

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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THE doctrine of metempsychosis (reincarnation) may almost claim to be a natural or innate belief in the human mind, if we may judge from its wide diffusion among the nations of the earth and its prevalence throughout the historical ages.—*Professor Francis Bowen*

THE SCIENCE OF LIVING, by H. T. Edge, M. A.

Where there is no vision the people perish.—*Proverbs, xxix. 18*



SCIENCE is a word to conjure with nowadays; but, judging by the state of the world, and by the state of our own minds, there must be something the matter with our science. Psychology is another word we are very fond of today; and so is biology. In the magazines and papers you will find every week articles on psychology as applied to education, the treatment of criminals, and the care of the insane. Science has made notable progress in the treatment of disease, but at the same time is responsible for many diseases; and some think that civilization is gravely threatened by disease.

But this is not the fault of science itself, for science means knowledge and is a sacred name. The fault is that our intellect has been applied in the wrong direction, so that our science is not really science. At least it is not the science of living.

The fact seems to be that we have no real science of living at all. The domain of that which we call science is confined to external matters, and nowhere gets beyond the region which is defined by the perceptions of the five bodily senses and by the mental conceptions which we form from the data supplied by these senses. But the actual fact is that our lives are comparatively little influenced by this sense-world and its phenomena. They are influenced by subtler forces ruling in the world of mind and emotion. Character and conduct are the things that count in life; and our science does not concern itself with character and conduct.

Then there is religion, with its various creeds. This may certainly be said to concern itself with character and conduct. But, if we are to judge by results, we cannot say it has made good, nor that it promises much hope for the future. But here again let us hasten to say that Religion it-

self is not condemned, but only our failure to realize it. As is well recognised in intelligent quarters, religion has occupied itself too much with the next world and has too much neglected the world we live in.

Aside from orthodox science and authoritative religion, there is only speculation to be relied on; and of this we have plenty, in many fields. There should also be added to our list of resources a heritage of ideas gained from ancestral experience and of instinctive virtues inherited from past times; but this is a capital that cannot be drawn upon indefinitely.

One essential thing we have not succeeded in obtaining — that is, unity. The words standing for this, such as brotherhood, fellowship, and the like, have become almost cant phrases, owing to misunderstandings and abortive attempts to realize their meaning. Yet we are always driven back upon them, for unity is obviously the key to the problems of life. But, sooner than try to make men one and united, we should seek to recognise the fact that they *are* one and united. In other words, we should aim to recognise and to realize the spiritual unity of mankind. In a recent lecture on biology, delivered under these auspices, we were told that the Intelligence back of creation is striving to create one great organism out of humanity. This creative intelligence, which inspires all evolution, begins by evolving small organisms, consisting of perhaps a single cell, and by combining them makes greater and ever greater organisms. The individual life of the cell is lost in the far greater and better life which it lives as an integral part of the larger organism. And so, the lecturer said, the great Intelligence behind humanity is ever aiming to bring individual men together so as to realize the unity of a great and sublime organism, wherein our petty personal selves will pale before the light of that greater life which we shall live as integral parts of the great human orchestra. And all this is made possible by the fact that there is a single spiritual essence, a single fount of spiritual life, for all men. The key to the science of living, therefore, is to recognise this spiritual oneness of mankind and to do all that is possible to realize it. For this purpose it is clear that we need a higher psychology than that which is never tired of dwelling on the morbidities and eccentricities of human nature, and of comparing man with the animals. We need a psychology which shall direct our thoughts to the higher part of our nature and fill our imagination with pictures of man's divine possibilities. For it is true, as we hear in lectures on evolution, that the animals are man's younger brothers, as it were, and that in them are reflected man's various propensities and desires, so that the animals copy man, their elder brother; and man, when he throws off his mortal vestures, sends out into the ether the psychic materials which the great architects of Nature can utilize in building up the denizens of the animal kingdom. Much good, then, will it do us to be for ever harping on the analogies between man's

lower nature and the nature of the animals, and excusing ourselves for our frailties on the ground of a theory that we are ascended from the animals.

Whatever, though, may be the truth as regards the origin and the lineage of man's physical body, that truth cannot affect the fact that man has a self-conscious mind, whose limits are boundless, and which is absolutely of its own kind, and underivable from any sort of animal mind. The evolutionists do not tell us where man got this self-conscious mind from, nor when he got it; nor do they concern themselves with studying its nature and uses. But that is the question which we must consider as of prime importance to anyone who talks about the science of living.

The future, which seems so problematical to many anxious thinkers, is full of hope for the Theosophist; for he realizes that the reason why men are in such perplexity today is because they have been for ages filling their minds with wrong ideas about the nature of man; and that, if these wrong ideas are replaced by reasonable ones, it is only a question of time before light will begin to dawn brightly in many places.

For knowledge about anything is obtained when the thoughts of many people are directed long and continuously towards that object. Besides the individual minds of individual persons, there is a racial mind, which is a sort of common atmosphere in which we all partake. Some people can rise above the level of the racial mind, but no one can rise very far above it; and even when somebody does do so, we have a case of a genius, who resembles an isolated peak, and is apt to be out of tune with his surroundings. So what is necessary is to educate the public mind up to a higher level, to remove many fixed ideas and implant new ones.

Take, for instance, the idea of immortality. The greater part of our mind is mortal, for it grew up gradually during the period of our growth; it did not exist before our present body was born, and it is not fitted to survive the decease of that body. All this part of the mind, made up of the memories, associations and impressions garnered in this life, is what is called our personality. But yet we are not wholly mortal; something tells us that. There is an immortal essence back of the ordinary consciousness, and to this has been given the name of the Individuality to distinguish it from the perishable personality. People do not have much idea of any distinction like this; they have not been taught to think along these lines. What a difference it would make if they *were* taught! And if they were accustomed to hold in their minds the idea of reincarnation, and to ponder over it and test it in the light of daily experience, they would soon find their conceptions of life and death gradually changing, and would realize how inadequate were their previous notions. We have not now at all a vivid idea of our own immortality, but that is only because we have thought so little about it. The feeling of immortality would

gradually become keener and more common, if people were educated to think upon it. And remember, that immortality is not to be thought of as if it were something belonging to the after-death. It is something that goes on all the time; *you are immortal now*. Behind your mind stands that Light, ready to make itself known, whenever you are able to receive it. It is this that inspires us with noble unselfish thoughts; this is the part of us that never dies. A true psychology would teach us about this immortal part and how to come into touch with it.

The quotation with which I began this lecture has a second part. The whole quotation runs: "Where there is no vision the people perish: but he that keepeth the law, happy is he." What law do we keep? What law do we even recognise? Yet without law there can be only chaos and confusion. As George Eliot says: "There is no kind of conscious obedience that is not an advance on lawlessness." But to what are we obedient? What law or laws do we recognise? If we are to steer clear of the false extremes of libertinism and license on the one hand, and blind subservience to a despotic authority on the other, we must obey some law recognised by all to be a law of nature, and implicitly obeyed because on obedience depends our welfare. This we already do in many of the concerns of life — in hygiene, for instance. We do not defy the laws of health recklessly, eat poisonous food, and expose ourselves to damp and cold; nor on the other hand do we blindly obey the arbitrary decrees of a despotic doctor. We simply recognise that there are laws of health, and we obey them, and we believe that the doctor knows more about them than we do, and so we consult him and trust him.

Now let us apply this to the question of higher laws — laws that regulate the moral hygiene of humanity. Are we recklessly to defy the laws, or behave indiscriminately as if there were no laws, or set up our own whims and passions as laws? And if we find that this will not do, since we dare not allow our brother the same license as we may claim for ourselves, then are we on the other hand to obey some arbitrary rule or authority? In short, are we limited to the choice between anarchy and despotism, between libertinism and dogmatism? Nay, there must surely be laws of moral well-being which all can recognise and obey.

Let us take some concrete and particular instance. Let us take the case of honesty and dishonesty. What should be one's motive for being honest? Is it fear that you will be found out, or that you will lose your customers, or is it some vague moral instinct that you have inherited or acquired? The former is a mean motive; the latter is a motive that needs to be better understood, so that it can stand up against the assaults of cynical reasoning. The fact is that the dishonest man sins against himself, because he violates the purity of his own nature, poisons himself, in-

jects virus into himself. And the same with the man who thinks impure thoughts of any kind: he pollutes himself. But is even this the right motive? Scarcely so, for it is rather a selfish motive. The immoral man poisons not merely his own life but the life of others. Fellow-feeling, the sense of corporate unity, should therefore be the motive for right-living.

Good motives alone do not save their possessor from mistakes disastrous alike to himself and to others. The futility of good intentions when not accompanied by wisdom is a sufficiently hackneyed theme and need not be amplified here. Our title tonight is the *science* of living, and science means knowledge. The element of knowledge or science cannot be said to have entered much into our religious life; for this life we associate with ethics and maxims. We have two branches of knowledge, the religious and the scientific, neither one of them complete, each going lame and halting on one leg. Whoever Christ, the man, was, I fully believe that in his day he had a Gnosis or body of teachings, which he communicated to his chosen disciples — those who had proved themselves worthy — and that for some reason or other these teachings have not come down to us; they have been mislaid, and we have only the teachings which he gave in public when addressing large crowds.

H. P. Blavatsky, Foundress of the Theosophical Society, demonstrated to the Western world the reality of the existence of the Secret Doctrine of Antiquity, a body of knowledge which has been handed down through the ages, but which has been lost sight of during the centuries of our civilization and the preceding dark ages. The forces of evil seem to have overcome men's minds and thus compelled the sacred knowledge to seek safety in seclusion; and dogmatic religions and warring sects took its place.

But we have reached a stage when the Secret Doctrine is due to be revived. Occultism takes strange forms when not built on the rock of brotherhood, and hence we find abroad today many weird cults of psychism, some of them constructed out of travestied teachings of H. P. Blavatsky. But these cults are many and divergent, as are also the personalities and coteries which head them; which alone is enough to stamp them as imitations. But when we examine them, we find they are not practical or serviceable to humanity, however ambitious in their prophecies; and some of them are very grotesque and unwholesome. True Theosophy is known by its identity with the teachings of H. P. Blavatsky, and by its practicability and wholesomeness. True Occultism is concerned with the development of man's Individuality, not that of his personality; a distinction which cannot be too often emphasized, the Individuality being that part of man which is eternal, and the personality being merely a temporary structure put together during a single life on earth, and compact of personal views, habits and prejudices.

When people speak of self-development, they usually have reference to personal growth; yet how small a thing is this compared with the needs of humanity! Is it not simply selfish emulation over again, the striving to raise oneself above one's fellows — a futile task in the long run? What could a great teacher care about satisfying various personal ambitions, when faced by the problem of the betterment of humanity? Theosophy, therefore, must be concerned with the uniting of men into a harmonious working whole; and the true aim of Occultism is the attainment of such knowledge as shall enable mankind at large to solve the problem of life.

The teaching that man is compact of the animal and the god has its correspondence in the physical body itself of man. A recognition and study of this fact would constitute a true and really helpful biology. Man has been compared to an Aeolian harp with two sets of chords — one of finest silver, the other of coarse catgut. It is the latter alone, the coarser fibers of his nature, that are set in vibration by the play of emotions and sensations arising from the lower or animal nature of man. Biology, so far, is studying this lower aspect of man's nature alone. But within all this mechanism of nerves, is the other and finer mechanism, the silver strings of the harp, which can be made to vibrate only in response to influences arising from the higher nature. Correspondingly the brain has two functions: it acts as a reflector or mirror to the impulses arising from the lower vital organs, and it can serve as a central distributing agency and co-ordinating center for the various impulses. But this is only a minor and superficial function. The real function of the brain remains unknown to biology, and the greater part of that organ even seems superfluous. The fact is that it is still a rudimentary organ in man, and is not used, but only awaiting the time when it shall be used. It is the organ for higher forms of consciousness not yet used by the ordinary man. Things like this about the body should be investigated carefully, because they remove the teachings from the domain of mere speculation and bring them down to actual practical life. It is also most important that the incomplete and misleading biology should be counteracted.

Does the mind act on the body, or the body on the mind? It is both ways; there is action and reaction. But the mind starts the ball rolling. The body is a creature of habit, its cells and organs being like small animals, which have only a limited consciousness, just enough to enable them to repeat over and over again any impression which may have been stamped upon them. Thus, a wrong thought initiated by the mind will impress itself upon the body, which will thereafter tend to set up a repetition of that wrong thought. In time the influence from the body may grow strong enough to overpower the mind, and then the man becomes the slave of his passions. Pessimists, seeing this, have reasoned that the

mind is always and inevitably under the sway of the body; but the case is far otherwise with man. The fact of his possessing a dual nature controverts this opinion and makes the facts quite different. Man has a neutral center, an independent fulcrum, outside his emotional nature, by means of which he can escape from what otherwise would be a vicious circle. This outside and independent influence is what we call conscience, and the sense of right and duty and honor and compassion. It arises from no animal or corporeal influence within the cells, but is a ray of light from the divine center of our nature. This higher influence does not act directly upon the body, but it acts through the mind. Conscience and intuition inspire our mind with right motives, and then our mind, thus inspired, acts upon the body, thereby setting aside and defeating the coarser influences from below.

This fact is very important as showing the error of hypnotism and psychic influence and certain methods of proposed self-cure. The attempt is made, in these methods, to act directly upon the body, or to influence the mind through the body. But the right plan is to influence the mind by counsel and exhortation and appeals to conscience and reason; and thus the mind is healed, and then the mind can heal the body. This latter process can then be assisted by the proper medical treatment; but unless the patient's mind is corrected and adjusted first, it is of little use to try to effect a genuine cure of all those ailments which depend on wrong habits, whether of thought or act.

The early years of life are the most important, because whatever happens then is the most potent in its influence on the whole life. It is precisely here - in these early years - that most of the evil is wrought; and it is therefore precisely here that we must get in our lever to bring about a change for the better. The Râja-Yoga education is of course based on this idea. The notion which some would-be educators have, that a child can safely be left to the guidance of 'nature' is of course absurd, because we have already modified nature by putting the child in a featherbed, sheltering it within four walls, and feeding it on cooked food. In addition we have endowed it with a physical heredity far from natural and perfect, and it has probably passed through the first nine months of its budding existence amid a mental atmosphere that is quite artificial and far from anything to which the term natural might truly be applied. The result is that the child is born with a mixed nature. It is, in fact, a soul re-born amid circumstances of difficulty which demand our kind assistance.

To leave a child morally to its own devices and judgment would be very like turning it out-of-doors to fend for itself against the elements. There may be some educators who advocate theories of non-interference, as they call it; but these, where they have succeeded at all, are people of

exceptional temperament, and in reality they influence the children very strongly, though without seeming to do so. To preach such a gospel to all and sundry for universal adoption would be a very different matter. Children need constant watchfulness, care and protection; they demand it of us; it is their right; it is our duty. If we fail in this duty, we are guilty. Do you not know that, when children ask an indulgence, they are often secretly hoping it will not be granted; and are secretly disappointed if it is granted; and are interiorly glad when it is refused? The lower nature pleads for indulgence; the higher pleads for strength. Both of them are asking you for recognition. Which will you recognise? Ah, how often do we weakly and foolishly yield to the pleadings of the lower nature, and thus flout the higher nature of our child or of our friend! And why? Is it not because we are always yielding to the weakness of our own lower nature?

Truly it is hard to know whether to begin with the parent or the child. Practically, however, the problem is solved by beginning in both places at once; and so the Râja-Yoga school, in its wider limits, may be said to include a school for parents, and indeed for everybody, for we are all involved together in the problems of life.

What Theosophists must rely on is the fact that necessity will surely by degrees impel people to invoke the aid of Theosophy, because they will see that it is the only thing which can really give them the light and the help which they are seeking. If it can be practically demonstrated that Theosophy succeeds where other things fail, no other credentials will be asked. We certainly do need new faith, a new dawn of hope and belief and confidence and trust and loyalty and enthusiasm. Where are we to get it? We cannot go on forever drawing on the capital of religious feeling accumulated by our ancestors. We feel that somehow the world has lost much of grandeur and beauty and joy, and has become dull and little and prosaic. The golden age and the lost Eden are in the past, but they can be recreated; and surely the Soul of man is not dead, but only sleeping, and will evoke the glory of the past once more by its quenchless yearning. Oh that life could be beautiful once more!

Life is beautiful for the bird and the little child; but as for us the burden of thought has weighed us down, so that some cynics have declared that thought is the enemy of happiness, and the only way to be happy is to kill thought! George Eliot says, "Mind is an enemy to beauty"; and an ancient book of esoteric teachings says, "The mind is the slayer of the real." Clearly what we have to do is, not to destroy the mind, but to *learn what to do with it*. We have to seek for something within that is greater than the mind - - for a great ocean of faith, love and harmony. A great gateway of knowledge will open up when we have proved that we

can be trusted with knowledge and will not use it for self-gratification or to hurt our fellow-man. But how can you give knowledge to a world which puts in its newspapers advertisements representing a man hypnotizing a woman, and promising to teach you for five dollars how to make a person do everything you want? This is why the real teachings have always been guarded; and reason enough, surely. But for him who honestly tries to follow the path of duty, the teachings of Theosophy will unfold themselves more and more in proportion to his success in realizing duty and self-control. The true science of living is the heart-doctrine — the wisdom that comes from compassion.



THE HIGHER WOMANHOOD: by Lydia Ross, M. D.

THE higher womanhood is that essential quality of inherent power and responsibility in woman's nature which is her supreme charm and her greatest strength. It is, in essence, a birthright more real and lasting than anything she can ever obtain through human law or from outside sources. The more perfectly she expresses the womanly side of a common humanity, the better she portrays the character assumed by the indwelling Soul for a personal mask in a passing play of earthly experience. The law of compensation decrees that when she maintains her courage and serenity in spite of sufferings, she develops, beyond a womanly patience and sweetness, a finer force and an inner wisdom which is something other than masculine strength and knowledge. Whatever quality she develops in her own nature, is welded into the character she is forming for use in future lives.

In order that the incarnating Soul may understand the changing drama of earth-life, it engages to play every part until it can do it perfectly. But the higher nature does not lose sight of its identity in assuming either masculine or feminine rôles, however much the brain-mind becomes confused by its associate body. As a soul, woman is man's equal, with a leading role in a work which parallels his, but does not duplicate it. Man's body is stronger than hers: his feet are more firmly planted on the solid earth; he is more at home in dealing with physical forces and nature-elements: his brain more naturally grasps the general principles, and classifies things and argues the logic of conditions. But against these advantages, she balances her less secure foothold by a readier poise which can levitate toward regions of lighter air. When stubborn facts stand in the pathway to a desired ideal, her mind overrides them

with the sweet unreason of faith and courage which travels direct by air-line to the place where Truth ought to be, in the fulfilled nature of things.

Man's work in dealing with the outside world is symbolic: and equally significant is her inner home-sphere which calls for a humble mystic who can evoke the secret forces. She it is who has the larger part in that mystery play, in which, out of the material elements of her own body, is conjured the marvel of a child's form, while the personal character of the incoming Soul bears the imprint of her unseen thoughts and feeling. She is the guardian who holds the key to the sacred creative forces, whose material expression of the human form corresponds to like mental and moral qualities. If she does not forget the password, she can shut out the thousand unworthy things that lurk about the doorway, and too often creep in and mar the creative life of humanity.

That woman originally had this talismanic word is evident from the universal belief in a past Golden Age. These days of primeval Paradise have been followed by many cyclic rises and falls in the ups and downs of a changing racial record. But the level of enlightenment in any age has been marked by the position woman occupied. The injustice and suffering she has endured have reacted upon the welfare of the race. From the beginning ever has it been true that

Man's cause is woman's.
They rise or sink together,
Dwarfed or Godlike, bond or free.

As the guardian of the inner knowledge, woman has held or withheld the vital impulse of true progress. She has been a worthy guardian of life itself so long as she kept the light burning brightly in her own heart; but when the sacred fires died down, then came the dark ages.

Today women are in the foreground of the world's affairs, proving themselves so capable in business, in the professions, and elsewhere, as to settle all question of their ability of brain and hand. But, keeping pace with all this, are rampant disintegrating forces, undermining not only social institutions but the integrity of the home-life. Women are eagerly seeking new responsibility and are demanding more political power; but surely, conditions show that they are blind to that most potent power, the inherent quality of higher womanhood. The most casual observer can read in the faces of the city's passing throngs a look of something missing that rightly belongs to the humanity of today. With a glut of material and intellectual gains, the inner life of the age is poor and mean, is unclean and cowardly.

In watching the terrible struggle in the home-countries, despite the grievous error of such methods of settling differences, one feels a deeper trust in humanity's higher possibilities, once there shall come an awaken-

ing from the nightmare of war. If, without knowledge of their birthright of divinity, men and women can rise to such levels of courage and self-sacrifice, what might not be done when they shall work for peace as they are serving the cause of war? Now that the nations have registered their failure to respect the sacredness of life, even this great question of government must find its solution in the home, where living Peace may be seen in the enlightened power of the higher womanhood.

