

THE NOVELS OF OLIVE SCHREINER*

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VIRGINIA Woolf, in an essay on Modern Fiction, brings a serious indictment against Wells, Bennett, and Galsworthy. She says that in contrast with Hardy, Conrad and Hudson, they are materialists, writing of unimportant things, that "they spend immense skill and immense industry making the trivial and the transitory appear the true and the enduring." She might well have included Olive Schreiner in her list of those more spiritual writers whose preoccupation is, as she puts it, with the "unknown and uncircumscribed spirit"; for Olive Schreiner's two great novels, *The Story of An African Farm* and *From Man to Man*, bring her very close to Hardy.

The Story of An African Farm was published in 1883, nearly 45 years ago. At that time, during her first visit to England, she had in her possession two other MSS; one (the completed story *Undine*) published in March, 1929; the other (the unfinished novel *From Man to Man*) published in 1927. Olive Schreiner certainly deserves all the obscurity that has enfolded her. Partly through pride, partly through sheer carelessness, she allowed her work to remain in MS. She had an almost morbid dread of publicity, and confesses that she could not have written so passionately if she had really expected to have a single reader. "No human creature's feelings," she writes, "could possibly be further removed with regard to artistic work than mine from George Eliot's. Her great desire was to teach, mine to express myself, for myself to myself alone. . . . If God were to put me alone on a star, and say I and the star should be burnt up at last and nothing be left, I should make stories all the time just the same."

It is not always easy to appreciate Olive Schreiner, and those who approach her through the *Life and Letters* may be alienated rather than attracted, irritated even, by her strange personality. No doubt the way of approach is through the best of her work, those remarkable novels for which the claim must be made, that they give in full measure that intense enjoyment to our com-

*Since this article was written, many readers will have been attracted to Olive Schreiner through her latest published novel. It consists of an introduction, much of which was incorporated into *The Story of an African Farm*, a long and rather unsatisfactory section in which the scene is laid in England, and six altogether beautiful and characteristic African chapters, as moving and unforgettable as anything in the other two novels. M. A. F.

plete human nature which only the very best can give. Her personality finds full and free expression, and we, through her creations, enter into her experience and into her extraordinary sympathy and wisdom. To her the call to understand is as insistent as the call to feel. So the pleasure which her novels afford by giving full play to our feelings is strengthened by that other pleasure which insists that we should know what we are doing in rejecting this, or accepting that, view of life. If we do not appreciate this pleasure, we are missing half the joy which Olive Schreiner's books can bring. It is not that she wants us to accept her view; but she does most clearly expect us to share her intellectual interests, and use our own intellectual powers. Olive Schreiner's work is quite free from the fatalism of the great writers of tragedy, but it does not therefore lose in tragic power. The presumption that the world is intelligible does not make the pain less painful or the sorrow less sorrowful. But it does shift the emphasis to this extent: it reminds us that for fully grown human beings life is an effort of the understanding as well as an experience of pain and joy.

At the centre of both her novels there is a highly sensitive, intensely emotional figure, whose life we watch from childhood to maturity. Waldo, in *The Story of An African Farm*, and Rebecca in *From Man to Man*, are both Olive Schreiner herself, held at arm's length, and concretely imagined in their very different circumstances. Both have Olive's intensity of feeling, and both, like her, are compelled by an inner necessity to take hold of their own natures and understand, and so partly at least control, their lives. It might be Waldo or Rebecca or Olive who says "That vision of the human soul which I have seen slowly growing before me for years and years, forming ever since I was a little child, is the work of art! . . . The beauty I seek is, I more and more realize, intellectual, and it can only be attained through the intellect. . . . Therefore the instinct which seeks knowledge first is quite right. After long years I shall understand fully what it is I am now doing and seeking, but now I can't explain to myself, and still less to you."

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The Story of An African Farm was written in 1876-8, when Olive was in her early twenties. She took the MS. with her to England in 1881, and after trying several publishers, succeeded in June, 1882, in placing it with Chapman and Hall, who published it early in the following year.

It was the Victorian Age. Hardy's *Tess* was not to appear for eight years, and the British public was easily shocked. So Mr.

