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# JANE ELLEN HARRISON

## AN ADDRESS

Delivered at Newnham College  
October 27th, 1928



BY

GILBERT MURRAY

*Regius Professor of Greek in the University  
of Oxford*

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*Cambridge*

W. HEFFER & SONS LTD.

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## JANE ELLEN HARRISON, 1850-1928

"THE Year Spirit, born young again every spring, has entered into your soul, and taught us all alike to feel ourselves the companions and sharers of your youthfulness."

So wrote Walter Leaf in the address of farewell sent to Jane Harrison by various friends when she left Cambridge for Paris. And in re-reading it, there come to my mind his other words of farewell, the verses in his book on Troy addressed to the memory of three friends, three great Cambridge scholars, Maitland, Butcher, and Verrall:

Χαίρετε κἀν φθιμένοις κεφαλὰὶ φίλαι· οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' Ἀρης  
Χαίρειν τοὺς ζῶους ὀβριμόεργος ἔῃ. . . .  
Εὐδέτε νήδυμον ὕπνον. Ἐγὼ δ' ἐπὶ γήραος οὐδῶ  
Ἵμᾶς δακρύω καὶ σοφίην φθιμένην.

"Be glad among the departed, beloved faces; for Ares with brutal deeds suffers no gladness now among the living. . . . Sleep your deep sleep, while I on the threshold of old age shed tears for you and for learning lost."

Leaf, Verrall, Butcher, Maitland, four of the greatest names of English scholarship are commemorated together in those verses, and Jane Harrison belonged to the same generation and the same brilliant group of friends.

Δακρύω σοφίην φθιμένην. Certainly one has a sense

of learning or at least of scholarship irreparably lost: the focus of study seems to be changing, and it is quite possible that there will never again be scholars who know Greek as Verrall, Butcher, and Leaf knew it. In any case it seems as if the personal acquirement of each of these men, built up by the study and keen observation of fifty years, had just passed away and ceased. There is no Verrall now; no Walter Leaf, and no Jane Harrison. That particular union of skill and power, the fruit of long labour in understanding, appreciating, interpreting the wisdom and beauty of the past, is gone. "Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher; all is vanity . . . because man goeth to his long home and the mourners are about the streets."

If all is vanity, I should like to answer the Preacher, if all is vanity, why did he take the trouble to write down so carefully his own exquisite and penetrating thoughts? Why, above all, did he work them up into a form of such magical beauty? Is not the very existence of the book a confession that, amid all his preaching of the vanity of things, he had faith in the value of philosophic thought, and above all faith in the immediate and enduring value of beauty? And is not that the reason why, as a matter of fact, one rises from reading that last chapter of Ecclesiastes, not depressed but inspired?

If I try to think what was most characteristic of Jane Harrison's work, as compared with that of contemporary scholars, I think perhaps it is that, though she was capable of much steady grind and long research among potsherds and heavy volumes of German, she was always in pursuit of one or the other of two things: either of some discovery which was

not a mere fact, but which radiated truth all about it, or of some creation or fresh revelation of beauty. It was said of a certain great Scotch savant that to him all facts were born free and equal. To her it was much the reverse. If the fact had a living message she embraced it and loved it; if it had not, it was entirely unimportant to her. She had the real artist's indifference to the things that were not serving her purpose, though of course she had the scholar's patience in searching through wastes of apparently unrepaying material for the sake of a result to which they might lead. In the preface to the *Prolegomena*, after explaining that she is approaching Greek religion through the facts of ritual and not through literature, she writes:

"I would guard against misapprehension. Literature as a starting point, and especially the poems of Homer, I am compelled to disallow; yet literature is really my goal. I have tried to understand primitive rites, not from love of their archaism, nor yet wholly from a single-minded devotion to science, but with the definite hope that I might come to a better understanding of some forms of Greek poetry. Religious convention compelled the tragic poets to draw their plots from traditional mythology, from stories whose religious content and motive were already in Homer's days obsolete. A knowledge of, a certain sympathy with . . . this primitive material is one step towards the realisation of its final form in tragedy. It is then in the temple of literature, if but as a hewer of wood and drawer of water, that I still hope to serve."

The sense of literary style was present in all her work. Her lectures had a combination of grace and daring, of playfulness and dignity, which made them unlike any others. Her private letters were, not by study but as it were by instinct, works of art; completely spontaneous and informal, they somehow could not help bubbling with wit and striking out good

phrases. I take the first few that come to my hand out of a bundle:

"I am cross to-day and feel there is no such person as Diké. I denied myself a lovely lace tea-jacket because it was costly, and instantly afterwards lost two £5 notes. What a comfort it is that the things that really matter can't be stolen; things like Iasion."

