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The Appreciation of Poetry

CHILDREN are born to a natural appreciation of poetry, and it is a sad thing that so few of them carry their heritage with them into adult life. In less intellectual ages the poetic faculty survived to blossom in folk song and ballad. The feeling that poetry was superior to prose—a better and more exciting medium for all sorts of purposes—remained until quite modern times. Sir Walter Scott wrote his tales first of all in verse, and only abandoned this medium when he found himself outdone by Byron; and the elder Mill had the prodigy John Stuart taught to write verse, not because he himself admired poetry, but on the ground that people read verse more readily than prose. The immense number of descriptive and didactic poems of the eighteenth century addressed to sofas or sugar-canes, or describing seasons and shipwrecks, show how long a natural love of rhythm lingered into an artificial age. Not much of that natural love remains to-day. Modern poetry is mostly devoid of rhythm, and young students at the universities are found by their teachers sorely lacking in rhythmical sense. The state of the educator is like that of the gardener; once he has broken the soil and destroyed the harmony of nature he must forever battle to keep the ground clear of weeds. It is only too often a losing battle.

Young children, however, still bring with them into the world a spontaneous joy in all the elements which meet in poetry. They delight in pure sound, and will practise vowels and consonants and intonations hour by hour even in their cradles; their sense of rhythm is gloriously strong; and they think always in images and pictures and dreams. Of course they are completely absorbed by these things. They cannot stand outside them and criticise them as an adult would. It is all the more important that in their younger years they should learn only

the best poetry (which does not exclude Nursery Rhymes) so that in their dreaming days they build up a norm by which to judge the good and the bad when they reach a more conscious age. By the time they have reached fifteen they can begin to appraise poetry more consciously and study this or that element in it so as both to enjoy and to know what is enjoyed. It is not a question at this age of getting them to appreciate hard or subtle things. It is more important that they should first become conscious and appreciative of quite simple matters.

It is easy to begin with rhythm, and in the sphere of rhythm first with slow and fast movement. It is good for the children to learn by heart part or all of a poem in which great variety of movement appears. Tennyson's *Revenge* (Tennyson is a master of rhythm) will provide many fine examples of variation in speed. Compare first of all the orderly, measured movement of the lines:

So Lord Howard passed away with five ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;

with the impetuous rush of the following:

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and we roar'd a hurrah, and so
The little *Revenge* ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick below;

and with the deliberate, almost dirge-like movement of:

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at last,
And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace;

or with the final description of the wave that grew:

Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts and their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd navy of Spain,
And the little *Revenge* herself went down by the island crags
To be lost evermore in the main.

Notice that in the last line the force of the storm has already abated. We are left with only the great smooth rollers heaving over the grave of the *Revenge*.

In these examples you are dealing with elementary basic rhythms. You can point out the fast movement of a line filled with anapæsts (Sir Richard spoke and he laughed) and the contrasting slowness of the trochee (And the stately Spanish men). You can show how short vowels coupled with light consonants ("the little *Revenge* ran on") immensely speed up the movement, while a massing of consonants, even in a single word such as *flagship*, will slow down the movement of a whole line or passage.

You have so far been keeping within the single line, or a group of lines where each line ends with a concluding pause. You can next point out to the children, taking again the simplest examples at first, the extraordinary beauty that can arise when the *sense* demands that the rhythm shall not end with the line but shall flow over the line-ending and be checked at some other place, when there is something of a battle or tension between the sense line and the rhythmical line. It is like an outcrop of rock making first an unexpected slide and then an

obstruction in the course of a stream. The glory of the stream is to adapt itself to the conditions given it. You can take, for instance, the beautiful use of the word "down" in Marvell's description of the death of Charles I:

He nothing common did nor mean
Upon that memorable scene
But laid his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.

Or Wordsworth's description of the mountains echoing back the noise of the skaters from the frozen lake:

... with the din
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud.

You could write instead:

The smitten precipices rang aloud.

but the blow, the hard impact of clear sound on rock, has gone. The idea alone remains in the head; the heart, the rhythmical man, is no longer engaged.

With the sounds themselves a third element is added. Although modern poetry is based on accent and not on quantity the difference of effect between a word like "flagship" or "canteen" as contrasted with "borrow" or "rely" in the movement of a line is immense. There then arises that exquisite balance in poetry where rhythm, sound and sense are in a state of harmonious tension, and have each contributed their peculiar quality to make a unique line. This is especially the case with blank verse, which, in English, is nothing by virtue of its basic rhythm alone. Accompanied by the musical tinkle of rhyme, verse can amble along fairly regularly. But in blank verse every line must virtually be a new rhythmical creation. That is why for every ten good rhyming poets there is only one writer of blank verse, and why poets with a great facility for rhyme and an easy metrical gift (like Byron) always fall down when they attempt blank verse. The regular rhythm of a poem like Gray's "Elegy" is delightful in rhyme; it would be intolerable in blank verse.

Of course a line here or there in blank verse may be as even in its flow as:

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,

but such a line can be only a very occasional relief, inserted for some special end. And how far a blank verse line can depart from the basic rhythm!—so that if it were met alone, it would even be hard to know it for what it is; but found in company it has rich and strong individuality—like the voice of some deep-sea fisherman or northern mineworker after the suave and spineless accents of the B.B.C. announcer:

O how comely it is and how reviving
To the spirits of just men long oppressed.
Ah me, alas, pain, pain ever for ever.
Fall battleaxe and flash brand. Let the king reign.

Older children (hardly those of fifteen) will also begin to appreciate the building

of line upon line in one great architectural spurt of sound. And to this may be added (especially if the children have learned Eurythmy and are familiar with the characteristic gestures for the various sounds) some study of the actual sounds of the words and their peculiar fitness in the line where they are employed. Two familiar dicta about poetry badly need revising. Poetry has been defined as "the right word in the right place"; it would be truer to say "the right sound in the right place." And when Lewis Carroll wittily advised the poet to "take care of the sense and the sounds will take care of themselves," he was committing the great heresy of imagining that it is the meaning—divorced from the sound—that matters in poetry. Of course the actual imitation of external sounds can occasionally—very occasionally—be effective in poetry:

Birds in the high hall garden
When evening was falling,
Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,
They were crying and calling.