Chapman felt obliged to make a feeble effort on behalf of morality. He told Olive that he wanted to publish the book, but, she says, "He wanted me to make an alteration in it, just to put in a few sentences saying that Lyndall was really secretly married to that man; as if she wasn't married to him, the British public would think it wicked, and Smith's, the railway booksellers, would not put it on their stalls! Of course, I got in a rage and told him he could leave the book alone, and I would take it elsewhere. He climbed down at once, and said it was only out of consideration for me; I was young, and people would think I was not respectable if I wrote such a book, but, of course, if I insisted on saying she was not married to him, it must be so." What a shock it would have been to Mr. Chapman if Olive had confronted him with the MS. of *From Man to Man* instead! No wonder she decided to wait her time.

The Story of An African Farm is the child of Olive Schreiner's early youth; but already her experience had been varied and intense. In an essay called *The Dawn of Civilisation*, written a few months before her death in 1920, she speaks of her early life with its teeming experiences. It is a passage which throws great light on her mind, showing how organic and how deeply rooted in experience was her whole mental life:

I had grown up in a land where wars were common. From my earliest years I had heard of bloodshed and battles and hair-breadth escapes; I had heard them told of by those who had seen and taken part in them. In my native country dark men were killed, and their lands taken from them by white men. Three times I had seen an ox striving to pull a heavily loaded wagon up a hill, the blood and foam streaming from its mouth and nostrils as it struggled, and I had seen it fall dead, under the lash. Why did everyone press on everyone, and try to make them do what they wanted? Why did the strong always crush the weak? Why did we hate and kill and torture?

The Story of An African Farm is an attempt to deal with all these youthful memories and her violent emotional reactions to them, to put them in their places, as it were, and create a world in which they can become, if not intelligible themselves, at least subordinate to some intelligible view of life.

Life on an African farm is the setting for her story. She knew it all intimately, and makes us see the whole thing. There is no laboured description, but a sense of familiarity from the start with building and farm-land and wider landscape. In the three opening pages we become familiar with the wide, lonely plain broken by one small "kopje", at the foot of which lay the homestead. Dwelling house and outbuildings are clear before us, with their

roofs of thatch and zinc on which "the quite peculiar brightness of the moonlight" falls. We see, too, the inside of the farmhouse, and even more clearly the inside of one of the outhouses where Waldo and his father live. As the book goes on, this sense of familiarity grows, and we feel the inevitable connection between scene and character. The title of the book is perfect. It is the farm as she held it in her imagination which makes her characters what they are and determines their fates. The connection is as close as that between characters and heath in Hardy's *The Return of the Native*.

Perhaps it is the wide expanse of earth and sky which is South Africa to Olive Schreiner, and it is interesting to trace the part played by the stars in the spiritual lives of her chief characters. As little children, taught by the pious old man Otto, Waldo and Lyndall and Em sit at the door on summer evenings and look up at the stars and speculate over them. "How old are they? Who dwelt in them? And the old German would say that perhaps the souls we loved lived in them. . . . and the children would look up lovingly." Years later, when Lyndall and Waldo are grown up, and they have withdrawn from the gaiety of a wedding party, Waldo looked up into the sparkling sky with dull eyes:

"When we lie and think and think", he says, "we see that there is nothing worth doing. The universe is so large, and man is so small." Lyndall contradicts him, but with little conviction, and a few minutes later suddenly says: "Waldo, they are laughing at us." "Who?" he asked, starting up. "They—the stars. Do you not see? There is a little white, mocking finger pointing down at us from each one of them. We are talking of to-morrow, and to-morrow, and our hearts are so strong. We are not thinking of something that can touch us softly in the dark and make us still for ever. They are laughing at us, Waldo."

Both sat looking upward.

"Do you ever pray?" he asked her in a low voice.

"No."

"I never do; but I might when I look up there. I will tell you where I could pray. If there were a wall of rock on the edge of a world, and one rock stretched out far, far into space, and I stood alone upon it, alone, with stars above me and stars below me—I would not say anything; but the feeling would be prayer."

Later still, when Waldo has heard of Lyndall's death, he "looked up into the night sky that all his life long had mingled itself with his existence:"

There were a thousand faces that he loved looking down at him, a thousand stars in their glory, in crowns and circles and solitary grandeur. To the man they were not less dear than to

the boy they had been mysterious; yet he looked up at them and shuddered; at last turned away from them with horror. Such countless multitudes stretching out far into space, and yet not in one of them all was she. . . . Though he searched through them all, to the furthest, faintest point of light, nowhere should he ever say "She is here!" . . . He shut the door to keep out their hideous shining.