Katherine Tingley has said:

We are indeed at the pivotal point of our world's history, and are called upon to act our part nobly, wisely, courageously, dispassionately, and justly.

She has also said:

What is needed today by both men and women is a greater respect, first for themselves in their true natures as man and woman, and following that a greater respect each for the other. . . . Such respect implies no invasion of one another's sphere, but the very contrary, and in fact (both) can suffer terribly from such invasion. There is a common ground on which men and women can meet, which is pre-eminently in the home. It is also in the worlds of art, music, literature, education, and all the highest ideals of social, civic and national life.

Solomon said: "With all thy getting, get understanding," and the Greeks condensed philosophy into these words: "Man, know thyself." Katherine Tingley has said that "Theosophy has a message of special and unique import for the women of the world." She has ever appealed to women to study the duality of their own natures, and especially to develop that intuition which in the works of Mme. Blavatsky is the "prescience of the woman as reason is the power of the man."

The operation of the soul quality is marked by a peculiar balance which acts along middle lines, avoiding the extremes of weakness upon the one hand and unwise zeal upon the other. The real self is conscious of innate finer forces which will ultimately win all victories when it is free to act.

Unlike the brain-mind, the soul avoids the extremes of both the coward and the fanatic. The higher womanhood displays the power of the spiritual warrior. It was a counterfeit refinement arising in the brain-mind which made the women of the mid-Victorian era cultivate a fainting, hypersensitive type of clinging-vine character. Likewise, it is not the confident, serene soul, but the uncertain, restless mind, which animates present feministic struggles for more freedom by methods of law-breaking and violence.

A generation of women who shall find the irresistible strength and beauty of the higher womanhood will have no need to enhance their charm or seek more power and privileged place in the world's affairs.

The living picture of embodied truth and purity, fulfilling the duties of the common day, ennobles and refines whatever it touches, and is the final argument for a practical ideal. Human nature, even at its worst, has an innate longing for perfection, and even in the betrayer's scorn for his victim may be unconscious resentment that she had not raised him to a higher level of manhood instead of descending from her rightful place.

The allegory of the Garden of Eden is repeated in the human story. The wily serpent of Temptation well knew that woman was the guardian of the Paradise of purity. If he could delude Eve, he could depend upon Adam following her lead. Under the cowardice of Adam's cry that he sinned because the woman tempted him is the underlying justice done to her primeval place as spiritual guide. The very bitterness of the price that the daughters of Eve have ever paid for this racial lesson shows that Mother Nature herself uses heroic treatment to arouse in a benumbed soul the forgotten sense of higher womanhood.

In Katherine Tingley's work among the women in prisons she met cases seemingly hopeless from their records of hardened and embittered experience. But her appeal to their higher womanhood aroused them to a self-knowledge and a self-trust that transformed their lives and made their prison sentences a blessing to those around them.

It is an old teaching that there is but one sin - Ignorance. The cultured, refined and unselfish woman who does not understand herself shares the guilt of her imprisoned, degraded sister. Theosophy offers a philosophy of life which gives the magic key of self-knowledge to all alike. Katherine Tingley says:

In place of blind faith, let us have knowledge, in order that we may be able to face ourselves, our weaknesses, and to challenge our Higher Natures, and gain that control over ourselves that will aid us in meeting understandingly the sorrows and disappointments and unbrotherliness of the age. When the Divine Light has touched our intellects, we then shall see: and in seeing, we shall realize: and in realizing, we shall become.



WHO is that Self? He who is within the heart surrounded by the senses, the person of light, consisting of knowledge. He, remaining the same, wanders along the two worlds as if thinking, as if moving. During dream he transcends this world and all the forms of death.

This eternal being who can never be proved is to be perceived in one way only; it is spotless, beyond the ether, the unborn Self, great and eternal.

—*Brihadāraṇyaka-Upaniṣad*

FLORENCE THE BEAUTIFUL: by Lilian Whiting

FOR absolute enchantment, for a magic spell of witchery that defies translation into words, can anything equal that of Florence in the Tuscan spring? Florence lying fair and stately under the gleaming amethyst lights, with the splendors of an Italian sunset drifting through that narrow, gem-lined street of the Tornabuoni, with the flames of rose and gold playing over the wonderful Campanile, the 'lily in stone,' and shimmering with a thousand hues from the strange medieval tower of the Palazzo Vecchio. Into this wonderful Florence, still throbbing with the color, the impassioned romance, the tragedy, the exaltations, and with the despair and gloom of the fifteenth century, pours the tide of the cosmopolitan life of today. Or was this Today closed for the present, (let us trust not for a still indefinite time) by the terrible tragedy of war that has paralysed Europe during these past two years? Shall the Tornabuoni, in a not distant future, again be vocal with the conversational raptures of the fifty thousand springtime tourists who arrived as punctually as the daffodils and the Florentine lilies, to crowd the pensions and hotels and make gay the favorite stroll along the Lung' Arno? Against the grim and massive walls of the Palazzo Strozzi, in the intersection of via Strozzi with the Tornabuoni, encamp the flower-venders with their masses of flowers in vivid colors, the deep glow of roses and golden daffodils, and great clusters of dewy violets contrasting with the gray stone of the palace walls — and who can resist this fragrance and loveliness? In strange contrast to all this bloom and beauty are the narrow streets lined with lofty, sculptured palaces; yet it is the life of the twentieth century, rather than that of the historic past, that is in joyous evidence. It cannot quite be said of Florence, as it is of Rome, that one hears in the streets every language except the Italian, yet Life is ever the lord of Death, and the sweeping tides of latter-day vitality have served somewhat to transmute the dim past into a romantic background, against which the *joie de vivre* of the hour was contrasted. The joys and the triumphs, the tragic sorrows and the pathetic failures of all the dead centuries, await the writer who is also the seer, offering their rich romance; for, in the last analysis, it is always the romancist who truly interprets the values of human experience; or these incomparable materials await the dramatic poet who can flash the violet ray on buried records and summon them to life again, as the closing years of the fifteenth century live for us today by the magic of George Eliot's art in *Romola*. The mighty and mysterious conflicts of the past, in the evil and the good, still hold sway over Florentine life, made visible and perceptible by the Röntgen ray of imaginative insight.

Just off the Tornabuoni, in the via della Vigna Nuova, is one of the most famous of the old palaces, the Palazzo Rucellai, whose present châ-

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telaine, Editta, Contessa Rucellai, is an American, although born in Venice, the daughter of Browning's great friend, Mrs. Arthur Bronson, whose residence of more than twenty years in Venice has been made famous through her intimate friendship with Robert Browning and his sister Sariana, and by her countless distinguished and gracious hospitalities. It is to Mrs. Bronson that the poet dedicated his *Asolando*, in remembrance of his many visits to 'Ca' Bemba'—as her casa, on the Grand Canal, was known.

And it was of the present Contessa Rucellai, Editta, that Mr. Browning used to say: "Edith is the most delightful cicerone imaginable"—in the days when the young girl and the poet were used

to take long walks together in the highways and byways of Venice—in those dark and narrow passage-ways of the Dead City, known only to the initiate.

The Palazzo Rucellai was built by Giovanni, a descendant of Francesco Rucellai, in the decade of 1440-50; but its insignia, a coat-of-arms showing a silver lion on a red ground, traversed by rays of gold, its sumptuous salons, rich in scarlet brocades, inlaid cabinets, and with the carved gold frames of mirrors and pictures, are as brilliant today as in that remote mid-fifteenth-century past. The Rucellai sustain the historic greatness of a house that gave thirteen gonfalonieri and eighty-five priors to Florence, and that also intermarried with the Medici. The interior of the



KATHERINE BRONSON, WITH HER CHINESE DOGS

palace is one whose vast salons, majestic lines, and a certain antique splendor combined with modern comfort, render it notable among all Florentine houses.

The Rucellai have a chapel of their own in the church of Santa Maria Novella, of which the family have always, through the centuries, been great patrons. The name of Andrea Rucellai can still be traced on the portal; and another ancient member of the family, Guglielmo,

gave the church designed by Brunelleschi, under which his own tomb was made. The head of the family, the present Count Corsini, has a large collection of portraits which are remarkable art-works in the old city on the Rizzo Strozzi rich in its impressive architecture. It dates from the past four hundred years. Strozzi is rich in paintings by Leonardo da Vinci, and others of the striking portrait Cardinal Bembo



EDITH BRONSON

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attractions. The present Prince Strozzi, Piero, married a Russian wife, and the Princess is the accredited leader of the highest court society of Florence.

The Palazzo Vecchio, dating from 1299, is the most interesting to visitors of any of the Florentine palaces, as it is open to the public with all its treasures. In the grand and colossal council chamber is the statue of Savonarola, with uplifted hand. The Cappella de' Priori, where Savonarola celebrated his last communion on the morning of his execution, has a ceiling painted by Ridolfo Ghirlandajo. When the marriage of Cosimo II with the Duchesa Eleonora di Toledo was celebrated, an event of great brilliancy, it was on the upper floor of this old palace that they set up their household gods. Later the Duchessa purchased the Palazzo Pitti, and their residence was transferred to that Cyclopean structure.

It was then that the covered way over the Ponte Vecchio was constructed, leading now from the Uffizi Gallery into the Pitti, that they might have a means of escape from their enemies if assassination assailed them. The salons which they occupied in the Palazzo Vecchio, with the richly inlaid cabinets, the tall vases of priceless workmanship, with the sofas and chairs of gilt with upholstery of scarlet brocade, and with richly decorated ceilings, are still open to the visitor, with apparently little change. After the death of Eleonora, Cosimo married again and the son of this marriage was the celebrated Prince Giovanni, the architect of the Cappello de' Medici. Francesco I, the son of Eleonora, commissioned his half-brother Giovanni as Ambassador to Venice to present the thanks of Florence for the acknowledgment of Bianca Cappello, whose husband, Pietro Buonaventuri, he caused to be murdered, and he subsequently lived with his enchantress (Bianca) for seven years. Their deaths occurred almost simultaneously in their villa at Poggio a Caino - both of them victims of poison, given them by Cardinal Ferdinando, to whom the throne then passed. He renounced his Cardinal's hat in 1589 and married Christine of Lorraine, and it was his eldest son, Cosimo II, who was the sovereign to receive Sir Robert Dudley and invest him with the title of the Duke of Northumberland. The reign of Francesco was a brilliant one, characterized by marked advance in the



COSMO DE' MEDICI
Uffizi Gallery

arts and by the enrichment of Florence with many beautiful works. This brilliancy was accentuated during the reign of his son, Cosimo. He was a noble and generous prince, wise in statecraft, and filled with love for his people. It was he who called Galileo to Florence. The great astronomer, born in Pisa in 1592, was called to a chair in the University of Pisa at the early age of twenty-three, holding his place for twenty-eight years, when his advanced ideas aroused antagonism and he was forced to resign.

The hero is not fed on sweets.



CELL OF SAVONAROLA IN SAN MARCO, FLORENCE

Personal martyrdom is the price not unfrequently paid for the effort to live a nobler life than is usual, and give better conditions to mankind. Well, indeed, does the poet teach:

From wounds and sore defeat
 I made my battle-stay;
 Swift sandals for my feet
 I wove of my delay,

— for all the world's greatest and most priceless work is based on the great effort of overcoming, and to these is given at last the white stone.

Galileo, publishing his book on the Copernican theory, was denounced by the Roman tribunal of the Inquisition, and was condemned to prison. Later the pope commuted his sentence to confinement in his villa in the gardens of the Santa Trinità al Monte; and in the Torre di Galileo, in Florence, is still preserved the letter written by the Tribunal. Milton visited Galileo in 1638, and he died in 1642. His tomb in Santa Croce, the Westminster Abbey of Florence, is an object of pilgrimage.

Of all places in Florence it is to San Marco that the visitor turns first, perhaps, and in which he lingers longest. The Library still echoes with the words of Savonarola spoken to the Frati on the night of Palm Sunday, 1498, when he exhorted them to follow God with all patience and faith. "My brothers, doubt not; for God will not fail to perfect his work," he said; "and although I be put to death, I will return to console you, either dead or alive." In the cell occupied by Savonarola there still remains, after all these four hundred years, his desk, his chair, and other things. Strangely preserved, too, are the paintings (frescos) of Fra Angelico, holding the visitor under the divine spell of their beauty.

A very interesting old picture which belonged to the Buondelmonte family, showing the tragic scene in the Piazza della Signora when (on May 25d, 1498) Savonarola was executed, is one of the special works in San Marco which visitors study.

In the Laurentian library, entered from the cloisters and from San Lorenzo, are many MSS. relating to Savonarola and his time.

The Palazzo Pitti is the colossal palace of Florence. Some idea of the immensity of its proportions can be gained by the fact that its windows are twenty-four feet in width, and that each of the three stories is more than forty feet in height. It is impressive, however, rather than beautiful, for it looks like a fortress, and George Eliot remarked that it is a wonderful union of Cyclopean grandeur and massive regularity. The Pitti Gallery contains some of the world's choicest treasures of art. The collection, which was begun in 1630, by the Medici, is small, hardly more than five hundred in all; but the pictures are so exclusively masterpieces that a visit to the Pitti is one of the most important of all the art pilgrimages of Europe.

The court of the Pitti Palace has statues and a fountain; and from this one passes into the *Camera degli Argenti* (the Chamber of Silver) in which the royal plate is kept. This includes a service of lapis-lazuli, and many exquisite pieces by Benvenuto Cellini.

The private apartments of the king comprise a study, in which are two beautiful cabinets in mosaic and bronze that belonged to the Medici, and the sleeping-room with its immense canopied bed in rich brocade

hangings, with the dressing-room almost lined with mirrors. The Queen's apartments include a boudoir, whose walls are covered with embroidered satin in pale rose, and with the chairs and sofa upholstered in the same. Here, also, is another of those exquisitely wrought cabinets that belonged to Cosimo and Eleonora. The canopied bed in the sleeping-chamber is in dark green brocade. There is an inlaid writing-table of rare and curious workmanship, and in the *sala di toilette*, opening from this room, are large

triplicate mirrors, magnificent wardrobes, and a dressing table furnished with toilette articles in gold and pearl. In the boudoir of the Queen are a few pictures of note, among which is Botticelli's *Pallas and the Centaur*, the figure of Pallas instinct with vitality, and the ethereal draperies, fluttering as she glides forward, suggest the very poetry of motion.

From the mid-nineteenth century on, Florence has been the theater of a most interesting and enthralling social life of the modern and con-



MRS. BROWNING

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temporary order. It was in April of 1847 that Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, after having passed the first winter of their married life in Pisa (the winter of 1846-47) first went to the Florence they were to make so peculiarly their own. For it is the Brownings who dominate modern Florence. Casa Guidi where they lived and wrote and received their friends, and where Mrs. Browning died, is one of the first shrines

of pilgrimage; the old market-place of San Lorenzo, where Browning picked up 'the old yellow book,' whose story became the basis of his most famous and greatest poem, *The Ring and the Book*; the equestrian statue in the Piazza Annunziata, which suggested the poem of *The Statue and the Bust*; and the tomb of Mrs. Browning, the sculptured marble designed by Frederic Leighton, (later Lord Leighton) which is seldom without its tribute of flowers — all of these divide the interest of the tourist and visitor with the great churches and galleries.

The Florence of the mid-nineteenth century was a city of brilliant social life. Walter Savage Landor had established himself there as far back as in 1821. Thomas Adolphus Trollope, whose wife was Theodosia Garrow, a friend of Mrs. Browning's before the marriage of either, had also been in Florence in his villa in the Piazza dell' Indipendenza, for some years before the arrival of the Brownings, and Isa Blagden, who became Mrs. Browning's most intimate friend, out of all her life, was in her villa on Bellosguardo. Pasquale Villari, 'the young Sicilian,' as he was then known, came to Florence about the same time as the Brownings did, and the Storys had antedated their arrival by a few years, although they were more frequently in Rome than in Florence. The foreign society that centered in Florence during these years included Mrs. Somerville; George Eliot and Mr. Lewes, (the guests of the Trollopes during the winter of 1859-60), when the great novelist made her studies for her wonderful romance. *Romola*; Mrs. Stowe, George William Curtis, Theodore Parker (who sought Florence for health, and there passed to the 'life more abundant'), his grave being near that of Mrs. Browning in the English cemetery. And there came Frances Power Cobbe, sharing with Miss Blagden the villa on the heights; Harriet Hosmer; Kate Field; Robert Lytton, the 'Owen Meredith' of poetic art and later Lord Lytton; Frederic Leighton, then a young artist trying his wings; Mrs. Anna Jameson, Margaret Fuller (Marchesa d' Ossoli) and her Italian husband; the Hawthornes; and many others. All these people came and went and the entire galaxy were not in Florence at any one time. Signor Villari became a professor in the University of Florence, and his fame today as the great biographer of Savonarola and Machiavelli, as one of the ablest of Italian historians, as a scholar and savant, is still more widely increased in that he is the recipient of the Order of the Annunziata: the 'Gran Collare dell' Annunziata,' as the Italians say, which carries with it the right to be addressed as *Eccellenza*, and also involves the title of 'cousin to the king.' There are three orders in Italy within the gift of the Crown: that of Cavaliere, (corresponding to knighthood in England) and which is so common that it is not greatly prized; the Commendatore, bestowed on distinguished scholars and great specialists, and which is an honor of distinction;

and that of the Annunziata, of which, in all the history, Professor Villari is only the ninth recipient, so rarely is it bestowed. When this order was conferred on 'il Maestro,' as his townsmen call Dr. Villari, he was invited by the king to his palace in Rome. This was in 1910; Victor Emmanuel placed the ag- his right and conversation an hour. At interview the the hands of small gold box not, on the motle dreaming of or which it con-

Two Ameri- had established the city of Flo- years: Hiram became a great Brownings, and of Boston. Wil- Story, sculptor, and poet, made Palazzo Barbe- though he and so made quite and sojourns in

The home of in Casa Guidi lon, with a pia- mense picture,

an obscure street in Florence; a little dining-room whose walls were covered with tapestry; and where there hung medallions of Tennyson, Carlyle, and of Browning himself; a long narrow room which Browning made into his study and decorated with casts and fragments of antique sculpture; and in the drawing-room, where Mrs. Browning was apt to lie on the sofa and write, there were vast expanses of mirrors in the old carved Florentine frames; a green velvet sofa resembling a catafalque, (of which Barrett Browning, the son of the poet, said in later years that he remembered seeing his father and Ruskin sitting side by side on it, their feet dangling), and there was a remarkably deep, easy chair in the same green velvet, where Mrs. Browning sat when she donned her singing-



PROF. PASQUALE VILLARI

ed scholar at engaged him in for more than the close of the king placed in Dr. Villari a which he did ment, open, lit- the signal hon- ferred.

can sculptors themselves in rence in those Powers, who friend of the Thomas Ball liam Wetmore man of letters his home in the rini in Rome, Mrs. Story al- frequent visits Florence.

the Brownings had a large sa- no and one im- picked up in

robes. Near this low armchair was always her little table, strewn with writing materials, books and newspapers. Other tables in the *saletto* bore gaily bound volumes, the gifts of brother-authors. On March ninth in 1849 their son, Robert Barrett Browning was born, and they "caught up their parental duties with a kind of rapture," as Mrs. Browning playfully remarked. The social life of those years was one that lends itself to charming reminiscences. Miss Blagden and Frances Power Cobbe, sharing their villa, drew around them an interesting circle. Robert Browning was one of their intimate visitors, with the Italian poet Dall' Ongaro; there were the Trollopes; the Hawthornes came; Mrs. Stowe, in all those days of early triumph in her *Uncle Tom's Cabin*; Miss Linda White, a young English lady who became Madame Pasquale Villari, and who has since been the invariable translator of her husband's books into English; Frederick Tennyson, a brother of the poet; Harriet Hosmer, "that bewitching sprite," as Mrs. Browning called her; and Arthur Hugh Clough, the English poet, whose death occurred in Florence, and whose tomb is near that of Theodore Parker's, in the English cemetery. The story of those days would fill many a volume and supplement many of the individual biographies of that charmed circle. It is fairly a part of the Florence of today.

The story of the strange lives that have been lived in the old palaces where the tourist lingers, held by the spell of the historic past, is one almost as in the very air of today. With little aid from the playwright could their drama be wrested from those centuries gone from all save memory. It is a story in perpetual sequence of the most impassioned human life; and to him who turns backward the pages that hold the record of supreme emotions, of love and ambition, of revenge and retribution, of devotion and tenderness, of hate and assassinations, of lofty purposes, and of generous fostering of the arts; of learning, of statesmanship, of tyrannies, of plots - the record in which every emotion possible to the human heart is recorded, a very palimpsest, there glows a history before which pales all the romance of the world. Who can tread the streets of Florence and not feel the thrill of the life of all these dead centuries springing to activity and light again, as he loiters in palaces and churches and galleries, or visits tombs and monumental memorials? The throngs that passed Dante or Savonarola in these narrow streets wander there today in the same eager people, vocal with song, impassioned in feeling.

