

Remote Learning Packet

NB: Please keep all work produced this week. Details regarding how to turn in this work will be forthcoming.

April 20 - 24, 2020

Course: 6 Literature & Composition

Teacher(s): Ms. Arnold jacqueline.arnold@greatheartsirving.org

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Weekly Plan:

Monday, April 20

- practice poem
- read & annotate TWTW ChVII (p77-81) and read the corresponding “Reflection” document

Tuesday, April 21

- practice poem
- read & annotate TWTW ChVII (p81-86) and read the corresponding “Reflection” document

Wednesday, April 22

- practice poem
- answer TWTW Ch VII reading questions

Thursday, April 23

- practice poem
- Writing Assignment

Friday, April 24

- practice poem
- Writing Assignment

Statement of Academic Honesty

I affirm that the work completed from the packet is mine and that I completed it independently.

I affirm that, to the best of my knowledge, my child completed this work independently

Student Signature

Parent Signature

Monday, April 20

Recite the poem aloud at least two times. Remember to follow the punctuation of the lines, to pronounce each word clearly, and to avoid a monotone recitation!

Carefully read and annotate TWTW Chapter VII (p 77-81 only). In addition to the text, read the Reflection document corresponding to the assigned pages in order to complement and enrich your understanding of the chapter.

Tuesday, April 21

Recite the poem aloud at least two times. Remember to follow the punctuation of the lines, to pronounce each word clearly, and to avoid a monotone recitation!

Carefully read and annotate TWTW Chapter VII (p 81-86 only). In addition to the text, read the Reflection document corresponding to the assigned page.

Wednesday, April 22

Recite the poem aloud at least two times. Remember to follow the punctuation of the lines, to pronounce each word clearly, and to avoid a monotone recitation!

Answer the questions about TWTW Ch VII. Either answer them on looseleaf or print the reading question handout included in the packet. If you are using looseleaf, please title your page “TWTW Ch VII Questions”. Remember to write neatly, to include our usual header, and to write in complete sentences.

Thursday, April 23

Recite the poem aloud at least two times. Remember to follow the punctuation of the lines, to pronounce each word clearly, and to avoid a monotone recitation!

Devote time today (Thursday) and tomorrow to completing **Writing Assignment 1**.

Friday, April 24

Complete **Writing Assignment 1**.

Reflection on *The Wind in the Willows* Ch VII, pages 77-81

This chapter commences with a description of the setting. The first few paragraphs are rich with imagery that overwhelms the senses and allows the reader to vividly imagine the scene. The soft song of the Willow-Wren permeates the air. Visually speaking, the day is drawing to a close, and light lingers in the sky. While the chapter opens at 10 in the evening, keep in mind that this work takes place in a place inspired by the U.K., and summer here includes long days, filled with daylight. The first paragraph portrays night as a respite from the heat of the day and personifies night by describing it as possessing “cool fingers.” Mole is portrayed as relaxing on the river bank, reflecting on the beauty of the day.

With respect to the progression of the plot, Ratty informs Mole that little Portly has gone missing, and Mole does not fully comprehend the gravity of the situation, as he believes this disappearance is part of Portly’s typical cycle of adventuring, disappearing briefly, then returning. Ratty, on the other hand, recognizes the gravity of the situation after having spoken with Otter and coaxed his friend (Otter) to disclose his true, deep fears regarding the disappearance of his son. Otter, out of a deep fatherly love, gentle faith, and steady hope, keeps vigil every night at Portly’s favorite spot on the river, just in case Portly should happen to swim by again.

This image of Otter’s devotion to his son deeply affects Rat and Mole, inspiring both of them to act. They decide to take the boat and scull upstream, in spite of their fear of any dangers that may be present in the darkness of night. Such darkness decreases one’s eyesight but makes sound even more poignant, powerful, and moving. The various noises of river life at night are intensified, and the use of onomatopoeia brings to life animates the scene, allowing the reader to “hear” the “gurblings” and “cloops” of the river.

Nighttime is compared to articles of clothing (“raiment” and “apparel”) that veils the river, covers “old haunts” and areas of the river that Rat and Mole were formerly acquainted with, and transforms these locations, thus making them new and setting the stage for a novel, dramatic encounter with what was once unknown.

An important visual change occurs: the physical setting that the animals find themselves in is suddenly clearer. As the “mystery began to drop away,” Rat suddenly hears music that is “beautiful and strange and new,” a music that awakened in him a painful longing. He encounters such intrinsically beautiful music that he “almost” wishes he had never heard it, for when the music stops, he is left with a deep ache and longing. The use of the adverb (almost) in this passage is essential, as it emphasizes the truth that an encounter with true beauty is also worth the while, even if that encounter will end. Rat experiences the music as something deeply beautiful and additionally, he recognizes it as a summons, or a personal call, to which he responds without hesitation by encouraging Mole to continue rowing in pursuit of the enchanting music, which has “caught up [Ratty’s] helpless soul.” Ratty, known both for his poetic sensibilities and his ability to appreciate what is beautiful as well as his active lifestyle, hands the duty of sculling over to Mole, who now, instead of pridefully taking on a task out of his reach (as we saw in Chapter I, p12), has gained expertise in rowing over the course of time and experience. As Mole takes over rowing the boat and the two follow the call, Mole himself finally hears the music, overcoming him entirely, even causing him to halt his activity of rowing the boat.