Farm and plain and sky, this is the world of *The Story of An African Farm*, and in the opening chapters we see the three children, Waldo, Lyndall and Em, already prophesying their fates in their relation to the life of the farm. Waldo is tortured by the narrow religious orthodoxy which terrifies and humiliates him. He wants to understand himself and his world, and painfully he works his way to a sceptical despair. His loneliness and sense of personal degradation seem complete, when suddenly he discovers that he is not alone, that others have been through the same, and that they have questioned as he questions the accepted social and religious dogmas. In the farm attic he discovers (of all things to get excited about!) a book on Economics, and in the short time before the book is taken from him, on the ground that it is not fit reading because it is not the Bible, he leaps to the ecstatic discovery that he is one of a glorious company of free minds:

So then all thinking creatures did not send up the one cry—"As thou, dear Lord, hast created things in the beginning, so are they now, so ought they to be, so will they be, world without end; and it doesn't concern us what they are. Amen." There were men to whom not only kopjes and stones were calling out imperatively, "What are we, and how came we here? Understand us and know us;" but to whom even the old, old relations between man and man and the customs of the ages called, and could not be made still.

At about the same time he makes a similar discovery, that in religion too he is not alone in putting the love of truth before personal comfort and security.

Waldo, after these experiences, no longer fits into the farm life, and he goes forth, penniless, to see the world. In his beautiful letter to Lyndall, a letter which gave Olive Schreiner intense pleasure to write, he describes his bitter initiation into a wider life. Self-knowledge comes to him at last, and he returns to the farm, master of himself and ready to offer himself to Lyndall. He is met with the news of her death, and again his spirit is overwhelmed. But peace comes back, and in a passage of extraordinary beauty Waldo's life is completed:

Waldo, as he sat with his knees drawn up to his chin and his arms folded on them, looked at it all and smiled. An evil world, a deceitful, treacherous, mirage-like world, it might be; but a lovely world for all that, and to sit there gloating in the sunlight was perfect. It was worth having been a little child, and having cried and prayed, so one might sit there. He moved his hands as though he were washing them in the sunshine.

Of the other two children of the farm, Lyndall is only less interesting than Waldo. She is the sceptical critic of life, hiding her own strong feelings behind a wall of irony, making, so it seems, a tangle of her own life through knowing too clearly what she does not want, and not being able to find any abiding consolation. Em acts as a foil to both, the nature that can suffer indeed, but only in the immediate unreflective way of the very simple. She belongs wholly to the farm, and it is doubtful if she ever saw the wide expanse of earth and sky.

The Story of an African Farm is not all good. There is the long, clumsy, and unconvincing Bonaparte episode to spoil it. But Bonaparte is quickly forgotten, when we look back on the book as a whole. What is unforgettable is the long slow life of Waldo in that great African landscape, his intimacy with sky, and hill, and plain, and with his dearly loved animals, dog and horse, sheep, pigs and oxen. His lesson is learnt by the slow beat of time, and his life ticks on like the great watch on his father's wall. He finds no short cuts to wisdom, but his nature impels him to seek at whatever cost, and his reward is the peace and wisdom of his latest hours. Waldo's death cannot be understood unless we remember that Olive Schreiner is never far (in her imaginative life) from the world of dreams and allegory. Waldo dies, you may say, because he has fulfilled his life. This is no scientific reason, but it is the perfect reason for Olive Schreiner, and cannot be long a difficulty to readers who understand her mood.

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From 1873 until 1909 Olive Schreiner was occupied more or less actively with *From Man to Man*. The story was thought out and partly written before her first visit to England. From that time, year after year, it was not long absent from her thoughts. In 1887 she writes: "*From Man to Man* will be quite different from any other book that ever was written; whether good or bad, I can't say. I never *think*: the story leads me, not I it, and I guess it's more likely to make an end of me than I am ever to make an end of it." And in the following year: "I am writing about those two terrible women, Veronica and Mrs. Drummond. It is so

terrible to have to realize them and grapple with them. I bear all kinds of wickedness, but not meanness and smallness. I shall be glad to get back to Bertie and Rebecca, my beloveds. If they are ever so real to anyone as to me, how real they will be!" In her letters she again and again refers to the sisters, Rebecca and Bertie, as if they were real people, and she were learning slowly about their lives. "I always think," she writes, "when I go near Rondebosch I fancy I shall meet Rebecca coming down one of the avenues. Not Lyndall, not even Waldo has been so absolutely real to me as she and Bertie. I cannot believe they never lived. I say I believe it, but I don't. You see they have lived with me fifteen years."

