hand, leaving the hound dead. Diarmuid slew the other two with his magic javelins. Then he turned and slew the pursuers also, all except the witch whom Fionn had sent. She returned to Fionn, who caused three wide graves to be dug for the three chiefs, and their monument was put over their gravestone, and their names were written in Ogam. Weary and heavy at heart was Fionn after that.

Fionn tried again to overcome Diarmuid, but was again defeated. Then he went to the King of Scotland and got an army from him, to come and help against Diarmuid. It was all in vain, for Diarmuid slew them

as a hawk slays sparrows, or a wolf slays sheep. Heavy at heart was Fionn. Then Angus went to Fionn, and asked him whether he would make peace with Diarmuid, and so weary and sad was Fionn that he said he would make peace with Diarmuid. Angus went to Grainne's father and asked him if he would make peace with Diarmuid, and he said yes. Then Angus asked Diarmuid if he were willing to make peace. He said he was willing if Fionn would give him his father's estate in Kerry and another one as large, and if Cormac, Grainne's father, would also give them a great estate. So peace was made at last, and Diarmuid and Grainne lived happily on their estate, though Cormac and the Fenians remained in authority over Ireland, and the Tuatha-de-Danann did not become kings of Ireland again.

THE LADY OF LLYN Y FAN FACH

A WELSH STORY

In a little valley village, below the northern slopes of the Black Mountains, in Carmarthenshire, there lived a widow and her only son. There were so many woodlands in the sheltered valley that her cattle needed more grass than they could get near her farm, and it was the custom of the land therefore to send the cattle in spring to graze upon the moorlands of the Black Mountain, and her son went to mind them. They found shelter in the hollow where lies the little mountain lake called Llyn y Fan Fach.

One morning, as the son was walking by the margin of the lake, he saw, rising from the lake, a most beautiful lady. She was arranging her curls by the aid of her reflection in the water, when she suddenly beheld the young man standing by the edge of the lake. His eyes were shining with admiration, and as she drew nearer to him he held out to her the barley bread and cheese which he had brought with him. She, however, refused to share, and when he tried to touch her, she slipped from his grasp exclaiming, "O! thou of the hard baked bread, it is not easy to catch me!" Then she disappeared under the water. The young man was so much disappointed that he did not know whatever to do. As soon as he got home, he told his mother the sad story. She advised him to take some unbaked dough next day, and see if that would not tempt the lady. Next day he was up long before the dawn, and hurried off to the margin of the lake. Alas! hours passed and no one appeared. Suddenly the youth, who had forgotten

all about his mother's cattle, was startled to see some of them in great danger on a steep slope on the other side of the lake. He was hurrying to save them, when suddenly, to his intense delight, he saw the object of his search rise from the water looking even more lovely than on the previous day. He again offered her a share of his bread, and this time he also asked her to marry him.

The maiden replied, "O! thou of the unbaked bread, I will not have thee." Then she once more disappeared beneath the waters of the lake. This time, however, the youth did not feel quite so disappointed, for something in her smile had made him feel that she would come back again.

He went off home, and once more told his mother the story of the day's happenings. She suggested that this time the young man should take some bakestone bread, lightly baked, to offer to the maiden. Very early next morning he rose and hastened to the lake. But dawn passed and noon also, and still no sign of the much longed-for lady of the Llyn y Fan Fach. At last, when the evening was nearly spent, and the shadows of the night were gathering, the young man set out to go home. He turned back, however, to cast one more glance at the lake. Picture his surprise and delight when he saw some cattle walking on the lake and the maiden following them. This time she came to the shore of the lake and smiled at him. When he offered her his lightly baked bread, she accepted a share of it, and when he asked her to be his bride, she agreed. The only condition that she made was that if he ever struck her with iron she should return at once to her home in the lake. Of course the young man thought that it was quite impossible that he should ever dream of striking anyone whom he loved so dearly, much less of striking her with iron, so he readily agreed. Upon this the maiden suddenly dived into the lake. In his grief the young man was about to dive in also, when there rose from the lake two beautiful maidens, accompanied

by a grey-haired old man of a very powerful build. The old man said that the youth could marry one of his daughters if he were able to choose which of them had spoken to him before.

They were so very much alike that I don't suppose the youth would have been able to choose the right one, if she had not thrust out her foot and thus given him a hint. Then the father gave him his daughter as a bride, and also said that he would give her as many sheep, cattle, goats, and horses as she could count without stopping for breath. He warned the youth that if ever he should be unkind enough to strike his wife with iron, she would at once return to her home, and bring with her all her sheep, cattle, goats, and horses. The maiden then began to count as quickly as she could one, two, three, four, five, and then one, two, three, four, five again, never going beyond five, but counting very rapidly indeed, so that she and her husband started life with a very fine store of cattle.

For a long time they lived together very happily near the village of Myddfai, and they had three very handsome sons.

One day she and her husband were going to ride somewhere, and went to catch the ponies. The husband caught his own pony, but, in trying to catch his wife's pony, he threw the bridle in such a way that it missed the pony and struck his wife. She cast a reproachful glance at him, walked out into the fields, called her cattle and sheep and goats and horses together, and they all marched away and disappeared into the waters of the Llyn y Fan Fach.

No one knows what became of the unhappy husband. The sons, however, knowing the whole strange story of the way in which their father and mother had met, often wandered by the lake. On many days their mother came from the lake to talk with them. She told them that their work in the world was to heal sick people. So that they might be able to do this, she would

walk with them in the dingle and show them the plants and herbs which were good for various illnesses. In time the sons became so very skilful in the use of healing herbs that the fame of the Physicians of Myddfai spread far and wide. They handed on their knowledge to their sons, and some day, when you visit Wales, you must try to find Myddfai Church and see their graves.

SANEHAT

AN EGYPTIAN STORY

About two thousand five hundred years before Christ was born, a very wise king ruled in Egypt. He was named Amen-em-hat, which means "Amen at the head," for Amen-Ra was the great god whom the Egyptians then worshipped. He found Egypt in a state of great disorder, but he soon put it in a state of peace and good order. He put an end to the quarrels between the cities and the small states, made new canals to carry the Nile water to the thirsty land, so that in his reign corn and water were plentiful, and no man went hungry or thirsty. He kept the desert tribes from invading the country, and also hunted the lions and crocodiles which troubled the poor folk of the land.

His eldest son was named Senusert, but he had a younger son named Sanehat. Now, when Senusert was leading an army against the Libyans, and Sanehat was an officer under him, news came that their father Amen-em-hat was dead. Sanehat was seized with terror lest his elder brother should kill him now that their father was dead. His heart was troubled. His hands shook, and his knees trembled beneath him. He slipped away from the army and disguised himself as a seller of herbs. He spent a long night hidden in a corner of a garden, and made up his mind that he could never be a servant in his brother's palace. "I long to be free," said he; "there is no life but a free life."

So he crossed the river Nile in a small boat with no rudder, and reached the eastern bank of the river. Then he came to the line of forts which the kings of

Egypt had made on the north-east of their country, to keep out enemies from Syria and Arabia. The sight of the watchmen on the forts filled him with dread lest they should prevent him from getting away from his brother's kingdom and out into freedom. All day he lay hidden amongst the bushes and at night he hurried along beneath the brilliant stars, and an old herb-seller made friends with him, and helped him to escape.

Then he wandered into the dreadful desert that lies between Egypt and Edom. Thirst overtook him so that his throat was parched and agony came upon him. Just as he was thinking that this must be death coming upon him, he heard the pleasant voice of cattle, and saw a stranger from the east, who said to him, "O! thou that art from Egypt, where art thou travelling?" The stranger treated him kindly, giving him water and warm milk, and took him home to his tribe. When he was strong again Sanehat bade goodbye to the friendly stranger and passed on into Edom, and thence to Syria.

A Chief here liked Sanehat so much that he begged him to stay with him. He gave Sanehat the most fertile piece of land in all the district, and he married his eldest daughter to him. The land was very pleasant. There were vines and fig trees, palms and olives, barley and wheat. Moreover there was much sweet honey and pleasant fruit of many different kinds. Cattle, too, were plentiful. Sanehat had plenty of milk in pails every day, and wine and flesh and fowl were brought to him, so that he and his children and his servants, and even his dogs, had more than they could eat. In return for the kindness of the Chief, Sanehat put a stop to the attacks of enemy tribes, so that the people could gather their harvest and tend their vines and fruit trees in peace. He put down highway robbers, and made the neighbouring tribes share their pastures with the Chief and himself. The Chief loved him dearly,

and very often they talked together of the wonders of Egypt. For Sanehat, in spite of all his good fortune with these Arab tribes, loved Egypt still, and longed for its comfort and luxury in place of the rougher Arab life. Often Sanehat talked of his father, Amen-em-hat, and of the wealth and beauty of the great palace of the King of Egypt.

Sanehat never forgot that he had been a thirsty wanderer in the desert, and any man who came to his door was sure of water and milk to quench his thirst, and of a guide to set him on the right way. He was, however, a fierce foe to those who tried to wrong him. Once a mighty man of the Chief's tribe became jealous of Sanehat, and challenged him to fight. The friendly Chief was afraid lest Sanehat should be killed, for his enemy was a mighty giant. But Sanehat said, "If his desire is to fight, let him. Doth God forget like those that are dead?"

Then he got ready his bow and arrows, and sharpened his dagger, and went forth to face the giant. All the tribe gathered to see the fight, and the women were very sorry for Sanehat, and thought it pitiful to see him going to his death. But none of the giants' arrows pierced him, and Sanehat hurled a javelin and struck the giant in the neck. He fell upon his face calling for mercy, so Sanehat put a chain upon him, and took all his treasure and wealth and cattle from him.

Sanehat said, "God hath been gracious to me, whom he drove out into another land. His heart has been mild like the sun. Naked and hungry and thirsty, I fled from my homeland. Now I am clothed in fine linen, and can give bread to the hungry. What more is there to desire? Alas! I long to return home to be buried in the land where I was born. Grant me this, for have not I suffered much?"

Then he wrote to his royal brother in Egypt, telling him that now old age was coming upon him, he longed for home. He longed for the streams of his native

land to refresh his weary limbs. He longed that his body should be buried in the land where his heart had always lived.

Senusert was pleased to hear again from his brother and old comrade in the wars. He sent him many presents and a kind greeting, telling him that he would be warmly welcomed back to Egypt. He told Sanehat to leave his wealth behind him, and to come to the palace of the King, his brother, and to bow down to him. Senusert promised that if Sanehat would do this, he should be made a chief of the nobles in Egypt. What pleased Sanehat most was that Senusert promised him a proper burial. Egyptians at that time believed that it made a great difference to them in the next world if their bodies were properly buried. This is what Senusert promised Sanehat in his letter. "When thou diest, they shall embalm thy body and wrap it in fine bandages. They shall follow thy gilded mummy case, with its head painted blue, and a canopy of acacia wood spread over thee. The oxen shall draw thee along, and women shall sit at the door of thy tomb and pray for thee. There shall be put in thy tomb beasts for thee to hunt, and instruments shall be played for thee. Thou shalt not be wrapped in a sheepskin and buried by strangers in a distant land."

Sanehat was so overjoyed that he was like one gone mad. He threw himself upon the earth and touched the soil and cried out that the great King of Egypt, the Deliverer, had been kind to him, and would let him return once more to his home. The rest of the day he spent in dividing his slaves and cattle, his fruit trees and his woods of dates between his children. On the morrow he said farewell to his kind Arab friends, who followed him for a long way, shouting farewell and good wishes for his journey. Then Sanehat was escorted back to Egypt by the men whom his brother had sent. He came at last to his beloved country, and his brother's children were waiting on the walls to greet him. He was guided

to the palace, where he found his brother in the old place of the kings of Egypt, in a golden pavilion.

Sanehat threw himself down before his brother, and hailed him as a god as well as a king. Senusert spoke kindly to him, telling him that he had made a famous name for himself abroad, and that he had nothing to fear. Then he gave Sanehat many jewels, and told him that from that time onward he should be a councillor, and a great man in Egypt, and that the royal children only should be his equals.

Then Sanehat was taken to a great palace, which was to be his home. There were treasures in it, and a great cool fountain. The king sent him soft delicate garments from his own store, and spices to bathe his limbs. Instead of sleeping on the ground, he lay once more on a soft couch. Choice and delicate foods were brought to him whenever he wished.

As soon as ever he had settled in his new home, Sanehat began to build himself a great stone tomb. His brother, the King, chose the best place for it, and ordered the best painter and the best sculptor to decorate it. King Senusert also sent for fine stone and precious woods from other countries to be used in Sanehat's tomb, and caused an image of Sanehat in pure gold to be put at the entrance. So Sanehat's life ended pleasantly, for he and his brother remained good friends till death parted them.

GUDEA, PATESI OF LAGASH

A STORY FROM BABYLONIA

In the land that lies between Babylon and the Persian Gulf there had been a great deal of suffering, for no rain had fallen for many months. The water in the streams was so low that the canals that carried water to the crops in the fields were nearly all quite dry. This meant that there would be a dreadful famine in the land, and Gudea, its prince, was in despair. He grieved by day and by night because his country was being ruined, and his people were dying of hunger and thirst, and many were the prayers he offered to the gods.

Now one night he had a very strange dream. He dreamt that he saw a figure so tall that he seemed to fill the heaven and earth. Upon his head was a crown, and by his side was an eagle; his feet rested upon the whirlwind, and on either side of him crouched a lion. The figure spoke to Gudea, but he could not understand the meaning of the words it used. As Gudea gazed, the sun arose from the earth, and by its light he beheld a woman holding a reed in one hand, while in the other was a tablet on which was a star of the heavens. Then came a second man armed like a warrior, who carried a slab of that beautiful blue stone called lapis lazuli, and on it he drew the plan of a temple.

A beautiful cushion was placed in front of Gudea, and upon the cushion was a mould, and within the mould was a brick, the brick of destiny. On the right hand an ass lay upon the ground.

Such was Gudea's dream, and he was greatly troubled because he could not think what it meant. Now the

goddess Nina understood the wishes of the gods, and could explain these strange dreams if she would. So first of all Gudea went to the temple of the god and goddess who were Nina's brother and sister. He made a sacrifice and poured out fresh water, and cried out, "I have no mother, but thou art my mother; I have no father, but thou art my father." Their reply to his prayer was so favourable that Gudea set out for the temple of the goddess Nina. Here he made a sacrifice and poured out fresh water as he had done before.

Then he told the goddess exactly what he had seen in his dream, and begged her to tell him what it meant. She replied that the man who was so tall, and upon whose head was a crown, and by whose side were the eagle and the lions, was her brother, the god Ningirsu. The words that he had said were an order to the prince to build a new temple. The maiden who carried the reed and the tablet with the star was a goddess who was Nina's sister. The star was the pure star of the building of the new temple. The warrior was another god, and the plan that he was drawing was the plan of the new temple. The brick in the mould on the cushion was the sacred brick of the new temple. As for the ass upon the ground, that, said the goddess, was Prince Gudea himself!

Then Nina began to tell Gudea how to set about building the temple. She told him first of all to go to his treasure house and bring certain offerings from his sealed treasure cases. These were to be the offerings:— A chariot adorned with pure metal and precious stones; bright arrows in a quiver; the weapon of the god, on which Gudea was to inscribe his own name; and a lyre, so that its music could soothe the god.

Gudea at once brought out his treasures of precious woods and metals, and called together the cleverest of his craftsmen, who worked day and night to make the chariot and the arrows and the weapon and the lyre. When they were finished, he set them in Ningirsu's

temple near to the god. Then he also spread out as offerings a fat sheep, a kid, and the skin of a young kid. Then he built a fire of cypress and cedar and other sweet smelling woods, and prayed to the god to give him a sign that he wished to have a new temple built by Gudea.

The god Ningirsu was pleased, and told Prince Gudea exactly how he wished the new temple to be made, and said that he wished Gudea, and no other, to build it for him. The god also promised that when Gudea had built the temple, the land should be wealthy once more, for Ningirsu would send a wind, and on that day the waters would fall from the heavens, the waters in the ditches and canals would rise and water would gush out from the dry clefts in the ground. The great fields would once more produce their crops, oil would be plentiful again, and wool should be weighed in abundance.

On that day the god himself would go to the mountain and would send forth the wind, which should give the land the breath of life, so Gudea must work night and day to get the temple built.

One set of men were to work at the temple by day. Another set were to work all night by the aid of great lights, which made the plain as bright as day. Woodmen were to go to the mountains and cut down cedars and pines and bring their trunks to the city. Masons were to go to the mountains and hew out great blocks of stones and bring them to the city. When the god had finished speaking, Prince Gudea felt as if his side had been touched by a flame and by this sign he knew that he was the man chosen by the god to build the new temple.