The strength of the light increases, and visually, the world is brought to a deeper, fuller clarity and brilliance. As the light becomes more powerful and images become clearer, the smells become richer, and sounds apart from the celestial music fade away. Overwhelmed by light and beautiful music, Rat and Mole sense that they are approaching the end, or final purpose, of their expedition.

Reflection on *The Wind in the Willows* Ch VII, pages 81-86

This part of the reading begins with Ratty and Mole entering a new and special place, a place set apart from the ordinary life of the River as they know it. They move past the veil of the willow tree leaves, past the roar of the weir, and step into the sacred silence. Nature itself marks the space as holy, veiling the space with its foliage and surrounding it with “Nature’s own” trees. Veiling that which is holy is an ancient tradition; the divine can be seen and experienced only by those who are chosen and who are worthy, and so it is shrouded in mystery, away from ordinary eyes. One must shed the cares and mindsets of the humdrum, everyday world and adopt a special mindset of receptivity and humility before entering into the divine presence. The silence itself creates a sacred veil, signifying that something so great and awesome is taking place that no creature dares utter a word aloud. This absence of noise creates a space within which the divine presence can be experienced in something as slight as a gentle caress of air.

Ratty recognizes the place and its holiness. It has called to him and he has heard its call. It is not until he is face to face with the divine presence that Mole is able to recognize it and respond. They move without hesitation, without doubt, and without fear toward the “august Presence”. Look carefully at the descriptions of the animals while in the presence of the divine. They are full of awe, peace, happiness, and love, and yet they tremble, are afraid, and are intimidated (they are “smote” and “cowed”) by the experience. This simultaneous experience of contrasting emotions emphasizes that they are encountering something beyond the ordinary.

It is striking that we view the encounter alongside and through the eyes of Mole. We, too, needed to be guided and specially brought to this place through the influence and tutelage of the author. We, alongside Mole, follow the demanding and imperious voice of the author and so arrive at the divine vision of the Piper, with “the backward sweep of the curved horns”, “the stern, hooked nose between the kindly eyes”, “the bearded mouth [broken] into a half-smile at the corners”, “the rippling muscles on the arm that lay across the broad chest, the supple hand still holding the pan-pipes”, and “the shaggy limbs” ending in hooves. This is a creature they have never seen before; this is a creature matching the description of the Greek demigod, Pan (he was depicted as half-goat, half-man). Pan here is described as the demigod of Nature and animals, as the Healer, Helper, and Friend. He plays his music and watches over nature. Ratty and Mole, recognizing his greatness and divinity, bow down, and worship him.

In this encounter, we see Ratty and Mole completely overcome by the experience. They are entranced and possessed by the vision before them, unable to resist gazing upon the demigod. The discontent and longing for something more experienced by Ratty and Mole has been fulfilled by this encounter with the divine. Toad’s discontent and longing, in contrast, has led to a very different type of possession and entrancement in his life. Toad attempts to fulfill his discontent and longing for more by flitting from one hobby to another, but nothing satisfies. Whether one longs for adventure or longs for material things, one cannot be fulfilled by anything except the divine. Toad refuses to pause, reflect, and contemplate, and so will not find fulfillment in his material pursuits. He would need to learn from Ratty’s example and submit his pride to humble contemplation of Nature in order to find true satisfaction and fulfillment.

While they were worshipping the demigod, night has passed into day. The bright rays of the sun dazzle their sight, and once they can see again, they realize that “the vision had vanished, and the air was full of the carol of birds that hailed the dawn.” Ratty and Mole have been utterly transformed by this encounter and the sudden absence of the divine has left them “in dumb misery”. The encounter with the divine was so beautiful, so fulfilling, and so other-worldly, that leaving its presence left them unable to communicate with or appreciate the world around them. But the demigod does not want them to no longer appreciate the joys of the world, and so he bestows upon them the

gift of forgetfulness. An animal who has once seen Pan would live in grief over no longer being in his presence, over the loss of that vision which will likely never come again. Forgetfulness is a mercy so that the animals are able to return to their happy, normal ways with just a lingering sense of longing that stirs every now and again. An encounter with the divine is something earth-shattering, and the gift of forgetfulness is Pan's way of putting their world back together.

