

leod is almost unique, certainly most original and most prolific. Without doubt it is this emotion which dominates the lives of the people of whom he writes—a natural dominion usually, and beautiful but sometimes tragic in its course and influence. "Pharais" and "The Mountain Lovers," his two first books, are of bitter unassuaged love, cursed and doomed, and of joy ending in the grave; yet the lovers had committed no wrong. The influences of the past and present overcame their strength, then came weariness and death. Disharmony as poignant as this faces all—in poetry, in story, in science and history. It is a problem for all—Celt and Saxon and Latin, ancient and modern.

Bound up in his portrayal of love are his pictures of women, drawn so perfectly that his delineation of men becomes in comparison of less interest. The exquisite delicacy of his life of Sainte Bride, her beauty and tenderness and devotion, cannot be described. But his studies of pagan women are more striking than those of modern times. This is probably due to their naturally different character. *Deirdre* will endure forever in memory as a picture of perfect womanhood, while the barbarian *Morna*, laughing at the crucified Christians, *Ahez*, and the cruel *Scathach* stamp themselves indelibly on the mind.

The story of *Ulad* and *Fand* and that of *Isla* and *Eilidh* penetrate the heart of love to the soul of life. Each is entirely different, but the lesson is unmistakable.

*Ulad* the poet-king made *Fand* from a mass of white blossoms, then sought to find in her as a woman a soul that would mate with his. She was silent in her refusal. Then he begged her for her love, praising her beauty. She came to him laughing, promising him enduring love.

"'Ay,' he said, looking beyond her, 'if I feed thee and call thee my woman and find pleasure in thee and give thee my manhood.'

"'And what wouldst thou else, O *Ulad*?'

"'I am called *Ulad* the loney,' he answered: this, and no more.'"

Then by his power, leaving *Fand* a scattered heap of white blossoms, he expressed the insufficiency of this love:

"'O woman that would not come to me, when I called out of that within me which is I myself, farewell.'"

*Isla* and *Eilidh* show the ideal to which modern thought tends and express in a symbolic way the immortality of the race and the influence of the individual extending after death. *Isla* slain, sees after death his son, who is to inherit his genius and carry on his life.

"'Isla shall never die,' whispered the child, 'for *Eilidh* loved him and I am *Isla* and *Eilidh*.'"

The story concludes

"'But are they gone, these twain who loved with deathless love? Or is this a dream that I have dreamed?'

"'Afar in an island-sanctuary that I shall not see again, where the wind chants the blind oblivious rune of Time, I have heard the grasses whisper: Time never was, Time is not.'"

In the book of poems, "From the Hills of Dream," is a most remarkable poem, "The Rune of Women." It is a poem of such power, such poignancy and bitterness that one hesitates at an analysis. As an interpretation it has never been surpassed. To soften the harshness of its truth one can say that it is an expression of an age-long war and sorrow now passing over into a saner, happier life, the thought of which concludes the romance, "Green Fire."

"We speak of Mother Nature, but we do not discern the living truth behind our words. How few of us have the vision of this great brooding Mother, whose garment is the earth and sea, whose head is pillowed among the stars: she who, with death and sleep as her familiar shapes, soothes and rests all the weariness of the world, from the wandering leaf to the beating pulse, from the brief span of a human heart to the furrowing of granite brows by the uninterrupted sun, the hounds of rain and wind, and the untrammelled airs of heaven.

"Not cruel, relentless, impotently anarchic, chaotically potent, this *Mater Genetrix*. We see her thus, who are flying threads in