

BOOKS FOR THE BAIRNS.—No. 99.

SOME

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TALES  
OF THE  
ANCIENT  
GREEKS.

ILLUSTRATED BY  
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AND  
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FAIRY TALES  
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# BOVRIL

"Wherever  
did I put  
that BOVRIL?"



Reg. S. N. B.

"Wherever did I put  
that BOVRIL?"





## AURORA, GODDESS OF THE DAWN.

THIS is the story of a goddess whom the ancient Greeks believed to have married a mortal.

The immortals often fell in love with the beautiful maidens and handsome youths they met on earth, and took them away to their palaces on Mount Olympus.

But sometimes they forgot to ask the other gods to give them the gift of immortality, and in a few years they would fade away and die; or if they asked for immortality, they would forget to beg for eternal youth too, and then the poor human men and women would become feeble and decrepit, and unlike all the other dwellers on Olympus, who were said to be young and beautiful for ever.

Then, when their husbands or wives were quite tired of them, and yet sorry for their plight, they





AURORA, GODDESS OF THE DAWN.



would take them back and change them into animals or plants. They were happier on earth, even as trees or grasshoppers, than they had been in the golden palaces of Olympus.

But they would have been happier still if the gods had left them alone, to live and die among their fellows : don't you think so ?

Aurora, the goddess of the dawn, was one of the loveliest of the Greek divinities.

When the old Greeks watched the colours of the dawn flaming in the eastern sky, crimson and purple and rosy pink, they pictured a beautiful maiden, with a face rosy as the dawn itself, driving in her chariot through the gates of pearl to herald the opening day. Her robe was of crimson, her mantle violet, and she had a star in her forehead and a torch in her hand.

They called her Aurora, goddess of the morning ; but she was goddess of twilight too, and for this reason her palace lay far away in the west, on an island set like a jewel in the blue sea.

Here were flowery gardens and beautiful lawns, and here Aurora would rest during the heat of the day ; but when the sun had set, she would wend her way back, with the star shining in her forehead and the torch alight in her hand, to wait behind the gates of the morning for another dawn. Sometimes, instead of driving across the sky, she would come down a shining pathway to earth, where she was greatly beloved.





“I WILL ASK ZEUS TO LET YOU LIVE FOR EVER.”



She shed dew upon the plants and flowers to revive them, and gave mankind a happy morning greeting, and wakened the birds as she passed. But although many loved her, no mortal had ever stirred her heart until she fell in love with Tithonus, son of the King of Troy.

He was a straight-limbed, handsome youth, who loved sport and dancing and singing, and was the idol of his father's palace.

They met one morning, outside the gates of pearl, and Tithonus, gazing into her radiant face, felt his heart beat as it had never beat before. And Aurora, seeing what a gallant fellow he looked, smiled upon him, and loved him in return.

After that Tithonus gave up his sport, and waited for her every morning by the gates of the dawn.

"Will you be my wife?" he asked, when they had spent many happy days together.

"Yes. You shall come and live with me in my island in the western sea."

"But—I forgot—" said her lover sadly. "I shall grow old, and die. We shall only be together a few years."

"I will ask Zeus, the father of the gods, to let you live for ever," replied Aurora, after a moment's thought.

So Zeus granted Tithonus the boon of eternal life, and the goddess took him away to her beautiful palace, where life seemed to glide away like the waters of a golden stream—they loved each other so much.





SHE TOOK HIM BACK TO EARTH, AND TURNED HIM INTO A GRASSHOPPER.



Alas! however. Aurora, in asking Zeus to make her husband immortal, had forgotten to ask for the gift of eternal youth.

As years went on, he grew weak and old; his strong frame shrivelled up, his hair became white.

His wife remained as fair and young as ever, and he was proud of her beauty even when he became an elderly man.

But at last he grew too old to take pleasure in anything. His legs were too feeble to carry him, his eyes too dim to see; and the only thing which seemed to be left was his voice.

Aurora kept him with her a long time, but at last she grew tired of hearing his complaints. He was always praying the gods to allow him to die, and this she knew they would never do, as she had begged the gift of immortality for him.

As his voice was the only thing remaining, he used it incessantly, talking in shrill, monotonous accents, and not caring whether anyone listened or not.

Aurora was sorry for him, but she did not love him any more, because there was nothing of the old Tithonus left in this shrunken old man, with the crooked legs, who hardly knew her. So she took him back to earth, and turned him into a grasshopper.

When you see the rosy morning clouds, think of Aurora, stepping in her crimson mantle through the gates of pearl. And when you hear the shrill chirp-chirp-chirp of the grasshopper in the stubble, remember Tithonus, her husband.





DIANA, GODDESS OF THE MOON AND THE CHASE.



## DIANA, GODDESS OF THE MOON.

DIANA, the goddess of the moon, carried a silver bow, and her arrows were silver-tipped. She was the goddess of hunting too, and as a huntress she is depicted in a short tunic, hardly reaching to her knees, and with a quiver slung over her shoulder.

When you go to Paris you will see a famous statue in the Louvre, "Diana of Versailles," which represents her in this fashion.

But as goddess of the moon, the Greeks imagined her as wearing long dark robes, a flowing veil, glittering with stars, sweeping to her feet, and a silver crescent on her forehead.

This sounds like the picture of a starry night, doesn't it?

