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PATRICK GEDDES

ESSAYS

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INTRODUCTION

Sir PATRICK GEDDES (1854-1932) is best known as a pioneering advocate of the need for town planning with an emphasis on the environment and resources and not finance. His books in this area include, "City Development" (1904) and "Cities in Evolution" (1915). In Edinburgh Geddes was involved in the early efforts to replace the slums of the Royal Mile. He built Ramsay Garden around the house of Allan Ramsay and rebuilt the Camera Obscura in the Outlook Tower. There are now Patrick Geddes trails in the capital but his academic appointment was in University College, Dundee, where he was Professor of Botany from 1888.

In the 1890s Geddes was involved in the Scots Renascence movement. This degenerated into pseudo-Celticism but Geddes contributed some good essays to the magazine of the movement, "The Evergreen: A Northern Seasonal". I reproduce two essays by Geddes from the Spring 1895 issue which was published "In the Lawnmarket of Edinburgh by Patrick Geddes and Colleagues", and in London by T. Fisher Unwin. Other contributors to this issue included: William Sharp who wrote as "Fiona Macleod"; Pittendrigh Macgillivray, poet and sculptor whose work includes the figure of John Knox in St Giles Cathedral; and the artist John Duncan. DUNCAN GLEN

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LIFE AND ITS SCIENCE

I

O some readers, as certainly to some of our brethren in science, it may seem a strange thing that we biologists should make much ado about the Seasons, and yet stranger that, forsaking our specialist societies with their Proceedings and Transactions, their Microscopical Journals and the rest, we should be seeking to range ourselves in pages like these along with the painter-exponents, the poet-observers, of the changing year. Nor can we wonder if these look at such self-invited allies somewhat askance.

In the poet and the artist, with their thirst for actual, their dream of possible beauty, such keen interest in the Seasons is familiar and intelligible enough; so, also, albeit in widely differing ways, in the farmer and the gardener, in the sportsman and the mariner, in all who, outside the life of cities, have elected to do rather than to know or feel. As for Science, one remembers the astronomer and the geographer once explaining to us the Seasons in some dimly remembered lecture with their globes; but where should the biologist come in—the reveller in cacophonous terminology, the man of lenses and scalpels, the reducer of things to their elements of deadness? What can he tell us of the seasons, what (beyond the time of getting this or that specimen) have they to say to him?

For is not the popular picture of the botanist, for instance, that of a mild yet somewhat mischievous creature, whose chief interest is in picking flowers to pieces, like the sparrow among the crocuses? His remaining occupation is supposed to be that of gentle exercise on holiday afternoons; when, as a kind of sober academic nursemaid, he has to march out with him upon his rounds the unwilling neophytes of medicine, each fitly

equipped, in place of outgrown satchel (so prophetic is nature) with a small tin coffin upon his back.

His skill these measure by the frequency with which he stops like a truffle-hunter's pig,—say rather like a new, a vegetarian breed of pointer. See him loudly ejaculating in the most unmistakably canine Latin as he grubs up the unlucky specimen, as he coffins it with a snap, what the student (as his manner is) swiftly scribbles down and forgets, as the one thing needful to know, its technical 'name'—really of course its index letter or reference mark in that great nature-catalogue, which so few consult at all.

Similarly, is not the zoologist a kind of mad huntsman who slays and grallocks the meanest vermin for his game; or a child who pricks beetles and hoards shells and boxes butterflies into lines and battalions; or a pedant who 'pins faith on a basi-pterygoid process'? And is not the physiologist the man who gives electric shocks to frogs, and analyses their waste products?

These appreciations are of course grotesque, but like all caricatures, they have one side of truth, and that the obvious one. The fact is that the Biologist has a familiar, a 'Doppel-gänger,' his necessary and hence masterful, often tyrannous and usurping slave, whose name is Necrologist; and now-a-days most people know only him. The dead and the abnormal, being dissonant, are more striking than the living and the normal which are harmonious; and thus the doings of the necrological Mr. Hyde attract more attention than those of the biological Dr. Jekyll. Collection and dissection have their place, their necessary and ample place, but they are not all, they are not first. The study of life—the sum of living functions, and of their resultants—in temperament, in sex, in variety, in species—is again beginning to claim, and will again recover, precedence in thought and in education over that post-mortem analysis of organs and tissues and cells which has for the present usurped its place. And as teachers of biology our serious desire and daily work is towards a