But it is a far more subtle relationship between sound and image to which children's attention should now be turned. To take first a very simple example, Keat's *Ode to the Autumn* contains a beautiful description of something which everyone has observed—the cloud of gnats falling and rising by water in a still warm evening:

Then in a wailful choir, the small gnats mourn
Among the river shallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies.

What incredible aptness of sound is to be found especially in the last half of these three lines! Borne aloft—the "b" brings the slight effort with which the wind comes out of the calm; the "l" raises the choir of gnats; in the "f" the wind is still blowing and they are still rising; but the "t" brings a limit, and, with a last sigh of the wind in the "s" of sinking, the darker, heavier second syllable of that word brings the fall. Up again from the "l" of light to the "t" once more; down to the darker lower "d" of wind; only to rise and fall once more in "lives or dies."

It is not here a question of imitating the sounds of nature, but of catching the essential gesture of each sound of speech and feeling how marvellously it chimes with the movement of the thing described. There are famous lines of poetry the very meaning of which is in dispute, like Virgil's,

Sum lacrymae rerum, mentem et mortalia tangunt.

but which from the sound alone everyone admits to be sublime poetry. Chesterton somewhere says that the two most musical lines in Milton—lines which can be repeated again and again with always increasing relish—are those in which he describes the last infirmity of the Middle Ages, when Mr. Worldly Wiseman on his death-bed would put on the gown of a monk and hope to pass by virtue of his dress through the gates of heaven:

Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,
Or in Franciscan think to pass disguised.

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Why are these lines so exquisite? Notice how the first line is dominated by the heavy sound "d" which occurs in all the three more strongly accented syllables. We feel that the doom of death is already upon us, and the soul is in despair. Then with the last breath, as it were, comes the wind of hope—"or in Franciscan think to pass." The lighter sounds waft us to the gate of heaven; we catch a momentary glimpse of the angels of God, but with the heavy "disguised" the door is shut in our face, and the two "d's" double bar the door. We know, even without Milton telling us, that the hope is vain. The sounds alone are eloquent.

It will encourage children to read poetry for themselves if you ask them to find out and bring passages where they specially admire the rhythm or the sound. Their choice will sometimes be strange, but sometimes the worst choice will lead to the most fruitful discussion. The children must realise that rhythm springs from the heart, and that what is deeply and truly felt will always clothe itself in the right rhythm. A paltry, doggerel rhythm is a sure sign that the poem is insincere. Sir Philip Sidney truly wrote:

Fool, said my Muse to me, look in thy heart and write.

When we turn to the *sense* in poetry, the first thing we have to realise is that the poet is trying to do the thing which is of all things most difficult for a modern man; he is trying to make every experience unique and personal. It is not the moon or hunger or tumult he wants to convey to you, but a particular moon or a particular sky, some real person feeling hunger, some scene of riot in an actual city. Sometimes he will do this by calling your attention to fine details. Many superb examples of such description are to be found in Coleridge's unfinished poem *Christobel*:

The one red leaf, the last of its clan
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light and hanging so high
On the topmost twig that looks up to the sky.

It is not just a twig from which the last leaf of the Autumn hangs, but the *topmost* twig that looks up to the sky. It is this detail above all which makes us see the jaunty leaf crowning the tree skeleton, and in the contrast we feel the very end and death of summer's life. The one living thing no longer has life in itself. It moves like a puppet only when a power outside it jerks it into an imitation of life. It dances *as often as dance it can*.

The thin grey cloud is spread on high,
It covers but not hides the sky.
The moon is behind and at the full,
And yet she looks both small and dull.
The night is chill, the cloud is grey;
'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the spring comes slowly up this way.

Notice here the swift and accurate description of a particular sky and its effect on the appearance of the moon. The simplest words are used, and not one is unnecessary. But the supreme genius of the passage lies in the last two lines

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which bring us straight into the very innermost sensations of the person there. He is longing for the warmth of spring—but the clouds are still unpropitious, and we have the repetition “the cloud is grey.” He is thinking, “next month will be May, when surely spring will be here”; so we are not told it is April, but the “month before the month of May” (as children think “three days to the end of term”). And finally we have the master-stroke—the sigh with which he remembers the reputation of the place and resigns himself to fate—“*spring comes slowly up this way.*”

Poetry which *merely* describes is almost invariably bad; it is like photographic art. If it describes the visible it must do so in order to reveal the invisible. But young poets (Keats for instance) exercise themselves in description, and it is far from a bad exercise for children who will indeed generally make their first poetic efforts in this kind of poetry.

A direct description, indeed, rarely conveys the essence of a thing. We are always trying to describe one thing in terms of another in order to convey the flavour of what we experience or mean. The shiny knobs on drawers are like a usurer's eyes; or our hair stands on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine; or life is a dome of many-coloured glass. The poet, indeed, is always trying to see things not in their isolation but in their interdependence, looking for a common colour, flavour, gesture, essence, with which to make one thing reveal another. Shelley in his *Ode to the Skylark* explicitly asks the question (which all poets are always asking implicitly), “What is most like thee?” And the reason he gives for asking it is, “What thou art we know not”—a statement true of all things considered in isolation. The stanzas that follow are therefore a kind of meditation on the skylark, a seeking for its essence in other things. It is interesting to see what new qualities each comparison adds to the bird and its song. The first comparison is to a poet “hidden in the light of thought.” Shelley is a rather exact poet. He here calls attention to the fact that while most things hide themselves in darkness, the lark actually hides itself in light. We literally cannot see it for the light. In what way is the poet hidden in the light of thought? There is the simple interpretation that he withdraws himself—we meet him, and see the man but not the poet. But I think Shelley may have had a further thing in his mind. The greater the poet—the more *light-filled* his work, the less we find his personality in it. You can read all Shakespeare and all Homer, but Shakespeare and Homer remain as mysteries. You can read a few pages of Byron and you know him very well. The lark's song is at its most thrilling when you do not see the lark; the poet's song is more splendid when you do not see the poet.

The second comparison is to be a high-born maiden in a palace tower:

Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love which overflows her bower.

It may seem a little obvious to compare a human voice to a bird's voice, and even to put the lady on a tower to raise her like the lark into the sky. But this is not the point of the comparison. The lady is singing *in secret hour*, and the music

overflows her bower. She is not singing to anyone. We, the hearers, only hear her song by grace; we are not in her secret; we catch, without her knowing it the overflow of her heart. The skylark does not sing for us; we do not know why he sings, his song belongs to another sphere; it is by grace alone that some of it spills over on to our terrestrial world.