With the gift of forgetfulness bestowed upon them, we see their world restart, so to speak, through Ratty's parallel remarks. On p82, Ratty declares "This is the place of my song-dream, the place the music played to me...Here, in this holy place, here if anywhere, surely we shall find Him!" Notice the capital "h" on Him; this is a tradition signifying that the pronoun refers to someone divine. After the gift of forgetfulness is bestowed, Ratty repeats and recasts his remarks, now saying on p84 "I think I was only remarking...that this was the right sort of place, and that here, if anywhere, we should find him." The pronoun "him" has transformed and no longer refers to the divine, but to little Portly. Pan, the Helper and Friend of animals, had protected Portly in his disappearance and guided Ratty and Mole to him with his piping. Ratty and Mole are startled back into their main mission and row back towards the ford where Otter was once again keeping his vigil. They send Portly to him, watching their reunion from afar. They realize that the deep joy and love between the father and son is something special and sacred that they do not want to intrude upon.

With their "quest now happily ended", Ratty and Mole have the space to realize their exhaustion. Ratty once again draws their attention to the wind playing in the reeds and how it resembles dance-music. This haunting song and the discontent that follow them through their lives signify man's longing to encounter the divine, to experience something eternal. We the readers are left to string together the call that ultimately led Ratty and Mole into this divine presence, starting with Mole's motivation to emerge from his hole and discover the River (*"Spring was moving in the air above and in the earth below and around him, penetrating even his dark and lowly little house with its spirit of divine discontent and longing"* p3) Nature was preparing them to hear this call and heed its message and will continue to call to them.

"You hear better than I" said the Mole. -- what is it about Rat that makes him able to hear and see better? It is Ratty, who has devoted his life to the River, to understanding her and her foibles, who is able to hear and translate the divine call. Mole, under Ratty's tutelage, has been learning about the River and how to understand it. Recall Chapter II: it is Ratty who stops, pauses, and observes, and so is able to translate his experience of the ducks into poetry. Mole lacks this poet's soul. Just as moles the animals have poor eyesight, Mole lacks the insight to see and know the divine on his own. Where Mole merely hears the wind in the reeds and rushes and osiers (a type of small willow tree), Ratty hears Pan's pipe-song. Ratty has to direct Mole's rowing so that Mole can hear fragments of the song. It is through his time with Ratty and Ratty's intervention that Mole is able to hear the dance-music that drifts to them on caressing breezes. Ratty's encounter with the divine has further quickened his senses such that now he does not merely hear the music in the reeds and willows, but can catch fragments of the words carried by the melody. He hears the words of Pan's music, words which declare the demigod's affection for the animals and promise to watch over them.

This chapter stands at both the literal and figurative center of the book. From here we can look back at what has happened before and see the call of the divine from the first pages of the book and how the animals prepared themselves to be able to heed the call. Although the animals do not retain much memory of the encounter, we as the readers do and can see the continued call of Pan in the chapters to come. As you continue reading, look carefully at the descriptions of nature and of the character's moments of discontent. The august Presence encountered in this chapter ripples out through the entire book, but only those who pause and reflect will see it.

Important Quotations:

“Spring was moving in the air above and in the earth below and around him, penetrating even his dark and lowly little house with its spirit of divine discontent and longing” p3

“So beautiful and strange and new! Since it was to end so soon, I almost wish I had never heard it. For it has roused a longing in me that is pain, and nothing seems worth while but just to hear that sound once more and go on listening to it for ever” p80

“O Mole! the beauty of it! The merry bubble and joy, the thin, clear, happy call of the distant piping! Such music I never dreamed of, and the call in it is stronger even than the music is sweet! Row on, Mole row! For the music and the call must be for us” p80

“Rat!” he found breath to whisper, shaking. “Are you afraid?”

“Afraid?” murmured the Rat, his eyes shining with unutterable love. “Afraid! Of him? O, never, never! And yet--and yet--O, Mole, I am afraid!”

Then the two animals, crouching to the earth, bowed their heads and did worship. p83

“As they stared blankly, in dumb misery deepening as they slowly realised all they had seen and all they had lost, a capricious little breeze, dancing up from the surface of the water, tossed the aspens, shook the dewy roses, and blew lightly and caressingly on their faces; and with its soft touch came instant oblivion. For this is the last best gift that the kindly demi-god is careful to bestow on those to whom he has revealed himself in their helping: the gift of forgetfulness. Lest the awful remembrance should remain and grow, and over-shadow mirth and pleasure, and the great haunting memory should spoil all the after-lives of little animals helped out of difficulties, in order that they should be happy and light-hearted as before” p83

