THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. XIV NO. 4 APRIL 1918

THE consequence of our soul's pre-existence is more agreeable to reason than any other hypothesis whatever; has been received by the most learned philosophers of all ages, there being scarcely any of them that held the soul of man immortal upon the mere light of Nature and reason, but asserted also her pre-existence.—DR. HENRY MORE: *Immortality of the Soul*; Bk.ii, c.14.

THE TRUE BASIS OF BROTHERHOOD:

by H. T. Edge, M. A.

A CERTAIN writer, in discussing the meaning of the phrase, 'The State,' contrasts the theories of Rousseau and Plato, and consequently of the two schools of thought which they represent. Avoiding lengthy detail, we may sum up the matter by saying that the former starts from the assumption that the individual is a separate unit; and then, having made this false assumption, proceeds to devise means for the harmonious mutual adjustment of the lives of various individuals; and so the State appears as an artificial contrivance for preventing the (supposed) rights of different individuals from conflicting with each other. Between the State and the individual a contract is supposed to exist, by which the individual agrees to modify or surrender some of his rights, in return for the protection which the State affords him from the encroachment of other people's rights. On the contrary, the Platonic idea was that the individual is not really separate at all; hence, so far from needing an artificial contrivance to insure harmonious co-operation, he tends naturally to form associations, because thus only can he realize the purport of his life. Not being a separate unit, he cannot live alone; and the State now appears as the natural and logical outcome of man's instincts and requirements.

That the individual is not a separate unit in the sense required by the former theory, can be argued either by studying the nature of the individual, or by examining the consequences which ensue upon the acceptance of that theory as a starting-point. This view of the State represents it as necessarily repressive, however much we may palliate that circumstance by calling it the result of a contract. It gives perpetual recognition to individualism; the forces in operation in the community are opposed to one another in a position of unstable equilibrium; and, as the writer we are citing points out, there is nothing in the theory to prevent an individual (or group of individuals) from doing exactly what he pleases, so long only as he can manage to do so without violating the terms of the contract. In short, the balance rests upon might rather than right.

But in the second theory the State is represented as the fulfilment of the individual's needs, and is therefore not repressive but expressive. But the best part of this view is that it allows for the indefinite development of the individual along right lines. For the inference is that, the more highly developed he becomes, the greater will be his need for union, and therefore the more perfect will be the form of the State that arises out of that need. In this way it is supposed that the bounds of family, clan, tribe, city-state, kingdom, and empire, are successively outgrown, as man the individual develops; until at last the limits of nationality become merged in a union of all mankind. If this be so, the plans for a *forcible* union of nations are wrongly conceived. There should be no need for force; nor, if it were needed, could it ever be successfully applied.

The second of the two theories above mentioned — that assigned to Plato — is the one on which Theosophy bases its teaching of brotherhood. Men are not separate units, to be brought together and made amicable by artificial inducements or restraints; they are actually united, and need only learn to realize this fact. Brotherhood is not a pooling of separate interests; it is the recognition of a common interest. To achieve brotherhood is to open our eyes and look at something that actually exists; not to try to create something which does not exist. Unbrotherliness is a failure to see our unity and to mold our acts in accordance therewith; it is the giving of undue prominence to such desires as are merely personal, and the devising of policies of conduct and theories of the State based on personal desires. For it is of course true that men are separate in some respects: they have separate bodies, and a part of the mind attaches itself to these bodies and becomes involved in their interests. Man is dual; he is a God grafted on an animal stock. The lower part of his nature, where the stem enters the ground, is apt to send out shoots of the old stock. Yet a tree is fed not only by earth and water from below, but by air and sunlight from above. The achievement of brotherhood, then, is a learning to live in the higher part of our nature. The writer quoted believes that international unity is the natural logical sequel of man's needs; and this idea Theosophy emphasizes, adding the light of its luminous teachings.

If people are asking themselves the practical question, 'What shall we do?' — a large part of the answer may be given by saying, 'First turn your eyes in the right direction.' If this idea of the nature of brotherhood, this better idea of the nature of the State and of the relation of the individual thereto, can gain ground; if thereby it can replace unworthier ideas, individualistic, animalistic; much will have been gained; humanity will begin to move in the direction its eyes are fixed in. As for one's individual conduct — what is it but to strive more earnestly than before to realize one's place as a member of the human family (or, better, of the family of all that lives); to set aside personal aims as of small value; to transfer one's hopes and happiness from these personal aims to larger aspirations; to try to make duty govern one's feelings, instead of defining duty *by* one's feelings? Not that it is necessary for everybody to blossom forth into a social reformer; the principle can and should be applied in what are perhaps considered small affairs. A man may marry a woman because he loves her; he may also love her because he has married her. We can find out what is our duty, and then throw our whole enthusiasm into it; in which case we are director of our emotions instead of being lured by them.