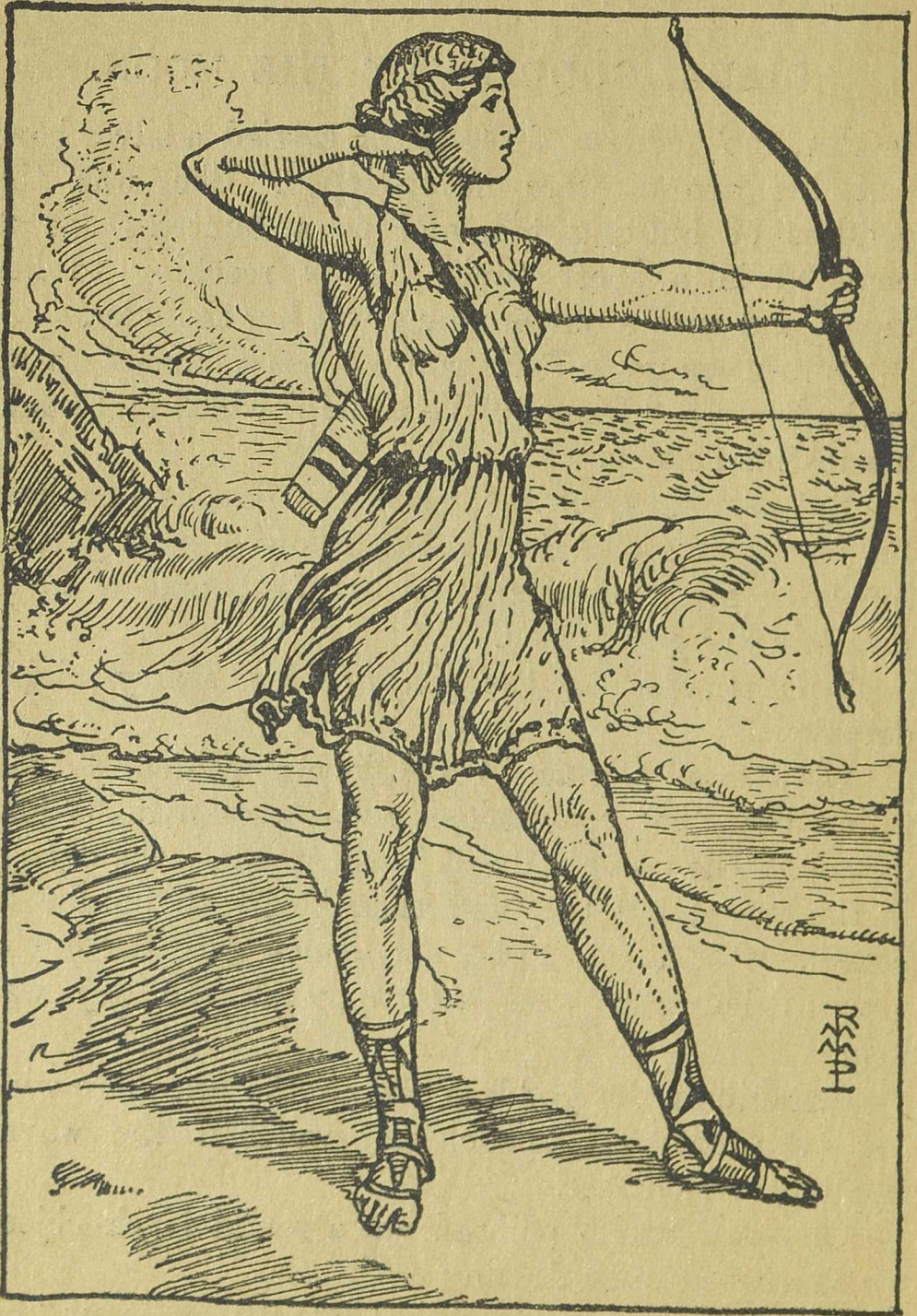
Diana was a graceful and lovely maiden, a head taller than her companions, who were nymphs and dryads. The nymphs dwelt in the streams, the dryads in the trees; but they left their homes to hunt wild beasts with Diana, or play and dance with her in the green fields, and were as happy as the day was long.

Sometimes the goddess sat on the sea-shore with her twin brother, Apollo, and watched the waves rippling at their feet.

One day Apollo pointed out a round black object which seemed to be floating in the sea.

"I challenge you to pierce it with an arrow," he said.





DIANA SENT AN ARROW THROUGH ORION'S HEAD.



Now, Apollo knew quite well what this round black ball was. It was the head of the giant Orion, whose father, Neptune, had given him the power of walking through the sea.

And Apollo was jealous of him, because he loved Diana, and often came to see her, striding through the water with his head above the waves. But Diana could not recognize him at such a distance, and in answer to her brother's challenge, drew her bow, and sent an arrow through Orion's head.

She did not know what she had done until the tide swept his dead body to her feet. Then his dog, Sirius, ran up, whining and licking his master's face, and Diana was very much grieved.

"Ah, Sirius!" she said, "you have lost him on earth, but you shall dwell with him for evermore in heaven."

So she gave Orion, and Sirius, and the giant's belt and his sword a place among the stars, where they shine to this day.

Diana was a powerful goddess, as you have seen from this story, and to mortals she was a good friend, but a dangerous enemy.

A Greek named Agamemnon offended her by killing a stag in one of her sacred groves. The fortune tellers declared that Diana could only be appeased by the sacrifice of his daughter Iphigenia. For a long time the father resisted, but at last he was obliged to give her up. However, when the fair young girl lay bound upon the altar, and the knife was about to descend, the goddess herself took pity on her.





THE NYMPHS SAW A MAN LOOKING DOWN UPON THEM.



Wrapping her in a cloud, she carried her away to a safe place, and sent a deer to be sacrificed instead.

She was not so kind to the young hunter, Actæon, who happened to surprise her bathing with her nymphs one day.

They were splashing about in a clear woodland pool which the goddess held sacred to herself, when the leaves above them parted suddenly, and the nymphs saw a man looking down upon them.

Perhaps he had come upon them accidentally, but the gods were not in the habit of asking whether mortals offended them with purpose or not.

Diana, her eyes flaming with anger, flung some water in his face, and bade him begone. And as Actæon fled away, hair began to sprout over his body, and horns grew out of his head. He felt that he could run better on all fours than on his two legs, and down he went, rushing through the paths of the forest like a wild beast.

But he did not know what had happened to him until he came to a stream, and, looking into the water, found that Diana had changed him into a stag.

Soon his own dogs began to pursue him, and as he could not tell them who he was, they hunted him until they killed him.