I don't know of any other writer who has been so completely possessed by her own creations, and I know of no other novel which is such a full expression of its author's personality. Olive Schreiner's whole nature is poured into the book. She must almost have written herself out in it. No wonder it gave her such joy, and no wonder she found it impossible to finish it and publish it. Although she never says this in so many words, it is probably not untrue to say that she could no more finish *From Man to Man* than she could wind up any of her friendships.

Olive's favourite part of the novel was the *Prelude*. This will undoubtedly stand as one of the most perfect things of its kind. It came to her, she tells us, in a flash as a whole, after the rest of the story was more or less completely imagined. For years she had grown intimate with the woman Rebecca, and now in 1888 she suddenly sees, spread out like a map before her, the day of days in Rebecca's childhood—the momentous day such as Olive herself had experienced when her little sister had died. This day, from early morning till late evening, we too see stretching as the longest days of childhood stretch to an almost unbearable fatigue. Rebecca is five years old, and for almost a whole day she is alone, because everyone is busy with her mother, and the two tiny babies who are born this morning. She wanders about the garden, and makes her way into the house through an open window of the spare bedroom. Here, on a table, she finds what she has long looked for—a baby for her own. The baby is cold, so she covers its feet with her best cape, and to amuse it when it wakes, she lays her favourite toys within reach of its hands. But her disappointment comes roughly, and she knows her mistake. The baby is not hers—it is her mother's, and it is dead. But there is another, alive, and before the day is over her mother has trusted her to hold the living baby in her arms, and so she falls asleep. And between these two

great experiences the long hours of the child's day stretch—filled with more ordinary doings, and balancing with their steady normal flow the excitements which alone would be intolerable. Did ever novelist give this more wisely? What a day it is for the little Rebecca! Did ever child attain so much wisdom and remain so unspoiled, so perfectly the child? She does not guess herself how much she has learned. She knows that her spelling is but half prepared, and her six times table very imperfectly mastered, but she does not know that her education has advanced by leaps and bounds, since morning.

The *Prelude* is the summit of Olive Schreiner's work. For it does a most extraordinary thing in a perfect way. There is no flaw in taste or artistry, and yet what she does is nothing short of this. Into the experience and into the speech of a little girl of five she puts the experience and the wisdom of half a lifetime. Yet there is not a trace of precocity, or morbidity, or even of self-consciousness. The child learns something of the mysteries of birth and death; she learns much of affection, she experiences misunderstanding and wonderfully tender understanding, she suffers injustice, and enters into the bliss of a great trust. And in her dreamy talk to her imaginary baby she expresses the wisdom which meets innocence in heaven. She tells her baby of the animals, and imagines a world without cruelty and without fear. She tells her, too, how she will grow up, and what she must learn, and how she must behave, and how free she will be to grow and be happy. She will be able to climb trees just like the boys, and she, Rebecca her mother, will make her "a pair of thick trousers to climb trees in; these white ones tear so when you slide down, and then the people call you tomboy!" She knows, as Waldo, and Rebecca the woman, and Olive knew, that it is good to raise your eyes from your own little home and look at the stars:

"Once there was a little blue egg in a nest" runs the story which little Rebecca tells her baby, "and the mother bird sat on it. And one day out came a bird; it had no feathers, and its eyes were shut, and the mother bird sat on it. By and by the feathers began to come, and the eyes opened. And one night, when the mother bird was fast asleep in the nest and the little bird was under her, it put out its head from under the mother's wing and looked. And what do you think it saw? It saw all the stars shining. And it sat up and looked at them! That's the end of the story."

Surely no one else has given us such a complete child's day. No doubt the child is unusual, but she is Olive Schreiner herself, so what else could she be? But she is never for a second anything

but a little child, never more entirely so than when she forgets all her own troubles in absorbed curiosity, "bending over the ants intently, examining them carefully and long."