During the building of the temple all the people in the city tried to be as good and pure as they possibly could, so that no sin should stain their new temple. No master struck his servant in anger; no mistress slapped her servant's face, however angry she might feel. All

the evil people were driven out of the city, and those who were left prayed and worked by day and night, and tried to be as good and pure and kind as possible, so that they might please the gods and save their beloved country from famine and drought.

Then Gudea cut a road into a cedar forest on the mountains where no man had ever been before, and another road to the quarries on the hills. Here great blocks of stone were hewn out and put in barges to be carried to the city. Other barges brought plaster and copper and lead and powdered gold and silver and marble from the mountains, so that the temple might be rich and beautiful. At last the only other materials needed were the sun-dried bricks, of which it was chiefly made. In order to get the brick just as the god wished it, Prince Gudea rose at dawn, washed himself very carefully, and offered a bull and a goat as sacrifices to the god. Then he took the sacred mould and the fair cushion on which it rested, and poured an offering into the mould. Then he offered honey and butter and burnt incense, and placed the cushion with the mould on it upon his head, and walked thus to the place where the first brick was to be made. There he placed clay in the mould, shaped it into a brick, sprinkled oil of cedar wood around, and left it in the temple. At dawn next day, Gudea broke the mould and placed the brick in the sun to dry. Now the Sun God was pleased with the pattern of the brick, so Prince Gudea was filled with joy, and all the other bricks were made on the same pattern as this sacred brick. So the temple was built, and rose to heaven like a mountain, or a cedar tree growing in the desert. One of the doors of the temple was guarded by a figure of the hero who slew a monster with six heads, at another door was a good dragon, and at another a lion. Opposite the city were set the figures of its seven heroes, and facing the rising sun was the emblem of the Sun God.

Around the temple were outhouses and pens for the

oxen and sheep which were kept for sacrifices and feasts. There were store houses for grain and spices, and treasure houses for precious stones, and gold and silver and lead. There was also a beautiful garden covered with vines, and two great reservoirs for water, and a special place for the sacred doves.

At last the temple was finished, and all that remained to be done was to move the great god from the old temple to the beautiful new one. The ground was sprinkled with oil. Offerings of honey and butter, and wine, and grain mixed with milk, and dates were set out as food for the gods. Black sheep and sacred cows were brought into the temple pens, and all the people of the city flung themselves on the ground in prayer as Ningirsu was taken to his new home. Around the great god were placed the lesser gods, who were to look after the various things which helped to keep the city great—one to make the plains fertile, one to stock the river with fish, one to keep the store houses filled with grain, one to care for the cattle, one to care for the making of canals to carry water to the parched land, and so on. Other gods had to care for Ningirsu himself, and amongst these was one who tended the ass that drew the sacred, shining chariot of the god. The ass was a sacred beast and a very beautiful one, for in that country at that time horses were unknown, so asses were held in great honour.

For seven days after the new temple was opened, the people feasted and held high holiday. Great was their joy when the building of this beautiful temple was followed by a season of plenty. The streams were full of water, the fields were rich in crops, the flocks and herds increased greatly, and justice was bright in the clear sunlight. Prince Gudea was so very pleased that his land was saved from drought and famine, and that he had been chosen to build this beautiful temple, that he ordered the whole story of his wonderful dream and its results to be printed on baked clay. The two pieces of baked clay on which his story is written were found

about fifty years ago and brought to Paris, where they may still be seen. For a long time people were not able to read them, and that is not to be wondered at—for they were written more than 4000 years ago in a way that seems very strange to us.

But fourteen years ago a very clever scholar found out the meaning of the writing, and that is why you are able to read this story of that long distant time, when perhaps the very first writing in the world was being made and printed on the clay baked in the hot sun of the lands north of the Persian Gulf.

THE SONS OF PANDU

A HINDU STORY

THIS is a story of what was happening in Northern India at the time when invaders from the Rhine valley were bringing the leaf-shaped bronze swords to the east of Britain.

The southern part of India, and the jungle and forest of the north, had been inhabited by dark-skinned peoples for untold centuries, when certain fair-skinned tribes began to find their way into the basins of the Indus and the Ganges, through gaps in the mountains of North-West India. The newcomers not only peopled the grass lands, but, as they had learnt the use of iron, they were able to clear away the jungles and forests, and to plant their villages and towns in the clearings. Pandu was king of a tribe which had been settled for some time around the sources of the Sarsuti, Jumna, and Ganges rivers, on the borders of the grass land and the forest. His capital was Hastinapura, the "City of the Elephant," and it lay about sixty miles north-east of Delhi. The ruins of this town may be seen to-day near an old bed of the Ganges river.

Pandu was under a curse, which had forced him to give up his kingdom. He spent the rest of his life as a wanderer in the wild jungles on the slopes of Himalaya. His blind brother, Dhritarashtra, became King in his place, and as he was very fond of his nephews, the sons of Pandu, he allowed them to be brought up with his own sons, the Kurus. At that time, people in India valued sons much more than wealth, and Dhritarashtra

thought himself very fortunate, for he had a hundred sons.

As time went on, people in the Elephant City learnt to love and admire the sons of Pandu very much. They were very brave and very skilful in the use of bow and arrow, and in fighting from cars and horseback, or elephant back. The greatest favourite was Yudhishthira, the eldest, for he was both brave and patient, honest, and kind. King Dhritarashtra was so pleased with him that he chose him as his heir-apparent, passing over his own eldest son, Duryodhana. Yudhishthira gave all his time and strength to helping his uncle to rule Hastinapura and the district around it well, while his brothers went on expeditions against all the neighbouring tribes, and made them own Dhritarashtra as their overlord.

But when Dhritarashtra saw that the Pandavas were getting too powerful, he began to listen to the complaints of his own eldest son, Duryodhana, and at last they agreed on a cruel plan for getting rid of the five Pandavas and their mother. They made up their minds to set fire by night to the wooden house where the sons of Pandu and their mother were sleeping, and thus to destroy them all. Fortunately, someone told the Pandavas of the cruel plot, and brought a boat fitted with sails and able to withstand both wind and wave. The Pandavas and their mother hastily and secretly left the house, reached the bank of the Ganges, stepped into the boat, and were rowed to the other side by their faithful friend, who then left them. It was a happy chance that the boatman's arms were strong to row, the wind was favourable, and the current of the river swift, so that they escaped unseen.

Stepping from the boat, they set out towards the south, finding their way in the night by the light of the brilliant stars. Bhima, the strongest of the five brothers, took his tired mother on his own shoulders, and, after much suffering, weary, and thirsty, they reached the

shelter of a dense forest. Stepping in front the mighty Bhima trampled down the young trees and the creepers, and made a path for his brothers. As they wandered farther into the heart of the forest, the twilight deepened, and the terrible cries of birds and beasts of prey were the only sounds which broke the silence. Sometimes they went through forests where streams were flowing, across which they had to swim. At other times, they found themselves in a terrible forest where water was scarce and where there were no fruits and roots for food. They disguised themselves as beggars, allowed their hair to become matted, and clothed themselves with the bark of trees and the skins of animals. They wandered in this way through all the kingdoms that lay on the southern bank of the Ganges.

Then, they heard that the king of a district called South Panchala (which was probably the country round the modern Kanauj), was going to hold a great trial of skill for princes and warriors. The feat to be performed was the bending of a mighty bow, and the reward was to be the hand of the Princess Draupadi. The Pandavas made up their minds to go and try their skill in the Panchala capital. They did not yet dare to throw off their disguise, so they entered the city as begging Brahmans, clad in the bark of trees and with matted locks. They took up their abode in the house of a potter and awaited the great day. Among the many princes who came to try for Draupadi's hand, were Duryodhana and the Kurus, but they did not recognize the Pandavas in their humble garb.

At last, the much longed-for day arrived, and Draupadi, richly clothed and adorned with jewels, entered the amphitheatre where the trial was to take place, bearing in her hand a golden dish with offerings for the gods, and a garland of flowers. Then the sacrificial fire was lit, and clarified butter poured on to it as an offering to Agni, the god of fire. The musical instruments were all hushed, and a great stillness fell on the crowd that had

assembled. The brother of Draupadi took her by the hand and said, "Hear, ye assembled kings: This is the bow. That is the mark. These are the arrows. Truly do I say that that prince of royal lineage and fine person, who can hit the mark, shall this day obtain my sister as his wife."

One after another the mighty princes tried to bend the bow, and one after another they failed and fell to the ground exhausted. Then Arjuna, still dressed in the deerskin of a Brahman beggar, stepped forward. Some mocked at the idea of a Brahman beggar succeeding when kings and princes had failed. Others said, "This handsome youth is even like the trunk of a mighty elephant. In patience and quiet and strength, he looks like Himalaya. His walk is like that of an untamed lion. He will accomplish this great feat."

Then Arjuna approached the bow, and strung it in the twinkling of an eye, and taking up the five arrows, he shot the mark. Upon that arose a wild uproar and cheering. Flowers were showered upon the victor; the musicians struck up in concert, and the bards began to chant the praises of Arjuna.

But when the King was about to bestow his daughter upon the successful archer, the defeated princes declared that it was not fitting that they should be passed over and a humble Brahman beggar chosen. A fierce fight broke out, but the Pandavas succeeded in carrying off Draupadi as their bride.

The news reached the Kuru Princes, who were cheerless indeed when they learnt that the sons of Pandu, instead of being burnt to death had lived to win Draupadi as their bride, and they returned to Hastinapura in a very evil mood. But their father, Dhritarashtra, could not help rejoicing that his brother's children were not dead. Besides, he felt that, as they had allied themselves with the King of the Panchala kingdom, which was quite close to his own, it would be wise to make friends with them.

So Dhritarashtra sent for the brothers, and gave them a part of his kingdom on the Jumna River, which was at that time an unreclaimed waste. They cleared the forest by setting fire to it, and, riding on their cars, they waited till the beasts tried to escape from the burning jungle. Then, as wolves and bears, elephants and tigers, deer and buffaloes rushed out, the Pandavas and their army attacked them with stones and arrows, and slew them easily, for they were half suffocated by the smoke and dazed with fright at finding themselves in the light open space instead of in their shady jungle retreat.

When they had cleared a space, they measured out land for a city called Indraprasthra, which stood where Delhi now stands. Yudhishthira and his brothers ruled their kingdom so wisely that Indraprasthra soon became a great city. Learned Brahmanas who knew the Vedas, and who could speak many languages, settled there as teachers. Merchants came from all parts of India to settle there and carry on trade, and many workmen, skilled in every kind of handicraft, came there to live.

While Yudhishthira remained in his capital, Indraprasthra, and ruled his kingdom wisely, his brothers went on warlike expeditions against the neighbouring tribes. Arjuna conquered the north-western tribes, even as far as Kashmir, and made them give as tribute to his brother Yudhishthira, cloths and silks of fine, soft texture, and silks, and horses, some of the hue of the parrot's breast, and some of the hue of the peacock's. Bhima marched against the Kosala kingdom with a mighty host of elephant and horse and car warriors. He overcame the Kosalas, and pushed on eastward to the mouth of the Ganges. Here he forced the kings of all the tribes dwelling in that marshy country to give him tribute of sandal wood and aloes, cloths and gems, pearls and blankets, and gold and silver and corals. A third brother marched as far south as Madras, and took so

many jewels and gems and so much wealth, that it took ten thousand camels to carry it back to Indraprasthra.

Yudhishthira was now so wealthy and so fortunate that he decided to hold a great sacrifice, as a thanks-giving to the gods. All the kings of the neighbouring state were invited, and amongst them Duryodhana and the Kurus. Now the Pandavas had become so wealthy that the palace at Indraprasthra was much finer than Dhritarashtra's palace at Hastinapura. Then, too, the Pandavas were nearer to the south of India, where dwelt tribes who had traded with other nations, and had learnt the use of many things of which the Kurus were ignorant. Yudhishthira had become very friendly with some of these native races, and they had helped him to build a wonderful hall, in which there was a great deal of glass.

Now Duryodhana, in going over the palace, came to a crystal surface. As he had never seen crystal in his palace at Hastinapura, he thought it was water, and drew up his skirts lest they should get wet. Afterwards he mistook some real water for crystal, and fell into it with all his clothes on. Then the servants began to laugh. Just after that he came to a crystal door, and mistaking it for an open space, bumped his head badly, and then mistaking a space for a crystal door, he tried to push it open with both his hands, and fell full length upon the floor. Then Duryodhana, pale with rage, and furious at the laughter of the servants and the Pandavas, left the palace determined to ruin Yudhishthira and his brothers.

He knew that open war was useless, for Yudhishthira had a larger army than the Kurus, and he had so much wealth that it would be easy for him to pay other soldiers to help him. Moreover, the tribes around owned Yudhishthira as their overlord, and brought him presents of all kinds. Here is a list of some of the gifts brought to the great Pandava king :—Skins, blankets of wool, rugs made of the soft fur of mice and other animals that

live in holes, rugs made with the hair of cats and embroidered with gold, wild horses red as the cochineal, asses from the coast of Bengal, asses fattened upon olives, camels, slave girls, golden vessels filled with clarified butter, deer skins, goats, cattle, honey, jewels, swords with ivory handles, studded with diamonds and gems, much fine gold, clothes made from jute and from the thread of insects, scimitars, hatchets, fine-edged battleaxes made in the western countries, perfumes, carpets, beds, chariots, tiger skins, elephant blankets, arrows (long and short), long brushes made by the mountain tribes, rare animals and birds, strong elephants and elephant cars decked with gold, fragrant sandal juice, lapis lazuli, cows with vessels of white copper for their milk, jars of pure water, bullocks, whose horns were plated with gold, and an umbrella to hold over the King's head in the hot sun.

All this made Duryodhana and the Kurus so jealous that they made a wicked plot, through which Yudhishthira and his brothers lost their kingdom, and through which war broke out among all the small kingdoms that had sprung up in this part of India. Many fierce battles were fought on the plains round Hastinapura. The Pandava troops marched to battle with the sound of the neighing of steeds, the roaring of elephants, the clatter of car wheels, the blare of conches, the roll of drums. The King also took with him carts, food stores and fodder, tents, cash chests, arrows and weapons, and doctors. The troops had to take timber and planks to repair the cars, quivers of arrows, tiger skins and other stiff leather for the sides of the cars, poisoned spears, heavy wooden clubs, oil, treacle, and sand to be made hot and poured on the enemy, jars of poisonous snakes to throw amongst the enemy, sprays to scald them with boiling water, and clothes steeped in oil ready to be set fire to and thrown amongst their foes. Upon each elephant were seven warriors—two bowmen, two swordsmen, two armed with hooks, and

one armed with a lance. The bowmen wore iguana skin shields to case their hands and arms up to the elbow.

The war raged furiously for many months, but several of the kings who were helping the Kurus at first, afterwards deserted them and went over to the Pandavas, and at last all Dhritarashtra's hundred sons were slain, and the Pandava brothers were victors. All the Pandava brothers escaped alive, but their children and relatives had been slain, so Yudhishthira, though he was now king of both the Pandava kingdom round Indraprasthra and the Kuru kingdom round Hastinapura, was filled with grief and remorse, especially when he thought of his dead sons and nephews and uncles, and remembered also that even the Kurus were his cousins. After much difficulty the priests comforted him by telling him that it was the duty of soldiers and kings to war upon one another. They also told him to hold a great horse-sacrifice in order that he might be cleansed from any sin.

A horse was chosen and allowed to wander at its own will through all the district round, and one of the Pandavas followed it with an army. Whatever kingdom the horse entered, the ruler of that kingdom was obliged either to own Yudhishthira as his overlord, or to raise an army to fight the army that followed the horse. After many months, the horse turned of its own free will to Hastinapura. A great crowd assembled for the sacrifice, and King Yudhishthira saw that all the poor were fed, and that presents were given to all the Brahmanas. Then the priests sacrificed the horse and made offerings to the gods, and Yudhishthira, having given away untold wealth to the poor and to the priests, bathed himself and became cleansed of all his sins.

For some time after this he ruled his kingdom wisely, and tried to forget his grief. His old blind uncle, Dhritarashtra, lived on at his court, and was kindly treated by all, for everyone felt sorry for the unfortunate

old man. At last, however, Dhritarashtra, who could not be happy in the company of the men who had killed his sons, left the palace and went to live a hermit's life in the forest. Yudhishthira's mother, also, went into the forest to be a companion to the blind king's wife. Not long afterwards a forest fire broke out, and Dhritarashtra and his wife and the mother of the Pandavas were all burnt to death.