The third comparison seems at first sight as impossible as the second seemed obvious. The skylark is actually compared to a glow-worm. To compare the most ethereal of birds to a *worm* seems a strange idea, till we find that we have returned to the thought in the first stanza. The glow-worm is also hidden in the light of its own creation.

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass that screen it from the view.

The dell of *dew* certainly brings a new thought. The dew drops gladly receive and reflect the light, as the earth (fresh as a dew-drop in the season of the lark's song) rejoices in the notes of the lark and even echoes them back to the heavens. It might, however, be objected that this comparison does no more than the first, and, indeed, is not so noble and vivid. It might even be said that it would have been better to begin with the glow-worm and rise up to the poet. I think, however, that the sequence is both intentional and right, because a new thought is thereby introduced. We see the glow-worm's dell of dew from outside, and the image helps us to project ourselves into the heavens, and see lark, earth and heaven from the heavens themselves. We can imagine ourselves receiving the fullness of the song in the upper air, not merely catching the overspill on the earth.

The last comparison introduces a further thought:

Like a rose embower'd
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflower'd,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves.

Again the rose gives an effect, being itself invisible. But it is *hidden in its own green leaves*, and we suddenly conceive the skylark as hidden not in light only, but in its own song. The song so fills the sky that it does not direct us to any one point, and sight is dazed by the brightness of the glittering sound. But the rose also gives its strongest scent when it is at the full, when the petals begin to fade and its life is near the end. We know that the lark will not sing for ever, that it will suddenly fall from the sky, and an immense quietness will possess the heavens; and, anticipating that moment we listen all the more eagerly. Perhaps, indeed, like “the setting sun and music at the close” we enjoy it most at that moment when we realise, with its approach to the earth, that the song is at an end. We appreciate the miracle only when it is accomplished.

It would not be good to discuss such reflections on a poem on the same day

as that on which it is read. There are some things which should be dealt with a day or two before reading a poem, and some things which should only come after, so that the poem may be for the children what it should be—a purely artistic experience. To stop a piece of music in the middle in order to explain that a certain effect has been obtained by using a particular harmony or interval is an outrageous procedure. If you wish to introduce children to a poem and you know there are things in it which they do not understand—unfamiliar words or difficult allusions—try to find a way of bringing these things to their attention *before* you read the poem. For instance, no one probably will understand at the first reading of *Lycidas* why Milton calls the unworthy ministers of the church “Blind Mouths.” Ruskin, however, gives a beautiful and convincing explanation of these extraordinary words. The officers of the church, he says, are bishops and pastors. The root meaning in the first is to see or oversee, in the second to feed. If the bishop, who should oversee, fails in his duty, he may properly be described as blind. But the bad pastor does not merely cease to feed the flock, he feeds himself instead, he becomes a *mouth*. Hence a bad bishop is blind, a bad pastor is a mouth.

Blind mouths!—to stop reading the poem at those two terrific words of condemnation would be to break the whole effect of sound and rhythm. Try therefore to find some suitable way of speaking about bishops and pastors, of the keys of St. Peter, of the fountain Arethusa, and smooth-sliding Mincius *before* you read the poem together. You can then enjoy it as a work of art; it will cease to be a puzzle to be explained. And do not immediately after reading proceed to reflections on a poem. Leave that to another day. Perhaps on the day after reading you will merely see how much the children can recall, and then on the following day, when it has had time to sink more deeply into them, ask them to think about the poem, to say what lines or images they find most beautiful and why—to begin to educate their judgment. Poetry is either a great experience or it is nothing. It is worth while using a little art and care in teaching to try to make it the former rather than the latter.

I have purposely in this article used only familiar illustrations from familiar poems. Children must first walk on the broad highways of literature before they explore the byways. I believe it is better for them to know Tennyson than T. S. Eliot. School time cannot do everything. But it can nurture the children’s mind and perception so that they are ready to enter upon their mighty heritage.

A. C. HARWOOD.

Philosophy

THE END OF GREEK HISTORY

Is it permissible to speak about the end of a nation’s history? Does life ever come to an end? Our answer to these questions will depend on our attitude towards history. If we concern ourselves with a nation’s history we shall trace the sequence of generations, shall probably detect a rise, a climax, a falling off, and finally a less interesting period of mere survival, but there will never be an end, not even with the political destruction of the nation. If, on the other hand, we look at the history of mankind as a whole the nations will appear as the members of one great organism, members which at different times realise their inherent qualities. These periods in which a particular radiance lies on a nation’s development will more particularly form the subject of our historical study, and we shall have to consider seriously the problems of beginning and end.

In a previous article it has been argued that the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* set the theme of Greek history by making the Greeks conscious of their own particular nature and by bidding them follow the path of individual responsibility and action born of deliberation and thought. We noticed that this development was accompanied by serious moral weaknesses, that the noble hero was doomed to death, while the unscrupulous fighter and the liar were triumphant. We can follow the growth of thought through the whole of Greek history, we can trace the increasing part which reason plays in the life of the state, in the arts, in politics. The Persian Wars, this great historical saga of the Greeks, is but a fight of David and Goliath in which David wins owing to his superior wit. Most of all we have to trace the growth of thought in philosophy, the realm where thought becomes conscious of itself. Greek philosophy completed the development of human thought to its maturity and overcame the temptations inherent in it. As such it is the fulfilment of Greek destiny, the climax of its history, and the study of its dramatic development essential for an understanding of Ancient Greece.

It ought to be mentioned in passing that for children of sixteen years the study of the contents of Greek philosophy is not the essential thing. If we are able, however, to experience the different ways of thinking with which the history of Greek philosophy makes us familiar we are dealing with a subject of greatest importance in the history of mankind.

Dr. Steiner spoke of the birth of Greek philosophy as the opening of the mysteries; the modern scholar, more vaguely, finds early Greek philosophy deeply imbued with “Orphic traditions.” We shall best understand the gradual revelation of philosophy if we observe the three regions in which it unfolded: Asia Minor, Southern Italy, Athens.