In no city is there more cultured society than in Florence. The scholar and the savant abound; and while contemporary Italy is not now producing distinctively great poets or writers, a large contribution of excellent work in history, sociology and science is adding to the world's wealth of literature. In all these twentieth-century years up to the time

of the breaking out of the war, there were notable receptions constantly held in these old palaces now apportioned in apartments. Many of these receptions might have fairly served as stage scenes, so impressive was their setting of beauty. The vast salons hung with old tapestries, rich in sculpture, and with paintings that looked from the richly-carved old Florentine frames; great mirrors in whose expanse had been reflected scenes and images of the richly-historic past; rare books, bric-a-brac and *vertu*; a wealth of flowers always — all the numberless details that contribute to the artistic atmosphere: and in these surroundings the groups of people would seem almost like some picture suddenly summoned out of ethereal space by a witchery of necromancy. There is often a resplendence of the golden atmosphere, a very phantasmagoria, rather than the reality of the hour.

One of the most charming Florentine hostesses of these later years was Walpurga, Lady Paget, whose villa on Bellosguardo was fashioned out of an old convent. Lady Paget was born a German countess, and she was one of the three young and noble maidens selected to represent the German nobility at the marriage of the Crown Prince Frederick, (the father of the present Kaiser) to Victoria, the Princess Royal of England. Throughout the life of the Princess (known to us now as the Empress Frederick) Lady Paget remained on terms of personal intimacy with her. Sir Augustus Paget was at one time on some diplomatic mission to Germany, and he there met the young countess who became his wife. Sir Augustus and Lady Paget passed some years of their early married life on the Austrian shores of the Adriatic, where they were in almost daily companionship with Sir Richard and Lady Isabel Burton. There is a somewhat recent book entitled *The Romance of Lady Burton*, that is one of the most fascinating of volumes and which relates the curious story of their married life. Their mutual attraction was instantaneous on their first meeting, and recalls to one Browning's stanza (in his poem of *The Statue and the Bust*):

He looked at her as a lover can;
She looked at him as one who wakes;
The past was a sleep, and her life began.

Both Sir Richard and Lady Isabel were deep students and thinkers, and they were familiar with Theosophical truth. Both of them fully believed that their meeting was a reunion and a recognition out of former associations in some previous incarnation. They probed deep into the inscrutable mysteries of being. At Lady Paget's receptions were met visiting foreigners of distinction of all nationalities. A luncheon in honor of Mrs. Humphrey Ward brought together a delightful group; an afternoon tea where d'Annunzio was the guest of honor and where the poet

rather wildly, and not without a certain pose, recited from his own poems; titled people from Germany as well as poets or philosophers, and occasionally some royal visitor from the principalities. The Montenegrin family (of whom the present queen of Italy is one) were occasionally in evidence, and the Regina Madre, Margherita, has sometimes been a quiet and secluded guest of Lady Paget.

On one occasion it was a reception given in honor of Professor Oscar Browning, of Cambridge University (England), and, meeting him there he found that I was living for the time in the Villa Trollope (which had become a private hotel) and recalling the old days in which he had been domiciled there as a guest of Thomas Adolphus Trollope, during the lifetime of the noted author, he expressed his wish to come and see me and see the villa again, as well. Never shall I lose the memory of that morning enriched by his wonderful conversation. Professor Browning (who is still living) was not related at all to the poet, although they had known each other during Robert Browning's lifetime. Professor Browning had been of the intimate circle of George Eliot, Herbert Spencer, George Lewes, and all that coterie. He had a profound appreciation of the genius of Marian Evans Lewes (George Eliot) and a fund of incident to relate of those Sunday afternoons when she gathered such notable circles around her.

The Dante Society of Florence is one of the notable world-centers of art and culture. There is a very interesting organization known as the Pro Cultura, which holds frequent meetings, and at one of these, in my latest-to-date sojourn in Florence (where I had passed a part of every year from 1896 to 1914, inclusive) and of which I cannot bring myself to speak as a 'last,' but as the 'latest' visit there, (for what would life be without ever seeing Florence again?) in this latest sojourn, in the spring of 1914, I had the privilege of listening to a remarkable lecture before the Society of the Pro Cultura by Professor Ernesto Manciani, on *La Luce che non si vede* — invisible light. The *clou* of the evening took form in experimental demonstrations to reveal the phenomenal possibilities of the violet ray, whose vibrations are only in the ether. This was done by means of a number of pictures that were, practically, 'not there.' Apparently, they were merely white and untraced canvasses. The secret lay in the fact that the pictures were painted in pigments that only acquire color when allowed to absorb certain kinds of light. Extinguishing all the electric lamps, the canvas would be exposed for five minutes to a bath of mercury-vapor, when, suddenly, the subject — landscape, portrait, as it might be — would leap into color and form in an ethereal beauty of indescribable brilliancy. With the turning on of the ordinary electric lights the picture disappeared. There was merely the white

canvas again. It was washed out by ordinary light-vibrations, and only restored by a mercury-vapor bath again. One of the pictures shown that night by Signor Manciani was the 'Theodora' from the celebrated mosaic at Ravenna.

The Casa Dante, the obscure little house in a narrow and obscure street, not far from the Palazzo Vecchio, and 'Dante's Stone,' are among the early objects of the stranger's pilgrimage. The trip to the Certosa, some three miles beyond the walls of Florence, bring one to the Italy of a thousand years in the past. Here are in residence some thirty lay brothers, not one of whom has ever seen Florence! The Rule of the monastery is very rigid, and, as in most of the monasteries of Italy, the fraternity know no more of contemporary life than if they were on a desert island, uninhabited by any other human being. Galileo's Tower, outside Porta Romana, is another of the shrines of the Scholar, and there are preserved many of the old manuscripts relating to the astronomer's discoveries.

The Fiesolean slope, on which are San Domenico and other small hamlets, and which is so picturesque a residence place, is a favorite haunt of the American visitors. By the colossal fireplace in some antique villa one is told that Savonarola once sat. In the beautiful, winding pathways are still reminiscences of Pico di Mirandola, or of Lorenzo de' Medici. On the hillside below Fiesole is pointed out the very spot (now marked by a shrine) where it is believed San Francesco and San Benedetto met; and loitering, one brilliant May-day in a very old and long since disused cemetery, I found on a stone this curiously touching inscription in ancient Latin:

HYEME ET AESTATE
ET PROPE ET PROCUL
USQUE ■UM VIVAM
ET ULTRA!

of which a rather free translation runs:

Summer and winter
Near and far
So long as I live
And beyond!

After that what can be said? The rest is silence.

THE THREE BASES OF POETRY: A STUDY OF ENGLISH VERSE: by Kenneth Morris

PART ONE — VISION II — THE SECOND CYCLE



LONG period of sterility followed Chaucer's death in 1400: a dark night of poetry peopled only by uninteresting Lydgates, Hoccleves and the like. Though dawn came early in the sixteenth century with Wyatt and Surrey, we are to look for nothing very significant in vision until 1579 and Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*. Chaucer had certainly loved the world out-of-doors; it was a love, however, something between a schoolboy's and a poet's. The sky covered a multitude of good things for him; but he took them mainly *en masse*: seeing only what was there for him to see, but seeing it rarely with any minute, still less with any interpretative vision. The daisy — yes, he saw that (see his *Legend of Good Women*) ten times as large as life, you may say: he was out before dawn daily to observe its opening, and 'renne blyve' each evening to watch it close — when, indeed, he did not lie down at sunrise on the 'softe, smale, swote gras' and 'schoop himself' to abyde there all day worshipping it. But it was for him a symbol of the spirit of springtime and delight in the open air; not a window through which to look in upon God. Spenser went much farther in seeing when he gave us this:

Bring hither the pink, and purple columbine,
 With gilliflowers;
Bring coronations, and sops-in-wine
 Worn of paramours;
Strow me the ground with daffadowndillies,
And cowslips, and kingcups, and loved lilies;
 The pretty pause,
 And the chevisaunce,
Shall match with the fair flower delice.*

Of the great figures of the poetic epoch that followed, however, only Shakespeare, and after him Milton, need concern us greatly now. All the age's growth in vision is shown forth in them. Spenser was, on the whole, too intent on spinning the airy stuff of his fancies into allegories — not to call them by the greater name *symbols* — to see very far into the beauty of the world; and Marlowe's high importance is less in this than in other fields. In *Hero and Leander*, where most he gives himself up to seeing, his eyes are all upon the human form — not too divine.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, written eleven years after the publication of the *Shepherd's Calendar*, shows clearly that a new vision of Nature had come into the race. It is the poetic play, *par excellence*, of Shakespeare's first period; as *The Merchant of Venice* is of the second, and per-

* From Hobinoll's song in the Fourth Aeglogue, *Shepherd's Calendar*.

haps *A Winter's Tale* of the last. In it we find the young poet's first great insight into the beauty of natural things; in such lines as

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet blows,
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine;

— which we may compare with Chaucer's 'foures whyte, blewe, yolwe and rede,' and with Spenser's verse quoted above. Chaucer, we may say, felt mainly the gaiety of masses of flowers; Spenser knew the flowers themselves, and each by its name — was conscious of their distinct sweetnesses and individualities; Shakespeare here shows himself aware of all this, and of their beauty, their artistic possibilities as well. (He was the only poet of his age, it is said, who knew in what seasons what flowers are due). Chaucer saw; Spenser saw in detail; Shakespeare saw in detail, and with an eye to beauty. His purpose is to make a beautiful and fragrant picture: there is an *architecture* to his vision, which Spenser lacks. Such an artistic purpose we see still more clearly in this from the *Winter's Tale*:

violets dim
Yet sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes —

in which he is altogether a seer and revealer of the beautiful: looking at his blossoms with the physical eye, plus a critical and searching sense of the exquisite in form and color, of the artistic. And when, in the lines just before that, he speaks of the

daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty,

— we feel that he has made a revelation deeper still, and also different in kind. He is still seeing with the physical eye, yes; but it is an eye, now, in a sense illuminated, and gifted to see almost spiritually. There is something more in it even than artistic feeling: there is a seer's vision, emotional and interpretative, into the meaning, the symbolism, the inward and spiritual grace of the daffodils. We are made to feel a certain valor in them, akin to some divine quality buried within ourselves. A new note in poetry has been struck: the Poet-Magician, wielder of *natural magic*, has begun to work, and we are introduced, not merely to the beauty, but to the consciousness of Nature.

And in this, too, from the *Merchant of Venice*:

Look how the floor of heaven
Is all inlaid with patines of bright gold —

there is an elusive beauty that thrills us; something more than the eye

can see; its secret is again the hint at consciousness in nature; at the presence of artistic, creative consciousness. — But he might have said that right out, you say, and given us the ‘great Original’ of the hymn-books? — So he might — but note the difference. Says Addison’s hymn:—

The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator’s power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

— Wherein is no thrill of elusive beauty, or, shall we say, of any beauty whatsoever. The ‘Creator’s power’ and the ‘Almighty hand’ are shoved at you in so many brute words, and no deep part of you is convinced; your own consciousness is not touched with kinship of a universal consciousness; no link is established between yourself and the vastness. But Shakespeare, being no theologian, but Poet, leaves the universal consciousness impersonal and unlimited, and just picks out in its boundlessness something that is within us too: artistry, craftsmanship, design; and — works the miracle of poetry.

In this, from the same scene:

On such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved her love
To come again to Carthage. . . .

— quoted, as most of these passages are, by Matthew Arnold in his essay on *Celtic Literature* as examples of the Celtic influence in English poetry — the whole picture presented seems to have consciousness thrilling through it, and that is what makes it so wonderful. The queen’s grief and passion are not confined within the limits of her humanity, but run through the moonlight and the dark horizon and the noise of the waves upon the wild sea-banks; a mysterious sympathy flows, through “the willow in her hand,” between mourning human Dido and the elements. This is from Shakespeare’s second period, but we find the same note struck in the first, in the *Midsummer Night’s Dream*, in this:

Met we on hill, in dale, forest or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margent of the sea.

We have passed here, somehow, into a light mysterious and beautiful, into a fairy universe illuminated from within, a haunted world, lonely and lovely. A wind has blown in our faces from Avalon and the Islands of the Blessed. The secret still lies in the suggestion of a vast and wizard consciousness behind things. As we ourselves are consciousness, consciousness is for us the most vitally, intimately interesting thing there is; a thing must be conscious to be supremely interesting. And

any consciousness outside our own may be half interpretable, but still it is half uninterpretable; and in that half uninterpretability lies the element of mystery which stirs us to the depths of our being. The loveliest scene in virgin nature may deluge our eyes with beauty, and leave us only partly moved; but set some ancient ruin in it; people it with Gods and fairies, or with legends of

old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago,

and it becomes poignant at once, a keen, piercing beauty point — because there is that in it which is akin to us, and yet that which is unknown, perhaps unknowable. So I believe that in these lines the archeus of the magic is in “pavéd fountains”; that those two words lend them (placed where they are) their grace of faerie. One does not notice it in passing; yet they have called up in one’s subconsciousness pictures of gardens artificially laid out, the handiwork of cunning craftsmen: of green, green lawns perhaps, and peacocks, and clipped yews fantastical, and maybe sundials. All these, in essence, I hear or see before *pavéd fountains* has quite gone from my hearing; then immediately *rushy brooks* takes me out into the wilderness, where all is music of invisible waters. I am half conscious of a lark overhead; there will be hoof-prints of cattle; some whiteness adrift over the blue high above the mountain shoulders; it is all wild, wild and sweet. And then that passes again, and flows out into infinity upon the *beachéd margent of the sea*. Now infinity floods my spirit through the eyes and ears: there are unfathomable horizons; there is the roar of never-resting waters. These are the steps by which Shakespeare has carried us: first, artistry — the artistry of a human consciousness, in the *pavéd fountains*; then wild Nature unspoiled and untouched; then that Infinity of which, somehow, the sea is the natural and unescapable symbol. Fuse those elements into one, and we have a revelation that bates our breath: Poetry. Serene eyes are watching us over every sky-edge; seas and mountains and sunlit rivers become half human, capable of ecstatic delight and (I think) a sly humor; we understand the propriety of such an utterance as Taliesin’s

I know the imagination of the oak-trees.

Or, to speak philosophically, those three lines have power to suggest boundless Nature with a seed or spark of artistic creative consciousness present in it: Nature haunted with immortal mystery, ancient and ever youthful; the sense that God is playing peep-bo with you in all wild places. This is the true value, and the valuable truth, of all fairy lore. There is nothing like it, you will note, in that exquisite line about the violets and the lids of Juno’s eyes; still less, perhaps, in Chaucer’s floures

and smale fishes; least of all in the breezy out-of-doorsness of *Sumer is icumin in*. Poetry here has reached a certain high efficiency in her true method of teaching us; which is not through what she says — the matter, but rather through how she says it -- the manner.

Here we may mark off, as Matthew Arnold does, three distinct modes of Nature vision. First there is a wholly external mode: faithful, bright and joyous: on the right track, as you may say; seeing, if only with the eyes: a method whose one means of producing its emotional effect is to reproduce, as accurately as may be, the objects seen. Second: an artistic vision, which selects that which is beautiful in the things it sees, and reproduces it in a heightened or rarified light — with clearness, judgment and serenity; which sees a poise and exquisite radiance about things: searches out harmonies, richness, sweetness and purity of effect. The first sees unselfconsciously, and just for the joy of seeing; the second, artistically selfconscious, sees for the sake of beauty. Both of these look *at* things; but the third looks *into* or *through* them. It sees magically, for the sake of the Mysterious and the indwelling light in creation; it has, I think, less an artistic than a devotional purpose; it is ecstatic often and sometimes mischievous; it is artistic only because the world it sees is soaked through and electric with beauty. It sees, and quivers with wonder, awe or delight, at the splendor and wizardry of its vision. — In the first mood, the poet feels natural beauty physically: wind and sunshine wake a tingling in a clean and keenly responsive physicality. In the second Nature becomes a thing of exceeding beauty for him; a treasure-house of excellent line, color and simile; a loveliness bathed in light. It produces in him no boisterous physical enjoyment; but calm, just and exalted appreciation. In the third mood, Nature has grown transparent, and a beauty shines through which burns, enralls and ennobles: moves to laughter or tears, but to a kind of worship always. It is a wonder that leaves the blood and physicality alone; troubles not greatly with the outer eye — though that, too, must be faithful and competent, or how shall the great vision flow in through it? — but wakens the soul within, through sympathy, to an agony of delight or a very bliss of pain. We may call these three types or moods the Faithful, the Artistic, and the Magical; or, following Matthew Arnold somewhat, we may speak of the two higher with a certain propriety as the Greek and the Celtic. With a certain propriety; not with any final or absolute truth. No one will quarrel with calling the one Greek; as for the other, the Magical mode, it is highly characteristic of the old Celtic romances, and of many of the Gaelic and Cymric poets. One must use names and labels as a convenience only; they are like fire and water in the proverb. A Celtiberian strain in English heredity may have helped forward the evolution

of magical vision in the English poets; certainly the influence of Greek literature has helped them to artistry in the Greek manner. But the latency of these things is always in the human and the racial soul, and may come to the surface quickly or slowly, as circumstance, inner and outer, shall help or hinder; or perhaps they may never appear at all.

Again, there are infinite gradations between these types, so that often it may be hard to tell which is which; and all three are to be found often in the same individual poet. Shakespeare, no less than Chaucer, founded himself upon the first, which is the basic English mode; so did Milton; not until the third poetic cycle does one come upon poets who seem to have been more or less born into the heritage of the higher types. But unlike Chaucer, who never left it, Shakespeare soared when he would above the merely faithful level. Indeed, perhaps his greatest work as a poet lies in the fact that he, chiefly, introduced the artistic and wizard visions into English nature poetry. Spenser meant to, but I doubt his success.

Milton, who followed him, is no less significant a figure. Above all others, Milton is the representative English poet; because in him, more than in any other, we see in epitome the whole history of the evolution of poetic vision. The Horton poems, and especially *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso* and *Lycidas*, are what chiefly concern us here. Even in *Comus* where there is much nature vision, the excellence is mainly in the style.

L'Allegro, the earliest of these poems, is perhaps the finest example we have of the first mode of seeing, the Faithful-Joyous. It shows what that mode may be, molded by a hundred inspiring and uplifting influences, without quite ceasing to be merely itself. Here is the Faithful vision, as a poet of Poets may exercise it. Here is all that the medieval singers would have said, had they been great poets, scholars and gentlemen. Here is 'Merrie England' incarnate in verse; but refined, divested of all horseplay and coarseness. It is the very Poem of England: England at her best and most Elizabethan; the landscape and atmosphere out of which her grand Elizabethan achievements sprang. About half the lines are devoted to the country and country life; and in these there is no moment, from when the lark begins his flight in the morning, till "to bed they creep" at night, in which we are not made to feel the essential truth and gay brightness of all that is said. The poet's eye is on the object always: the Buckingham landscape that surrounded him as he wrote: and on the whole of it — on everything between the gently rolling hills and the vast, white-flecked blue sky. He does not see minutely, but broadly; he draws with sweeping lines; gives an impression, not striving to paint you every crinkle of a petal, or each separate blade of grass; but the impression is so faithful, that the imagination of the

reader is quickened and helped to a right result, and never allowed to err. There are, of course, the pastoral conventions of Corydon and Thyrsis, Thestylis and the neat-handed Phyllis; but they fit perfectly into the scenery. Their artistic truth is perfect; and I doubt they are even much removed from the actualities of the yeoman and small-landowner life of the age. There is a classicism, an eclectic artistry throughout, which he owed to his immense latinity — the Latin element in Milton is exceptionally strong — but it only enhances his Englishry, and goes to prove how large and essential is the Latin element in the English race. The keynote of the poem is the English merry faithfulness of vision; within which, we may say, a Latin sense of fitness, of precision, a Latin mastery of form, has worked to eliminate undesirable things. But this discipline does not achieve the Greek beauty sense; only prepares the way for it. The faithful vision reaches its height, and remains there; and from that apex is prophetic of greater things — in Nature-seeing, and in seeing of another kind. For the eye that now measures an English lantskip round, was in after years, blinded and turned inward, to take in at one titanic sweep all that lies between Pandemonium and the Crystalline; was to see the rebel angel

thrown by angry Jove
 Sheer o'er the crystal battlement; from morn
 To noon he fell; from noon to dewy eve
 A summer's day, and with the setting sun
 Dropt from the zenith like a falling star;

— and the ear that was to hear

Jehovah thundering out of Sion, throned
 Between the Cherubim,

listens now

While the cock with lively din
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin;

— hears the ploughman, near at hand, whistling o'er the furrowed land; and the milkmaid singing blithe, and the mower whet his scythe. It was this early habit of literary truth, this faithfulness to Nature, that taught him to hear and see the stupendous things.