Upon receiving this dreadful news, Yudhishthira and his brothers were so filled with grief that they made up their minds to become wanderers and beggars. They handed over their kingdom to another ruler, and set out on their wanderings. The brothers and the Queen Draupadi, clad only in the bark of trees, and taking no wealth with them, left Hastinapura for the last time. Many citizens followed them weeping, but after a time everyone left them, and they entered the forest with no followers except a faithful dog. First they wandered south and west till they reached the mouth of the Indus, then turning north again, they reached and crossed the Himalaya and the great sandy desert that lay beyond it. All this time they lived as beggars, and slept upon the bare earth, hoping that by giving up all comforts they might at last reach heaven. But one after another all the brothers, except Yudhishthira, fell down and died. Draupadi dropped by the way, so that only Yudhishthira and the dog were left.

Then the Lord of Heaven, the thousand-eyed, came down in a chariot, and invited Yudhishthira to enter it and be taken up to heaven. But Yudhishthira, grieving for the loss of his brothers and the Queen Draupadi, said that he did not wish to go to heaven unless they, too, could go. Indra answered that they had already reached heaven, having cast off their human bodies, but that Yudhishthira was to be taken up to heaven without casting off his body.

Then Yudhishthira said, "This dog, O Lord of the Past and Present, is very devoted to me. Let him come

with me. My heart is full of compassion for him." Indra tried hard to persuade Yudhishthira to abandon the dog, but Yudhishthira replied that the dog was helpless, and had sought his protection, and that he should not dream of abandoning it just for the sake of his own happiness. Then the dog became changed into the god of Righteousness, who praised Yudhishthira because he had shown so much pity for living creatures that he had been willing to give up his own happiness sooner than forsake the dog. Yudhishthira then mounted the car of the god and ascended to heaven.

DEUCALION AND PYRRHA

A GREEK STORY

LONG ago, in the days when men were beginning to use iron tools and weapons, Jupiter, the king of the gods, grew weary of the wicked ways of men. He made up his mind to destroy them all, and thought at first that it would be a good plan to set fire to the world, and thus destroy all living things upon it.

He raised his red right hand, full of flaming thunderbolts, and was about to cast them at the earth. Suddenly he paused, for a dreadful thought had come to his mind. Suppose the flames from the world should spread to the home of the gods! He remembered that there was an old saying that earth, air, and heaven would one day perish in one great flame.

So he stayed his hand, and decided that it would be much safer to open the clouds and pour down such heavy rain that the whole of the wicked race should be drowned. He at once shut up the north wind in a cave, because he knew that the north wind blows the murky clouds away, and makes the sky blue again.

He let loose the south wind, who came flapping his dripping wet wings. His face was covered by a thick black cloud; mists sat upon his forehead, and water ran from his grey hair and beard.

Behind him the sky was dark with clouds, the thunder crashed, but bright against the heavy rain clouds rose the many-hued rainbow.

The sky god had a brother, Neptune, who was god of the sea. Now Neptune wished to help his brother

PLATE VI

"The Veiled Artemis"

A Terra-Cotta Figurine from the Temple of Crœsus at Ephesus

to destroy men upon the earth. His garments were of a sea-blue colour, and in his hand he carried a trident.

He ordered the rivers to overflow their banks and roll over the land, while he himself struck the earth such a mighty blow with his trident that it shivered and trembled beneath it. The sea, too, poured over the land, and far and wide nothing was to be seen but a tossing stretch of waters.

The farmer rowed in a boat over the field which yesterday he had ploughed, and, gazing down into the depths of the water, he beheld his crops and his home lying there. He dropped his anchor through the water to touch the green meadow, which was now beneath the flood. Alas! the bottom of his boat grated on what had once been his vineyard.

Beneath the elms, the fish were swimming, and seals and dolphins swam and frisked above the spot where once the goats had nibbled. Still the floods continued to rise, and the rain continued to pour down, till nothing was left above the water, but the two high peaks of Parnassus, a mountain in Greece.

Of all the men upon the earth none remained but Deucalion and his wife Pyrrha. They two were tossing upon the waters in a tiny raft, which at length ran upon the peaks of Parnassus. They stepped out from the raft, and landing, made an altar and worshipped the gods.

Now Deucalion was an upright man, and loved justice, and of all the men that had been upon the face of the earth, none was so good and just as he.

His wife Pyrrha, too, loved the gods, and feared them more than any other woman.

Jupiter looked down upon the dreadful waters that covered the face of the earth, and saw these two simple, honest folk building their altar, and worshipping the gods in the midst of the flood. His heart was touched, and he

felt so sorry for them that he made up his mind to save them.

He ordered the clouds to scatter, and the rain to cease. The sky became blue once more, and fresh green grass sprang up upon the earth.

Neptune, seeing that his brother had forgotten his wrath, laid aside his trident and called his bugler, Triton. He told him to order the rivers and the seas to roll back into their proper places. Triton at once raised his beautiful shell and blew such a loud blast upon it that the waters immediately rolled back and left the land high and dry again.

Perhaps you think that Deucalion and Pyrrha were happy now? Well, try to picture how lonely they felt now that they were the only two people left in all the wide world. No pleasant human voices came to cheer them. No children played around them. All whom they loved were dead.

It made them so sad that they shed many bitter tears. Then, drying their tears, they walked by the stream to the temple of the gods, and found it all covered with shells and seaweeds. They tried to make a fire upon the altar, but alas! it was too damp. Almost in despair, they were turning sadly away when the goddess called to them. What she said, however, was so strange that at first they felt more sad than ever.

For she told them to veil their heads and to throw behind them the bones of their great parent. This grieved Pyrrha very much, and she said that nothing should ever make her do anything so dreadful to her dead mother.

Deucalion, however, guessed that the goddess meant their great mother the Earth, whose stones and rocks would be her bones. So he and Pyrrha covered their heads and threw many stones behind them.

Then a wonderful thing happened. The stones that

Deucalion threw became men, and those that his wife threw became women.

Thus once more there was a race of men upon the earth, and if ever you learn the language that Deucalion and Pyrrha spoke, you will find that the word for people also means stones.

THE STORY OF YU FROM THE SHÛ KING

A CHINESE STORY

THE Chinese word Shû means "the pencil speaking," and the story that follows is part of what the pencil said.

A certain Emperor of China, named Yao, who lived about 2000 years before Christ, was so intelligent, thoughtful, and courteous, that his bright influence was felt through the four quarters of the land, and reached to the heaven above and the earth beneath. He ruled his black-haired people so well that they became intelligent and happy, and lived together in peace, though they belonged to many different tribes.

The people of China needed to know when the seasons would come, so that they might sow their seeds at the proper time. So Yao ordered two families of brothers to observe the wide heavens, and to notice the movements and varying appearances of the sun, the moon, and the stars; and thus to reckon out the seasons. He ordered one brother to reside in the east, in what was called the Bright Valley, and there to receive the rising sun as a guest. He was also to arrange the labours of the Spring. "In that season," said the Emperor, "the day is of medium length, the people are scattered in the fields, and the birds are building their nests."

The second brother was to live in the south, in what was called the Brilliant Capital, to arrange the labours of the Summer, and to notice the limits of the shadows. "The day," said the Emperor, "is then

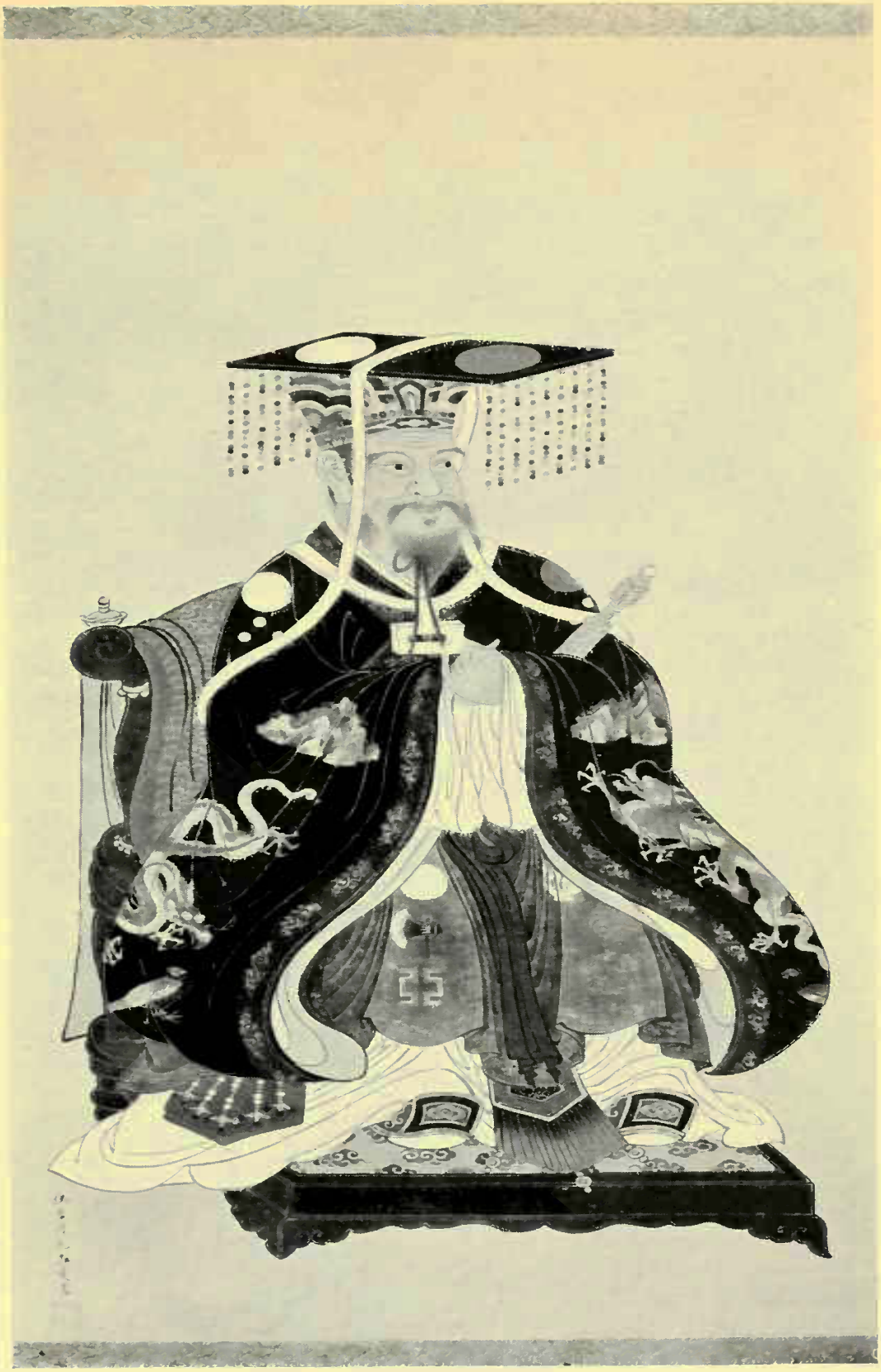

PLATE VII

Yu the Great

at its longest, and the birds and beasts have their feathers and hair thin, and change their coats."

The third brother was to reside in the west, in what was called the Dark Valley, and there to receive the setting sun, and arrange the labours of the Autumn. "The night," said the Emperor, "is then of medium length, the people feel at ease, and birds and beasts have their coats in good condition."

The fourth brother was to reside in the northern region, in what was called the Sombre Capital, and there to notice and arrange for the changes of the Winter. "The day," said the Emperor, "is at its shortest. The people keep in their houses, and the coats of birds and beasts are downy and thick." From that time onward, the four Seasons were fixed, and the labours of the year were done in their proper order.

Later in the reign, a great trouble overtook China, for floods became widespread throughout the land. We do not know what caused the floods, but most probably it was due to the river Ho changing its course. This has happened so many times that the Ho has earned for itself the name of "China's Sorrow."

The Emperor said to his Chief Minister, the President of the Four Mountains, "Ho, Four Mountains, the waters of the flood are very destructive in their overflow. So vast are they, that they embrace the hills and overtop the great heights, so that the lower people groan and murmur. Is there a capable man to whom I can give the task of checking the floods?" All in the Court replied, "Is there not Khwan?" So the Emperor ordered Khwan to go and do his best. For nine years he worked, but alas! the floods still continued.

Then the Emperor appointed Khwan's son, Yu, to take his place. Now Yu was full of energy and very capable. He went to work with untiring zeal to improve the condition of his country. He went by carriage on land, by boat on the water, by sledge in the

icy places, and climbed the hills, with the aid of shoes with strong spikes in them. He taught the people how to deepen the channels of the streams, and how to cut fresh canals and passages for the streams, so that they might find their way to the sea, instead of spreading over the land. Confucius tells us that the deepening of the channels made the rivers hasten to the sea, as the courtiers hastened when summoned to the presence of the Emperor. The banks of the lakes were made higher, so that the water could not flood the surrounding fields, and many marshy places became very fertile fields. When the marshes were drained, the people came down from the wild hillsides, where they had hunted in the forests and settled down to till the ground in the valleys. Later, the woods on the hillsides and in the valleys were cleared away, and the land used for crops. Paths and roads were made, so that the hunters of the hills might exchange meat and skins for the crops of the tillers in the valley.

So eager was Yu to help the people in their distress, and to make the best of all the different parts of the country, that, though he loved his wife and his little son dearly, he had to leave them and go to follow out the plans he had made, and to labour with might and main on the land.

After a long time, Yu was chosen to be Emperor. The Emperor Shun said to him, "Come, Yu. I have occupied my place for thirty and three years, and am old. My duties weary me. Do you, putting aside all idleness, take the leading of my people." Yu answered humbly, "I am not good enough for such a high position. Think of the Minister of Crime. He has worked so hard to govern well and to make his laws obeyed, that the black-haired people cherish him in their hearts. O Emperor! choose him."

But the Emperor said, "Come, Yu. When the waters spread over the land, and filled me with dread, you subdued them. Full of toilsome earnestness for

the good of your country, you worked day and night, and denied yourself the comforts of a home. You do not boast, but are humble. Carefully maintain the throne which you are to occupy, and see that there is no distress and poverty in your kingdom. I will not alter my words."

So Yu became Emperor. For a long time the people of Miao, who had always given trouble to the Emperor, continued to rebel against Yu, but at last he conquered them, not, however, by war, but by making them understand the advantages of living at peace with their powerful neighbour.

The Emperor Yu was so powerful that he divided the land into different parts, each of which had to send tribute to him. The wild people of the islands in the north brought furs, whilst the wild people of the islands in the south brought garments of grass, with silks woven in shell patterns, and baskets of oranges. The people on the hills brought silk from the mountain mulberry tree. Other provinces sent varnish and silk, salt and fine cloth, gold, silver, copper, lead, and precious stones. Yet others sent bamboos, salt, sounding stones, oyster pearls, and fish, with baskets of woven silk, both blue and purple, and checked and pure white. Others sent gold and iron and flint stones to make arrow heads, along with the skins of bears, foxes, and jackals, and nets woven of hair. Jade and hemp, and fibres and fine floss silk were also sent. Most of these things were sent by boat along the rivers and along the canals which Yu had ordered his workmen to make, for Yu had made access to the capital easy from all parts of his kingdom.

He encouraged the people to grow crops, and, after studying the nature of the soil carefully, he ordered the people to bring as tribute either the whole plant of the grain, or the ears only, with a portion of the stalk, or the straw, or the husk, or the grain in the husk, or the grain cleaned from the husk, according as the soil was

fertile and easy to cultivate, or barren and difficult to cultivate.

After he had become Emperor, Yu still continued to be as hard-working and as thoughtful for the people as he had been when trying to check the floods. It is said that he rose as many as ten times during one meal so as to listen to people who had called upon his name in their trouble. He desired so earnestly to receive good advice that he announced to the scholars in all parts of his kingdom, that anyone who could guide him in the right way, or could give him information about the business of the kingdom, or had any complaint to make, was to be sure and come to the palace and claim an audience.

Whether he was resting or bathing or eating, the Emperor always rose and went to listen to anyone who called upon his name. In fact, he tried to live up to what he had once said to the Emperor Shun: "When the Emperor knows men so that he can put every one into the office for which he is fit, he is wise. When he gives peace to his people, his kindness is felt, and the black-haired race cherish him in their hearts. When he can be thus wise and kind, what need has he for anxiety or fear?"