The birthplace of Greek, and European, philosophy is Ionia, the Western shore of Asia Minor, which itself seems like the outstretched hand of Asia, trying to reach Europe. This shore was settled by Greeks who maintained contact with Greece proper as well as with Asia. Here Philosophy arose, her eyes fixed, as

it were, across the waters of the Aegean on Europe, and at her back Asia and all its ancient wisdom. Her disciples endeavoured, stumbling at first, to put into ordinary speech their religious experiences and mythological lore. Of Heraclitus we know that he was born in Ephesus, the home of the most famous mystery temple of Asia Minor. He belonged to one of the families of the town who for generations had held priestly office. He himself was Basileus or priest-king, but resigned this dignity in favour of his brother in order to be a philosopher instead.

The first main question which philosophers posed was of the nature and working of the primal substance. They visualised this substance as filled with life and creative energy. In chronological sequence they considered water (Thales), air (Anaximenes) and fire (Heraclitus), and in doing so refined their ideas and perfected their language. Anaximander, a contemporary of Anaximenes, introduced the idea of infinity into human thought and understood the created world, in distinction to the primeval boundless chaotic substance, as the ordered manifestation of the opposing principles of hot and cold, bright and dark, moist and dry. The modern student is struck by what seems almost a concerted effort of developing human thought leading it gradually to ever higher and more spiritual conceptions, and by keeping it alive for an understanding of creative nature or, in Rudolf Steiner's words, of the etheric world. Having given this impulse Ionian philosophy withdrew again, but according to Plato's Cratylus seems to have continued in the more immediate neighbourhood of the temples.

Philosophy, however, did not die out; in the generation before Heraclitus it had already been transplanted to Italy. Pythagoras, a native of Ionia, travelled extensively in Western Asia where, according to ancient tradition, he studied the wisdom of the temples. For political reasons he had to leave Ionia, settled in Southern Italy, and established philosophy in a land where there were no mystery temples. Realising this lack, Pythagoras felt the need of founding a religious-moral brotherhood to give him the surrounding in which he could teach. Perhaps no other fact confirms so definitely the religious background and origin of philosophy. Through Pythagoras and his work in Italy philosophy advanced simultaneously in two directions. On the one hand it became clearer, more abstract and definite, and was on the other hand filled with deeper content. Pythagoras was the first philosopher to stress the prime importance of mathematics in philosophical thought and teaching. Pythagoras' mathematical concepts were, however, not yet of our modern unimagined kind. As well as implying a quantity, each number possessed in Pythagoras' mathematics a definite quality. All numbers, all mathematics, indeed the whole of nature seemed to arise from an interplay between the great and fundamental opposites, the Infinite and the Limit, or as modern geometrical thought expresses it, Point and Periphery. Strengthened by mathematics, philosophy was now able to express new contents; and thus Pythagoras revealed one of the most important teachings of the mystery temples, the teaching of reincarnation, which was so utterly alien to the popular Homeric conception of life and death. From now on an alternative conception of the world was open to anybody dissatisfied with popular theology without having to be admitted to a temple school. Empedocles who lived somewhat later than Pythagoras was,

like the latter, in W. Wallace's words, "at once a believer in Orphic mysteries and a scientific thinker." He formulated for the first time the teaching of the four elements, for which the Ionian philosophers had prepared the ground.

So far philosophy had progressed steadily and without check. In Italy it now met the greatest crisis of its history. The philosophers of the school of Elea were profoundly struck by the difference between the world of the senses and the world of thought. Parmenides realised that human thought can only concern itself with what "is," and not with unrealities and fancies. What "is," can, however, never have been created, it just "is" without a beginning and an end; it is therefore indivisible, continuous, imperishable and perfect. It is the world where Aletheia, Truth, reigns supreme. Yet our senses tell us of quite a different world. Here is constant change, mutation, variety, becoming and dying. In this world of sensation and plurality there is no room for Truth, as ear and eye do not convey realities; it is the world of Doxa, opinion and belief. Parmenides maintained that there was complete division between the two worlds of thought and senses, that the philosopher was only concerned with the former, and that no reliance could be placed on the evidence of the sensual world. This view was strongly reinforced by the logical methods of Parmenides' disciple Zeno, who was able to show not only that strict logic produces results incompatible with the experience of the senses, but also that mathematics were unreliable to describe reality, since from the same premises contradictory conclusions can be drawn.

These views had a very marked effect on the moral and intellectual life of the Greeks in the second half of the fifth century B.C. Originally the Greeks had been led by their oracles and their priests, and the stories of Homer and Hesiod had given them a definite conception of the world. For some time past the educated Greek had begun to discard slowly the priestly guidance, and to re-examine the stories of Homer and Hesiod relying on thought as his guide. Now thought was shown to be of little use in the world, and the way back to earlier times seemed impossible. There were men enough who considered thought very useful, although it was unable to establish truth. Taking Odysseus for their hero they realised that thought could make any statement appear probable. The "wise man" or sophist claimed to be able to teach, for an appropriate fee, how to make the weaker argument prevail over the stronger, a teaching eagerly appreciated by politicians. Philosophy and science seemed at an end, moral and intellectual anarchy was rampant.

It was in Attica that human thought was rescued from its bankruptcy, and that Greek philosophy found its climax and end. Philosophy entered Attica comparatively late, but the spirit of curiosity and investigation was native to the Athenians. In drama and the arts, in the writing of history and in statecraft, Athenians had progressed in the same direction towards which also philosophy was moving. When philosophy at last entered there it found the soil well prepared.

Everything which was best in the life of Athens was united in Socrates who first tried to clear up the confusion of thought caused by the men of Elea and the sophists. He had all the curiosity and inquisitiveness of a man of science, all the dialectic subtlety of the sophists, the profound belief that human thought is

capable of finding truth, and a great moral honesty. And more than that, he belonged to that group of men, pioneers of the sixth century B.C., who heard the voice of God not in oracles, not in the heights, nor in the wind and the water, nor in visions or dreams, but in the human heart. He heard the voice of conscience, and realised that this was, in his time, a rare experience. This experience convinced him of the prime importance of *man*, made him turn away from the study of nature and concentrate all his intellectual effort on "the tendance of the soul." Here, for the first time since thought became emancipated from the religious background of the mystery temple, it is consciously directed to something greater than itself, to the development and salvation of man's soul. With it the question of good and evil enters the realm of philosophy. When the pre-Socratic philosopher investigated a question, his answer would be either this fact is true or it is not true. With Socrates the answer might also be: this is good, or it is bad; and, according to a typically Greek process of identification, this is beautiful, or it is not so. Thought, therefore, is now applied to the full range of human experience, to the True, the Good and the Beautiful, thought acquires a significance comparable only to that of religion.

