

the unattainable. When two poets dwell sympathetically upon the same fact, and endeavour truthfully to describe what they see, there must be a similarity. The same thing occurs in the varying methods of expressing spiritual facts in different religions. One of the most striking instances of this higher plagiarism of which I am aware, and which I adduce from the evidently total independence of treatment of the theme may be studied in the following poems. The beautiful onomatopœia should have been evident to the whole poetic brotherhood, but only two have been delicately enough organised to perceive it. Mr. Andrew Lang's poem was written previous to 1888, and published in his "Grass of Parnassus." Mr. James A. Tucker published his poem in *Saturday Night*, 3rd September, 1892.

SCYTHE SONG.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Mowers, weary and brown, and blithe,
What is the word methinks ye know,
Idleless over wor! that the Scy the
Sings to the blades of th' grass below?
Scythes that swing in the gra s and clover,
So no hing, still, they s y as they pass;
What is th' word that, over and over,
Sings the Scythe to the flowers and grass?

*Hush, ah hush, the Scy the sare saving,
Hush, and heed not, and fall asleep;
Hush, they say to the grass s swaying,
Hush, they sing to the clover deep!
Hush 'tis the lullaby Ti'e is sing ng—
Hush, and heed not, for all things pass,
Hush, ah hush! and the Scythes are swinging
Over the clover, over the grass!*

SCYTHE SONG.

BY JAS. A. TUCKER.

Thro' shudd'ring fields of yellow wheat
That would but cannot make retreat,
Accurst of every blade and ear,
I sway and swing afar, anear,
And as I sweep my swath along,
I murmur forth a soothing song,
"Hush, ah, hush! and cease to weep,
I hear no sorrow, I give you sleep.
Life is a toilsome, painful breath—
I come with balm, I give you death.
To-day is sighing, to-day is sorrow;
Behold, ye sleep in pence to-morrow.
Hush, then hush, and cease to weep—
I heal your sorrows, I give you sleep."

Amid the haunts of men I pass;
To me they are as ripened grass;
They fall before me day by day—
Not one can bravo me in my way.
Yet, curst and fear'd as earth's worst foe,
I scatter blessing as I go:
"So hush, be silent, and cease to weep.
I hear no sorrow, I give you sleep.
Life is a toilsome, painful breath—
I bring you healing, I give you death.

To-day is sighing, to-day is sorrow.
Behold, ye rest, ye rest to-morrow.
Hush, ah hush! and cease to weep—
I heal your sorrow, I give you sleep."

My harvest is to come. Ye hear
My song already in your ear,
Drawing ever anear, anear!
From Russian steppe and Persian plain
I sweep—before, the ripen'd grain;
Behind, in heaps the harvest lain.
Like shudd'ring fields of waiting wheat,
Ye would but cannot make retreat.
"Then hush, ah hush! and cease to weep,
I bear no sorrow, I give you sleep.
Life is a toilsome, painful breath—
Behold, I come with the balm of death.
To-day ye sigh and to-day ye sorrow,
But ye sleep, ye sleep in pence to-morrow.
Hush, then hush, and cease to weep—
I heal your sorrow, I give you sleep"

FIVE MINUTES ON REINCARNATION.

The most portentous question man can ask is that of the ancient mystic James—"What is your life?" If the definitely scientific teaching of the New Testament had not been veiled by inaccurate translations, the Christian world would have been quite as well informed concerning the answer as the Brahmin or Buddhist. As it is, western religious teachers are feign to quiet the enquiries of their followers by assurances which have to rest on faith, or by warnings not to approach too near the sacred altar of mystery. But it was not so with the older teachers, who instructed their followers, as in the Apocalypse, that they were all kings and priests, so that it is not merely a privilege to know these mysteries, but a right and a duty.

Several Greek words are all translated in the New Testament by the English word "life," which naturally leads to much confusion of thought. The commonest word is *zoe*, which means life in the sense of activity or motion; then comes *psuche*, which means animal life, soul, or breath; *bios*, may be rendered as the manner, means, or period of life; while *pneuma*, sometimes translated wind, and once at least, as life, properly means spirit, in the mystic sense of spirit being the breath of the Absolute One. If these distinctions were properly appreciated all the laboured efforts to reconcile apparently contradictory statements in the Testament would be unnecessary. For instance when Jesus says "Take no thought for your life," it is the *psuche*, or animal life to which he refers; it is this life which the Good Shepherd gives for