In weighing the respective merits of the various kinds of government, one feels disposed, in the light of the above considerations, to distinguish all corporate unions into the natural and the artificial, rather than into the hackneyed types of democracy, oligarchy, and autocracy. Artificial governments would thus be defined as those which aim to bring about by constraint and devices a unity which does not actually exist among the elements to be governed; and such governments are unstable, whichever of the forms they may be classed under. But the natural or spontaneous governments, of which we have abundant examples in history and contemporary annals, arise out of some urgent common need and are voluntary; they assume whatever form of organization is found best suited to the exigencies of the occasion. Unity of control is usually found to be a requisite condition; but this is not based on force, precedent, or heredity, but on trust and confidence. It may be said that the spontaneous unions recorded in our annals are not usually based on very exalted motives; and this is true. The history of Greece provides us with a story of one little state after another coming to the supremacy by means of a civic unity based upon opposition to the other little states; and often we find two unfriendly powers drawn together by their common jealousy of a third. The several lower estates of the people unite in a revolution to overthrow the higher power which they deem their common enemy. All classes in a nation are united, and sectional jealousies laid aside, but merely in the interests of the national side in a destructive war. All the same, the principle is good, though its application in these cases may leave cause for regret; and we must endeavor to give it its right application.

It has often been pointed out that mankind has been drawn together naturally by its own development in material resources. In other words, commerce and science have become internationalized. Thus the beneficent law of human evolution works ever onwards towards its goal, even when its path leads through the slime of earth; just as a selfish man may find higher responsibilities forced upon him when his natural desires have conducted him into the position of father of a family. We find that our individual requirements have waxed so great that we can no longer live without one another. We must have sugar from here, rubber from there. Our brother will send us his cotton, and we will return it made up. If we are interested in music, it would be a pity to docket it with national names and choose our répertoire by national prejudices. The expansion of my own mind demands that I shall study Indian philosophy and Chinese metaphysics.

Speculation about international unity has usually confined itself to economical considerations. But man is *essentially* a spiritual being. His higher faculties are not a mere efflorescence of his lower nature; they are attributes of the divinity in him. Again, it is not a question of creating a spiritual unity, but of recognising one that already exists. It is this spiritual unity that is the true basis of solidarity; and solidarity will arise spontaneously in proportion as individual men recognise their spiritual nature and cultivate their spiritual needs. Man has to *outgrow* his limitations. Those who hunger to live more truly, more earnestly, but do not see a way, will find it in Theosophy; for Theosophy does not impose upon man anything artificial, but points to realities and interprets life as it is.

Life as it *is*, — contrasted with life as it is supposed to be. The latter is a conglomeration of wrong theories, the chief of which is that theory which persists in regarding all wholes as nothing more than fortuitous aggregations of separate units. We have just been considering this theory in its application to social science, and it is familiar enough in the natural sciences. Theosophy proposes to regard wholes as the essential existences, and the parts into which they may be separated as being of altogether minor importance. A brick gains its importance from its being part of a house; a house is not a mere agglomeration of bricks. In the same way with man. We have been suffering from economic theories based on the false assumption that, if the desires of the individuals are consulted and given rein, the welfare of the community will necessarily ensue by the working of some mysterious law. This law, we are now being told, is not true. The welfare of the community is paramount, and the welfare of the individual conditional thereupon. This likewise applies in an international sense. Another capital error was the regarding of a single earth-life as the whole of a man's existence and the consequent attempt to adjust ideals and policies to that theory. But in view of reincarnation, things wear a totally different aspect. It is such ideas as these — which, as said, are not new, but are revivals of ancient knowledge — that give Theosophy a power where other resources fail.

It may be argued that progress is due to the assertion of individuality, and that uniformity can be secured only by the suppression of individuality, and therefore at the expense of progress. But we are not proposing to level men *down* by a process of pruning that would reduce them all to stumps; it is to level them *up* that we aim. Curious inquirers may have expected to find that the resident workers at the International Theosophical Headquarters would be of the colorless and uniform kind that is wont to be found in communities organized by pressure from above rather than by innate strength. And these inquirers may have been surprised to find that such is not the case at Point Loma; but that, on the contrary, union and harmony have been secured without the suppression of individual character and initiative. The explanation however is simple; the concrete result thus attained merely follows the abstract principle. The people are co-operating voluntarily in the working-out of a common purpose; and so, instead of shrinking into a mold, they are expanding symmetrically in accordance with natural laws recognised by all. Mutual adaptation is of course necessary, but this does not mean suppression or enforced conformity to dogmas and artificial rules. Those who adhere to their original purpose, which caused them to become workers for Theosophy, find ample room for the expansion of their nature; and, if anyone finds himself cramped, it is because he has fallen away from that purpose and no longer finds himself willing to pursue it.

The same thing is observable in the Râja-Yoga College and School, where the pupils show marked individual differences of character, and not that monotonous likeness that is so apt to be produced among children in institutions. This proves that Theosophy does not suppress individuality but merely directs its growth and thus preserves it from running to excrescences on the one hand or from yielding to some conventional mold on the other hand. Presumably it would be the same in the world at large. Common notions of individuality and personality are of course much confused and often topsy-turvy. People rebel at the idea of following a high principle of conduct, calling it slavery and convention; but yet they slavishly obey the conventions of fashion, whether it be in the symbolical form of wearing precisely the same kind of necktie and socks as other people, or whether it be in those minute points of conventional behavior and habit thus symbolized. In a word, the more people clamor for individual freedom, the more they run into a mold. Given their individuality, they exercise it, as they needs must, in following some law; and choose the conventional rules. Theosophy does not hamper the power of choice or the right to choose; it simply offers us something to choose that is worth choosing.