Iasion was the poem of Theocritus (*κῶμος*, Id. III) about which we were writing. Again, some acquaintance of mine had attacked her unfairly, and I had expressed my indignation to her and also in what I meant to be a kindly expressed but truthful letter to him. I received the answer:

"Your curses are sweeter than honey and the honey-comb. I hate that man's mind. I wish I had seen that kind truthful letter; I expect the insults were unspeakable. By the way I am so relieved you did not catch a worse cold. I saw with consternation that you had no Jaeger boots. I almost asked after them, but my manners are so good."

Again when I could not come somewhere because one of my children had whooping cough:

"Oh dear, Oh dear, those accursed children. I begin to understand how right Elisha was and how really kind and wise was the action of the two She-Bears. All the same I hope it isn't poor little Basil; whooping cough does so shake a baby to bits. I will go to the Verralls and get more gruesome details.

Or again when I had ventured on the correction of a tense in some translation of hers:

"I will not be told that *ἐγγυτριεῖν* is the future of *ἐγγυτριζεῖν*. I knew that before you were born, but not being a pedant I object to the meretricious prestige that some people attach to the present infinitive."

In her published writings one can see a constant interest in beauty, as well, of course, as in discovery. The writing is sometimes careless. She took little

interest in mere correctness for correctness sake. But when the hunt is up and she is off in full cry after some new fact or interpretation, the sentences seem to rush and glow. There is no extraneous ornament; there is no polemic against other scholars, such as so often defaces the style of learned books; it is the joy of the chase conveyed sympathetically to the reader and exactly expressed. The same sense of style and beauty gives rise to one habit of hers which has been much condemned by critics. When she quoted Greek poetry she always liked to translate it into verse: thus the famous passage in Sophocles, *καὶ τὰν ἄβατον θεοῦ φυλλάδα μυριόκαρπον ἀνήλιον ἀνήμερόν τε πάντων χειμῶνων* becomes:

“Footless, sacred, shadowy thicket, where a myriad berries grow,  
Where no heat of the sun may enter, neither wind of the winter  
blow,  
Where the Reveller Dionysus with his nursing nymphs will go.”

(The translation is D. S. MacColl's.) Critics say: “This is wanton. The translation is not exact, yet you mean your argument to be scientific. Why can you not give the Greek text and add a literal prose translation for the benefit of those who do not know Greek?”

And her answer, I think, would be: “Because no prose can ever be an exact translation of poetry. It leaves out what to me matters most. What matters most is the atmosphere and the beauty; and a verse translation, with luck, may give me, not indeed exactly the same atmosphere as the original but an atmosphere that will resemble and suggest it.”

It would, of course, be much safer to use prose. But, as always, she rejects the safe course, because she is not seeking to avoid blame, she is seeking to discover

or express truth, or the nearest possible approach to truth.

There was one peculiarity about the way in which she sought and found beauty which is illustrated by the sentence already quoted from the *Prolegomena*. She liked to find it where it had not been noticed before. She did not really like "the beastly devices of the heathen," but she loved to work among them and understand them and eventually to discover the spiritual beauty latent beneath their uncouth helplessness. She had a rare power of insight and imaginative sympathy; and, it seemed to me, she did not much care for the kind of art that did not demand from a spectator the exercise of that power. A well-written hymn to Zeus the supreme judge, the father of gods and men, left her cold. Athena the armed virgin, the seeker of wisdom, whose vote in the court is always cast on the side of mercy, was too obvious in her beauty, and slightly repelled her. But a smiling dragon with a blue beard, or a man and woman poorly carved on a stele, bearing a speechless sacrifice to a great snake, called for understanding, for sympathetic interpretation, and always got it. She loved, and doubtless idealised, the thought or desire that could not express itself; she loved to help it out, to strip it of its mere externals and expound the aspiration that lay at its heart. She would try to penetrate the real purpose or meaning of a horrible practice like omophagia, or the tearing and devouring of live beasts, and almost forget the fact in the idea, or in what she supposed to be the idea, which informed it. This is doubtless one reason why Russian literature appealed to her so strongly. I remember her weeping over a little story of Tolstoy's about the "Three Old Men."