After that the Greek hunters gave Diana's pool a wide berth, and if they heard the sound of splashing and laughter behind the screen of leaves, they took good care not to look through.





NEPTUNE, GOD OF THE SEA.



## NEPTUNE, GOD OF THE SEA.

THERE was one golden palace on Olympus which was nearly always empty. Only when there was a great council of the gods did the owner occupy it; at other times he lived in his own more beautiful palace, which was situated—can you guess where?

At the bottom of the sea!

It was built of pure gold, and large enough to hold thousands of people. The floor was strewn with white sand, mingled with precious stones, amber, and pearls. There were coral groves and crystal rocks, and sea-gardens full of bright-coloured anemones, and seaweed, and tall waving grasses. Little fishes swam in and out, and there were caves and grottoes where the ocean nymphs dwelt.

The king, whom they all obeyed, was Neptune, god of the sea; it was he who had built this stately palace at the bottom of the sea, and here he reigned, with Amphitrite, his wife, and Triton, his son, over all the dwellers in the ocean.

In his hand he carried a three-pronged fork, such as the Mediterranean fishermen still use for spearing fish. Neptune's fork was called a trident, and he certainly did not confine himself to spearing eels with it. He





TRITON ON THE BACK OF A SEA MONSTER.



used it to lash the waves into a tempest, or to cause earthquakes, or to raise up new islands out of the sea. And if he dug it into the ground, a stream of clear fresh water would spring forth from the place.

Neptune could bring about storm or calm as he chose. When the old Greeks saw the white waves rushing upon the beach and boats tossing like cockle-shells on the water, they said he was angry ; and when the sea grew blue and calm again, they thought his anger was appeased.

On summer evenings, when the lovely colours of sunset lay upon the waters, they pictured him driving forth in his chariot of pearls, drawn by sea horses with golden manes, and preceded by a host of mermen and sea maidens, dancing and gambolling through the waves, while his son, Triton, blew his horn in their midst.

Triton was half man, half fish, and the sport he loved best was to ride over the waters on the back of some sea monster. The horn he blew was made from a shell, and the sound like the distant thunder of waves breaking upon the rocks.

His mother, Amphitrite, had been a mermaid, or sea nymph, and this is probably the reason why Triton had the tail of a dolphin where his legs should have been.

Neptune married Amphitrite because she was so beautiful ; but, like many of the gods, he was rather





“SCYLLA SWÉPT DOWN UPON THE SHIPS.”



fickle, and afterwards fell in love with a fair maiden named Scylla.

Amphitrite was very angry, and one day, when she came upon Scylla bathing in a spring, she threw some herbs into the water which transformed her into a monster.

Neptune had praised her slim feet and her pretty white neck ; now Amphitrite caused her to have twelve ugly feet, and six heads with long lean necks. And because he had admired her sweet voice, it was changed into the hoarse bark of a dog.

Ashamed of anyone seeing her, poor Scylla went away to live in a cave near the top of a great rock. This rock is still called "Scylla," and you will find it on the map in the middle of the Straits of Messina.

Here Scylla, by degrees, lost her gentle nature and kind heart, and became savage and cruel. She swept down upon the ships as they sailed past, and devoured a sailor with each of her six heads.

This is what the Greeks said to account for the many lives which were lost in the straits.

It is a dangerous passage to this day, although we no longer believe in a devouring monster there, because we know that cross currents and sunken reefs can work quite as much mischief as ever Scylla was supposed to do.

Once Neptune and the goddess Athene quarrelled about the name of a city. Athene said it must be





ATHENE.



called after her, and Neptune that it must be called after him.

As they could not agree, Neptune asked the other gods to decide for them. The gods said the privilege should belong to the one who could give mankind the most useful gift.

“I will give them the horse,” said Neptune, and at his bidding a magnificent horse, the first ever seen upon earth, sprang out of the ground.

“And I, the olive tree,” said Athene, touching the earth with her wand.

“The privilege is Athene’s,” said the gods. “The olive means peace and plenty; but the horse is a symbol of war and desolation.”

So Athene christened the city Athens; and Neptune went back to his ocean palace in a rage.

He thought Athens would never prosper; but it did, and became the most glorious and famous city of the world.

However, the horse proved a useful gift too, and Neptune tamed it, and taught men how to use the bridle; and when the Greeks began to have horse and chariot races, they held the very first in honour of the sea god.

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PERSEPHONE IN THE WOODS.



## PERSEPHONE\* AND THE DAFFODILS

PERSEPHONE was one of the fairest maidens the sun ever shone upon. Her eyes were blue like the summer seas, her hair golden, her voice sweet as a silver bell.

She might have lived in a beautiful palace of gold and silver and ivory, at the top of Mount Olympus, with the other Greek gods and goddesses, but she liked the sunshine and flowers and the green grassy spaces of earth far better; and when her mother, Demeter, tried to persuade her to take her rightful place among her sister goddesses she smiled and shook her head.

“You would be safe and happy up there,” said Demeter anxiously.

Demeter was always afraid of some evil happening to her beautiful daughter when she was not there to protect her; and she, of course, had her abode on Olympus, and could only visit earth occasionally. These happy days she spent with Persephone, wandering through the woodlands, or sitting by the sea-shore watching the waves rippling over the sand.

No one saw them, for, being immortals, they had the power of making themselves invisible; but when Demeter smiled upon Persephone, the fruit ripened, and the corn grew twice as quickly as at any other time.

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\* Pronounced like this—Per-sef-o-nee.





AT THAT MOMENT THE EARTH OPENED.



Then the Greek farmers said to each other, "There will be a good harvest this year." And they did not know it was because two beautiful goddesses were walking through their fields, and that one of them was Demeter, the goddess of fruitful harvests.

One morning Persephone went into the fields to gather daffodils. The sea nymphs were with her, and they made wreaths of daffodils for their yellow hair, and garlands to hang round their shoulders.