The long novel, to which this child's day is the prelude, is the imaginary world in which Olive Schreiner lived for many years. Her own world was always unsatisfactory. She had such bad bodily health that she never had the physical freedom which must be the condition of full spiritual vigour. Again and again her cry is "If only I had the health!" Fortunately she had the childlike faculty of withdrawing from her actual world into an imaginary world of her own, and fortunately too, she always left the consciousness of her own physical frailty behind her. In her creative work there is not a trace of the invalid. Sometimes the world she withdraws to becomes real to her for a day or an hour. And when she puts such a world on record, she writes an allegory or a dream. But more often it is the same world, the world of *From Man to Man* that she enters, and here, moving to and fro with Bertie and Rebecca, she is at home. Into this world she carries all her own interests, her enthusiasm for natural history, her acute sense of sex problems and of racial problems. In the *Story of An African Farm* she had expressed her strong feeling for the intensity of an individual, lonely life groping its way along. Waldo and Lyndall each move along a straight line, each, in a different way, fighting a path to personal integrity. In *From Man to Man* she is moving in a more complex world. Rebecca and Bertie are what they are because of their relations with others. They do not have to wrestle with themselves, but with the social world in which they live. Rebecca has to live with her husband and children, and (like Waldo) she has (by the laws of her own nature) to understand. So she thinks and thinks; and the more she suffers, the more imperative it is for her to be able to hold her own life in her hand and look at it, as she holds and feels the little Greek statue of Hercules which she loves so much. And for the other sister too, Bertie, life is a complex affair of human relationships. Her own nature is simple and childlike, and she is quite incapable of either understanding or directing her own life. To such a nature life is often an aimless drifting downstream. So Bertie drifts, at the mercy of other people's opinion, just as Tess was, and like her driven down by people who are base where she is guileless.

With this more complex world in which to move, Olive Schreiner has a fuller opportunity than she had in the *African Farm*. By imagining the full life of her two heroines, with their relationships to each other, to men, to children, to animals, to people of different

racess, she can open up all those problems of social life and of public affairs in which she was so intensely interested. But it is as well to state emphatically now that she was interested in the problems, because she had so vivid a realization of the actual flesh-and-blood entanglements which called in life as she knew it for some sort of intelligent solution. She was indeed passionate for a newer and better world, but her zeal for reform was rooted deep in her knowledge of her own nature and in her close contacts with men and women of her own and of alien races.

So in her novels, especially in *From Man to Man*, the realization of the characters and scenes comes first, and the reflections on life fit it because Waldo and Rebecca are so alive in her imagination that she knows what they think as well as what they do and suffer. Of course, this comes very near to the modern view of fiction. Like the moderns, Olive Schreiner is concerned with the life of the spirit, and those who read novels only for a good plot will probably skim over page after page of *From Man to Man*. But when she sets Rebecca down in her little study, crowded with books and papers and botanical and geological specimens, to write to her husband the inner story of her married life, or to work out, now on paper, now in soliloquy, the effect which her demand for sincerity must have on her whole life, she is not digressing, but writing important chapters in the history of Rebecca's mind.

One of the most delightful of these chapters is that containing Rebecca's talk with her little sons on the subject of the relation between the white and black races in South Africa. She tries to show them in a series of unforgettable pictures just where they stand in relation to past, present and future:

Sometimes when I am walking in my garden, and I see the peach tree covered with blossoms in the corner and the roses and lilies growing all round, and the grapes hanging from the gable, and all the small flowers sending out their scent, the feeling comes to me and I want to say: "To all the gardeners that have been before me—to the little old first mother who scratched earth and put in roots and grasses—to Chinaman and Persian and Egyptian and Babylonian and Indian, and men and women of races whose names I shall never know, without whom I should never have this beauty—Thanks!" And sometimes I think perhaps in years to come, when I have long ages been dust, some woman working in a garden more beautiful than any I can dream of now will stretch out her hand and say: "To all the gardeners that have been before me—" and I, so long dead in the dust, will live in her heart again.

These long chapters in which Rebecca talks and writes are as fully alive as any in the book, and contain some of Olive

Schreiner's most vivid dream-pictures and allegories. They cannot be detached from the book, but are fused right into the story, if we remember that it is a history of the spirit which we are reading. They have nothing in common either with the unessential moralisings of earlier novelists like Defoe, or with the imperfectly welded theorisings of a man like Lawrence. If we have entered into the spirit of the books, we read them because we know and love Rebecca, and want to follow all the workings of her mind.

