

Mr. Twigley responds, "Of course there is! There's a music for everything. ... Everything in the world - trees, rocks and stars and human beings - they all have their own true music." That is a fundamentally Theosophical idea: everything vibrates, each thing produces its own characteristic sound. By the end of the visit, Mr. Twigley has gotten rid of Sarah Clump and used up all his wishes, the last one being to tune the Banks' piano.

Other adventures follow until chapters 6, "High Tide," and 7, "Happy Ever After," either of which could be taken as the central-theme episode of the third book; it is a role they share. In the first book, the central-theme chapter involved a visit to the zoo, which represents the earth. In the second book, the central theme concerns a visit to the heavens, the air. In this third book, chapter 6 appropriately takes the children under water. There Jane has a conversation with a Terrapin; she says, "I thought the Sea would be so different, but really, it's very like the land!" The Terrapin replies, "And why not? ... The land came out of the sea, remember. Each thing on the earth has a brother here - the lion, the dog, the hare, the elephant. The precious gems have their kind in the sea so have the starry constellations. The rose remembers the salty waters and the moon the ebb and flow of the tide. You, too, must remember it. Jane and Michael! There are more things in the sea, my children, than ever came out of it." The notion of the great sea as the source of life is widespread; and the concept of parallel lines of evolution is very Theosophical.

Chapter 7 ("Happy Ever After") takes place on the last day of the old year and introduces a concept that was central to Pamela Travers' thinking: that of a Crack in space-time, in which anything is possible and all problems disappear. That Crack is, as it were, an opening to the Dreaming. As he is going to bed, Michael suddenly sits up and asks:

"When igzackly does the Old Year end?"

"Tonight," said Mary Poppins shortly. "At the first stroke of twelve."

"And when does it begin?" he went on.

"When does what begin?" she snapped.

"The New Year," answered Michael patiently.

"On the last stroke of twelve," she replied, giving a short sharp sniff.