By and by Persephone found a flower she had never seen before. It was a white narcissus, but instead of one or two starry flowers crowning the stem, a hundred blooms were growing on one stalk.

"How lovely! How glorious!" she murmured, kneeling down to look at it more closely.

The whole air was scented with the perfume, and she called her friends to come and see the wonderful treasure she had lighted upon.

But at that moment a terrible thing happened. The earth opened, and a great black gulf yawned beneath her feet. Out of it came a chariot drawn by four black horses, and a mighty figure, whose face she could not see, snatched her up in his arms, and bore her away to the regions below the earth.

"It is Aïdes, the King of Shades!" cried the nymphs, wringing their hands. "He has taken her to the land where spirits dwell after death!"

The gulf closed, and the daffodils grew in the green





DEMETER, IN DISGUISE, MEETS THE PRINCESSES AT THE WELL.



grass above it, but the narcissus with the hundred blossoms had disappeared. It was a magic flower which Aïdes had planted for a moment to attract Persephone's attention and give him time to carry her off.

When Demeter came to look for her, the nymphs had gone away, and there was no one to tell her what had become of her daughter.

For nine weary days and nights she searched for Persephone, her heart growing sadder every day. On the tenth day she was just as far from knowing her fate as on the first, although she had lighted two special torches in the flames of Mount Etna and taken them with her to aid her in the search.

"I will disguise myself as a mortal," she said, at last, "and among mortals I may hear something of her."

So she put on the form of an old, wrinkled woman, and sat down by the side of a well, under an olive tree, in a part of Greece called Attica. At sunset some young girls came with brass pails, to draw water from the well.

"What a poor, poor old woman!" whispered one of them to her sister.

"Have pity on me, Princess!" said Demeter, looking up. "Is there no corner in your father's palace for me?"

"How did you know we were princesses?" asked the eldest girl, setting down her pail.





"SO, SO! SHE SAID; "AMBROSIA BY DAY, AND A BED OF FIRE BY NIGHT."



“Old women know most things,” replied Demeter. “Go and ask your mother, the queen, if there is any humble post she can give me about the house. I will serve her faithfully.”

The princesses hastened away, and presently came back to tell her that Queen Metaneira was in need of a nurse for her baby son.

These young princesses had been taught to be kind to the poor, and they took the old woman to the palace, and wished her to have supper with them.

“No, children. Your food is not the kind I require,” she replied. “Let one of the servants bring me some barley-meal, and mint, and water, and prepare it as I direct.”

So this was done, and then Demeter took the baby boy in her arms and nursed him the rest of the evening.

When the household had gone to bed, she carried him into the hall, where a fire was blazing, and laid him among the flames. The baby did not cry or struggle; he lay smiling, as if on a bed of roses; for the goddess would not allow the fire to hurt him.

“So! So!” she said, nodding and smiling back at him. “Ambrosia by day, and a bed of fire by night—these two things will make you immortal as the gods themselves, my son.”

In the morning she gave him nothing to eat, but





IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT THE QUEEN CREPT DOWN TO THE HALL.



rubbed his limbs with ambrosia, the food of the gods, and at night she laid him among the flames again.

Day by day the little prince grew stronger and rosier, and the king was so proud of his bonny son, he said there was not such another child in Attica.

“Is it true,” he said to Demeter one day, “that you never feed him?”

“That you must not ask,” she replied gravely.

“And that you carry him into the hall for some strange purpose every evening?”

“That you must not know either, your Majesty.”

“Tell me then, at least, if he is not the most beautiful child you have ever nursed?” said the infatuated king.

“My own daughter was far lovelier, but I have lost her,” replied Demeter very sadly.

“To-night I will go into the hall and see what she does,” said Queen Metaneira.

“Better not,” advised her husband; “she may be a goddess in disguise, and you will anger her.”

But the queen’s curiosity was so great that, in the middle of the night, she crept down to the hall. The old woman had the child in her arms, and with her foot she stirred the smouldering logs into flames. Then she laid the young prince on the fire, and his mother screamed in terror.

In a moment the bent form of the old nurse straightened itself; she grew young and tall and





"I AM THE GODDESS DEMETER," SHE SAID.



majestic, with golden hair floating about her shoulders ; and, before the queen could speak, she lifted the child out of the fire and laid him gently on the ground.

“I am the goddess Demeter,” she said, “and I would have made your son immortal ; but your curiosity has prevented it.”

The queen begged her pardon humbly, but Demeter would not nurse the child any longer, and soon afterwards left the palace.

This was a sad year for the harvest. Demeter was still mourning for Persephone, and because there were no smiles on her face the corn would not ripen or the fruit grow. The farmers sowed, but there was no grain to reap. The other gods were afraid of a famine, and sent messages to her from Olympus.

“There shall be no harvest until Persephone is restored to me,” said the goddess.

And at last they were obliged to ask Aïdes to part with Demeter’s daughter.

Persephone was now the wife of Aïdes, and sat by his side on a splendid throne in the Land of Shades. She was as fair as ever ; but she had never been happy there, and when Hermes, the messenger of the gods, came to ask Aïdes to release her, she begged her husband to let her go.

Hermes was a bright-faced youth, with silver wings on his feet, and his cap had silver wings too. When he came like a flash of light into the Land of Shades he





PERSEPHONE.

(From the painting by DANTE GABRIELLE ROSSETTI.)



reminded Persephone of the sunshine and daffodils and all the beautiful shining things above.

“Let me go,” she said, stretching out her hands.

So Aïdes allowed her to go back with Hermes, and before long she was clasped in her mother’s arms.

“You have never eaten anything in the Land of Shades, have you, Persephone?” asked Demeter.

“Why, mother?”

“Because anyone who tastes food there is bound to stay for ever.”

“My husband gave me a few pomegranate seeds, and I ate them on my way to earth,” confessed Persephone, trembling.

When Demeter heard this, she flew to Olympus and besought the gods to have pity on her.

“Do not take Persephone away from me again,” she pleaded.

The chief gods held a consultation together.