The Latin refinement in the poem, which gives promise of Greek perfection, is not the only quality which lifts *L'Allegro* above the poetry of the Chaucerian cycle. There is a prophecy of magic also, in a certain aerial and skyish quality we find in it. That about the cock "scattering the rear of darkness"; that about hearing the lark

Singing, startle the dull night
 From his watchtower in the skies;

that about the great Sun beginning his state

Robed in flames and amber light;
 - such lines as these illumine the whole poem, and give it an ethereal-ity, a spaciousness, that one does not, I think, find at all in English verse before the Elizabethans. 'Aerialness,' according to Matthew Arnold, is an attribute of the Celtic magical note; this that we get of it in *L'Allegro* does not, perhaps, achieve giving us the full sense of Mystery that comes when that note is struck fully and unequivocally; the picture is not drenched in wonder, as that *pavéd fountain* picture is; yet it is by an elixir in these lines that *L'Allegro* is made supermaterial and ever-living. To show how this skyishness passes into natural magic, we may quote from a translation — I do not know by whom — of Dafydd ab Gwilym's *cywydd* to the *North Wind*; Dafydd ab Gwilym was the greatest of the medieval Welsh poets, and a contemporary of Chaucer.

Bodiless glory of the sky,
 That wingless, footless, stern and loud,
 Leap'st on thy starry path on high,
 And chantest mid the mountain cloud —
 Wind of the North! no power may chain,
 No brand may scorch thy goblin wing;
 Thou scatterest with thy giant mane
 The leafy palaces of Spring;
 And, as the naked woodlands droop or soar,
 Lifest thine anthem where a thousand forests roar.

Milton made us feel the sky; gave us a sense of its vastness, and of its potentiality as the seat of elemental intelligence. Dafydd ab Gwilym, child of an elder poetic evolution, went much farther. He filled the sky with a vast, mysterious elemental consciousness: a "bodiless glory," footless and wingless, or with goblin wings; with giant mane; a "phantom of terror and delight"; a laughter "amidst the citadels of morn." He does not tell us about the North Wind, but gives us its very essence, its consciousness — that is the word to insist on; he initiates us into the Brotherhood of Extrahuman things. That also is a function of natural magic. In *L'Allegro*, Milton was on the way to it; we shall see how a poet of the third cycle arrived, through this same skyish journeying, at the goal.

In *Il Penseroso*, obviously written after *L'Allegro*, though in the same year, we find the marks of a decided growth of vision. The basis of the poem is rather artistic than merely faithful; that is to say, it is faithful, but more consciously aims at beauty. There is no longer the physical delight in nature, but an eye that looks for the beautiful; a balanced and statuesque mind, that calls up exquisite calm pictures and justly and quietly appraises the beauty of serious things. I would call the

other a pageant in quiet golds and greens, sky-blue and rose-color; this, a nocturne in night-blue, twilight-violet, indigo and silver. The young bright poet of joy has become the severe and conscious artist. But out of this mainly Greek vision he rises, too, to a sense of mystery that is not Greek. For the external gaiety of sunlight in the earlier poem, he chooses chiefly mysterious moonlight now, and uses it to help him towards natural magic. Here

Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er the accustomed oak;

— an action a little too mysterious to be purely Greek or artistic, and certainly too artistic to be merely faithful.

And here we may note that magic is not attained by mere personification of natural things and forces; or the Greeks, whose tendency was so largely to do that, would be the greatest magicians of all. The consciousness presented must be mysterious, and therefore impersonal; and we are to be made to feel it — to be initiated into it; not just to be told that it is there. Your modern journalist, who cannot speak of the Bay of San Diego without taking a pot-shot at the poetical by calling it San Diego's Bay — thus personifying the city according to one of the worst tricks of journalism of a certain order — in reality makes his advance, not towards, but away from poetry: whose aim is not vague rhetorical phrase-making, but the presentation of minute inner realities, essential truth. The Greeks, if they missed as a rule achieving the supreme note of magic, missed it through their very habit of making beauty concrete; of personifying, or personalizing, the great conscious forces. The Gods are akin to men, in that they are conscious, intelligent; but they are unlike us in that they are impersonal; and it is only when we are confronted with that likeness and unlikeness that we receive the electric touch of mystery, the highest thing there is in art. The Greeks made their Gods altogether too human; one gets no spacious awe-inspiring sense, when one hears of deities that quarrel and fall in love. Our passions are too cheap, too commonplace, to be shared with hierarchies above us in the order of being. Better the Egyptian plan, that depicted its Gods animal-headed — that is to say, frankly symbolically — as intelligences only partly to be understood by human understanding; but carved into all its portraits of men something of augustness, mystery and eternal being; Osirifying the statues of kings, whose souls were believed to be Osirified. Hence the peculiar power in Egyptian art: Magic: the whisper that awakens the Infinite in our souls. Its note is mystery with Majesty. The Celts forgot their Gods, but retained a sense of the omnipresent God-consciousness in Nature; so we find a note of mystery with beauty

in the best of their literature; and English poetry has developed the same, or a similar note. But to return to *Il Penseroso*.

We get a great draught of magic, I think, in these lines:

To behold the wandering Moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

— The personification does not descend to personalizing. The Greek method would have given us Artemis the Huntress, belike, with motive intelligible; would have given us a picture of exquisite clarity and balance: but would have missed the supreme mystery and truth of this. Here the individuality, the consciousness, of the Moon are taken for granted; her motions are seen, but not interpreted, or only vague guesses made at their interpretation — “*like* one that had been led astray”; “*as* if her head she bowed.” In the dubiety of that surmise, something is resigned or conceded to the inexplicable: whence the mystery with which the lines are luminous. The moon we know and that which is unknowable in the moon are presented to our vision; which means also that the known and unknown within ourselves are brought together, and a tremor of sentience is sent quivering through the unlit spaces that lie beyond and above the conscious mind. I think that is the secret of the power in this mystery note in poetry: we are made aware by it of the beyond, and given intimations of the immortal. Sometimes it is revealed to us in a flood of light; sometimes only suggested, but with potent wonder-working suggestion. — In *Il Penseroso*, be it noted, the poet has begun to

outwatch the Bear
With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
The immortal mind —

to study a Theosophy that would help the Great Mystery in the soul of any man to find expression.

In *Lycidas*, written four years later, Milton goes still farther — to the crest of the cycle of pure nature-poetry, and beyond. The first bright vision of *L'Allegro* (1633) grows artistic, and just touched with mystery, in *Il Penseroso*; Greek and artistic in *Comus* (1634): ensouled, there, with Platonic idealism spurred up with the promise of Puritan fervor; so that we get the beginnings of the prophetic moral fire of the later Milton. All these elements appear in wonderful *Lycidas*. It is triumphantly Greek for the most part; it does not lack the touch of exquisite Celtic magic; and altogether it is flamingly on the side of the angels.

A queer miraculous jumble of superhuman poetry, it partakes of the nature of the two Miltons: of the sweet singer of Horton, and of the grand, blind Titan Lord of Song. Here is the former, but the former grown almost beyond recognition:

Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
 The tufted crowtoe and pale gessamine,
 The white pink and the pansy freaked with jet,
 The glowing violet,
 The musk-rose and the well-attired woodbine,
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
 Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
 And daffadillies fill their cups with tears.

— Here the three visions chase and trip on each other's heels; what is said of crowtoe, gessamine and pink, is said faithfully, but does not help us to new beauty; what is said of the pansy and the violet does; "freaked with jet" is a master-stroke of artistry, reproducing the blossom in a heightened medium, revealing the secret of its outer loveliness; while the violet is seen luminous with its own light, which is probably the most spiritual point that the artistic vision can reach. Then in what is said about the primrose, the cowslips, and daffadillies, there is no doubt of the presence of magic. Our consciousness is led out, through poetic sympathy, into extrahuman worlds; the flowers are invested with a symbolism, based upon divination of their consciousness or spiritual value; a whole tale, untold, to inflame the imagination, is hinted at in each case.

But in fact, the wonder of *Lycidas* is not to be culled out of a few lines; and very little of it is in Nature-vision. It is a link between this and inner worlds; the mystery, ever-recurring, is spiritual; one is on the march towards the arcana. As nowhere before, one sees the Soul of Milton, God's Warrior, emerging; the stress and grand music blur the outward vision; dim shapes begin to appear out of worlds more portentous, more august. First comes Phoebus, endowed with universal, esoteric and hierarchical significance, who

touched my trembling ear,

(that he, Milton, might hear and understand the divine music and secrets) and explained why the higher life, the 'clear spirit' should be sought, shunning delights and living laborious days. We hear the tramp of invisible armies, the innumerable beating of spiritual wings drawn near. Symbol after symbol passes; there is no time to draw them too clearly or materialistically, in the excitement caused by the nearness of the occult flaming Soul. Triton, Aeolus, Camus pass; then Peter with the Keys, to denounce. A new power, prophetic, descends on Milton; it burns

up in those magnificent lines about the 'Blind mouths!' and culminates in the mysterious 'two-handed engine at the door.' It is a passage full of sublime mixed metaphors, through which Poetry, enangered, stalks in haughty supremacy, with a whip in her hands of not too small cords for certain evils of the time. But it rings the knell of Nature-seeing. The clearness of the poet's vision into natural things was going; the sublime symbolic blindness was coming upon him. His objects and similes make no picture of themselves; the value is altogether in the flame of his Promethean soul, that burns up the symbols one by one before they have had time to be uttered. You get no clear presentment with lines and colors; but you know that a Voice has spoken out of Sinai, a thunder out of Sion.



SONNET — MORNING AT THE GATE

BY KENNETH MORRIS

Dim blue and dove-grey, flecked with delicate snow,
 Far off the mountains dream; the mulberry trees
 This side them spread wan purpling shadows
 Of netted bareness, mistlike, palely aglow;
 And in the morning silence, row by row,
 Slowly the waving palm-plumes take the breeze;
 And here a mockingbird his heart must ease

Singing, and there, quails laugh and croon and crow,
 Who's coming down the road? Dear, who can say?
 A deal, I guess, besides what eyes can see.
 A schoolboy with his books . . . a motor-dray. . . .
 Three soldiers from the fort, . . . then — mystery.
 And, perchance, Michael on his warward way
 With all God's plumed and flaming cavalry.

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IS THE BRAIN THE ORGAN OF MIND? by T. Henry, M. A.

THE extent to which scientific opinions are altering, and much wider views are replacing familiar ideas, is indicated by a recent paper on "The Relation of Muscular Activity to the Mental Process," by Dr. George Van N. Dearborn, in the *American Physical Education Review*. This writer objects to the idea that the brain or even the cerebro-nervous system, is the sole physical basis of consciousness; and, taking the muscular system as a special case, he argues that it is just as competent to act as a basis for consciousness as is the brain. We cannot localize bodily heat or movement, and still less can we localize consciousness. Protoplasm, that pervasive substance, would seem to represent the physical basis of consciousness better than any one thing. But the body in its entirety acts as the vehicle of consciousness; and the wonderful co-ordination of its parts forbids us to regard any one of them as the sole or even the special organ of consciousness. The muscular tissue is found almost everywhere and is very complex in its structure. Besides its molecular movements it has molar movements, those rhythmical vibrations known as *tonus*. Feeling is one of the aspects of its consciousness, and feeling is always accompanied by somatic movements all over the body. Hence the muscles, by their continual vibration, are peculiarly adapted to be organs of feeling and therefore of consciousness. He also quotes authorities and experiments which show that muscle is autonomous and not dependent on nerve stimulus for its action; it even performs its inherent function before the nerves have grown into it from the developing nervous centers. The idea that the muscles are merely mechanical contrivances to execute movements willed in the brain and telegraphed along the nerves, is crude. One surely thinks no longer, he says, of the 'will' as seated in the brain, and making the muscles serve it; we have as much right to say that the brain serves the muscles. The nervous system is the co-ordinating machinery. Mental derangements are found to coincide with muscular disturbances, and why should we refer these derangements to the protoplasm of the brain rather than to that of the muscles? He even refers us to the natural presumption of the average child, who thinks that the body in general is conscious. An expert is surely not one who owes all his skill to a better brain-cortex and whose muscles are merely a set of tools.

What this writer says, so far, might apply equally to an animal, since an animal has brain and nerves, muscles, and the other tissues found in the human body. The animal has a body, which is the physical basis of the animal consciousness—or, as we should say, of the animal *monad*. But in man there is something more; he is self-conscious. The question of the human monad and its relation both to the animal consciousness and to the body, is therefore of prime importance. The whole subject is of course im-

mensely complex. We should have to study all the tissues and organs in the body, and consider the kinds of consciousness appertaining to each; as well as the innumerable combinations which, like the mixtures of stops in a church organ, result from the interaction of the several elements. Then there is, in the animal, the presiding consciousness which regulates the whole psychic and physical mechanism; and in man that still higher consciousness which can preside over and regulate those instincts which, in the animal, rule.

If we were to confine our study to the bodily centers and their consciousness, we should merely arouse the various instincts and propensities that are correlated with those centers; in other words, we should be poking a rash finger into a very complicated buzz-saw. What we ought to do is to study the relation of the higher mind to the lower; for not until the selfish propensities have been made subordinate to the intelligent will, can these psycho-physiological questions be handled profitably and safely.

Yet the article we have reviewed shows the importance of keeping the whole body in health and balance; and it is made evident that we cannot expect our minds to serve us well unless we give them a clean and healthy dwelling-place. But there are rules of proportion to be observed. Though we can do much by purifying the body, we cannot do all by that alone; for an impure mind would more than counteract our efforts.

It is possible to pay too much attention to the physical aspect of things (just as it is possible to pay too little). The body has even been studied as though consciousness were only (to use the writer's phrase) a useless superphenomenon. The extreme view, that consciousness is a secretion, may be regarded as dead and buried; yet there are still those who regard the mind as being in some way or other a product of the body. This writer fully recognises the independent character of the mind. Mind is surely the only real existence; if not, we shall find it impossible to argue logically on the question. And the body is created by the mind, not the mind by the body. But let us never forget that, in man, there is something as far superior to the mind as the mind is to the body. But even this statement is misleading, as being incomplete. We shall have to get back to the septenary division given by Theosophy, where the whole man is divided into:

THE HIGHER TRIAD	}	Âtman, or Spirit, a universal principle
		Buddhi, or Spiritual Soul, the vehicle of Âtman
		Manas, or the higher Mind of man
THE LOWER QUATERNARY	}	Kâma, the Animal Soul
		Prâna, the Life-Principle
		Linga-Sarîra, the Model-Body
		The Physical Body

and only by studying this classification in detail can we avoid hopeless confusion and a wandering amid a maze of conflicting theories based on the partial knowledge gained by individual investigators.



THE CRIMINAL: by Herbert Coryn, M. R. C. S., M. D.

THE Lombroso school has studied and told us all about the physique of the criminal: his ear, head, arm, hand and the rest, born to crime as the sparks fly upwards.

The virtuous reader may agree; but will he agree also, as he logically should, that *his virtue* is due to the better shape of *his head*? That he was predetermined by his ear to his flawless conduct?

The activities of a snail are conditioned by its shell, undoubtedly. But equally undoubtedly, the characteristics of snail (as distinct from, say, limpet) condition the shells that snails build. It depends which end of the combination you look at first. Anthropological criminology may begin with the physique; we shall begin with the criminality, asking how, from men who *deviate into crime on occasion* there arise men with whom crime is the normal line of conduct — that is, the habitual criminals with the Lombroso-ticketed physique.

If the habitual criminal is the product of heredity and we go back along his line for one or two generations, we shall reach the ancestor who merely *deviated* into crime under the pressure of environment, whom certain conditions pressed into crime.

Let us remember that crime is *increasing*. A constant force acting upon a body causes an *acceleration*. The evil forces of environment are therefore at any rate not as yet lessening, and may be increasing. What are they?

There is poverty. A proportion of society is crushed against the wall and a certain fraction of these react by crime. That they *need* not commit crime even though starving, is true. But human nature being what it is, crushing will mean crime.

Pressure or crushing might be better rendered *pulling*. Roughly speaking, everyone's idea is to pull for himself all that he can. The general atmosphere of consciousness is tense with the general pull for the dollar.

Let the worthy citizen consider. He is in favor of a high tariff or of a railroad line to his city. Does he advocate these primarily because he thinks they will be good for his country or his city, or because they will advantage *his* business? Does his thinking *begin* with his own interests, or only get there after considering the interests of country, city, and his fellows?

It is this selfishness of humanity at large that is the cause of the pres-

sure, the crushing, and is consequently the cause of part of the crime.

But we shall get in this way rather men who commit crime than the habitual criminals, the men with the special head and ear. How come they? The man who commits a crime we send to prison. He is very likely to have justified his crime to himself, especially if it was the alternative to starvation. He therefore feels unjustly treated and has that sense of injustice to reinforce the fret of even humane prison treatment. But the treatment may be of a degrading character in some of its details—for example, the lock-step; and the punishment inflicted on the man who lets his fret tempt him into fracture of rule may not only be degrading but inhuman. We have not changed all that yet! The public has not informed itself as to what still goes on behind the gates and bars in many of our prisons. It hears of reform; it does not hear where has been no reform. And such reform as there is, is extremely recent and localized.

Up till recently, then, even from prisons that are *now* well conducted, the man who had merely committed a crime often came out a resentful and revengeful *criminal*:— something as if you punished a child whom you had detected in taking a bite between meals in such a way as to transform him into a habitual glutton. The man's sense of injustice was intensely deepened; he was altogether out of touch with society, and even if he had wanted to, he had no way to get into touch again; he was often almost entirely dehumanized; and his health was usually permanently undermined.

But he was free—to propagate his like! It was from this man's mind and body, and from the mind and body of a like partner, that the breed of 'habitual criminal' arose. (And the prisons that justify our use of the past tense are far fewer than the uninstructed newspaper-reader imagines.)

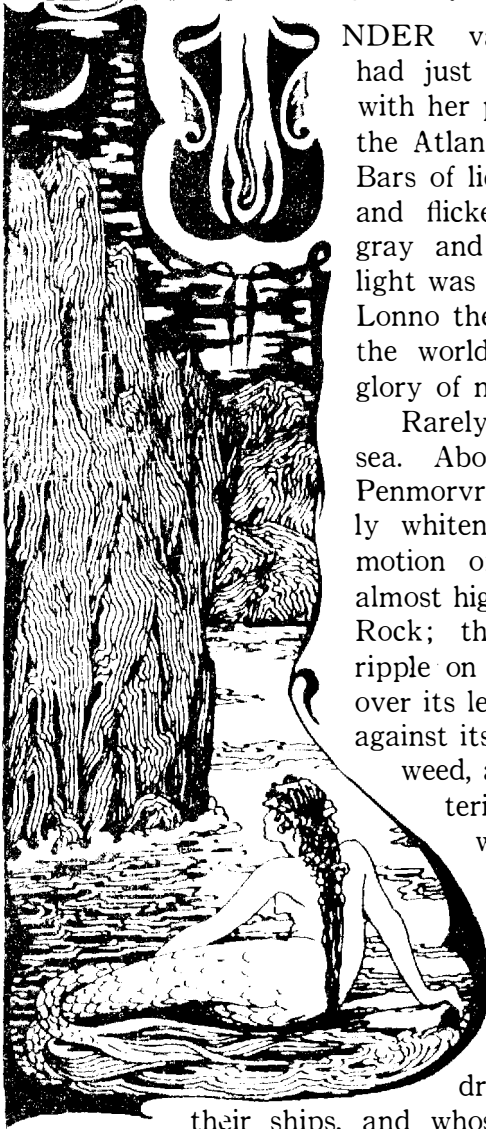
The 'sterilization method,' now in full swing in several states, will presently make the situation unimaginably worse. The germs of heredity are *mental* as well as physical, and the new method, with the freer license and opportunity it carries with it, provides for the ever-increasing production of the vice-charged *subjective* elements of criminal heredity. They will duly find their places of incarnation, and 'black sheep' will become an epidemic throughout society.

Thus in so far as we have not reformed prison methods, in so far as our prison methods degrade and are cruel and inhuman, in *so* far do they insure the production of habitual and congenital criminality with its physical stigmata.

In so far as the criminal is not protected and helped on his emergence and enabled to find a livelihood, do we insure his return to crime.

And until the social pressure is relieved by the spirit of brotherhood, of unselfish citizenship and real patriotism, shall we continue to insure crime and the habitual criminal among the wall-driven.

A MERMAID'S TRAGEDY: by Vernon Lloyd-Griffiths



UNDER vast skies from which the sun had just departed, and into which night with her pomp of stars had not yet come, the Atlantic, dreaming, lolled and heaved. Bars of liquid gold still streaked the west, and flickered shiftingly on the unstable gray and foxglove-tinted sea-face. Twilight was dying, and up the estuary of the Lonno the blue and dimness and violet of the world were passing into the somber glory of night.

Rarely shall you find such quiet on the sea. About the bases of the vast crag of Penmorvran, where the waves so incessantly whiten and bloom, was a slumberous motion of waters. The tide was high: almost high enough to cover the Mermaids' Rock; the ninth wave, no more than a ripple on that sleeping sea, did just wash over its level surface; the rest but plashed against its sides, swaying the fringe of seaweed, and crooningly gurgling and muttering. How wonderful was this world above the sea!