distant revolution, which our pupils' pupils will accomplish, though we may never see. When this comes, those learned anatomical compendia, these text-books of 'Biology' falsely so called, which now dominate every School of Science in the world, shall be rewritten line by line, and from cover to cover. We shall have done with beginning with the analysis of dead structure; Physiology will precede Anatomy, and Bionomics will precede both. Physiology, too, despite popular and too authoritative manuals, Huxley's and the rest, sets out not by creaking a skeleton, by unpacking the digesting or the circulating organs, not even by observing the sensory or by experimenting upon the instinctive life. Not even with the marvel of the developing egg, nor with the mystery of seed-bearing in the flower, does the naturalist begin; but with the opening bud, with wandering deep into forest and high upon hill; in seeing, in feeling, with hunter and with savage, with husbandman and gypsy, with poet and with child, the verdant surge of Spring foaming from every branchlet, bursting from every sod, breaking here on naked rock-face, there on rugged tree-bole till even these are green with its clinging spray. Day after day he shall drift on the Sea of Life as it deepens in verdure over plain, as it eddies and ripples in blossom up the valleys; he shall keep unslaying watch upon the myriad creatures that teem upon its surface and crowd within its depths, till they show him the eager ways of their hunger, the fury and the terror of their struggle, the dim or joyous stirrings of their love. He shall listen to the Sounds of Life, the hum of insect and the coo of dove, the lilt of pairing mavises, the shivering child-cry of the lambs, till he too must lift up his voice with lover and with poet, with the greeting-song of the returned Proserpina, with the answering chant of Easter—Life is arisen! Life is arisen indeed! All this, quite seriously and definitely, is what we biologists want to teach him who would learn with us—say rather what we want him to see and hear, to live and feel for himself. Only to him, we say, who has lived and felt with Life throughout the

Seasons, till memories of Nature throng the labyrinths of brain and tingle the meshes of the blood, has there been any 'adequate preparation in Elementary Biology' at all. Only him would we admit into our winter-palace of museum, its crypt of laboratory; only him initiate into the perilous mystery, the alluring mastery, of analysis; only to him who can approach in contemplation no less reverent, in questioning no less vital than that of ancient sacrifice and augury, shall the corpse be opened, the skull laid bare, the magic glass be given, the secret of decay be told.

For among the initiates of Necrology, he and he only, and hardly even he, who has first gathered flowers with Proserpine in her native valleys may ever return to a fuller Spring with her in the open world again. For the rest, their home is in the shades; for where the love and the wonder and the imagination of Life are dead, there remains only unceasing labour in the charnel-house and ossuary, here to disintegrate or there to embalm, with only, at best reward, the amassing of some mouldering treasure, the leaving for the bibliographer some fragment-record, the winning of some small mummy-garland upon a tomb.

But for him who has truly been in the greenwoods, who has met and kissed their faërie queen, the wealth of the museum palace still lies open; its very crypts are free. Yet with the Spring her messengers come for him as for the Rhymer of old; her white hart and hind, unseen of other eyes, pace up the unlovely street; and he too must follow them back to their home, home to his love.

II

As the simplest greetings of 'good morning' and 'good day' remind us, some sympathy with Nature, some interest in our fellows, are instinctive and universal. No one but is so far a Nature-lover and a Season-observer; Spring with her buds and lambs and lovers, Autumn amid her fruits and sheaves, Summer

in her green, and Winter with her holly, are all themes as unfailing as human life. Even the best-worn rhymes of dove and love, of youth and truth, will be fresh song-notes for adolescent sweethearts till rhyming and sweethearting end. And even the hardest day's labour closes sweetly, which can pause at the home-coming and bathe its weariness in the evening sky.

That the child posy-gathering is a naturalist, the child drawing out of his own head an artist, the child singing and making-believe a poet, are all obvious enough. Obvious, too, are becoming the general lines and conditions of these developments up to those children of larger growth whose impressions have been more richly gathered, more vitally assimilated, more fully organised, till they appear not as mere crude attempts in the child, mere fading memories in the adult, but in fresh life and new form which we call 'original'—discovery, picture, or poem. And were this the season, we might study the far stranger (albeit more common) marvels of human failure. For what is that shortcoming of beauty, common in the human species above all others? how comes that blunting of sense and stunting of soul which befall us? How shall we unriddle the degeneration which the bio-pessimist has shown as well-nigh overspreading Nature, the senescence which he has proved to begin at birth?