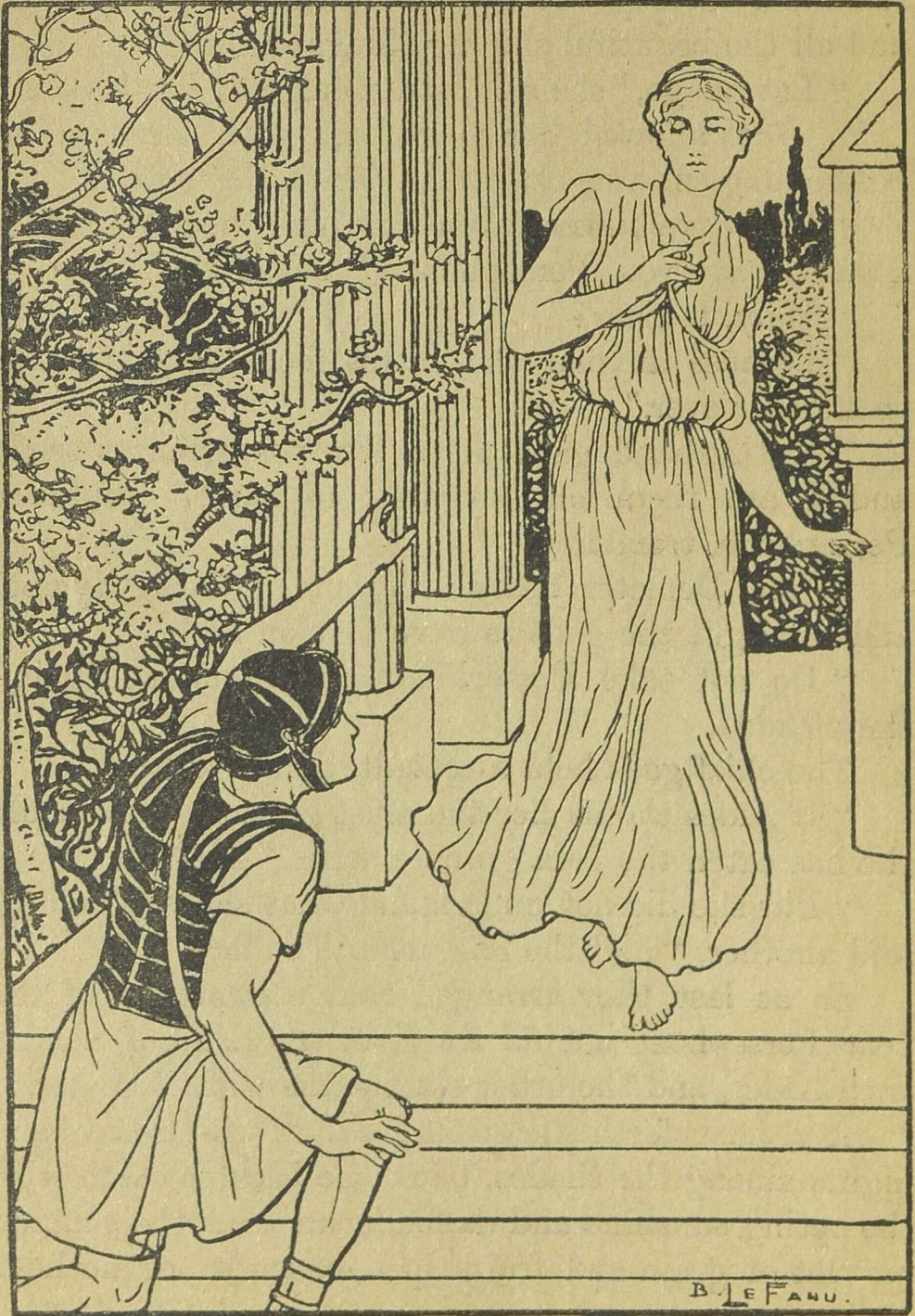
“If Aïdes claims her she must go back. After all, she has eaten the pomegranate seeds,” said one.

“But she did not understand what she was doing,” said another, “and the harvest will suffer.”

So at last they arranged that six months of the year Persephone should dwell in the Land of Shades with Aïdes, and the other six months with Demeter.

And henceforth she spent the dark winter days and nights among the shades, but came back to earth with the spring sunshine and daffodils, and saw the summer harvest of grain and fruit ripen beneath her mother’s smile.





HE FELL DOWN AND WORSHIPPED PSYCHE, CALLING HER THE GODDESS OF BEAUTY.



