

the name of the priestess—The-Maiden-Whose-Back-Was-A-Whetstone. We next find this priestess installed in the Maori pantheon as the goddess or deified ancestress connected with stone axes.*

Whether the sirens were a three-headed rock, separating the Bay of Naples from the Gulf of Salerno, or not, the persons of whom they were the form, and whose bloody work they did, were women. The Lorelei in the rapids of the Rhine belongs to the same category—namely, of spirits who, by beauty of person and the gentle music of their voices, allure mariners, and other men as well, to forget their journey and to turn aside upon danger.† This set of characters, alas, link the heavens and the earth through that chapter in woman's history, hinted at in the introduction, too painful to write about—her rôle in the crimes of mankind.

Among the semicivilized races, especially those under Mohammedan influence, there seems to be small place for women in the ideal and artistic life on earth, and less in the life beyond. Among the more enlightened nations, however, the thoughts of primitive life survive in more rational form. It is true that the heavenly world of industrial goddesses has faded away; but from the crowning eminences of architecture, from pedestals along the greatest thoroughfares, from the costliest canvas in national galleries, from the richest pages of literature, from the highest prizes of industry, from thrones, from happy homes, from vigils by the dying—the forms of women, still called goddesses, shower their peaceful benedictions on our race and preserve the ideals most divine.

* Cf. J. Polynes. Soc., Wellington, 1892, vol. i, p. 82.

† See J. E. Harrison, *Myth of Odysseus*.