

of the word in German. In *Table Talk* he concludes his discussion as follows:

To the best of my recollection, the Minnesingers and all the old poets always use the sun as masculine. . . . I must acknowledge my doubts whether . . . it can be shown that there ever was a nation that considered the sun in itself, and apart from language, as the feminine power. The moon does not so clearly demand a feminine as the sun does a masculine sex: it might be considered negatively or neuter;—yet, if the reception of its light from the sun were known, that would have been a good reason for making her feminine, as being the recipient body.

Among the most devoted hierophants of the Moon in English poetry one thinks of Blake, of Keats and of Coleridge. In *Absence* the Moon "reumes her lovely light"; in *An Autumnal Evening* she has a "silver lustre" and "a paly radiance"; the nightingale is apostrophized in the poem that bears his name as "minstrel to the moon". In Coleridge's fine sonnet *To the Autumnal Moon* she appears first as "mild splendour of the various-vested Night!" Christabel kneels in the moonlight to make her gentle vows;⁹ in *Frost at Midnight* we see the

silent icicles
Quietly shining to the quiet moon.

In *Dejection* the new Moon is winter-bright,

And overspread with phantom light,
(With swimming phantom light o'erspread
Cut rimmed and circled by a silver thread,)
I see the old Moon in her lap, foretelling
The coming on of rain and squally blast.

In *The Wanderings of Cain*—

Their road was through a forest of fir-trees; at its entrance the trees stood at distances from each other, and the path was broad, and the moonlight and the moonlight shadows reposed upon it, and appeared quietly to inhabit that solitude.

⁹Cf. A. C. Bradley: *A Miscellany*, p. 182.