

Meleagros, in his irresistible strength, in his love, his unselfish toil for others, his caprice and his early doom, is so completely the prototype of Achilles, that the aged Phoinix uses his story in the *Iliad* as a warning to the son of Peleus that he should conquer his unreasonable anger. Achilles and Meleagros represent alike the short-lived sun, whose course is one of toil for others, ending in an early death after a series of wonderful victories alternating with periods of darkness and gloom. But the life of Meleagros is connected directly with that of the torch which the Moirai threw on the hearth at his birth. The day must die when the torch of the sun is extinguished in the sea, but it cannot die sooner; and thus the storing away of the rescued brand is the rescuing of the sun from his doom of death during the hours which pass between morning and eventide. The episode of the Kalydonian boar is only one of the thousand versions in which the battle of the Sun with the noxious powers of darkness is related with a marvellous wealth of varied colouring. But while the poets of the *Iliad* leave Achilles in the hour of his triumph over Hektor, the myth of Meleagros carries on the story to the fatal moment when the brand saved from the burning is once again cast upon the fire.

The tale of Iamos (XLI.) is professedly a legend to account for the honour and influence of the soothsayers known as the Iamidæ; but the name connects itself with those of Iolê, Iokastê, Iason, Iolâos, Ion, words significant of the violet hues seen in the sky whether of the morning or the evening, and thus the story of Iamos is the story of the birth of the morning, which is here cherished by the serpents of the night, for the Drakontes, or keen-eyed beings, may represent the penetrating light of the dawn not less than the hateful and terrifying darkness. We may note further that the wisdom of Iamos comes from the sun-god Phœbus, just as Hêlios gives to Medeia her marvellous wisdom and power.

The siege of Troy is, in Professor Max Müller's words, "a repetition of the daily siege of the East by the solar powers that every evening are robbed of their brightest