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Compassion is the law of laws — eternal harmony.— H. P. BLAVATSKY

COMPASSION AND WISDOM: by T. Henry, M. A.

THERE is often more in a quotation than is gotten out of it at first sight, and the above may be a case in point. At first sight, it might seem to mean merely that compassion is a very great thing and a fundamental principle in the universe. But closer attention brings out the connexion which the quotation makes between justice and mercy: compassion is a law, and the greatest of laws; it is the highest justice; it is eternal harmony — universal adjustment. In Shakespeare's well-known passage, mercy is represented as something superior to justice, a divine principle which over-rules justice and seasons it. "Earthly power doth then show likest God's, when mercy seasons justice." "Mercy is above the sceptred sway; it is enthroned in the *heart* of kings, it is an attribute to God himself." Here, of course, justice is limited and set in contrast to that mercy which it excludes, or to that nobler form which justice assumes when it is seasoned with mercy. One might argue that such justice is not real justice at all but only human justice; and that human justice becomes divine or real justice when the element of mercy combines with it. On the plane of ordinary human intelligence, we see things not as wholes but piecemeal -- by their several aspects. At one time the justice impresses us; at another time the mercy; and justice and mercy seem to be separate and opposite. But, as each of them becomes more perfected and refined, they approximate and blend; and, in proportion as our intelligence becomes sublimated, we are able to discern better the essential unity which otherwise reveals itself only in separate aspects. When justice and mercy seem to be opposed, it is because our conception of each of them is imperfect. A man may be just; a man may be merciful; but the divine love and wisdom know no such difference; mercy and justice are one; the "eye is single" and not double.

The doctrine of Compassion is founded on truth and is philosophically valid. 'The Two Paths' is the title of one of the divisions of H. P. Blavatsky's book, '*The Voice of the Silence*'; and this section defines clearly the difference between the true teachings and those of certain schools which teach that compassion has nothing to do with the attainment of wisdom.

If thou art told that to become Arhan [a perfected man] thou hast to cease to love all beings — tell them they lie. If thou art told that to gain liberation thou hast to hate thy mother and disregard thy son; to disavow thy father and call him 'householder'; for man and beast all pity to renounce — tell them their tongue is false. Thus teach the Tirthikas, the unbelievers.

We can trace the beginnings of an attempt to divorce ethics from knowledge, in the utterances of some people who, claiming to speak in the traduced name of science, would have us believe that science is colorless and that good motives and feelings only upset the mental equilibrium of the savant. In some of the defenses of vivisection we can see much the same thing. Theosophists oppose vivisection quite as much for its effect on the vivisector as for any other reason. If its practice entails a purposeful hardening of the nature and drugging of the merciful feelings, then such practice means a starting out on a path that leads on towards — soul-suicide.

The law of Karma is usually defined as universal justice; but we must beware lest this definition give rise to an idea of ruthlessness and indifference. Though it may be necessary to avoid such an expression as 'the will of God', because that would suggest the personal God of theology and various narrow ideas connected therewith; yet it will not do to go to another extreme and put a mechanical scientific God at the head of the universe. If the universe is the sum-total of intelligent beings (of whom man is one kind), the universal law must be the expression of these intelligences; and it may be doubted whether such a thing as a purely mechanical action exists anywhere, in the great workings or in the minute details. What the Eternal Harmony is we can only dimly conjecture; love wisdom, and power are the three aspects under which we consider it. How can our mere minds synthesize these three into one?

The two schools of Occultism spoken of above are elsewhere styled the Heart-Doctrine and the Head-Doctrine, and their fundamental difference is clearly and emphatically described in '*The Voice of the Silence.*' The one, as said, is founded on compassion, while the other brushes aside compassion as an obstacle. This latter aims at the attainment of power and the satisfaction of desire; those who follow it are 'Black Magicians,' and all whose art belongs to the night side of Nature. As examples of great Teachers of the Heart-Doctrine, we need but point to the Buddha and Jesus, about whose basic teaching there can be no possibility of mistake. And, so far from setting compassion in opposition to Wisdom, they make it the basis of Wisdom, the means of attaining Wisdom. The Wisdom of the Heart is superior to Head-learning. The latter, unilluminated by the former, means in the end destruction. There is danger that science may wander off along the wrong track and lend itself to the teachings of the left-hand school — teachings which, however much they may

be trumpeted as new and advanced, are in fact as ancient and retrogressive as is Error itself.

Theosophy proclaims the Doctrine of the Heart, and has to oppose everything that sets up a lesser standard in opposition to the truth, especially when that standard is falsely described as Theosophical.

The predominant civilization of today is at a stage of its growth where there is much activity of those intellectual faculties which deal with physical science and its applications; but where there is also great ignorance and perplexity about the essential nature of man and his destiny, and about the nature of the universe and the fundamental laws of existence. In short, the mental development of this civilization is at present very uneven. That part of the mind which we have cultivated so highly is not adapted to the attainment of the kind of knowledge whereof the race stands in need. On the contrary, it would seem that a further extension of knowledge along the same lines as heretofore, without any leaven of deeper knowledge, would only lead us into greater complexity and disunion. New discoveries do not settle questions, but merely open up new problems. Under these circumstances, what is needed is *intuition*.

Man is essentially a *thinker*, and *thought* constitutes his real world. In regarding man as thinking mind, we are at once faced with the fact that this mind is under dual control and oscillates continually between two contrary influences. The one that tends downward arises from the action of the bodily passions on the mind; for these arouse desires and selfish ambitions, and create anger and many other forms of delusion. The prevalence of such influences in our civilization has kept us in a state of ignorance and confusion as to the important facts and laws of life. What, for instance, has become of the great truths of Karma and Reincarnation? And what a confusion is our philosophy of life because of the lack of a knowledge of these truths! Or what do we know of the heredity of the human race, forced, as we have been, to choose between uninforming dogmatic assertions on the one hand and the speculations of materialistic science as to man's merely physical origin on the other hand? We are told that certain animal instincts found in man are inviolable laws of his nature and must be recognised as such and legislated for. Children are regarded as subjects for endless and multiform experimentation in education. There is so much 'head-learning', such a vast and complicated structure of abstract theories, that the simple facts are lost sight of, and the problem grows more complex and bewildering the more we philosophize over it. All that is necessary is to inculcate in children habits of self-knowledge and self-control; but this necessitates the existence of the same qualities in the parents and teachers, which again means that they must have constant recourse to that superior fount of knowledge just spok-

en of under the name of intuition, which gives certainty of action.


Able writers have shown mankind as passing from the simple healthy state of nature-life to the complicated and troubled life of civilization; and have asked themselves whether civilization is really the final stage preceding the extinction of a race, or whether there is a higher stage of simplicity and health to be reached after man has passed through the afflictions of civilized life. Does a Golden Age follow, as well as precede, the Iron Age? The practical point in this is that we cannot go back to barbaric ignorance; and, as we yearn for health and simplicity, we must reach them by going forward. A primitive man would be free from our problems because his mind would be still undeveloped; instinct would suffice him, as it does the animals. But we, with our complex minds, need a superior faculty to superintend them. Ancient philosophies tell us that ignorance is caused by the passions clouding the mind, so that it oscillates in a continual vibration, instead of reflecting like a mirror the light of the spiritual sun of intuition; and they enjoin the tranquilizing of the mind by self-study and dispassion. No other way to master passions and emotions exists than to eliminate personality, with its vexing storms of pride, jealousy, anger, and lust; and to escape into a larger freer life where we feel ourselves one with Nature and with our fellow-man. So we get back once more to the Law of Compassion, the greatest of laws, as the road to Wisdom and Happiness.

Surely the present state of the world has sufficiently demonstrated that a higher wisdom is needed than that on which we have been relying. Apart from the immediate troubles incidental to the war, and apart from the problems that will arise as soon as the war is over, there are the troubles that were in existence before it began, such as the alarming growth of pulmonary tuberculosis and other enfeebling diseases, the increase of subtle vices, the general trend in many different respects towards an unmanageable complexity, and in short the whole problem of disintegration which threatens our civilization. And yet, as a remedy, people are seeking larger and yet larger doses of the very medicine that is so largely involved in causing the evil. We have many clever writers proposing all sorts of schemes along the old lines; but the bare idea of intrusting the actual management of affairs to such theorists fills us with alarm. Yet, when aspiring to return to the simplicity of old-time morals, we find ourselves in danger of falling a prey to the forces of reaction and dogmatism. Theosophy alone offers an escape from both extremes to the sane path.

Love and Wisdom have their counterparts in lust and cunning; and just as the latter pair constitute an evil alliance fraught with horror and disaster, so the union of the two former is man's salvation. And love in this sense means compassion and harmony, which also are true Wisdom.

THOUGHTS ON MUSIC: by Prof. Daniel de Lange*

PART IV

N *The Secret Doctrine* (I,464) H. P. Blavatsky says:

When included under the arts and sciences of the fourth race, the Atlanteans, the phenomenal manifestation of the four elements, justly attributed by the believers in Cosmic gods to the intelligent interference of the latter, assumed a scientific character. The *magic* of the ancient priests consisted, in those days, in addressing *their gods in their own language*. "The speech of the men of the earth cannot reach the Lords. Each must be addressed in the language of his respective element"—is a sentence which will be shown pregnant with meaning. '*The Book of Rules*' cited adds as an explanation of the nature of that *Element-language*: "It is composed of *sounds*, not words; of sounds, numbers and figures. He who knows how to blend the three, will call forth the response of the superintending Power" (the regent-god of the specific element needed.)

Thus this 'language' is that of *incantations* or of MANTRAS, as they are called in India, sound being *the most potent and effectual magic agent, and the first of the keys which opens the door of communication between Mortals and the Immortals*.

In these few words H. P. Blavatsky gives a more complete and accurate image of what music actually is, than most of the authors who write long dissertations on this subject. In general the treatises express only the external side of musical art; these few words depict the internal side of it. And it is because these authors have not treated music as an inherent part of human life that they have not succeeded in giving us a definition of what is the true meaning of music.

Since the decline of Greek civilization we do not find any epoch in history in which musical art occupies the place it ought to occupy in every well organized society. Surely, epochs of brilliant musical culture can be cited, but they are not interwoven with the public life of the nations. In general one or a few men of extraordinary talent marked such epochs. These men were surrounded by a certain number of persons, their admirers and adulators, but their lives were not in touch with the common life of the people, and consequently their art was a mere adornment of life, suitable only for those who lived in thoughts and feelings outside, perhaps beyond, the life of the so-called common people. Although the place that music occupied in these epochs shows that its character as a divine language was unconsciously recognised by the few, yet its influence on the mind and soul of the average man was very, very small. Shall we judge harshly of those who did not know that musical art, *i. e.*, sound, is part of the language of the gods? How can we, knowing as we do that even the great artists—although they may be considered as initiates—often misunderstood the language of the gods, and, consequently, misused it? The fault is not with the artists; they simply

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represent a kind of quintessence of the thoughts and feelings of mankind at the epoch in which they live; nor again, is the fault with those who recognise that although this art is misused yet the divine spark is present in it. We only ask, What is the cause of the deterioration of musical art? The answer is not very difficult for him whose mind has been directed to the only reality that exists in the Universe. Of course that reality teaches him and shows clearly that all that exists is but one unity, that all forms represent but one great, inseparable, indivisible oneness. So the cause for the deterioration of musical art will be found in the spiritual condition of the human race. Humanity has not only lost sight of the real significance of musical art but also of life itself. If man would try to learn to understand the meaning of life, he would know that music — being part of the language of the gods — is a part of life; and cannot be misused or neglected without seriously interfering with man's higher nature. Then he would know that music is implicated in his soul-life; and he would begin to learn to express his ideas in a language entirely different from that which he commonly uses. For, to understand the language of the gods, man must have conquered his lower nature; it is only then that he can begin to understand the voices of the leaves, of the forest, of the birds, of the flowers, and — of the silence. It is in the silence that his comprehension of the profoundest meaning of the divine language develops in the most beautiful way; and in the deepest sense.

Before drawing any conclusion we must remember that the vibrations produced by musical sounds and their combinations correspond with figures, so that we might say: when listening to music our mind enjoys not only the vibrations which we call sounds, but unconsciously it enjoys at the same time the numbers and figures which form part of the language of the gods.

Thereby arises an important question, *viz.*, can a man's mind possibly attend to two things at the same time? The physical faculties are not able to do so; for example: if the eye is fixed on a certain point it can but vaguely see the surroundings of that point. Everyone can prove this by looking at a fixed point. He will notice that the surroundings of that point are perceived but vaguely; and that, although they influence the impressions which the point makes on the mind, these details cannot be noticed without losing sight of the point itself.

The same impression is made on the ear when hearing music. Possibly the trained musicians will not agree with this. They may think that they can hear many sounds at the same time, but if they will examine the question seriously they will find that, when listening to music, they only catch *one* part, the other parts being only of secondary influence on

the impressions which the principal part makes on their minds. Unconsciously Wagner, when treating of the reproduction of masterpieces, expresses the same idea and points out, that the principal question in a reproduction is to lay stress on the fundamental musical idea of the composer. True, the musical idea can be divided among different parts of the composition, but two parts can never be of equal importance. In such a case it would be simply impossible to reproduce the idea of the composer, for, if the two parts were performed with the same strength of sound no hearer could distinguish them; it simply would make the impression of an agglomeration of sounds without any musical significance.

But the most decisive argument is to be found in speech — it is absolutely impossible to listen to two speakers at the same time; it is impossible to catch even the words, not to speak of the ideas.

Taking for granted that this is so, we ask: Is man's mind able to take into account the two other qualities (numbers and figures), when listening to music, or do they simply form a background? The reverse of this might be possible; and then figures or numbers would evoke a sort of music in the mind of him who mentally is able to grasp that side of the language of the gods. But surely one of the three qualities will predominate while the two others form simply a background. And, in that case, why is it that at one time sound, at another time numbers, and still another time figures, will come to the front? Does this depend on the disposition of the human being who tries by these means to approach the gods? Or is it influences from the outside which cause the preponderance of the one or the other element? If sounds are predominant the impression will be very vague; if figures the impression will be less vague; but if numbers our mind will be able to build up a kind of tangible form: by which we mean a form tangible to the mind or imagination not to the physical power of observation. But it will depend upon the dispositions and faculties of the mind, which of these three qualities will most affect our imagination.

After our remarks on the impossibility of seeing and hearing more than one subject at the same time, it is evident that, as long as man only uses his physical faculties, he will never be able to realise either the significance or the beauty of the language of the gods. H. P. Blavatsky quotes especially the words from '*The Book of Rules*' which give the explanation, — "He who knows how to blend the three, will call forth the response of the superintending Power." So, in order to advance aright in music, we must begin by purifying our minds of every materialistic idea, so that they may become fit for the training which our spiritual nature demands. And it is only after this purification of the mind, and

after its thorough spiritual training that true music can awake in the soul and be understood. As soon as such a degree of development has been reached music begins to occupy an entirely different place in man's life. It is no longer a combination of sounds heard consecutively or simultaneously; no, every combination represents a figure and a number, it is an expression of soul-life.

This conception of music is in no way related to the so-called 'Program Music' of modern times. While the latter tries to express ideas and even objects on the material plane, true music, on the other hand, tries to reflect ideas and feelings on the spiritual plane. This also is the reason why true music makes a far greater impression when not reproduced by material sounds but when heard by the spiritual ear of man. When meditating on the problems of the inner life it may happen that sounds, never heard in the material world, begin to resound in the silence; they speak of beauty never dreamt of before, they may seem unreal to our physical understanding, formless — ,and yet they have a form; we know at such moments that they are more true, more real, than the most real reality we can experience in ordinary life; they tell us of the only reality that exists and that never, never, can be known except in such moments of the highest possible ecstasy.

Viewed from this standpoint we see that musical training is a part of the spiritual training of mankind. Both are intimately linked together. Indeed, we may go much further and state that music can only be awakened in man's soul in moments when the higher self is predominant. Ask the great poets, the painters, or the composers. Do they know how they produce their works of art? They do not. It is under the influence of the higher Self, the divine spark, in moments of ecstasy that they do their work! Who knows, perhaps they may be absolutely unconscious of the great things they do, and realise only the significance of their work after having finished it. For we all know that great artists much more than average men are the tools or instruments of the gods.

The nearer mankind approaches to the gods the more will the artistic intuition develop, and men will be better able to reproduce their ideas in a more lofty and spiritual form. Not until humanity has learned to realise that music is part of the language of the gods; not until music has become a part of life itself — consciously, not unconsciously as it still is — in the mind of all mankind; not until musical training is conducted in a way in which everyone can enjoy the impressions of the musical masterpieces when reading them without help of the physical ear, and not until everyone can express his inmost aspirations and deeper spiritual feelings in melodies truly his own; not until then will music exert the influence it ought to exert on the spiritual life of mankind.

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

PART THREE — STYLE

CHAPTER I — ITS BEGINNINGS: STYLE IN THE BALLADS



WHETHER 'Style' is the best word to use for this third basic quality of poetry that we are to consider now, I do not know. It is also *form*, and the spiritual urge or pressure that produces form; essentially it is strength — the thing presided over by Gwron in our trinity, and Gwron is the God of strength and heroism. But it is a strength manifesting in delicacy; a spiritual quality; there is nothing of the bull-at-a-gate in it. Says Matthew Arnold: "Style, in my sense of the word, is a peculiar recasting and heightening, under a certain condition of spiritual excitement, of what a man has to say, in such a manner as to add dignity and distinction to it." He took great pains to explain this of style; and needless to say, all he says on it is invaluable.

At the apex of it he puts what he calls the Grand Manner; and to make clear the meaning of that, quotes these lines from *Paradise Lost*:

Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,
 More safe I sing with mortal voice, *unchanged*
 To hoarse or mute, though fallen on evil days,
 On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues,
 In darkness, and with dangers compassed round.

—"There," he says, "is the grand style in perfection; and anyone who has a sense for it will feel it a thousand times better from repeating those lines than from hearing anything I can say about it. Let us try, however, what can be said, controlling what we say by examples. I think it will be found that the grand style arises in poetry, when a noble nature, poetically gifted, treats with simplicity or with severity a serious subject."

That definition, he thinks, "will be found to cover all instances of the grand style in poetry which present themselves," and "to exclude all poetry which is not in the grand style." That is true; and yet one feels that there is something further to be said: that it is a definition which accepts accomplished facts, but throws no clear illumination on their origin. Perhaps its weakness lies in the words *poetically gifted*: in seeking to cover a universal mystery with a couple of words equally mysterious. . . One feels that it is rather a *scientific* definition: one that classifies effects and appearances, but omits to explain them.

What is left unsaid — the explanation — is, I think, something like this:

Man's nature is dual: a personality, mortal and trivial, whose consciousness is generally directed by passion, instinct, intellect; and an

Impersonality, of which we know hardly anything but that it is divine, unstainable, august and of eternal existence. It influences the lower man as it may, moving him to whatever nobility may be found in him. It is this divine part that we call the Soul. It is spiritual; an emanation from the One Spirit, the Oversoul.

Spirit, descending into matter, produces form; it causes the material to assume form. The form evolves into definition, into beauty; it grows refined as the deific inspiration takes hold upon it. From formlessness, form is evolved; the form becomes ever diviner and more lovely; transparent to the Spirit, luminous; and at last melts into that which is ideal Form and No-form. Thus for us men all real growth is towards the spiritual; it implies that personality should become impersonality; passion, dispassion and compassion; strife, peace. When we are moved in that direction we may say: It is the Soul that moves us; it is the grand immortality stirring within.

Style is the glow, in words, of the fire of the Soul. It is the grand action, the self-sacrifice, the heroism, of speech. A Cromwell, big with vision, comes into the House of Commons to find shallow fanatics jabbering there while the fate of England hangs in the balance. The vision burns up, so challenged, in this halting-speeched, unwordy warrior, and he cries out, pointing to the Mace: *Take away that bauble!* It was the symbol of all legal authority in England; and because they were misusing legal authority, it stood in the way of the Soul of England; very well — *Take away that bauble!* — What are you to call it but the Grand Manner? So would Cromwell's Latin Secretary have spoken; who of all men known was the grandest master of the Grand Manner.

