

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE TENANT.

BY G. M. HORT.

"Etenim illuc Manus Tua deducet me."—Ps. cxxxix. 10.

I am here, in the house He made, where He brought me, a blinded thing,
By a path, like a wire of light threaded into the Dark's great ring.
And I think that He led me well,—though the things I remember best
Are the weight of the guiding hand, the bruise from the sheltering breast!

So we came to the house He made, where He left me without farewell,
And whither He went, and why, there is nobody here who can tell
Save the Shadow down at the gate, with its face to the hidden way,—
And the price of the Shadow's speech is price that I can't yet pay!

For I've work in the house He made. He has given we skill and sight
To perceive that He made it well, but not nearly so well as He might!
'Tis His will I should change His will, that I open the doors He barred,
That I mar what His hand has made, and make what His hand has marred.

I am lord where my sires were serfs; I can see where He left them blind!—
'Tis His will I should change His will, and fashion *His* house to *my* mind!
But the Shadow still cleaves to the gate—a dumb dark slave with a sword!—
And so for its purpose there, I suppose He has passed His word!

The word that He cannot break; the word that is love, not hate.
When I wake in the dawn sometimes, I can hear His voice by the gate;
Where the fenceway leans to the gulf, there they stand, the Shadow and He,
And the quiet slave fingers the sword; and I know that He talks of me.

"His hand must grow tired of the work, his eyes must grow tired of the light!
It is mile after mile of the day, and, after the last mile, *night*!
You shall give him the rest he craves, you shall see that none vex his bed,
While I crumble the house that I made, like rose-petals over his head!"

So the Voice dies back to the gulf. And I rise to my work content,
And I pass where the Shadow sits, still covering the way He went!
And I plow where I may not sow, and I sow where I shall not reap,
For, if that is His will for me, it is well to be earning sleep!

But at nights there's no voice at all. I have worked to the light's last gleam,
And I sleep—like a tired beast! But 'tis seldom of sleep that I dream.
In dreams I am up, and away, I am threading the path once more;
And the Shadow's as far behind as He may be far before!

I have strangled the slave at the gate! I have broken the house He made!
 'Twas His will I should fight His will, and I'm fighting it now, unafraid!
 Yes! It's mile after mile of night, and after the last mile, *day*
 On the dawn-thing, here, in the breast, that the Slayer Himself can't slay!

THE POET-INVENTOR.

Hudson Maxim is known as an inventor of smokeless powder; but he is not only a scientist and a manufacturer, for the book before us entitled *The Science of Poetry and the Philosophy of Language*, proves that he is also a philosopher and a poet. He characterizes the intention of his book thus:

"Whatever the subject of any investigation may be, whether poetry, biology, ethics or torpedo warfare, the same scientific method of procedure must be followed. We must first unravel the complex and heterogeneous back to first principles, and then reason forward from the simple to the complex, from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, from what we know to what we would learn. Such are the methods pursued by all successful inventors, scientific investigators and discoverers."

On the ground that articulate speech is not the privilege solely of man, inasmuch as parrots, the lyre bird and other creatures possess perfect organs of speech, Mr. Maxim claims that the distinctive feature of human speech is the use of metaphor or trope. He points out in his premises that language has a twofold function, namely, to express thought and to impress thought. He holds that we *express* thought by means of non-emotional sounds used as the arbitrary signs of ideas; and that we *impress* thought and stimulate and qualify the mind of the hearer for perception by emotional concomitants of the symbolic sounds.

Mr. Maxim declares that just as brass is an alloy of copper and zinc, just as water is a compound of oxygen and hydrogen, so are the forty elementary sounds of our language alloys or compounds of sounds of different tone colors, that is to say, of different tone-color blends.

There are two kinds of tone-color blends: those of meaning, which have only a symbolic use, and those which have emotional significance and no symbolic use. Consequently, the forty elementary sounds of our language may be considered as non-emotional tone-color blends, which differ from one another sufficiently to be easily distinguished and coordinated by the ear. That they are non-emotional is easily seen by a repetition of the alphabet or by counting.

Thought, then, is *expressed* by means of non-emotional tone-color blends, arbitrarily used as the signs of ideas; and thought is *impressed* and the mind of the hearer stimulated and qualified for perception by superimposing, upon these non-emotional tone-color blends, other and emotional tone-color blends. Thus we learn that the non-emotional constituents of the sounds we use as the signs of ideas to *express* thought, are entirely differentiated from the emotional constituents which give *impressiveness* to verse or music or song.

That which we distinguish as the difference between *a* and *o*, for example, is due to the difference in their tone-color blending. We can utter *a* and *o* with the same loudness and duration, and with the same pitch, but we cannot utter them with the same tone-color blending. We can also utter them with emotions indicative of pleasure or of pain.

It becomes evident, then, that all thought *expression* depends primarily