We have noticed above that the widening of the philosopher's horizon, his bringing of new messages from the realm of religion into that of thought was accompanied by a sharpening and clarifying of his method. So it is with Socrates. He is the first to practise the inductive method, as obvious to us as it was tantalising to his contemporaries. He does no longer start with general statements from which he proceeds to draw conclusions, but he bases his reasoning on facts which you and I can verify here and now, and step by step progresses from particulars to generalities.

Socrates was a one-sided genius, Plato, his greatest disciple, one of the most universally gifted minds we have knowledge of. He accepts his master's fundamental position, enlarges it and supplements it with all the riches of his own personality. He is at one with Socrates in believing that man's being and destiny is the prime subject of philosophical investigation, but instead of stopping at man as Socrates had done, he relates all his many other studies round him as a centre. He, too, makes use of the inductive method, but it is not his only way of approach; rather does he wish to see thought developed on the lines of geometry which seemed to him the exactest discipline and the *sine qua non* of philosophy. Whatever his subject, he discusses it with full reference to the True, the Good and the Beautiful, and his greater works not only present the reader with intellectual problems of the first order, but give him also intense aesthetic pleasure as well as a moving moral experience.

With his teaching of the "creative images" (ideas) Plato bridged the gulf between the world of senses and the world of thought which had confounded Parmenides. More than any other Greek philosopher Plato was a revealer of mystery lore, particularly in the so-called myths, in which a philosophic-religious content is given out in the guise of an ancient story. The greatest of these "myths" is probably the story of Er, told at the end of the Republic. It gives a remarkably precise description of how with the help of spiritual powers man himself is the

maker of his own destiny, and how this destiny is materialised in repeated lives on earth. Although Plato leaves in these "myths" strictly philosophical ground, they are the climax and epitome of his teaching as it has come down to us. We have, however, to remember that Plato meant his dialogues for the outside world, and that we know nothing of his teaching within his school. Towards the advanced pupils of his school he may conceivably have been more of a pure thinker.

With Aristotle, Plato's successor, Greek philosophy attained its end. No original contribution was made to it during the next five or six centuries. Aristotle can be claimed the father of natural science; and as such he is a pioneer standing at the beginning of a long historical line, and need not concern us here. As a philosopher he is remarkable in two aspects: as the founder of the science of logic, and in that he restates Plato's philosophical teaching without any reference to its myth content. He prefers to appeal to reason, and to reason alone. What cannot be proved by logic ought not to be formulated at all, for it is indefensible to criticism and attack. It cannot hold its ground in the modern world. In his logic Aristotle shows under what conditions a statement is true. This is an achievement without parallel in the whole of human history. Here one man founds a new discipline of thought and establishes a systematic teaching no part of which could be improved upon for over two thousand years, and not a single sentence of which has up to now been shown to be wrong.

We have been following the development of thought from the stage when it was Odysseus' weapon to the moment when it reaches self-consciousness and maturity. In Ionia thought was developed into man's most precious possession. It suffered temporary shipwreck in Italy. Through Socrates' and Plato's work it was re-born, given a fuller life and enhanced nobility. Aristotle attempted to rationalise the whole structure of the universe and showed under what condition thought could be certain to give exact results. Cunning had been changed into the infallible instrument and servant of the spirit.

R. LISSAU.

Preparing Children for the Knowledge of their Native Land

ALTHOUGH knowledge of their surroundings in its common sense is not given to children till the third class, it is a subject which can be prepared in the first class of a Rudolf Steiner School and to my mind it is one of the most fascinating and comprehensive. It seems to include the teaching of everything not specifically mentioned otherwise. In talking with other teachers I have often had the impression that they did not know how to approach it. Now fools rush in where wise men fear to tread, and I feel I should state that this article contains my own thoughts on the subject and a description of my own

attempts to present it, based of course on such indications of Rudolf Steiner's as are available.

We are told in the curriculum for the third class that the object of this teaching is to awaken the dreaming child to a consciousness of his environment. At the age of six or seven, however, he is still a part of his environment, he does not yet stand objectively towards the outer world. In world history also there was a time when man was not aware of himself so strongly as a conscious individuality. He felt "the same thing that makes the sun rise, the winds blow, moves my arms and feet." Similarly the child is still "carried," as it were, by a power outside him. This enters him gradually—we speak of "taking possession of oneself." Education furthers this process and it is the task of the educator to help the child to connect himself more consciously with his surroundings.

How does the teacher set about this task? In the first place he must attain some clarity as to the state of the child's mind at this stage. It is too easy to think of the child as a small-sized edition of the adult and to adjust our arrangements accordingly. It is an extraordinary difficult thing for an adult to try to put himself in the place of the child. Certain symptoms are, however, clear.

It is a generally accepted tenet in teaching that one should begin with the known and proceed to the unknown. The question we must first of all answer, however, is, "What is known to the small child?"

Life is a gradual incarnation. From regions far away the soul descends to earth and takes on a physical body. For the first few years of its life it is obvious that a child is not master of itself. The baby sleeps most of its time, or, to express it in another way, spends most of its time in its spiritual home. It is dependent on the adult for everything. For the first few months it has even to receive its earthly food via another body. The eyes do not fix objects. Only gradually do the faculties of consciousness develop. Seeing, hearing, walking, speaking, all show that the spirit is assuming greater mastery of the body.

At six or seven the child comes to school and his education begins. What is his state of mind? One look into the eyes of the children of a first class on their first day at school can be very revealing. It is not so very long previously that they left the spiritual world, and every teacher must feel—to use a hackneyed but expressive phrase—that he must "let them down lightly." Many things are familiar to them which grown-ups no longer understand, as, for instance, the working of the fairies. Everything lives for the child. Toys, pets, dolls, dogs, cats, all speak and converse with one another. Even in the lifeless the child experiences the living. Whereas the adult kills life in order to know, the child experiences life in what is apparently dead.

In drawing and painting, while children of six or seven years can produce very beautiful pictures, one sees that they have no sense of perspective or accuracy. In illustrating a fable the frog may be quite as big as the bull, and neither of them will have much resemblance to the original. Only at the age of nine or ten does the child begin to be really conscious of his immediate surroundings in the ordinarily accepted sense. Our curriculum is so arranged to meet this changing need.