There, right under the shadow of Penmorvran, Gwendon, daughter of King Danvore, sat and pondered. It was the place of peril, as she had been warned a hundred times; where dread supernatural beings rode in

their ships, and whoso saw them pass, should have pleasure no more in the beautiful depths of the sea. If we see the mermen rarely, it is no wonder; since the surface of the ocean is haunted with danger for them, that neither we nor they can understand. Only in human language was this sea-washed slab at the foot of Penmorvran called the Mermaids' Rock; among the subjects of King Danvore it was known as the Place of Peril.

But that was nothing to the Princess Gwendon. Having tempted the unknown, she found it haunted with wonder and beauty such as she had never dreamed of before. The great headland towered up, mysteriously majestic, into vastnesses more wonderful than anything beneath the

waves; — vastnesses that called to some sleeping greatness within her heart, that thrilled towards the far blossoms of evening blooming above; or, when these withered, towards a firmament of solemn but exultant mystery, wherein the marvels that were the stars soared and swam and flamed. . . . Peril? — it was a world more excellent altogether than the beryl-hearted waters; one might expect here the passaging of Principalities and Powers; one might see those Masters of might and beauty at whose bidding the sea rolls and the wind riots, the stars shine and the skies bloom and darken. . . . For all these were a dim legend among the peoples of the sea.

And there was the land: the unknown, the inciter of imaginings, the abode of marvels and fountain of dreams. Dark rock of Penmorvran, round whose bases the waves, and round whose crest the clouds gathered; what should one see, could one swim up through this supportless new element, as through one's native water, and light on the summit of you; and, turning away from the ocean, gaze into the other world? Hills forest-clad beyond the Sands of Lonno; mysterious estuary, narrowing afar into a region blue and violet and waning into wonderful darkness; what lay beyond you, what lay beyond?

One goes coldly and slowly below there, in the natural world of water; one floats poised in the middle ambience, in groves of silent forests, in glades whereabout the long frondage of the trees undulates soundless forever, and there are great many-hued shells below among the sea-flowers, and the fish go voiceless in their tribes, flitting dumbly through the soundlessness. . . . One floats poised there, brooding on the life that sways or is motionless about one — but brooding only with the eyes, not with mind; — then away through the green depths into some cavern on whose rocky and irregular floor sea-anemones wave flower-like tentacles, blue and orange and purple, to wander immeasurable dark miles, going dumb through silent halls and galleries, and wondering, dreaming, wondering — but with eyes only, never with mind. A commonplace, passionless world, where one obeyed King Danvore unquestioning, and went voiceless and passive forever, and revelled with no keenness of joy, and wandered without curiosity or desire, and labored without interest. . . .

Without joy, curiosity, desire, or interest — how did she know? Ah, it was that here in this new world between the sea and the sky, new senses stirred out of latency, and a new nature infected her; — as here, too, that wonderful new thing, sound, revealed itself. Here, even to the sea-races, it seemed, speech was made known; one might communicate the motions of one's consciousness not dumbly, as in the world below, but as the waves and the winds and the sea-gulls did, in sounds pregnant with mystery. One might imitate their song, and go from that to finding

oneself possessed of language. The flamey blossoms of the sky, the flickering violet and silver and citron on the sea, the splash of the waves and whisper of the breeze — these things awakened a world of possibilities within one; one saw that there might be delight keen and burning — that there might be thought compelling and mysterious; that — . Here it was that her father had warned her, but yesterday, of the dangers of this wonderworld: speaking in marvelous words the dumb fear that is implanted in the elemental races of the sea. But he could get no promise from her; having tasted this once, how could she swear she would not taste it again? Dangers — fear? — Ah, but the beautiful unknown called to her insistently, and a new being within her being was trembling into life! O majestic crag towering into the sky; O dark marvelous expanse above, strewn with little points of flame; line of hills afar, beyond the white waters of the estuary that run and ripple and gleam, now, under a pale, luminous shell of a moon; how lifeless you have made the old life beneath the waves seem! I long for you; I am drawn irresistibly towards you; I must possess the secret of you; I must Hush!

Out upon the waters a song rose, and drew near; and she half raised herself, and sat tense, with strained ears to listen. Round the headland swept a galley, driven by a hundred oars; crescent-shaped and dragon-prowed it came, and by the prow stood a man wing-helmeted, one-armed, very glorious and warlike of form. The long oars dipped in time to the singing, the waters flashed and dripped from them as they rose; the song, wild and warlike, not unharsh, though swingingly musical, rang out over the quiet sea. The ship passed very near her: so near that she could see the eyes of the singers, and the motions of their lips as they sang.

Wonder of wonders; mystery and insatiable lure terror and lure! She watched them wide-eyed, palpitant, amazed, bewildered. They passed, and she started and shuddered; she must hurry back to the court of her father; must seek natural things quickly, and safety in the familiar beryl-hearted quietude; she had surely seen the thing forbidden, supernatural, terrifying. Down from the rock she slipped, and sped through the green world of the waters and all the while she sped that which she left behind was calling to her Oh, this suffocating world, this drowning, dull, soundless element! No, never the world beneath the sea again; it was unbreathable by that which had been awakened in her! She rose to the sea-face, and panted, and cried with delight to behold once more the stars. But what was she to do? Borne out from landward over the moon-gleaming estuary came an irresistible call: human voices: the wild sea warsong of the Vikings. Peril? — but sure, it was the only thing for her. She must follow, and see, and know. She swam in towards the land.

The ebbing tide brought the brackish water of the Lonno upon her, hard to battle against. She turned aside from the swift current, and rested on a sandbank; and gave herself up to the joy of the new world, and sang; and presently fell asleep under the moon. When she awoke it was in a glory that almost stunned her with its magnificence; she was in the sea no longer, but on land; in a warm, sunlit world full of gleaming beauty and sweet sound. Beside her a little streak of sea water, left by the tide, dimpled under the breeze; yonder on one side were the forest hills of Aglamere, and on the other, the great cape Penmorvran; all about her were the leagues and yellow leagues of the Sands of Lonno.

II

Prince Claribold stood in the window of his hunting-lodge at Tangollen, and looked out over the Sands of Lonno, all yellow and fawn-colored and bright under the sun and gentle skies of the best of June mornings. Here and there, in the wide expanse of sand, were shallow channels in which the tide, far ebbcd, lingered silvery and shimmering. Beyond the estuary rose the mountain line, ending far seaward in the promontory of Penmorvran, a blue and purple sunlit gloom; the sea was a mere gleaming streak in the distance southward, to be seen brokenly through the sprays of green flame that were the leafage of the hazels and oaks on the hillside without.

It was the fourth morning of the boar hunt, and the prince had had three days of deep and unwonted content. He had ridden far, in that time, through the Forest; desiring relief from the strain of opposing his father's will. King Cophetua nagged, brought up the matter at unseasonable times, and mixed it in with your meat and drink. A scheming, politic old man, was King Cophetua; who had changed mightily since the days of his romance and the beggar-maid — Prince Claribold's mother, dead now these many years. Father and son, now, had nothing in common; except perhaps a stubbornness of will.

So the prince, high-hearted and romantic altogether, had ridden out upon the boar-hunt; and did not know, not he, whether he would return. Faith, he was utterly sick of court life, and of being the object of endless court scheming. More to his taste the wild places of the forest; the crags that towered up eagle-high into the blue out of the sea of trees; the shadowy regions of the green gloom and the sunlit glades of bracken — where you might mold for yourself in day-dreams a life as free and sweet, as romantic and unhampered as you please. Why, here one might play Robin Hood, with one's merry men; here, perchance — if one might meet some true Maid Marian.

He would not marry the Princess Eleanore; that was flat. A fig for

uniting the two kingdoms; was there to be no more glory won at the old traditional war? And she was older than he; and if beautiful, of a beauty by no means to his taste. And he did not and would not love her; and would marry for love or turn monk. Whom? That was as fate and the future and love should say. Once or twice, indeed, he had tried to force the hand of the last named; but to no purpose. He was the son of Cophetua-in-love-with-the-beggar-maid, not of Cophetua-come-to-years-of-discretion or -past-the-follies-of-youth; and so, as it were, by heredity expectant of romance. And no high-born Bertha, Cunigunde or Althea at court having pleased him, he dreamed of some peasant-girl (perhaps) — but with the breeding of a princess — and of a house of green boughs (perhaps) in wide Aglamere.

Three days of the forest had cleaned all perturbation from his mind, and left him to dream freely what romantic dreams he would. Now, however, the gaiety and sweet vigor of morning possessed him, spirit and limbs; and a wind from the sea set him forgetting, almost, to dream. No, he would not hunt that morning; he would keep the forest for the afternoon, dining first at midday here at beloved Tangollen — after a ride down to the sea, and a swim to the Mermaids' Rock. Or perhaps he would not hunt until tomorrow, but give the afternoon to turning a chanson on the beauties of the hunting-lodge: the dancing leaves near, the sunlight on the sands, the far gleam of the water; and behind, the island-glades, in the great tree-ocean of Aglamere. What kingdom else should he desire, or what royal palace — so the Lady of Romance were there for his queen? — So, standing in the window, and already planning the chanson, he gave himself up to gay visions, in which was no tinge of gray or drab; visions that flashed with the clean sunlight and heyday of youth, a procession of them in green and gold and scarlet, with tenderer and more passionate hues interwoven.

All at once singing came up to his hearing from the sand below; singing like none he had ever heard: wordless and plaintive, filled with longing, with questions put to the unknown and infinite, hardly more personal than the sighing of a sudden gentle wind, or the lisp of little meditative waves on a sandy beach. He listened, much moved, and scanned the shore for the source of it, but saw no one; then went out, all aglow, to the very edge of the hill, where no hazel or oak leaves intervened to hinder his vision. What he saw swept his whole being into a tumult. Down the hillside he strode, and out across the sands of Lonno; the glamor of his dreams at last incarnate, it seemed to him.

She appeared bewildered, and without power to answer him clearly. She was a princess, she said; the daughter of a king out yonder — here she pointed out to the sea. Shipwrecked? She had no words to say;

it was to be concluded so, however; and that she was still too dazed with the peril she had passed through, to remember. But she would come with him — accept his hospitality, his protection? Oh yes, she would come — as one follows a god that commands, knowing or not whither he be leading. For this human prince, of course, was a god to her: a being of a higher order than her own, whom she felt, vaguely, possessed the secrets of the wonderworld into which she had come, and would reveal them. That is, as soon as she began to feel anything at all, beyond mere awe and wonder at his presence, and an overwhelming sense of his superiority. — Before he had crossed the sands with her, he had wooed her and won: yes, she would marry him (whatever that might mean). . . . His praise of her beauty fell upon ears impersonal, and so uncomprehending; his passionate speech thrilled her, but less than did the wonder and beauty of the upper-world. She did not understand it; perhaps it was part of the great mystery, perhaps — since it seemed of the very essence of this wonder-being who spoke to her — it would prove the key to that. Homage in any case must be rendered. . . . When they came to Tangollen, he was all radiant and exalted; she still altogether lost and timid and confused.

He called to his knights, and showed her to them: his bride, a shipwrecked princess. He would strike now with native impetuosity and romance, fashioning his dreams into sudden actuality. He laughed to think his father's love-story outdone; his mother could never have been as beautiful as this lovely jetsam from the sea. Let them drink bumpers to this beautiful bride! Let these, for the love of love, deck Tangollen with green boughs and the flowers of the forest; and these others go about to prepare a wedding-feast. . . . Rolf Forester, ride thou post haste the three leagues into Pontlonno, and bring back a priest to marry me; say he shall have a hundred crowns for his fee. We shall confront King Cophetua presently with the accomplished fact; then let him storm as he may. . . . A lodge of green boughs in Aglamere, if the worst came to the worst; with this so divinely fair bride to share it with him! . . . How beautiful the worst would be!

Rolf Forester returned within two hours after noon; he had met Father Ladislas, by good luck, in the forest — fresh from administering extreme unction to a charcoal-burner's daughter, and nothing loath to marry a couple for a hundred crowns of fee. — But arrived at Tangollen, the good religious — a cautious, unromantic man, it seemed — was afflicted with doubts. He had no need to wait for the *I, Claribold, take thee*, before coming at the bridegroom's identity; and knowing something of current statecraft and affairs at court, thought it was his duty to remonstrate. Besides, the beauty of the bride almost appalled him; he saw nothing human in it, and knew that great perils beset the man who marries

with a daughter of the sea. He managed to get a little (on his part) tactful conversation with her — and made nothing of it but what confirmed his suspicions. He urged this view of it on the prince; with as much effect as if he had urged it upon the wind. Claribold took his warnings like the whirlwind takes the straw; — and then, there were the hundred crowns: no small matter to a poor (and avaricious) parish priest. The wedding was over before the sun went down.

Then they lit up the lodge bravely, and feasted; the prince with his bride at the head of the table; the priest, by no means easy in his mind, opposite to them. Many were the healths drunk; many were the songs sung and the stories told by the knights: courtly and romantic and passionate tales of Charlemain and his Paladins; of Arthur and his Table Round; of the good knight Sir Theseus of Athens, and his martial courting of the Lady Hippolyta. Dumb with wonder, Gwendon listened. The theme of the songs and stories was always the same: this secret (as it seemed) of the upper-world, this atmosphere of the supernatural realm into which she had come: this thing love of which the god-prince had been telling her all day: this fire in the veins, this intoxication of the heart which he had been pouring out upon her: and which she did not understand, or feel, but could only marvel at. How to interpret by it the flamy blossoms of night in the sky; the wild foxgloves, the primroses and daffodils of sunset that rippled and flickered on the face of the waters? Well, she would learn, she would learn; no doubt there was much more to be told.

III

The lights shone out through the windows of Tangollen, and far across the Sands of Lonno, covered now shallowly by the tide; the songs floated out seaward; and King Danvore, where he drifted in the silver of the moonlight, searching for his lost daughter, heard the songs and saw the lights, and was troubled, as by fearful omens. He turned back from the perilous estuary — for him a ghostly borderland; and sought the Mermaids' Rock.

Ivar the Sea Rover, too, heard and saw them from the prow of his ship. Last night Ivar had taken and burned Pontlonno town; of the inhabitants none escaped but Father Ladislas and his acolyte, who of course were away in the forest at the time, and knew nothing of it. All day long the Vikings had been hunting in Aglamere; but east of the river, so that no rumor of their doings reached Tangollen. Ivar the One-armed owed Prince Claribold a grudge, and of the first magnitude; since the coast-raid, two years before, in which the prince with a hundred knights met him, lopped off his left arm close to the shoulder in the battle, and

drove him and his men, fighting strenuously, back to their ship plunderless. So now, spying the lights of Tangollen across the estuary, and knowing that region well, Ivar conceived that here was the chance of revenge. Tangollen was Claribold's; good sport to burn it to the ground, even though Claribold were not within. But he probably was within; witness the lights and songs. Anchor ship there, and come, some thirty of you, sons of the Vikings — long-legged men that will find no difficulty in crossing these moon-bright shallows!

A warshout without broke upon the revelry at Tangollen; the knights were on their feet in a moment; had snatched swords and targets from the walls; and were at the door, Claribold at the head of them, before it was broken down.

The Sea Princess, standing in her place on the dais, looked on what followed in amazement that passed into terror: it was another mystery of the man-world — but ah, not beautiful, not lofty, not to be desired. She saw spears and swords sickeningly reddened, and man after man fall. The shouting, the ferocity in the eyes of the fighters, appalled her. She saw her god-prince outdo and stand out from the others, and he began to take on personality for her. Fifteen of the Vikings fell, and the ten knights; but her eyes were all on Claribold. She saw him, fighting alone and heroically, driven back step by step, parrying thrust after thrust, killing this man, and that, and that other; then smashing to the ground that fourth man with an outward sweep of left arm and target. And then she saw the spear fly that struck his guardless breast, and saw him fall at her own feet. . . . And then the sorrow and passion of the world smote upon her at once, an overwhelming billow, and she was no longer a daughter of the sea. She forgot that there was wonder and beauty and mystery in this world above the waves; she forgot the flamey lights of the night sky, and the flickering blooms of the evening; all supernatural glory was blotted out of the world. She beheld her god slain, and the glamor of the world pass away with him; she understood the mournful mystery he had striven to reveal to her, and found the heart of it bitterness and sorrow; and was no more than a stricken and bereaved woman.

Ivar the One-armed had lost nineteen of his men; but he had won a good fight, his revenge, and a maiden the like of whose beauty he had never seen on any coast between Trondhjem and Alexandria. Decidedly he had no cause to complain.

King Danvore was on the Mermaids' Rock under the headland of Penmorvran, when the Viking ship passed. Passed quite near, so that he

could see the eyes of the men who were rowing, and the motions of their lips as they sang. It was not that near view of terrifying humanity, however, that so appalled him, as the terrible beauty he beheld on his daughter's face. "Gwendon, Gwendon, my darling! Come back to me!" he cried; braving the whole awfulness of the supernatural for her sake. But she had no more eyes to see, or ears to hear him, than had Ivar the Viking and his men.



MYTHOLOGY: by H. Travers, M. A.



THE word mythology is used in two senses: it is applied to designate the science which investigates myths, and it is also used to denote the myths themselves taken collectively. Thus we may say that the science called mythology studies the mythology of ancient races.

The mythologies of ancient Greece and Rome afford familiar examples; and to these may be added those of Egypt, India, America, Scandinavia, China, etc.; and finally the myths of various widely-scattered peoples of the class usually called primitive or savage. In short, myths and mythologies are universally prevalent. The existence of myths, their universal diffusion, their extremely elaborate and highly-wrought character, and the remarkable uniformity among them, have together constituted a problem that has foiled all attempts at a satisfactory explanation along the lines of conventional theories of history and anthropology. The facts, so diligently collected by a host of students and scholars, do not accommodate themselves to the prevalent notions as to human history, and are not at all what one would be led to expect by inference from those notions. They are, in fact, but one among many groups of facts which confirm those teachings as to history put forward by Theosophy and so ably expounded by H. P. Blavatsky in her writings. The existence of mythology constitutes one of the best proofs of the truth of those teachings as to ancient history.

For a good account of the myths, and of the various attempts at explaining them, the reader may be referred to the paper on "Mythology" by Andrew Lang, in the Ninth edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

From that paper it will be seen that the principal difficulty in explaining myths has arisen from the peculiar views which the various students have taken of the past history of the human race. The prevalent theory has of course been that which represents humanity as having progressed from the past to the present along a single upward line of evol-

ution from barbarism and ignorance to civilization and knowledge. Assuming, then, that the peoples among whom the myths arose were barbarians, it becomes difficult to explain how such peoples came to invent such marvelous fabrics. These savages must be credited with imagination, poetic ability and constructive ability beyond belief. Again, how explain the uniformity? The two theories devised to account for this are that of extensive migration and commingling among the various races, whereby they might be supposed to have derived the myths one from another; and that which supposes that man will naturally invent the myths, independently and without collusion. The choice between these two explanations is truly a choice of evils.

The myths deal with history, cosmogony, theogony, religion, and a few other matters; and are often classified as creation-myths, myths of the great gods, myths of the underworld, myths of the cosmic elements of water, air and earth, and so forth. The various explanations are that they are historical, that they are religious, that they are moral allegories, that they are 'solar-myths'; while Max Müller, a language specialist, seeks to explain myths as being what some of his critics have described as a "sort of disease of language." Every one of these explanations contains a germ of truth, but only a germ. The whole truth is comprehensive enough to embrace all the theories with much more besides.

As to the 'solar-myth' theory, while it is obvious that such events as the rebirth of the year *are* symbolized by myths, it is going too far to assert that this was the sole purpose of the myths. We can scarcely imagine the whole ancient world conspiring to celebrate the phenomena of nature in such elaborate and poetic fashion. What was actually so celebrated was something more far-reaching and vital than the mere external phenomena of nature. In fact, these phenomena were themselves symbols of that deeper truth.

A myth which represents the rebirth of the year, represents the principle of rebirth in general, and therefore applies also to the rebirth of the Soul in man, the rebirth of an ancient race, the periodic rebirth of worlds after the period of *pralaya* or suspension, the spiritual or second birth of a candidate after his mystic death, and many other things. It is a fundamental principle that is symbolized; and the same is the case with the other myths and symbols, so that the whole system constitutes a book of science on the most comprehensive scale and expressed by formulae and symbols just as modern science is. The labors of Hercules were scarcely elaborated for the sole purpose of celebrating the course of the sun; and even if they were, there is so much in the story that could not be explained thus, even by the utmost forcing.

What, for instance, *are* the twelve signs of the zodiac, and why such

universal uniformity in the assignment to them of their several characters, for which we search the actual stars in vain for any suggestion of resemblance to the symbolic animals, etc.? This myth, again, with its analogs, such as that of the Chaldaean Izdubar, represents one of the fundamental cosmic truths — a principle of wide and cosmic application. The most important application, and one worthy of celebration in all lands and times, is its application to the drama of the Soul; the hero is the Soul, and his twelve labors are the difficulties that beset the Soul in its conquest over the delusive power of matter. This myth is astronomical and is also allegorical of the individual human drama; and since all evolution, whether of races, individuals or earths, moves in accordance with uniform laws, the story of Hercules can be applied to history and thus the myth gets its historical significance. Further, there are mathematical significances, connected with the dodecahedron and the duodenary, into which we cannot enter here; and a physiological interpretation which may be somewhat familiar to some students of astrology.