The distinction made by Theosophical writers between individuality and personality needs emphasis. Personality means personal desires; and to give rein to these would mean chaos; but individuality means the real character — freedom to follow the right. Theosophy aims at the development of the individuality, and seeks to produce a type of man who will choose the right, believing that a harmonious community is the natural outcome of harmoniously developed individuals.

As to government — the final authority is the *principles* accepted and venerated by the people; and the visible administrators are those who represent these principles. We have already seen that unanimity produces efficient government — even in such matters as war and business. What is needed therefore is unanimity in higher ideals. A knowledge of the truth makes for harmony; because truth is single, and error manifold; and Theosophy proclaims old and well-tried truths which always have made for harmony wherever their influence has prevailed.

THEOSOPHISTS: PEOPLE WHO BELIEVE WHAT THEY SAY: by H. Travers, M. A.

IT was recently the writer's experience, while assisting in the conduct of a meeting of a local Branch of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, to hear a young and new member say, with much earnestness and sincerity, that he had found among Theosophists what he had never found elsewhere or before — that they were people who *really* believed what they said — people who, one felt, had been through so much experience that their words were not idle but vivified with the force of conviction that comes from putting Theosophy into practice. This, said the young member, was a great inspiration and comfort to neophytes, making them feel that they had at last found something genuine, and presenting a marked contrast with so much that is empty, specious, and merely verbal in this world. And speaking of contrast, he drew a special one between Theosophy and its counterfeits, illustrated by a laughable description of the performances of certain votaries of one of these pseudo-theosophical coteries, with which he had had the misfortune to come into contact. He said their teachings reminded him of feeding infants with a six-course dinner — they unloaded the whole thing on you at once and overwhelmed you. And, as to their practices, they were foolish, and some of them dangerous. Theosophy itself, however, as he had found from his experience of it and of its adherents, was sane and practical, not embarrassing the inquirer with a mass of useless verbiage, but giving him just the help he needed; while at the same time one felt that Theosophy was a boundless ocean, holding in reserve, for those who faithfully follow its path of duty, all the wisdom they can need in a life of service to the truth.

Expressions of feeling, like the one we have just cited as an example, are a tribute to the genuineness and to the good services of Theosophy; and of course they have a heartening effect on older members, enabling them to realize better the results of their own efforts. This atmosphere of genuineness is what most frequently strikes visitors to the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, California. They come, in many cases, expecting to find something exotic or even cranky, something reserved or perhaps supercilious; and find instead an atmosphere of naturalness.

And this reminds us of another remark that was made at the meeting just mentioned — also a remark that is frequently made — namely, that there is an atmosphere of *joy* about Theosophy, so different from the air of solemnity or austerity that many expected to find, owing to their unfortunate experiences with cults 'psychic' and 'occult.' Life ought to be joyous, as with the songbird; so Theosophy, teaching naturalness, promotes this joyousness. Many people have to keep themselves occupied with external affairs, amusements, eating and sleeping, because they have no refuge in their thoughts; which of course gives an effect of restlessness. The word 'joy' must not be confused with hilarity and frivolity, for these are the opposite extreme of moroseness and gloom; whereas the state to be aimed at is one of even-minded contentment. The latter is promoted by Theosophy because it reconciles the man with his life, makes him feel that he has an aim which makes life worth while, and lifts from his heart many burdens of doubt and fear.

Theosophists would not like to set themselves up as superior persons; but it does seem to be true that, when a body of people work in harmony together for the carrying out of Theosophical principles of conduct, an atmosphere is generated of a kind that makes itself felt in a welcome manner by inquirers and new members. Not that the Theosophical life is one of ease and self-satisfaction; that would not be a very worthy ideal and would not produce the effect described. A man earnestly devoted to the realization of high ideals of conduct and work must necessarily encounter obstacles; he brings them upon himself. But there is all the difference between encountering obstacles in this spirit of valiant understanding, and encountering them with resentment like one who does not understand the reason for them.

Another important element in the production of a state of tranquillity is a firm and constant belief in the efficacy of right motive. A Theosophist believes that good, pure, true thoughts are real powers that must yield their results in peace and harmony; in other words he has *faith* and believes that it is worth while to follow conscience, for conscience is an inner guide working for our welfare. By accepting and studying the law of Karma, he soon learns to perceive its working in his own life and those of his companions; and thus his faith is gradually turned to knowledge. And so he is no longer at odds with destiny, like so many who have no true philosophy of life; for he begins to realize that man makes his own destiny, and that the Soul, or real man within, decrees whatever fate is best suited to the real needs of the individual. We must all pass through experiences pleasurable and painful, but our happiness depends on our attitude towards them; and if, instead of resenting unpleasant circumstances, we accept them as necessary lessons, we can thereby convert them into advantages.