Matthew Arnold's 'certain condition of spiritual excitement' comes of a *rapport* between Soul and mind and organs of speech. When that happens, the words become a fennel-stalk for Prometheus, and the fire is brought down in them from heaven. Flaming rhetoric has nought to do with this; passion has passed into a severity of compassion; the red glow has given place to the white, and all noise to a lofty quiet. Superfluity of words, as an impertinence, has been burned away.

The God in Man has to be about its business, before this is attained. There are divine forms basic in things: symbols of the Soul and its passagings; — a symbol is a window through which light may shine to us from the inner heavens. Untold ages ago, the Sacred Mysteries were brought by Iberian Masters, the builders of Stonehenge, into Britain; ages after, they were handed on by the Iberians to the incoming or conquering Celts; and flourished and waned during the Celtiberian cycle; and passed into obscure secrecy, perhaps died, when the Caesars proscribed Druidism. But the Iberian blood is the most insistent strain of any in Europe; no

Anglo-Saxon can say he is free from it. It is an outward and visible sign of certain inward potentialities. An ichor from the Iberian and Celtiberian Mysteries ran in the spiritual veins of Shakespeare and Milton.

All true art is based on the Mysteries. A work of art is great in proportion as it comes near to being a basic form, a symbol: in proportion as it lets through the light of the Soul, and shines with the ancient wisdom. The brain-mind has no authority here; it may ape — it cannot imitate — the voice of the Soul. Style is the bloom and essence of form; in the fire it infuses in some few lines or words, in the form it impresses on them, it presents a message from the divine worlds. It speaks, and we

Hear the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing.

— The art of fiction was, in its first origin, the art of making symbols of these inner things. Men write love stories now, because once upon a time some Master told in such terms of the personal man's quest of his diviner self, or of the Soul's wooing of the personal mind. Tales of adventure or of victory are told, because of old time Poet Initiates pictured in concrete images the adventures and victories of the Soul on its eternal pilgrimage. They knew that to be real their work must, like all the things of life, shadow forth the inward realities. But now we make stories, and have no inkling of the everlasting brightnesses: our art is lost in personality, and we do but mirror the externals and perishable parts of life.

Behind all things is Truth, always waiting to be discovered; and he who creates in art by that very fact comes perilously near to places where he may hear the grand voices speaking. To be the Master Artist, in whatever medium, is to be able to close one's eyes and ears against all but those supernal words and pictures; to arrive at a pitch of inward concentration where realities may be seen. Consciously — or not; probably not; it does not greatly matter. No one can say whether Shakespeare, writing *Hamlet*, knew how grandly he was building. The basic form was before him; the fervor of creation was in his mind; he held his mirror up, not to the play of personalities, but to the drama that God

'doth himself contrive, enact, behold.'

Matthew Arnold said: "If I were asked where English poetry got . . . its turn for Style, . . . I should answer, with some doubt, that it got much of it from a Celtic source." In such derivations, it is not in physical heredity that I find anything ultimately explanatory; it may serve as some kind of link; it may prepare the ground; it may make the fitness of the soil; but it is not the seed. The latter is in the migratory Soul of Man; it is blown on winds of the spiritual world. A great wind

blew from ancient Greece, and carried the seeds of Pindarism, the haughty uplift of Style, into medieval Italy, where they sprang up and blossomed in Dante. Thence it blew into England; and the seeds it carried bloomed presently in Milton. There you have, probably, the three greatest European Lords of Style. But, one might argue, the soil had to be ready, the ground prepared. Virgil*, that great stylist, is there to prove that such was the case in Italy; — the quickening of whose genius, again, may have been from Homer and the Greeks; but its mother-soil was ancient memories in his own race and land.

I am thinking that Matthew Arnold was right; and that here, too, we must take into account a Little Wind from Celtism. There were those Mysteries — always the fountain of grandeur — anciently in the island. Some day the value and meaning of the Mysteries will be known; for the present let him sneer who will, self-complacent in his ignorance. That in Welsh literature which claims to be oldest, is hall-marked by the grandeur of Style, and has that to support its claims‡. Taliesin is among the Style-Masters; so is Llywarch the Aged; and if you turn to such stories as that of the Wonderful Head in the *Mabinogi*, you shall, if you have eyes to see, find basic forms as august as any in Sophoclean tragedy.

Mythology always carries in its stream a number of these basic forms because it is always a rumor from the Mysteries; that is why it is so potent and rich a source of literature. There is but one native mythology for England; and it comes, with much dilution, from the Celts through the Roman Province. Geoffrey of Monmouth floated it out onto Anglo-Norman (and European) waters; and presently it became the National Epos of the English. His tale of Brutus the son of Ascanius, the son of Aeneas of Troy, supposed coloniser of Britain, is one that arose (one may venture it) in the Province. For the Province was Roman and British: read Virgil as its national poet; and yet had a local patriotism, a native island whose claims to distinction and kindred with the world were to be

*Of Mantua, in Gallia Cisalpina — the *Vir-* in whose name is distinctly Gallic, *i. e.*, Celtic.

‡Our modern pundits tell us that the poetry which bears the names of Taliesin, Myrddin, Llywarch and Aneurin, traditionally attributed to the sixth century, is no earlier of origin than the twelfth or thirteenth. Maybe; but they ignore the fact that, when you have taken away what are obviously later accretions, there is in the remainder a certain ancient grandeur and mystery wholly unlike any quality found in the poems of the Welsh renaissance under the later princes, to which period they assign them. The twelfth and thirteenth-century poems had their marked characteristics, and their strong family likeness one to another; conventions as to matter and manner were rather rigid; all the poets dealt in praise of their patron princes, descriptions of battles, etc., some in the beauties of natural scenery or of their loves; the qualities aimed at were vigor, brightness, vividity; as a rule there is little to tell the work of one poet from another. But in the supposed sixth-century poems there is an atmosphere older, more titanic; their meaning is far more obscure. Matthew Arnold, being a literary critic, of intuitions, and accustomed to deal with spiritual values, clearly perceived this; and argued from it the genuineness, in the main, of their traditional claim to antiquity, and also, traces in them of Druidic discipline. Our scholars of today, who go by philological, and will not hear of spiritual or true literary values, scout the idea entirely. But the Style is there to confute them.

answered and appeased. Hence the legend: which made the Roman and the Briton, then living together in amity and mixing much in marriage, into cousins. Kipling alone, of English writers, has understood the Province; his *Puck of Pook's Hill* is great and illuminated history. Geoffrey himself was a true grandchild of the Province. The Normanism he contacted — perhaps he was half Norman himself — roused up all the latent Latin-Celtism in him, and revived the mixed race-memories of that past age. The Latin Briton is dominant in him; but there is just a strain of the Celtic Briton as well. There is a far echo of the Mysteries, of true Celtiberian mythology — a reminiscence of some old time avatar myth — in the story of Arthur as he gives it. And because of that, whoever since has risen to the dignity of national poet in England, has gone to him for material.

Consider how Shakespeare travels back through the English kings as far as King John, at the beginning of the thirteenth century, in whose reign England the nation first began to appear above the waters; then skips the Normans and Anglo-Saxons as aliens, and goes to Geoffrey for *Cymbeline* and *King Lear* — in the latter revealing a basic form among the greatest and most terrible in literature. Then, traveling back from the Province, he finds his true hereditary line in Roman history; and takes the stories of Antony and Cleopatra, of Caesar, and of Coriolanus — all from the days before the Province was conquered. And with that line, we find in him another — both roads leading to Rome. This second follows the course of the Great Wind from the South: through the French and Italian plays. H. P. Blavatsky says somewhere that England is the reincarnation of old Rome; thus the poets confirm her saying. The Province is the physical link that connects the two incarnations.

However, there is but a thin strain of Celticism in the Arthurian legend as it appears in its English guises; and it is not this that concerns us now, but a clearer influence from the Scottish ballads. In Style and form, these exceed the English ballads as greatly they do in color, in music, in every artistic quality.* The English balladist, desiring to set forth a story, as a rule boggles through a welter of unessential details and undistinguished words to a lame impotent conclusion; the Scotsman, having the same story to tell, often makes a vertebrate, well-articulated thing of it: perceives clearly every essential detail and dramatic point; uses words pregnant with atmosphere; leads you by inevitable steps to the climax; and, when that comes, strikes you with it as with some appalling final blow of fate. One speaks, of course, of the perfection of their art, of the

* Here let us say in simple fairness that the Scots have the faults of their qualities, and the English virtues to balance their defects. English ballads are commonly quite clean and wholesome reading; the Scottish, alas, too often are anything but.

masterpieces only. But it is 'a thing to thank God upon,' to come on masterpieces of art at all, in the uncultured poetry of peasants.

Tragedy is the natural sphere of these Scotsmen. There is something grim and gloomy in most of their imaginings; but it is a grimness and gloom thrilled through with electricity. Of all Shakespeare's plays, I would say that *Macbeth* is the fullest and truest of local color; and yet that is not the term for it, either. It is not outward trapping, but runs through to the innermost, and is essential. There are no particularly Scotch-sounding lines; as for scenery, you may have blasted heaths and procreant cradles of the swallow anywhere. It is the soul of the tragedy that is Scottish; the universe is looked out on through the eyes of a Super-Scotch-Balladist in the tragic mood. He warbles none of his native wood-notes here. He is no longer the Englishman he was in Sicilia and Bohemia and Rome, or in Theseus' Athens-on-Avon; but a Scotsman, not consciously, or intentionally, but inevitably, national: compound of Scandinavian gloom and Celtic electricity. His Weird Sisters are not the kind of old women that one burnt for witchcraft, but dark nature-forces, from the glooms of mythology, appropriate to the blasted heath and the night of storms; they are something akin to that hostile, tragic, spirit we hear speaking through the River Till in the folkverse:

Tweed said tae Till:
 "What gars ye rin sae still?"
 Till said tae Tweed:
 "Although ye rin wi' speed
 And I rin slaw,
 Where ye droon *ae man*,
 I droon *twae*."

Could anything be more sudden, more fateful, more dramatic? And this of being dramatic is the crucial thing: the Mysteries were the first dramas; the dramatic form, in its ultimate essence, is the divine or basic form.

Matthew Arnold conceded an occasional touch of the Grand Manner to the Scottish ballads; eager as he was — upon provocation — to show that they are not in the same class with the *Iliad*. He conceded it to that best-known of them all (perhaps), the *Ballad of Sir Patrick Spens*; at which we may take a profitable glance. The tale is told how Sir Patrick, with the Scottish lords, was sent by the king on a mission to Norway; how, returning, he was urged by taunts to set sail in spite of his forebodings of storm; all is set forth with the usual Scotch taciturnity and feeling for illuminating detail. Then,

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
 A league, but only nine,
 When wind and weat and snaw and sleet
 Cam blawin up behin'.

Laith, laith were our Scottish lords
 To weet their cork-heeled shoon,
 But lang ere all the play was played
 Their hats they swam aboon.

Lang, lang may their ladies sit
 With their fans into their hands,
 Before they'll see Sir Patrick's ships
 Come sailing to Leith Sands.

Lang, lang may their ladies sit
 With their gold combs in their hair,
 Waiting for their ain dear lords,
 For they'll see them never mair.

The water at Saint Johnstone's Wall
 Is fifty fathom deep,
 And there lies guid Sir Patrick Spens
 With the Scots lords at his feet.

The form of a great poem is like that of a wave: it gathers, and comes on gleaming or threatening; it shows its teeth; it breaks into a splendor or a terror of foam; it recedes with laughing gurgle, or with 'melancholy, long withdrawing roar.' The moment of the foam-bloom is the climax: that in which the emotion is at its pitch. Note it here in the second verse quoted. Nothing is said of the disaster; no description of the shipwreck is given: the reticence of great art hides away all that. There is but one terrific hint:

Lang ere all the play was played;

and one pitiful detail: the hats swimming. It is not reticence; it is suppression: all personality rises to flow in irresistible emotion; all the Impersonal rises, with adamant suppression, to forbid. The formative pressure is so great, that pity and scorn, opposite emotions, are carried up into a region where all emotions are one. At one moment it seems as if a burning irony were being expressed; at the next, one sees that it is a burning compassion: keen swift pity for the little human personalities made suddenly nothing under the huge impersonality of the elements. Perhaps we may say that in the high creative moments, when the mind reaches up to and touches the Soul, all emotions flow back into and are lost in a unity beyond emotion: the seven colors become one white ray: it is a universal, white-hot, serene knowledge, wherein all laughter and all tears, all pride and all pity, are held in solution. From this point what tense speech is spoken comes in what we call the Grand Manner; and these verses are in the Grand Manner. They possess that clear intense vision which comes in tragic moments. In pitying scorn, the balladist sees the dainty walking, the cork-heeled shoon; in scornful pity, those poor hats floating. He gives himself leave to see the fans in the ladies' hands, the gold combs in their hair; and makes of these conductors for the light-

ning of the grand emotion. In real life, as we know, it is always some little trumpery thing like these that lets through into us the great floods of consciousness: the keen sting of grief, or the surging uplift of compassion. And then, in the last verse, he does, in something more than a literal sense, carry us out into the great waters: lifts his theme above personality, above humanity altogether, and brings us on to the august impersonal planes beyond. What are the gold combs and the fans, the tears and the long waiting, to the water at Saint Johnstone's Wall, fifty fathom deep? Here the withdrawing roar of the wave passes into silence; emotion is carried out into the Great Deep; personality is confronted with the Impersonal; a call is made to the serene, immutable things: the elements; death; the untroubled aloofness of the Soul. Is there no symbol in it — no forthshadowing of a divine form?

Still more clearly seen, and more terrible, is the Soul-symbol in the ballad called *The Demon Lover*. A lover returns from a long absence beyond the seas to find his betrothed married to another, and tempts her with wealth and fine tales to go with him in his ship. In this ballad there is much Celtic grace and color magic:

The veil that hung before her face
Was all with gold begane. . . .
She has put her foot on guid ship board,
No marineers could she behold,
But the sails were all of the taffetie,
And the masts of the beaten gold. . . .
I'll show you where the lilies blow
On the banks of Italic. . . .

—Thus the wave sparkles in the sunlight as it gathers and rolls in. But then — it begins to break ominously, with threatening teeth of foam:

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league, but only three,
When she espied his cloven hoof,
And wept right bitterly.
—“Oh, what are yon, yon pleasant hills
The sun shines sweetly in?”
—“Oh, yon are the hills of Heaven,” said he,
“Where you will never win.”
—“Oh, whatten a mountain is yon?” said she,
“Sae drear wi' frost and snow?”
—“Yon is the mountain of Hell,” he said,
“Where you and I maun go.”
He strack the tapmast wi' his hand,
The foremast wi' his knee,
And brake that gallant ship in twain,
And sank her in the sea —

-- loomed up, you see, gigantic and terrible, as ever the medieval imagination could make him, and overwhelmed, within view of the mountain of hell, her world and her in ruin — that for the roar and deadliness of the breaking billow. The beginning, too, is just as admirably taciturn:

“O where have you been, my long, long love,
This long seven years and more?”
—“O I’m come to seek my former vows
Ye promised me before.”

There is no introduction to it; no explanation; the balladist keeps himself in the background as far as possible; artistic reticence plays its great part to the full.

We have an English version of this: it tells in twenty-seven verses how Jane Reynolds, a fair maid of “Plimouth, stately town,” was beloved by a seaman brave,

A comely proper youth he was,
James Harris called by name;

— how James went away to sea and was drowned; how Jane married an excellent carpenter; how an evil spirit came to her presently in the likeness of her lost Harris, and wooed her away with fair tales; there are sixteen verses in the English version, before the Scottish one begins at all. Then:

together away they went
From off the English shore,
And since that time the woman-kind
Was never seen no more.

Three more verses tell of the good carpenter’s grief, and how it worked upon him until

He hanged himself for woe
Upon a tree near to the place;
The truth of this is so;

and then, as no symbol has been achieved, and a plum must therefore be thrown to the pieties; and because the balladist has sailed too near the rocks of tragedy to feel comfortable, and must soften the situation for his own and his hearers’ peace of mind:

The children now are fatherless,
And left without a guide,
And yet no doubt the heavenly powers
Will for them well provide.

On the whole, this illustrates fairly well the difference between English and Scotch folk-verse.

Here I will quote an old ballad,* apparently from the far north; I

*From the volume of *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, in Messrs. Houghton and Mifflin’s Cambridge Edition; from which book all the ballads quoted in this paper are taken.

have Englished it a little for the sake of intelligibility, and in one case altered a couple of lines for the same reason; this I hope may be forgiven, as the dialect is obscure and uncouth beyond the ordinary, and as no structural or essential alteration is committed.

THE LAILY* WORM AND THE MACKEREL OF THE SEA

“I was but seven years old
When my mother did dee,
And my father married the worst woman
Ever the world did see.

“For she has made me the laily worm
That lies at the foot of the tree,
And of my sister Maisry,
The mackerel of the sea.

“And every Saturday at noon
The mackerel comes to me,
And she takes my laily head,
And lays it on her knee,
And combs it with a silver comb,
And washes it in the sea.

“Seven knights have I slain
Since I lay at the foot of the tree,
And if ye were not my ain father
The eighth ye should be.”

—“Sing on your song, ye laily worm,
That ye sang to me!”

—“I never sang a song at all,
But what I would sing to ye!

“I was but seven years old
When my mother did dee,
And my father married the worst woman
Ever the world did see.

“For she has made me the laily worm
That lies at the foot of the tree,
And of my sister Maisry,
The mackerel of the sea.

“And every Saturday at noon
The mackerel comes to me,
And she takes my laily head
And lays it on her knee,
And combs it with a silver comb,
And washes it in the sea.

“Seven knights have I slain
Since I lay at the foot of the tree,
And if ye were not my ain father
The eighth ye should be.”

* Lowly.

He has sent for his lady
 As fast as send could he:
 "Where is my son
 That ye sent from me,
 And where is my daughter,
 The Lady Maisrie?"

—"Your son is at the king's court,
 Serving for meat and fee;
 And your daughter's at the queen's court,
 A maiden sweet and free."

—"Ye lee, ye ill woman,
 Sae loud I hear ye lee!
 For my son is the laily worm
 That lies at the foot of the tree,
 And my daughter, Lady Maisry,
 The mackerel of the sea!"

She has taken a silver wand,
 And struck him strokes three,
 And he started up the fairest knight
 Ever the world did see.

She has taken a small horn,
 And loud and shrill blew she;
 At that blast shrill and loud
 All the fish but the mackerel proud
 Came to her by the sea:

—"Ye shaped me once an unseemly shape;
 Ye shall never mair shape me!"

He has sent to the wood
 For hawthorn and fern,
 And he has taken that proud ladie,
 And there he did her burn.

What is to be noted first is the instinct for pure form; the stern poetic taciturnity; the pregnancy of every line. Nothing is said but what tells the tale; which indeed tells itself, and there is no teller to it. But there are vistas in every silence between words and lines. We know the form it takes elsewhere: "Once on a time a knight and his lady had two children," etc. It covers several years; narrates in full the death of the mother, the second marriage; the witch-stepmother's jealousy; the transformation of the children; the deception of the father; the misery of the two transformed; their periodical meetings, when the sister, the elder of the two and the stronger character, mourns over and comforts her brother — whom, no doubt, their mother had left especially in her charge. Then, the meeting of the transformed boy with his father, and the *dénouement*.