The Wind in the Willows Chapter VII Reading Questions

1. What is the setting of the chapter? Specifically, describe the weather and light.

2. Ratty once again reveals his intuitive ability to understand his friends. What does he observe about Otter?

3. What do they fear about the disappearance of Portly?

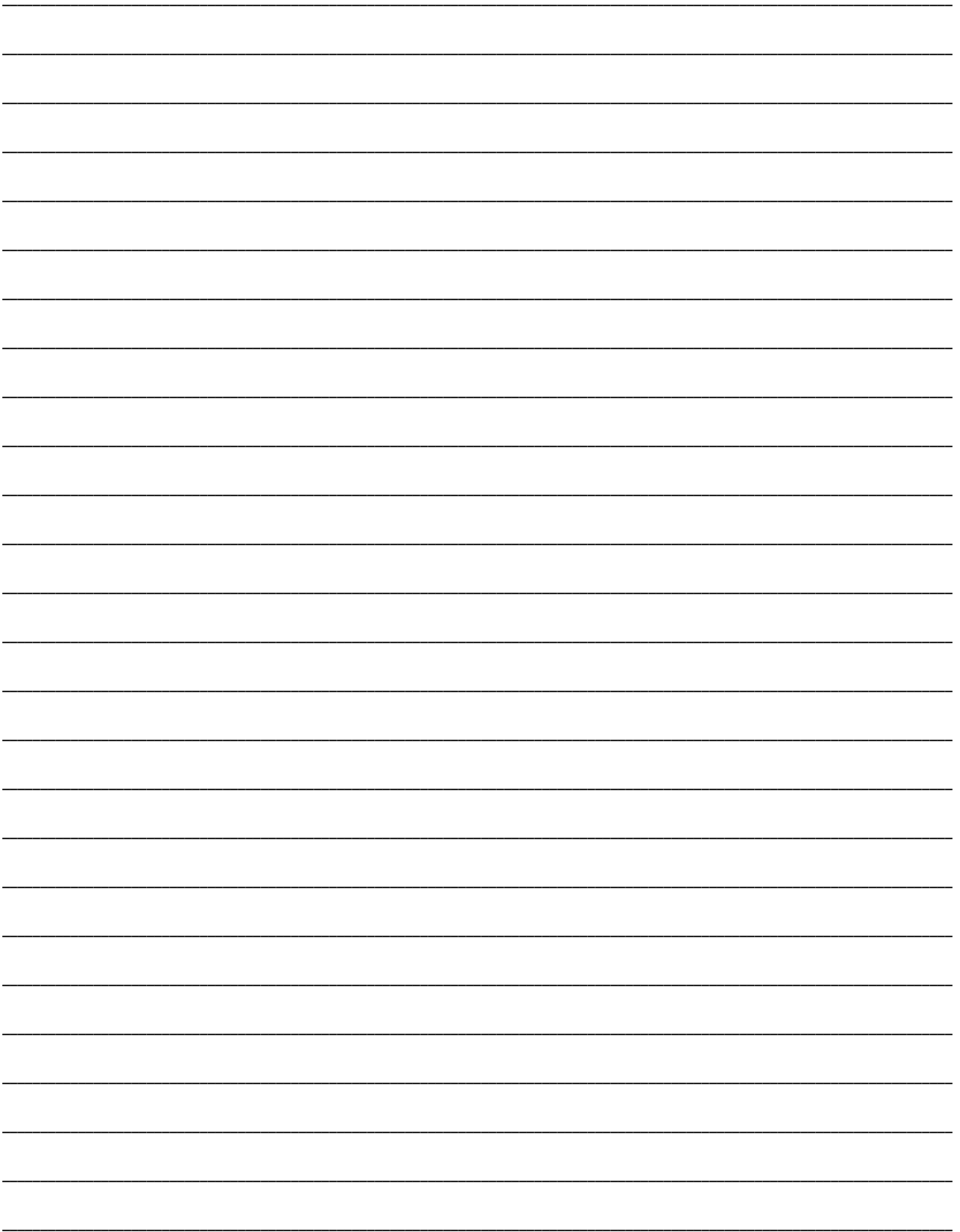
4. Compare and contrast the atmosphere of the River during the daytime and nighttime.

5. From what you know of Ratty, why is he able to hear the music sooner and more clearly than Mole? How does he help Mole hear?

6. Who is the demigod they encounter? What is his relationship to the animals? What are some of his names in this chapter?

7. Examine the title of the chapter: what may “Piper” refer to? For what could the “Gates of Dawn” be a metaphor?

8. Refer back to the first page of Ch I. How does Mole’s and Ratty’s encounter with the demigod relate to the “spirit of divine discontent” that Mole experiences in the first chapter?



KENNETH GRAHAME

The Wind in the Willows

Introduction and Notes by

GILLIAN AVERY

PENGUIN BOOKS

crime as they are sympathetic and helpful when one is merely "wanted," assailed him with jeers, carrots, and popular catch-words; past hooting school children, their innocent faces lit up with the pleasure they ever derive from the sight of a gentleman in difficulties; across the hollow-sounding drawbridge, below the spiky portcullis, under the frowning archway of the grim old castle,¹³ whose ancient towers soared high overhead; past guardrooms full of grinning soldiery off duty, past sentries who coughed in a horrid, sarcastic way, because that is as much as a sentry on his post dare do to show his contempt and abhorrence of crime; up time-worn winding stairs, past men-at-arms in casquet and corselet of steel, darting threatening looks through their vizards;¹⁴ across courtyards, where mastiffs strained at their leash and pawed the air to get at him; past ancient warders, their halberds leant against the wall, dozing over a pasty and a flagon of brown ale; on and on, past the rack-chamber and the thumbscrew-room, past the turning that led to the private scaffold, till they reached the door of the grimmest dungeon that lay in the heart of the innermost keep. There at last they paused, where an ancient gaoler sat fingering a bunch of mighty keys.