Must it not be said that religion is essential both to the welfare and the happiness of mankind? Surely, for religion is the covenant between man the wandering pilgrim and that light which he knows must exist. One of the ancient truths which Theosophy teaches is that one which Plato taught — that the Soul's proper sphere of existence is one of light, beauty, and knowledge, and that by incarnation in the flesh it becomes a prisoner. The mind of incarnated man, filled with images of terrestrial life, has forgotten its original home. Nevertheless that Soul is always there, however dimly perceived; and stands ready to respond to any calls made upon it by the yearning heart of man. The Truth has to be sought within, and by harmonizing our life we can attract to it those influences that stand ready to inspire. Theosophists have religion — not as a formal creed, but in the real sense; that is, they have faith and trust in a source of light and strength from within. They believe in the reality of moral and spiritual laws, and this gives them a background to their life.

The unity subsisting between people of diverse characters in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society is another striking proof of the existence of a strong binding power; for the members do not consist of neutral people made in the same mold, but persons of strong character and individuality. Yet they have found a common purpose and a common view of life sufficient to unite them. This constitutes a real union — a voluntary one, not a forced compliance. Such a condition must necessarily constitute a great power, and this it is which is felt by the inquirer.

As another example of the efficacy of Theosophy, when applied under wise direction, one can point to the children and young students of the Râja-Yoga College and Academy, as remarkable examples of poise and self-control; and many of the children have now attained maturity and are setting examples of a higher ideal in the marital state. All these things, and many more not recounted, have availed to attract the attention of competent and thoughtful observers in all countries, to a movement which has now shown itself unmistakably to be a great power and one which must be reckoned with in the future welfare of humanity.

STUDIES OF CHINESE AND EUROPEAN PAINTING: by

Osvald Sirén, Ph. D., Professor of the History of Art, University of Stockholm

Chapter IV — Principles of Representation in Chinese Painting

ALL attempts to define this which we have called rhythm must be unsatisfactory; it is something which almost eludes intellectual analysis. The pulse of life must be felt to be understood, yet we may observe its varied expressions in art and describe them with reference to their mode of operation. If we would understand the importance of rhythm we could hardly choose better material for study than the works of the old Chinese masters. Their life does not depend upon their illusive likeness to nature, nor on any attempt to reproduce the form and function of material organisms; their life-principle is that rhythm of feeling or movement which the artist suggests by his use of line and tone. The artistic process of abstraction has been carried much further and employed more freely in China than in Europe; there the principal object of interest was never form as such, but rather the idea of form, the inner reality.

An indication of the fundamental importance of rhythm to the Chinese painters is to be found in those general principles of artistic creation which were formulated in the sixth century by the painter Hsieh Ho.

They may serve as a point of departure for the study of the aims and methods of the old Chinese masters, for even if they cannot be taken quite literally, yet they indicate the general direction and spirit of Chinese painting during its classic periods.

The first is Rhythmic Life, or "the life-movement of the spirit through the rhythm of things" (as expressed by Okakura).

The second: Anatomy, or organic structure.

The third: Representation of form in accordance with nature.

The fourth: Right dispositon of color.

The fifth: Composition, or the arrangement of things according to hierarchic order.

The sixth: The study of classic models.

The order in which these different principles are enumerated seems to indicate their relative importance. The essential stands first, namely, the rhythmic expression of the living soul or inspiration. In the second and third place come principles concerning structural and formal correspondence with nature. Then follow indications as to the importance of decorative requirements, although coloring and grouping often had a symbolic value as well; finally the general recommendation to study and copy the works of the old masters which could be done in two ways — either by actually reproducing their designs or by catching the spirit of their creations. These sayings of Hsieh Ho do not constitute a complete artistic program; it is hardly a set of rules, but rather an enumeration of principles considered necessary by the old Chinese painters. Their practical value of course depended upon how they were applied.

The application naturally varied with the master and the time. Chinese art passed through an evolution, although of a different kind from that which we can trace in the history of European art. The highest point was reached in China in the early Sung time; it is the art of this period and what little remains from the Tang dynasty or earlier times that we have in mind when we speak of old Chinese painting. Nothing new of importance has been produced since those days in China, and broadly speaking also the best art of Japan — that which flourished during the Ashikaga period — was only a revival of the Chinese Sung ideals.

When we come to a consideration of the artistic methods employed in old Chinese painting, we are at once impressed with the close connexion between the arts of painting and calligraphy. A large part of the old Chinese pictures are, as well known, monochromatic and when color is employed it is used more for flat washes than for modeling. The principal material employed in painting as well as in writing is India ink. The play of light, the modeling of the forms, and other pictorial effects which may be aimed at, are attained by different tone values of the ink applied in varying intensity with strokes of the brush, every one of which has a definite significance. This technique demands a swift and sure hand. It affords no possibilities of successive alterations and improvements such as may be employed in oil painting. When the artist goes to work he must have full knowledge of the power of his medium and absolute certainty of touch as each stroke is decisive. Significant in this respect is the saying of the Sung painter Chou Shun: "Who ever heard of a good writer who began by making a sketch?"

To the Chinese painter mastery of the brush was the essential condition for the attainment of the desired expression of rhythm of life. It was a common saying: "The spirit lives in the point of the brush"; it seemed to them that the spiritual or emotional impulse that inspired the painter could be traced in the flow of the line or the stroke of the brush, and in the same way it seemed to them that the character of the writer was revealed in the form of his written figures. Decorative and expressive writing was often valued as highly as a precious painting.