The three were hermits on an island in the Black Sea, very pious indeed and humble and loving to all men, but terribly ignorant. A bishop goes in a steamer to see them and teach them a few prayers, but finds them too old and stupid to learn. At last he gets—or thinks he has got—one very short and simple prayer into their heads, and leaves the island, feeling rather contemptuous. When night falls he sees a bright light advancing swiftly over the sea behind the steamer; it is the old men who have come, walking on the waves, to beg him to be patient with their great stupidity and teach them the prayer again. Jane Harrison saw that magic light and that unconscious possession of miraculous power in things that were stupid, ugly, primitive and helpless to express themselves.

Mrs. Salter writes of her as a lecturer: "She had an admirable dramatic sense and knew just how to lead an audience to expect a particular point and then give them what they expected"—or perhaps did not expect. "One small instance comes back to me. We were gradually led to expect a revelation, and then with a slightly hushed voice Jane heralded as 'an exquisitely lovely creature' the appearance on the screen of a peculiarly hideous Gorgon, grinning from ear to ear."

There is a vase painting of Helen on p. 323 of the *Prolegomena*, of which she spoke to me with the same hushed voice of admiration. I commend it to your respectful notice.

One must not forget, however, the obvious and undeniable beauty of her own speaking and lecturing. A lecture of hers, apart from its matter or its originality, was always a delightful artistic performance. The

language and the articulation were as finished as they were unaffected. And again to quote Mrs. Salter, "Jane had an additional advantage in that she could throw herself in as part of the show in a way that is hardly possible for a man. She was always delightful to look at, and I remember among other things how skilfully she used her beautiful hands."

I have been speaking of her constant search for beauty; perhaps even more characteristic was her search, continual and ever-increasing, for what shall I call it? Not exactly truth, but a particular kind of truth; the kind that radiates and illumines the world as a whole. She felt towards everything that she studied as Tennyson felt towards the flower in the crannied wall. Any black-figured or red-figured vase at which she worked might reveal to her not only its date and style and perhaps its maker, but also, if she only saw it the right way, the secret of secrets, what God and man really are. It is extraordinarily interesting to look at her work from this point of view.

After *Myths of the Odyssey* and *Introductory Studies in Greek Art* there came in 1890, when she was forty years old, her first really important work, *Mythology and Monuments of Ancient Athens*. It was written in conjunction with Mrs. Verrall. It is a thoroughly sound and exact treatise in archæology. It is unusually interesting, perhaps it has more style and personality than most books of archæology—(I note, for example, the phrase: "this is to me not a demonstration but that surer thing, a conviction.") It is full of personal gratitude to Dörpfeldt. But it is indisputably what it calls itself, a book on the *Mythology and Monuments of Ancient Athens*. That limited subject is thoroughly mastered; the evidence is scrupulously cited, and in

spite of the phrase quoted above, personal conviction is not often preferred to demonstration.

In 1903 came what I can only call a work of genius, the *Prolegomena to Greek Religion*. Not an account of Greek Religion, you will observe. I doubt if she would have had the patience to write a systematic account of Greek Religion; at any rate, that was not her desire. She had some "prolegomena," some things to say to students of Greek Religion at the outset of their studies, which would make them see the subject in a new light. She is no longer writing on a definite limited subject; there is no particular mass of material that she has to master under penalty of incompleteness, no rigid line beyond which she must not wander, under penalty of being irrelevant. She is going to tell us, out of the wide range of her expert knowledge, some things that we ought to know before we begin to read the regular books.

The first point is that we must escape from the tyranny of the fully articulate and finished literary accounts, and wring a deeper and truer evidence from the inarticulate and half-understood rituals which the Greeks really practised. We must study the things done at the festivals, especially the three great Athenian festivals Diasia, Anthesteria, Thargelia, and discover the stuff of religion that was there before the Olympians, before anthropomorphism, before theology. This opening leads on naturally to the admirable discussions on the Keres and the Making of a Goddess. Some details in these first half-dozen chapters are, I think, probably wrong. But the method they follow was both original and profoundly right. It is not too much to say that they have transformed the whole approach to the study of Greek religion. No competent

student writing after the *Prolegomena* operates with the same conceptions and problems in his mind as were almost universally accepted before the *Prolegomena*. It is a book which, in the current phrase, made an epoch.