But from the strange abnormalities we group as ugliness, from that subtlest arrest of evolution which we once thought as well as called the Commonplace, let us return, as befits beginners, to the simple and the natural, the normal and the organic. That is, to the growth in activity and variety of sensory and psychic life, the growth of original and productive power, in discoverer, painter, and poet. Scant outline is indeed alone possible in these limits, yet every one has this latent in his own mind. The most inarticulate rustic knows and watches his fields from day to day; yet here is the stuff of biology. Simple satisfaction in fresh landscape, notice of at least some aspects of human face and form can hardly die wholly out of any mind; yet this is the

stuff of painting. So in the prosaic description of place or person or event one detects the touch and tinge of literature, alike in thought and style.

As poetic intensity and poetic interpretation may be true at many deepening levels, so it is with the work of the painter; so too with the scientific study of Nature. And here, too, the extremes of thinker and child meet in the same mind. In twenty years of microscopic teaching, for instance, the writer has been rewarded by no such simple and joyous outburst of juvenile delight in any mortal as he once silently provoked by pushing his microscope, aswim with twirling Spirillum and dancing Monads, under the eye of Darwin. 'Come here, come here; look! look here! look at this! they're all moving! they're all MOVING!' cried the veteran voyager, his deep eyes sparkling, his grey face bright with excitement; the aged leader of the century's science again a child who 'sees the wheels go wound.'

The naturalist, as compared with his artist and poet comrades, is generally neither so much of a babe nor so much of a man as they; but primarily a boy or bird-nester, a hoarder of property in the old comprehensive schoolboy fashion, before the example of degenerate adults who specialise upon metal counters and paper securities had reduced his collecting to postage-stamps. Yet the naturalist, too, attains manhood upon the plane of intellect; and if his museum of accumulated wealth be not too much for him, he may gain new strength by systematising and organising it. Thus on the more abstract and philosophic side develops the systematist and thinker like Linnæus, on the more concrete and artistic the encyclopedist and stylist like Buffon. Each too in his way, in his world-museum and garden of life, is an Adam naming and describing the creatures.

From these great treasure-houses and libraries of the science the naturalist, too, may go out into the world not only to search and discover and collect, but to labour also. His level of action is primarily of a humbler and more fundamental sort than that

of his artist comrades. Fishery and rustic labour are to his hand, he learns to dredge and to sow; forests, too, he may plant and tend. By-and-by, in ordered park and garden great, he even attains to artistic expression, and this upon a scale vaster than that of cities; he transforms Nature, shaping herself and not her mere image. Then strengthened and suppled in mind no less than in body he returns to his science with fresh questions and problems and perplexities, yet richer in resources, more fertile in devices for solving them. From the slight modification of certain forms of life by domestication and culture, from the breeding and selecting with farmer and fancier, he gains fresh light upon the problem of evolution; Darwin's, of course, being the familiar, the classic case, but not the only or the final one. But again riddles multiply, and even those that seemed solved a few years ago appear anew from fresh sides and in slightly altered forms. Again he must observe and ponder, again also return to practice; and beyond the comparatively limited range of domesticated animals and plants he needs wider and more thorough observations. In course of these he must rear under known conditions in laboratory and garden, in field and farmyard, all manner of living things, low and high, wild and tame, useful and malignant—and pass, in fact, the life of his whole zoological and botanic garden under fresh and keener review. This is what we begin to speak of as Experimental Evolution. It is Comparative Agriculture, Hygiene, Medicine; and all these with widening range. Before long it will have its institutes as well as they.

The poet is but a simple poet who does not see that this is no dead science, but a very Alchemy, a higher Alchemy than that of metals—the Alchemy of Life—and that the search for the Elixir Vitae is indeed again begun.