Obviously the small child has no use for scientific data or abstract descriptions. Anything taught under the heading "Knowledge of One's Native Land" must be presented in an imaginative way, as if the mountains and trees and flowers were speaking with one another. In this way true scientific facts can be given but in story form; and later on in school life when this subject has been dissolved into geography, geology, botany, zoology and kindred subjects, reference can be made to these stories which have made a deep impression on the child's mind and which in the meantime have undergone some form of digestion.

Where then do we begin? What method do we use? A comprehensive answer can be given to the first question: "In the beginning God created heaven and earth." The answer to the second is that all knowledge must be presented in living pictures.

The teacher may well scratch his head in perplexity at the magnitude of his task.

For a whole term I made this subject our chief interest in Class 1 (ages six and seven). It provided material for writing practice, recitation, arithmetic, crayoning and painting. To some extent I was able to carry the same theme into the German, French and Eurhythmics lesson. The general plan was to give the idea of a divinely created world, then to present certain aspects of that world to the human inhabitants who had descended to it from other spheres.

In all our teaching we try to give the children a living conception of the world, a world not put and held together by a series of mechanical laws but one which is divinely inspired, "In the beginning God created heaven and earth." It is as yet too early to tell the actual Bible stories, but my first story was based on this fundamental idea. It was concerned with the activity of angels and their servants, the gnomes and fairies. It described how through their combined workings, trees, flowers, birds came to live in the world, how the sun and moon and stars first made their appearance. Into this created world some children came to live and their path of descent was described in another story.

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting" was the theme, and the story ran briefly as follows:

Once upon a time there were some children who lived in a golden castle on a high mountain. They used to stand on the walls and could see into far-distant countries. One day a boy and a girl, who were standing together, thought that they recognised some of their friends in one of those far-off lands; and a great longing overtook them to go there. They went to the ruler of the golden castle and asked if they might leave for a while to visit this distant land. The ruler gave them his blessing and instructions for the journey. They had to leave by one of the twelve gates of the castle—the choice was important—pass through the hall of the Seven Queens, across a wide lake and then penetrate a forest which would become thicker and thicker until an apparently impassable gate was reached. Beyond that lay the land they sought.

Then I described the boy's and the girl's adventures separately, the gates they chose, the gifts they received from the gatekeepers and the queens. When they

arrived at the end of the forest paths; they had to burst a way through the gates and, in the effort, they lost consciousness. When they awoke, they had forgotten everything, although in due course they met and recognised one another. They now found themselves in the world which I had previously described. They discovered all sorts of wonderful things and these were then the themes for my subsequent stories.

Having now given the idea of the world as a whole, divinely created, and having got the children into it with the proper background, it seemed justifiable to proceed to various details although always in a wide aspect. During the following weeks we had as themes—one week, one theme—the seasons, winds, clouds, elementals, flowers, vegetables, trees, insects, birds, fishes, animals. They were all dealt with in story form, and in this way we had a little introduction to the manifold manifestations of nature.

Every week we learned a new poem which had some bearing on the subject in hand. For instance, in dealing with the clouds we learned part of Shelley's poem:

"I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers from the seas and the streams"

A story was told of how one day the wind was sporting with the clouds wherein dwelt the water fairies. On towards the mountains the wind drove them and the mountain, who loved the clouds, told the water fairies that they were badly needed down on the earth. So the water fairies came down, each riding on a raindrop, and all earth's creatures, plants, animals and men, rejoiced to see them. The raindrops sweetened the whole earth and then began to meet again in twos and threes, then little groups. To the eyes of humans they appeared as little trickles of water, then rivulets, and as more and more came together as streams and mighty rivers which poured themselves into the sea. Over the sea the sunbeams were dancing. Some of the water fairies joined hands with the sunbeams and swish—away they flew right up into the sky. Soon there appeared a whole crowd of them together, and the humans looking up said "clouds are gathering again."

With great enthusiasm we painted and crayoned pictures by way of illustration. I was greatly tempted to add Goethe's poem

The soul of Man Resembleth water

but decided that this would best fit in at a later stage.

In this story we have obviously laid a foundation for an understanding of the cycle of rain, which can later be given as scientific fact.

Another theme was one which dealt with some of the activities of the elemental beings. The week's work was as follows:

We learnt this poem:

Busy gnomes
Bring to birth
Little seeds
In the earth.

Watersprites
Feed the shoots
Striving upwards
From the roots.

Airy sylphs
Power bestow,
Help the plant
To thrive and grow.

Sunsprites bring
Warming gold,
Rainbow hues
Buds unfold.

Flowers all
Secrets keep.
In their hearts
New seeds sleep.

Water, fire,
Earth and air,
In their growth
Have a share,
That a seed
A seed may bear.

Having learned this by heart the children wrote it out in their writing-cum-drawing books. They then did several illustrations with coloured crayons. This was the story:

Once upon a time there was great excitement among the gnomes who dwelt in a certain garden. They were whispering and consulting together over a large brown seed which the wind had left them. They had never seen one like it before and they were terribly anxious that it should receive the proper care. They were also terribly proud to have had it given into their charge.

It was autumn time and the leaves were all falling. The trees were busy storing up in their roots all the golden sunshine which they had collected during the summer. The flowers were saying good-bye to one another until the spring. Some of the birds were bidding farewell to the trees which had provided them with homes during the summer and the trees were wishing them a safe journey.

Already it was rumoured that Old Man Winter, with his two helpers Jack Frost and the North Wind, had set out from their home at the North Pole and were on their way south.

So the gnomes set to work and prepared a cosy little bed for the seed under the soil and there they tucked it in where neither Jack Frost nor North Wind could reach it, and there the seed went peacefully to sleep, carefully watched over by the little gnomes. When the spring came (previously described in story form and graphically) it was time for the seed to wake up. The gnomes knew that this had to be done very carefully, because if a seed is not awakened properly it dies; so the gnomes sent for some of their cousins, the warmth and the water fairies. The water fairies guided some raindrops down into the soil and the warmth fairies kept guard just above. Sure enough, after a few days the seed awoke—a little shoot went downward where it was helped and guided by the gnomes, and another shoot went upwards above the level of the soil. As soon as the light fairies saw it they greeted it with great joy and gave it a beautiful green dress.