HAMMURABI, KING OF BABYLON [1]

ONE of the earliest places in the world where men learnt to write, to draw, and to carve, to make laws, and to live together in great cities, was the plain through which flow the Euphrates and the Tigris. Before men learnt to make canals and channels, it was for many reasons a difficult place in which to make a home.

The country gets so little rain and so much sunshine that those places which were not near the rivers would be too dry for men and animals and plants, while those places which were near the river were subject to dreadful floods in the spring when the snows melted on the mountains where the streams and rivers rose. Near its mouth the river Tigris laid down so much mud that its channel got filled, and so all the land round became a swamp.

As soon, however, as men learnt to make canals and channels, water could be carried from the river to all parts of the plain, and as the soil had been laid down by the river, it was very fertile, and corn and grain grew so well and so quickly that the country became very rich. Merchants and traders from Europe and Egypt and the East brought luxuries to it in exchange for its corn and grain. The canals made the rivers less likely to flood their banks, and also formed convenient ways for goods to be carried from one part to the other. No one knows when the people in this plain found out how to make canals, but it must have been some thousands of years ago, at a time when the people of the British Isles were probably still living in a very backward way, and

[1] About 2000 B.C.

only knew how to use stone and bone and horns for tools and weapons.

At any rate, when the King about whom you are now reading reigned in Babylon, more than twenty centuries before Christ was born, the people had long been used to watering their country by canals, and were famous for their corn and grain and gardens. They had long known how to write, though they did not write on paper as we do, but made their signs on little clay tablets.

They had even a system by means of which letters could be carried by swift runners to all parts of the country. The letters that Hammurabi wrote were on small clay tablets, two or three inches broad, three or four inches long, and about an inch thick. The signs were made on the wet clay, which was then baked. Afterwards it was powdered with dry clay to prevent it from sticking, and was then enclosed in an envelope of clay, on which was written the name of the person to whom it was being sent. The envelope was necessary to prevent the letters from being rubbed off as well as to keep private what was written. Both tablets and envelope were baked to harden them. Numbers of these letters sent so many thousands of years ago have been found, and quite lately people have been clever enough to find out what the signs on them meant, and to read the letters. Scholars think that letters of this kind were being sent, two thousand years before Hammurabi reigned, from Shirpurla, the town about which you read in the story of Gudea, to the various towns near it.

It is from the letters which Hammurabi and the people at that time wrote, and from the records they made on clay tablets or carved on stone, that we have learnt so much about this great King of Babylonia.

Until his time the district had been ruled by many petty princes, who had often quarrelled among them-

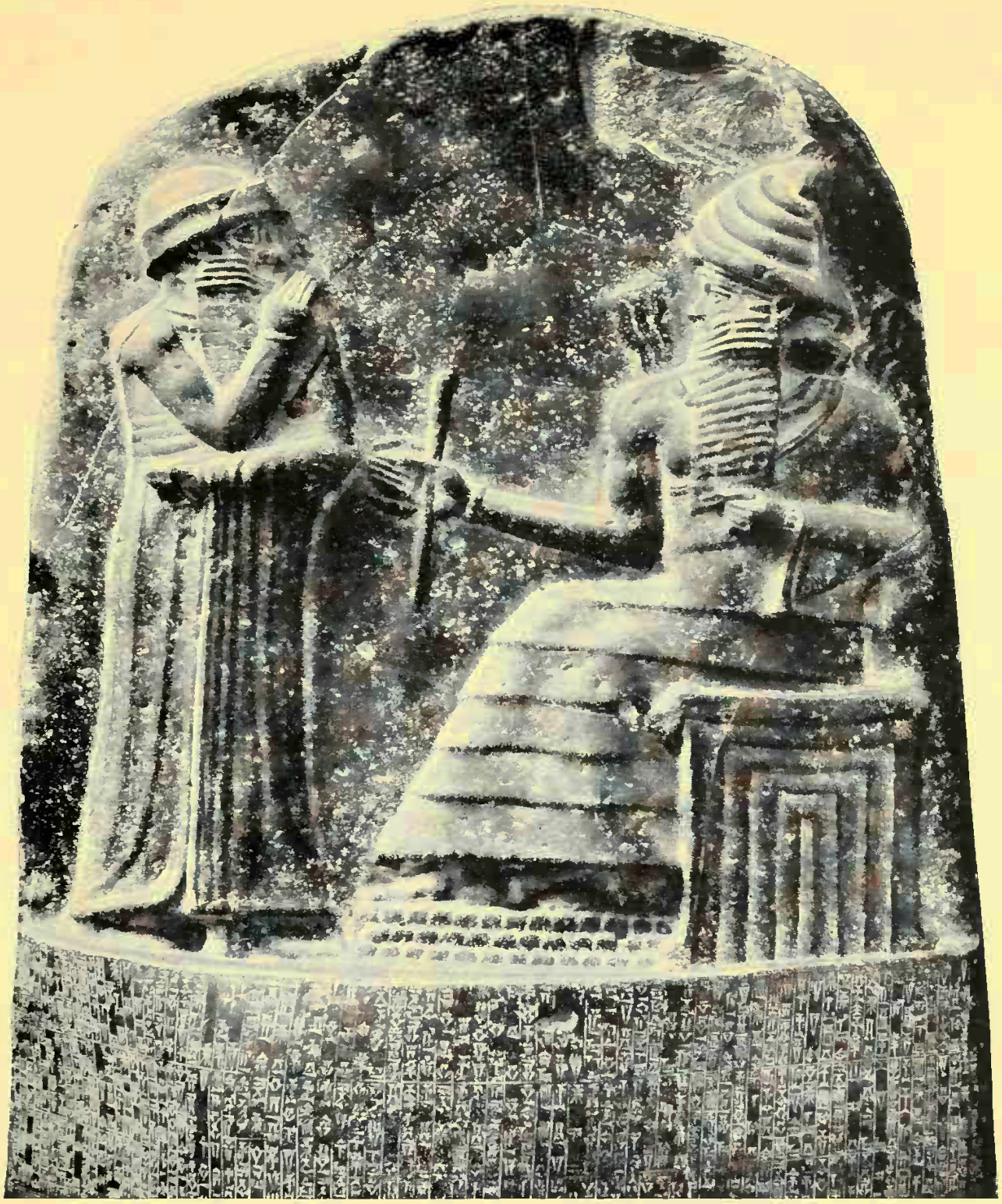

PLATE VIII

(K) HAMMURABI RECEIVES THE CODE OF LAWS FROM SHAMASH, THE SUN GOD

From a facsimile, engraved with the Text of the Laws, in the British Museum

selves. Hammurabi, partly by his success as a leader in battle, but chiefly by his wise way of governing, and by the care which he took in the improvement of the canals and cities, managed to unite these little kingdoms into a great empire, of which Babylon was the chief city. His name deserves to be remembered with respect and affection, not because he made Babylonia a great empire, whose power lasted for nearly two thousand years after his death, but because he was one of the first kings in the world to spend the greater part of his time and strength in trying to see that the poorest and humblest and weakest of the people whom he ruled, whether they were of the same race as himself or not, should get justice. No matter how poor a man was, or how far away from the city he lived, he could be certain that if he were unjustly treated, the King would see that the wrong was put right, and that the officer who had wronged him was not given the power to wrong him again.

When you are a little older, perhaps, you will read his famous letters, and find out for yourselves how carefully he watched over the interests of the poor.

Not only did he try to make good and just laws, and to see that everyone obeyed them, but he carried out many plans for making the country better and more prosperous. He improved the little channels and canals by which the water was carried to all parts of the country, and encouraged people to keep the canals in good repair, by granting the village people who mended them free fishing rights in their waters.

He caused several new and important canals to be cut, which made it easier for goods to be carried from one part to another. He caused the silt and mud which had been blocking up the Tigris near the sea to be removed. This made it possible for vessels to go right down the river to the sea, drained the swamps so that corn and grain could be grown there, and made it

easier for the swollen waters to get to the sea in spring so that there was far less danger of floods.

Both Hammurabi and his people were very devout and anxious to please their gods. He encouraged the people who lived in the great cities to be proud of their home, by building temples in each city, in which the people might worship their own city god. As people always wanted to make the home of their god beautiful and to put ornaments in it, this plan of encouraging each city to build fine temples naturally helped the people to become clever craftsmen.

There is also a record of the many statues that he caused to be made, and the great granaries he built, where the corn from a very good harvest might be stored so as to be ready for a time of famine. In addition to all these things, he had frequently to go to war with the tribes who were continually coming down from the hills around the plain to try to plunder and rob the richer people of the lowlands, and he built great walls and fortresses to protect the people on the border.

He is most famous for the code of laws which he made towards the end of his reign. Many of these laws were very old, others were new ones which Hammurabi had found to be wise and useful during his long reign. Everyone who reads them agrees that they are among the wisest and best laws that have ever been made. A slab of rock, on which these laws are engraved, has on it a picture of the sun god presenting Hammurabi with the laws of the land.

When Hammurabi came to the throne, he renamed his capital and called it "Bab-ili" or the Gate of God. This city is called Babel in the Bible, and has become known all over the world as the famous city of Babylon.

Some day perhaps you will visit the British Museum and see the letters Hammurabi wrote. They are on

all sorts of subjects, such as the shearing of sheep, the growing of corn, the clearing of canals, the punishment of money-lenders who had charged too much interest, the sending out of ships, and the state of the temples of the city gods.

CHANGKAT RAMBIAN [1]

A MALAY STORY

VERY long ago Changkat Rambian was a seaport and not an inland town. In those far off days, a great desire for tin led traders from India to risk themselves in frail boats on the Bay of Bengal, and trust to the monsoon to blow them across to Changkat Rambian. Here they unloaded their gay and pretty chintzes and prints, and received the much desired Malay tin in exchange. The Datoh of Changkat Rambian always welcomed the dusky strangers, and entertained them pleasantly while they waited during long weeks for the wind to change and be ready to blow them westward to India again. Now once it happened that when an Indian trader cast anchor off Changkat Rambian, the Datoh had only a very small quantity of tin ore and no smelted tin ready for exchange. The Datoh, however, felt quite sure that long before the winds were ready to blow the Indian ship back again he would have plenty of tin smelted. So he examined the pretty chintzes and prints, found them very tempting, and boldly promised the Malabar merchant that the tin would be ready in plenty of time.

As the days went past, all sorts of troubles came upon the unlucky Datoh, and no pure tin could he prepare. Day by day the Indian trader marched up to the Datoh's house and demanded at least some small portion of the tin, and day by day some fresh misfortune prevented the Datoh from getting the tin. At last he

[1] From *Notes and Queries*, 1885.

fell into a great rage and scolded the trader fiercely because his feet were wearing out the white cockle shells that formed the pathway to his house.

That night despair overtook the poor Datoh, and he called loudly upon the gods to help him. Then he stretched himself upon his mat to sleep. No sooner had he closed his eyes than an old man appeared to him and said, "Seek for a young kompas tree growing upon an ant hill. Make a poker of its trunk, and use that to stir the tin that is being smelted. All will go well then."

When dawn came, there came the angry trader, crushing the white cockle shells beneath his feet, and calling loudly for his tin, saying that in a day or two the wind would be blowing towards Malabar, and he must go. The Datoh once more begged for time, and said that he must go to visit Tunggal, and would be quite sure to have the tin ready on his return. The unwilling trader had perforce to agree, so the Datoh stepped into his canoe and paddled away to Tunggal, which was then an island, and not an inland town, on the Perak river. It did not take the Datoh long to find a kompas sapling on an ant hill on the island, and he jumped cheerfully into his canoe and paddled back to Changkat Rambian.

There he found the angry trader louder than ever in his complaints, for he had hoped the Datoh had gone to borrow gold, and was furiously angry when he brought back merely a kompas sapling. "Keep calm," said the Datoh. "To-night I smelt. To-morrow you may come for the tin, for I have made a vow to fill your boat."

All night the Datoh smelted. The Indian seamen lying on board their ship at anchor off the shore could hear the regular noise of the clack of the bellows, and wondered wherever all the tin ore could be got to make such a night's work. The trader did not believe the Datoh could have the tin ready, and was determined to

punish him for having cheated him of his cargo of chintz and print.

Quite early in the morning he sent a sailor on shore to see how much tin was ready. Picture the sailor's astonishment at seeing piles and piles of white, shining ingots of tin lying ready at the smelting house, while the furnace still burnt and the Datoh still blew the bellows.

"Why are you alone?" said he to the sailor. "Did I not promise you the tin to-day?" So the sailor fetched his companions and the captain, and the Datoh told them to take the ingots without weighing or counting them, for he had promised them all he should smelt. Very happy grew the Indian trader's face on hearing this, and now he was as polite to the Datoh as he had formerly been rude.

Back and forth tramped the sailors, carrying the precious ingots to the vessel. Yet the heap on shore grew and grew. So the Datoh suggested to the Indian trader that, instead of carrying any more ingots, a spout should be fixed from the furnace to the hold of the ship, and the precious metal poured like water into the vessel The greedy trader, who had already had far more than his due of tin, eagerly agreed. The spout was fixed, and the heavy molten metal poured into the ship so rapidly that it began to sink. The Indian merchant now cried loudly to the Datoh to stop, but the latter said, "No; did you not refuse to believe any of my promises? Now you shall see how I keep one. I promised a shipload of tin. A shipload you shall have."

So the tin went pouring into the ship, which soon sank with all its crew and its greedy captain, and was lost to sight. But as the ages went by, the sea gradually sank, and Changkat Rambian, where the Datoh had punished the greedy trader, became an inland town. Near it the Indian ship, now turned into stone, appeared in sight as a glistening rock, which may still be seen

among the other rocks on the hill side. And still to-day every Malay miner knows that if he could only find the kompas sapling growing on the ant hill, he too could smelt as much tin as the Datoh did in the long ago. But though men search and search, the kompas tree on the ant hill is never found.

NUADHAT OF THE SILVER HAND AND BALOR OF THE MIGHTY BLOWS

AN IRISH STORY

No one is quite sure who were the first people who came to live in Ireland, but a very wonderful history of the Irish tells us that many invaders came to try to settle there. A very early king who landed there found the plains covered with thick forests, and he and his men set to work to cut them down, and clear paths and open spaces all over Ireland. After that many tales were told of this island, so that a king of Spain felt he must visit it, and see if it was really as beautiful as report said. He found that it was indeed a land full of grain and honey, and fish and fowl, so that men might live there at their ease.

Three of the most famous races that invaded Ireland and settled there, were the Fomorians, the Firbolgs, and the Tuatha-de-Danann. The Fomorians are said to have settled in Ireland, and built many houses and made many clearings in the forest, but were at last driven out again, and had to go back to Greece, where they stayed for many years. Some of the descendants of these Fomorians came back again to Ireland, and were known as the Firbolgs. These Firbolgs were in their turn defeated by the Tuatha-de-Danann, who are said to have been another set of the descendants of the Fomorians. Nuadhat was one of the Tuatha-de-Danann, and Balor was a Fomorian.

A great battle took place at Moytura between the Tuatha-de-Danann, with Nuadhat as their leader, and the Firbolgs. The Firbolgs were defeated, but

the Tuatha-de-Danann suffered a great loss too, for during the battle the hand of their leader Nuadhat was struck off. Now it was a rule among them that a man who had lost a limb could not be their king, so Nuadhat gave up his kingship to some one else. The Tuatha-de-Danann, however, were very skilful both in medicine and in the working of metals. So the most famous silversmith designed a wonderful silver hand, with every joint and vein marked upon it as clearly as on a living hand. Then their great doctor fitted it on to Nuadhat's arm, but the son of the doctor took it off again, and put it on so cleverly this time that it had just the same feeling and motion as his own hand. The making and the fitting-on of this hand took full seven years, and during all that time some one else was king of the Tuatha-de-Danann, but as soon as he could use his silver hand, they made Nuadhat king again.

After that, he reigned twenty years, until the second battle of Moytura, when Balor of the Mighty Blows slew him. Now this is the story of Balor. There were once three brothers, one of whom was so famous a smith that people from all over Ireland and the neighbouring countries came to him to have their weapons made. Another brother named Mac Kineely, was lord of all that district, and was the fortunate possessor of a cow which gave so much milk that her master became very rich indeed. His neighbours envied him so much that they were always trying to steal the cow, so that Mac Kineely had to watch her continually, and had to take her with him when he went on a journey.