"Oddsbodikins!" said the sergeant of police, taking off his helmet and wiping his forehead. "Rouse thee, old loon, and take over from us this vile Toad, a criminal of deepest guilt and matchless artfulness and resource. Watch and ward him with all thy skill; and mark thee well, greybeard, should aught unto-ward befall, thy old head shall answer for his—and a murrain on both of them!"

The gaoler nodded grimly, laying his withered hand on the shoulder of the miserable Toad. The rusty key creaked in the lock, the great door clanged behind them; and Toad was a helpless prisoner in the remotest dungeon of the best-guarded keep of the stoutest castle in all the length and breadth of Merry England.

VII THE PIPER AT THE GATES OF DAWN

The Willow-Wren was piping his thin little song, hidden himself in the dark selvedge of the river bank. Though it was past ten o'clock at night, the sky still clung to and retained some lingering skirts of light from the departed day; and the sullen heats of the torrid afternoon broke up and rolled away at the dispersing touch of the cool fingers of the short midsummer night. Mole lay stretched on the bank, still panting from the stress of the fierce day that had been cloudless from dawn to late sunset, and waited for his friend to return. He had been on the river with some companions, leaving the Water Rat free to keep an engagement of long standing with Otter; and he had come back to find the house dark and deserted, and no sign of Rat, who was doubtless keeping it up late with his old comrade. It was still too hot to think of staying indoors, so he lay on some cool dock-leaves, and thought over the past day and its doings, and how very good they all had been.

The Rat's light footfall was presently heard approaching over the parched grass. "O, the blessed coolness!" he said, and sat down, gazing thoughtfully into the river, silent and pre-occupied.

"You stayed to supper, of course?" said the Mole presently.

"Simply had to," said the Rat. "They wouldn't hear of my going before. You know how kind they always are. And they made things as jolly for me as ever they could, right up to the moment I left. But I felt a brute all the time, as it was clear to me they were very unhappy, though they tried to hide it. Mole, I'm afraid they're in trouble. Little Portly is missing again; and you know what a lot his father thinks of him, though he never says much about it."

"What, that child?" said the Mole lightly. "Well, suppose he is; why worry about it? He's always straying off and getting lost, and turning up again; he's so adventurous. But no harm ever happens to him. Everybody hereabouts knows him and likes him, just as they do old Otter, and you may be sure some animal or other will come across him and bring him back again all right. Why, we've found him ourselves, miles from home, and quite self-possessed and cheerful!"

"Yes; but this time it's more serious," said the Rat gravely. "He's been missing for some days now, and the Otters have hunted everywhere, high and low, without finding the slightest trace. And they've asked every animal, too, for miles around, and no one knows anything about him. Otter's evidently more anxious than he'll admit. I got out of him that young Portly hasn't learnt to swim very well yet, and I can see he's thinking of the weir. There's a lot of water coming down still, considering the time of the year, and the place always had a fascination for the child. And then there are—well, traps and things—you know. Otter's not the fellow to be nervous about any son of his before it's time. And now he *is* nervous. When I left, he came out with me—said he wanted some air, and talked about stretching his legs. But I could see it wasn't that, so I drew him out and pumped him, and got it all from him at last. He was going to spend the night watching by the ford. You know the place where the old ford used to be, in by-gone days before they built the bridge?"

"I know it well," said the Mole. "But why should Otter choose to watch there?"

"Well, it seems that it was there he gave Portly his first swimming-lesson," continued the Rat. "From that shallow, gravelly spit near the bank. And it was there he used to teach him fishing, and there young Portly caught his first fish, of which he was so very proud. The child loved the spot, and Otter thinks that if he came wandering back from wherever he is—if he *is* anywhere by this time, poor little chap—he might make for the ford he was so fond of; or if he came across it he'd remember it well, and stop there and play, perhaps. So Otter goes there every night and watches—on the chance, you know, just on the chance!"

They were silent for a time, both thinking of the same thing—the lonely, heart-sore animal, crouched by the ford, watching and waiting, the long night through—on the chance.

"Well, well," said the Rat presently, "I suppose we ought to be thinking about turning in." But he never offered to move.

"Rat," said the Mole, "I simply can't go and turn in, and go to sleep, and *do* nothing, even though there doesn't seem to be anything to be done. We'll get the boat out, and paddle up stream. The moon will be up in an hour or so, and then we will search as well as we can—anyhow, it will be better than going to bed and doing *nothing*."

"Just what I was thinking myself," said the Rat. "It's not the sort of night for bed anyhow; and daybreak is not so very far off, and then we may pick up some news of him from early risers as we go along."