Soon spring spread his wings and flew away and summer took his place. The gnomes worked hard all the time to see that the roots could grow, the water fairies brought rain and dew-drops, the light and the warmth fairies each gave their gifts. The plant had by now a thick green stalk; leaves which became finer and finer towards the top; a firm root: and it was as high or even higher than your teacher. At the top was a little cluster of green leaves. Then one day a great celebration was arranged. The light fairies formed a circle and they danced a

magic dance around the head of the plant. As they danced, gradually the green leaves folded back and a beautiful, big, golden yellow flower appeared. It shone like the sun and the children who were walking through the garden stopped to look at it in wonder. As they watched they saw it slowly move its head, following the path of the sun. Then they looked up into its broad friendly golden yellow face and said, "This flower loves the sun and is like the sun. Let us call it Sunflower."

We talked, of course, about other flowers as well. In our painting lesson we painted a flower, letting it grow out of the earth with all the elemental beings attendant on it. Having lived intensely in the story it was possible to repeat it to the children in a foreign language without losing their interest. The Eurhythmy lesson was planned round the same material.

I think it is obvious that a lot of ground can be covered in this way and that a lot of preparation has been done which will bear fruit later. Apart from stimulating the imaginative faculty of the child we have introduced various objects of the external world in an acceptable manner. The child's consciousness is increased, its interest awakened, true facts have been given which can form a basis for later intensive study. At a more advanced stage one presents the things in a different manner. Thus the child does not retain a rigid concept but develops living thinking.

R. WILKINSON.

The Youngest Servant

A FAIRY-TALE FOR THE BEGINNING OF THE SCHOOL YEAR

ONCE upon a time the son of a poor king set out with twelve servants on a journey to the court of a renowned monarch. He had heard of the great goodness and beauty of the monarch's daughter and wished to win her for his bride. On the journey the twelve servants attended on the king's son most faithfully and provided him with all that he could need. After some time they had to cross a river by an old and shaky bridge. Just as the royal coach was passing over, the bridge collapsed. If the youngest servant had not straightway jumped into the water to save his master, the prince would surely have been drowned. The other servants also helped to save the coach and baggage. Having regained the road they travelled on, and despite the difficult and steep ascent they reached the monarch's palace safely.

When the prince arrived at court he learned of the proclamation the monarch had made: whoever wished to marry the princess must live in the royal palace for three years and at the end of that time come before the monarch and the assembled court and tell a story—a story such as had never been told before by any man on earth. The prince was given an apartment in the palace. Living now so close to the princess he was full of joy and happiness, and the years sped quickly by. But when the allotted time had nearly passed the prince lost his joy

in life and found less pleasure in the company of the princess. He knew not what to say when he should come before the assembled court. At last he thought of his servants; perhaps they could bring him aid. Next morning he sent them forth, each in a different direction, to bring back whatever was most rare and beautiful. When evening came all the servants returned except the youngest. Each brought back some wonderful and rare treasure. Gold ore from the heart of the mountain, feathers of brightest hue from far-distant lands, sea shells of curious shape moulded in deep and troubled waters, all were brought before the prince and placed on a table in the middle of the great hall. The next day the servants were sent forth and again returned with beautiful and strange things, which were put with the others in the middle of the hall. Each evening when the prince considered all that had been brought to him, he was both happy and sad. He delighted in the unusual beauty of the treasures, but still he knew not what to say to the monarch and the court. On the third day the eleven servants were sent forth once more. In the evening they again brought to the prince what they had found; water with strange healing power, precious stones, and plants of special virtue. The prince was delighted with these things and thanked them all; but still the sadness clouded his heart. Just then footsteps were heard at the entrance and the door of the great hall opened. The youngest servant had returned. The beams of the setting sun shone in and illumined all the treasures on the table. The servant came straight to the prince, who turned to him, eager to know what he had found. But he came empty-handed. He told the prince how he had come to a town. The people, understanding what it was he sought, told him to seek in the caves of a nearby mountain. There he had gone and searched deep in the darkness of the earth for the jewel they said was there. Finding nothing, he thought he would have to return unable to help the prince, when suddenly he found himself standing before a very old man. With kindly words the old man told him of his travels; all that he had learned of life in distant lands, and what men did in ages long ago. And now after three days the youngest servant had come back. He turned from the prince and looked at all the things lying on the table. He considered them in turn, taking each into his hand. Rearranging them he put each into its right and natural place. When all was done he withdrew and stood with the other servants. Then the prince approached the table. He no longer saw the many separate treasures, but all seemed to join together into one great and mighty picture. And as he looked he began to read in this picture a story—a story such as had never been told before by any man on earth. The next day when the prince came before the monarch and assembled court all eagerly awaited what he had to say. As his tale unfolded silence and quiet pervaded all the palace—that silence without which no true story can be told. At the end, when the princess came forward with her father's blessing and gave the prince her hand, all the company proclaimed with one accord it was the most beautiful story they had heard; and wished the prince and princess every happiness life could bring.

B. MANSFIELD.

Study of Man

RUDOLF STEINER'S lectures to the teachers of the Waldorf School at its foundation have just been published in English under the above title. They deal with man as a threefold being of body, soul and spirit, and the being of man is considered in turn from these three aspects. The lectures begin with a survey of man from the aspect of the soul, and I think that Dr. Steiner chose this entry both because childhood is essentially an experience of the soul, and because the soul, standing between the other two and drawing its experiences partly from the body and partly from the spirit, is the best gateway to an understanding of the Trinity in human nature. The first lecture alone will convince anyone who reads it that there is here a psychology quite unlike anything which is taught in the modern world. In one sense the first lecture especially may be said to answer the question, What is education for? You may think of all the answers that might be given to that question by educators to-day; to make good citizens; or to make good men; or to fit a child to earn his living; or to teach him to appreciate the cultural inheritance to which he is born. But when you have thought of them all (and they are very numerous) you will come nowhere near the answer which Dr. Steiner gave to the group of teachers who were about to receive the children into his first school. It is: to teach the children how to breathe properly. It is indeed an answer to take the breath away.