The second half of the *Prolegomena* seems to me to be an attempt, gallant, imaginative, learned, but premature, to grapple with a problem for whose solution the materials were not yet extant. Yet it is interesting to see how, even with the imperfect understanding of the worships of Dionysus and Orpheus which was the best attainable in 1903, Jane Harrison contrived, not indeed to analyse those worships exactly, but to wrest from them a kind of real religion for mankind; and how similar in the main that was to the religion which she expounded later on in *Themis*, when the new anthropological evidence was in her hands. It is easy here to say either of two things. The sceptic will say that she was, for psychological reasons, determined to bring out a certain result, whatever the evidence or whatever the subject she might be studying. The believer will claim for her that most surprising of intellectual gifts, the power of divining the truth from a mass of imperfect and imperfectly analysed evidence. Both, in a sense, are right. She had an extraordinary power of finding grist for her mill in whatever material came before her. Such a power, or at least such a habit, is often characteristic of the "crank," because the "crank," being possessed by something that we call a "fad," is always exaggerating its importance and finding imaginary support for it where real support does not exist. But it also belongs to the great thinker, or the possessor of some large and fruitful idea. Think



how, when Darwin had formed in his mind the idea of Evolution, he found evidence for it in all regions of life, not because he was determined to find it, but because the evidence was really there. The flower in the crannied wall has a thousand secrets to yield to one who possesses any one of the thousand keys.

No one, of course, has all the keys. No one has or, I suppose, can have in his mind the complete answer to the question "what God or man is." Yet it seems to be a condition not merely of human progress but of any satisfactory spiritual life that one should go on seeking for it. Certainly Jane Harrison did so. Her next important book, *Themis*, marks to my mind a great advance on the *Prolegomena*, both in the light it throws on Greek Religion and in its contribution to religious thought outside classical antiquity. *Themis* had a less favourable reception than the *Prolegomena*, chiefly, I think, for two reasons. First it was too full of new ideas, or rather of new lights which made all the material on which they fell look different. Secondly, the author never succeeded in explaining each separately and in order, and then showing one after another the effects of each. She began straight off with all of them: the tribal initiations; the year-festivals with their projection, the Eniautos Daimon; God as the projected desire; and *Themis* as the tribal custom. All these conceptions are based on fact: all throw real light on the whole field of Greek religion, and are indeed almost indispensable to its understanding; but they were new to most scholars, and it required a strong mind so to readjust its conception of a material already known, named, and pigeon-holed, so as to take in all of them. I think there was also, in conservative or orthodox circles, rather more dislike of *Themis* as a

“dangerous book” than there had been of the *Prolegomena*. Opposition, as usual in such cases, concentrated on irrelevant or absurd objections, particularly on a pretence that the Eniautos Daimon was a new god, instead of a new and convenient name for a well-recognised class of beings, formerly called Vegetation Spirits, Corn Spirits and the like.

*Themis* was rather slow in coming to its kingdom; by the time a second edition was wanted the author had left Cambridge, dispersed her Greek library, and devoted her ever-fresh intellect to divers new languages and new philosophies. She did little to *Themis* in the way of correction or re-writing; she preferred to put out in 1921 a little book of 40 pages called *Epilegomena*. They gave shortly the main things that she wanted to say *after* all her books on Greek religion were finished and sent out to the world.

The point I wished to emphasise was this. In the *Prolegomena* we had a book which was based on facts of Greek archæology, and was really about Greek religion, or at least about the conceptions necessary for understanding Greek religion, though, all through, and especially in the latter part, the writer kept thinking of the bearing of those conceptions on the problem of religion as it now is or of life as a whole. In *Themis* there is a mass of new evidence; but very little of it is Greek evidence taken from the facts of Greek religion. It is evidence from modern anthropology and modern philosophy, from the most primitive and the most highly cultivated forms of human intelligence, throwing light on Greek religion not so much for its own sake, as for the sake of the religious adventures and aspirations of the human mind everywhere. Greek religion, like other Greek things, has an illustrative power so

strange and pervasive. When the *Prolegomena* told us about *devotio*, and the Keres and Helen's tree and the Making of a Goddess, we did not immediately feel that our own minds were peopled with such beings or filled with such preoccupations. But in *Themis* you can from time to time hardly help a suspicion that the writer is speaking *mutato nomine de te*: the herd-emotion, the projection of desire, the primitive conception of sacrament, the sanctity of *Themis* and her relation to *Dike*, are ideas still haunting our minds just because they arise so far back in the history of the race. They belong to the roots and not the branches, and therefore their influence is everywhere.