For the Chinese artist in a far higher degree than to his European colleague, painting was pictorial writing of poems, transferring to paper the abstract conceptions of the creative imagination. In order to facilitate swiftness and sureness of execution many rules and formulae founded on the experience of generations were developed, which often may appear to us pedantic and inartistic, but we must remember that these rules did not mean more to the great masters of China than, for instance, do the rules of prosody to real poets. They may prove useful, but are not compulsory. It must however be admitted that repetition and scholastic conventions constituted the 'heel of Achilles' in Chinese painting, at least from the Western point of view. The later Chinese painters had a tiresome way of saying over and over again that which the great masters had once said in a living and original manner. In fact this applies not only to painting but to every department of life in China and Japan where rules and conventions are rigidly adhered to. A good example of this is to be found in the methods and formulae laid down for landscape painting. Sixteen different ways of drawing the curves and lines of mountains were formulated and each one had its particular descriptive name. Some strokes are said to be like hemp-fibres, others are like the veins of the lotus blossom, others again like marks of raindrops, some resemble scattered twigs, some alum crystals, still others are like the strokes of a large axe or of a small one, and so on.

Thus methods of expression were systematized with reference to different subjects and motives. An artist was not expected to confine himself to any one of them, his task was to master as many as possible in order to be able to use the one most appropriate to the special occasion. The famous Kuo Hsi of Sung, whose valuable notes on landscape painting reveal the characteristic Chinese point of view, writes thus:

> "A great thoroughgoing man does not confine himself to one school, but combines many schools, he also reads and listens to the arguments and thoughts of many predecessors, thereby slowly forming a style of his own; and then, for the first time, he can say that he has become an artist. But nowadays men of Sei and Ro follow such men as Ysikin only; and men of Kwankio follow Han Kan only. The very fact of following one master only is a thing to be discouraged; added to which is the fact that Sei, Ro, and Kwankio are confined regions and not the whole empire. Specialists have from the oldest times been regarded as victims of a disease, and as men who refuse to listen to what others say."

Further on Kuo Hsi makes the following interesting remarks as to the methods of Chinese landscape painters:

> "To always make one kind of stroke, is to have no stroke at all; and to use but one kind of ink is not to know the use of ink. Thus, though the brush and ink are the simplest things in the world, yet few know how to manage them with freedom. . . . With regard to brushes, many kinds may be used — pointed, rounded, coarse, delicate, needle-like, and knife-like. With regard to inking, sometimes light ink is to be used, sometimes deep and dark, sometimes burnt ink, sometimes preserved ink, sometimes receding ink (that is, drying rapidly from the ink-stone), sometimes ink mixed with *sei-tai* (blue), sometimes dirty ink kept in the closet. Light ink retraced six or seven times over will make deep ink, whose color is wet, not dead and dry. Dark ink and burnt ink are to be used in making boundaries, for unless it is dark the form of pines and rock angles will not be clear. After making sharp outlines, they are to be retraced with blue and ink. Then the forms will seem to come out of mist and dew."

It is also significant that there are a number of stories about Chinese painters who were unwilling to work except under the influence of a mood so intense as to render them indifferent to outer conditions. Some of them retired to absolutely secluded and silent work-rooms where they burned incense and wrapt themselves in meditative ecstasy, like Kuo Hsi, who wrote:

> "Unless I dwell in a quiet house, seat myself in a retired room with the windows open, the table dusted, incense burning, and the ten thousand trivial thoughts crushed out and sunk, I cannot have good feeling for painting, or beautiful taste, and can not create the *yu* (the mysterious and wonderful)."

Others lived in remote tracts, in the woods or mountains, sitting from morning till evening out in the open sunk in the contemplation of nature's mystery until the inspiration began to flow. Others again intoxicated themselves by drink in order to reach the condition of ecstasy necessary for the liberation of the creative energy. It is told of the Tang painter Ku Shang that he began by spreading his silk on the ground and mixing his colors. Meanwhile he had men blow horns, beat drums, and produce a terrible noise. While this was going on Ku put on an embroidered robe and turban and drank himself half tipsy. Then he began to sketch the contours of his painting and to lay on his colors with a broad brush. . . . . Peaks of mountains, islands and other forms appeared in a wonderful way.

It was the fleeting vision, the indescribable, the infinite that was to be seized and rendered in a few living strokes. The artist could not stand apart describing and fashioning an appearance of something that could be held and bound by material means. His own personality should dissolve and melt like a tone in the great harmony of nature; his work should unveil the immeasurable depths of universal life.

The Chinese painters while imbued with a full appreciation of harmonious arrangement and balance usually avoid the rigid symmetry which requires repetition of corresponding forms and movements. Such a limited conception of symmetry was foreign to their nature, it conflicted with the very life principle of Chinese art. Even in the obviously centralized compositions of a hieratic order, where the motive depends upon the emphasis of a certain figure or central idea, the principle of variation comes into play, and while the corresponding parts may be harmoniously balanced there is no actual repetition. This relative avoidance of strictly symmetrical arrangement becomes more apparent to us if we recall the rigid symmetry that prevailed in the religious paintings of the early Western artists which were composed in a more definitely architectonic sense and relied upon absolute equipoise for their decorative effect. This is exemplified by so many well known altarpieces executed in Italy and elsewhere before the Renaissance that we hardly need to quote single pictures. Some of Orcagna's compositions are very characteristic in this respect.