But if Rebecca were all, we might feel that the book was over-weighted with thought. As it is, the character of Bertie balances the book perfectly, as Ophelia balances Hamlet. Bertie is the kind of a woman who might just as well be happy as unhappy. Her own nature counts for nothing—she is at the mercy of others. As long as the sun shines on her, she can reflect its light; but if things turn against her, she has no steady hold on life to help in determining her fate. She falls a victim to her tutor because she does not want to make him angry. Later, because she confesses this, her lover, John Ferdinand, denounces her as a sinner. He passes on her confession to the woman whom he later marries, and she in turn sees to it that Bertie shall be branded wherever she goes. Bertie has, as Rebecca notices, no inner life to steady her when her relationships with others go wrong. Rebecca can turn to history, geology, art, philosophy, but Bertie and such as Bertie have only one life possible, the life of the personal relations; if that fails them, all fails. And fail it does for Bertie, whose life becomes a pitiful tragedy.

So the two tragedies are worked out, side by side, in the book. The sisters are so different and so absolutely alive that we are fair in assuming that Olive Schreiner could have created a whole gallery of convincing portraits of women. Her passionate concern for the liberation of women would have led a less artistic nature into creating types. But there is nothing typical about either the characters or the stories of Rebecca and Bertie. Each is completely individualised because Olive's creative genius was not at the mercy of her political or social views.

Nowhere is this more clearly seen than in her masterly short story, *1899*. It is the story of South Africa from about 1830 to 1900, as far as a single Boer family could experience it. Everything is there, told in the starkest prose: the early trek northwards away from British rule, peaceful in intent and bloody only from outer necessity; the long quiet years of pioneer farming, broken by the tragedies almost inevitable in such a life in such a country; the monotony of daily toil sweetened by affection and saddened

ly death; the dread of war, and the quiet and courageous meeting of it when it comes; the desolation of loneliness when the last boy lies in the second Boer War, and the magnificent rising to the call of life when all seems lost. The news of the boy's death has come to his mother and grandmother who are now left alone. The old woman speaks:

"I am going out to sow—the ground will be getting too dry to-morrow; will you come with me?"

They went out together and began to walk up the lands, keeping parallel with the low hedge of dried bushes that ran up along the side of the sloop almost up to the top of the ridge. At every few paces they stopped and bent down to press into the earth now one and then the other kind of seed from their bags. Slowly they walked up and down till they reached the top of the land almost on the horizon line; and then they turned and walked down, sowing as they went. When they had reached the bottom of the land before the farm-house it was almost sunset, and their bags were nearly empty; but they turned to go up once more. The light of the setting sun cast long, gaunt shadows from their figures across the ploughed land, over the low hedge and the sloop, into the bare veldt beyond; shadows that grew longer and longer as they passed slowly on pressing in the seeds. . . . The seeds!

When the sun had set, the two women with their empty bags turned and walked silently home in the dark to the farm house.

This remarkable story has in it something of the myth. These two women (who are never named) might be the figures in some ancient story telling of the endless warp of life, tense and unbroken whatever patterns the weft may bring. But it is also historical fiction of the finest kind. The two women are so deeply imbedded in the Africa of these particular years that in understanding them we understand the Boer wars, not as political events, but as passionate experience.

It is tempting to talk at length about Olive Schreiner's attitude to public affairs. Perhaps I can hardly hope to be expressing everyone's opinion when I say that she was invariably on the right side in the controversies of her day. Her views, as I have already suggested, were never doctrinaire, but always deeply rooted in her first-hand knowledge of life. She was not interested in those purely political questions which do not directly touch human nature; but where the lives of men and women were at stake, she threw the whole force of her personality against greed, falsehood, injustice, oppression, and violence. She seems to have been incapable of thinking conventionally, and even when she was a young girl her thought was unhampered by tradition. In any important

issue she went straight to the unequivocal facts, and based her opinion upon them. In her discussion of the position of women in the world, for example, Olive Schreiner's argument is solid and unassailable compared with that of most platform orators on the subject in England fifteen or twenty years ago. So, too, in religion; her freedom of thought is not the usual vague, negative product of doubt and materialism; it is a vitally real and spontaneous energy of spirit, breaking through the old bonds, and rising on wings to explore new heights. And akin to this freedom of thought is a vigour and independence of life in which the moral values are immediate, derived from nothing outside.

She expresses this in an allegory, the concluding words of which illustrate her way of thinking, and at the same time describe her own life.

And the soul stood on the bank and cried: "Oh, River of Life! How am I to cross? I have tried all roads, and they have failed me!"

And the River answered, "Cross me alone."

And the soul went down into the water, and it crossed.