And if this is true of *Themis*, it is even more markedly true of the slight but interesting *Epilegomena*. The things that Jane Harrison had to say at the end of her studies of Greek religion are scarcely about Greek religion at all. It is not based on new Greek texts or the discoveries of Greek scholars. The brief last chapter, indeed, is entitled "The Religion of To-day." If we look back to the *Prolegomena* we find in the Introduction expressions of obligation, made, of course, with boundless generosity, to many Greek scholars, but only to Greek scholars. The Introduction to *Themis*, besides mentioning various Greek scholars, payed special thanks to Bergson and Durkheim; the preface to the *Epilegomena* mentions only the psychologists Jung and Freud and the Russian philosopher Soloviov. We see thus that Jane Harrison's subject of study has expanded steadily; from the Mythology and Monuments of Athens to the religion that lay beneath all the monuments and mythology of Greece, and thence to the things that have lain and still lie implicit in all forms of religion

and beneath the tide of temporal change. I will not attempt to criticise or estimate the value of her actual philosophy of religion, except to say that I think her best when she throws out passing flashlights and less good when she settles down to a definite discussion or exposition. But one point of fact is perhaps worth noticing.

All through the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and probably at most other periods, the human reason, when trying to escape from the dogmas of its traditional religion, has usually found its way to deism, monotheism. They settled down to a belief in one eternal father, "Jehovah, Jove or Lord" or, of course, Allah. They rejected polytheism, myths, consorts of God or sons of God. It is interesting historically, if not philosophically, that Jane Harrison took quite a different course. Like William James, she entirely rejects what she calls "monarchical deism," she will hear nothing of any immortal god; but she does passionately believe in a being—or at least accept the worship of a being—who labours for man, is man, suffers and dies for man, and though dead shall rise again. If, as some of the fathers say, all religious language is necessarily nothing but metaphor, attempting to indicate by human words what is admittedly inexpressible, it is interesting to see how in this fearlessly and almost recklessly sceptical mind the orthodox Christian metaphor finds such warm hospitality in the end.

But on this whole subject she herself has spoken in the Introduction to *Themis*:

"Such in brief is the argument. And here it would be perhaps discreet to pause. I have neither desire nor aptitude for confessional controversy. As my main object is to elucidate Greek religion,

it would be both safe and easy to shelter myself behind the adjective 'primitive' and say that with modern religion I have no concern. But I abhor obscurantism. It is to me among the deadliest of spiritual sins. Moreover, the human mind is not made in water-tight compartments. What we think about Greek religion affects what we think about everything else. So I cannot end a book on Greek religion without saying simply how the writing of it has modified my own views.

"I have come to see in the religious impulse a new value. It is, I believe, an attempt, instinctive and unconscious, to do what Professor Bergson bids modern philosophy do consciously and with the whole apparatus of science behind it, namely to apprehend life as one, as indivisible, yet as perennial movement and change. But, profoundly as I also feel the value of the religious impulse, so keenly do I feel the danger and almost necessary disaster of each and every creed and dogma. For the material of religion is essentially the uncharted, the ungrasped, as Herbert Spencer would say, though with a somewhat different connotation, the 'unknowable.' Further, every religious dogma errs in two ways. First, it is a confident statement about something unknown and therefore practically always untrustworthy; secondly, if it were right and based on real knowledge, then its subject-matter would no longer belong to the realm of religion; it would belong to science or philosophy. To win new realms for knowledge out of the unknown is part of the normal current of human effort; but to force intellectual dogma upon material which belongs only to the realm of dim aspiration is to steer for a backwater of death. In that backwater lies stranded many an ancient galley, haunted by fair figures of serene Olympians, and even, it must be said, by the phantom of Him—the Desire of all nations—who is the same yesterday, to-day and for ever. The stream of life flows on, a sæcular mystery; but these, the *eidola* of man's market-place, are dead men, hollow ghosts.

"As to religious ritual, we may by degrees find forms that are free from intellectual error. The only intelligible meaning that ritual has for me, is the keeping open of the individual soul—that bit of the general life which life itself has fenced in by a separate organism—to other souls, other separate lives, and to the apprehension of other forms of life. The avenues are never closed. Life itself, physical and spiritual, is the keeping of them open.

Whether any systematised attempt to remind man, by ritual, of that whole of life of which he is a specialised fragment can be made fruitful or not, I am uncertain."