It may also be noted in this connexion that although Chinese critics praise many of the old painters for their successful representation of nature, yet it is evident that they never regarded this as an end in itself or as the aim of art. Their stories do not so much tell of paintings in which natural objects were illusively reproduced as of paintings so magically imbued with life that the creatures represented in them would actually come to life and disappear, such as the celebrated dragon of Wu Tao-tzu.

Many of the early pictures known to us show that the artists had a complete mastery of reproduction or representation of material objects as well as knowledge of perspective but neither of these scientific accomplishments was allowed to interfere with the purely aesthetic purpose of the work.

It is evident that the feeling for symmetry and centralized composition is closely associated with the demand for the accentuation of form and for the indication of space. They are interdependent modes of conception directly or indirectly derived from our practical acquaintance with the human figure, its organism and proportions, the standard to which we unconsciously refer all our ideas of proportion, size and shape. This consideration brings us to one of the most marked differences between the painting of the East and of the West.

In European art the human figure has been considered the highest symbol of expression. Perfect bodily beauty, whether as a symbol or for its own sake, was the ideal sought throughout the classic periods. According to the Western conception beauty as well as deity seem to demand expression in anthropomorphic form in order to satisfy emotion and intellect. No account is taken of the infinite which makes man appear but as a vanishing factor in the great organism of nature. This anthropomorphic tendency has played so important a part in Western culture that it could be taken as the foundation for a complete philosophy of art; it indicates at the same time the limitation and the greatness of Western art. We shall have occasion to return to this question in speaking of Chinese landscape painting: here a few words only may be added as to its significance for pictorial composition in general.

We have a natural inclination to make our own body the standard for artistic creation as well as to some extent for ideal concepts, though this habit through long use has become almost unconscious. Our own corporeal form constitutes a prime factor for the understanding of the appearance of exterior objects in nature and art. Impressions that wholly or partly are communicated by our sense of touch as well as those communicated by sight are naturally dependent upon our familiarity with our own body. Its symmetrical and clearly centralized character inclines us to look for something similar in a work of art, a symmetry or a balance which depends upon the equipoise of the parts. When we do not find it we experience a sense of dissatisfaction; the work appears incomplete or fragmentary, a caprice, or a suggestion of something lying beyond the limits of that which is actually represented. The Western mind is so permeated with the conviction of the superiority of the human figure over all other forms and organisms that it is impossible to avoid referring to it as an ultimate standard for the estimate of the creations of art.

In the old Chinese art conditions are quite different. There the human figure does not hold such a privileged position and consequently it has not anything like the same importance as a standard of appreciation. The beauty of the body or the perfect nude was never an ideal for Chinese painters; on the contrary they avoided it. As already stated, they did not seek to represent the material form for its own sake but the spiritual or emotional values that lie behind. The Chinese artist to a certain degree freed himself from the tyranny of bodily limitations and centered his consciousness in spiritual nature, and he was thus free to express abstract conceptions in a less conventional form. He withdrew himself from his lower consciousness and from subservience to the forms of nature through a process of abstraction which indeed to some extent is operative in all artistic creation but which is carried much further in Chinese art than in that of the Western nations.

It may be objected that fundamentally the original Christian art was inspired by similar concepts, but these had little influence on the evolution of Western painting in general. Only in the Byzantine world did abstraction in art reach an importance similar to what it held in China; in Western Europe the evolution was as a whole controlled rather by pagan classic traditions than by specifically Christian concepts. Thus it happens that though there is a mass of ecclesiastical art in Europe, very little of it can be called religious in a truly Christian sense.

Chinese art has more consistently devoted itself to the representation of religious motives and ideas of a kind that belong alike to Christianity and Buddhism. It has indeed dwelt upon the importance of that which lives in the form rather than upon the beauty of the external proportions. It does not exalt isolated figures or parts of figures to independent importance, as is often done in European art; it seeks rather the relationship between the different parts, the rhythmic movement that blends the figure with its surrounding. The essential is not a beautiful face or a perfect figure, but the relation between the figure and the surrounding space, whether this is formed by a landscape or an interior view. When single figures are presented in Chinese paintings they are not ideal representations such as often form the motive of European painters, but portraits or personifications of religious ideas, and their significance depends less upon the individual figure than upon its relation with other elements of the composition. The Chinese painters did not seek to exalt the personality, nor to emphasize its limitations, but to blend it with something greater. Man interested them less in his individual isolation than in his relationship to other men. He was to them a unit in a spiritual organism which they tried to reveal through their paintings by centering their consciousness on something higher than the material form.

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA: by R. L.

"TO the Great Wall all other monuments of China, and for that matter of the world, are as pygmies to a giant. It is by far the most extensive and formidable single structure ever devised by man," is the opinion of Frederick McCormick in *The National Geographic Magazine.*

For the most part of its extent this awe-inspiring legacy of China's past greatness is an artificial barrier fifteen to thirty or even fifty feet in height, twenty-five feet thick at its base and fifteen at the top. It consists of an earthen core faced with immense bricks weighing from forty to sixty pounds each, built upon a stone foundation. In some places these facings are of granite. The earth-filled core is protected on the top by a pavement of bricks laid in lime and carefully drained. Its fortifications consist of crenelated parapets and fortress towers at frequent intervals. There were 25,000 of these towers, of which 20,000 are in fair repair.