Theosophy, having already postulated on other grounds an immense antiquity for the human race and an immense antiquity even for civilization, finds no such contradiction between its historical views and the evidence afforded by myths. On the contrary, the myths merely illustrate, confirm and elucidate the Theosophical views of history. A perusal of *The Secret Doctrine* of H. P. Blavatsky will show that mythology forms the groundwork of the whole book, which may be described as an interpretation of myths; and the reason for attributing such importance to myths is seen from the definition which Theosophy gives to myths.

The human race having existed on earth for some millions of years, and civilization being a periodic phenomenon, there must have been highly cultured peoples in very remote times; hence it is not necessary to puzzle ourselves with trying to imagine how savages could invent myths. These myths, according to H. P. Blavatsky (not to mention those scholars whom she quotes in support of the same views), are the records of ancient history which have been handed down from the times that we call prehistoric. The long process of tradition, the local influences of different environments and national characters, the forgetfulness of the original meaning of the myths, and similar causes, have contributed to effect divergences among the mythologies found in different places. But what is essential in them all is uniform, and what is uniform is essential. Consequently it is by a collation of the various myths that their real object and meaning can be arrived at. This is what is done in *The Secret Doctrine*.

Another important point mentioned by H. P. Blavatsky is that every myth has *seven* keys, and that all of these seven interpretations must be known before the myth is fully understood. It is easy therefore to

understand the variety of opinions among scholars, one of whom has favored one of the seven interpretations, another another. That many myths have an astronomical significance is at once apparent; others again refer to the constitution and evolution of man; and while some can be seen to refer to cosmic events such as floods and alterations of climate, others are as obviously related to the history of human races. The mathematical and geometrical bearing of many myths and symbols is apparent; and of others the religious or moral tendency is equally obvious. All these are but partial understandings of a very comprehensive topic.

The reasons why symbolic rather than direct language was used for the expression of myths are also fully explained by H. P. Blavatsky. For one thing, it is impossible to find any other form of expression capable of expressing so inclusive a meaning; and any attempt at a literal rendering would at once limit the meaning of the symbol. The information that had to be conveyed by myths belonged to an order of ideas for whose expression verbal language is inadequate. The teaching in schools of the mysteries has always been given by means of symbols — a hint for those interested in studying the origin and real purpose of the drama. The original designers of the myths were Teachers; and, as the existence of such Teachers and their schools and disciples is not allowed for by the ordinary students of mythology, another difficulty in their path becomes apparent.

The study of Egyptian history shows a long succession of civilized peoples in the Nile valley; and as we reach further back in time, we find no signs of a progressive rise from savagery. As has been often remarked, Egyptian culture seems to emerge fully developed from the night of time. Here then we have one among many instances of a long period of *decline*, illustrating the principle that races and civilizations rise and fall, and that history goes in cycles, including innumerable ups and downs. The Egyptian culture was inherited from a remote past, of which we have no written record, but which is recorded in symbol and myth. The myths of so-called aboriginals are similarly inherited, and in their case the original form of the stories has become much garbled. The savages did not *invent* the myths, to express their awe at the phenomena of nature or for any other reason; they derived them from those who came before them.

The existence of ancient continental distributions, such as Atlantis and Lemuria, peopled by mighty civilizations belonging to earlier races of humanity, has to be considered, and is amply dealt with in *The Secret Doctrine*. Many myths relate to such matters as these. Writers on ancient astronomy, in this magazine and elsewhere, have shown the connexion between major cosmic events, such as the shifting of the earth's axis and great floods, and the allegorical accounts handed down in myths.

At this stage of modern progress we shall incur no censure for pointing out, what is now so generally admitted by students of the Bible, that the records in the opening chapters are symbolical in character; and that by so taking them, we are merely escaping from the fetters of a narrow dead-letter interpretation, and approximating more closely to the revelation they were really intended to convey. The fact that some of these same stories are to be found among Asiatic peoples which preceded the Hebrews in the same locality — and, for that matter, are found in most other parts of the world — is no disparagement whatever of the Jewish version. What is required is to get at the truth contained in these records and to profit by it. The Theosophical interpretation vindicates the Jewish Bible against some of its critics.

For instance, Robertson Smith describes the *two* accounts of creation in *Genesis* I and II as a 'historical duplicate,' thus implying carelessness on the part of the compiler; whereas H. P. Blavatsky shows, by comparing the Bible account with other versions of the allegory, that the two accounts are really parts of one narrative, being two distinct stages in the evolution of man. One account of man's creation (that in the second chapter) depicts the evolution of the perfected physical body in which Man (the Soul) dwells; but the other account describes how that human form was made into a complete man by the communication thereto of the self-conscious human Mind. This twofold process in the evolution of man is exceedingly important to bear in mind; it is common to all the ancient allegories of human evolution, and it disposes of certain materialistic dogmas which would represent Man as being purely a product of animal evolution on the one hand, or as being the product of a single act of creation on the other. We thus have here an instance of the proper and useful interpretation of ancient allegory.

In the Greek legend of Prometheus we have an analogous account of how Man, already created by Zeus, is inspired with celestial Fire by another deific power, Prometheus; while, for an example of a more degenerated form of the same allegory, we may refer to that current among the Ainos of Japan, where God sends the water-wagtail to separate the water from the land, and molds the human form out of mud and sand, putting a willow twig for a spine. Then God leaves his work and goes back to heaven; but calls the otter and gives him instructions how to finish Man, telling the otter to give these instructions to a second god who will come to give life to the model.

Pursuing the Biblical narrative, we come to the Fall of Man, wherein we find the allegory of Man's misuse of his newly acquired powers, and the retribution which overtakes him in consequence; a circumstance likewise recounted in the analogous stories from other anthropogonies.

In all of these Man is shown as having fallen from a high estate, led astray by his attraction towards material and sensual gratifications; and the Golden Age thus came to an end and Man was left to wander in ignorance until the time when he can win back that which he has lost and the Golden Age shall come again. This allegory of the Fall is thus historical in so far as it applies to the past history of mankind; but it can be applied on a smaller scale to the drama of the individual Soul. For the immortal Man experiences a Fall when he undergoes the cycle of rebirths; and it then becomes his task and his destiny to make gradually a heaven out of his earth by invoking his divinity as a means of overcoming the illusions and temptations of terrestrial life. Thus what is accomplished by each individual Soul on its own behalf, is achieved by mankind as a whole on a larger time-scale — that is, Redemption is brought about by the self-sacrifice of the incarnate Divinity.

The dual nature of Man is very beautifully symbolized in the myth of the twin brothers Castor and Pollux, of whom we read that Castor was the son of the Mortal, Pollux of the Immortal. Castor is slain, and Pollux calls upon Zeus to slay him also. But this cannot be, because he is immortal. But, sooner than dwell in Olympus without his brother, Pollux elects to share his fate and pass half of his own existence underground and the other half in the heavenly abodes; a semi-immortality which is shared by Castor. On this myth, H. P. Blavatsky says:

Is this a poetical fiction only? An allegory, one of those 'solar myth' interpretations, higher than which no modern Orientalist seems able to soar? Indeed it is much more. Here we have an allusion to the 'Egg-born' *Third Race*; the first half of which is mortal, i. e., unconscious in its personality, and having nothing within itself to survive; and the latter half of which becomes immortal in its individuality, by reason of its fifth principle being called to life by the *informing gods*, and thus connecting the Monad with this Earth. This is Pollux; while Castor represents the *personal*, mortal man, an animal of not even a superior kind, when unlinked from the divine individuality. 'Twins' truly; yet divorced by death forever, unless Pollux, moved by the voice of twinship, bestows on his less favored mortal brother a share of his own divine nature, thus associating him with his own immortality.—*The Secret Doctrine*, vol. II, p. 123.

Though it may not be a poetical fiction merely, it is surely poetry of a sublime type. Being the symbol of a great underlying truth, it necessarily has many correspondences, among them the astronomical correspondence; but does this mean that the myth is *merely* astronomical? Was this poetical allegory created for the sole purpose of representing the alternation of day and night? It is possible to describe the duality of man's nature in plain prose, as is done in manuals; and it is also possible to represent it in this picture of the twin brothers and their love,

and the sacrifice of the divine one for the other. In this form the great truth goes down through the ages, unforget and unforgettable, to be an eternal inspiration and solace to pilgrims upon the path of life in every clime. Is the soul mortal or immortal? — ask the doubters; and we see here that it is both mortal and immortal; that that which is immortal can never cease to be, neither can that which is mortal endure beyond its season.

Among the most universal myths is that of the Flood, as to which there is a consensus of testimony among traditions the world over, whether in the Old World or the New, in civilized races or tribesmen. Undoubtedly it refers to an actual event, such as those whereof geology furnishes us the evidences; and the memory of this cataclysm, transcending the reach of our accessible written records, has not been obliterated from the ineffaceable records of tradition. Yet this myth too has various interpretations. The cataclysms which mark the divisions of geological epochs, mark also the divisions between great races of humanity; and what is a deluge for the earth is a deluge for the man upon it. Not only is the surface of the globe devastated and renewed, but great races are swept away and their seed is preserved in an 'Ark' (or remnant) to be the nucleus for the race to come. The submergence of Atlantis destroyed or scattered powers that had established a reign of evil, but that which was worthy was saved. Such is one of the laws of evolution, on the small scale and on the great; and, as with the race, so with the individual, that which has grown rank is purged away while the deathless seed is carried over.

The astronomical significance of the Flood story is seen in the connexion between these periodic cataclysms and the passage of the equinoctial point through a place in the sign of the Fishes; but for further information on this point the student must be referred elsewhere. The question whether the Deluge story is historical or figurative is answered by saying that it is both. All history is figurative, by virtue of the correspondences that pervade the universal scheme. Geological history is incomplete because it leaves out Man, in deference to its foregone conclusions as regards the past of humanity. But geological history really runs *pari passu* with human history, and the history of geological changes is the story of the birth and death of races.

In all mythologies we find Gods, demi-gods, and heroes playing an important part as the teachers of men, the reference being to the more spiritual races of men that preceded the materialistic civilizations. The Golden Age is no mere fable, but refers to the early sub-races of any great Race. Often, too, the name of a single god or hero denotes not an individual but a whole race. The prevailing theory that man has somehow

acquired knowledge by a long and arduous process of experimentation and feeling his way in the dark, has to give way to the fact that man always passes knowledge down from race to race, and that great Teachers incarnate from time to time for the purpose of leading men onwards and upwards.

No paper on such a topic as this can be more than merely suggestive; for any attempt at an exhaustive treatment would result in the production of many great volumes, and even then the writer would find that his treatment would have raised more questions than it had settled. To take all the known myths and expound all their seven keys is obviously a gigantic prospect. A glance over *The Secret Doctrine* shows the vast extent of the subject and the number of branching lines of study which it involves. There is a huge science of numerical symbology, touching the mathematical laws that underlie all quantities, whether spatial, temporal or otherwise; there is the interpretation of names (especially Hebrew) according to cryptographic rules like that of the *gematria*; there is the science of the terrestrial and celestial movements and the cycles of time indicated thereby; and many other things too numerous to mention. In short, symbology is the key to a whole vast world of study unknown to modern culture, but representing knowledge that has been familiar to mankind, and that is doubtless still accessible. Whether the whole thing shall be thrust aside and shelved with a convenient label as useless superstition, or accepted with gratefulness as a valuable find, depends on the individual student.



THE Sadducees were the followers of one Zadok, a disciple of Antigonus of Socho. They are accused of having denied the immortality of the (personal) soul and that of the resurrection of the (physical and personal) body. Even so does Theosophy; although it denies neither the immortality of the Ego nor the resurrection of all its numerous and successive lives, which survive *in the memory of the Ego*. But together with the Sadducees — learned philosophers who were to all the other Jews that which the polished and learned Gnostics were to the rest of the Greeks during the early centuries of our era — Theosophy certainly denies the immortality of the *animal* soul and the resurrection of the same physical body. The Sadducees were the scientists and the learned men of Jerusalem, and held the highest offices, such as those of high priests and judges, while the Pharisees were almost from first to last the Pecksniffs of Judea.— *H. P. Blavatsky*

MAORI LORE: by Rev. S. J. Neill

THE natives of New Zealand had no written language before the arrival of Europeans. But we have not to go back very far in the history of any people before we come upon pictorial representation. It does not follow from this that our ancestors, whether in the East or in the West, were without those things which we are accustomed to associate with writing or printing. If they had no books they had good memories. It is wonderful how the memory can be cultivated. In olden times, by training, by frequent repetitions, and the like, the pupil committed to memory a vast amount of learning. Even those who were not specially trained to be living books, to be walking encyclopaedias, could repeat a great deal in the form of stories. Some of these stories were simply records of persons and events. Others were more in the nature of what we call 'legendary.' Still others were not historical at all, but were merely mental pictures of things in nature, or an attempted explanation of phenomena. The need for writing in some form was felt to be necessary when it was desired to express information to a person at a distance. Perhaps the most primitive form of this was that of the Australian savage cutting marks on a stick with an oyster shell, and sending it to a distant friend: the messenger in this case having to explain what the cuts meant.

The lack of books and of writing was in some measure compensated for by good memories. It is said that even in our own day some have committed to memory the whole of the New Testament, or the whole of the Iliad. In India much of what we now learn from the printed page was engraven on the tablets or the memory. Max Müller tells us of an Indian student who was able from memory to correct a mistake in a book containing some old Indian teaching.

The ancients were gifted with the power of expressing their thoughts in noble language, though they could not read nor write. Indeed they were born orators very often, and some fragments of their oratory have come down to us, lacking much of their original fire, no doubt, from our not hearing them uttered.

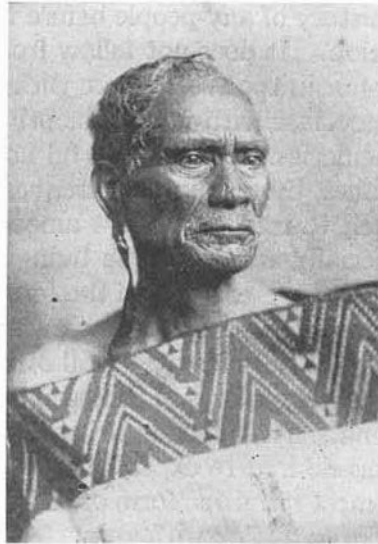
The writer can remember well, over forty years ago, seeing Maori orators address native gatherings. Before the *Whare-puni* there would be various groups of natives squatted on their haunches: suddenly an orator would spring to his feet, clothed in a native mat, and perhaps waving a greenstone *mere* in his right hand. With hasty steps he would walk to a given spot and, taking his stand, he would pour forth a number of impassioned sentences. Then he would pause, and walk with great dignity to another spot, take his stand, and again pour forth another torrent of eloquence. Then pause, and return to the original spot, and again address

the assembled crowd, gesticulating with his *mere*. This would be repeated for fifteen minutes, the orator would sit as he had first risen, other orator would

There was, and is the Maori speakers men could imitate the Maori did not something to say, he sat down. So they never inflicted dience when they to which to give

Few of the old remain, but yet the them is not dead. Hon. Wiremu Kerei Legislative Council, in the New Zealand and the Hon. Dr.

the Executive Council, and representing the Native Race, told the House of Representatives of the death in these words:



A MAORI

or less, and then down as suddenly as. Whereupon another take his place.

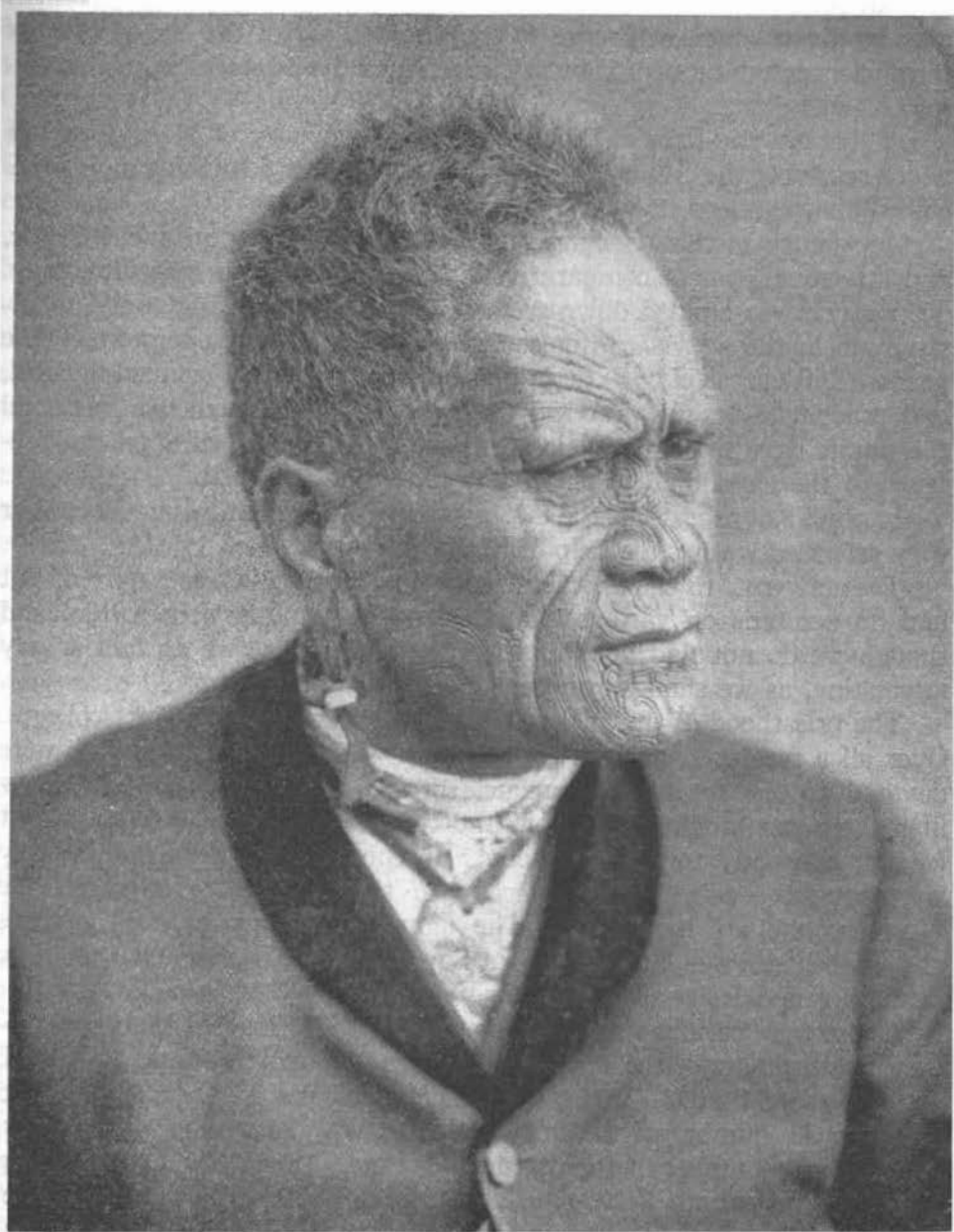
still, one thing with which many white with advantage — rise unless he had and having said it were they that words on their audience had no more ideas expression.

Maori orators now spirit that inspired Some time ago the Nikora, member of or the Upper House Parliament, died; Pomare, member of

The stars in the heavens are getting scarce: the giant tree of the forest is laid low; the mid-post of the tribal house is fallen; the ridge pole is snapped asunder, the house leaks, the shivering orphans of *Tu* are left disconsolate. The Canoe of fate, *Karamu-raviki*, fashioned in mythologic *Hawa-iki* from the tree of tears and sorrow, has visited the house of my friend, as it will visit the house of every man, and it has borne him to those mysterious realms which we call night, whose gates are open but the one way, which canoe returns ever empty.

It would be difficult to excel this. The vivid forceful imagery, the comprehensiveness; the swift changing of metaphors, so terse, clear and strong, are all full of pathos. The great ones of the race, the stars, are becoming few. The late Chief is as a giant tree that has fallen in the forest. He will be missed in so many ways. Then there is a swift glance at the results of the war: *Tu* was the war-god, but he was sometimes regarded as the representative of man. The concluding words are like a picture which cannot be touched without spoiling it.

The sample given may serve to indicate a little of the character of Maori eloquence, and it serves to show that the ancient spirit is still alive, though not so frequently manifested as in former days, perhaps. From



TIAWHIAO: MAORI KING, NEW ZEALAND

some of the ancient lore which has been preserved we may catch glimpses of what Maori thought and its expression were long ago. A few specimens may be given which will serve to show something of the thought-life of the ancient inhabitants of Hawaiki, and also of their descendants in Aotearoa, New Zealand.

There are two lines of thought visible in a survey of Maori lore, one which relates to the origin of all things, and the other describing more especially this earth and its heaven.