Already at each stage of its progress the study of man has thrown light upon that of lower creatures; conversely their study upon our view of men. The interaction of these kindred lines of thought is even now entering a new and fuller

phase, and a higher series of scientific institutes, those of the Experimental Evolution of Man, are thus logically necessary. These indeed are already to hand: asylum and hospital, prison, workhouse and school, orphanage and university (to name only the more obvious groups), are not far to seek. Each, too, has been changing its purpose and ideal within the past century, from the initial ones which were practically little more than of social rubbish-heaps into which society could more or less mercifully shoot its senile, diseased, or troublesome members, or of lumber-heaps for its immature and weak ones. First, common humanity showed us the festering of these social sores, opening the way for medicine, as this for hygiene; now psychology is entering upon school and asylum, even criminology forcing its way into court and prison; before long a fuller sociology and ethics will have entered all. The secrets of evolution and of dissolution of body and mind, the corresponding interpretations, economic and ethical, of evolution and dissolution for each type of human society, are thus being laid bare. And here we may note in passing the scientific (necrological) justification of much of our contemporary decadent literature.

But the night of pessimism has passed its darkest. Its social explanation and standpoint remain clear enough. The physical sciences, their associated industrial evolution, have created a disorder they are powerless to re-organise—hence progressive ruin of all kinds, individual and social, material and moral, to which church, state, and the negations of these, are all alike powerless to find remedies. But such pessimists overlook an old saying of the prophets—of Descartes before Comte, doubtless of old Greeks before these, of older Egyptians before them—that 'if the regeneration of mankind is to be accomplished, it will be through the medical sciences.'

With this regeneration defined as Experimental Evolution, the prophecy is making a fresh start towards fulfilment. In the simpler institutes which we call school, college, or the like,

the problem is to grow good fruit from good or average seed. In those of a pathological kind (asylum, prison, hospital) beyond the obvious aim of restoration to a low or average norm of health, is arising, however, the seemingly more difficult (perhaps easier) problem, already hinted at—that of Life-Alchemy, of Redemption. For again we are dreaming of a Secret of Transmutation, that of disease into higher health, of baseness into generosity, of treason into honour, of lust into love, of stupor into lucidity, phantasmagoria into drama, mania into vision.

Beyond this there is yet another step of practice; the physician is bringing experience and method from the hospital into the service of the home; so in their way are all his brother evolutionists. And thus they begin to discern and prepare for their immediate task—to cleanse and change the face of cities, to re-organise the human hive.

For them as for their rustic fellows, the task begins with the humblest drudgery, the scavenging of dirt, the disposal of manure. Soon, however, they will grapple with the central and the supreme Art possible to mortals, the very Mystery of Masonry itself, which has its beginnings in the anxieties of calculation and the perplexities of plan, in the chaotic heaps of quarry, in the deep and toilsome labour, the uncouth massiveness of the foundations: yet steadily rises to shelter and sacredness of hearth, to gloom of tower and glory of pinnacle, to leap of arch and float of dome. With this renewal of Environment, there arises a corresponding renewal of economic and moral Function which shall yet be Industry, the renewal and development of Life as well—what shall yet be Education. And thus even painter and poet find, through what seemed to them an irrelevant science, new space for beauty and new stimulus of song.

Yet even here the Three comrades have no Continuing city.

For each, for all, the faërie messengers are waiting; and they must ever return to Her from whom they came.

BLACKIE was buried yesterday. At the High Kirk, as he would have wished it, his old friend and comrade Walter Smith shared the service with Cameron Lees, Flint and the Moderator:—Free Kirk and Auld Kirk uniting in the historic Kirk, as this merged into that communion of multitudinous sorrow, that reverent throng amid which the broad Cathedral was but the sounding chancel, the square and street the silent transept and nave. Psalm and prayer, choir and organ rolled their deepest, yet the service had a climax beyond the Hallelujah—the pipes, as they led the procession slowly out, giving the 'Land o' the Leal' a new pathos, and stirring the multitude with a penetrating and vibrating intensity which is surely in no other music. The big man beside me broke down, and sobbed like a child; the lump comes back to one's own throat, the eyes dim again, as one remembers it. It was a new and strange instrument, strangest perhaps even to those who knew well its Mænad call to dance, its demonic scream and thrill of war. For here were interpulsating all the wildness with all the majesty of Celtic sorrow, the eerie song of northern winds and the roar of western tides. The sigh and wail of women, the pride and lament of chiefs, gathered of old into bardic monologue and chorus, were all in this weirdest, wildest, most elemental music. So again pealed forth the chant of Ossian over an unreturning hero amid the undying moan of Merlin for a passing world.