There are perhaps two interpretations of this advice which might be found in the world to-day. From the West would come the physical interpretation of such breathing exercises as are sometimes given even to quite young children; from the East would come the mystical interpretation of *Yogi*, by which the soul overcomes the body and wins spiritual experiences. Dr. Steiner does not mean either of these. He leads you instead into what might almost be called a Meditation on breathing. Nor does this mean that you are to observe the process of breathing, though Meditation might certainly include that. But observation takes you only through a series of processes. If you observe a leaf falling you follow its course from the tree to the ground, you notice the nature of its flight in the air, its colour, texture, etc. But if you meditate on a falling leaf your mind will take you to all other experiences which have the same gesture or quality as the leaf in its fall. So it is with breathing. There are many processes in life which we do not call breathing, but which, in their essence, are as much breathing as the systole and diastole as of the lung. For instance, Joy and Sorrow, Laughing and Weeping are a breathing of the soul—and become even a breathing of the body. We breathe out in joy, we go into an ecstasy, we stand outside ourselves. In sorrow we are contracted, we go into ourselves, we lose our connection with the outside world. Laughing empties our lungs, we laugh on the outbreath; but we cry on the inbreath; though it comes painfully and brokenly, we are always drawing our breath into our own lungs in the act of weeping. The children in the Bible complained to their companions that they had piped to them and they had not danced, and they had mourned with them and they had not wept. They could not under-

stand those who did not enjoy the healthy breathing of the soul. The children who learn this breathing will draw their physical breath rightly as well. For the whole rhythmical system in man is the expression of the life of soul. In ancient times the soul could properly be approached through the body. It is one of the great changes in evolution that the body should now be approached through the soul.

Then there is the larger rhythm of night and day, which is a breathing both of the earth and of the soul. In the daytime children are breathing in their experiences; even sense perception is a form of breathing. But when they are asleep at night they take those experiences into the spiritual world where they breathe them out again. But the spiritual world cannot receive all experiences, and if the children bring into sleep things that it cannot accept, then comes something like a congestion of the outbreath. In waking life the physical body and the life forces are sustained and strengthened by high spiritual Powers—those which in Christian terms are called the Archai and Archangels—but at night, when the soul leaves the body, this support is withdrawn. It is then a question of whether the Angel can sustain the thoughts and experiences which the soul takes with it into sleep. The old habit of saying a prayer before sleeping was meant to prepare the soul to bring the right thoughts into the spiritual world. But the most important thing is whether the children have gained during the day thoughts and pictures of the world which are acceptable to the spiritual Powers who receive the soul in sleep. This form of outbreathing is conditioned by their parents and teachers.

A still greater rhythm of breathing is that of birth and death. Birth is incarnation, breathing in: death is excarnation, breathing out. Even physically the first breath we take is a breathing in, while the spirit leaves the body at death on the outbreath. It is natural, then, for a child to cry at birth, because it is an inbreathing process. If life is rightly lived, death should be the opposite. We should leave the body, not perhaps laughing, but at least with joy in our hearts. Sir William Jones, one of the early orientalisists of the eighteenth century, has given the perfect expression to this double polarity of birth and tears, joy and death.

On parent knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled,
So live, that sinking to thy life's last sleep
Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep.

It is perhaps significant that it was an orientalist who wrote these lines, in which birth and death are united in such exquisite contrast. In the ancient East, and even into the age of the Greeks, birth was as much considered as death, and the incarnation of the soul was no less a part of common philosophy than its departure at death. Reincarnation was the foundation-stone of the Hindu conception of the soul, and Plato allows it to appear at the end of his greatest work, the *Republic*, in the culminating myth of Er, the soldier who was left for dead on the field of battle and on his recovery could describe how he had seen the journey of souls after death, and their choice of a new lot in life for their rebirth. It was one of

the necessities of evolution that for many hundreds of years the thought of man about the soul should centre itself only on the life after death, while life before birth was almost entirely disregarded. From the time of Christ this was true of pagan and Christian alike. The Emperor Hadrian did not speculate as to where his little wandering soul had come from; he was interested in where it was going to.

Animula vagula blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quae nunc abibis in loca,
Pallidula rigida nudula,
Nec ut soles dabis ioca.

But the Christian preoccupation with death rather than birth became more and more marked. By the fifteenth century men were giving all their wealth to endow chantries where mass might be said in perpetuity for the good of their souls; and though in the new age there were some sensitive spirits who experienced their own birth and childhood as a process of "coming down"—the mystics and poets like Traherne and Vaughan—the great preoccupation with death continued, and every other hymn of the nineteenth century ended with a reference to death (*piano*) and (*fortissimo*) to the entry of the soul into Heaven.

This was a necessity in the age when man was finding his ego through the experience of life on earth. But there was a real egotism in thinking that my duty on earth is to prepare myself for eternal happiness in heaven. Philosophically also the preoccupation with death lent strength to the view that the mind at birth is a *tabula rasa*, that man is born out of nothing and acquires all his experiences through sense perception—a view which lies behind the method of all modern natural science. But if birth is looked on as the high moment of incarnation and reincarnation (though this is in itself a gradual process) quite other views will be taken of life. You live in order to make good past misdeeds, to pay back to others what you owe, you share in the responsibility for the conditions of life which you find on the earth. And it will make a great difference, not only to you, but to the whole spiritual world what thoughts and impulses you take with you through the gate of death no less than through the gate of sleep. You make the balance between past, present and future.

Then from a right consideration of birth and death you will come to a new psychology, where the dimensions of time reveal themselves in their true relation to the soul. Most people imagine that they live only in the present, that the past is something which has disappeared and the future is something which does not exist. It is true that certain schools of thought are questioning this view to-day, but their speculations have not yet had much influence on practical psychology. But the truth is that powers from the past and from the future are always flowing into the soul at every moment of our lives. Every time we *think*, we are using powers which flow into our life from before birth. If we are not really able to think about the future at all except (as we all do) in terms of the past, it is because the forces of thinking itself flow in from the world before birth. But every time we *will* we are calling into ourselves forces from the future. That is why our deeds

of will carry their effects so far beyond themselves. *Thinking* has an image character, it is reflection, it is something which we breathe in from before birth. *Willing* has a seed character, it draws the future into itself, as the seed draws the forces which will build and form the flower. When we will we commit ourselves to the stream which flows on beyond our death. Between the two poles lies the realm of *feeling*, the essential kingdom of the soul. So that in each moment of life the soul breathes in and breathes out the past and the future. It is a rich experience.

With such thoughts as these Rudolf Steiner inaugurated the Study of Man for the teachers of his first school. It may be possible in future articles to deal with some of the manifold sketches from which finally emerges the masterpiece of Man. But it will be better if this brief gloss on the breathing of man will encourage some readers to study the lectures for themselves. They will discover what it is to conceive of man again as a microcosm reflecting in himself all the forces and powers of the universe—"in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a God, the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals."

A. C. HARWOOD.

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