They got the boat out, and the Rat took the sculls, paddling with caution. Out in mid-stream, there was a clear, narrow track that faintly reflected the sky; but wherever shadows fell on the water from bank, bush, or tree, they were as solid to all appearance as the banks themselves, and the Mole had to steer with judgment accordingly. Dark and deserted as it was, the night was full of small noises, song and chatter and rustling, telling of the busy little population who were up and about, plying their trades and vocations through the night till sunshine should fall on them at last and send them off to their well-earned repose. The water's own noises, too, were more apparent than by day, its gurglings and "cloops" more unexpected and near at hand; and constantly they started at what seemed a sudden clear call from an actual articulate voice.

The line of the horizon was clear and hard against the sky, and in one particular quarter it showed black against a silvery climbing phosphorescence that grew and grew. At last, over the rim of the waiting earth the moon lifted with slow majesty till it swung clear of the horizon and rode off, free of moorings; and once more they began to see surfaces—meadows wide-spread, and quiet gardens, and the river itself from bank to bank, all softly disclosed, all washed clean of mystery and terror, all radiant again as by day, but with a difference that was tremendous.

Their old haunts greeted them again in other raiment, as if they had slipped away and put on this pure new apparel and come quietly back, smiling as they shyly waited to see if they would be recognised again under it.

Fastening their boat to a willow, the friends landed in this silent, silver kingdom, and patiently explored the hedges, the hollow trees, the runnels and their little culverts, the ditches and dry water-ways. Embarking again and crossing over, they worked their way up the stream in this manner, while the moon, serene and detached in a cloudless sky, did what she could, though so far off, to help them in their quest; till her hour came and she sank earthwards reluctantly, and left them, and mystery once more held field and river.

Then a change began slowly to declare itself. The horizon became clearer, field and tree came more into sight, and somehow with a different look; the mystery began to drop away from them. A bird piped suddenly, and was still; and a light breeze sprang up and set the reeds and bulrushes rustling. Rat, who was in the stern of the boat, while Mole sculled, sat up suddenly and listened with a passionate intentness. Mole, who with gentle strokes was just keeping the boat moving while he scanned the banks with care, looked at him with curiosity.

"It's gone!" sighed the Rat, sinking back in his seat again. "So beautiful and strange and new! Since it was to end so soon, I almost wish I had never heard it. For it has roused a longing in me that is pain, and nothing seems worth while but just to hear that sound once more and go on listening to it for ever. No! There it is again!" he cried, alert once more. Entranced, he was silent for a long space, spell-bound.

"Now it passes on and I begin to lose it," he said presently. "O Mole! the beauty of it! The merry bubble and joy, the thin, clear, happy call of the distant piping! Such music I never dreamed of, and the call in it is stronger even than the music is sweet! Row on, Mole, row! For the music and the call must be for us."

The Mole, greatly wondering, obeyed. "I hear nothing myself," he said, "but the wind playing in the reeds and rushes and osiers."

The Rat never answered, if indeed he heard. Rapt, transported, trembling, he was possessed in all his senses by this new divine thing that caught up his helpless soul and swung and dandled it, a powerless but happy infant in a strong sustaining grasp.

In silence Mole rowed steadily, and soon they came to a point where the river divided, a long backwater branching off to one side. With a slight movement of his head Rat, who had long dropped the rudder-lines, directed the rower to take the backwater. The creeping tide of light gained and gained, and now they could see the colour of the flowers that gemmed the water's edge.

"Clearer and nearer still," cried the Rat joyously. "Now you must surely hear it! Ah—at last—I see you do!"

Breathless and transfixed the Mole stopped rowing as the liquid run of that glad piping broke on him like a wave, caught him up, and possessed him utterly. He saw the tears on his comrade's cheeks, and bowed his head and understood. For a space they hung there, brushed by the purple loosestrife that fringed the bank; then the clear imperious summons that marched hand-in-hand with the intoxicating melody imposed its will on Mole, and mechanically he bent to his oars again. And the light grew steadily stronger, but no birds sang as they were wont to do at the approach of dawn; and but for the heavenly music all was marvellously still.

On either side of them, as they glided onwards, the rich meadow-grass seemed that morning of a freshness and a greenness unsurpassable. Never had they noticed the roses so vivid, the willow-herb so riotous, the meadow-sweet so odorous and pervading. Then the murmur of the approaching weir began to hold the air, and they felt a consciousness that they were nearing the end, whatever it might be, that surely awaited their expedition.

A wide half-circle of foam and glinting lights and shining shoulders of green water, the great weir closed the backwater from bank to bank, troubled all the quiet surface with twirling eddies and floating foam-streaks, and deadened all other sounds with its solemn and soothing rumble. In midmost of the stream,

embraced in the weir's shimmering arm-spread, a small island lay anchored, fringed close with willow and silver birch and alder. Reserved, shy, but full of significance, it hid whatever it might hold behind a veil, keeping it till the hour should come, and, with the hour, those who were called and chosen.