In front went a long procession of Societies headed by kilt and plaid; behind came the mourning kinsmen, with the Advocates, the Senate, the Students, and the Town Council, in their varied robes; then the interminable carriages of personal friends.

But better than all these, the Town itself was out; the working people in their thousands and tens of thousands lined the way from St. Giles' to the Dean; the very windows and balconies were white with faces. Coming down the Mound, in full mid-amphitheatre of Edinburgh, filled as perhaps never before, with hushed assemblage of city and nation, the pipes suddenly changed their song, ceased their lament, and 'Scots Wha Hae' rang out in strenuous blast; the anthem of a Renascent—ever renascent—unconquerably renascent people. 'If Blackie himself could have heard that,' 'could have seen this'—the whisper went through crowd and procession, when the music changed again.

For those who were not there the scene is well-nigh as easy to picture as for us to recall: the wavy lane, close-walled with drawn and deepened faces, the long black procession marching slow, sprinkled with plaid and plume, crowded with College cap and gown, with civic scarlet and ermine, marshalled by black draped maces. In the midst the Black Watch pipers marching their slowest and stateliest—then the four tall black-maned horses—the open bier, with plain unpolished oaken coffin high upon a pyramid of flowers, a mound of tossing lilies, with Henry Irving's lyre of violets 'To the Beloved Professor,' its silence fragrant, at its foot. Upon the coffin lay the Skye womens' plaid, above his brows the Prime Minister's wreath, but on his breast a little mound of heather, opening into bloom.

. . . . . .

II.

From this pageant of Edinburgh it is but one step in thought to that solitary Samoan hill, up which dusky chiefs and clansmen, henceforth also brethren of ours, as he of theirs, were so lately bearing our other greatest dead—the foremost son of Edinburgh and Scotland. The leader of nationality in ripest age, the leader of literature in fullest prime, have alike left us. Each was in his own way 'Ultimus Scotorum'; each in his

own way the link with our best days of nationality and genius. What then—save 'Finis Scotiae!'—can remain for us to say? 'Finis Scotiae' indeed: yet in what generation has not this been said? What land, alas! has had oftener cause to say it? For whoso has read her Sagas may well ask if Scotland, rather than even her sister- and mother-isle, be not that 'most distressful country that ever yet was seen.' And yet, though age pass away at evening and manhood be reft from us at noon, new dawn ever comes, and with it new youth. To the baser spirits the Saga of their fathers is nought—is as if it never was; to the narrower it is all, but ended; yet to others it is much, and in no wise closed!

We will not boast overmuch of that incessant, ofttimes too depleting, efflux of astute yet fiery Scots adventurers who since the Union of the Crowns have mainly carried out their careers in England, as erstwhile on the Continent, heading her senates or ruling her empires, leading her commerce or moulding her thought. Nor need we here speak of those who think that because we would not quarrel with brother Bull, nor abandon our part in the larger responsibilities of united nationality and race, we must needs also sink the older loves and kinships, the smaller nationality wholly. Never before indeed, not even in the interregnum of the War of Independence, not after the Union of the Crowns or Parliaments, not after Culloden, has there been so large a proportion of Scotsmen conscientiously educating their children outside every main element of that local and popular culture, that racial aptitude and national tradition, upon which full effectiveness at home, and even individual success elsewhere, have always depended, and must continue to depend. But to this spoiling of what might be good Scots to make indifferent Englishmen, natural selection will always continue to oppose some limit. Nor need we analyse the current forms of dull prosperity, of soul-deep hypocrisy so rife among us—in this 'east-windy, west-endy town' above others—that routine-fixed intellect and frozen

heart against which Blackie's very extravagances were part of his testimony. There are signs that some reaction in all these matters is at hand; and it is after all the narrower, not the baser view of nationality that is the danger. For we have gone on increasing our libations and orations every St. Andrew's Day, the same for St. Robbie's and now for St. Walter's, till all the world perforce must join our revels. But all this while the history we boast of has become well-nigh unknown among us, the education we boast of (despite University and school 'Commissions' and the like) steadily falls behind that of other European countries and even of Canada and the Colonies. Science and law go dormant, literature disappears, medicine even makes money; and so on. Yet from patriotism to fool's paradise, as between all extremes, there is but one step, and few there be who do not find it.