How much of this teaching was handed down from an ancient time, and how much was of comparatively recent growth it is difficult to say. That much was handed down seems evident from the long course of instruction in the *whare-kura* or sacred college, which was sometimes five years. This course may be described as both theoretical or metaphysical, and practical. In the practical form it was what is called magic, and the pupils were tested in their attainments to 'kill or cure' in the presence of the assembled tribe.

It would appear that the Maoris understood that whatever power they exercised was by the help of 'elementals.'

The universe, to them, was neither a mere machine, nor a void, but had its denizens on various planes. The Maoris had fairies, too, and though we do not find very much about them, what we do find is very interesting, as we shall see presently.

The priesthood of the ancient *whare-kura* formed ten distinct colleges. Over all a master (Kahuna-nui) presided. The first three colleges were devoted to the teaching of magic, sorcery and incantations. In the fifth there was taught divination, and the power to transfer a spirit just leaving the body to another body. In the sixth, medicine and surgery were taught — called *lapaou-maoti*. In the tenth were educated the future prophets of the people. The name of the god invoked in these ancient colleges was ULI, the Great Supreme, the Eternal God, in New Zealand called I●.

There were various versions or statements of the ancient Maori mythology, and in most of these the number ten appears to have prevailed. We have seen that ten was the number of colleges for the priests. Ten was also the number of the heavens. Ten was the number of the *voids*. Ten was the number of the divisions of time. In the heavens, counting upwards, the second, *Waka-marie*, was the heaven of rain and sunhsine, the sixth, *Nga-atua*, was that of the inferior gods. The seventh was *Autoia*, and it is here that the soul was created. The tenth, *Naherangi*, was the abode of the great gods. The word *Kore* means negation, nothingness, or void. As stated above, there were two conceptions of this, or of evolution springing out of it; for the void, *Kore*, contained the elements

of all. One of these had relation to the aspect of *space*, the other to that of *time*. In some of the aspects of evolution *Po*, which means Night, or the Unseen, is made to precede the *Void*. The third genealogy says that "God began his chant of the order of Creation at *Te Po* and sang: *Te Po* begat *Te Ao* (Light), who begat *Ao-Marama* or Daylight, who again begat *Kori-whiwhia*," etc.

All these different forms of the ancient Maori lore may be classed as metaphysical ideas of creation, in contrast with others that have to do directly with this earth and its heaven -- things of which the senses make us cognisant.

One of the best known and most concise statements of the Maori mythology about the origin of the world and of man is that given by a celebrated chief to Sir George Grey, who has laid the world under an obligation by his exact rendering of Maori teaching in his *Polynesian Mythology*. It is in part as follows:



"THINKING OF BYGONE DAYS"

Man had but one pair of ancestors. They sprang from the vast heaven that exists above us, and from the earth which lies beneath us. According to the traditions of our race, Rangi and Papa, or heaven and earth, were the source from which, in the beginning, all things originated.

Darkness then rested upon the heavens and upon the earth, and they still clave together, for they had not yet been rent apart; and the children they had begotten were ever thinking among themselves what might be the difference between darkness and light; they knew that beings had multiplied and increased, and yet light had never broken upon them, but it ever continued dark. Hence these sayings are found in our ancient religious services: "there was darkness from the first division of time unto the tenth, to the hundredth, to the thousandth," that is, for a vast space of time; and these divisions of time were considered as beings, and were each termed a *Po*; and on their account there was as yet no world with its bright light, but darkness only for the beings which existed.

After this follows an account of how the sons of Rangi and Papa, Heaven and Earth, attempted to raise the Heaven from the Earth; all failed except *Pane*, who, with great effort, raised up the Heaven to its present position.

It will be interesting to read another version from the lips of one of the last of the old chiefs, given a few years ago to Mr. Dittmer, an Eng-

lish artist, who spent some time among the natives, and came into close friendship with them.

These are the my words to you, my wanderer, words of old Matapo, the oldest of his people, and his eyes are closed that he cannot see you; but they are opened again towards his heart, and what they see your eyes cannot perceive, for upon those who dwell in the womb of night rest his eyes. Listen.

The beginning was J-o. the great *atua*, the god-power, and the world was filled by Te-po-nui, the Great Darkness — ah! — Te-po-nui filled all the space, from the first space to the hundredth, the thousandth space.

Ha, my listener, then was it that the *Atua* commenced his great song of creation, and out of the Darkness sprang forth Life!

And out of the Darkness sprang forth Hine-Nui-te po,

And out of the Darkness sprang forth Te Ao, the Light!

Ha, my listener,
Ao gave birth to
the great Heaven.

And again sang
song of creation, and
sprang forth Tanga-
Oceans!

And out of Te-
Papa-tu-a-nuku, the

Ha, the Earth was
and Rangi, the heav-
the great Heaven!

Rangi took Hine-
wife, and their son
the Great Breath of
nui-o-rangi com-
movement, and forth
tea, the father of the
Ha-nui-o-rangi com-
movement, and Te-
— the first Glimmer

Te-ata-tuhi was a
took her to wife.—

Te-marama, the Moon, and Rangi spoke full of joy:

“O woman, Te-ara-tuhi, look upon the beauty of Rangi’s daughter; ha, she is his daughter for which he was longing”; and he made her his eye, his Eye of Night.

Lightening his path he went in search of his son. He found the woman Te wera-wera, the heat, and his heart went out to her so that he took her to wife, and Te-Ra was born, Te-Ra, the Sun! Then cried Rangi, full of joy: “O woman, Wera-wera, look upon the beauty of Rangi’s son — ha, he is his great son for which he was longing,” and he made him his other eye, his Eye of the Day.

The idea of *singing* the universe into manifestation is worthy of thought. It harmonizes with what we know of the power of vibrations.



4500 FT. OF MITRE PEAK,
MILFORD SOUND

Te-Ao — ha! — Te-
Rangi! Rangi-nui.

the *atua* his great
out of Te-po-nui
roa, the God of the

po-nui sprang forth
far-stretching Earth.
created! The Earth,
en. Ah! Rangi-nui,

nui-te-po for his
was Ha-nui-o-rangi,
Heaven. And Ha-
menced his great
sprang Tawhiri-ma-
winds. And again
menced his great
ata-tuhi sprang forth
of Light.

woman, and Rangi
Her daughter was

It is clearly associated with the idea of numbers being at the foundation of all things.

But the above is given not only to illustrate the old philosophy; it serves also as a specimen of the vivid, terse, and expressive form taken by the thought of this ancient race: and it will compare favorably with other creation accounts, such as that in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

Before passing from this part of the subject, it may be interesting to note that nearly all the stories of magic among the Maoris, and they are many, give great emphasis to the power of vibration. Their mantrams or incantations were represented as possessing great power, when a great will-force accompanied them. It must be confessed, however, that the tendency seems to have been towards a selfish use of this power. On this account, as well as for other reasons, the lore of the *whare-kura* has almost died out. Knowledge or Power is a blessing to any people only when there is wisdom to use it for good.

Another feature of Maori thought, that relating to fairies, is full of great interest. We know that for long ages the Maoris were shut off from other peoples, whether in Hawaiki, or in New Zealand; yet we find them in possession of a fairy-lore which agrees wonderfully with that in the distant lands of the West.

There is one fairy-story which tells of a mortal mingling with the fairies in the dark, and learning from them the art of net-making. It is too long to give. There is another which is more interesting and shorter, which we insert. It is a good illustration of the Maori style. The locality, *Puke-more*, is a hill in the Waikato, near which the writer lived for over two years.

The story was told to Sir George Grey, by an old chief named Te Wherowhero, known as the first 'Maori King.' The last Maori king, Mahuta Tawhiao Potatau Te Wherowhero, has as part of his name that of the old chief who told the story. It was this Mahuta who met Katherine Tingley in Auckland in 1896.

Te Kanawa, a chief of Waikato, was the man who fell in with a troop of fairies upon the top of Puke-more, a high hill in the Waikato district.



"GRANDPA"

This chief happened one day to go out to catch kiwis with his dogs, and when night came on found himself right at the top of Puke-more. So his party made a fire to give them light, for it was very dark. They had chosen a tree to sleep under — a very large tree, the only one fit for their purpose that they could find; in fact, it was a very convenient sleeping-place, for the tree had immense roots, sticking high above the ground: they slept between the roots, and made the fire beyond them.

As soon as it was dark they heard loud voices, like the voices of people coming that way; there were the voices of men, of women, and of children, as if a very large party of people were coming along. They looked for a long time but could see nothing; till at last Ranawa knew that the noise must proceed from fairies. His people were all dreadfully frightened, and would have run away if they could; but where could they run to? for they were in the midst of a forest, on the top of a lonely mountain, and it was dark night.

For a long time the voices grew louder, and more distinct as the fairies drew nearer and nearer, until they came quite close to the fire; Te Kanawa and his party were half dead with fright. At last the fairies approached to look at Te Kanawa, who was a very handsome fellow. To do this they kept peeping slyly over the large roots of the tree under which the hunters were lying, and kept constantly looking at Te Kanawa, whilst his companions were quite insensible from fear. Whenever the fire blazed up brightly, off went the fairies and hid themselves, peeping out from behind stumps and trees; and when it burned low back they came close to it, merrily singing as they moved:

*Here you come climbing over Mount Tirangi
To visit the handsome chief of Ngapuhi,
Whom we have done with.**

A sudden thought struck Te Kanawa that he might induce them to go away if he gave them all the jewels he had about him; so he took off a beautiful little figure, carved in green jasper, which he wore as a neck ornament, and a precious carved jasper ear-drop from his ear. Ah, Te Kanawa was only trying to amuse them to save his life, but all the time he was nearly frightened to death. However, the fairies did not rush on the men to attack them, but only came quite close to look at them. As soon as Te Kanawa had taken off his neck ornament, and pulled out his jasper ear-ring, and his other ear-ring, made of a tooth of the tiger-shark, he spread them out before the fairies, and offered them to the multitude who were sitting all around about the place; and thinking it better the fairies should not touch him, he took a stick, and fixing it into the ground hung his neck ornaments and ear-rings upon it.

As soon as the fairies had ended their song, they took the shadows of the ear-rings, and handed them about from one to the other until they had passed through the whole party, which then suddenly disappeared, and nothing more was seen of them.

The fairies carried off with them the shadows of all the jewels of Te Kanawa, but they left behind them his jasper neck ornament and his ear-rings, so that he took them back again, the hearts of the fairies being quite satisfied

*Te Wherowhero did not remember the whole song; but that this was the concluding verse; it was probably in allusion to their coming to peep at Te Kanawa.

at getting the shadows alone; they saw also that Te Kanawa was an honest, well-dispositioned fellow. However, the next morning, as soon as it was light, he got down the mountain as fast as he could without stopping to hunt longer for kiwis.

The fairies are a very numerous people; merry, cheerful, and always singing, like the cricket. Their appearance is that of human beings, nearly resembling a European's; their hair being very fair, and so is their skin. They are very different from the Maoris, and do not resemble them at all.

Te Kanawa had died before any Europeans arrived in New Zealand.

The above will serve as an illustration, not only of Maori lore, but of the simple, strong, graphic style in which the Maoris expressed their thoughts. There are very few stories of fairies, and these few appear to be native to the country, but they nevertheless contain certain elements of marked likeness to the accounts of fairies in the northern hemisphere, in Ireland, for instance. It would be difficult to trace fairy-tales from the northern to the southern hemisphere. But if some basis of fact underlays the stories current in both hemispheres, the explanation would be easy and natural.

One of the Maori legends, that of the magic head, which had the power of destroying everything that came near it, is not unlike the account recorded by H. P. Blavatsky in the second volume of *The Secret Doctrine*: of a 'magic form' in Atlantis. In both cases the magic form is under the control of 'Black Magicians,' and in both cases was animated or used by 'spirits' or 'elementals.' In both cases the magic form or head was overcome; in the case of the Maori, it was overcome by the use of powerful mantrams or incantations mainly: in the case of the magic form of which H. P. Blavatsky speaks, the blood, or 'life-water,' of a 'pure man' could alone destroy him.

It is noteworthy how all accounts agree that Black Adepts come to a bad end, whether in ancient Atlantis, or in Aotearoa, or elsewhere.



MITRE PEAK, MILFORD SOUND.



Thomas the Gardener

BIG black rain-clouds had rolled up out of the west and covered the sky, so that it was almost dark in the old orchard, where the gardener had been picking up a basketful of fine apples that the storm had shaken from the heavily-laden branches. He was just about to leave when he saw a most unusual sight that made him stand still in surprise; for though it was not the first time he had seen such a congregation, he had never seen them in the day time, and in spite of the darkness it was still daylight. Where they all came from was a mystery he did not attempt to fathom; nor could he understand why they should be so excited. They were all rushing about, tumbling over one another in their hurry to hide behind dead leaves and tufts of grass.

It would have been hard to guess how many of them there were, but certainly it was a great many, or 'a good few,' as the gardener said to



himself, wishing to be precise without appearing pedantic, and at the same time expressing a clear idea of quantity without indulging in exaggeration. He was cautious because he was so wise, as everyone would have told you if you had inquired in the parish. He was 'universally respected' (as the tomb-stones in the churchyard say), and was not feared even by those who now showed such alarm, though of course it is well known that they are most particular to avoid being seen by ordinary people.

The gardener was not an ordinary person, as you might know by merely looking at him: but a little way behind him just near the edge of

the long grass stood Miss Jane. Now Miss Jane was the most ordinary person you could well imagine. I can hardly tell you how remarkably ordinary she was; but I think that if you were to meet her unexpectedly in the lane on a dark night you might run into her without seeing she was there, she was so ordinary.

But 'they' saw her, and they were all very much shocked to think that they should have been caught at such a time by such an unusually commonplace person as Aunt Jane.

As a matter of fact they were not caught, because she did not see them, and as to the gardener they were not worried about him because he was in a way privileged, and was moreover a man of tact and good feeling, as anyone would know him telling the bees died. He knelt be-
whispered to them: you our Miss Jean-ask you not to take away, if you please." So there was real-
them to be so excit-
they were there
time was, that it
time by their clocks,
been a very sudden
of the weather, and
to alter their clocks.
went on always just
what the weather
her clock was just
was, and more so no
clock was older than
saying a good deal,
for it was a 'grand-



if they had heard
when little Jeannie
side the hive and
"I've come to tell
nie is dead, and to
it amiss, and not go
So the bees stayed.
ly no need at all for
ed. The reason why
at such an unusual
really was not that
because there had
change in the state
no one had thought
—Aunt Jane's clock
the same no matter
was like, but then
as ordinary as she
one could be. Her
she was, and that is
and was taller too,
father's clock.'

Their clocks were quite different: they had to be altered when the weather changed, and during a thunderstorm they might stop altogether. It was easy to regulate them, however, because 'they' all knew what time it was by the weather: unless, as in this case, some one forgot to alter the clocks when the weather changed. That, of course, made confusion, as all neglect of duty does. They would have known it was too early for them to come out if they had all been attending to duty.

It was really only just tea-time, and Aunt Jane had gone to the orchard to get a few apples, but the gardener had gathered them already

and was about to take them up to the house, when he was stopped by that most unusual sight. There he stood staring in such a way that Aunt Jane thought he must be ill, perhaps from eating unripe apples, of which he was very fond. That is how it happened that she appeared there in the middle of the night, as 'the others' thought, not having altered their clocks. The gardener had never seen them so early before, not before near night-time, and night begins at bedtime, as everyone knows. "Thomas!" said Aunt Jane severely, "What are you staring at there? Do you know it is nearly tea-time and we have no apples in the house. I am sure that some must have fallen today." Thomas turned hurriedly and touched his cap, much embarrassed. "Beg pardon, ma'am. I'm coming



with the apples. They are fine and ripe, and none the worse for being wind-falls, if they be eaten at once, so to speak. Better not to come on the the grass, ma'am, after rain, in your house shoes, if I may make so bold."

Now this just shows how tactful the gardener was. He knew that 'they' would not like to be disturbed by a stranger, and so he tried to keep his mistress from coming any nearer by speaking of the wet grass, though he knew quite well that she always put on goloshes when it had been raining. When he spoke so considerately, Aunt Jane forgot that she really had her goloshes on, and pulled up her skirt a little higher to keep it out of the wet, though the path was really almost dry.

When Miss Jane and the gardener were gone there was no fear of any one else coming that way, so that 'they' felt safe again, and settled down to the business of the evening. When I say they settled down I mean figuratively, for the business they were engaged upon included a most

elaborate and intricate set of dances. It was full moon that day.

That night the moon was fuller than usual, because of the storm, perhaps, that made it look as red as a setting sun just peering through the

trees on one side of the orchard, while the sunset had not yet faded from the sky on the other side.

The moon was in a great hurry to get above the trees, but the higher it rose the paler it became, and the more lonely it looked. It shook off the clouds and rose up pale and proud in its utter loneliness.

Somehow it was like Aunt Jane. She was pale and proud and very lonely now. She was rosy when she was a girl: but that was long before the children grew up and went away leaving her alone in 'the Grange.'

She began to be lonely before that, when their father was killed in the wars and their mother died of grief. That was when she began to look pale. Now her hair was white, and there was no color to speak of in her cheeks, and she was just an ordinary old woman, as I said.

The loneliness had become painful, when all the elder children had grown up and gone out into the world, and then little Jeannie the youngest went without saying goodbye or telling her where she was going. Aunt Jane had tried to be a mother to them when their real mother died, but she always felt that she could not be quite the same to them as their own mother had been. So that when the elder ones left her she was not surprised; but she had loved little Jeannie best of all. She had been born just when her father died, and so she had never really known any other mother than Aunt Jane, who had taken them all into her own house and tried to make it a home for them. Their mother was her younger sister Mary, who had married the handsome young soldier that everyone thought was courting Miss Jane. Poor Miss Jane; she thought so too; but that was long ago, and now they were all gone, and the house was very quiet.

Out in the orchard there was plenty of company, if she had only known how to find it; but whenever she went there she only saw Thomas the gardener, and the blackbirds and thrushes, that tried to eat the fruit without being caught in the nets which the gardener spread over some of the best trees. He was not talkative and never mentioned 'the others' to anyone. He called them 'the others' in his own mind because he did not know what else to call them. He could not find any mention of them in the Bible, which was the only book he ever consulted; he generally could get what he wanted by the old plan of opening it at random and reading a passage, which would contain the answer to his thought, if he could read it right. But though he could find many strange things in that wonderful collection of old writings he never found a name for the little people in the orchard. He knew they were not ghosts, nor evil spirits, such as mad Betty was said to have dealings with. 'They' were so happy and full of the joy of life.

He had never heard of fairies, because he had been so carefully brought up by his parents, and had always gone to Sunday-school till he went to

work for Miss Jane's father, and since then he had not found time to read storybooks; and though the village people believed in ghosts and evil spirits they knew nothing about fairies, or if they did they kept it to themselves as he did. Mad Betty used to sit all night alone in the churchyard talking to the ghosts there. It was said she had been seen dancing with them among the tombstones on moonlight nights, and the people mostly were afraid of her; but she never come near the orchard. It was rather a lonely spot, because Thomas lived in a cottage near one gate in the high fence, and the only other way to get there was past the coachman's house, that was near the stables where a big dog was chained up. So the old orchard was really quite secluded from the world.

Thomas had supper at the Grange and went home for the night, usually passing the orchard by a short cut, but on this occasion he went the other way in order to see if 'they' were still there; and he was not disappointed, for they were dancing like mad and took no notice of him.



They had made a big ring round one of the oldest appletrees, and were swinging round and round at such a pace that their feet swept the dew into a smooth floor like a glass ring laid flat on the top of the grass, which shone in the moonlight like silver. Sometimes they all seemed to melt into one another and to reappear in new shapes; they were changing all the time; and the apples on the trees shouted with delight, and sang the tune 'the others' danced to, while the branches clapped their leaves to

mark the rhythm of the dance, which was far too intricate for Thomas to follow intelligently. He noticed that some of the figures seemed to suggest flowers that opened, and buds that blossomed, and fruit that scattered seeds to the ground; and he suspected that they were putting new life into the old trees, so that they could go on blossoming and bearing fine fruit every year, just as if they were no older than when they were quite young.

But if this was really their method of cultivation, it was strangely different from his own, for when the appletrees got old and began to bear less fruit he used to give them doses of strong manure-water from the pigstye, and if one of the pigs died he would bury it at the roots of an old tree, and then the tree revived and bore finer fruit than before. For a moment he tried to imagine what Miss Jane would say if he took to dancing round the trees on moonlight nights with the coachman and the house servants perhaps. Why it would make a scandal in the parish and probably get him locked up in the lunatic asylum.