## THE STORY OF PSYCHE.\*

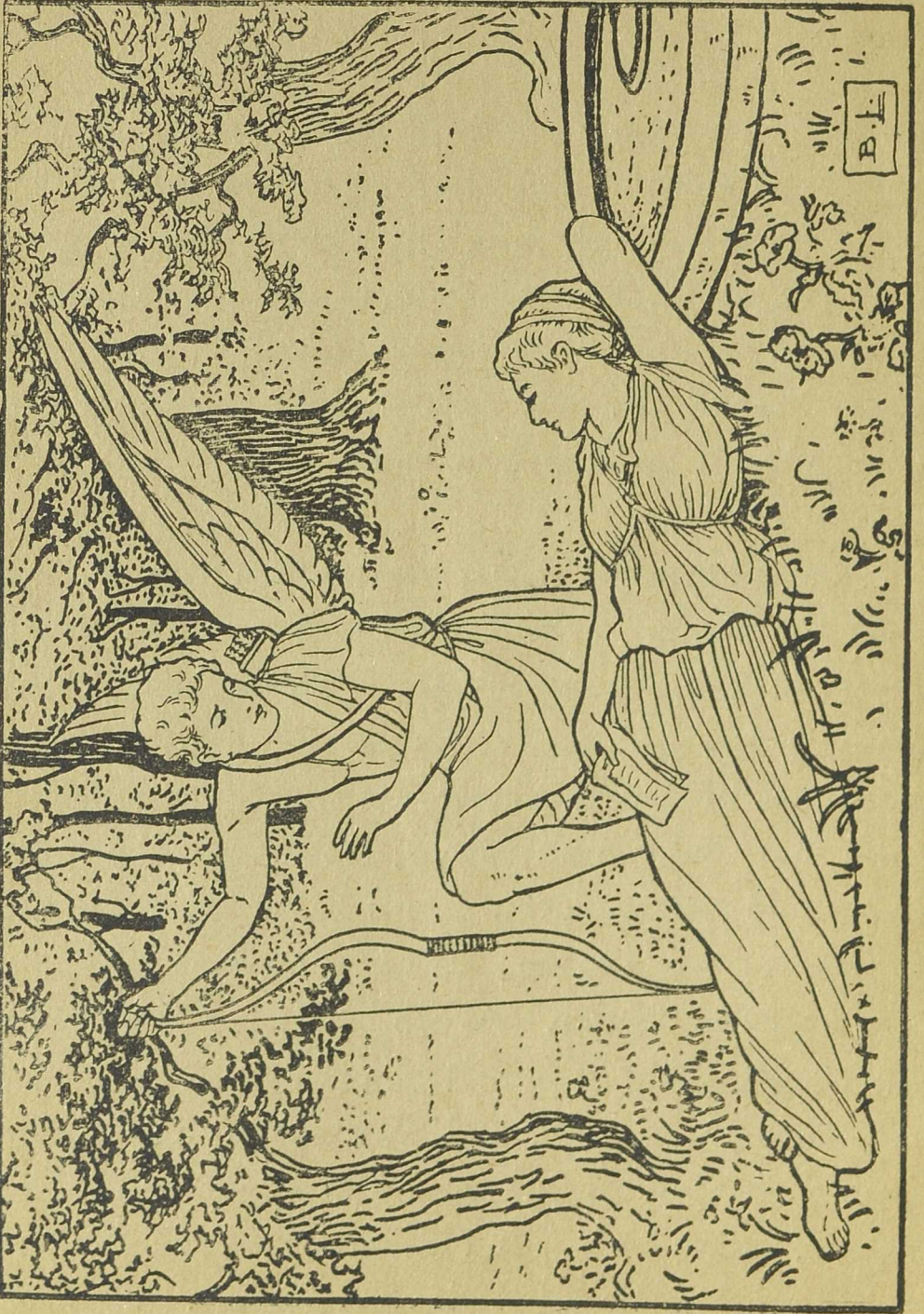
ONCE upon a time there dwelt in Greece a king who had three beautiful daughters. The two elder sisters were married to rich men, but Psyche, the youngest and most beautiful, remained unmarried in her father's palace. She was so gloriously beautiful that people seeing her for the first time thought she was not a mortal, but a goddess who had come to earth for a time.

Now it happened that a warrior from over the seas came to worship in the Temple of Venus, and seeing Psyche standing in front of the altar, he thought that she was the goddess Venus herself who had condescended to appear to her worshipper, and he fell down and worshipped Psyche, calling her the great goddess of beauty. Now Venus heard this, and her anger was terrible to see; from that moment she hated poor harmless Psyche. So she called her son, Cupid, the winged god of love, told him the whole story, and bade him go to earth and slay the maiden whose beauty offended his mother. This Love promised to do, and, taking his bow and his quiver full of arrows, he flew down to earth full of his cruel purpose.

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\* Pronounce the name like this—Sy-kee.





CUPID LOOKED DOWN AT THE HELPLESS PSYCHE.