But here an extraordinary creative fire and compression have been at work; and marvelously rescued the unities, so that the characters may speak for themselves, and the balladist need but play Chorus here and

there to supply the links of explanation. There is no prolog to tell what has gone before: the curtain is rung up, and the laily worm begins to sing his pitiful monotonous song — to the knight his father, as we are to learn when the song is nigh sung. There are four verses to this; and rather than step on the scenes to explain, the balladist will sacrifice his taciturnity by repeating them intact. Thus he reveals the mental blight and restriction placed on the transformed boy, who has that much he can say, and no more, we are to gather: those four verses are all his life, all his consciousness, and he repeats them word for word, by rote; as the mindless through suffering will sometimes go one-phrased through life. The serpent's nature has been put on him, as well as the serpent's form —

Seven knights have I slain
Since I lay at the foot of the tree;

and yet there is the human nature dim and struggling behind it —

And if ye were not my father
The eighth ye should be.

He has but rescued that much, and his own and his sister's story, from the ruin of his human intelligence.

It is all so concrete, as poetry must always be. The sister and brother do not meet periodically, or once a week, but "every Saturday at noon"; and we are not told that they mourn together, or rather that she mourns over and tries to comfort him; but that she

takes his laily head,
And lays it on her knee,
And combs it with a silver comb,
And washes it in the sea —

all that she can do; either through the limitations of her own consciousness or abilities — she retains her compassion, her elder sisterly care — or through the limitations of his, which can receive no consolation but what is physical. There is nothing abstract about it; but the concrete terms are all living symbols; all things abstract are shown forth in them; and we know perfectly well the meaning, mental and emotional, of the combing and washing. And the Lady Maisry, who only appears once, and then in the distance, and speaks but two lines, is a living character: compassionate in her helplessness, proud in the midst of her sorrow and degradation: the breath of life is in her. —All this tells itself, and the Chorus, the balladist, wastes never a word of his own in the telling.

Perfection of form, certainly, you say; but wherein is the form divine or basic: in what sense is it a symbol? —Think for a moment of the story of the Soul of Man: in its proper essence royal, divine; but transformed

and enchanted here in these bodies: in oblivion, under the sway of evil: bewitched by that Stepmother-enchantress, Nature as the 'Great Illusion.' Think of its present duality: a higher part, which we sense feebly in the glimmerings of intuition, and the lower part, the brain-mind or intellect; both balked of their true estate; separated, but for occasional reunions — *every Saturday at noon*, says the ballad; the one enspelled almost wholly, so as to partake of the evil nature in which it is clothed — *Seven knights have I slain*; the other enchanted indeed, kept out of its heirloom, but retaining its divine nature: still proud — *Ye shaped me once an unseemly shape: Ye shall never mair shape me* — still compassionate, and concerned always to alleviate the fate of its younger and far more estranged companion. Think of the duality of Nature herself, the "Mother, foe and lover": in her diviner aspect the beneficent Mighty Mother, but the Great Ensnarer in her darker; first the loving mother, then the cruel stepmother. Think of the Over-Soul, the Supreme Self or Human Spirit, symbolized by the knight father, to whom or to which appeal is possible from these submerged enchanted selves of a divinity that we are; — think of all this, and you will see that simply because that old balladist knew how to tell his tale with supreme art — to reach through his art perfection of form, he was enabled to embody for us a divine form, a symbol of the Soul; and that his creation is a crystal window through which we may look in upon the Soul; and we may read in it the whole tragic history of ourselves.

But, you will ask, is it suggested that the balladist knew of these Theosophical teachings? By no means! For one reason, because we only say "the balladist" for convenience; there was no balladist; there never was a single author to any of these ballads, in all probability. It was not one mind, but the poetic sense of a countryside, shaped them. Who then put into them their occult wisdom? We are forced to confess the reality of the Soul of Man, which seizes its opportunities. The creative or formative pressure, the poetic sense, of the peasants, was actually the Human Soul. Their collective perception of rightness of form: the perception that caused them to add a little here and take away a little there until perfection was attained: was simply the wisdom — the occult or Theosophic wisdom — that is innate in the Human Soul. They built vastly greater than they dreamed. The end they aimed at — and even that unconsciously — was an artistic perfection of form; the point is that when that is reached, you have a Theosophic Symbol. And now you will note that at the culminating point especially, at the place where the dignity of the Soul is indicated — in the Lady Maisry's lines — there is a certain air of grandeur, of absolute utterance, evidence of Matthew Arnold's "re-casting and heightening under a certain condition of spiritual excitement":

At that blast shrill and loud
 All the fish but the mackerel proud
 Came to her by the sea:
 "Ye shaped me once an unseemly shape,
 Ye shall never mair shape me!"*

That is the Grand Manner, the language of the Soul, defeated but unsubduable, superior to all the wiles, the enchantments, the delusions that oppress and thwart it. It is the same note Milton struck when he said

What though the field be lost?
 All is not lost — the unconquerable will. . . .
 And courage never to submit or yield;

and when he said:

Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
 Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
 That in our proper motion we ascend
 Up to our native seat: descent and fall
 To us is adverse.

*In the original, thus:

An a' the fish came her tell
 But the proud machrel,
 An she stood by the sea:
 Ye shape me ance an unshemly shape,
 An ye'se never mare shape me.



THE Japanese home is an excellent training ground for discipline. All must obey the Head, but he is bound also by custom and many religious regulations. The atmosphere is almost always one of kindness, gentleness, and good manners. Children are not allowed, in Japan, to go to school until the March or September after they are six, but when that important event takes place they are already disciplined little human beings, with great respect for learning and some thirst for knowledge. They have already done some small share of the work of the home, they have been taught something of the history and literature and religion of their country, they are expert in manners, . . . All this education has been given them in their home. A true conception of a Japanese home is necessary for any clear knowledge of the Japanese nation, and explains many things, *e. g.*, the fact that workhouses, old-age pensions, school-attendance officers, a cane in the schoolroom, and a truant school, are unnecessary and inexplicable to the Japanese people. — *Exchange*.

SOCIETY MANNERS: by R. Machell

WELL, my dear, I hope you are satisfied with our little party.”
 “I think it went off very well. There was not a single pause in the talk, and everyone seemed pleased with himself, so I suppose we may count it a success. I think you are a very good hostess, and the dinner was all right.”

“Well, if you are satisfied, I am not going to complain, but I’m glad it doesn’t happen very often. It certainly is a strain.”

Yes. That is just about what it is; a strain. To entertain a few friends and send them home feeling pleased with themselves, that is a feat that calls for more self-restraint, more tact, and more resourcefulness than most people are able to display without a very decided strain upon their resources. And why? Surely it should not be such a terrible ordeal. There must be something amiss with our social system if we are not able to meet together socially, enjoy the intercourse, and feel refreshed by it, without making an effort that is almost painful. Yet it is certain that there are few successful hostesses who are not relieved when an entertainment is over; and there are many guests who go to a party reluctantly, who do not enjoy the occasion, who go home feeling that they have endured an infliction at the call of duty, and who give a sigh of relief when they get out of the house of their dear friends.

Yet these same people will feel deeply injured if not invited to their friends’ houses at regular intervals.

It certainly looks as if our civilization were very much on the surface. Well-bred people can meet and show pleasure at meeting their acquaintances, but few there are who are not perfectly conscious of their own insincerity as well as of that of the people they are meeting.

Society manners are acquired by education, but the system of education takes no account of sincerity. So society manners are more or less artificial, and whereas all well educated people are expected to behave in this way in society, none are supposed to keep it up all the time. The result is that they naturally relax when at home, and relapse into a different manner, when the eyes of the outside world are not upon them.

It is obviously right to show by one’s manner that one appreciates the occasion, whatever it may be, and that one wishes to act in the way that is fitting to the occasion; and this will naturally entail a change of manner adapted to the changed circumstances. But this should not involve any insincerity. Seeing that society manners are designed to be pleasing to others as well as creditable to the individual, the relapse into a more natural manner means a revelation of a nature that is at least indifferent to these considerations, and which has not been made more pleasing in itself by the acquisition of a pleasing manner. The education

has been wholly concerned with the manner, and not at all with the character of the person.

Herein is the evil of the system.

Politeness is not to be despised because there is nothing behind it to support its pretensions, but it is the lack of real quality in the character itself that is despicable and regrettable. It is not uncommon for a rude person to excuse his rudeness to himself by admiration for his own sincerity, with an unavoidable reflexion on the hypocrisy of more polite people. Yet he is poorer than they in that while all alike share the tendency to rudeness (or indifference to the feelings of others) he has not even the power to hide his internal ugliness for a short time while in society. His sincerity in fact is but an aggravation of his defect; for he deliberately offends the feelings of others by a display of his own selfishness.

But if education were directed to the building of character instead of to the inculcation of manners, then the most perfect politeness would be but a natural expression of genuine feeling; for the kindness and good will, that politeness is designed to imitate, is in truth natural to the soul of man, can be easily evoked in early life, and can be confirmed and established by training and education.

People trained in this way need never fear to fail in politeness in any society, for it is natural to them; and they will have no inclination to hurt anybody's feelings or to offend anyone in any way at any time. While their home manners may be less formal than their society manners, there will be no relapse into rudeness, for there will be no rudeness in the character, nor any lack of consideration for others. These unpleasing qualities are not natural to the higher man, and they can be eradicated by right education, which calls out the real nature and establishes character on higher lines. This right education of the character is Râja-Yoga.



IN our times that is the Christian religion which to know and follow is the most sure and certain health. But that is not the name of the thing itself; for that which is now called the Christian religion was in fact known to the ancients, and it was not wanting at any time from the very beginning of the human race until the time when Christ came in the flesh — from which time the true religion which had previously existed began to be called Christian. — *St. Augustine, 2nd century*

THEOSOPHY AND SELF-CULTURE: by H. T. Edge, M. A.

QUESTION: *What has Theosophy to say on the question of self-improvement, methods of physical or mental self-culture, the development of concentration and of will power, and such-like matters?*

ANSWER: These are not to be regarded as ends in themselves, but as means to an end; and that end must be that which Theosophy holds in view. The same methods are susceptible of being used as means to other ends, and herein lies the necessity for caution in recommending them. A man may proceed far in self-development before he arrives at that crisis in his life when he has to make a definite choice between good and evil, between the path of duty and that of selfishness. This truth has been expressed in the statement that the right and lefthand paths follow the same course in their beginnings.

Harmonious, even, balanced development is what Theosophy inculcates. It is possible that, in seeking to cultivate certain features of our character, we may neglect other features that are more important, and thus achieve a top-heavy lop-sided development that will prove a hindrance rather than a help. It would be futile for a man to try and develop muscle if his arteries and breathing apparatus were defective; his muscular system would merely pull his constitution to pieces. Some men develop their mental powers in advance of their bodily health, and end by losing both. Even though the bodily powers should be developed evenly, and the mental powers also, and there should be a proper balance between the two — still the moral nature might be deficient, and the result would be an accomplished villain or a selfish genius. All sides of the nature must be developed; and the moral character most of all, because this is the main interest of the Theosophists, and because the moral character is the *center* of stability around which all else moves.

When we see announcements about the cultivation of will-power and concentration, it is generally personal qualities that are referred to, and morality and character are not considered at all. Obviously Theosophy can have no interest in teaching people in general how to succeed merely selfishly in their business or how to acquire power merely to influence for selfish ends other people. The contrary is true — that Theosophy would naturally discourage such a course, as being likely to promote that selfishness that is the chief obstacle against which Theosophy strives. The case of the advertisements offering to teach concentration and will-power for purely personal ends is an extreme; and in considering other cases of self-culture, we must bear in mind that there are many shades and degrees, making it difficult to lay down a general rule. But the question of motive enters into all cases as the really important touchstone of their value.

An illustration may be of service here, to show the difference between self-development when it is done in a solitary and personal manner, and when it is done in a spirit of fellowship. A man may fasten up an apparatus of strings and pulleys on his bedroom wall, for the purpose of developing his muscles by pulling, or he may lie on his back on the floor and kick his legs in the air; but yet, if he is asked to turn out of doors before breakfast and give his aid to some effort for the common good, wherein others are taking part, he may find himself a most inefficient recruit with a strong instinctual spirit of rebellion incarnate in all his joints. This proves that personal inclination and judgment are not altogether trustworthy guides in physical development, as they omit many things which a whole-hearted effort for the common good brings out. Again, a man may have the power of doing excellent work as long as he works alone, but find himself unable to work harmoniously in co-operation with other people; and here again we have incomplete, lop-sided development. Applying these illustrations, we find that any kind of self-development may labor under the same fault of solitariness, and thus result in rendering the individual cranky and narrow and one-sided.

Keeping in mind the question with which we started, we repeat that Theosophy favors self-culture in so far as this term covers what is conducive to the ends which a Theosophist must have in view; and that if, in following any path which seems to be a path of self-culture, the Theosophist finds that he is being diverted from his main road, then he will naturally forsake that bypath. This, of course, is but an instance of the familiar situation wherein some lesser and private aim interferes with the pursuance of a larger and co-operative aim. A Theosophist residing among a large group of colleagues engaged in work such as is carried on at the International Theosophical Headquarters, would not find his circumstances favorable to the pursuance of such a bypath of solitary self-culture, as he would thereby isolate himself from the active work and from sympathetic association with his co-workers. But he would find no check whatever, but great encouragement rather, for such self-culture as serves to give self-mastery and efficiency as a worker in the Theosophical cause.

Thus it is clear that self-culture is a colorless term which derives its meaning from the motive that inspires it — whether a personal desire or ambition, or whether a wish to become a worker for Theosophy. A good Theosophist has no desire to be able to swallow a towel and bring it up again, like some fakirs in India, who are not otherwise particularly holy or useful; nor would the ability to stand unflinching while a match burns on his bare arm be considered serviceable in itself, so long as this fortitude was accompanied by human frailties of a much more serious nature. The power to control others would be useless, because Theosophy dis-

countenances any such interference with another's free will; and no doubt there are Theosophists who find that they have already too much power to interfere with others, and who are trying to get rid of some of it. The getting of money by the exercise of secret mental powers over weaker and trusting natures would be considered (as it in fact is) as an act of black magic, fraught with much trouble and hindrance to the operator himself.

It is undoubtedly the experience of some people that systems of bodily self-culture, apparently quite harmless or even beneficial, may in certain cases defeat their own object by causing the defects against which they are directed to reappear elsewhere and in some other form. To try and save energy by economizing the movements of the body and practising a sort of lounging, may result in damming up a waste-pipe for nervousness, and thus making the person more nervous than before. People may say, "Power through repose"; but it is conceivable that I may find more repose in walking about than in sitting still; while there may be cases in which a pickax or a tennis racket will be found conducive to the kind of repose desired by the jaded nerves. In this case, what is called 'relaxation' — flopping into an armchair and imagining yourself to be a wet rag — would be hard work, exhausting to the nerves. Yet this is not intended to disparage the method altogether; it is merely a way of saying that even the best medicines are not serviceable in each and every possible case.

It was said just above that the term 'self-culture' is colorless in itself, and derives its color from the motive that inspires it. But this is true only when the word 'self' is used in the ordinary vague way. Theosophy bases much of its teachings on the distinction between Self and self. The latter — spelt with a small initial — applies to the personal self, which is regarded as an illusion; the former — spelt with a capital initial — designates the true Self. Thus true Self-culture means the cultivation of the real Self, and therefore implies the subordination of the fictitious self (or rather, selves). In other words, Self-culture becomes synonymous with Spiritual culture and implies self-sacrifice and the practice of the 'fruits of the Spirit' as these are defined in the Christian Bible (*Galatians*). It is said that "he who works for self, works for disappointment;" and the reason is that he pursues that which is transitory and local, instead of that which is permanent and universal; wherefore the invariable law of change leaves him stranded. It is the real Self, immortal throughout the cycle of rebirths, who is the actual liver of the life; and its purposes override the fleeting desires and ambitions of the false selves which from time to time occupy the stage of our life's drama, and which masquerade before our deluded fancy as the real Self. If self-culture means the development of any one of these passing and limited phases, then we must stand ready to

abandon such self-culture at any moment when the interests of our permanent nature demand.

Both individuals and communities pursue their goal not by sailing straight before the wind, but by a process of tacking, which leads them, now to the left, now to the right, of their course. And each new tack, necessary at first, ends by carrying the ship too far to one side, and thus necessitates a tack to the other quarter. A veering in the direction of individualism and the assertion of personal rights can be traced in recent history, and is manifested in utilitarian philosophies and in a type of religion which emphasizes personal holiness and personal salvation. But still more recently a reaction has set in; and similar alternating phases are traceable in individual life-histories. The desire for self-culture is associated specially with the age of youth; while a more advanced age is apt to bring with it a realization that these aims do not constitute the real object of life, but are merely subordinate and subsidiary thereto.

Some people perhaps are disappointed when this realization comes; but wiser and stronger natures accept the fact and apply the right interpretation. Though our ambitions and loves may *seem* to have failed, the apparent failure is due only to our mistake in regarding them as ends instead of means; in truth they should be regarded as successes, in that they have fulfilled their real purpose — that of providing a temporary experience, or of conducting us along particular bends in the road of our life.

The man who has 'made himself' by assiduous devotion to a utilitarian policy, but who finds himself in his old-age equipped with a starved nature that cuts him off from many of the amenities of social life, is often held up as a type and an example. In the larger field of view compassed by Theosophy, extremer cases of this type may be discerned. It is possible to cultivate to excess, not merely the faculties that win material prosperity, but also many that are usually called virtues; and thus to become a solitary saint or a man sitting aloft on the tower of his own perfections. And when the fact of Reincarnation is taken into account, we are enabled to see how a character may pursue paths of self-culture through successive lives until an extremely self-centered and unsocial type is produced. Further, the path of personal self-culture leads on into the realms of the occult towards the goal of the sorcerer and black magician — an individual who has mastered some of the forces of his lower nature, not by subordinating them to the higher nature, but by intensifying the personal will. This, the 'left-hand' path, must either bring great trouble when it is abandoned and the work of undoing begins; or, if obstinately clung to, can end only in Spiritual death, as with Margrave in Bulwer Lytton's *A Strange Story*.

What shall be said of what is broadly known as 'New Thought'? Here again it is impossible to lay down a definite ruling. Breakfast foods have

not an absolute value; they are indicated in particular cases. Thorough mastication of food is good, but there are other roads to heaven. One man's meat is another man's poison; and what is one man's meat today may be the same man's poison tomorrow. 'New Thought' may give a man a leg up just when he needs it. Also it may lead him far astray. Possibly it may tend to a state of self-satisfaction, of a rather hide-bound and impervious kind, likely to prove troublesome when the man tries to escape from it. Let us apply the touchstone: is the satisfaction of the personal self the chief aim? Do we say that, by helping ourself, we shall be enabled to help others; or do we say that, by helping others, we shall help ourself? If there is risk of accentuating the personal self at the expense of our finer nature, we are on the wrong track. A time may come when we shall yearn to abandon all our perfections and become a man among men. Some people find themselves already endowed with an acquired propensity to personal (or selfish) self-culture, which stands in their way; others again may really need some true self-culture; there is no rule for all; the touchstone must be applied.

The worst thing a man can do for himself is to try and make occult powers subservient to personal desire. And this applies even to cases where the personal desire is latent and not manifest to the man himself. In fact it applies to the case of the well-intentioned but ignorant and inexperienced man. Hence the indiscriminate practice of 'concentration,' 'will-culture,' etc., is fraught with such risk that it is always the subject of disapproval and warnings in Theosophical teachings. Its effect is to intensify the forces of desire in our lower nature, and to awaken other forces of desire that were dormant; and thus the experimenter is thrown off his balance. The instances of this are numerous and should serve as warnings. This is *not* self-culture; *it is lop-sided development*. It must either fail disastrously or else start the practitioner on the left-hand path. William Q. Judge, the successor of H. P. Blavatsky as Leader of the Theosophical Society, has dealt with this in his pamphlet, "The Culture of Concentration"; and H. P. Blavatsky has treated it in "Occultism and the Occult Arts." Any system of self-culture that leads in this direction must be viewed with disfavor.