This 'Wall of Ten Thousand Miles' was originally much longer; at its height of usefulness it stretched over 15,000 miles of the mountains and valleys of China, not counting occasional loops that amount to another thousand miles. It extends from the tempestuous Yellow Sea to the westernmost corner of the province of Kan-suh on the Desert of Gobi north of Tíbet. Starting from sea-level, it takes no account of natural difficulties but climbs the highest and steepest barriers, reaching an altitude of 10,000 feet between Liangchow and Lanchow. One section ascends a peak of 5,225 feet elevation. "Irregular in direction and altitude, it has been regular only in purpose," says one writer.

The Great Wall of China is twenty-one centuries old, having been built in the third century B. C. by Yin Cheng, Prince of Tsin, better known as Che-Hwang-tze, first Emperor of China. The actual construction, however, was directed by Ming T'ien, a military officer. But in consequence of a caprice of Fame, this precursor of our modern construction engineer is remembered principally as the inventor of the hair-pencil.

A certain beholder describes this greatest of China's legacies as that "wonderful coiling, climbing, leaping thing!" and Mr. S. W. Williams says:

> "The impression left upon the mind of a foreigner, on seeing this monument of human toil and unremunerative outlay, is respect for a people that could in any manner build it. . . . The crumbling dike at their feet may be followed, winding, leaping across gorges, defiles, and steeps, now buried in some chasm, now scaling the cliffs and slopes, in very exuberance of power and wantonness, as it vanishes in a thin, shadowy line at the horizon."

And another traveler adds:

> "Its endurance tells much of the thought that was put into it; thought symbolical of protection, unity, strength."

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF EASTER — A MASONIC INTERPRETATION:* by Joseph H. Fussell

IN his volume of verses, under the heading *Portals*, Walt Whitman asks:

> "What are those of the known but to ascend and enter the Unknown?
> And what are those of life but for Death?"

To which, may we not add: And what are those of Death but for Rebirth and Resurrection?

* * * *

One of the first things brought to the attention of the E. A. is that no important undertaking should be begun without first invoking the blessing of Deity. The ancient Aryan, as also the devout Hindû today, began and ended every important discourse and undertaking by repeating the Sacred Word. Socrates, in the *Timaeus*, says: "And now, Timaeus, I suppose you are to follow, first offering up a prayer to the god as is customary." To which Timaeus replies:

> "All men, Socrates, who have any degree of right feeling do this at the beginning of every enterprise, great or small — they always call upon the gods. And we, too, who are going to discourse of the nature of the universe, whether created or uncreated, if we be not altogether out of our wits, must invoke and pray the gods and goddesses that we may say all things in a manner pleasing to them and consistent with ourselves. Let this then be our exhortation to the gods, to which I add an exhortation to myself, that I may set forth this high argument in the manner which will be most intelligible to you, and will most accord with my own intent."

And let me say the same, for there is no higher theme than that which is our subject tonight. It is not only the very heart of the Rose Croix degree, but the heart of Freemasonry, the culmination of all existence, the supreme and last lesson of life.

* * * *

Every season of the year has its marvel of beauty, its significance. The promise of Spring, the full glory of Summer, the fruitage of Autumn, the rest of Winter: each has something that the others have not, some lesson to teach, some mission to fulfil, some symbol to reveal. Birth, childhood, and youth for Spring, full manhood for Summer, ripe and vigorous old age for Autumn, and death for Winter; each of these is a step on the pathway of Life's infinite journey.

Night is dispelled by day, and day again fades into night; Spring follows Winter, and year succeeds year; so, surely, had we but faith in Universal Law which overrules and guides all, we might know of a certainty that death is not the end of all, but that there is Resurrection,

---

*An Address delivered on Easter Sunday, 1917, before Constans Chapter No. 5 of the Knights Rose Croix (A.·. & A. S. R.) of San Diego, California, part of which was published in *The New Age Magazine*, June, 1917.

Rebirth; that these are also in accordance with the Law: a new life, and life after life. Is not this one of the lessons of the ever-recurring seasons?

Sweet beyond words to express as is the thought of rest at the close of day, after duty well done; radiant and beautiful as is the angel of death after a life well lived, its soothing hand leaving a happy smile upon the lips; yet neither sleep nor death is the end, each is but a doorway into other realms where we sojourn for a while and then return. This, we know, is true of sleep with its bright dreams, or with its deep dreamlessness from which we awake with no recollection, but with a feeling of perfect happy rest. We do not fear to sleep, nor could any evil dreams trouble us, if the day has been well lived; and so, too, no fear of death can come to one who has lived his life honorably, nobly and well. Why then should it not be with death, twin brother of sleep, that from it too we awake into a new day? It is this, this awakening, this resurrection, that is the message of Easter, it is this that is the heart of the teaching of Freemasonry.