At the same time there lived on Tory Island a famous warrior named Balor, who had one eye in the middle of his forehead and one directly opposite to it in the back of his skull. This eye in the back of Balor's head had the dreadful power of striking dead anyone on whom its glance should fall. Thus Balor was well armed in battle, for he had only to glance at an enemy with this eye in

order to strike him dead. It was, however, such a dangerous gift that Balor generally kept his eye covered, lest a glance from it should fall on his own friends and followers, and kill them too, and only uncovered it when every other way of defence had failed him.

He performed many famous deeds, captured many ships and put the adventurous sea rovers into chains, and often crossed from his retreat on Tory Island to Ireland itself and carried off men and property. One thing he had tried to do many times but had always failed—namely, to carry off Mac Kineely's wondrous cow, but at last he succeeded by means of cunning.

Mac Kineely, who was chief of the land which lay opposite to Tory Island, had come to his brother the smith to get some swords forged. He had with him the cow fastened by a halter which Mac Kineely kept in his hand all day. When he reached the forge he entrusted the cow to the care of his elder brother, so that he might go in to watch his brother the smith forge the swords. Now while he was inside, Balor of the Red Hair came up and told the brother who was holding the cow that Mac Kineely and the smith were plotting to use all the best steel in Mac Kineely's swords, and to leave only poor stuff for their brother. Upon this the brother, who did not know Balor, said "I'll let them know I'm not to be cheated so easily. Hold this cow, my red-headed friend, and you shall see how I will make them alter their plans." So saying, he handed the halter to Balor and rushed into the forge.

As swift as lightning, Balor rushed to the coast and began to cross the Sound of Tory. Mac Kineely, as soon as he understood what had happened, rushed after Balor, but could not overtake him, so he returned to the forge and cuffed his brother soundly about the head for his stupidity. When his passion had cooled, he sought the lonely dwelling of a Druid, and asked him what was the best way to set about recovering the

cow. The Druid told him that he could never recover it as long as Balor was alive, because the evil eye would shrivel anyone who came near enough to get the cow. And sure enough, when Mac Kineely died Balor was still the owner of the cow. But Balor did not go unpunished for his theft. Mac Kineely had a son who had been brought up by his uncle to be a smith, for in those days smiths were held in great honour throughout the world, and princes were glad to learn the craft. In fact, a man who made a beautiful sword or shield was held in as much honour as a man who made a beautiful poem. Balor came to the forge of Mac Kineely's son to order some weapons, not knowing who the smith was. Mac Kineely's son, however, knew Balor at once, and put an end to his wickedness by thrusting a glowing rod from the furnace into Balor's evil eye.

SHAU KANG

A CHINESE STORY

An unworthy descendant of the great Yu of China was so feeble and indifferent to the needs of his country that a usurper arose who easily defeated him, put him to death and became king himself. The usurper tried to put to death everyone left of the family of Yu, but the Empress Min, widow of the defeated king, managed to escape. She fled to her native home, Jing, where her father was a chief, and here her little son was born.

The usurper heard of his birth and tried to take his life, offering great rewards to anyone who would bring him, dead or alive, to his palace. In order to hide the secret of his birth his mother employed him as a shepherd boy. For some years Shau Kang (such was his name) remained in obscure safety tending his flocks. But the news of his whereabouts leaked out, so his royal mother placed him as an under-cook in the household of the neighbouring governor. Here, however, he attracted the governor's attention by his appearance and proud spirit and was forced to confess his name and birth. Fortunately for him the governor was devotedly attached to the house of Yu, so he not only concealed the secret, but put Shau Kang in charge of a small town, where he was able to gather a few friends round him. By great wisdom and patience he succeeded at last in getting together a sufficiently strong army to attack his father's murderer and utterly defeat him. The people welcomed Shau Kang eagerly, and attended at the solemn sacrifices which he offered

to his ancestors in gratitude for the help which he believed they had given him. The neighbouring tribes soon heard of his good government and hastened to submit to him; even the wild hordes of Fang came to pay homage.

He showed his wisdom by restoring the Minister of Agriculture, for agriculture was the most important factor in the life of the people, as his great ancestor Yu had realized. He also appointed a special minister to try to regulate the waters of the great Ho river.

The descendants of Shau Kang were by no means as wise as he was, and the last of the line, Chieh Kwei, ruled so foolishly and extravagantly that he was driven from the throne and his sons were obliged to take refuge among those wild barbarian tribes of the far north whose ancestors had feared Shau Kang and done homage to him.

CHOWSIN AND THE WARLIKE PRINCE

A CHINESE STORY

CHOWSIN was the younger son of the Chinese king, but was chosen to be heir by his father and mother in preference to his two elder brothers. The choice did not turn out to be a happy one, for Chowsin ruled so badly that the Shang family of kings, which had ruled China for nearly seven hundred years, and to which Chowsin belonged, was driven from the throne and a new line of kings began.

Chowsin was very strong and very clever and took a great pride in the physical strength which enabled him to match himself against the fiercest animals. Unfortunately, however, he was wilful and fond of selfish pleasures, and in trying to gratify these pleasures he caused so much suffering to the people under his rule that they soon learnt to hate him. Dreadful stories are told of his cruelties and those of Take, a woman of very great beauty but of very cruel character, who became fellow-ruler with him. To please her he built a wonderful palace near the Weiho river. It had a magnificent tower and was surrounded by a vast park which was stocked with rare animals brought from all parts of his kingdom. Further north he built another palace where there was still greater extravagance, one whole pond being kept perpetually filled with wine, so that there was constant drunkenness there. The building and upkeep of these palaces meant that a great deal of money and forced labour were exacted from the king's unfortunate subjects. Beside the discontent which resulted from this, the

people themselves began to follow the bad example of the king and to put duty on one side so as to be able to give way to idleness and luxury. It was specially important at that time for the kings of China to rule well and to be on their guard against enemies, for the kingdom was very much smaller than it is now, lay further to the north, and was surrounded by fierce tribes whose warlike princes were ever ready to take advantage of weakness in a neighbouring ruler.

Many wise men tried to induce Chowsin to alter his conduct while there was yet time to save the Shang family from ruin, for they did not like to break their record of loyalty to the kings who had ruled them so long. When Chowsin introduced ivory chopsticks in the palace, his elder brother sorrowfully reminded him that a taste for expensive luxuries was a thing that would probably grow and ruin him, saying that perhaps the next things he would make his unlucky subjects furnish for him would be drinking cups cut out of jewels, or bears' paws and leopards' hearts for food. But Chowsin disregarded all his friends' counsels, and worse than that, he put in prison or executed all those who dared to reprove him. It is even said that when one wise man rebuked him very severely and gave him some good advice, Chowsin calmly replied that he was glad to have a sage in his power, for he had heard that a wise man's heart was differently made from an ordinary man's. Then he ordered the sage to be put to death and his heart to be examined to see if it really was different from other people's. To add to the general misery of the Chinese at this time, floods and famine, the age-long perils of China, broke out in many parts of the land. Even to-day, after twenty centuries of civilization, it is almost impossible to exaggerate the miseries caused in that unhappy country by the recurrence of floods, famines, and the pestilent diseases which naturally

follow them and against which man is still very helpless.

At this time there were three men living in China whom Confucius praises in his history as among the most famous men of olden times, both for their learning and their piety and love of their country, and also for their clever inventions, among which is said to have been the compass. These three men were Wu-Wang, the warlike prince who defeated the luxurious and idle Chowsin, his father Wanwang, and his brother, the Duke of Chau. Their land was in the west and they were known as "chiefs of the west." Fortunately they escaped the cruel vengeance of Chowsin and established a new family of kings in China who ruled for more than eight hundred years, their greatest mistake in government being that they allowed the chiefs of various provinces to become so powerful that they were always quarrelling among themselves, and often had more power than the king himself.

The weak rule of Chowsin made the neighbouring kingdoms rise, and among those who rebelled was the kingdom of Le. The family of Wu-Wang prepared a great army and marched against Le. When the army had been successful, the Chief of the West, as its leader was called, did not return to his home but marched towards Chowsin's capital.

One of Chowsin's advisers, filled with alarm for the fate of the Shang family, ventured to warn Chowsin once more. In the "Books of Shang" his councillor is reported to have said to the king:—"Son of Heaven, Heaven is bringing to an end the dynasty of Shang; the wisest of men and the greatest tortoise equally know nothing fortunate for it. (The tortoise was used by the ancient Chinese as a means of foretelling the future.) By your wickedness, O king, you are bringing the end on yourself. On this account

Heaven has cast us off, so that there is distress for want of food, and there is no obedience to the laws of the Empire. Yea, our people now all wish the dynasty to perish, saying, 'Why does not Heaven send down his wrath? What has the present king to do with us?'"

The king only replied, "My life is secured by the decree of Heaven." His councillor replied, "Your crimes, which are many, are set above, and can you then speak of your fate as if you give it in charge to Heaven? What can your deeds do but bring ruin on your country?"

In the meantime Wu-Wang, at the head of a great army, was marching towards Chowsin's palace. He finally assembled his army, and after recounting the many evil deeds of Chowsin announced that Heaven had appointed him to punish Chowsin and to restore order in the troubled kingdom. In the grey dawn of the morning the king Wu-Wang came to the borders of Chowsin's country. Holding a battleaxe ornamented with gold in his left hand and a white flag in his right he urged his army to fight fiercely, saying, "Far are ye come, ye men of the western lands. Lift up your lances, join your shields and raise your spears. Be like tigers and panthers, like bears and grisly bears, for if you do not fight fiercely you will bring destruction on yourselves."

A fierce fight ensued, but although Chowsin had brought an immense army, far outnumbering Wu-Wang's, into the field, he was totally defeated. This was because his men were untrained and half-hearted and were no match for the disciplined veterans who fought so well under the banners of their warlike prince, Wu-Wang, who now became king. Chowsin fled to the palace which he had built for Take. There he arrayed himself in his most gorgeous robes and jewels. Then he entered the wonderful stag tower, set fire to it, and perished in the

flames.[1] Take, dressed in her loveliest robes, went out to meet the conqueror, but his soldiers captured her and put her to death in revenge for her many cruelties.

[1] Cp. the Death of Sardanapalus.

RAMA AND SITA

A STORY OF CEYLON

A LITTLE more than a thousand years before Christ was born, there lived in a town in Northern India a king named Dasaratha. Though the kingdom over which he ruled was not very large, for it was only four days' march from his capital, Ayodhya, to the next king's capital, Mithila, yet Dasaratha was very wealthy and very powerful. This was partly because his kingdom was very fertile and easily cleared from the jungle, and partly because he had made himself overlord of most of the kings and princes around him, and had made them pay tribute to him.

Of his four sons, the noblest and wisest and bravest was Rama, the hero of this story. When Rama grew up he heard that the king of Mithila had agreed to give his lovely daughter Sita to any prince who was strong enough to bend his mighty bow. Many kings and princes tried but failed, and this was no marvel, for the bow was so heavy that it needed an eight wheeled car, drawn by many elephants, to move it from one place to another. Among those who tried was Ravana, the demon king of Ceylon (then called Lanka). As Ravana was trying to lift it, it fell heavily upon his chest and would have crushed him to death had not Rama arrived at that moment. He lifted the mighty bow from Ravana's chest, and snapped it in two as if it had been a mere toy. Wild cheers arose on every side, and Sita, from her throne upon an elephant's back, leaned down and crowned the hero with a garland of

flowers. They were afterwards married, and went to live with Rama's father at Ayodhya.

Some time afterwards, Dasaratha, feeling that he was growing old, determined to place Rama on the throne instead of himself. Now Rama had a step-brother named Bharat, whose mother hated Rama and longed for the throne for her own son Bharat. Many years before this, King Dasaratha had promised Bharat's mother that whatever she asked him to do for her, he would at once agree to do it. She had forgotten this promise, but now when her son was in danger of being passed over by the king she suddenly remembered it. Picture the grief of the old King when she reminded him of this promise, and actually asked him to banish Rama to the forest for fourteen years, and to place Bharat on the throne. So noble was Rama, however, that he would not dream of allowing his father to incur the shame of having broken a promise, and cheerfully agreed to wander in the forest for fourteen years. Upon this, Sita, with many tears, implored him to take her with him into exile, and Lakshuman, Rama's own brother, also insisted on going with them. So the three took off their silken garments, clad themselves like hermits in the bark of trees and wandered forth into the dark forest. The poor old king was so full of grief that he died, and as a king's funeral rites must always be performed by one of his sons, Bharat's mother sent for him. When he came and heard the whole story of his mother's wickedness, he refused to become king. He first arranged for his father's body to be burnt according to the custom of the land, and then set out to find Rama and tell him of his love for him, and his grief at the cruel plan of his mother.

When the wise men of Ayodhya saw that Bharat was firm in his refusal to cheat his brother Rama of the throne, they placed Rama's wooden shoes upon the throne in token that he was the real king of Ayodhya. Clad in the bark of trees, Bharat wandered through

PLATE IX

RAMA

Bronze Figure in the British Museum

the forest till he found Rama and Sita, and begged Rama to take his place upon the throne. But so sacred was a promise held to be that Rama felt he must keep his word and stay fourteen years in the forest. He begged Bharat to take his place as King, but this he refused to do and went to live a life of penance to atone for his mother's sin. Upon this, Rama gave his wooden shoes to Bharat's younger brother to take back to Ayodhya as a sign to the people that Rama had asked him to rule in Ayodhya till his return.

For thirteen years Rama and Sita and Lakshuman wandered in the forests of the Deccan, visiting many holy shrines, including that at Allahabad (then called Prayag) and among the jungles to the south east of Allahabad a hill is still shown by the natives as the spot where they lived for many years in a little hut, eating only fruits and roots, and spending much of their time in prayer and penance. In their wanderings, they learned the language of the monkey tribes of the forests of the Deccan, and made friends with many of them.

Now Ravana, King of Lanka, had been very jealous of Rama ever since the trial of strength for Sita's hand. Moreover, he had been told more than once that Rama would cause his death. Filled with jealousy and rage, he made up his mind to carry off Sita. It happened that Rama had gone hunting deer to obtain their skin for Sita, and Lakshuman was guarding her hut. By a trick, Ravana persuaded Lakshuman to go in search of Rama and then seized Sita and carried her off to Lanka. There he shut her up in the Asoka forest, and placed horrid demonesses to guard her and keep her from escaping.

Rama was in a dreadful state of grief when he returned and could not find Sita. His grief was so pitiful to behold that his friends among the monkey tribes, especially their leader, Marut, made up their minds

to help him to conquer Ravana, King of Lanka, and to rescue his dearly loved wife from her awful prison.

Rama gave Marut a ring as a sign that he was his messenger, and the monkey chief set out to reach Lanka and search for the unhappy Sita. Marut knew all about forests and how to find his way through their tangles, so he soon found Sita in her forest prison, and gave her the ring as a greeting from Rama. In trying to escape from Lanka and tell Rama where Sita was, Marut was caught and taken before Ravana. He was not at all afraid of the monster king, but cheerfully lengthened his tail out to such an enormous extent that its coils made him a throne higher than Ravana's! From his perch, Marut looked down upon Ravana, and called him a great rogue, and threatened that Rama would soon arrive in Lanka and kill Ravana.

Upon this Ravana, in a terrible rage, ordered his servants to kill Marut. So clever was the monkey chief, however, that their weapons could not hurt him. Then Marut cheerfully told Ravana that if his servants could cover up every bit of his tail with cloth soaked in oil, they could burn him to death. Upon this, all the cloth and oil in Lanka were brought, but Marut kept lengthening and lengthening his tail, so that there was always a bit left uncovered. Growing impatient, Ravana ordered his servants not to wait any longer for the tail to be covered, but to set the cloth on fire at once. This just pleased Marut, who at once dashed his tail at Ravana, and burned him badly. Then he escaped from Lanka, but not before he had set half the forests there on fire.

Marut, however, was very careful not to set on fire the forest where Sita was imprisoned. He returned to Rama taking with him an ornament that Sita had worn. Rama and Lakshuman were filled with gratitude to the faithful monkey chief, and im-

mediately made ready a huge army to march against Ravana. As Marut was the friend of Rama, all the forest tribes were willing to help, and a vast army marched down to the sea that lay between them and Lanka.

Here a great difficulty arose. How were they to get across the sea? Rama prayed to the sea for three days, without eating a morsel of food, but alas! the sea did not dry up for him.

Then Rama grew angry and set about drying the sea with the help of a mighty weapon. Upon this, the sea grew alarmed, and told Rama that if the monkeys could build a bridge across they would be able to cross to Lanka in safety. Upon this the monkeys brought sacred black stones from the river, and put the sign of Rama on each one. With these they soon built a bridge across to Lanka, and Rama and Lakshuman and their mighty army, with elephants and chariots, bowmen and spearmen, crossed over it to Ravana's kingdom.