The disciple who has the power of entrance, and is strong enough to pass each barrier, will, when the divine message comes to his spirit, forget himself utterly in the new consciousness which falls on him. If this lofty contact can really rouse him, he becomes as one of the divine in his desire to give rather than to take, in his wish to help rather than be helped, in his resolution to feed the hungry rather than take manna from Heaven himself. His nature is transformed, and the selfishness which prompts men's actions in ordinary life suddenly deserts him.— *Light on the Path*

FREEMASONRY'S PRESENT OPPORTUNITY:*

by J. H. Fussell

Two things are essential to the realization of the progress we seek: the declaration of a principle and its incarnation in action.—MAZZINI

SITUATED as we are it is inevitable that our vision into the future will depend upon our experience of the past, and the philosophy of life which we hold. One of the most significant signs of the past century has been the rise of many fraternal organizations, some of which have been inspired by, if not to a degree patterned upon, our own Ancient Fraternity of F. & A. M. This has taken place in response to the new viewpoint of the thinking portion of mankind in regard to human relationship and the necessity of bringing about a wider recognition of this basic relationship, which is that of the Brotherhood of all men. The teaching of human Brotherhood is as old as the ages, and if we study the most ancient literature we find that it was held as a self-evident fact in the earliest ages, and that indeed its realization was the glory and seal of the Golden Age of Mankind.

Such a viewpoint, based as it is upon one of the fundamental facts of human nature, must inevitably bring with it not only opportunities, but responsibilities; and surely no intelligent man can ignore these, or hold any other position save that the future welfare of mankind depends upon the putting of this basic principle into practice.

Not all men, however, have reached that point of enlightenment where they realize these facts. There are many who accept as an intellectual proposition the interdependence of all men, who intellectually give their assent to it, but who have not the will or the desire to act upon it. In other words, they are still ruled by *selfishness*, and the desire for *self-aggrandizement*, many even to the point of inflicting hardship and suffering upon others in their desire to gain possessions for themselves.

One of the greatest fraternal organizations of the present day; one which has attracted the widest attention not alone on account of its teaching of Universal Brotherhood, but also because of the philosophy of life which it inculcates, is the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, of which Mme. Katherine Tingley is the present Leader and Official Head, with International Headquarters at Point Loma, California. This Society was founded originally by Mme. Blavatsky in New York in 1875; after her death William Q. Judge succeeded her as Leader and Teacher, he in turn leaving the direction of the work to his successor, Mme. Katherine Tingley. By her the Society was reorganized and enlarged, its full title now being, since 1898, the Universal Brotherhood and

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Theosophical Society. Its constitution declares that it is "part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages"; it declares that "Brotherhood is a Fact in Nature"; that the Universal Brotherhood of all men is not based upon *sentiment*, or dependent upon the *recognition* of man, *but that it is a fundamental fact* from which no one can escape. Men have long been accustomed to regard the human race as constituting one great family, but — so far as I know — until the formation of the Theosophical Society there has been no organized effort with the avowed object of teaching *Brotherhood as a Fact* and of making it "*a living power in the life of humanity.*"

There have been and there are many organizations which recognise the Brotherhood of those who enter their ranks or subscribe to their rules or doctrines, but human Brotherhood must go further than this. It must recognise that all men of whatever race or nationality, or of whatever creed, or station in life, are brothers in fact, and that we have a duty to them as such.

And it is because the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society has as its main object "to demonstrate that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature" and to make Brotherliness "a living power in the life of Humanity," that mention is made of it here. Mme. Katherine Tingley has also said that "unbrotherliness is the insanity of the age"; and if we accept this, which a little reflexion will force us to do, we surely can see, then, that the only remedy for this insanity and for the fearful problems which are confronting the whole world at the present time, and have plunged more than half the world into the horrors of war — the only solution, we must acknowledge, is an accentuation of Universal Brotherhood and the practice of of Brotherliness.

Brotherhood is the basic principle of our own great Fraternity of Freemasonry, and every one among us who has faithfully held to the principles of Freemasonry and sought to fashion his life in accordance with those principles on the lines of straightforward dealing and justice and honor, must have felt the truth of this and gained strength and help from the harmony that exists among all true Masons. In fact the realization of any truth can be known only through the endeavor to put it into practice.

It surely follows from the foregoing that a double responsibility is placed upon Freemasons as well as upon all members of other fraternities at the present time. Strife cannot exist among true brothers; the only remedy for war is Brotherliness; the only basis of true peace is Brotherliness.

Let us ask then, what do we mean by Brotherliness? All men are *brothers in fact*, as said above; all are brothers by virtue of our common life, our common suffering, our common hopes and joys, and more and

fundamentally by virtue of the essential Divinity which is in the heart of each; and this whether we recognise it to be so or not. But *Brotherliness* is *Brotherhood in action*. This is the test of our recognition that we are brothers. What then do we mean by Brotherliness, by true fraternity? Does it mean that we shall be so weak as to condone the faults of a brother, or be strong enough to point out those faults? If a brother does wrong, how can we help him? Is it by shutting our eyes to the wrong, or by firmly and at the same time compassionately pointing out to him the wrong that he is doing; not condemning him, but holding out to him a helping hand and encouraging him to take a new stand in the path of right action? For who of us can say how far back are to be traced the seeds of heredity which have finally culminated in his, and *our*, misdeeds — perhaps all growing from one selfish thought, perhaps his own, or our own, in a long-past incarnation, continually fostered and growing from life to life instead of being faced and conquered?

It may be our own blood-brother that is doing wrong, and the wrong may be injuring hundreds, perhaps thousands; but *they also* are our brothers, and we owe a duty to *them* as well as to *him*.

True Brotherhood (that is, Brotherliness) therefore, cannot exist apart from duty and justice, which we owe not only to the one, but to the many — to all men. True Brotherhood means that we shall not only hold to what is right, but that we shall protest against error and wrong; that we shall protect those who have been sinned against. To take any opposite course would be hypocrisy. A true Brotherhood, or Fraternal Organization, will not only hold to its own teachings, but also will resist and protest against false teachings and defend itself from the attacks of those who are trying to destroy its work. So long as there exist injustice, vice, and cruelty, so long is there need of protest against these from all who truly love their fellow-men, for true Brotherhood brings with it responsibility not only of right example but of protection and help to all men, and particularly to the youth and the oncoming generation.

The true Fraternity or Brotherhood will ever be devoted to the championship of truth and right, and to the resistance of error and wrong, and will regard it as one of its chief duties to protect the innocent and relieve the oppressed.

That view is a narrow one which regards any Fraternal Organization as existing for itself alone. It is true that there is a special tie between all our brothers, all Freemasons, and that the distress or misfortune of any one of our Fraternity lays a special obligation upon us all to relieve that distress or misfortune. It is true also that our first duty as Masons is to the brethren of our own Fraternity, but neither our duty nor our obligation ends there. We have a wider duty to humanity. Let us but take the first

step by being true to ourselves, our higher selves, and true to our Brethren, true to Masonry, and we shall rise to that point of discernment which will enable us to recognise the whole world as one Great Fraternity. Our duty would be plain, for we should learn, as was taught by all the Sages of the past, that Humanity is One, and that all men and women are our brothers and sisters.

So above all at the present time we have a duty to speak the word of Brotherhood to all men; to call upon not only every member of our Fraternity and ourselves, individually — which indeed should come first — to act in the true spirit of Brotherhood in all the affairs of life, but to appeal also to every true man and woman throughout the world, that they may also recognise the tie that binds all men and women together — the tie of our common humanity, one Universal Brotherhood.

The whole world is groaning under the weight of woe that has been brought upon it by the strife and horrors of war. Millions of men have lost their lives, but more terrible than that is the suffering that has been brought to millions of women and children and aged folk. Never has the call to all who believe in Brotherhood been so urgent, so appealing, so pathetic, that they should stand by their principles as at the present time. There is no hope of salvation for the human race *save through those who believe in human Brotherhood*, and who are determined to make it the rule and guide of their lives. No other teaching, no other doctrine, no other principle can save the human race; it must be by the inculcation and the actual practice of Brotherliness; and therefore it is that Freemasonry has its part to play in the present and in the future. If we are determined to act up to these principles then we can look forward with hope and confidence, and we can hold out our hands to all others who believe in Brotherhood and who recognise that the human race is one great family.

Reference has been made to the Golden Age in the far past of the history of the world. In spite of all the horrors of war and the unrest and turmoil of the world, we look forward to another Golden Age in the future. Save by the recognition of human Brotherhood and the determination that Brotherliness shall mark all our actions with our fellow-men, what other way is there to usher in the new Golden Age?

“The world is my country, and to do good is my religion,” said Tom Paine, one of the greatest and noblest of the men of modern times. Can we not take this as our motto and look to a universal citizenship of the world in which all men are brothers and take as the mark of our religion to do good to all?

And another of the great thinkers of modern times, Robert Ingersoll, said: “If abuses are destroyed, *man* must destroy them. If slaves are

freed, *man* must free them. If new truths are discovered, *man* must discover them. If the naked are clothed, if the hungry are fed, if justice is done, if labor is rewarded, if superstition is driven from the mind, if the defenseless are protected, and if the right finally triumphs, *all must be the work of man*. The grand victories of the future must be won by *man* and by *man alone*."

But what conception of man is implied in this? To go on as before, holding to the conception, not taught by Jesus, but by theologians, that man is a 'worm of the dust,' a 'miserable sinner,' with no other guide save blind faith, or brain-mind intelligence with its faulty and imperfect reasoning, no innate strength, no spiritual power? We know in our hearts that man is more than that. Let us go back rather to the ancient conception of man: a child of the Immortals, one of the Immortals himself, though he has wandered far and often lost his way, yet with Divinity at the heart of each; let us go back to the time when life was lived more simply, when humanity was nearer to the heart of things and felt the sublimity and the grandeur of Nature, worshipping that Light "that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

It is the spirit of Devotion that needs to be re-awakened in the heart of Humanity; that pure devotion that was felt by primitive man whose first aspirations were toward the Great Mystery which he felt in all Nature and also in his own heart. For, as Mme. H. P. Blavatsky declares: "It is the only one which is natural in our heart, which is innate in us," as the feeling of a child for its mother. To quote her own words:

This feeling of irrepressible, instinctive aspiration in primitive man is beautifully, and one may say intuitionally, described by Carlyle:

"The great antique heart, how like a child's in its simplicity, like a man's in its earnest solemnity and depth! Heaven lies over him wheresoever he goes or stands on the earth; making all the earth a mystic temple to him, the earth's business all a kind of worship. Glimpses of bright creatures flash in the common sunlight; angels yet hover, doing God's messages among men. . . . Wonder, miracle, encompass the man; he lives in the element of miracle. . . . A great law of duty, high as these two infinitudes (heaven and hell), dwarfing all else — it was a reality and it is one: the garment only of it is dead; the essence of it lives through all times and all eternity!"

And what said the Nazarene? "Except ye become as little children ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven."

The teaching of the essential Divinity of man—that man is a spiritual being — is the basis and ground of Brotherhood and of the practice of Brotherliness, and was taught throughout all Antiquity and in the most ancient of all literature that has come down to us from the past. Listen, then, to the words of some of the earliest Sages, Saviors, and Teachers whose spiritual instruction guided humanity in those long bygone times.

Krishna, the Hindû Savior, 3000 years before Christ, speaking as the Divine Spirit, the Logos, declared:

I am the Ego which is seated in the hearts of all beings.

He also declared:

There dwelleth in the heart of every creature the Master, Íswara, who by his magic power causeth all things and creatures to revolve mounted upon the universal wheel of time. Take sanctuary with Him alone with all thy soul; by His grace thou shalt obtain supreme happiness, the eternal place.

Among the precepts of the Prasanga School of Buddhistic philosophy are the following:

To live to benefit mankind is the first step. To practise the six glorious virtues is the second.

One of the old Chinese Sages said:

Be kind and benevolent to every being, and spread peace in the world. . . . Ah, how watchful we should be over ourselves!

In the *Yajur-Veda*, one of the oldest Scriptures of the world, is the following: "In him who knows that all spiritual beings are the same in kind with the Supreme Spirit, what room can there be for delusion of mind, and what room for sorrow, when he reflects on the identity of Spirit?"

Listen also to Manu, the great Indian Lawgiver:

It is He, the Most High Eternal Spirit, who pervading all beings . . . causes them by the gradations of birth, growth and dissolution, to revolve in this world, like the wheels of a car, until they deserve beatitude. Thus the man who perceives in his own soul the Supreme Soul present in all creatures, acquires equanimity towards them all.

W. Q. Judge's interpretation of the last phrase is: "understands that it is his duty to be kind and true to all."

All Freemasons acknowledge the G. A. O. T. U. and have taken their obligations upon that book which is to them the V. S. L. In Christian lands this is invariably the Bible, which all Christian people accept, and which they proclaim as embodying the rule and guide of life. All are familiar with the words of the great Teacher: "Love one another"; and "Except ye become as little children ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven"; "Love your enemies"; "Blessed are the peacemakers"; and the words of another great Teacher, Gautama the Buddha, are also well known: "Hatred never ceases by hatred at any time; hatred ceases only by love."

Shall we characterize Jesus and Gautama and the other great Teachers and Sages of the past who taught the Law of Love, Brotherhood — shall we characterize them as weak sentimentalists, impractical dreamers; or was their teaching true? Is our religion only a name, a cloak; is the

Volume of the Sacred Law which says: "Thou shalt not kill," a mere scrap of paper?

Do we not need a higher conception of life than that which is current today, a higher conception of the dignity and nobility of manhood and womanhood to inspire the half-hearted and the doubting? Can Freemasonry give this, or must we, as Masons, face the unwelcome fact, if fact it be, that we cannot interpret the sublime teachings of Freemasonry, or have not the moral strength to put those teachings into practice and demonstrate them by the example of our lives?

The future of the world depends upon the lives and deeds of the men and women of the present, and especially does it depend upon those organizations and orders which have Brotherhood as their basic principle. If we are true to ourselves and to the principles of Freemasonry we cannot fail to be true in our relations to all other men, for as Shakespeare said:

This above all — to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Therefore let us be true to the principles of our Freemasonry; let us be true to ourselves, and let us extend the hand of Brotherhood and Good Will to all men and women in the world, and particularly to those who, like ourselves, are striving to base their lives upon the idea of Universal Brotherhood. Has Freemasonry reached its pinnacle of attainment in our lives that we should be satisfied?

The Masonic Fraternity is world-wide; a Mason, as such, holding to and following the principles of our Ancient Fraternity, can speak *on the level* with any true Brother, assured of a sympathetic hearing. It is as a Mason I speak then to my brother Masons, and also as a man I speak to all my fellowmen. Let but all Masons speak the word of Brotherhood — verily in one sense the Lost Word we are in search of; let us but speak that Word in all sincerity, first to all other Fraternal Organizations, and then with added power to all men, and who dare say, if we speak it from our hearts and begin to act it in our lives, it shall not prevail?

"Man's extremity," it is said, "is God's opportunity." Yes, it is the opportunity of the Divinity whose holiest shrine is within the heart of man. Where else shall we find Divinity if we find it not there? Shall we then refuse to give voice to that Divinity, or shall Divinity itself speak through us the magic word, the Lost Word of the Brotherhood of all Men and to all Men?

THEOSOPHY AS REFLECTED IN THE MIRROR OF CURRENT THOUGHT: by H. Tavers, M. A.

WHETHER H. P. Blavatsky forecast or predetermined the future — or to what extent she did both — are interesting questions. Every true prophet must have some share in causing the fulfilment of his own prophecies.

The following are some signposts indicating the trend of current thought along these lines.

OVER-SPECIALIZATION IN EDUCATION

In illustration of this point, which has often been discussed in Theosophical writings on education, we may quote from the mirror of current thought some remarks on over-specialization, which, though in this case restricted to the field of business, are none the less of general application.

The writer (William Maxwell, a partner of Edison's), in *Collier's* says:

Nowadays we have engineering experts, factory experts, efficiency experts, financial experts, advertising experts, letter-writing experts, accounting experts — all of them specialists. Most of them, though, are working for men who don't claim to be experts or specialists at anything. When all the non-experts and non-specialists are gone, I wonder who there will be to give employment to our vast army of experts and specialists. Perhaps some of the latter will desert the ranks of specialization and become plain business men in order to provide congenial employment for deserving business and industrial specialists.

The one saving grace in modern fads is that there are so many of them that they neutralize each other. Here we have people devising and laboring to establish systems of highly specialized education; and at the same time people inveighing against that very thing. Amid the multiplicity of errors, the truth must ultimately emerge. Specialization has its place, and that place is in subordination to an all-around efficiency. In any other place, specialization is out of place. We do not need electricians, but *men* who are electricians. There is no such thing as a *mere* electrician; he has to be a man first. He has a body and a mind and must be able to use them. Consequently he must be trained to use them. A real man can easily be made into anything necessary; but it is hard to make a specialist into a man, if he is not one already. The whole problem of education is summed up in the art of finding the true center of our being, taking a firm stand there, and grasping the whole nature firmly. This is the Râja-Yoga ideal of education, taught and practised at Point Loma.

NIETZSCHE

In reference to one of the numerous articles on Nietzsche, in which it is said that he believed that the perfect individual is to be self-contained,

a law unto himself; and that he strove vainly to realize both theoretically and practically how this ideal could come about — it is well to recall the following passage from *Light on the Path*:

Each man is to himself absolutely the way, the truth, and the life. But he is only so when he grasps his whole individuality firmly, and by the force of his awakened spiritual will recognises this individuality as not himself, but that thing which he has with pain created for his own use, and by means of which he purposes, as his growth slowly develops his intelligence, to reach to the life beyond individuality.

The passage beginning, “but only when,” is very important. Some restless yearners seem to imagine that every man is a law to himself *unconditionally*. There would be a good many laws in the world at that rate. Man is a law unto himself, only when he has subordinated the manifold cravings of his personal nature to the harmony of the higher Law of human life. Then, and then only, his desires will not conflict with the interests of humanity, nor tear the man himself to pieces. It does not follow that, because a writer was forceful and had found the ear of a large public, therefore he had found the true way of life and was competent to teach. He may have been a wanderer, though one able to make himself heard among many non-vocal ones. His life is certainly not an example to follow; it does not recommend his philosophy (if indeed he ever succeeded in formulating a philosophy). Besides, if we copied him, we should be spurning his own advice, which was that we should copy no man. Raging discontent is not the mark of the strong man. The strong man masters his circumstances in silence.

THE HUMAN MIND AND THE ANIMAL MIND

The futility of attempting to represent the human mind as derived by any possible process from the animal mind is more generally recognised among scientists now than it was at the time when H. P. Blavatsky wrote *The Secret Doctrine*; and we find more frequent reflexions of the views and arguments she there presents. For instance Dr. G. Frederick Wright, in *Story of My Life and Work*, says:

The average human brain weighs three times as much as the average brain of the gorilla. The average brain-capacity of the earliest prehistoric skulls yet discovered is equal to that of existing races.

The upright position of man; his free and shorter arms; with the delicately adjusted thumb and fingers upon the extremity; his well-developed lower limbs, and the broad-soled foot with the stiff projecting big toe; the absence of a hairy covering, together with the mental qualities enabling man to make a fire at will, to construct instruments of stone and bone and wood, create spoken language and means of perpetuating his thoughts by hieroglyphics and alphabetical characters; especially his powers of inductive reasoning, by which he learns the courses of the stars and studies the history of the earth in its rocky strata, and through a variety of sciences learns the history of man in the past and forecasts his future both in this world

and the next — such a combination of bodily and mental characteristics could not have been produced by piecemeal. Without the mental characteristics those of the body would be disadvantageous.