Slowly, but with no doubt or hesitation whatever, and in something of a solemn expectancy, the two animals passed through the broken, tumultuous water and moored their boat at the flowery margin of the island. In silence they landed, and pushed through the blossom and scented herbage and undergrowth that led up to the level ground, till they stood on a little lawn of a marvellous green, set round with Nature's own orchard-trees—crab-apple, wild cherry, and sloe.

"This is the place of my song-dream, the place the music played to me," whispered the Rat, as if in a trance. "Here, in this holy place, here if anywhere, surely we shall find Him!"

Then suddenly the Mole felt a great Awe fall upon him, an awe that turned his muscles to water, bowed his head, and rooted his feet to the ground. It was no panic terror—indeed he felt wonderfully at peace and happy—but it was an awe that smote and held him and, without seeing, he knew it could only mean that some august Presence was very, very near. With difficulty he turned to look for his friend, and saw him at his side cowed, stricken, and trembling violently. And still there was utter silence in the populous bird-haunted branches around them; and still the light grew and grew.

Perhaps he would never have dared to raise his eyes, but that, though the piping was now hushed, the call and the summons seemed still dominant and imperious. He might not refuse, were Death himself waiting to strike him instantly, once he had looked with mortal eye on things rightly kept hidden. Trembling he obeyed, and raised his humble head; and then, in that utter clearness of the imminent dawn, while Nature, flushed with fulness of incredible colour, seemed to hold her breath for the event, he looked in the very eyes of the Friend and Helper; saw the backward sweep of the curved horns, gleaming in the growing daylight; saw the stern, hooked nose between the kindly eyes that were looking down on them humorously,¹⁵

while the bearded mouth broke into a half-smile at the corners; saw the rippling muscles on the arm that lay across the broad chest, the long supple hand still holding the pan-pipes only just fallen away from the parted lips; saw the splendid curves of the shaggy limbs disposed in majestic ease on the sward; saw, last of all, nestling between his very hooves, sleeping soundly in utter peace and contentment, the little, round, podgy, childish form of the baby otter. All this he saw, for one moment breathless and intense, vivid on the morning sky; and still, as he looked, he lived; and still, as he lived, he wondered.

"Rat!" he found breath to whisper, shaking. "Are you afraid?"

"Afraid?" murmured the Rat, his eyes shining with unutterable love. "Afraid! Of *Him*? O, never, never! And yet—and yet—O, Mole, I am afraid!"

Then the two animals, crouching to the earth, bowed their heads and did worship.

Sudden and magnificent, the sun's broad golden rim showed itself over the horizon facing them; and the first rays, shooting across the level water-meadows, took the animals full in the eyes and dazzled them. When they were able to look once more, the Vision had vanished, and the air was full of the carol of birds that hailed the dawn.

As they stared blankly, in dumb misery deepening as they slowly realised all they had seen and all they had lost, a capricious little breeze, dancing up from the surface of the water, tossed the aspens, shook the dewy roses, and blew lightly and caressingly in their faces; and with its soft touch came instant oblivion. For this is the last best gift that the kindly demi-god is careful to bestow on those to whom he has revealed himself in their helping: the gift of forgetfulness. Lest the awful remembrance should remain and grow, and over-shadow mirth and pleasure, and the great haunting memory should spoil all the after-lives of little animals helped out of difficulties, in order that they should be happy and light-hearted as before.

Mole rubbed his eyes and stared at Rat, who was looking about him in a puzzled sort of way. "I beg your pardon; what did you say, Rat?" he asked.

"I think I was only remarking," said Rat slowly, "that this was the right sort of place, and that here, if anywhere, we should find him. And look! Why, there he is, the little fellow!" And with a cry of delight he ran towards the slumbering Portly.

But Mole stood still a moment, held in thought. As one wakened suddenly from a beautiful dream, who struggles to recall it, and can re-capture nothing but a dim sense of the beauty of it, the beauty! Till that, too, fades away in its turn, and the dreamer bitterly accepts the hard, cold waking and all its penalties; so Mole, after struggling with his memory for a brief space, shook his head sadly and followed the Rat.

Portly woke up with a joyous squeak, and wriggled with pleasure at the sight of his father's friends, who had played with him so often in past days. In a moment, however, his face grew blank, and he fell to hunting round in a circle with pleading whine. As a child that has fallen happily asleep in its nurse's arms, and wakes to find itself alone and laid in a strange place, and searches corners and cupboards, and runs from room to room, despair growing silently in its heart, even so Portly searched the island and searched, dogged and unwearying, till at last the black moment came for giving it up, and sitting down and crying bitterly.

The Mole ran quickly to comfort the little animal; but Rat, lingering, looked long and doubtfully at certain hoof-marks deep in the sward.

"Some—great—animal—has been here," he murmured slowly and thoughtfully; and stood musing, musing; his mind strangely stirred.

"Come along, Rat!" called the Mole. "Think of poor Otter, waiting up there by the ford!"