At first Rama's men were much troubled by deadly serpents, but Marut persuaded the eagles to come and kill the serpents. Then Rama and his army once more attacked Ravana furiously with their bows and spears and chariots, whilst the monkeys rushed upon the enemy with pieces of rock and stone and giant trunks of trees. The struggle was long and fierce, and Rama and Lakshuman engaged in battle many times before they were victorious. After each battle, Marut and the monkeys healed the wounded by their clever use of the herbs that grew in the forest, and at last Ravana and his army were utterly destroyed.

Then Rama rescued Sita and held great feasts for all who had helped him and gave them many rich presents. Marut, however, refused to accept any presents from Rama. When the other monkeys asked him the reason of this, he replied, "Why do I want presents from Rama? Rama is always in my heart."

When Rama was established on his throne in Ayodhya once more, all the other chiefs and princes left him and returned to their homes. But Marut refused to leave Rama and Sita and stayed with them for ever after this.

THE LAKE DWELLERS

A SWISS STORY

MANY thousands of years ago a tribe of people went wandering through what is now Switzerland trying to find a new home for themselves. I don't know what had happened to make them leave their old home. Perhaps enemies had driven them away, or perhaps there had been no rain for so long that streams were drying and food was scarce, or perhaps they had heard tales of other lands which made them despise their own. Perhaps the tribe had grown so large that it was necessary for some of them to find new homes. At any rate they set out with their wives and children, and animals and seeds, and as much food as they could get together for their journey. Now at that time there were neither roads, nor railways, nor big towns, and a great part of the land was covered with thick forests which were places of great difficulty for these wanderers. Even when armed with guns, men are sometimes overpowered by bears and wolves, and these poor wanderers lived so very long ago that they had not even learnt how to use metals, but had only weapons and tools made of stone, flint, horn, bone, and wood. So you can easily guess that the miles and miles of dark, unknown, pathless forests were places of dread and terror to them, and that they were very anxious to make their new village safe from the attacks of the wild forest creatures, men or beasts.

As you will see from your map, Switzerland has many lakes, and these men built their villages on the lake. That seems a very difficult task for these wanderers,

but it had been their age-long custom to build in this way, and traces of their lake dwellings are found in many places besides Switzerland. The first thing they did was to cut down the branches and trunks of trees and sharpen them so as to make pointed stakes which could be driven into the bed of the lake—not an easy task, for they had only stone axes. It is not surprising, therefore, that men did not cut many ways through the forest until they had learnt to use iron. However the men of the tribe set to work bravely to cut down enough trees to make timber for their home. It may have been done by first making a groove with their stone axes and then sprinkling sand and grit in the groove. Then stone tools were worked upon the grit and sand, and after much labour the trunk was hacked through. When they had sharpened the stakes they drove them into the bed of the lake so as to make a narrow path out into the middle. There they drove in so many piles that they were able to make a great platform on which to build their village. On the whole the lake-dwellers were a peaceful people who wanted to settle down in a home where they could grow their crops and rear their flocks. They did not care for the wild wandering life of the hunting warlike tribes in the forest.

While the men were busy with all this, and with hunting and fishing, the women were busy planting seeds, caring for the sheep, and spinning flax and wool which they made into beautiful clothes. They also made hair nets and sacks, and nets for fishing, fine strong ropes and mats for the floors of their new houses, wicker-work baskets and earthenware pots, and spoons and cups and dishes.

As to the canoes and bows and arrows and wonderful things to help in the spinning and weaving, and the many very useful things they made of wood and horn and stone and flint, there were so many of them that I cannot describe them all. If you are interested, try

to go to a museum to study these things for yourself. These folk of long ago, though they could neither write nor read, were not only very patient and hard working, but must have been very clever indeed to make so many things without metals, and to find out how to spin and weave and how to make their strange lake dwellings.

Herodotus tells us that lake dwellers in N. Greece made villages on piles with a two-roomed hut for each man, in which was a hearth for cooking and a trap door by which a basket or fishing-net could be let down into the lake to obtain fish. The mothers had a very anxious time, for they were afraid that their babies would roll into the water when they were playing, but they soon learnt to tie the little ones by the feet to the door of the cottage, and thus keep them out of harm's way. Whenever a man of the tribe married and wanted a new house he had to cut enough wood to make piles. Then he had to drive them firmly into the bed of the lake and build his own cottage. Enemies who attacked the lake dwellers found it almost impossible to reach their homes, for if they came across the narrow bridge they could only come one at a time and it was very easy for the lake dwellers to drive them back, as you will know if you think how Horatius kept a whole army at bay. If, on the other hand, enemies tried to reach the island dwelling in canoes, the lake dwellers could easily protect themselves by throwing stones and heavy weapons. Then, too, the piles made it very difficult for the enemy to come near, and of course a whole army could not come in that way, but only a few men at a time, whom it was easier to defeat. Indeed so secure were these clever people in their strange homes that even when men had long known the use of metals and had cut down many of the forests, they were still able to defend their homes easily.

Herodotus tells us that a great Persian general who attacked them at the head of a thoroughly well-trained

army, which had all sorts of weapons, was quite unable to conquer them, though he easily conquered and carried off their neighbours who dwelt on land.

The story is as follows. Two brothers wished to make themselves kings over the tribes who lived in and around the lakes. They had a very beautiful sister, and they had heard that the king of the Persians was a very great warrior. They thought that if Darius fell in love with their sister and married her, he would help them to become rulers over their fellow-countrymen.

So they waited till a certain day when Darius was going to pass that way. Then they dressed their tall, beautiful sister in the very richest garments they had, and sent her to the river to draw water. She bore a pitcher on her head, and as she walked along she led a horse with one hand and span flax with the other. Of course Darius noticed her and sent his men to watch what she would do. The men followed her and saw, to their great astonishment, that when she had filled the pitcher with water, she put it on her head and came back even with that heavy weight on her head, still leading the horse with one hand and twirling her spindle with the other.

King Darius was so much astonished at her beauty and cleverness and industry that he ordered her to be brought before him. The brothers, who had been watching all the time, came too. When Darius asked them from what country they came and whether all the women in that country worked as hard as their sister, they eagerly assured him that they did and told him where their country was. They did not feel so pleased, however, when Darius, instead of helping them, decided that he would like to have such clever, hard-working people living in his own country, and sent his general and a great army to make these people slaves and bring them to Persia to work for King Darius.

Now this general found it easy to capture the people who lived in the villages on the land, but though he tried

very hard to conquer the lake dwellers he was quite unable to reach them, and had to go away and leave them secure in their queer homes.

But though the lake dwellers were able to escape their other enemies, there was one enemy that very often held them fiercely in his grip and forced them to leave their homes. That enemy was fire, which often broke out in their wooden dwellings, as one might easily guess. These very fires are the means by which we have learnt so much of the life of the early stone-using lake dwellers. For the charred bits of linen and woollen materials lasted on through all the centuries till men dug and found them among the piles, while unburnt woven materials would have rotted away long ago in the water and left no trace.

APPENDICES

THE USE OF TRADITIONAL STORIES IN THE TEACHING OF GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

I

TRADITION AND GEOGRAPHY

GEOGRAPHY and History have one common link: each concentrates on the study of human experience. The historian attempts to interpret the records of the men and of the world of the past, the geographer those of the men and the world of the present. This study of human experience is of profound importance to-day, when facilities for rapid communication have made the nations of the world so sensitively inter-dependent one upon the other that every new development in even the smallest and weakest unit of government either adds to or lessens the peace and prosperity of the strongest. If history and geography are to take their proper place in the preparation of the world citizens of the future, they must be based upon the broadest concepts, upon appreciation of the fact that all nations have had their heroes, their ideals, their moments of fine disregard for material outlook upon life when in pursuit of those ideals. It must be recognized that the term "environment" can no longer be used to define merely the physical characters of the district into which man is born; the social and intellectual environment into which he is born is an equally potent factor. The child of the native in the government reserve and the child of the white settler in the land may have an identical physical environment—but the world is a very different place for them.

Folk tales are a picturesque and vivid introduction to these broad concepts of mutual appreciation and understanding, both of the other man's point of view

and also of the differing elements in his surroundings and in himself which have led to his different outlook on life. They are of special importance to the geographer, partly because they frequently envisage a wholly foreign atmosphere in a few clear cut phrases and partly because they are universal, for man in every land and every age, no matter whether his culture is simple or complex, has always retained enough of the child spirit to enjoy telling and hearing a good story. From time immemorial—probably from the time when man first learned to translate his thoughts into speech—stories of what happened "once upon a time" have held universal sway. And from that day to this fathers and mothers, village elders, priests, desert wanderers and ocean traders have handed on traditional stories to spell-bound audiences in every part of the globe.

The teacher who wishes to make a serious study of folk tales and national stories as an introduction to geography must be keenly alive to the fact that in past times man's outlook on the world was necessarily very dependent upon the particular geographic background which nature had prepared for him. This placed strict limits upon his experience and social opportunities, coloured vividly the tales with which he amused his leisure and even modified his mind so profoundly that his environment became reflected in his conception of life and its problems. But I would like to make it clear that, though most traditions gain in depth if their home is carefully studied in all its geographic aspects, climate, vegetation, topography, race type, means of communication with and knowledge of the outside world, the geographical aspect is only one factor in their creation. No environmental necessity of adaptation affects any two living things in the same way—some inherent difference makes one meet winter cold and scarcity of food by hibernating, another by migrating, another by developing different coverings and habits. The chill and hunger were the same

for each, but individuality determined the particular response. So with man's tales—one traces in them that physical and social environment had a share in moulding expression and fancy, but feels that the factor of the individual response is incalculable.

As Shaughnessy says :

> "One man with a dream, at pleasure,
> Shall go forth and conquer a crown,
> And three with a new song's measure
> Can trample a kingdom down."

One man with a dream can break the iron force of age-long passive acquiescence in social and physical conditions. Peter of Russia dreamed of the western seas, and Petrograd remains to-day a memorial of the triumph of the intangible over stern geographic disabilities. But the cumulative effect of continued individual and group resistance to the bonds of time and type and place is even more potent. For in spite of much diversity there is an underlying spiritual unity in man's efforts to mould his environment to his dreams and to make himself master of his fate, so that humanity to-day is increasingly independent of mere physical environment, and this independence reacts again in making it more possible to loosen some of the bonds of social and intellectual environment.

The Hebrew stories of the infancy of the world have a beauty and an arresting simplicity that has never been surpassed. The ancient dwellers in the lands that lie to the south-east of the Mediterranean led a wandering life, carrying their tents and possessions with them, and were not occupied in taking care of their houses and lands nor in building and ruling great cities. Many of them were shepherds who, in the long dry season when the grass withered and the streams failed, had to lead their flocks far afield in search of pasture. The certain recurrence of this dry, difficult season made them ponder on the future and take much thought for it. Others

were traders who crossed the great deserts, often finding it easier to travel in the cool evening under the brilliant stars. It was no doubt this leisurely life of wandering in vast places, this familiarity with wide quiet solitudes and with the great firmament above, that helped to enrich their traditions. But the factor that made them so unique that the rest of the world has been glad to borrow and enjoy them was perhaps the necessity of handing on to each generation the accumulated experience of past generations. In this difficult desert fringe, where mistakes had such serious consequences, it was essential to hear the voice of wisdom and obey it. Perhaps it is not too much to see in the Hebrew version of the origin of death through disobedience the effect of the ideal of obedience to the elder of the tribe developed as a response to the difficulties and dangers of a nomad life. But it should be noted too that one race meets the desert fringe problem by irrigation and co-operation, another by nomadism and predatory habits. Outstanding examples of Old Testament stories useful to the geographer are Adam and Eve, with its emphasis on the supplanting of the earlier fruit-gathering stage of humanity by the later hunting and agricultural communities; Cain and Abel, the first of the long series of tragedies that have resulted and still result from the quarrels between the tiller of the soil and the herder of flocks—this quarrel is written large on the social history of rural England: Abraham and Isaac, the pastoral life in early days: Joseph and his Brethren, a vivid picture of the camel traders of Damascus and the early contacts between Semitic and Egyptian civilization: Saul and David struggling against the Philistines, the nomad shepherds endeavouring to preserve their customs against the invading influences of towns in close contact with Crete and the Ægean isles: Solomon's alliance with the traders of Tyre and Sidon, showing that the new town life had proved the stronger. The whole of the Old Testament

teems with examples of the effect of the conflict between the conservative shepherds of the Judæan hills and the trading luxurious dwellers in the northern Canaanitish and Samaritan towns. Bearing in mind the long-continued contacts with other civilizations which the Shephelah, Sharon, Galilee and Samaria experienced because they lay upon routes linking Europe, Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, the Ægean isles and Egypt, and the absence of any such contacts in the hills and semi-desert lands of Judea, it is plain that mere topographical position may have a great influence on the development of ideals and cultures. An appreciation of the great rôle which agriculture has played in the growth of the older civilizations is clearly developed by a study of the stories from Egypt, the Mesopotamian lands, India and China. The lands where agriculture has brought great increments have always been the lands of leisure for devotion to the arts and crafts and to the pursuit of knowledge. The mapping of the lands where arts and crafts developed earliest, based on stories previously told and illustrated by photographs and pictures of the beautiful pottery, jewels, statuary and buildings of those early days, or better still by actual objects from a museum, would form an interesting commentary on the importance of the lands where agriculture is the basis of life. Professor Breasted has coined the term the "Fertile Crescent" for the fringe of cultivable lands bordering the Arabian desert and stretching in an arc from Egypt to the Persian Gulf, and his map and discussion of the effect of this Fertile Crescent on the life of Western Asia are very illuminating. A social system based on agriculture is bound to be stable, for it necessitates the attachment to the soil of a great majority of the workers, and in addition it demands a certain orderliness and much co-operative effort. Once shattered by misrule it is extraordinarily difficult to resuscitate, as one realizes in contemplating such things as the havoc of Mexican culture wrought by the

careless forest cutting of Spanish Invaders, the ruin of Mesopotamian agriculture when irrigation ceased to be the first care of its rulers, or the malarial swamps that were once prosperous Roman farms. It is interesting in passing to note that the only ancient civilization which survives almost unchanged to the present day is that of the Chinese, the "Farmers of Forty Centuries," as King has picturesquely phrased it, the civilization which alone has held the farmer in as high honour as the soldier. If this is mere coincidence, it is at any rate a significant coincidence. Maurice Hewlett in his "Song of the Plough" has given the epic of the persistence of the tiller of the soil in a land where nature has given a grudging and irregular response to his efforts, and where his fellow-man has been even less generous. An epic record of the patience and persistence of the Chinese tiller of the soil during forty centuries of world happening would indeed make thrilling reading. Stories based on agriculture will readily occur to the teacher, ranging from the familiar and beautiful story of Ceres and Persephone, the legend of Ishtar, the partition of the body of Osiris to ensure fertility in the nomes where it was buried, and the later celebration of his worship by the making of images in Nile mud in which seeds of corn were sprouted, Joseph and the corn in Egypt, to the story of Prince Rice in Plenty in the Far East. Less obvious stories are those which tell of the coming in of settlers who bring new devices to help agriculture, e.g. Triptolemus and the plough in Greece, Eochaid and the yoking of the oxen in Ireland.

A series of creation myths studied from the geographic point of view is most instructive. The vital difference between the Hebrew belief in one orthodox story of the creation of man and the varied Greek legends, almost as numerous as their city states (e.g. Kekrops and Athens, the Dragon's teeth and Thebes, the Ants and Egina) is surely connected with the

numerous triangular coastal valleys separated from the mainland and from one another by the fingering out of the great fold mountains which led to the formation of the isolated city states of Greece and Asia Minor. The Babylonian emphasis on the fact that in the beginning no reed had yet sprung up, no brick had been made, nor were there any cities, nor any temples for the city gods is suggestive of what was most essential in Babylonian life. The quaint West African story with its background of the fear of the beasts of the forest and of the monkey intermediary between man and his maker has a flavour of life in the tropic forests. The beauty of the Polynesian story is unexpected and is reminiscent of the early Egyptian theories of the separation of earth and sky, so often represented on their monuments. Other examples will readily suggest themselves.