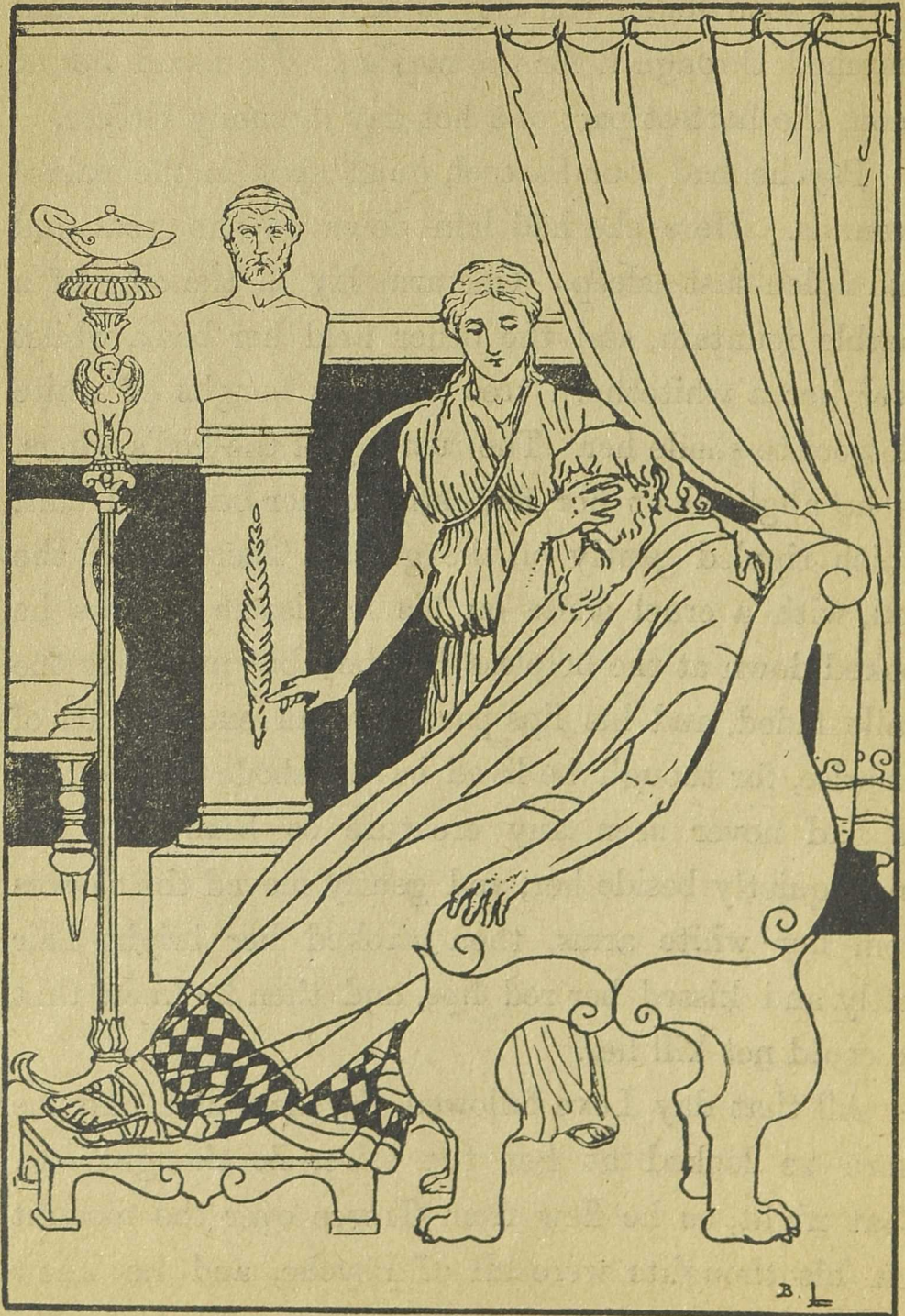


He soon found the city where Psyche lived, and searched through it for the maiden. He found her at noon, the hottest part of a hot day in sunny Greece.

Psyche had found a cool, quiet spot in the palace grounds. Here she had lain down on the grass and had fallen fast asleep. One arm lay on the edge of a marble fountain, and the other held her book, whilst over her a whitethorn tree bent its boughs of white blossom to shade her. The rustling of the god's wings, as he alighted at her feet, stirred her beautiful hair, which rippled gently on the grass. There stood the god, with a cruel smile on his handsome face, as he looked down at the helpless Psyche; but presently the smile faded, and his lips parted in an exclamation of surprise, for though he lived in the abode of the gods he had never seen any creature so beautiful. He knelt quietly beside her, and gently moved the sleeves from her white arms, then stroked her bright hair softly and kissed her red lips, and then he knew that he could not kill her.

All that day Love followed Psyche about, and the more he looked at her the fairer he thought her. That night, as he flew from Greece over the moonlit sea, his thoughts were all of Psyche, and he knew that he who broke all men's hearts would now suffer





B. L.

TERRIBLE WAS THE GRIEF OF THE OLD KING.



in the same way himself unless he could marry Psyche.

But how could he do it? Finally, he went to Apollo, the sun god, and asked his help to win her. Apollo said he would help if he could, and the opportunity soon came, for the old king, Psyche's father, began to notice that his people were not so prosperous as they had been, nor so happy and contented; moreover, his favourite Psyche did not find a husband. So the old man sent messengers to the Temple of Apollo to ask why these troubles were come on the land, and how they could be removed.

Apollo answered that the gods were angry because of Psyche, the maiden who was too fair for a mortal, and that the only way to bring back peace in the land was this—to dress Psyche in bridal robes and take her in the evening to a rugged cliff by the sea.

“There,” said the oracle, “must she be left alone till a monster come out of the sea, a ruthless, cruel, flaming beast, who will bear her away with him. If this is done, all will be well, but if when the beast comes to the rock the maiden is not there, then will he roam through the land and kill every man, woman, and child.”

Terrible was the grief of the old king when





PSYCHE WAS LEFT ALONE.



he heard this. He could not bear to think of Psyche thrown to the cruel monster, and he wanted to give up his throne and fly with her secretly.

But Psyche shook her head, and said she: "I would rather die thus horribly, dear father, and know that the people were happy, than live in peace, knowing that all the land must perish because of Psyche's cowardice."

The old king would not listen to her, but he was not allowed to choose, for the people, in fear for their lives, came in thousands to his palace, determined that Psyche should die. So that afternoon Psyche lay down, pale and tired, for her last sleep on earth, while her weeping women got together the richest bridal robes to be found. When she woke they dressed her splendidly, and spread her golden hair all down her robe; then at sunset they led her out of the city to the lonely rock, her bride-maidens following two by two with lighted torches, and the minstrels playing music. Behind came the poor old king, lamenting loudly. So at last they came to the rock, and, after many tears and sad farewells, they all turned back, and poor Psyche was left alone to await the coming of the monster; and, brave though she had been all along,





FROM ROOM TO ROOM SHE WALKED, WONDERING WHO OWNED THE PLACE.



when she thought of the horrid monster so soon to come for her, her courage forsook her, and she fell fainting on the ground.

Now, Love, who was watching all afar off, called to him Zephyrus, the gentle wind, and bade him carry Psyche from the hill top, and bear her away to a far-off green valley, and lay her on the daisies in front of Love's own golden house.

So when the rising sun woke all things to life, Psyche awoke to find herself lying deep in fragrant flowers in a strange valley. Remembering her trouble, she looked round for the monster, but she saw no living thing, save the birds and the bees. And as she pondered she felt a thrill of happiness—such as she had never known before—running through her. It was because the god of love, though invisible and far away, was thinking of her. So, taking heart, Psyche rose from the flowers and started up the valley. Soon she saw Love's golden house gleaming through the trees; she hastened on, and, opening a wicket, passed through a beautiful garden, and thence into the golden house. Here she found no one, but from room to room she walked, wondering more and more who owned this place. For it was far finer than her father's palace; the furniture, the hangings, the ornaments





CUPID AND PSYCHE. From marble statuary.



were more beautiful than anything she had seen, and yet no one seemed to live there.