This passage seems to me to expound with great felicity the curious combination of doubt and faith, of eager search for truth and rooted scepticism as to the possibility of discovering it, which was characteristic of Jane Harrison's mind. It is a kind of inverted Platonism; or rather it goes dead against Plato's doctrine and strongly in accord with his practice. Plato finds reality only in the eternal and unchangeable, and mere fitful imitations of reality in the material and changing world. Yet Plato's method of teaching is never to lay down a dogma, practically never to assert a definite clear-cut result; always to search for truth by means of dialogue, with thought answering thought and suggestion improving on suggestion: till he ends perhaps in a parable or metaphor, perhaps in a confessedly unsolved problem, but practically never in a demonstrated conclusion. It is not an arrival; it is a search, stimulating to further search.

So it certainly was with Jane Harrison: a search stimulating to further search; and, we may add, a search which was, and rejoiced in being, a work of co-operation and mutual help. Her pupil, Mrs. Hugh Stewart, writes:

"I have not yet tried to define what she was to myself as a teacher, partly because she never treated you as a pupil. Age and status were no barriers in friendship or discussion. You were treated on equal terms intellectually.

I think the spell lay in the impression that she was sharing with you something new and vital. (I have only felt the same at other times listening to a scientific discoverer lecturing). . . . She laid a mass of evidence before us, following up the latest trail: poets,

scholiasts, early Fathers. Unless you were well grounded in sound classical learning it was rather indigestible fare for a student . . . But it was intensely stimulating to be treated as a scholar by a scholar. She was not interested in imparting knowledge, but she made you want to learn what she was learning. That was why she taught the Greek language only to a few exceptional people; but when, after the war, she returned qualified as lecturer in Russian, she taught the rudiments to all her Russian pupils by the method she had evolved for herself."

"Age and status were no barriers." That absence of barriers between Jane Harrison and her various young friends was due in part, I think, to her lack of any consciousness of age in herself or others. When an old savant and a young student begin to talk about a learned subject, the one is apt to think "This young man will not want to listen to an old fogey like me" and the other, "This old man knows that I know nothing about the subject; how can I talk to him?" They think of themselves instead of the real subject. But she seemed to be quite free from these thoughts and inhibitions. Like the heroes and heroines of Greek mythology she had no particular age. She was engaged in a search, and she liked to have fellow-searchers. They helped her to clear her own mind, they cheered her, and they always might make a useful suggestion. I think she also definitely preferred the society of the young, because they were less likely to have fixed views and established orthodoxies, and therefore, less likely to be critical of her or displeased with her. She had also, I think—it comes out in her delightful *Reminiscences*—a keen remembrance of how she herself had been snubbed and silenced in her youth by elders who were not a bit wiser than herself, but merely failed to understand her. She was determined always to under-

stand; or at least never to condemn that which she did not understand. She had fought all through life for the freedom of the young, especially of young women, and she was determined not to spoil that freedom by trying to dictate what use should be made of it. Another point to be remembered is that, with all her fame and influence, she never became an accepted orthodox authority. She was always frowned upon by a fair number of important persons: she was always in spirit a little against the government, against orthodoxy. And, thus since orthodoxy is the belief of the established authorities, she never went over, as most successful writers do, from the ranks of the young to those of the old.

I always felt, besides, that she loved young people; she dearly wished to be loved by them; and was terribly afraid of losing their intimacy and confidence, being left behind in the race, and becoming like many old people whom she had known long ago, still able to repeat formulae but no longer able to think.

That fear was certainly never realised. Amid the considerable bodily weaknesses that affected her later years, the freshness of her mind, her wit, her sense of beauty, her power of giving and inspiring affection, remained a constant wonder and a source of delight. Her friends could still laugh, as they had laughed thirty and perhaps forty years ago, at the eager welcome which she gave to a new discovery or hypothesis. She had always been over-hospitable to the ideas of others. If she was not swept away by every wind of vain doctrine, she at least liked to have plenty of winds blowing round her and seemed refreshed by their movement. But, the truth is, there were powerful forces always keeping her safe. In her own



special subject, her knowledge of Greek literature and archæology was so wide and so intimate that vain doctrines had as a rule not much chance with her. She could not be imposed upon there. And in the wider problems of life, she was guarded by a native sanity and the ineradicable habits left by an old-fashioned and somewhat severe education, with its good manners, its fastidious taste, its personal dignity and power of self-control. These things remained, like the original writing in a palimpsest, clear and indelible beneath the superficial and fast-fading script of the last new philosopher or psychologist.

There are many, of course, who knew her better than I, particularly the chosen companion of her latest years. They can give impressions which will be much more valuable. To me personally the main impressions which remain of my old and dear friend are her vitality, her passion for the things of the intellect, her ever ready sympathy, and the unbounded generosity with which she estimated the work of others and more than repaid every contribution to her own.



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