In the answers which myth and tradition give to that most puzzling and yet most insistent problem, the question of death, the influence of environment is clearly to be traced. The very marked difference between the story of how death came into the world taken from the Mahabharata and that taken from N. American mythology brings home the contrast between life in the crowded Ganges valley, with its famines and spreading plagues and life in the spacious hunting grounds at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. The N. American story has other variants. In the grim forest region further east there are no light touches about fun with the babies. Here death is said to be the will of a little bird, "For how should I nest me in your warm graves if ye men never die?" While in the Arctic regions of the north the version is that two old women debate the question. One says, "Will ye have eternal darkness and eternal life, or light and death?" The other replies, "Let us do without light forever if so we may do without death." "Nay," answers the first, "Let us have both light and death."

This is only one instance of the way in which a primitive theme may put on adaptive colouring to meet the needs of a new environment. But many such instances are to be found among the folk tales of N. America, Polynesia, and other places where there has been sufficient movement of native peoples once in close contact to make the story from the old home require new settings to suit new needs. Anyone who has compared the legend of Ishtar with the story of Persephone will realize that a new home may make great modifications in beauty of ideal.

In Egyptian mythology, again, we find little trace of an endeavour to explain the origin of death, though death and the Kingdom of the Dead occupy an overwhelming amount of attention. This may be accounted for by the fact that the Egyptian found himself living on a mere intrusive ribbon of life surrounded by a vast solitude of death and desert. The desert where life was silenced, the desert to which he committed his dead from the sheer necessity of keeping sacred the little fertile strip on which all life depended was the supreme certainty about which there was no question. The fertile strip was uncertain and might narrow to disaster if the river failed. But death and the desert were unchanging and ever present. Even the ideals of the life after death bear the imprint of changing climatic conditions—The Egyptian pictured the pleasant land of Osiris as a "cool misty kingdom" where the souls of the good were leisurely rowed on canals and passed their time playing draughts. But the Icelandic theory was that the land of cool fog and mist was a punishment for the evil-minded and the promised reward for heroes was to occupy their leisure in fighting and feasting.

Another aspect of folk tales for the geographer is the inevitable colouring of a narrative by the teller's own experience. For of necessity the traditions of a nation or a race or a family are based mainly on the

things with which they are familiar. Experience of anything unaccustomed may make so deep an impression that it becomes the central factor in a story, but the intimate things of everyday life will creep into the narrative in all sorts of subtle and unconscious ways. Consider, for instance, the following similes as indices of the differing surroundings of the writers: The Hindu sighing like a snake, the dweller by the Tigris and Euphrates sighing like a bed of reeds, and the Englishman sighing like a furnace. The very names in some of the stories are full of meaning, e.g. Prince "Rice in Plenty" and Princess "Blossoming Brilliantly like the Flowers upon the Trees," in the Japanese story. Even the names Fire-Shine and Fire-Subside gain in meaning when a study of social life makes us realize that they depend upon a very cruel Japanese tradition.

This makes it important that stories shall be based upon as close translation of the original as possible: those stories translated by natives who have an imperfect acquaintance with the English language often convey another atmosphere very helpfully. It is quite impossible for a "home-made" story to depict a foreign atmosphere with either the vividness or the truth of the story shaped and remoulded and handed down by the dwellers in the land. And, though the collection of stories from other lands may involve a great deal of time and trouble if one is to get the best material, the collector will be amply repaid by the interest and value of the results of his labour. No tale written by an Englishman could have given English children such a picture of another world as the story of "Prince Fire-Shine and Fire-Subside." "The Coming of Tuina" is another example of the value of the native story, with its introduction of quaint incidental details of primitive life.

Stories that depend upon old trading connections are generally specially vivid in their appeal. The story of

Sanehat and the legend of the Possessed Princess are useful introductions to the study of the relations between Egyptian, Semitic, and Hittite cultures. The "Churning of the Ocean," seems to be, as Elliot Smith and Oldham suggest, a very early account of monsoon trading. Another such story is "Changkat Rambian."

In early times there was a marked tendency for the old trading or military ways to form a thread on which heroic tales were linked, and when the heyday of the routes had passed a sunset radiance of romance still lingered about their half-forgotten tracks. This tendency may be observed all over the world. The wanderings of Io, the epic of Ulysses, the story of the Argonaut, are the travellers' tales of the trading links between the civilizations that bordered on the Mediterranean, and of the land and sea raiders who "shared the fun" when it was a question of a sack of a town or so, as Myres suggests. "The Rig Veda" the "Mahabharata" and the "Ramayana" are epics of the old routes that brought invaders from beyond the Khaibar pass into touch with the southernmost parts of India and Ceylon. The prayers and invocations which form the Rig Veda are specially interesting because of their emphasis on the need of the clouds, the rain-bearers, whose cult replaces that of the sun and the river so typical of Egypt and Babylonia. The story of the "Sons of Pandu" shows us the invaders taking advantage of the isthmus of scanty lowland vegetation between the Thar desert on the south and the forested slopes of Himalaya on the north, to make a beginning of the clearing of the primeval forest where it thinned out towards Delhi. From the bases which they established here they were able to extend their forest clearing process to the monsoonal forested belt on the northern slopes of the Deccan, which had so long cut off Northern from Southern India. There are several vivid descriptions ("The Churning of the Ocean") of the wholesale destruction by fire of great stretches of jungle and

forest. This should be contrasted with the slower method of European iron age invaders, who hacked their way with difficulty through the forested river valleys. Anyone who has read Kipling's story of the return of the jungle will readily appreciate that the rapidity and luxuriance of forest growth in tropical and semi-tropical lands is the geographical factor underlying the different methods.

Later stories illustrate the same tendency. The old Norse Saga show us links on the ancient amber trade route developing into later links between the semi-Asiatic marts to the north of the Black sea and the Icelandic and Scandinavian Sea traders and sea-fighters. It must be confessed, however, that one would not be inclined to go so far as a modern writer who would make Odin a Russian merchant and would give us the name of the town which was his central depôt.

In that fascinating twilight of early history, when legend and fact became quaintly intermingled in the tales which amused the leisure of the pilgrims and knights of early Christendom are preserved many indications of the lines of movement of peoples in Europe. Frequently the trading route of prehistoric times became a pilgrim route, especially as the church found it useful to link the megalithic worship of heathendom with the new Christianity by consecrating shrines which age-long custom had sanctified. Compostella is a case in point, and in early times so sacred was this shrine held to be that Dante defines pilgrims as those who have made this special journey. Now the pilgrim route to the shrine of St James of Compostella from Ireland and the western shores of Britain followed the path of the trading route of the Ægean wanderers of the Bronze Age, and the records of the Celtic saints are full of references to old time connections between Pembroke, Cornwall, Brittany, and Galicia. Traditional records of the history of our island, e.g. Geoffrey of Monmouth's "History of the Kings of Britain," the

"Annals of the Four Masters," the "Annals of Clonmacnoise," are so full of obvious chronological follies and quaint inaccuracies that there has been a tendency to regard them as valueless. But at anyrate they indicate clearly the very early connection of the western shores of our islands with the coastal fringes of Europe, with the isles of the Ægean, and with Northern Africa. The Nibelungenlied is another stirring record of early connections between the Rhine lands, Burgundy, the cities and tangled valleys of South Germany, and Austria and the land of the Huns.

Another aspect of the sunset of old tales is the mapping of places where different versions of the same theme are to be found. The theme of the brother inconsolable for the loss of his fish hook, which is so amusingly told in the Japanese "Ko-ji-ki," is in one form or other widely spread in Indonesia and N.W. America. Versions are reported from America. It has also been traced in the Kei Islands, Halmahera, Soemba, Minahassa, Celebes, and Sumatra. The version from the Kei Islands makes the loss of the hook the central theme of a creation story. The hook belongs to brothers living in the sky world, and in order to punish his elder brother for complaining of the loss of the hook, the younger brother insists that some spilled liquor shall be collected. In digging for the liquor the brothers made a hole clean through the sky world and through this they and their sister descended to earth and became the ancestors of mankind. The tracing of the probable course of current and wind-driven rafts from Indonesia and Japan to the north-western shores of America, combined with the variations in the type of this tale, throws much light on early population drifts.

Geographic conditions have even influenced the ways in which tradition was written down. A comparison between the graceful curves and delicate drawings of Egyptian Hieroglyphic script and the angular, wedge-

shaped signs of Babylonia brings out the point that the papyrus on which the Egyptian scribe worked was much more favourable to curves than the soft clay of Babylonia. The late development of writing in India is certainly correlated with the extreme difficulty of finding a medium which will not rot in the monsoon damp and which will resist the raids of the ants. The hard bamboo on which the Chinese inscribed their records made possible the development of their complicated script, with its multitudes of fine strokes.

The above are a few indications of the ways in which geography may be developed from a basis of traditional tales. It is obvious that the geographical setting of a tale need not always be developed when the tale is first given to the child. The teacher must decide at what stage and in what form, as well as to what extent, it need be given at all. The really important thing is so to select and to tell the tales that the child shall have an unconscious foundation of geographical ideas on which future knowledge may be built.

II

TRADITION AND HISTORY

In considering the historical aspects of traditions, it must be borne in mind that the last hundred years have brought profound changes in methods of criticism and in possibilities of disentangling the substratum of truth from the super-strata of ornament and tradition. Improved methods of archæological research combined with greater appreciation of the value of the science itself, have led to increasing knowledge of the steps by which the first civilizations were built up and of the routes along which great migrations of culture have travelled. Legends of routes may now be checked by reference to maps of the finds of things men dropped, or of the stones and buildings they erected. The mapping of great stone monuments brings out the point to point sea-trading routes, with land crossings over the bases of the peninsulas. The mapping of the finds of bronze and iron weapons led scholars to realize that the forested valleys were obstacles to communication until iron tools were in common use. This threw a new light on the Neolithic Age in Europe and opened men's eyes to the moorland life whose heritages are so subtly woven into our modern social system. The work of the various schools of archæology in Egypt, Greece, Crete, and Asia Minor has thrown a searching light on the writings of early Greek and Hebrew authors, and has revealed substantial and unexpected bases of truth for legends which had once been taken to be entirely the work of imagination. Perhaps the most familiar instance is the legend of the Minotaur. Dis-

coveries in Crete, especially those at Knossos and Hephaistos, taken in conjunction with records on Egyptian and Cretan monuments prove that there was an early thalassocracy in the Eastern Ægean and that the tributes and hostages exacted by the Minoan leaders of this thalassocracy gave rise to the legend of the Minotaur.

The importance of the history of Herodotus for the teacher who wants to introduce history and geography in story form cannot be overestimated. The first sentence is "These are the researches of Herodotus of Halicarnassus, which he publishes in the hope of thereby preserving from decay the remembrance of what men have done and of preventing the great and wonderful actions of the Greeks and the Barbarians from losing their due meed of glory and withal to put on record what were their grounds of feud." The special value of the book lies in the broad spirit in which the phrase "their grounds of feud" has been interpreted. As Hall says, "And he began from the beginning of ancient story, from the Trojan war and before that from the Rape of Io. For he rightly saw that the great event had indeed had its ultimate origin in the furthest recesses of time, when the ancient civilizations of the Eastern Mediterranean first evolved themselves out of chaos and the peoples of the Nile land, of Western Asia and of the Ægean first came into contact with each other." In order to get his background of pre-history clear he first described the various countries which were the homes of the people who were to play their part upon the final stage. He described not only their physical surroundings, but also their social environment—their customs, their religion, their heroes and their traditions. It is interesting to note that he knew far less of the pre-history of Greece than he did of the lands outside it, for reasons which will be readily understood by the student of the complicated movements of peoples to and fro between the

continent of Europe and Asia and the islands that lay between. On the other hand his records of Media are curiously exact—perhaps, as Hall suggests, because he was able to get first-hand information from the Median Harpagide satraps who ruled Caria for the Persians. His chapters on Egypt vary very much in reliability, and some of them are undoubtedly more in the nature of genuine folk tale than of historical tradition. But the whole of his work teems with descriptions of peoples and customs and beliefs told in a most vividly interesting human fashion. The work of the great Greek father of historians and modern geographers has gained immensely in interest and value since it has been possible to decipher the scripts of ancient Egypt, Assyria, Elam and pre-Semitic Babylon. When a new Champollion arises to unlock the secrets of the Minoan Scripts, a fascinating chapter will be added to the story of the contributions of the Eastern Ægean to the world's civilizations, but at present they remain tantalizingly undecipherable.

As a great deal of Herodotus is based on tradition —on records handed on orally from one generation to another—it may be well to point out that the oral traditions of nations which perforce relied on word of mouth and not on written records have a value and accuracy which is almost beyond the comprehension of the modern mind. Among the writings of Frederick York Powell, published in the second volume of his life by Elton, is a short essay on "Tradition and its Conditions" which is most illuminating. He emphasizes the conditions of tradition and cites the Druid schools of the Gauls, the Vedic schools of India, the Bardic schools of Ireland, and the Maori schools. Each of these schools must be considered as taking the place of universities in modern thought, and the very greatest care was taken that the medium by which the systems of philosophy, mythology, history, medical lore, etc., were handed on should be as perfect

as possible. That medium in an unlettered community was the human memory, and would-be students were first tested as to their powers of memorizing meticulously and accurately, and later were trained to develop those powers to their fullest extent. In the case of the Irish bard the minimum time of training was twelve years, but at the end of that time he had not only learnt the elements of the system mentioned above, but could also repeat accurately any one of at least three hundred and fifty tales in prose and poetry. If this seems incredible it should be compared with the marvellous retentive powers some children possess. Imagine such a child trained for years in accuracy of spoken repetition by daily criticism of the smallest deviation from standard, and trained also to regard memorizing as a sacred duty. Of course in Irish and Maori tales, as in the Homeric poems and the Chansons de Geste, there were regularly recurrent descriptive formulæ to help the reciter.

To quote Professor York Powell. "What comes out of all this (and there is much more that could be said on these archaic arrangements for securing the transmission of knowledge and science without the use of letters) is that, unless interrupted by a revolution, such as the incoming of new religion and culture, conquest from abroad or enforced emigration, a certain number of traditions (larger than we should probably expect) may be handed down in a form little changed for centuries."

Synchronisms in traditions have been carefully compared by scholars and have demonstrated incontestably the possibilities of entire accuracy in the trained tradition recital for eight or ten or even more generations. Excavations in S. America also point to a foundation of truth for the tradition of sea invaders who must have come nearly nineteen centuries ago. It should be specially noted, however, that very rarely was it possible for an outsider to obtain first-hand traditions from the caste that recorded them. They

were the exclusive property of the trained few, who jealously preserved the privileges of their order and did not readily admit anyone to their confidence. A marked effect of the development of a caste whose business it is to record the nation's traditions is that if this caste obtains the supremacy in government it may alter and adapt the tradition to suit its own ends. This is true of both script and pre-script days, for there is no doubt that when man is his own annalist his records are apt to be unreliable. Fortunately archæology is a good corrective and complement to these records. One of the most interesting attempts to falsify history is that of Chihwangti, the first Emperor of the Tsin dynasty of China. He actually issued an edict (213 B.C.) that every record of times before his reign should be burnt, and especially those of Confucius and Mencius. Klaproth remarks that the durable material on which records were then kept in China (i.e. bamboo tablets engraved with a stylet or having the characters stained on them with varnish) probably accounted for the successful salvage of a few of the copies which escaped "the fires of the Tsin." But in China, where the art of memorizing has attained a wonderful degree of perfection, it is quite possible that scholars who escaped the executions were able to re-write their classics from memory.

Alongside the attempts of rulers to tamper with records must be placed the attempts of religious leaders to impress their followers. The following story taken from the Mahabharata illustrates this well. It is told to account for the lowness of the Vindhya range in comparison with the Himalayas. Once upon a time Vindhya grew very proud and increased his body to such an extent as to obstruct the course of the sun. The gods were very much alarmed and in their distress appealed to the sage Agastya, who was Vindhya's preceptor. Agastya, who dwelt in Northern India, resolved to proceed to the south. When he reached the foot

of Vindhya, the latter, beholding his venerable preceptor, bowed down his head to worship him. Agastya ordered him to stay in that posture till he came back, but, as he never came back, Vindhya has been obliged to stay in that posture, to the relief of all creatures. The story illustrates also the point previously made of the subtle way in which custom creeps into a story. Those who know anything of the extraordinary belief existing among some sections of Hindus even to-day in the efficacy of practising corporal mortifications such as remaining in one uncomfortable posture for years will understand how naturally the idea of Vindhya's age-long bowing of the head occurred to them.