Now, about noon Psyche wandered into a room where a dainty feast was spread ; she was very hungry, but did not like to eat uninvited, and was turning away, when a voice called her by name. She stopped, trembling, hearing the voice, but seeing no one. The voice bade her cast away all fear, eat, and do whatsoever she would, for this house was the home of the husband the gods would send her that night. So Psyche ate her food, and then lay and rested, while unseen musicians sang her to sleep. When she awoke it was quite dark, and Psyche was frightened, for she heard a rustling beside her. It was the wings of Love, who spoke to her out of the darkness, and such was the power of the mighty god that, though Psyche could not see her companion, she soon ceased to fear.

Each night Love came to her, and Psyche was happier than she had ever been before, though she never saw her lover, for when she awoke with the dawn he had gone, and she was alone in the golden house.

So the days passed, until one day Psyche dreamed she saw her father and sisters weeping for her, and that night she asked leave to see her people once more.





HE TOLD HER THAT NOW HE MUST LEAVE HER FOR EVER.



Love spoke sadly, saying that he feared trouble would come if he granted her request; still, he did grant it, and next day her sisters came to the golden house and spent the day with her. They were amazed at all the splendour Psyche showed them, and when they went away at night she loaded them with rich gifts. But they were greedy and envious, and very inquisitive, especially when they found that Psyche had never seen her lover.

Moreover, by this time Venus had discovered what had become of Psyche, and her anger was increased against her, so she threw into Psyche's dreams an evil thought, and made her wish for her sisters again. Sadly Love granted it, and allowed them to come.

When the envious sisters came, they seemed very sad, and told Psyche how they had told a wise old man about their sister, and he had said she was married to a loathsome, hideous fiend in the form of a serpent. He had given them a charmed knife and a magic lamp for Psyche, and bade her light the lamp while her lover slept, and see for herself what a hideous thing he was, then kill him with the knife.

Poor Psyche could not sleep that night, and at last she rose up, lighted the lamp, and, trembling, held it over her lover; and then she started back with a cry,



for there before her, in splendour such as she had never imagined, lay the god of love himself. As she turned away he woke, and his anger was terrible as he told her that now he must leave her for ever, leave her to go through all her life alone in pain and suffering, that she who had been bride of Love must drag on her weary life without Love henceforth.

Then in anger and bitter grief he turned and vanished from her sight, and Psyche, miserable and heavy-hearted, passed out of the golden house whose doors shut fast behind her, and through the beautiful garden for the last time out into the green valley to wander loveless and alone through a cruel world. And did Love care nothing for her grief and misery, or did he think, and work, and contrive until he had found a way to help her? Perhaps we shall find that out later on.

---



## APOLLO, GOD OF THE SUN.

APOLLO, god of the sun, and Diana, goddess of the moon, were twins.

When they were little babies their young mother was cruelly persecuted by Hera, the wife of Zeus, father of the gods. She was obliged to fly from place to place, carrying the children with her; until at last an immortal named Themis took pity upon her, and told her to leave Apollo in her charge.

Themis wrapped the child in swaddling clothes, and gave him nectar and ambrosia (supposed to be the food of the Greek gods), thinking he would grow fairer and stronger day by day. But as the celestial food touched his lips, he burst the bands in which she had swathed him, and, leaping to the ground, grew before her astonished eyes from a baby into a boy, and from a boy into a youth of great beauty.

His eyes were deep blue, his hair long and golden, and his face glowed with life and health.

“Give me a lyre and a bow,” he said. “The



golden lyre shall be my friend, the bent bow my delight, and in oracles will I foretell the dark future."

On Olympus the gods received him with great joy; and gave him the chariot of the sun to drive.

The Greeks thought the sun was a golden chariot, driven from east to west across the sky every day, and because Apollo was the driver, they called him the god of the sun. They made him the god of music too, because the birds fill the woods with melody when the sun shines upon them. And the god of medicine, for the wise old Greeks knew how many ills the bright golden sunshine can cure. He was also the god of prophecy, for he knew what the future would bring forth, as he had told Themis.

But chiefly they liked to think of him as the sun god, driving his prancing horses through the blue summer sky, or wandering through field and wood playing sweet music upon his golden lyre.

Once he slew an enormous serpent, the Python, which was the terror of the surrounding district, and the grateful people built a temple in his honour.

Although Apollo had more glorious gifts than any of the gods, fortune did not always smile upon him.



Soon after he had slain the Python he laughed at Cupid, the little god of love, who was shooting his arrows into the hearts of men.

“Such weapons are more suited to the slayer of the Python than to the breaker of hearts,” he said mockingly

“The arrow of Cupid shall pierce thy heart, O Python slayer!” replied Cupid, in anger.

Away he flew to the top of Mount Parnassus, and took from his quiver two darts: one of gold, which inspired love; one of lead, which inspired hatred.

With the leaden dart he pierced the breast of a beautiful nymph named Daphne, and with the gold dart that of Apollo.

By and by, when Apollo lay resting in the shade, this lovely nymph passed by, and he sprang up to follow her.

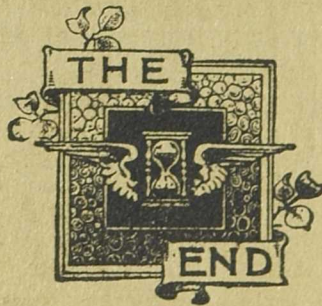
Perhaps, had it not been for the dart of lead, she might have looked into his blue eyes, and loved him; but as it was, hatred lent wings to her feet, and she ran, and ran, faster than the wind. Faster still sped the sun god after her, calling her by every endearing name, and imploring her to stop.



Daphne's heart beat quickly with fear; she felt that he was gaining upon her; in a few moments those strong victorious arms outstretched behind would clasp her.

"Father Peneus! save me! save me!" she gasped despairingly. Hardly had she spoken, when her feet became fixed in the ground; her swaying, graceful body grew rigid like the stem of a tree; her hair, tossing and tumbling in the wind, turned into leaves and branches.

The river god had changed her into a laurel tree. Then Apollo crowned his head with the laurel leaves, and vowed that the tree should be held sacred to himself for evermore. "Moreover," he said, "let the leaves of this tree be evergreen, in memory of my hapless love."





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