

conditions of Hell. And I remember, in describing those regions of Hell which underlie the Paradise of the West, he stated, incidentally, that souls are only loosed therefrom by exhaustion of the livid, lurid or dark emotions that keep them there—by that, and the re-awakening of desires. By some of these desires the souls are drawn outward to Earth again, while through others, more subtle and fine, they pass into the Paradise of the West as naturally as a butterfly rises from the chrysalis. But having attained this state, and feeling supreme relief from recent pain and horror, they are prone to remain inactive, become lethargic, and are soon overcome by the delicious atmosphere of the place. And thus they lie peacefully intoxicated for a thousand years. Then their lives end. But the root essence of them all, I was told, is drawn upon again by influences ever seeking occasion for incarnation. And so, in Limbo, awaiting the birth conditioned by their divers natures, they and all manner of planetary life remain in suspense, like to the clouds in the sky, which await opportunity for return to Earth in endless drops of rain.”—*The Teaching of Tao*.

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“FEY.”

Fey: literally “On the way,” “Death-bound.” A Saxon word denoting a Celtic mood. One who not only realizes himself on the inevitable way, but through some unusual experience in some instant of Time, has wakened to an alien, inexplicable Existence that leaves him bewildered, foolishly indifferent, madly impersonal, to the concerns of Life. To the Highlander the full meaning of the term is not expressed in either of the following passages, but it lurks between them:

“The Scotch peasants have a word that might be applied to every existence. In their legends they give ‘Fey’ to the frame of mind of a man who, notwithstanding all his efforts, notwithstanding all help and advice, is forced by some irresistible impulse toward some inevitable catastrophe. It is thus that James I—the James of Catherine Douglas—was ‘fey’ when he went, notwithstanding the terrible omens of earth, heaven and hell, to spend the Christmas holidays in the gloomy castle of Perth, where his assassin, the traitor Robert Graeme, lay in wait for him.”—*Maurice Maeterlinck*.

“A mermaid had once met a piper on Sandag beach, and