Where then lies the true patriotism? As in olden warfare, primarily in energy for the living; only secondarily in honours to the dead, fit though these be. Living Scotland—living Greece—living Samoa,—these were the loves and cares of those two men whom we have been honouring; the traditions and heroes of these in full measure afterwards. What then is this Scotland of ours? What life does it actually show? What ideas and what aims are nascent among its youth? What manner of history will they make; what literature will they write? And we—what counsel in thought, what initiative in action, can we offer them? Here are questions (as our Scottish manner is) to ask rather than answer, but to which at some other season we may well return. But may we not learn something of these deeper organic factors of national life and possible renascence by their existing fruit? What of current literature, of every-day places and people? To the observant pessimist the impression is depressing enough. The vacant place of native literature supplied with twaddle and garbage in varying proportion, settled by the fluctuation of newsagents' imports; cities corresponding medleys of the squalid and the dull; people in keeping—mean or intemperate

in mind, when not also in body, canny to one fault, fanatical to another,—even the few wise timidly discreet, the few noble indiscreetly valiant.

But even were such hard sayings fully warranted, a reply remains—that these are phenomena of Winter, not of Spring—of death, not life. The slush of winter concerns us little; when buds begin to swell and shoots to peep, it delays little though the decaying leaves to pierce be deep and many—in the long run it even helps. Shrewd and practical intelligence yet ardent imagination are not necessarily at variance; their co-existence has stamped our essential national virtue and genius, even as their dissociation has defined our besetting sins, our antithetic follies. Industrial initiative and artistic life are reappearing, and each where it was most needed, the first amid this ice-pack of frozen culture, the latter in our western inferno of industry. Architecture too is renascent; the work of the past dozen years will on the whole bear comparison with anything in English or Continental cities, in a few cases may even challenge it, and in at least one case, that of the noble Academic Aula of Edinburgh, carry the challenge back to the best days of the Renaissance. The current resuscitation of Old Edinburgh, more unnoticed just because more organic, is hence a still deeper sign. First came the opening up of the Cathedral, the rebuilding of the City Cross, then of the Castle-Gates and Parliament Hall. Now the old courts and closes from Holyrood to Castlehill are slowly but steadily changing, and amid what was and is the most dense and dire confusion of material and human wreck and misery in Europe, we have every here and there some spark of art, some strenuous beginning of civic sanitation, some group of healthy homes of workman and student, of rich and poor, some slight but daily strengthening reunion of Democracy with Culture; and this in no parliamentary and abstract sense, but in the civic and concrete one. The Town House too is on plan, the Castle slums are doomed. Upon the surrounding hills rise the domes

and towers of great observatories—this of stars and that of mind; on the nearer slope stands already the Institute of History. Through the old town, so oft aflame, the phœnix, which has long 'lain among the pots,' is once more fluttering; and year by year, the possibilities temporal and spiritual of the renascent capital return or appear. The architectural cycle will soon have turned to its ancient starting-point, and the doves rest once more on St. Margaret's chapel pinnacle.

The social and moral cycle also. When we remember how every movement—moral or social, industrial or spiritual—sooner or later takes architectural embodiment, we shall better understand the meaning both of the Old New Town and of this New Old one. We remember too how often architectural movements have accompanied and preceded literary ones. And as in things both social and natural, small types serve as well as great, and straws mark currents, a passing word may be said of our own small beginnings in these pages. For not merely historic or picturesque sympathies, but practical if distant aims are bringing men back to Old Edinburgh to work and learn. Among the many traditions of the historic houses among which some of these are making their homes, none has been more inspiring, as none more persistently characteristic of Edinburgh than that of Allan Ramsay, who amid much other sowing and planting, edited and published an 'Evergreen' in 1724. This little collection of old-world verse, with its return at once to local tradition and living nature, was as little in harmony with the then existing fashion of the day in literature as its new namesake would hope to be with that of our own,—the all-pervading 'Decadence.' Yet it helped to urge succeeding writers to higher issues, among which even Percy's 'Reliques,' and Scott's 'Border Minstrelsy' are reckoned. So our new 'Evergreen' may here and there stimulate some new and younger writer, and hence beside the general interests common to all men of culture, it would fain now and then add a fresh page to that widely reviving