One valuable effect of the keeping of the records by priestly castes who came to regard their preservation as a sacred duty is that archaisms were retained and these are of the greatest value in determining the primal meaning and origins of the story. When the tale is handed down merely as one to while away an idle hour and not as a sacred thing which must be preserved intact, the teller is apt to try to bring the story in line with modern conditions. The Welsh folk tale, "The Lady of Llyn y Fan Fach," may be cited here. It is, most probably, a reminiscence of the clash between the moorland, stone-using culture and the incoming iron-using valley clearing culture. The moorland folk held the new-found iron a thing tabu and hence the maiden will not eat bread baked on iron and is to return to her home if touched by iron. Later tellers of the story, in days when iron had been so long in use that it had been taken for granted, did not understand the allusion to the stone hearth and so made it a question of the crisp baking of the dough, while they substituted the striking of the bride for the touching her with iron. This is at least a plausible hypothesis helping us to interpret variants of folk tales.

If history is envisaged as the story of the men and

women and children of all nations and of all ages, and an attempt is made to grasp the essentials of their experience as a unity, then tradition is most valuable. For traditions often record the broad facts which have influenced the whole nation, and they may hand on generalized truths which are obscured or altogether forgotten in those specialized records of political activities which too frequently have been considered the only history worth studying. Modern times furnish us with examples of how historic facts which form the groundwork of the nation's daily life may be the basis of popular stories. The popular tales of Dickens, Kingsley, George Eliot and a host of others who have recorded the sufferings of the poor are based on the fact that the social conditions of the industrial age of England involved starvation, mental, moral, and physical, and much dreary degradation for great masses of the nation. The truth was there before the tales were made, but the tales spread and emphasized the truth and who shall say how much of the bitterness with which the workman of to-day faces even well-meaning and enlightened employers is due to the grip which those tales had upon the people's hearts? Christianity in its better sense owes more perhaps to the tales of the multitude of obscure monks and nuns who went among the poor of all nations endeavouring to live up to the spirit of "Love thy neighbour as thyself" than it does to the organized ecclesiastical rule which grew out of these efforts. The legends of the saints are full of quaint exaggerations and impossibilities from that of the great St Francis downwards, but they are based on the sound historic fact that the self-sacrifice of these idealists helped to lessen the world's burden of suffering at a time when such efforts were sorely needed.

One great use, then, of traditional tales is to give us the history of the conditions of life of the great body of the people and to show us the things which wrought important changes in their conditions and were, there-

fore, perpetuated in the popular fancy. Another great use is to show us the sequences of world life and thought in all their differing time, type, and place phases. The intensive study of the history of one's native land would follow naturally on this wider introduction and would be seen in truer proportion and with greater understanding against such a background. The correlation of sciences is showing that many so-called myths and folk tales have a very real substratum of truth underlying them. It is, however, a most delicate task to try to preserve the balance between the recognition of this truth and the unguarded assumption that every incident in every folk tale has some historical meaning. This assumption is as foolish in its way as the old habit of finding a nature myth in every record of the past. The best safeguard is to use the tradition to illustrate the broad sequence of events rather than to teach detailed incidents.

There are certain curious recurrences in history in many parts of the world. Possibilities of a good return for the agriculturist lead to settled life, with development of arts and industries. This leads to growing needs and hence to great wanderings of the more adventurous p[illegible] the population to find the raw materials to satisfy those needs. These great wanderings bring knowledge of other lands and other ways of life and frequently lead to a remarkable blossoming of the intellectual and artistic side of the national life. Sometimes the lands of raw material supply are in a stage of civilization, or lack of it, which makes them helpless before the newcomers. Then follows a period of exploitation which apparently brings wealth and power to the exploiters, but which later permeates their life with the seeds of decay. The Spanish exploitation of the American silver mines, the Hanseatic exploitation of the Scandinavian countries, the exploitation of Asia by Egypt, the fate of Assyria, are cases in point. This has its special bearing on the modern exploitation

of native labour and resources in tropical and sub-tropical lands. Other great wanderings have been the result of changing climatic conditions in regions where vegetation is naturally so scanty that a small increase in dessication makes scrub and semi-steppe into desert. The unrest of the nomads of the steppe and semi-desert has always had disastrous effects on their more settled neighbours. Agriculture was frequently ruined by their destructive inroads, for ruined olive yards and irrigation works, the growth of generations of steady industry, are not easily replaced. Sometimes the incoming barbarian tide overwhelmed the older civilization so completely that it was wiped out as an empire. But legendary tales of its wealth and refinement lingered, and its survivals profoundly modified and uplifted the standards of life and conduct of the conquerors. Such was the fate of the Mycenean and Minoan civilizations, which influenced so vitally the development of classical Greece.

The discovery of some new type of weapon or method of warfare, some new aid to rapid locomotion or to rapid accumulation of wealth, has been a fruitful source of unrest and change. The war-horse of the Hyksos gave them an easy conquest over the Egyptian armies, the iron sword destroyed the bronze-using armies, the fiercest and most warlike native tribes are helpless before the scientific devices of the Western World. The Centaurs, Excalibur, the magic sword, and Merlin's wondrous mechanical devices for erecting the great stones are examples of this type of tradition.

For legends of the introduction of some new factor affecting the people's daily life there may be quoted those in which the plough figures large, e.g. Chinese coronation legends, Triptolemus, Eochaid; those commemorating the bringing of fire, e.g. Prometheus, Maui; the introduction of some new food or drink, e.g. the orange in Japan, the Amrit in India.

Invaluable to the historian are the half-historical,

half-legendary tales which gather round the names of great heroes, prophets, sages and reformers. Their human interest appeals strongly to the child mind and their lives give a concrete record of the social ideals and customs of their land and time. Outstanding names are Narmer, Cheops, Akhenaten, Gudea, Hammurabi, Yu, Chowsin, Confucius, Jemmu-Temnu, Manu, Buddha, Rama, Asoka, Zoroaster, Muhammad, Cyrus, Cambyses, Crœsus, Minos, Theseus, Æneas, Solon, Alexander, Lycurgus, Romulus and Remus, Cuchulain, Nuadhat of the Silver Hand, Merlin, Arthur, The Venerable Bede, Alfred the Great. These are a few names merely set down as indications of the wealth of such stories that exists. Others will readily occur to the teacher. Great traditions help to mould the future of the race, and their presence or absence means much in the life of a people, for inspired action must always be preceded by inspired ideals. It would surely be a fine thing to give our children an opportunity to share the best traditions of the whole world, so that they might be inspired with a love for and an appreciation of the varied ideals of humanity as a whole. Might not this help towards a new and better conception of the mediæval Civitas Dei, a conception of all humanity as a unified, yet infinitely diverse, living Civitas Dei ?

III

THE SELECTION OF TALES

It is essential that tales shall be so selected as to form part of a reasoned scheme, though the scheme itself will, of course, vary widely according to the needs of teacher and scholars.

A scheme that is of special value is one that combines both the historical and the geographical point of view. A series of stories might be so arranged as to illustrate sequences of civilization roughly concurrent in stage but chosen from diverse lands. Students who have worked from Mr Harold Peake's "Brief Description of the History of Civilization of the Old World" (2400 B.C. onwards) will realize the advantage of trying to envisage the regions of the world at successive epochs. This is one of the best correctives to the tendency of the historian to over-emphasize the importance of one epoch and of the geographer to over-emphasize the value of one region. World history shows that neither any one place, nor any one epoch, nor any particular race of mankind, can claim a monopoly of the essentials of progress in civilization.

A scheme of this type has been worked out in some detail at the end of the chapter, so as to illustrate its possibilities. It is, of course, only a tentative suggestion, and neither the headings nor the stories given under them are exhaustive. It is merely given as an outline of how to set about working out a series as a basis for definite teaching of both subjects. It has the added advantage that it can easily be continued right on to our own times.

Other suggestions for schemes are :—

1. Stories illustrating the clash of differing civilizations, e.g. Stone Age and Metal Age; Hunter and Farmer; Lake Dweller and Nomad; Nomad and City Dweller; Hills and the Plain; Settled Egyptian culture and Wanderers from the desert and the sea; Babylonian trader and Assyrian warrior; Aryan and Dravidian; Hellene and Barbarian; Greek and Persian; The Roman South and the Barbaric North; Moor and Spaniard; Spaniard and Aztec.

2. A study of tabus. Stories based on the effect of breaking the special tabus of the tribe or nation bring out geographic and social conditions very clearly. "Cursed be he that removeth his neighbour's landmark" has little meaning in a well-ordered English village where the fields are clearly marked off one from another, but it was full of meaning in the muddy reaches of the Nile and Mesopotamia. The touching of iron has been instanced already in the story of the Lady of Llyn y Fan Fach. The wandering tribes of the semi-desert and the hunger steppe hold it tabu not to offer hospitality to all who come, while some other tribes hold it tabu to begin a meal without first calling aloud three times to see if anyone within hearing would like to share. Sometimes tabus have been established in order to prevent the conquering minority from being merged in the mass of the conquered. This has some bearing on the origins of the caste system in India.

3. Stories illustrating the introduction of some new factor in social life, e.g. the war-horse, as in the Centaurs, the Aswamedha or Horse Sacrifice in India, the Hyksos. A more modern instance is the effect of the war-horse in the campaigns of Cortes. The introduction of a new food, e.g. the orange in Japan or a special drink, e.g. the Amrit in India, the use of glass in India, the coming of flint, the use of iron, the introduction of writing.

4. Stories that bring out the essentials of life in

different countries, e.g. The Corn Goddess, the Rice God, the Wine God, the Salt God, Sun Worship, The Return of Spring, the Worship of Cloud and Storm, the Sea God, the River God, the God of the Hills, Tree Worship, Serpent Worship. In this group might also go the symbols of the various divinities and royal families—the dove, the serpent, the double axe, the bull, the cat, the hawk, the eagle, the mistletoe, the ash, the lotus, the floral emblems of Mexico, the haliotis shells of Florida and New Mexico. The stories of special cunning in animals would fit in well too—the African spider, the Japanese hare, the N. American Coyote, the fox, the rabbit, the tai fish. Such a scheme carefully planned out might form an introduction to the great climatic vegetation and fauna zones of the world.

5. Stories that bring out differences in ideal and outlook on life.

This would necessarily be for rather more advanced work and not for very young children and would need very careful, thoughtful treatment. It might be based not only on the histories of the founders of great religions, but also on extracts from the rules of conduct of life suggested as ideals, and on stories of what men and women have felt that they valued more than their own life or than that of their loved ones. It would necessarily involve a careful consideration of the physical and social environment in which the ideals developed or withered and of the epochs in which the idealist lived. It need not be altogether based on leaders in thought. There are important geographic conditions underlying such things as respect for old age and experience or for youth and energy, the position accorded to women, the care and education of children, the respect accorded to various occupations and so on. The further back we probe into history and pre-history the more difference does mere geographic environment make in social conditions. It is important to remember,

however, that all our modern social system is not sheer improvement on our ancestors' codes of conduct. To cite one instance only, it is a somewhat dubious advantage to have substituted tabus about clothes and cutlery at meal times for a tabu against omitting to invite hungry neighbours to share.

Suggested Scheme of Tales

Stories given in the First Part of this book are marked with an asterisk.

I. In the Beginning.

1. Old Testament Stories. Adam and Eve; Noah.
2. Iceland. From the Edda.*
3. Greece. Deucalion and Pyrrha.*
4. West Africa. Creation Story.*
5. Egypt. Osiris.*
6. Assyria and Babylonia. Legend of Ishtar;* Babylonian Creation Story.*
7. India. The Creation;* the Origin of Death;* the Coming of Ganges.*
8. China. Pwanku.*
9. Japan. Prince Fire-Shine and Prince Fire-Subside.*
10. N. America. The Coming of Flint;* Why People Don't Live for Ever.*
11. New Zealand and Polynesia. Creation Story;* Legend of Maui.*

II. Early Settlements and Early Trade.

1. Europe. The Lake Dwellers.*
2. Egypt. The Story of Sanehat.*
3. Assyria and Babylonia. Gudea;* Hammurabi.*
4. India and Malay Peninsula. The Sons of Pandu;*

the Churning of the Ocean; * Changkat Rambian.*
5. China. The Story of Yu.*

III. Great Wanderings.

1. Old Testament Stories. Joseph; Moses.
2. Britain. Elidyr and the St Davids.
3. Greece. The Argonaut; Minos; Theseus and Ariadne.
4. Egypt. The Expulsion of the Hyksos.

IV. Later Wanderings.

1. Old Testament. Jephtha's Daughter.
2. Britain. Diarmuid and Grainne;* Nuadhat of the Silver Hand.*
3. W. Europe. The Leaf-shaped Swords.
4. Greece. Iphigenia in Aulis; the Siege of Troy; Æneas.
5. Egypt. Rameses III.
6. Persia. Zoroaster.
7. China. Chowsin and the Warlike Prince.*

V. The Iron Sword.

1. Old Testament. Samuel; Saul; David; the Queen of Sheba.
2. Britain. The Milesians and Moytura.
3. Europe. The Hallstadt Culture.
4. Greece. Codrus of Athens.
5. Italy. Hill Cities of Etruria.
6. India and Ceylon. Rama and Sita.*

VI. Many Foundations.

1. Old Testament. Sennacherib; Hezekiah; Esarhaddon.
2. Britain. Dunwallo; the Forest Clearers.

3. Greece. Olympian Games.
4. Italy. Romulus and Remus.
5. Japan. Jemmu Temnu.
6. Polynesia. Pacific Wanderers and their Tales.

VII. The Time of the Sages.

1. Old Testament. Daniel.
2. Greece. Crœsus; Solon; the Parthenon.
3. Italy. The Expulsion of the Tarquins.
4. Persia. Cyrus; Cambyses; Psammetichus.
5. India. Buddha.
7. China. Confucius; Lao-Tse.

VIII. Great Conquests.

1. Europe. The La Tène Civilization.
2. Macedon. Alexander (a) in Macedon, (b) in Persia, (c) with Jaddua, (d) at the Temple of Jupiter Ammon.
3. Italy. The Caudine Forks; the Geese on the Capitol.
4. India. Asoka.
5. China. The Fires of the Tsin.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

BEHIND every folk tale mentioned in this book lies a course of reading which cannot be represented in this bibliography. It has, moreover, often been necessary to restrict references to one version only of a tale which may be widely distributed in varying forms.

The present bibliography merely gives the briefest introduction to further study and should be supplemented by careful use of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," to which the reader is specially referred for the sources of British tales. Dent's, Macmillan's, Luzac's, and other series of translations of ancient books, including Breasted's "Ancient Records" and Birch's "Records of the Past," are easily available and are most useful. Herodotus, Homer, Virgil, Plutarch stand out specially among the classics, the translations of the Nibelungenlied, Saemund's Edda, various Sagas, and the "Kalevala" among the folk tales of Northern Europe. For the Chinese classics there are Legge's translations. There are native translations of the Mahabharata and the Ramayana, but students should know that these last are not only difficult to obtain, but are very long and involved. An American publication, "Mythology of All Races," in 13 volumes, is just being issued and gives useful summaries and bibliographies (35s. per volume). The Folk Lore Society, c/o Sidgwick & Jackson, 3 Adam Street, Adelphi, W.C., and the Royal Anthropological Institute, 50 Gt. Russell Street, W.C.1, publish very valuable material, and students would find it helpful to get into touch with them.

A short list of books specially useful as a background to this little volume is appended.

(*a*) For Special Study of the Old Testament.

Smith, George Adam. "Historical Geography of the Holy Land."
Huntington, Ellsworth. "Palestine and its Transformation."
Myres, J. L. "The Dawn of History."
Breasted, J. H. "Ancient History."
Hall, H. R. "The Ancient History of the Near East."

(*b*) For the Archæological background to the Legend of the Minotaur.

Dussaud, R. "Les Civilisations Prehélleniques dans le bassin de la Mer Egée" gives beautiful illustrations of the work of the Minoan period.

Evans. "Prehistoric Tombs of Knossos."
Burrows. "Discoveries in Crete."
Seager. "Explorations in the Island of Mochlos."
} Accounts of Explorations.

(*c*) The Conditions of Tradition.

Druid Schools of Gaul. (De Bell. Gall. vi. 13, 14.)
Bardic Schools of Ireland. (Hyde, "Literary Hist. of Ireland," p. 528.)
Maori Schools. (White, John, "Ancient History of the Maori.")

(*d*) China.

Williams. "The Middle Kingdom."
King. "Farmers of Forty Centuries."

(*e*) Japan.

Chamberlain, B. H. "Ko-ji-Ki," Supplement to Vol. X of Transactions of Asiat. Soc., Japan.

(*f*) Polynesia.

Grey, Sir G. "Polynesian Mythology," Murray, 1885.

The End.