Portly had soon been comforted by the promise of a treat—a jaunt on the river in Mr. Rat's real boat; and the two animals conducted him to the water's side, placed him securely between them in the bottom of the boat, and paddled off down the backwater. The sun was fully up by now, and hot on them, birds sang lustily and without restraint, and flowers smiled and nodded from either bank, but somehow—so thought the animals—with less of richness and blaze of colour

than they seemed to remember seeing quite recently somewhere—they wondered where.

The main river reached again, they turned the boat's head upstream, towards the point where they knew their friend was keeping his lonely vigil. As they drew near the familiar ford, the Mole took the boat in to the bank, and they lifted Portly out and set him on his legs on the tow-path, gave him his marching orders and a friendly farewell pat on the back, and shoved out into midstream. They watched the little animal as he waddled along the path contentedly and with importance; watched him till they saw his muzzle suddenly lift and his waddle break into a clumsy amble as he quickened his pace with shrill whines and wriggles of recognition. Looking up the river, they could see Otter start up, tense and rigid, from out of the shallows where he crouched in dumb patience, and could hear his amazed and joyous bark as he bounded up through the osiers on to the path. Then the Mole, with a strong pull on one oar, swung the boat round and let the full stream bear them down again whither it would, their quest now happily ended.

"I feel strangely tired, Rat," said the Mole, leaning wearily over his oars as the boat drifted. "It's being up all night, you'll say, perhaps; but that's nothing. We do as much half the nights of the week, at this time of the year. No; I feel as if I had been through something very exciting and rather terrible, and it was just over; and yet nothing particular has happened."

"Or something very surprising and splendid and beautiful," murmured the Rat, leaning back and closing his eyes. "I feel just as you do, Mole; simply dead tired, though not body-tired. It's lucky we've got the stream with us, to take us home. Isn't it jolly to feel the sun again, soaking into one's bones! And hark to the wind playing in the reeds!"

"It's like music—far away music," said the Mole nodding drowsily.

"So I was thinking," murmured the Rat, dreamful and languid. "Dance-music—the lilting sort that runs on without a stop—but with words in it, too—it passes into words and out of them again—I catch them at intervals—then it is dance-music once more, and then nothing but the reeds' soft thin whispering."

"You hear better than I," said the Mole sadly. "I cannot catch the words."

"Let me try and give you them," said the Rat softly, his eyes still closed. "Now it is turning into words again—faint but clear—*Lest the awe should dwell—And turn your frolic to fret—You shall look on my power at the helping hour—But then you shall forget!* Now the reeds take it up—*forget, forget,* they sigh, and it dies away in a rustle and a whisper. Then the voice returns—

"Lest limbs be reddened and rent—I spring the trap that is set—As I loose the snare you may glimpse me there—For surely you shall forget! Row nearer. Mole, nearer to the reeds! It is hard to catch, and grows each minute fainter.

"Helper and healer, I cheer—Small waifs in the woodland wet—Strays I find in it, wounds I bind in it—Bidding them all forget! Nearer, Mole, nearer! No, it is no good; the song has died away into reed-talk."

"But what do the words mean?" asked the wondering Mole.

"That I do not know," said the Rat simply. "I passed them on to you as they reached me. Ah! now they return again, and this time full and clear! This time, at last, it is the real, the unmistakable thing, simple—passionate—perfect——"

"Well, let's have it, then," said the Mole, after he had waited patiently for a few minutes, half-doing in the hot sun.

But no answer came. He looked, and understood the silence. With a smile of much happiness on his face, and something of a listening look still lingering there, the weary Rat was fast asleep.

VIII

TOAD'S ADVENTURES

When Toad found himself immured in a dank and noisome dungeon, and knew that all the grim darkness of a medieval fortress lay between him and the outer world of sunshine and well-metalled high-roads where he had lately been so happy, disporting himself as if he had bought up every road in England, he flung himself at full length on the floor, and shed bitter tears, and abandoned himself to dark despair. "This is the end of everything" (he said), "at least it is the end of the career of Toad, which is the same thing; the popular and handsome Toad, the rich and hospitable Toad, the Toad so free and careless and debonair! How can I hope to be ever set at large again" (he said), "who have been imprisoned so justly for stealing so handsome a motor-car in such an audacious manner, and for such lurid and imaginative cheek, bestowed upon such a number of fat, red-faced policemen!" (Here his sobs choked him.) "Stupid animal that I was" (he said), "now I must languish in this dungeon, till people who were proud to say they knew me, have forgotten the very name of Toad! O wise old Badger!" (he said), "O clever, intelligent Rat and sensible Mole! What sound judgments, what a knowledge of men and matters you possess! O unhappy and forsaken Toad!" With lamentations such as these he passed his days and nights for several weeks, refusing his meals or intermediate light refreshments, though the grim and ancient gaoler, knowing that Toad's pockets were well lined, frequently pointed out that many comforts, and indeed luxuries, could by arrangement be sent in—at a price—from outside.

Now the gaoler had a daughter, a pleasant wench and good-hearted, who assisted her father in the lighter duties of his post.