Literature of Locality to which the kindly firesides of Thrums and Zummerzet, the wilder dreamlands of Galway and Cader-Idris, of Man and Arran and Galloway are ever adding their individual tinge and glow.
So, too, with its expression of youngest Scottish art, its revival of ancient Celtic design. All organic beginnings, to survive and grow, need fit time even more than fortunate place. Nor would we dare to be replanting the old poet's unsunned hillside were not the Great Frost ended, the Spring gaining surely, however unsteadily, throughout the land, in face of all chill nights and sunless days. Our Flower, our Fruit of yesteryear lies buried; and as yet we have no other. Only here and there peeps and shivers some early bud. But in the dark the seed coat is straining, the chrysalid stirring. Spring is in the world; Spring is in the North.

III

Small signs of Renascence all these, perhaps illusory ones, many may say—our own countrymen of course most convincedly of all. The Literature of Locality, we are told by many reviewers, has had its little day, and is subsiding into mere clash o' kirkside, mere havers o' kailyard; so doubtless the renewal of locality may polarise into slum and respectability once more. Be it so; this season also will have its term. One day noble traditions long forgot will rouse a mightier literature, nobler localities still unvisited bring forth more enduring labours for their crown. Though Charlie may no come back again, though the too knightly king, so long expected back from Flodden, lie for ever 'mid the Flowers o' the Forest, though Mary's fair face still rouse dispute as of old, the Wizard's magic book still waits unmouldering in his tomb. The prophetic Rhymer listens from Elfland, Arthur sits in the Eildon Hills, Merlin but sleeps in his thorn. For

while a man can win power over nature, there is magic; while he can stoutly confront life and death, there is romance. Our recent and current writers have but touched a fringe of their possibilities. The songs of militant nationality may lose their power, the psalmody of Zion no more stir the sons as it was wont to do the fathers, yet gentler voices may reappear, older runes win a reading.

> 'In Iona of my heart, Iona of my love,
> Instead of the voice of monks shall be lowing of cattle,
> But ere the world come to an end
> Iona shall be as it was.'

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A final picture by way of summary. From our modern perspective a little place like Grahamston on the Edinburgh-Glasgow line, if noticed at all, is only a place of tedious stop. At most here or there a student of Scots literature or local history may remember that it owes its name to that 'Good Grahame of truth and hardiment' who was to Wallace what in more fortunate days the Good Lord James became to Bruce, and whom he buried here after his last battle. Few, however, visit the actual tomb, still fewer with intelligent eyes, unless they have learned to read the concrete tide-marks of history, to interpret the strata laid down by each period, which are to the books called History, as the natural strata to the books of Geology.
But when we have seen the surviving memorials that crowd the Acropolis, and line the Sacred Way, and stand around the Dome of Aachen, we may stop by this little roadside, and find to set in our Schools of History no more noble, no more touching presentment of the indestructible sovereignty of the ever-returning past than a picture of these poor stones, whose very dust to us will then be dear. For when the knightly effigy that it was Wallace's last act of power to lay was trampled dim by unthinking feet, the village folk or their priest laid a

new stone and carved its legend in their homely way. This, too, wore out as the centuries went by, but a new stone was laid; again, and yet again, till now four stones rest superposed, a great shrine of the rude modern ironwork of the place at length enclosing all. The monuments of victory in St. Paul's, of glory in Westminster, of world-service in the Pantheon, of world-conquest in the Invalides, are each of course great in their way beside this poor tomb, which after all well-nigh fails to preserve from utter forgetfulness the dim hero of one of those innumerable defeats which mark Scottish, which make Celtic history. Yet here the teacher will some day bring his scholars and read them Blind Harry's verse. And so in some young soul here and there the spirit of the hero and the poet may awaken, and press him onward into a life which can face defeat in turn. Such is our Scottish, our Celtic Renascence—sadly set betwixt the Keening, the watching over our fathers dead, and the second-sight of shroud rising about each other. Yet this is the Resurrection and the Life, when to faithful love and memory their dead arise.