When he looked closer he saw that the shining ring on which they danced was more than just dew. There were vapors coming up out of the ground, and these were caught by the dancers' feet and whirled round just like eggs beaten by an egg-whisk; a delicate foam flew off and was absorbed greedily by the tree. Then he understood that they were changing the bad-smelling manure that he put into the ground into food for the tree, and no doubt there were others at work underground,

or perhaps the same workers did the underground work when the weather was not good for dancing. This made him feel a great deal more respectful to these beautiful little creatures, and he thought a man might be proud to think that he had helpers such as these, though at the same time he could not help reflecting that he had often taken all the credit to himself when people admired the beautiful fruit that grew in the old orchard. He would be more careful in the future, he thought.

How long he stood there he did not know, but when he got to his own door he felt inclined to stay out a little longer and think about what he had seen; so he lit his pipe and strolled down the lane to the churchyard where the moonlight lay softly on the graves. He leaned on the gate and thought it was very quiet here, when he was startled by a low chuckling laugh, and there in the shadow of a tombstone sat mad Betty. She pointed to a vacant spot and said:

“That’s where ye’ll be digging her grave. Just there.” “—Hark! D’ye hear that?” she added.

Thomas did hear, and understood what she meant. It was a dog howling. He recognised the sound, and knew that it was the dog in the stableyard, and the mad girl took it to be a death-warning. But then the gardener reflected that dogs often do howl at night when the moon is full. Still it made him uneasy, and he said:

“You’d best be getting home, my lass.”

He always spoke kindly to the poor girl. She laughed queerly and answered:

“It’s you that had best go home. They’ll be wanting you at the house.”

Then she began to sing in a queer disjointed way, but she seemed quite happy, and Thomas turned to go home knowing she would do just what came into her head, and he saw no reason to trouble about her; but he was uneasy.

He knew the death-warning as well as anyone in the parish, and his mind went naturally to his old mistress, who was getting on in years no doubt; but, he reflected, she was never ailing. No one ever heard Miss Jane complain of ill health. But there was a misgiving in his heart as he turned homeward, and heard the mad girl crooning to the dead in the churchyard, where the moonlight lay so peacefully on little Jeannie’s grave and the vacant place beside it.

While the gardener was watching the dancers in the orchard Miss Jane was alone in her sittingroom with her knitting and a book for occupation, and the cat for company. The room was very quiet, the sound of the servants’ voices in the housekeeper’s room could not penetrate the thick walls or the solid doors of the old house, and though the window

was still open no sound came from the garden except the occasional hoot of an owl.

The book on her lap was a mere pretense, for her thought was continually brooding over the problem of little Jeannie's departure. Why did she go away like that? Why should she not have been content

to live on and to grow up like the rest? She never seemed to fret or to be unhappy, and her aunt loved her more than all. Yet she had gone away without a word of regret. The doctor said it was pneumonia, and seemed to think that that explained it. The clergyman of the parish said her soul had gone on to paradise; and the tombstone said: — "Here lies the Body of Jane, etc." But no one seemed to



know where her little Jeannie had gone to. They said it was very sad.

Aunt Jane said nothing about her thoughts, and no one knew how her heart ached all the time. If she had told the doctor he would certainly have considered it serious; but Miss Jane never consulted the doctor about her own health, and attributed the pain in her heart to sentimentality, for which she had a great contempt; besides it was nobody's business but her own, she said. The knitting needles clicked quietly and the cat purred softly, that was all the sound there was in the room.

Miss Jane looked over her spectacles at the fireplace and almost

wished it were cold enough for a fire, there is so much company in a fire. Her days were busy, but it was her rule to spend the evening alone with her knitting and the cat; the book was for the sake of appearances and to set an example to the servants. She had a great deal to think about: life is so full of problems, that are not answered by the explanations people give of them. She did not talk about such things to other people now, for she saw that they knew no more than she did. She just held her tongue when they said that things happened 'by the will of God,' or 'by accident,' or as 'a judgment for the wickedness of the world.' Such words did not seem to mean much to her. She wanted to know why the world was so lonely and where little Jeannie had gone to. She was occupied all day attending to the servants in the house, or to the wants of the poor in the village. She was giving advice to some, and scolding others, telling the mothers how to manage their children, and the men how to improve their gardens, admonishing the young women, and inspecting generally the moral and sanitary condition of the parish; yet she was alone all the time: and there was pain at her heart. She felt as if she were a stranger in her own comfortable old house. It was as if she had lost her way and wandered into a strange contry where she knew no one. It must have happened long ago; she did not know just how it came about, though it had struck her first just when her sister Mary told her of her engagement. That was the first time that she noticed the pain in her heart. She had not been able to think of the kind words she knew were expected from her. Her lips turned cold and her heart seemed to go dead, yet its beating stabbed like a knife. She tried to be glad for Mary's sake, and despised herself for her own selfish meanness. It was then that she began to feel as if she had been turned out of her own home and the door had closed behind her.

Everyone thought she must be very happy to have such a comfortable house of her own as the Grange, and such good servants to take care of her. But she was alone.

They thought her proud and hard no doubt, but they all respected her; though she herself thought she was a poor soul who had not sense enough to know when she was well off. That, however, she kept to herself, feeling that it was not anybody's business but her own. She despised sentimentality, and had no more religion than was necessary for the proper conduct of a respectable household. She read family prayers night and morning for the benefit of the servants, and on Sundays she went church as an example to the villagers. She was on friendly terms with the Vicar of the parish, but did not consider him in any way qualified to give her counsel on the deeper maters which she brooded over in private, and as to more material concerns she held that she had naught to learn

from any man or woman of her acquaintance. I fear she was proud; but her pride was not offensive.

Brooding over the eternal problem she let fall her knitting and disturbed the cat, who woke up and yawned, then stretched her legs lazily and looked to see if the door was open, feeling that it was a pity to stay indoors on such a beautiful night. Then she looked at the fur which bristled all down her back. She was down on the floor and out of the window in a flash, scattering Miss Jane's knitting book off her lap on to the floor.

Aunt Jane was accustom-dered what made like that. She was up her knitting something strange. There was a light withstanding no-thing in it. It pulsed about to blossom derful flower. She just as little Jean-when she sat on talked to imagin-ary things in the fire. The child was and used to ask that nobody could loved her, but she



but still she won-dered what made like that. She was up her knitting something strange. There was a light withstanding no-thing in it. It pulsed about to blossom derful flower. She just as little Jean-when she sat on talked to imagin-ary things in the fire. The child was and used to ask that nobody could loved her, but she

to 'encourage foolish notions in children.' So naturally Jeannie had learned to keep her thoughts to herself, just as the gardener did.

Miss Jane took off her spectacles and rubbed her eyes. She sat up straight and stiff, indignantly ashamed that her imagination should play her such a trick. To think that such a thing should happen in her own sitting room, with the lamps lighted, and not yet bedtime!

If it had been at midnight in the north room she would have known it was the ghost, which had become respectable from long-established repute; but this was something new, and Miss Jane disapproved of all innovations. But at the same time she was as curious as a child and watched the light with intense interest. She remembered the odd little cry of delight the child Jeannie gave the last time she had sat gazing

into the fireplace, and she felt just like a child herself though she made no sound as she watched the flower expand its luminous petals. She would have declared with some asperity, that such things could not happen, at least not in her presence, and yet here she was just as eager as a child to see what would come next.

The flower grew and opened out till it filled the fireplace and in its heart there appeared a queenly little lady dressed in a very old-fashioned costume such as Miss Jane had never seen. She was very dignified and she smiled so sweetly that Miss Jane smiled back at her with an expression on her face such as none of her acquaintances had ever seen there.

The visitor made a courtly curtesy and said politely:

“Will you come with me for a little while across the water?” She pointed to a beautiful boat that was coming round the point where the rushes grew and where the waterlilies left an open space.

Miss Jane could not refuse: indeed she was as eager to go as if she were a child again. She really was a child at heart, and had never grown up: so now she ran down the bank to the water's edge and was not afraid to wet her shoes. She stepped into the boat just as Jeannie used to do, and the boat moved off across the shining lake. The lady smiled at her so sweetly that she felt just like a child coming home from school for the summer holidays and meeting her mother again.

When the housemaid came in to arrange the chairs for family prayers she thought Miss Jane was asleep in her highbacked chair, so she coughed once or twice to wake her up without calling her, for the old lady was most indignant if they caught her napping. But Miss Jane did not wake up. She was far away, and was not thinking about that old body in the high-backed chair. She had found the way home, and she was not lonely any longer. It seemed to her that Life was very beautiful.

When the housemaid got no answer and saw that her mistress did not move, she was terribly alarmed. She suddenly remembered what Cook had said not half an hour ago when the dog began to howl. She did not stay a moment, but rushed back to the housekeeper's room, and soon had all the rest as hysterical as herself. No one knew what to do, and none of them dared go to call the gardener or the coachman, though generally they were glad of an excuse for a little walk on a moonlight night. Just then the back door opened and Thomas the gardener came into the kitchen to see if anything was amiss.

He had hesitated a while about going in, as it was so late and the house seemed quiet, but he saw or fancied he saw a light in the north room, and that was so unusual that he decided to go in, and to make some excuse for his visit if necessary. But no excuse was needed, he was more than

welcome. They all looked up to him as a man of judgment who always knew what to do in an emergency.

He went at once to the sitting room, and then sent the scullery-maid, who had recovered herself more than the rest, to ask the coachman to go fetch the doctor, who lived a mile or more away, and then he talked to them till they became a little more rational, though nothing could stop the flow of tears, which they thought appropriate to the occasion, but which seemed to him just a piece of 'woman's foolishness.'

When the doctor had pronounced his verdict, the wailing broke out afresh, and it was generally decided that it was the duty of Thomas the gardener to keep watch for the rest of the night, which he gladly agreed to as a mark of respect to his late mistress.

He established himself in the 'morning room' adjoining the sitting room, in which the body of Miss Jane had been laid out on an old sofa to await the undertaker.

Death, that was a subject of horror to the other servants, had no terrors for him. He regarded it as the opening of a door into an unknown region. He had consulted the Bible to find authority for his theories of death and of the state after death, and it would have sadly shocked the vicar to hear how that wonderful book could be made to endorse such heretical views. But Thomas followed the injunction, 'Search the Scriptures.' He searched till he found a text to fit the need, and then he persuaded himself that he had got teaching from the 'good book', whereas his own soul was his guide, and he, being of a pure heart and clean life, did not misinterpret the intuition that gave him light on many a dark mystery of life.

As he sat there in the silence of the night he dreamed strange waking dreams. First he saw a dim figure cross the patch of moonlight that lay upon the floor; he had opened the window and turned down the lamp, preferring the peaceful moonlight to the artificial glare of the lamp. The figure was that of a lady in an old-fashioned dress. She went into the sitting room and after a few moments returned as she had come, going along the passage that led to the north wing. This seemed to him quite natural, or at least quite appropriate, though he knew that if he mentioned it to the servants they would probably refuse to stay another night in the house.

Then he went to look out at the garden, which was a fair sight under the full moon. It seemed larger than usual; the pond stretched away beyond its natural limits, and he almost thought he could see the mountains in the distance. He got so interested in following the play of his imagination, or whatever it was that caused him to see such strange things in a place he knew so well, that he forgot that he was Thomas the

gardener at the Grange. He looked across the water to the other side, and it was very beautiful. It seemed a long way off, and yet he could see it all quite clearly. There was a beautiful boat with two ladies in it. Both were young and very fair to look on, and they seemed so happy that Thomas thought this must be the shores of Paradise. One of the ladies saw him standing on the other side and pointed to where he stood; then her companion turned and waved her hand to him, and smiled as no one had ever smiled at him before; and he knew it was Miss Jane herself; not her old body, but her very self, all bright and beautiful and happy as a child should be.

He wanted to follow her, and looked for a boat to take him over; but there was none to be seen; and when he looked again across the lake the other shore was far away, so that he could not distinguish the shining figures moving near the brink; and even as he watched them they faded into a mist, and he was alone once more standing by the water's edge. He felt a little lonely, and it seemed hard to have to leave the lake so long as there was the chance of a boat coming to fetch him over. He looked across, but the lake seemed growing smaller, and he was all alone. Still he stood waiting. Something stirred beside him: a cat came and rubbed itself against his leg with a low 'miaow.' He stooped down to stroke it, and when he did so he recognised the house cat, and found himself standing again at the window. Looking out, he saw the garden and the pond with the laurel hedge and the trees beyond it, just as he had known it for the last forty years. The clock showed that it was but a few minutes since he was sitting thinking of his dead mistress and wondering where she was: yet he felt as if he had been away in another world for a long time and had seen beautiful sights and talked with wonderful beings. But it all slipped away from him when he tried to recall the things he had seen and heard. Only he had an impression that Miss Jane had smiled at him so happily that he thought it would be a glad day for him when he too should go across the shining lake and be allowed to stay a while upon the other side.



IF thou wouldst believe in the Power which acts within the root of a plant, or imagine the root concealed under the soil, thou hast to think of its stalk or trunk and of its leaves and flowers. Thou canst not imagine that Power independently of these objects. Life can be known only by the Tree of Life.—*Eastern Precept*

STRUCTURE AND FUNCTION, by E. A. Coryn

IT is not so many years since Materialism, naked and unashamed, preached the glory of Matter — life was a product of matter, thought a secretion, and structure decided function. But the pendulum has swung round to a saner view of life, though still a far from complete one. We have re-established the aphorism that function precedes structure, but only as regards life as a whole. Function precedes structure in the race, but so far, not in the individual, or only to a limited extent.

The appearance of desire, of need, of function — results in structure to correspond, and hence evolution. The desire, the need for change, brings change in the building of life-structure.

But must we draw the line between life as a whole and life in detail, between species and individual? and if it applies to individual life — to what extent? — where is it to stop or begin? If the physical structure of the race is the product of new desire, new function, so must be that of the individual; and if of the individual during life, what of the structure with which he starts life? If the need, the desire for any special sense, for acuter hearing, for example, arises, the organism tends to adapt itself; if the desire for music is born, the musical and discriminative senses become more acute, the fingers more become lissome, etc.; as an outcome of the desire, the physical senses become adapted. With any desire — if it be only the desire to waken early — the physical organs are straightway modified. And so all through life, this process is going on, until at the end of life we can almost say that the condition of the body and its organs is largely the outcome of the doings and thinkings, the desires and needs of the soul inhabiting it.

If, then, the law of the relationship of function to structure rules in the upbuilding of the Race, if we see it still at work in the bodily modifications of the individual throughout life, what are we to say of the initial building of the body? Did function have no place there; and is the soul merely the expression of the body after all? Is man artistic only because the artistic organs are developed? and without interest or taste in music if they are not? Or is the reverse true — that the machinery of art is present because the function, desire, faculty of art is present and has evolved it? It is either this: that the Soul is the expression of the body and structure dictates function, or that as during life we perceive a soul modifying the bodily mechanism, so we must postulate a soul preceding and pre-existing the body through which and in which it expresses itself — the bodily structure being built on the mental mold of the soul behind it.

The position would be more intelligible to us if we would revise our conception of the body and realize more definitely what it actually is, and how different our relation to it is, from what we normally think. If we

regard it merely as a machine we are at least one step forward. We have reached the point of recognising that it is not ourselves but something that we use and own.

Let us consider for a moment the processes of the birth and building of the body.

Put briefly, it starts as a single cell, which shortly dividing, becomes two, and these in their turn repeat the process and so on. But however far we carry the process, it does not bring us anywhere. It is merely a statement of process, of happening, and tells us nothing of the real processes and of their causes. It tells us minutely of the effects, but nothing of the causes; it tells us of the assembling of the cogs and wheels, but nothing of the directing agency.

If now function does precede structure, if the need, the desire, for sense and organ does precede sense and organ, the soul must possess these. As we have said, the soul is either the product of the body, and organ and sense — structure — precede the need or desire for them, or the character of the structure evidences the need of the soul, and appears in response.

Suppose we see then in this first cell, the first body of the Soul, the first elemental life with which it associates itself, an organism belonging to, and corresponding to, the first dawn of consciousness on this plane.

But this suffices only for the first stage: the Soul needs to contact life (physical) at all points, and in response some cells out of the growing aggregation of cells are found to meet special ends, some seeing for him, some hearing, others performing other essential functions.

But in all, though they are fashioning themselves in general after the manner of the race, though in general they pattern themselves according to the stage which humanity has reached and may be said to be merely a stock pattern (though even here we shall have to account for the pattern), in detail there is ample evidence of a variation from pattern and an adaptation to special need, or a failure to reach the standard. One (or more) organ or sense is markedly efficient or inefficient. In one, the brain-structure is that of a thinker, in another of a musician, and behind such structure there must have been similar function or lack of function; the pattern-maker has modified the pattern for his special needs, and the variation is in response to those needs. He is not artistic because the artistic organs were especially fine, he is not inartistic because they were deficient, but being artistic he is enabled so to shape the pattern on which the body is built; being inartistic he lacks that power — lacking the desire. This is not ignoring the forces of heredity in our scheme, for these also play their part, but we see in this an obvious response to desire, need, function, just as though the change took place after birth; which indeed it does, though we may for convenience refer to it as the prenatal stage.

But now let us review the matter again, asking ourselves this time what is this body which is built up. We have seen it in its beginnings as a single cell, but it is a living organism, however elementary, and each cell that is added is also a living entity. In other words, the body is ultimately a group of 'lives,' and grouped around centers which are also lives, and all display consciousness of a sort, all possess the power of adjusting themselves to environment, of recuperation.

The material of the body then is not some dumb thing called matter, but life, and it is life in its lower forms with which we are surrounded and through which we work and with which we are linked, and further, life which we impress with the qualities it expresses.

It is these body-cells which we impress with, say, the craving for alcohol, and we impress it in exactly the same way as we impress any other liking on any living thing, *viz.*, by accustoming them to its use.

We train them to habits as we train a dog or a child, for as we have said, we are not dealing with a dead something called 'matter,' but with a collection of living entities.

And it is in that fact, and in our relation to these cell-lives that we shall find the suggestion of the function that preceded the first bodily structure. The link between man and those lower forms of life which compose the body is, as we know, vital and intimate, but we have yet to realize that it is not a passing phase and that our responsibility for their evolution did not begin at birth and does not end at death — and in bearing the habits and qualities with which we have endowed them, they bear also the penalties which will confront us in the future. For as they have gathered together in response to the call of the soul to form the physical vehicle of today, so it is they who will return to form the body of each future incarnation, and carrying with them the abilities and disabilities with which we ourselves have endowed them. As the function, desire, modifies the structure of today, so it dictates the structure of the future. The brain which cannot function is the group of cell-lives whose activities have been perverted, and which cannot again build true; the feeble digestion is not a poor piece of machinery but a group of cell-lives which, by our want of self-control, have lost the power to function fully.

And as we misuse now, so we must return to clothe ourselves anew in a body the lives of which have lost the power to build well. Here as elsewhere, the structure follows function, and the fate of a disordered, ill-working organism, is the fate we have made for ourselves. The soul struggling under a body which will not express it, which denies it full powers, is reaping its own sowing: the structure has followed his own functioning — the cell-lives whose vigor has been sapped, whose natures have been warped, have lost the power to build well, have lost the instinct

to build truly. They return stamped with the characteristics, the weaknesses, the distortions, imposed upon them, and they build according to the pattern they have been taught. And, weakened by misuse, their vital energies sapped by abuse, they have not the power to build strong.

Our habits are not merely our habits: the body is the vehicle through which the soul experiences; if the body did not respond, desire could not be satisfied, and to form the habit of satisfying a desire involves training the life-cells of the body to form the habit also, and while the first stage of destroying a habit is the ceasing of desire, there still remains the undoing of the mischief wrought on the entities who supply the experiences the soul cannot gain for itself.

The physical appetites belong to the body, belong to the life-entities. And the change from childhood to manhood, and onward through the stages of life, is a change in the physical make-up. The body of the child gives place imperceptibly to the body of the man, new generations of life-cells pour in, bringing with them the characteristics of the new stage, and life's experiences change as new generations pour in. It is known that with each group of years, the body-cells change and are replaced by new ones, but not of the same nature. The soul is, as it were, the spectator of a panorama of life. We do not grow out of our habits, they rather fall from us with the bodily change, and the incoming cell-lives bring a new picture before the soul with each new generation. The bodily characteristics of childhood give place to those of manhood; sex-life appears, endures for its term, and vanishes to give place to a new phase. We are confronted at every stage with the sowings of the corresponding childhood, manhood, old age, of other lives. We do not escape by this or that habit of vice falling from us; we have still to undo the evil wrought, as the cycles of reincarnation bring to pass the re-entry of the cell-lives involved. So the issues are far-reaching and vital, they concern not only ourselves, but also those lower forms of life for whose evolution we are responsible; and they concern not only those present, but the future, and more than all they concern the value we can extract from life. We contact life on the physical plane through the body, that is to say through the lives belonging to this plane. The soul does not eat and drink, and enjoys vicariously.

The soul may desire, but without a body or with a body unable or unfit to satisfy, desire must consume it. With a body below the level of health and hence inadequate to meet its needs, unable to respond to its call, that much of life is lost, so many weeks or years fail to bear fruit. The body is more truly than we know the very temple of God, but for most of us so heavily curtained by the dimness we have drawn over it, by the misuse we have made of it, that it is really only in its outer courts that we ever stand.