All this, of course, and much more to the same effect, has been familiar to students of Theosophy for thirty years; but it takes time for it to work into the wider channels of thought. We must be content here to refer to Theosophical writings on evolution. The fact of evolution has to be accepted, but is not understandable unless we postulate that life and mind enter the material organisms at various stages and promote the evolution of those organisms. If science chooses to start with a universal 'matter' and 'energy', Theosophy starts with universal Mind. Mind is present even in the smallest atom, and is the cause of the properties possessed by that atom. Mind is the cause of those activities which are described under the names of energy, attraction, mass, etc. In the mineral atom, mind is mostly latent, only a few of its powers being manifested. The vegetable kingdom is built upon the mineral kingdom; but before a vegetable organism can be made out of the materials of the mineral kingdom, something has to enter. This something is a spark of the universal life — called a Monad in Theosophical terminology. Similarly there are classes of animal Monads. This process of natural evolution is capable of producing the most perfected animals, but cannot produce man. The self-conscious mind of man is something of its own kind, and cannot be produced step by step or from the animal mind. To speak of the gradual development of self-consciousness from the animal non-reflective consciousness is absurd. And, as the above writer points out, the theories of adaptation and natural selection will not work in view of the fact that man's physique is not adapted to secure his survival against natural forces, *unless* he has his intellect to help him; which implies that his physique followed upon the acquisition of his intellect. As *The Secret Doctrine* says:

Owing to the very type of his development man *cannot descend* from either an ape or an ancestor common to both, but shows his origin from a type far superior to himself. And this type is the 'Heavenly man'— the Dhyân-Chohans, or the *Pitris* so-called, as shown in the first Part of this volume. On the other hand, the pithecoïds, the orang-outang, the gorilla, and the chimpanzee, *can*, and, as the Occult Sciences teach, *do*, descend from the animalized Fourth human Root-Race, being the product of man and an extinct species of mammal — whose *remote* ancestors were themselves the product of Lemurian bestiality — which lived in the Miocene age. (II, 683)

IS THE CELL INTELLIGENT?

In a monthly review we read that a biologist has put forth a theory that the cells, of which our bodies are composed, are intelligent beings— complete animals in themselves, with a directing center answering to a head, and other organs needed for their special functions. Cells, in their

turn, are composed of smaller units, also intelligent, to which different biologists have given different names, such as gemmule, microsomes, or bioplast. We are told that heretofore the theories have stopped short of the attribution of intelligence to these units, the chief reason being an uncertainty as to what is meant by intelligence. But, if intelligence means the power to perceive, to form decisions, to act, and to store up in the memory the impressions for future use, then these cells and their smaller components certainly have it.

Of course the idea is not new: see *The Secret Doctrine*, by H. P. Blavatsky, published 1888, and authorities cited therein. Blavatsky, however, extends intelligence even to the atoms of so-called inorganic matter. It may well be asked on what grounds we should divide natural phenomena into the two categories of intelligent and non-intelligent, and whether *any* manifestation of energy can be unintelligent. Careful critics of scientific philosophy have shown up the habit of some scientific writers in making mental abstractions do duty as causative agents (Edward Carpenter's *Civilization, its Cause and Cure*; Stallo's *Concepts of Modern Physics*; etc.). Mass and energy have been shown to be such abstractions, having no real and independent existence. These arguments conduct us inevitably to the conclusion that intelligent beings, of innumerable grades and orders, are responsible for all phenomena. But we must avoid falling into the error of thinking that the larger beings are merely the sum-total of their lesser components. If that were so, there could be no co-ordination among the cells. The man exists beforehand as a single being, and the organs and cells are his servants. It is a capital error to imagine that organic wholes are built up fortuitously of their parts. Man himself is a unit, an Ego, ruling over various parts, such as his animal vitality, his mind, his passions; and each of these again is subdivided into indefinite complexity and minuteness. But Man is not a mere congeries of parts; his intelligence organizes and directs them all.

The external study of nature is useful for the discovery of practical applications, but does not carry us far in a knowledge of realities and causes. For the latter, internal study — study of our own self — is the right road; for, to know what *mind* is, we must study our own. Control of the lower nature through the higher nature is the key to health and mastery; any investigation along ordinary experimental lines simply confirms what we arrive at by self-study. We can find no way of explaining cell activity but by the postulate that cells are intelligent beings. They execute the laws set for them by the higher orders of lives in the organism, which latter in turn obey their superiors, and so on till we reach the general manager's office. The lesson is one of self-control all through.

THE SPIRIT OF CHINESE POETRY: by Kenneth Morris

TO every race come alternate periods of creation and rest; they have come to the Chinese, whom we have thought permanently stagnant and unprogressive. In their great ages, this people produced a wonderful literature, for the most part still to be revealed to the West; and certainly, the more it becomes known, the more it will be admired. Especially their poetry; of which, indeed, the revelation is strangely in process. That part of Young America which is interested in writing verse is more and more looking to Ancient China for inspiration. More and more of our younger poets — and their name is Legion — are feeling that the old sources, mainly Greek, are running dry; and that in Chinese poetry new fountains are being opened, not less wonderful, and as well-defined and distinctive in spirit and atmosphere. The only trouble is that they do not, perhaps, as a rule understand those basic ideas of religion and philosophy which made the world so wonderful to the great poets of China in the days of her glory.

One can but hope, in a short paper such as this, to give the merest sketch of the growth of Chinese poetry, and to indicate, by a few examples, some two or three of its peculiar characteristics. In these examples, let me say, the object has not been literal translation; it has been rather an inner than an outer fidelity: to give something of the spirit and color of the originals, not an exact rendering of their words. In reality, this is the only fair thing to do.

We must begin with Confucius; in whose days, as now, Chinese culture was at a low ebb. It had been declining for several hundred years. China lay all within the Hoangho Valley in the north; just as at the present time, she was a weak nation surrounded by a number of strong nations, all very jealous of each other and anxious to exploit poor China. The Chinese, then as now, were an unwarlike, home-loving, agricultural people much fought over by their neighbors; with traditions of a great past, of which they had become somewhat unworthy. But instead of having, as now, a vast and magnificent literature and a long and well attested history, they had only vague memories of their ancient glory and a large body of popular poetry, mainly perhaps unwritten down.

Among many other things Confucius was a collector of this folk-poetry. He gathered together all the ballads he could lay hands on; edited them, excluding all he deemed unworthy of a permanent place in literature, and published the rest in a volume known as the *Shi King* or Canon of Poetry, which consists of three hundred and five 'odes,' as they are called; a better term would be *ballads*. This book is held by native critics to be the root of the tree of Chinese poetic literature.

The ballads are nothing if not simple. There is no deep vein of poetry in them; probably the fact that they were the first Chinese poems to become at all known in the West, produced the idea that the Chinese are without poetic imagination. They deal with the surface of life: the doings of virtuous and wicked princes, from which the moral is duly extracted; the relation of the tillers to the soil they tilled; the short and simple annals of the poor. Now and again they rise to a certain degree of lyrical beauty in telling of personal joys or sorrows, chiefly sorrows. They express the lives of a home-loving, peace-loving peasantry with a *penchant* for virtue, untroubled with deep thoughts or imaginings. They differ from more familiar ballad literatures mainly in two respects: where other peoples have exalted war, they present it as a thing altogether loathsome. The home is their temple and source of light; family life appears to them the most sacred thing in the world. Secondly, they abhor impropriety. Love may be dealt with, but not debased. And here it may be remarked that, according to every authority, this is true of all Chinese literature. Judged from this standpoint — the attitude of their poetry to this matter — the Chinese are the civilized and we the barbarians. Nothing would be called poetry, or counted literature at all, that contained one line, one word or suggestion to offend. The most drunken rapsallion of a poet understood that his art was for other purposes.

The Shi King ballads are for the most part set to music and intended to be sung on ceremonial occasions; and I imagine there is a certain wistful music in the words, in the original, that redeems them from the utter baldness and flatness that appears in the translations one generally sees. Mr. Cranmer-Byng has dealt with them, in translating, more kindly and tactfully than most; they come from his hands with at least the grace of quaintness and the air of being, what they are, natural growths. From his version we may take, as a specimen of their quality, this little song of an exile from Honanfu, the capital of the Chow Dynasty, in the time of Confucius waning to its fall:

Cold from the spring the waters pass
 Down by the waving pampas grass.
 All night long in dream I lie;
 Ah me, ah me, to awake and sigh,
 Sigh for the City of Chow.

Cold from the spring the stream meanders
 Darkly down by the oleanders.
 All night long in dream I lie;
 Ah me, ah me, to awake and sigh,
 Sigh for the City of Chow!

Confucius, in selecting and canonizing these ballads, bequeathed them to posterity. Of all that existed in his time — over three thousand, — not one that he rejected has come down; those that he saved reflect his mind: there was something in their spirit that appealed to him intensely. For him, the basis of all religion, of all public morality and good government, lay in the home and family life. The State was a greater family; the emperor, the head and high priest of the national household. War was abhorrent, if for no other reason, because it assailed the quietude and continuity of the family life; immorality was a blasphemy against the altar of the home. And these ideals, certainly, came to be reflected in the poetry of after ages; which we may say was, on one side at least, a natural growth from the ballads of the Shi King. So that Confucius is to be called an ancestor of Chinese poetry; to say 'the father' would be going much too far. There is nothing in his system to account for the delicate imagination, the brilliant harmonies of color, developed in later centuries.

Nothing, for example, to account for a note struck even as early as in the poems of Chu Yuan, the first of the major poets. The warlike states that surrounded China in those days, had acquired a measure of Chinese culture; their royal houses were of Chinese descent; their erudite spoke and wrote Chinese. Chu Yuan was prime minister to the king of Tsu, a country lying south of what was then China Proper; he was banished by his master to regions southward still, the wild Yangtse Valley, then beyond the pale of civilization altogether. He spent his exile roaming among the lakes, forests, and mountains, gathering the larkspurs in the valleys, and writing a longish poem called the *Li Sao*, which means 'Falling into Trouble.' Here are a few lines from one of its songs:

A spirit, robed in ivy and wisteria, roams among these mountains; a genius of august bearing, smiling mysteriously. His car is drawn by leopards and tigers; azalca-crowned, and decked in orchids, he goes; his banners are of cassia-bloom. Trailing behind him the sweetness of all flowers, he leaves a blossom of dreams in the heart of the one he visits, to haunt the memory forever.

There is here a feeling for the beauty and mystery of wild nature, of which we find no seed in Confucianism; but which we may trace without scruple to the teachings of Laotse, who, far more than Confucius, was the Father of all that is beautiful and wonderful in Chinese Poetry. These teachings collectively are known as Taoism; which one finds nearly always described as a wild and degraded superstition; but which in reality is a high and lovely mysticism packed with poetic inspiration. Its central idea is that which is conveyed in the word *Tao*, which can be translated in a thousand different ways. It is Universal Deity; and the

Way to That: the Way, the Truth, and the Life. One is tempted to borrow a word from popular slang for it, and say it is IT — the finality, the grand *Ne Plus Ultra*. It is to be known, or attained, said Laotse, by *self-emptiness*: by the simplicity that has divested self of all desires, passions, affectations, opinionatedness, lies. It dwells within, and yet without, the Human Soul. It lies behind all visible forms; the vision unobscured by egotism may behold it as an inward Beauty inflaming and sustaining and singing through the skies, the trees, the soul, the waters and the mountains; it is the Good and the True, and also the Beautiful. “The knowledge of it is a divine silence, and the rest of all the senses”; the emptied of self shall behold it; the pure in heart shall see God. Laotse’s teaching, working upon the Chinese genius, taught the poet and artist a certain penetrating impersonality of vision; they learned from it to

See, beneath the common things of day,
Eternal Beauty wander on her way.

It is the opal of religions, the pearl: all whiteness and simplicity without, but with strange fires of marvelous color burning in its heart. . . I speak, of course, of its and China’s days of glory; not of present degradations.

I think that this magical Taoism had touched the eyes of Chu Yuan a little; as, after the lapse of centuries, it was to touch the eyes of so many others, but it did not come to its own in poetry until the seventh century A. D., when the Dragon-boat Festival, held yearly to commemorate Chu Yuan’s death by drowning, had twinkled on the rivers of China upwards of nine hundred times. Meantime the Chinese Empire had been formed: conquered and united by one of those semi-barbarian kings: had flourished and decayed during four centuries under the great House of Han; had gone to pieces early in the third century of our era before invasions of Huns and Tartars; had seen civilization reborn, in the fifth century, in the Yangtse Valley; had been reunited at the end of the sixth and had passed, in the early seventh, into the Golden Age of the great Dynasty of the Tangs.

From the period between Chu Yuan and the Southern Renaissance little poetry comes down to us. A few of the poems of Su Wu and Li Ying, of later Han times; about nineteen poems by lesser or unnamed writers: they seem mainly Confucian in their tendencies, and are generally (to judge by the specimens I have seen) marked by a profound sadness. Simple as the ‘seamless robe of heaven,’ to which a critic compares them, they are yet filled with deep human feeling. Perhaps they give no greater revelation of beauty than do the ballads of the Shi King;

but Confucius' teaching had deepened the natural tendencies, the domestic devotions, of the Chinese; and the poems reach a level in purity and pity that gives them the right to be called art. Almost always you can hear the human heart beat in them; their burden is generally the pity and sorrow of war. An old man, driven off in his boyhood to fight the Huns, returns to the site of his fathers' home; his memories have grown uncertain; he asks a peasant standing by, where the house stands or stood; and is led to it:

It was overgrown with grass, and desolate; a startled hare ran from her form in the kennel; pheasants flew from the carved ceiling-beams at his approach.

Where once the well-tilled fields had been, he gathered grain that had long run wild; he gathered mallows by the well in the courtyard, as he had so often done in his childhood.

He made a little fire, and cooked the food he had gathered; then, because there was none to share it with him, rose, left it untasted, and wandered away towards the east, weeping.

Just such a case as this old soldier's was that of the poet Su Wu; he too was driven off by the recruiting sergeant, to be captured by the Huns, enslaved, and only to return in his old age. Here — a very famous poem — is his *Farewell to his Wife*, composed on the night of his departure:

Wife, we have been one-hearted all these years; our chief thought has been to give and receive love. Now our springtime has passed; our hearts must be pierced by grief. I cannot sleep, for counting the passing moments.

Dearest, awake; the stars have set, and we must bravely meet the sorrow of parting. Ah me, the long marches weigh upon my mind! I shall fight; I shall show nothing but bravery to the foe; and yet we two may never meet again.

As you take my hand, unless I let these tears fall my heart would break, to hear you speak so tenderly of our love.

But courage! Let us think of the first days of our union. It will bear me up on the way; it will help you to endure your solitude.

And there may be for us the joy of meeting again; or it may be that Fate has decreed that only in the spirit I shall be with you forever.

It is very human; not one whit lifted above the common levels of human feeling; it says, in the simplest possible way, what millions are thinking and feeling in sorrowful Europe today. But it is of a humanity very much unspoiled. There is a dignity, a restraint, a balance; you are to respect that Chinaman and his wife. I do not quote it for its poetic values; but because it indicates so perfectly the average Chinese ideal of marriage and home life. We have perhaps been wont to contrast our own 'magnificent enlightenment' in these respects, with their supposed 'oriental barbarism.'

The Southern Renaissance of the beginning of the fifth century gives us one noteworthy name: that of Tao Chien, or Tao Yuen-ming, who died in 427. He was something of an Epicurean by philosophy, but there

was a very noble side to him; also a side of great importance in the evolution of Chinese poetry. Called from his farm to take office in the capital, he hymned by the way the delights of country life; and showed the genuineness of his hymning by soon relinquishing office and returning to his dear elms and orchards, his hills and his poultry, and "the dog barking in the lane." Not a great poet himself, perhaps, he yet did prepare the way for great poets to come; like Wordsworth in England, he called on his race to go to nature, and seek inspiration in the simple country things.

For a couple of centuries civilization was gaining strength. Pilgrims, returning from India, brought back to Nankin, the southern capital, wonderful inspirations; the Yangtse was opened to the commerce of all southern Asia, and quickening influences, mainly Buddhistic, poured in. Buddhism reinforced and systematized the Taoist tendencies in the Chinese mind; though the two religions were often in keen rivalry, it is easy to see how by their mutual reactions they affected the racial genius. The grand flowering came in the seventh century. In 627 Tang Taitson, the greatest of all Chinese sovereigns since Han Wuti, came to the throne; and presently the glories of his reign were being reflected in a splendor of poetry worthy of them. The Chinese eye became, as never before or since, alive to the flaming beauty of the world; perhaps there has never been a greater age of poetry anywhere in historic times.

It found its culmination in the reign of Tang Hsuentson, in the first half of the eighth century; at whose court both Li Po and Tu Fu, the greatest of the Chinese poets, — the two brightest stars among many scarcely less brilliant — figured; but it did not cease until towards the fall of the Dynasty in the beginning of the tenth century. It would be useless to reel off names; but those two, Li Po and Tu Fu, must be remembered. There were few professional poets, in the western sense; poetry was an accomplishment essential to every gentleman. Such and such a major poet, we read, was "an official at the court of Hsuentson," "prefect of this or that district," or "a minister under Tang Sutsong" — who in his spare time composed poetry. They were the Roosevelts, the Gladstones, or the Kitcheners of their time. Chinese ideals were all for the balanced life, a splendid poise of the faculties.

Yet these Tang poets devoted themselves with ardor to the art of poetry, evolving new rules of composition directed towards the attainment of a wonderful perfection of music and form. One must not suppose, because Mr. Ezra Pound and others are fond of translating them into 'free verse,' that they would have permitted themselves such formlessness. On the contrary, their forms are highly and exquisitely arti-

ficial; our English verse forms are generally ill-adapted for translating them, because too free and formless. The old French forms: the *rondel*, the *ballade* and the *triolet*: are more appropriate, because of their intricate rhyme schemes and haunted melody. As to the productiveness of this age: Wang Jao-chi, a couple of centuries ago, served literature well by compiling a Tang Anthology; in which he found it necessary to include, in nine hundred books, about fifty thousand poems. And this Wang Jaochi, was no incompetent critic: as the following from his preface shall testify:

“Beauty,” he says, “was born with the Heavens and the Earth. The sun, the moon, the mists of morning and evening, illumine each other; there is no pigment with which they are dyed. All the phenomena of the world, when set in motion, bring forth sound; and every sound implies some motion that caused it. The greatest of sounds are wind and thunder. Listen to the mountain storm racing over the rocks: as soon as it begins to move, the sound of it makes itself heard; not, indeed, actually in accordance with the laws of music, yet having a certain rhythm and system of its own. This is the natural or spontaneous voice of heaven and earth, the voice caused by the movement of the great forces. So too in the purest mood of the human heart, when the fire of the intellect is at its brightest, the Soul, if it be moved, will bring forth sound. Is it not a wondrous transformation, that out of this should be created literature? Poetry is the music of the Soul in motion.”

Of all the definitions of poetry one has ever heard, one remembers nothing better than this: *Poetry is the music of the Soul in motion.*

The Chinese have had no epic poets. Like the French, they “have not the epic head.” Their poetry is all lyrical. Some poems run to a few hundred lines; but as a rule the idea was, the shorter the better. As their artists sought to give, as they said, in a square foot of silk, a thousand miles of space; so the poets aimed at a glimpse of the infinite beauty in twenty or so syllables of rhyme. One of their favorite verse-forms was the ‘short-stop’; in which, said they, “the words stop, but the sense goes on.” The nearest thing to it I know of in Western verse is the Welsh *englyn*; which, with ten more syllables than the short-stop, is also, in the hands of the greater poets, made the vehicle of a thought, picture, or emotion that does not end with the words. An example of the spirit of the thing may be found in the dying poem of a great statesman and patriot of the troublous age of the Sung Dynasty in the twelfth century, who had seen the empire brought near ruin through neglect of his advice; it is this: “My personal self may ascend to heaven, but my Spirit will remain on earth in the form of rivers and mountains as a defense for the Throne.” — Than which, perhaps, it would be diffi-

cult to find in a few words a finer revelation of the grandeur of the human soul.

