

the being who *moves*, is simply air in motion, which in one hour may breathe as softly as a child in its cradle, and in the next may tear up forests in its rage. If his fury may appal, in his gentler moments he soothes and charms us, for the gift of music is his birth-right, just as an incommunicable wisdom is the heritage of the sun who can pry into the depths of the sea which no winds can ever stir. The child drives before him the cattle of Phœbus, as the bright clouds are driven across the heaven by the breeze of an hour old. But Hermes, with his tamarisk sandals, makes strange marks on the sands of the plain; as we should say, the wind strengthens, and tosses the leaves and branches across the road tracks. And still the wind moves until the branches which it has rubbed together burst into a blaze and consume the flesh with which the hungry Hermes may not appease his hunger. Onward yet it goes, but more slowly, until with a faint sigh it sinks to rest once more like a child in its cradle. But the mischief which it has done remains, and Phœbus, the lord of the bright clouds which the wind drove across the sky, comes to search for them. From this old phrase sprang up the legend of the rivalry of Hermes and Apollo, for the sun envied to Hermes his gift of song, whether it be sweet and soft, stirring or sublime, while the wind would have from the Sun-god his power of piercing the hidden depths into which the wind cannot find its way. The exchange can be made only in part: the Sun will place his bright cattle in charge of the wind, who shall drive them to their pastures, and the wind will waken the softer music of his harp when Phœbus journeys across the blue skies of summer. Throughout, even in its minutest touches, the myth is faithful to its leading idea. The capriciousness of the wind, shown in the sudden gust which makes Phœbus loose his hold of the child, his prying search into every nook and cranny, his mocking laugh at the folk who come to see the mischief wrought by him, his twistings and turnings, his shifty evasions, his downright lies, his gentleness and his rage, the gigantic strength which he can put forth at will, the sweet repose to which he can