There are many short-stops scattered through the mass of English poetry: magical bits that Keats and Wordsworth, in particular, embodied in longer poems. The Chinaman was wont to give the jewel and leave out the setting. His was an art of severe reticence and wizardly suggestion. He could paint you a little picture, pregnant with the soul of a mood; would touch the visible world with an enchanter's wand, so that you should see through for a moment into the infinite mystery. Sometimes that mystery oppressed and terrified him; often it filled him with delight; but always there is the reticence, the suggestion. One can sense it, I think, in this little poem, by Kao Shih, one of the earlier Tang poets, which I have shaped into three modified englyns; that the foreignness of the meter may contribute to that exotic feeling which a translation from the Chinese should have. It is called, prosaically enough, *Impressions of a Traveler*.

Frost, and Autumn on the waters; night-time
 Death-cold, star-clear.
 He that's in the boat can hear
 Trembling beside him, cold Fear.
 Far across the jade and foam of waste waves,
 O'er lone crag and pined height,
 Fear and Autumn fly through night
 With the wild geese in slow flight
 Fear and Autumn fill my heart; my dreaming,
 Like dead leaves, goes drifting;
 Or like wild geese on the wing,
 Or like ghosts, wind-blown, moaning.

Here is a little poem by Yuen I-shan, whose lyricism, I think, remains audible through the bald prose of the translation: a poem packed with that natural magic, that blending of the human with Nature consciousness, which is so wonderful a characteristic of so much of Chinese poetry. It is called *The Lament of the Ladies of the Siang River*; who, it should be explained, were the wives of the Patriarch-Emperor Shun, a half-legendary figure from the dawn of history, twenty-two centuries B. C., who stands for all that is good and wise in sovereignty. Shun's grave is among the Kiue Mountains in Hunan. This is the poem: —

Sweet-scented are the hills where the roses and the orchids bloom; clouds fly towards the shores of the north; though a thousand autumns pass, our Lord will not return.

Drift the clouds across the heavens; slowly over the waters blow the winds of autumn; ghostly mists creep up the river; moonlight is sifted down over stream and woodland.

On the Kiue Mountains the gibbons wail through the long nights; tears fall from the bamboo branches. Though a thousand autumns pass, our Lord will not return.

— As who should say: “It is unfitting for us, mere human beings, to mourn the death of one so august. All Nature is a funeral pageant for him; heaven and earth are grouped about his mountain tomb.”

There is much in this minor key; often and often the poets were preoccupied with the different phases of human sorrow; but they brought to it a fathomless compassion. There is little or no distinctively religious poetry; perhaps because the Chinese have not made religion a thing apart, as we have; but it remains true that Buddhistic compassion, and the magical vision of Taoism, are the chief keynotes of their poetry. Nature is lit up from within: the seat of a vast and wizard consciousness whose motions may be guessed at, hinted at, felt; but never put into the language of science. Of all the English poets, Wordsworth, in his diviner moods, was the most Chinese, the most Taoist; he, too, sought in self-emptiness, in supreme simplicity, the pearl of spiritual insight; and often found it. Chang Kiuling expresses the Taoist idea in a little poem called *Reflections*:

It is Eternal Beauty itself that puts forth in Spring in the petals of the lotus, in autumn in the cassia flowers.

Then hearts are stirred to joy, and deep thoughts arise in the mind: the outward beauty of God woos the beauty of God within.

Who would not be as the blooms and green things of the forest and the mountain? They hear the music of the spheres, and breathe the joy of the Eternal.

The soul of the lilies is above desire and ambition. Though the fairest woman in the world plucks them, it adds nothing to their joy.

— *Consider the lilies of the field*, said another Master Poet, true Taoist as he was in his teachings: *they toil not, neither do they spin*.

Taoism taught its poets to hunger after the great beauty and mystery of the world. Chang Chih-ho had held office under the Emperor Tang Sutsong, and for some reason was dismissed; presently, finding that matters went none too well without him, he was invited to return to court and reassume his ministerial functions. But the former minister had become the “Old Fisherman of the Mists and Waters,” and knew, as they say, a trick worth two of that. He sent his Emperor the following reply:

Nay, I'll go seek Cloud-cuckoodom
 And Seagull Town, and Mystery!
 Since in the boundless privacy
 Of this my dragon-wandered home
 Whose roof-tree is the empyreal dome,
 The bright Moon, friendlike, dwells with me,
 Here will I seek Cloud-cuckoodom
 And Seagull Town, and Mystery.

What! Quit my mountain brothers? — roam
 Far from my bosom friend, the Sea?
 In that dull world wherein ye be,
 Quench my ethereal self in gloom?
 — Nay, but I'll seek Cloud-cuckoodom,
 And Seagull Town, and Mystery!

— And the Emperor was too much the man and the poet to cut his head off.

Of this thirst for the great and lovely mystery of things, Tu Fu, called the God of Poetry, gives us a noble example in a poem called *The Waters of Mei Pei*: it is a haunted and mysterious lake, only half in China, half in other worlds. He sets forth, with two adventurous friends, on its waters, and passes, with the passing of the day, out of all realms where ordinary happenings may be expected: —

Southward, the mountains are mirrored clear; eastward, the Great Peace Temple, hanging in the clouds, is glassed on the darkening waters.

The moon, rising, floods the Lan-tien Pass with silvery beauty; idly from the boat we watch the peaks trembling on the quivering surface of the lake.

They tremble; they break; a sudden ring of silver ripples out; the Lilong Dragon, rising, strews a shower of pearls.

Ping-i, the God of Waters, drumming, summons the dragons of the deep, and they come. The Daughters of Yao descend from heaven, the Spinning Maiden of the Stars leading them.

They dance and sing to branching instruments of gold adorned with jade and sapphires; moon-rainbow radiances play about them.

A-sudden the lights fade; awe comes swiftly on. Far off the thunder peals, and lurid clouds form, lined with lightnings.

The waters heave; dreadful unrest has taken them. The air is filled with shadows of the dead; the Spirits of the Universe draw near, and we cannot guess their intent.

This Tu Fu was indeed a great and versatile genius. He could pass from such tremendous Taoism to a Dostoevsky-like realism and compassion; as when he describes the visit of the recruiting sergeant to a desolate village, already war-bereft of its men; or the conscript gang, amidst the wailing of women and the deep curses of the old, hurried away to the wars, to die in the frozen north—and, as a grand advocate of peace, makes us feel the whole pity and sorrow of war, and the vileness of imperial ambitions;—or when he describes the feelings of an old peasant whose thatched roof has been blown away by a gale:

The wind drove it whirling and scurrying across the river; here tufts blown up and caught in the treetops; there patches falling in the ponds and the furrows.

The village boys, delighted, make mock of me; they steal my goods, and run away grinning. I drive them off, and hobble back, but to find no shelter. Wintry is the night that draws on; worn and hard is my bed, and nothing but a wadded quilt to cover me; I cannot sleep for misery

The rain drips through the rafters, through which I watch the drifting sky; the whole place is damp and wretched.

I wish there were a mansion of delight, with a hundred thousand fair rooms in it, to shelter the poor of the world, and give them the happiness of security.

One sight of it would make me content to lose my cottage; and my life too. . . and my life too!

— Or, turning from these moods, he can paint a little picture infused with beauty and quietness like this of the Lake of Kouen Ming, on whose waters in the second century B. C., the great Han Wuti, a kind of imperial Chinese Arthur or Charlemain of romance, was wont to hold festival: —

Oh, gay these waters shone of old,
 When, streaming o'er their moon-bright blue,
 The lanterns flashed vermeil and gold,
 Azure and green, the fair nights through,
 When loud the pageant galleons drew
 To clash in mimic combatting,
 What time Han Wuti's banners flew
 Over the Lake of Kouen Ming.

Now there is no one to behold
 Where the lone wave runs rippling through,
 And wakes the stone sea-monsters cold
 To tremble in the moon-gemmed dew;
 None to behold, and none to rue
 The desolation; none to sing
 How once Han Wuti's banners flew
 Over the Lake of Kouen Ming.

The Spinning Maiden, as of old,
 Dreameth in stone; the waters blue
 Lap at her feet; her beauty cold
 The moaning winds of autumn woo.
 Drifts the light kumi seed; the dew
 Gleams on the lotus withering
 Where once Han Wuti's banners flew.

L'Envoi

Nought sees the eagle from the blue
 But some old angler loitering
 Where once Han Wuti's banners flew
 Over the Lake of Kouen Ming.

—Or again, as court poet, he could sing of a Night of Song in the magical Garden of Teng-hsiang Ting, where Tang Hsuentsong, that most luxurious, exquisite, and poetic of all emperors, held court:

Shadowy waters mutter and steal,
 Dreaming down through the liliated places;
 Stars in their dragon pageant reel
 White through the soundless spaces.

Hushed the breeze where the dim trees loom;
 The moon hath taken her magical wings;
 We and the white magnolia bloom
 Wake, and the lute's soft strings,

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

II

Hush! Night's filled with spirit-singing:
 Subtle tunes our fancy chimes to,
 Flamey words like fireflies winging,
 Jewel thoughts to set our rhymes to.
 Now 'tis two-edged swords are clashing;
 Pride and pomp and valor swelling;
 Now the cups like red stars flashing,
 Now young love his passion telling.

III

Breathes a strange, sad air from of old,
 From the turquoise mists on time's horizon. . . .
 Suddenly passion hath grown a-cold;
 Song is reft of the wings it flies on;

.
 Muteness lies on
 The lutes of jade and the lutes of gold.

Tu Fu was a painter as well as a poet; and the connexion between the two arts was very strong in Tang China. Continually we come on little vignettes that shine with soft and lovely color — even through the clumsiness of a translation. Here is Wang Changling, another of Tang Hsuentson's poets, on *Maidens gathering Water-lilies*:

One pale shimmer of green on the nenuphar
 leaves in the lake and the maiden's dresses;
 One rose glow on the lolling nenuphar
 blooms and the laughing maiden faces;
 Under the willows the luminous hues
 and the lines are blurred and run together:
 You cannot tell the silk from the leaves,
 the girls from the nenuphar blooms they gather,
 Save when their voices suddenly swell
 to a coo and tune-soft chatter.

And here is Li Po, counted the greatest of them all — Li Po, the "Banished Angel," that swaggering, swashbuckling, merry, melancholy Irishman of old China — on the Lady Tai Chen, Tang Hsuentson's love:

She leans out in the moonlight pale;
 The moonlit mountains with wan grace
 Grow eerie; over the lattice-place
 The red rose and the white rose frail
 Echo her face;
 Her white silk robes, the clouds that trail
 Ghostly through space.

Fall, you delicate dewes of night!
 This Plum-branch, with white bloom tender,
 Blooms and branches lovelier white
 Over-gemmed with your diamond splendor;
 Glittering bright
 Till the Spirit of Snow cries: I surrender
 To the Lady of Light!

Summer with all his murmurous story
 Of iris and pcony, rubiate rose;
 Autumn, haughty with pale, sad glory
 Where the queen chrysanthemum golden blows,
 Nor winter hoary
 With his wan blue mists and his wondrous snows,
 Such loveliness knows!

I am fain to quote one more picture from the Banished Angel; exiled from court now, he seeks refuge with the old wise *Priest of Tien Mountain*; and tells of his waiting on the mountainside below the temple, for the noon-day bell to give him the signal that he may enter:

Gurgle of hidden waters near;
 Faint sounds of barking far away;
 The morning sun makes diamond clear
 The raindrops on the peach-bloom gay;
 Deer, from their forest haunts astray,
 Are grazing round the temple; soon
 Within the courtyard lichen-gray
 The temple bell will tinkle noon.

I wait. —The cascades, falling sheer
 Adown the peaks, flash white with spray
 On the emerald green; I hardly hear
 Their drone drift down the quiet day.
 Here 'neath the pines soft shadows play,
 And drowsy winds their ballads croon.
 I have ten years of things to say
 When that faint bell has tinkled noon.

I wait. — In this soft light so clear,
 Down in the vale some breeze astray
 Sets the bamboos to change and veer,
 To change and veer, and drift and sway
 Like soft clouds on a summer's day
 O'er skies of faintest turquoise strewn.
 Oh, I could almost kneel and pray
 To hear the Priest's bell tinkle noon!

L'Envoi

The shrine has fallen in decay,
 A hollow ruin 'neath the moon;
 The wise Priest's soul is fled away. . . .

Chang Chien of the polished philosophical Taoist vision; Ssu Kung Tu, the subtle mystic; Su Shih, great philosopher and teacher of a later age, that of the Sung Dynasty; Wang An-shih, its impetuous reformer: I wish I could give specimen pictures from these and many more; but I must end with a serene Taoist bit from the divine Po-chui, whose words are as rubies and sapphires flashing. His great poem, *The Never-Ending Wrong*, is exquisitely translated by Mr. Cranmer-Byng, and to be found in the latter's little volume called *A Lute of Jade*; — I shall

not quote from it, however: but give this prose rendering of his *Peaceful Old Age*. Here now see Po-Chui, an old, old man, waiting for death quietly in his garden, meditating still upon the Tao, the Supreme Spirit:

Swiftly sinks the sun; the blue sky deepens into night. Tao is that which lies behind all these beautiful changes.

Tao gives me this toil in manhood, this repose in old age. I follow It, and all the seasons are friendly to me; only should I turn from It might I meet with grief.

No sorrow can find habitation in me; the Spirit of the Universe thrills me through; as a cloud I am, borne on the wind of It; as a random swallow, free of the airs.

As I dream beneath my mulberry tree the waterclock drips on; day has dawned; a new day on my wrinkles and gray hair.

If I should go today, it would be without regrets; I am in love with life, but without fear or anxiety. Lives and deaths follow each other in their cycles; how then should I cling to the days that remain to this body?

Here, waiting for death, I am, as I shall be, One with the heart-beats of Eternity.

NOTE: The verses in this paper, as also the prose versions of Chinese poems, are my own. But they are by no means taken from the Chinese originals; they are as it were 'translated' into verse (or prose) from the translations either of Mr. Cranmer-Byng in his *Lute of Jade*, or of Mr. Charles Budd in a book published some years ago I think by Trench Trübner in London. From the former I quote directly the little Confucian *Ode*; and nearly directly the poem by Wang Changling. If I have ventured to reduce some of Mr. Byng's work to prose, and then recast it in verse, my excuse is that he clings rather closely to the forms and traditions of English verse, which do not and cannot render the spirit of the Chinese poets or their intention: the atmosphere is too different. Since the paper was written I have come on a little volume by Mr. Clifford Bax of London, *Twenty Chinese Poems*: it contains many specimens that seem to me perfectly to render the Chinese atmosphere; and at least one reason of this success is, that Mr. Bax has used original or unhackneyed metres, and has permitted himself any unconventionality in the rhyme-scheme, etc., which, while remaining musical, shall contribute to the *surprise* Chinese poetry ought to cause in us. I count this element of greater importance than the matter of the poem. K. M.

THE sceptical laugh at faith and pride themselves on its absence from their own minds. The truth is that faith is a great engine, an enormous power, which in fact can accomplish all things. For it is the covenant or engagement between man's divine part and his lesser self.—*Light on the Path*

PICTURES FROM EGYPT: by Carolus

THE small temple of Kalabshe, in Nubia, was built by Rameses II and is an interesting example of one of the greatest ages of Egyptian architecture. While the front part of the building is constructed in the usual manner, the sanctuary and other chambers are carved out of the solid rock. This method is never found in Egypt proper, but frequently occurs in Nubia, and it is a very successful combination. The excavated chambers have an air of mystery and imperishability hardly



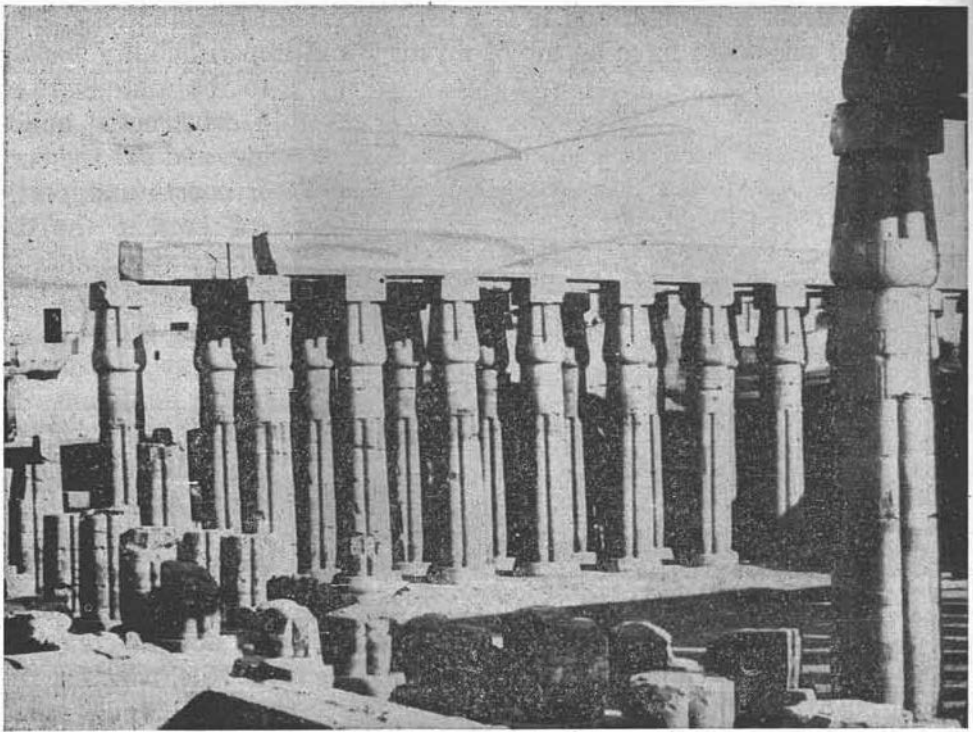
TEMPLE OF KALABSHE, NUBIA

to be obtained in a constructed building, and yet the outer courts and porticos present the ordinary appearance of a temple.

The great Temple at Luxor is hardly inferior in its magnificence to the famous Temple of Amen at Karnak with which it was once joined by an avenue of sphinxes, now in complete

ruin. It faces the Temple of Karnak, and not the river Nile, which is the usual custom. One of the great obelisks, eighty feet high, which stood in front of it, was removed to Paris in 1831 and now stands in the center of the Place de la Concorde. Though Rameses II, the Great, was not responsible for the principal part of the Temple of Luxor, there are many traces of his building activities. On the wings of the entrance portal there is a remarkable series of carvings of his campaign against the Hittites, in which his victories are glorified. The campaign was not a complete triumph for Rameses however. The result was satisfactory to both parties; Egypt's northern frontier was protected and firmly established, and a friendly treaty signed between the Egyptian and Hittite rulers. This treaty is a striking record of the humanitarian spirit of the age and it appears to have been strictly adhered to. In one of his battles against the Hittites Rameses greatly distinguished himself by personal valor. For a while he was cut off from the main part of his forces, and but for his desperate exertions in holding back the enemy till his own followers came to the rescue he would have been killed or made prisoner.

Some descriptions of the magnificence of the Temple of Luxor have come down to us from antiquity, and they give an impressive picture of the almost incredible richness and beauty of its decoration. Gold, silver, the rarest woods and precious stones were used lavishly. We can probably not imagine the full effect of the finest Egyptian temples; the ruins,



A PART OF THE GREAT TEMPLE OF LUXOR

while impressive from their size and dignity, the beauty of the general design and their hoary antiquity, and the charm of the sculptured decoration, have lost so much that was essential to the conception of the builders that they are hardly more than the unclothed skeletons of what they were in their prime.

Abydos is famous for its two great temples erected by Rameses II and Seti I, his father, and above all for the recently discovered building called Strabo's Well, a mysterious structure of an order of architecture differing from every other Egyptian style except that of the equally mysterious Temple of the Sphinx near the Great Pyramid of Gizeh.

TRIED IN THE BALANCE: by R. Machell

(With pen-and-ink drawings by the author)

CHAPTER V



LARA MARTEL had gone away, after the sale of her father's library, and had left no address. Martin made no attempt to find out where she had gone; she was a part of the past. The future now claimed his attention, and the present was filled with preparations for the great work that was to bring him to the notice of the world.

He felt that Egypt was to be his field; he was ordained to be the revealer of its mysteries; Egypt the ancient, the mighty school of antique wisdom, the Lamp of the World, whose light had burned brightly thousands of years before the dawn of modern history, and whose glory still remained undimmed when European civilization was in its infancy.

But while Egypt still fascinated him and held his imagination, it was a different Egypt in which he now sought subjects for pictorial treatment. Formerly it was the mystery of the sacred science and the occult philosophy which fired his soul; now it was the 'pomp and circumstance'

of the temples and the pageantry of the court life that appealed to him. The solid facts of archaeology seemed to him now more attractive than any speculative investigations along the lines of religion or philosophy. His point of view had changed almost without his being aware of it. His vanity would have repudiated the suggestion that he was psychologized by a strong-willed woman, and yet it is a fact that he now saw with Julia's eyes, and Julia was no mystic.

She had caused him to be supplied with all the latest literature on the subject, and to please her he had become a reader rather than a dreamer, a scientist rather than a seer. The field was rich enough to satisfy an even more diligent investigator and he became a frequenter of museums, seeking material for his art.

This was a life-work that he saw before him, and it fired his ambition. He had no fear of falling short of money now, for he imagined his success in portraiture would never fail him, and that he could just paint enough

portraits to replenish his exchequer as the need arose. Young people always think the smiles of fortune once experienced can be recalled at will; the old can tell a different tale, to which no young man would pay attention perhaps, having to learn life's lesson for himself.

One day he was at work upon a brilliant composition when a knock came at the door, and for a moment his mind went back to that day so long ago when he was in despair for want of a model for his 'Cleopatra.' Now he was not in want of anyone, and yet the sound stirred his imagination and he rose eagerly to see who it could be. And when he saw, he suddenly became aware that he had been waiting for her ever since he came back and felt the emptiness of the studio.

She laughed, and gave him her hand so frankly pleased to meet him again that he put no restraint upon his own genuine delight at the 'surprise,' and even went so far as to declare that he had been listening for that knock for months. At which she smiled, and said:

"That, I suppose, is why you never wrote to tell us how you were getting on. Well, no matter; we will forgive you. I know you have been busy. Oh! that is grand!"

She planted herself before the easel in delight and became all absorbed in studying the composition.

Seeing this, he turned another canvas round and several panels, arranging them in order; and the critic turned to them silently. She went from one to the other slowly and without a word, while he looked on, appreciating the flattery of her evident interest in the work. At last she said:

"Yes, this is your work. Oh, what a field! But you must have a studio in Egypt. You cannot paint these pictures here."

She looked around disapprovingly.

"Of course you may want a studio here too, but it must be one in which you can feel the atmosphere of Egypt about you. I have great faith in having the right conditions for work. Now you must come and say 'How do you do' nicely to my dear Mother, who is waiting for me in the carriage at the door, and she will perhaps invite you to dine with us to-night. Will you come?"

"Will I?" he said, and smiled, so that she almost blushed, and hastily rising, went to the door.

"Oh, come as you are, that coat is all right, we understand. This is a surprise visit. Another day perhaps we will come for a visit of ceremony; then you may put on your best bib and tucker, and give us tea."

So they went down to Lady Marshbank, who did invite the artist to dinner just as Miss Julia had prophesied. And he accepted, also as foretold. He had no inclination to fight against destiny. But when he went back to the studio he looked across at the little window, recalling the pic-

ture of the Path that he had seen there, and he smiled somewhat scornfully to think how his imagination had fooled him with that old-fashioned allegory of the path that leads through dark and dangerous places, when all the time the straight broad flower-bordered way is open to the one who is really called by destiny. A faint light glimmered through the curtain that hung before the window, and again his fancy went to work and made him see two big brown eyes that looked at him reproachfully and faded from his sight. He turned impatiently to the canvas on the easel and shook off the uncomfortable suggestion of the eyes. He had grown somewhat intolerant of visions, since he took up the scientific study of his subject. He said that what he wanted now was facts, not dreams. But what are facts, and dreams?

The facts in his case seemed to nullify the warning of his dreams, which told him that 'the Path' would lead him through a wild and barren land. A barren land? What were the facts? Simply that every difficulty that he had foreseen was proved by facts to be a dream. No more. Or was it that the darkness of the first stages of the path was past, and that now he stood upon the mountain and looked down into the 'El Dorado' of his dream, which opened welcoming arms to him as to a child of destiny? He smiled contentedly, and thought that unsuccessful men said hard things of destiny, when all they had to blame perhaps was their own unjustified presumption in attempting enterprises to which they were not called by anything higher than their own ambition. This thought was very comforting, and he dressed for dinner in a state of complete self-satisfaction.

Julia was radiant and full of the Egyptian trip. She had got everything laid out, and Martin had nothing to do but to accept the blessings that the Gods showered down upon his path. He felt himself acknowledged as their agent, who was to make revelation to the world of secrets that the archaeologists had failed to unravel. He now saw how he had first been called, then tried and tested, and now stood approved and chosen as the artistic interpreter of Egypt to modern European civilization. And they, the Gods, had sent him a companion to help him in his mission.

He told her something of this charming fantasy, and found a most sympathetic listener; for though Julia was not a mystic she was romantic, and had a keen sense of the dramatic aspect of antiquity. As to the Gods, they meant nothing at all to her, except as accessories to a fairytale. Her own religion was a fairytale; her faith was simply the Joy of Life; and Life meant more to her than physical existence, but how much more, it might have been hard to say. She herself never inquired into the mysteries of her own nature; she took life as she found it, and she found it beautiful.

This talk about his mission came on the occasion of a flying visit to the studio, which lasted so much longer than the five minutes allotted to

it, that a visit to the dressmaker had to be omitted from the program for the day, and as everyone knows how long a visit to the dressmaker may last, there is no need to inquire how long the conversation in the studio continued; but it was not time wasted, for a matter of some interest was discussed and settled, whereby the future of the two explorers was simplified, and Lady Chalmers was relieved of the necessity of chaperoning her ward upon this, to her, rather alarming expedition. Young married people need no chaperon.

Winter in Egypt, and spring in Paris, and a picture in the Salon to show that they had not been idle. Then to England; visits to the family and friends, and back again to Paris to a luxurious studio filled with Egyptian curios and oriental rugs, rare books and bronzes, ancient embroideries, and modern furniture made on the best antique models. Certainly there was an Egyptian atmosphere; but the word Egypt covers a vast and varied field of human aspirations as well as of human passions, plots and infamies, spiritual mysteries and the basest perversions of high rites degraded to the vilest superstitions, high-souled initiates ruling divinely, who in their turn gave place to politicians masquerading as the agents of the Gods; kings who seemed almost more than mortals, and sovereigns lower than ordinary men. All these and countless other contradictions and incongruities are covered by the one word 'Egypt,' and who shall say that the atmosphere of the luxurious Paris studio was not Egyptian?

But it was so in the sense in which one might have said the sordid attic in the Rue Baroche seemed like some columned temple of the Nile. There were no oriental rugs or incense there; and yet at times there was a 'presence,' and one that was of a different order from that which presided now in unquestioned sovereignty here in the large and sumptuous *atelier*.

Julia was Queen, and wife, and comrade, critic and counselor, ever willing to help, capable, active, industrious, and very practical. But in her presence no veils were lifted and no visions came, no star shone in the darkness nor glowed mysteriously in the full light of day. Before her, mystery was veiled. She represented actuality, she was the present personified. She was the joy of life. She was Success. Can a man want more? Man is not always reasonable, perhaps, and as an artist he may demand the moon; he may be plagued with yearnings for the infinite, the unattainable, being an artist and irrational. Ingratitude comes naturally to the artistic temperament. But Martin had found his El Dorado, and gloried in it. Yet there were moments even now when he was conscious of a chill. The Path was bathed in sunlight, and in the distance lay a golden city, where a throne waited for him when he should care to claim it. Such was his dream; but though it was certainly a pleasant kind of vision it left him

wondering what was lacking. And then he felt that strange uncomfortable chill, which he had never experienced in the old days.

Under the guidance of his clever wife, he did not plunge rashly into great undertakings unprepared to carry them through successfully, but felt his way cautiously with works of moderate size and scope. Each was



a marked success, and soon he found his reputation rising. And when at last he launched an ambitious composition, it came to port in triumph amid the applause of artists and the most flattering notice from the press. But in the crowd that gathered at the Salon round the picture on the opening day to compliment the artist and to congratulate his charming wife, Martin caught sight of his old friend Talbot turning away as if he had no place among the admirers, who were so eager to claim acquaintance

with the hero of the hour. He felt hurt that his old friend did not congratulate him on his success. It was a success, of that he had no doubt. The work was excellent in every way; there was erudition displayed in archaeological features and accessories, and there was originality both in the conception and in the execution of the design. Yet Talbot turned away because he could not find the flattering words that were expected from him, he who had seen such promise in the first 'Cleopatra' picture, which had been generally ignored. He saw the merit of the work; but what he saw even more plainly was its soullessness, its total lack of inspiration. As science it was no doubt interesting; as Art it had no existence in his eyes.

Martin was perhaps unreasonably sensitive, and felt as if he had received a stab from one whom he remembered as a friend of former days, and would have liked to have among the little coterie of admirers who made life pleasant to him on this bright spring morning.

A little later in the day he met a collector of pictures and prints, who was anxious to make his acquaintance, and who said he would like to show him his collection the next time he was in London. The man was full of his own affairs, and really wanted to get an opinion on some doubtful canvases that had come into his possession as works of various notable painters: in particular he mentioned a couple of Fromentins, for which he had given a large price, because they were not generally known to collectors of that master's work; and he was in some doubt now as to their authenticity. Martin inquired where he had got them, and was told they came from the gallery of a well-known London dealer, who was credited with many doubtful transactions, but who being now defunct could not be called to account for imposing spurious works on credulous customers. Martin excused himself saying that he was not often in London just now, and turned to other friends. But his mind went back unpleasantly to the pictures he had painted for Chalmers in the style of Fromentin; and he had little doubt that he could identify the questionable canvases alluded to by this new acquaintance. It was another jarring note in the general harmony of the day, and served to recall more than he cared to remember of the days before he tasted his first success. He could feel the rustle of the crisp bank-notes that was so refreshing and invigorating then when his pocket was empty and his credit nil. And that recalled the foolish fancy of his day-dream, when he saw the star in the little window veiled by a curtain that assumed the aspect of a Bank of England note. And instantly a pair of dark brown eyes seemed fixed upon him reproachfully.

Why should these foolish fancies come to spoil his satisfaction now? Was Fortune jealous of his well-deserved success? Had he not worked for it and won it, by means which seemed to him proper and right?

His wife was chatting gaily to a group of men, but she was conscious of a *contretemps*. She felt his changes of mood almost as soon as he did; sometimes she seemed to anticipate them and to ward off unpleasantnesses. But now something, she felt, had hurt him while she was off guard, and she reproached herself, as a mother would if she let a bee sting her baby.

But Martin was beyond her reach, for she knew nothing of the things that were now tormenting his sensitive vanity. It was essential to his peace of mind that he should forget all that was in any way derogatory to his artistic honor or his personal dignity; and there was something about that matter of the pictures which Chalmers had commissioned him to paint that had not been altogether satisfactory to him at the time, and which would have caused him to decline the task if it had not been for the immediate need in which he found himself. That was the thing that galled him now. He felt as if he had been guilty of a dishonorable act under the pressure of want. His code of honor was more to him than his religion, in fact it was his creed. Now, looking back from the position of prosperity and success, that incident seemed mean and pitiful enough, and yet significant. Suddenly the picture of the banknote in the window shutting out the vision of the star enshrining those deep eyes became a symbol whose interpretation shocked him painfully. It seemed to mean that he had sold his 'vision' to feed his body and relieve himself of personal discomforts — an interpretation that he resented as unjust, although it came from his own imagination. He thought those big brown eyes gazed at him in reproach, and he was deeply wounded by the implication of weakness and failure under temptation, which he read into their strange glance. Those eyes had seemed to him lit by a mystic fire that was not of the earth; and since that time he had seen nothing that had the power so to stir the depths of his imagination. Clara Martel had passed out of his life as suddenly as she had entered it, and he had almost forgotten her until this moment. He looked around him, fearing to see her standing in the crowd and holding him under the spell of those unusual eyes. At one time he would have taken the mental impression to be a response to an inner warning from some higher power, but now he instinctively associated it with the bodily presence of a personality. His mind had almost unconsciously resumed the materialistic attitude familiar to him in his home-life in England, before he went to study art in Paris and dreamed of Cleopatra.

His archaeological researches had kept him interested in the facts of life ancient and modern; and his desire to become recognised as a great artistic authority on Egyptology had closed his mind to all those finer forces and more subtle suggestions, that had at one time seemed to him to

be the essential elements of Egypt as he loved to think and dream of that land of mystery.

Once spiritual forces seemed actual realities, now he relied on facts, rejecting undemonstrated causes as mere speculations.

Once dreams and visions were full of significance, and to them he looked for inspiration and instruction; now he referred to books, and inscriptions, dubiously interpreted, but strictly scientific.

In those days the Gods seemed near, though fortune and fame were very far away. Now he was prosperous and happy, and success already smiled upon him; but the great Gods had faded into the limbo of 'mere sacerdotal superstition,' and the ancient mysteries had ceased to inspire him with awe and reverence. They too were antique traditions, to be scientifically investigated and criticised. The Great Queen herself was honored as a supreme intelligence and as a mighty ruler, but not as an emissary of those higher powers, that formerly he seemed to recognise as the true rulers of the world and the divine Guardians of humanity. In those few years he had gone far upon the downward path of mere materialism. He had discarded faith in visions; but yet here he was upset and most unpleasantly disturbed by the mere memory of a dream.


Meanwhile the conversation all around him flowed on unceasingly, and he made some pretense of taking part in it; but the pleasure of the morning had suddenly changed to weariness, and he wished he were home again in the studio.

His wife, watching him as she talked, caught something of his thought, and promptly proposed that they should go for a drive through the Bois, to get rid of the dust they had inhaled in the crowded galleries. He caught the suggestion eagerly, and thanked the Gods who had given him Julia. She never reproached him. He never felt mean or pitiful with her to encourage him. He felt she understood him and he was not ungrateful to her.

(To be continued)

INDEED, we may say that he who has not yet perceived how artistic beauty and moral beauty are convergent lines which run back into a common ideal origin, and who therefore is not afire with moral beauty just as with artistic beauty — that he, in short, who has not come to that stage of quiet and eternal frenzy in which the beauty of holiness and the holiness of beauty mean one thing, burn as one fire, shine as one light within him; he is not yet the great artist. —SIDNEY LANIER, *in a lecture to the students of Johns Hopkins University.*

A MISTAKE IN THE MAIL? by Floyd C. Egbert

UNSET time, and a gray-green dusk in the olive-woods: on which soft gloom not yet had the star-flame of the fireflies begun to wander and twinkle. Yonder a pool, left by the rain, flames sudden saffron and vermilion where the sun-rays shine in slanting through a break in the sage-gray roofage to the west. The place is heavy and sweet with the scent of narcissus; their white blooms star the wood-floor dimly. From the Hotel Oesterreich, half a mile or so away through the terraced woods, floats the sound of German singing; one distinguishes only the swaying chorus, *Ja, ja! Ja, ja!* But in this part of the world one may hear song or speech at any time in almost any language in Europe; and United States also is common. In the English church, of a Sunday morning, they pray regularly for "Our Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria, Humbert King of Italy, and the President of the United States of America"; within a mile, prayers will doubtless be going up simultaneously for Kaiser Friedrich, the king of Sweden and Norway, the Czar of Russia — for everyone, in fact, except M. Sadi Carnot. One does not pray much, in the churches, for the President of the Third Republic.

Here in the olive-woods, also, prayers are ascending; but of a widely different kind. They are addressed to the *Santissima Madonna*; but that is because it is no longer the fashion to petition the Cyprian by name. *Speed her coming!* — there you have the burden of them all. Someone has suggested that there must often be confusion and jealousy on Olympus, which no celestial Post Office can obviate: prayers come addressed to the *Santissima Madonna*, that be intended, some for Venus, some for Lucina, some for any of the ladies of the pantheon. They arranged these things better in pagan times, distinctly. Mistakes occur; did in the present instance, I incline to think, or this story would never have been told. However——

The one that prays is Giordano Farfalla, known commonly in artistic circles as *Il Botterfloy*: the name that suits him best. Many good critics believed him chief rising star in the firmament of Italian art; and of his genius none doubted. But then, there were always those butterfly wings! "In good time, *caro mio*; in good time! When the moment comes, I shall begin to work on my masterpiece, my *Diana the Huntress*. Ah, then you shall see; the world shall see. Already it is, in part, conceived — ah, *bellissima!* And when it is painted — *Madre mia, come sarà bellissima!* In Rome, yes; and in Paris, London, Vienna — but in America — everywhere shall I exhibit it; I shall submit it to the judgment of the world. Meanwhile, *pazienza!* there is time, there is time." He was one of those people, however, for whose boasting you only like them the better. . . .

In fact, he was the life and soul of society, native and foreign; and foreign of all camps and races. He would permit no one to be on terms other than the most cordial with him; and in this, had all the gifts necessary for success. Dr. Eastman, of New England, puritan and most learned divine, put aside a native prejudice against Italians and Roman Catholics only in his favor. He was secretly adored by the faded and quite unhumorous Miss Larsen, of Norway; he was the bosom chum of the elderly and ugly Mrs. Lorraine, called *Il Capitano* among the artists and Bohemians. Eke he was *persona grata* in the circles of Lady Philippa Fitzpatrick, who loathed Bohemianism, and gathered about her lights of the Church of England. In Lady Philippa's drawing-room he was strictly *Signor Farfalla*; she did not encourage, though she could not suppress, his excursions into English. He was likewise always welcome when the Baron took him round to the Oesterreich; though I doubt he knew as much German as to say *ja* for *si*. Indeed, his linguistic capacity was strictly limited; we spoke of his excursions into English, which was the only language, other than his own, that he would converse in. And in that he knew but the one word *Botterfloy* — but could make that go far.

Mrs. Lorraine was among those who believed in his genius; and her opinion was worth something. Watercolor was her medium, and in it she did flaming justice to the Italian skies. She had a religion of her own: it was that an artist must paint, and do nothing to hinder his painting. Ah, but she was original, *Il Capitano*: a vigorous spirit! After five minutes you forgot that she was the ugliest woman alive, and remembered only that she was the most charming. Old enough to be Farfalla's mother, she held that she alone among the daughters of Eve, for the present, had proprietary rights to his homage. She intended to marry him some day — to the right person. But it must be someone to whom she might bequeath him without fear of results; and meanwhile she must marry him firmly to his painting. It was she in fact who had taught him about half he knew; especially in the matter of painting with fire and light for pigment. Certainly she was the one serious influence in his life; for you could not count Padre Giacomo his confessor. And she wielded her influence with banter of the kind that does not sting; with criticism of the kind that counts; with the infection of her religion of work. "Yes, that's very good, my dear; now go and paint it again." So in the days when, a boy, he began haunting her studio. She had no atom of mysticism in her being, and believed in nothing, she said, that she could not see; — that, however, one took with a grain of salt. At any rate; she was at no pains to conceal her unbelief; hence her unpopularity with Lady Philippa Fitzpatrick's Anglican set. Go to church — when she might be painting? On a dull Sunday morning perhaps. — But if ever that dull Sunday morning came, it found her too busy with

something else; and our Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria, Humbert King of Italy and the President of the United States of America had to be saved with no aid of intercession from her.

Another believer in Farfalla was *Il Barone* — Von Something — an artist who spoke Italian and English Germanly. These three were the trinity of the local Bohemia; their three studios were held in common, though mostly they foregathered in the Villa Lorraine when there was need or whim to work in company. The baron was a painter of solid merit, though a meek and meager little man; the antithesis of Mrs. Lorraine in many ways: sober and painstaking where she was brilliant and daring. At the Villa, too, they drank afternoon tea with some regularity; so did most of the artists of the place, and others who found Lady Philippa Fitzpatrick's a little dull. At those teas the relative claims of Shakespeare, Dante and Goethe to supremacy were discussed in English, Italian and German; one also heard French there constantly, and even Russian and Spanish sometimes.

"What has become of the Butterfly?" said *il Capitano*. "This is the third time this week—"

The Baron groaned. "It is *la Tiamante*," said he. "Mine friend, I am afraid — so; I am afraid. He is young, *und auch* he is peautiful; und der plood, mit these Italians, it is so warm, *nicht wahr?* The great art, it goes not mit Tiamantes."

And in fact, the Baron was right. He might tearfully implore, and the Capitano might banter and harry; but there stood Farfalla's big canvas at his easel, as it had stood now for several weeks: so many square feet of silvery grey-green and romantic gloom — moonlight in the olive-woods — daubed on for a background, and Diana the Huntress — not. And littered about were sketches by the dozen — in crayon, in charcoal, in watercolor, in oils — of a divinity of quite another order: plump and retroussée, coquettishly wearing a white silk shawl starred over with little blossoms in green and red. And the Botterfloy had lost his gaiety, except in desperate fits and starts; and the Capitano forebore to make fun of the Baron when he inveighed against "*la Tiamante*"; she herself called down, in private, no blessings on that young person's head.

Farfalla was Italian, and therefore Catholic-Pagan; his father, a Nizzard, had worn the red shirt in his day; had possessed Garibaldi's confidence, indeed, and been a man after that lofty idealist's own heart. So there was good blood in the veins of our Botterfloy, and a capacity to dream high dreams; he was made for much better things than *la Diamante* and her tribe. So much the more Mrs. Lorraine lamented his enmeshment. "Hearken, *Giordanino mio*," said she more than once; "there are other things to paint beside white silk shawls, although one treats them

with talent." A love affair — *tut*, that was nothing; but this was of the kind that spoils genius.

And now, here he was in the olive-woods in the glamor of the evening; there was the gold and scarlet lighting the surface of the pool a dozen yards in front of him; all around, the light was growing dim and dusk, and the fireflies were beginning to dart and shine and wander. And between the puffs of endless cigarettes — "too many of them, these days, *caro mio!*" as Mrs. Lorraine had remarked only that morning for the fiftieth time — he was praying with fervor: "*Santissima Maria, speed her coming!*" "Her," need I say, was *la Diamante*.

The light died from the pool, and it became a faint glimmer under the sky in the midst of the firefly-lit darkness; and still no one came. Farfalla was artist, as well as lover; and the beauty of the night began to invade his mind. The moon rose, and he watched the pool over-silvered; and remembered Diana the Huntress, even while continuing his prayers. He bethought him of old dreams and creative ideals: how his heart had swelled and his vision ran out to far horizons of the spirit, when first the conception of *la Diana* had come to him. *Ah, bellissima, bellissima!* Pure, cold, intent, majestic, eager: a silver presence, yet more radiant than silver or gold — the highest dream, the utmost and farthest — passing starry through the woods. That was how he would have painted her. Would have? — would! The little glade where the pool was, and the moonlight on the water: that was the background for her! The rich, soft Italian moonlight; the deep, over-silvered blue of the Italian night-sky; the sweetness of the olive-woods, langorous with narcissus scent — all this sensuous softness, with its suggestion of latent passion, should be startled with a vision all whiteness, all beautiful strength and grace. Purity? — ah, it was not only the saints of the church that possessed the secret of that! — And still he prayed: *Ah, Madonna, speed her coming!*

"See, Carlo mio, he prays, that devout one. Let us advance, thou and I." So *la Diamante*; who had arranged her coup, and was to strike that night, win or lose, for the soul of Farfalla. "Not for nothing is he so named," she considered. "He shall find me with the little Carlo Agnelli; there shall be grand romance; then, if he shall have behaved —"

They came forward. Farfalla heard footsteps, rose from his knees, and dashed off past them in the direction of the town. "*Buona notte, signorino!* Ah, but why this haste!" He lifted his hat, said his "*Buona notte, signorina!*" and was gone.

"*Ah, che diavolo, quegli!* The beast, the pig, the ingrate!" *La Diamante* flamed and trembled. — "Adored one, what has happened?" said Carlo. "As an angel affronted you appear to me. It was merely, I

think, Giordano Farfalla — he that paints with the German and the Englishwoman. But listen thou to the pleadings of thy worshiper!" — So he addressed her in the language she understood, and achieved soothing her presently. As for the Botterfloy, heaven knows whether he was so much as aware who had spoken to him.

Mrs. Lorraine came into her studio next morning uneasy of mind, and found no relief in her work. Her prie-dieu (easel and campstool) provided now no refuge devotional, as of old. She admitted she had been worrying about Farfalla; which was sinful, because you can't paint and worry. This morning the trouble was acute, and no inward wrestling would dislodge the demon. By eleven o'clock she could stand it no longer, and laid down her brushes with a sigh. She would put on her hat, and go forth in quest of news.

First she went to the Baron's, who knew nothing of Farfalla's whereabouts. "But I haf mineself been anxious too; ja, most anxious; and already I would go there up to his house." So the two of them wended their way towards the *città*, and sought Farfalla's studio. "You see, he is not there," said the Baron; "there is no song." Always, if the Botterfloy were at home, one might expect to hear *Con che cuor, Moritina, te mi lasce*? or something as classical, when one came to the foot of the stairs. "All the same I'm going in," said Mrs. Lorraine; with an inward shiver of apprehension. It never occurred to her to knock or to call "*E permesso!*" — either he was absent, or —

She went in, and, holding the handle of the door, came to a stop. Farfalla was wrapt, agile, covering the bare canvas furiously. He neither heard nor saw her. She beckoned to the Baron outside, and put a finger to her lips commanding silence. They stood in the doorway and watched. "Ko-loss-al!" murmured the Baron; and "Sublime!" said she. And they were right — even at that stage. Not a word would they speak to him; both knew better than that. After a while they shut the door quietly, and went down into the street. Mrs. Lorraine pulled down her veil. "No, go home; I don't want you to accompany me," said she. "I'm going to blub."

As for what had wrought the change, there is no evidence for it but that of Farfalla himself. So you must take or leave what follows, as your preference may be. It was the explanation he gave to Mrs. Lorraine, when *Diana the Huntress* had gone forth to conquer Europe. Not till then would he speak; although quite evidently marvels had been on foot. And he succeeded in convincing her that at least he believed what

he was saying; she even believed it herself, I fancy; except when you challenged her habitual unbelief by questioning her about it. There was the evidence of the picture!

He had, then, thrown down his last cigarette, and forgotten to light another. The beauty of the night had taken hold upon him; as if his assignation had been with *la Diana*, not with *la Diamante*. The woods — can you not believe? — were filled with whisperings and mystery: haunted with immemorial rustling presences out of Mediterranean pagandom. Every gnarled over-branching olive-trunk seemed alive, silent, intense with expectancy. *Oh, Santissima, speed her coming!* Hush, what was that? A white hart, shining like the silver edge of a cloud, broke out of the silence and shadow, and gleamed across the glade. “But not along the ground, Signora; in the air; so high; *ecco!*” A quiver ran through the gray foliage; a whisper through the wood: a cold breath of wind, infinitely suggestive of purity. — Two hounds? — yes, but never the hounds of a mortal hunter shone silvery like these, nor so came streaming through the haunted air. . . . They were gone with the hart into the shadow. “And then . . . she appeared . . . for an instant gliding in mid-air through the glade; above the pool, whereon her shadow was as if it had lightened. *Ah, bellissima!* . . . The bowstring stretched tight, drawn back to the shoulder . . . a queen in faint blue and silver: a goddess, a visitant from celestial spheres! As you see her in the picture, Signora; but — yes, I swear it — a million times more beautiful even than that. . . . White gleamed the pool, celestially white beneath her celestial passaging; for an instant she shone; for an instant only; but even before she had vanished I was kneeling to her, and my arms flung forth in a gesture of homage, of adoration!



WHAT is needed to elevate the soul is, not that a man should know all that has been thought and written in regard to the spiritual nature — not that a man should become an encyclopaedia; but that the great ideas, in which all discoveries terminate, which sum up all sciences, which the philosopher extracts from infinite details, may be comprehended and felt. It is not the quantity, but the quality of knowledge, which determines the mind's dignity. . . . A great mind is formed by a few great ideas, not by an infinity of loose details. I have known very learned men, who seemed to me very poor in intellect, because they had no grand thoughts. . . . The illumination of an age does not consist in the amount of its knowledge, but in the broad and noble principles of which that knowledge is the foundation and inspirer: — WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING

PALACES IN SPAIN: by C. J. Ryan

THE long period during which Spain was an Oriental nation, prosperous and cultured in the highest degree — an extraordinary contrast to the rest of Europe — accounts for the indescribable fascination and charm that yet exists. It is amazing to find the light and fairy-like architecture of the Saracens so near the shores of the Atlantic. Constant efforts have been made by the Christian rulers to blot out the traces and records of the Moslems, but unsuccessfully. The folklore



GRANADA: THE 'COURT OF THE LIONS' IN
THE ALHAMBRA

of the people is filled with romantic legends of Moorish and Christian chivalry, the Gothic and Renaissance architecture is deeply marked by Saracenic characteristics, and the former centers of Mohammedan rule still possess glorious relics of Moorish palaces or mosques. In the South, where the Moors held sway the longest, the people have less of the proverbial dignity and sternness that we associate with the colder and more barren North. Seville, the one-time greatest city in Europe, the chief city of the Visigoths, the Moors, and finally of Christian Spain, is the most perfect embodiment of what is in the minds of Northern Europeans when they speak of the gay and sunny southern climes.

The Alcázar, Seville, is the principal relic of the Moslem dominion left in the city, and, though inferior to the Alhambra at Granada, it is marvellously beautiful in spite of numerous restorations. It was begun in 1181 during the rule of the Almohades, and it has been associated with many strange and terrible deeds. Pedro the Cruel made many alterations and additions in the fourteenth century, and he is the most conspicuous person in the history of the palace. It is difficult to harmonize the fearful deeds of this monster with the exquisitely graceful and refined architecture of the palace in which he lived. The 'Court of the Maidens,' with its richly patterned walls and cusped arches, occupies the center of the building; around it are grouped the other halls and dwelling rooms. The 'Court of the Ambassadors,' the finest of all, opens from it.

The Alhambra, at Granada, begun in 1248 by Mohammed ben Alhamar after his expulsion from Seville, while not in its original condition, is far more perfect than the Alcázar at Seville; it is the finest example of the Spanish Mohammedan style in existence. It consists principally of two large oblong courts, the handsomest, the 'Court of the Lions,' being one hundred and fifty-five feet long by sixty-six feet wide. This was built by Abu Abdallah in 1325-1333, and it receives its name from the twelve conventional lions surrounding the central fountain. Sculpture of this kind is extremely rare in Mohammedan work on account of the religious prohibition against making any graven image, and it is difficult to understand how these lions were permitted. They are very clumsily carved and offer a curious contrast to the exquisite refinement of the wall decorations and the elegant carving of the capitals of the pillars. The Alhambra, with its lightness and almost ephemeral grace, exhibits a totally different element in architecture from that which impresses the mind in the ancient Egyptian, with its solemnity and permanence. Its materials are flimsy, chiefly wood covered with plaster, yet the result is perfectly satisfying. Fergusson says with justice:

The arcades which the columns support are moulded in stucco with a richness and beauty of ornament that is unrivalled. There is in this no offense to good taste; indeed work executed in plaster *ought* to be richly decorated, otherwise it is an unsuccessful attempt to imitate the simplicity and power that belongs to more durable and more solid materials. It should therefore always be covered with ornament, and was never elaborated with more taste and consistence than here.

There is a very perfect copy of the Court of the Lions in the Crystal Palace, London. Every detail and dimension is identical with the original except for a slight curtailment in the plan. The brilliant color is also faithfully reproduced, but of course the vivid sunshine, the semi-tropical vegetation and the picturesque environment are not present.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE: by H. Coryn, M. D., M. R. C. S.



ARE we, as physical beings, alive? Does the word *alive* mean anything special? Or is *aliveness* merely some particularly complicated play of the forces at work in the matter we call 'dead', the stone, the solution of salts in a test-tube? Is the actual kitten a mere mechanism, differing only in complexity from the one the child buys at the toy store and winds with a key?

No one really believes that. No one really thinks that life is anything but *life*, not to be resolved into anything else.

But the modern physiologist *thinks* he believes it, and when he writes a textbook that is what he explicitly or implicitly teaches, dwelling wholly on mechanical reflexes and reactions, making it appear to the student that they will cover the whole ground, and keeping out of the student's sight (and even his own sight) the central piece of ground they will not cover.

That is the fashion of the day. But the tide is turning. A physiologist and biologist here and there is refusing to disregard the *live* key that starts the mechanisms agoing and superintends their moving.

One of the foremost English physiologists, Dr. Haldane of Oxford, in his recent address before the *Harvey Society* in New York, began with a little historical sketch of successive opinions about this question.

The last great turning-point in physiology was about the middle of last century. Up till then it was generally held that in a living organism a specific influence, the so-called 'vital force,' controls the more intimate and important physiological processes. Inspired by the rapid advances of physics and chemistry, the younger physiologists of that time broke away from vitalism, and maintained that all physiological change is subject to the same physical and chemical laws as in the inorganic world, so that in ultimate analysis biology is only a branch of physics and chemistry.

The subsequent progress of physiology has shown that all, without exception, of the physical and chemical hypotheses then advanced in explanation of intimate physiological processes were far too simple to explain the facts; but the general conclusion that biology is only a special application of ordinary physics and chemistry became firmly established, and is still what may be called the orthodox creed of physiologists. It may be truly said that most physiologists look upon this creed as something which has been established for all time, and they would be inclined to regard any deviation from it as harmful scientific heresy. Nevertheless I think that we have again reached a turning-point, and that a new physiology is arising in place of the physico-chemical physiology which has held sway for so many years.

And, speaking of the physiologists who last century led the revolt against vitalism, he says:

To them it seemed that there were probably simple physical and chemical explanations of the various physical and chemical changes associated with life. The progress of experimental physiology since that time has effectually shown that this was only a dream, and physiologists are now awakening from the dream.

Vitalism is the doctrine that there *is* some special force at work in living organisms, distinct in kind from and controlling the ordinary phy-

sico-chemical forces at work as well in inorganic as organic matter. Professor Haldane's paper was a study of this activity, a study of what life does. Whether anything can be said as to what it *is* he did not then discuss. Perhaps he did not wish to scandalize physiologists by talking metaphysics.

But to metaphysics they will have to come. For to make anything of the doctrine life must be regarded as intelligent and purposive and therefore conscious. And so, of course, a metaphysical force; for if not *meta*-physical it is physical; which, by the definition it is not, nor measurable in mechanical ways. It occupies the position of the superintendent of works, who, not in this aspect a physical force himself, supplies the directing ideation for men who are.

The directing hand or will, as Professor Haldane shows, (these are not his terms), manifests throughout every living organism and every organ and cell of it by the persistent maintenance of a *normal*, both of function and composition, in the face of ever changing conditions. In the inorganic world there is a different normal for each different set of external conditions. The thing is passively and mechanically played upon by the conditions. But in the organic, living, physiological world, the normal is maintained for life purposes (or the steady attempt is made to maintain it) *against* the change of conditions. In the failure of the attempt disease and then death occur.

As one of his selected types of a 'normal' Professor Haldane takes the composition of the blood. Blood bathes all the cells of the body and there is an intimate and ceaseless give-and-take between these and itself. It is by the close and moment-to-moment regulation of this give-and-take that the "almost incredibly constant" composition of the blood is maintained. Its deficiencies are instantly met, its superfluities instantly removed. The normal is constantly preserved in the face of constantly changing conditions of food, temperature, quality of air, work of each organ and activity of the organism as a whole.

If we regard this condition as simply a physical and chemical state of dynamic balance, it is evident that the balance must be inconceivably complicated and at the same time totally unstable. If at any one point in the system the balance is disturbed it will break down and everything go from bad to worse. A living organism does not behave in this way: for its balance is active, elastic, and therefore very stable. When a disturbance affects its structure or internal environment it tends to 'adapt' itself to the disturbance. That is to say its reactions become modified in such a manner that the normal is in all essential points maintained.

Where necessary, however, the blood will alter its composition so that that of the cells which it bathes and feeds may be maintained.

That Anglo-American expedition of which I was a member studied, on the summit of Pike's Peak, Colorado, adaptation to the want of oxygen which causes, in unadapted persons, all the formidable symptoms known as 'mountain sickness.' As adaptation proceeded the blueness

of the lips, nausea, and headache completely disappeared, and then it was found that the lung epithelium [the lining membrane of the lungs composed of flat cells fitting closely together] had begun to secrete oxygen inwards,

that is, into the blood, so that, in spite of the rarefied air, enough oxygen should still be supplied. The oxygen-carrying ingredient in the blood (haemoglobin) was also increasing in quantity; the liver and kidneys were effecting the necessary changes in the alkalinity of the blood so that it might liberate its waste carbonic acid better, and the depth and frequency of respiration were augmented.

The organism had so adapted itself as nearly to compensate for the deficiency in oxygen supply, just as a heart gradually compensates for a permanent valvular defect.

Another example of this persistent recurrence to a normal is found in every acute disease. Micro-organisms, sometimes of a sort to which the blood is entirely unaccustomed, multiplying rapidly in it, poison it by their excretions, the substances known as toxins. As if working in a chemical laboratory the blood cells as rapidly as possible analyse the nature of these products and prepare the chemical antidotes, anti-toxins, in quantities gradually increasing to sufficiency, whilst also producing other materials of various kinds for the direct destruction of the germs. The whole process ends in the re-establishment of the normal.

All such doings, necessitating the balanced co-operation of the various bodily tissues, (Professor Haldane enumerates a number of others), cannot be understood or explained as mechanism. "One cannot get round the fact that the mechanistic theory has not been a success in the past and shows no signs of being a success in the future." They mean *life*.

The idea of life is just the idea of life. One cannot define it in terms of anything simpler, just as one cannot define mass or energy in terms of anything simpler. . . . Physiology is therefore a biological science [*bios*: life] and the only possible physiology is biological physiology.

So we are therefore permitted, and by a foremost physiologist, to live, not required any longer to regard ourselves as mechanisms.

The new physiology is biological physiology -- not bio-physics or bio-chemistry. The attempt to analyse living organisms into physical and chemical mechanism is probably the most colossal failure in the whole history of modern science. It is a failure, not, as its present defenders suggest, because the facts we know are so few, but because the facts we already know are inconsistent with the mechanistic theory.

How the directive energy, in its preservation of the normals against conditions tending to change them, does its directing: that is, how it gets the necessary controlling touch upon the physical and chemical agencies, is of course not yet within our physiological knowledge.

We have not as yet the data required in order to connect physical and chemical with biological interpretations of our observations; but perhaps the time is not far off when biological interpretations will be extended into what we at present look upon as the inorganic world.

Progress seems possible in this direction, but not in the direction of extending to life our present everyday causal conceptions of the inorganic world.

In other words *everything* may be living; but in the inorganic world at so slow a rate that we do not perceive those processes which in the organic are so immeasurably swifter as to be capable of our study. The motion of planets we can see. The stars were till recently thought unmoving. The stone is 'dead'; the ant crawling over it, alive. But if we looked at the stone seeingly enough, and with a look that was maintained for time enough, there likewise would be life.