* * * *

There is a very close connexion between the Third or Master's degree, the Eighteenth or Knight Rose Croix, and the Thirty-first; all have reference to Resurrection, which is the great lesson of Easter. It has been said that the Resurrection was the most stupendous event in all history; but when, as Scottish Rite Masons, when, as students of the Ancient Mysteries from which Masonry is descended, we turn to the teachings and traditions of ancient India, Egypt, Greece, and indeed of all the great peoples of Antiquity, we find it *not one solitary event*, but a recurring event, and thus *not less but more* stupendous, more inspiring, more significant: the supreme teaching given to all races in all ages.

For each of the great races of the past has had its Savior who taught the people and showed them the true pathway of life. Of many of them the same legends and traditions are told; and many were the 'Christs' of pre-Christian ages, said to have been, like Him, born of virgin mothers, and revered as Saviors of men. India had her Krishna, and her Gautama-Buddha; China, her Fo-hi and her Yu; Egypt her Horus; Persia had her Zarathustra; Greece, her Apollo and her Dionysos; ancient America her Quetzalcohuatl; and many others might be named, all of whom were of divine birth, born of virgin mothers.

And many of the most sacred rites and ceremonies which today are practised among Christians and by many held to be purely Christian had their origin ages ago among the so-called pagans. Listen to what Rev. Robert Taylor says of the Eleusinian Mysteries (*Diegesis*, p. 212):

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF EASTER

"The Eleusinian Mysteries, or Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, was the most august of all the Pagan ceremonies celebrated, more especially by the Athenians, every fifth year, in honor of Ceres, the goddess of corn, who, in allegorical language, *had given us her flesh to eat;* as Bacchus, the god of wine, in like sense, *had given us his blood to drink*. . . . From these ceremonies is derived the very name attached to our *Christian* sacraments of the Lord's Supper — 'those holy Mysteries'; — and not one or two, but absolutely all and every one of the observances used in our Christian solemnity. Very many of our forms of expression in that solemnity are precisely the same as those that appertained to the Pagan rite."

Can we doubt that the ancient Greeks worshiped the true God? Listen to the following Orphic Hymn, quoted by Justin Martyr (*Exhortation,* XV):

"Now rather turn the depths of thine own heart
Unto the place where light and knowledge dwell,
Take thou the Word Divine to guide thy steps
And walking well in the straight and certain path,
Look to the One and Universal King —
One, Self-begotten, and the Only One,
Of whom all things and we ourselves are sprung.
All things are open to His piercing gaze,
While He Himself is still invisible,
Present in all His works, though still unseen.

. . . .

And other than the great King there is none.
The clouds for ever settle round His throne
And mortal eyeballs in mere mortal eyes
Are weak, to see Zeus reigning over all.

"There is one Zeus, one Sun, one Underworld,
One Dionysus, one lone God in all."

Or listen to the Hymn of Cleanthes, the Stoic, (Version given by James Freeman Clarke in *Ten Great Religions*):

"Greatest of the gods, God with many names,
God ever-ruling, and ruling all things!
Zeus, origin of Nature, governing the universe by law,
All hail! For it is right for mortals to address thee;
For we are thy offspring, and we alone of all
That live and creep on earth have the power of imitative speech.
Therefore will I praise thee, and hymn forever thy power.
Thee the wide heaven, which surrounds the earth, obeys;
Following where thou wilt, willingly obeying thy law.
Thou holdest at thy service, in thy mighty hands,
The two-edged, flaming, immortal thunderbolt,
Before whose flash all nature trembles.
Thou rulest in the common reason, which goes through all,
And appears mingled in all things, great or small,
Which filling all nature, is king of all existences.
Nor without thee, O Deity, does anything happen in the world,
From the divine ethereal pole to the great ocean,
Except only the evil preferred by the senseless wicked.
But thou also art able to bring to order that which is chaotic,
Giving form to what is formless, and making the discordant friendly

So reducing all variety to unity, and making good out of evil
Thus throughout nature is one great law
Which only the wicked seek to disobey —
Poor fools! who long for happiness,
But will not see nor hear the divine commands.
In frenzy blind they stray away from good,
By thirst of glory tempted, or sordid avarice,
Or pleasures sensual, and joys that pall.
But do thou, O Zeus, all-bestower, cloud-compeller!
Ruler of thunder! guard men from sad error.
Father! dispel the clouds of the soul, and let us follow
The laws of thy great and just reign!
That we may be honored, let us honor thee again,
Chanting thy great deeds, as is proper for mortals.
For nothing can be better for gods or men
Than to adore with hymns the Universal King."

So, too, behind the bewildering array of the divinities of the Egyptian Pantheon we find there also One Absolute Deity, and that the "many gods" do but represent aspects, manifestations, or attributes of that One. That they believed in One God, Divine, Eternal, Infinite, is clearly shown in the following selections from their hymns, quoted by Dr. Alexander Wilder in *Egypt and the Egyptian Dynasties:*

"God is One and Alone, and there is none other with him:
God is the One, the One who has made all things:
God is a Spirit, a hidden Spirit, the Spirit of Spirits,
The Great Spirit of Egypt, the Divine Spirit."

"Unknown is his name in Heaven,
He does not manifest his forms!
Vain are all representations of him."

"He is One only, alone without equal,
Dwelling alone in the holiest of holies."

"He hath neither ministrants nor offerings:,
He is not adored in sanctuaries
His abode is not known.
No shrine is found with painted figures,
There is no building that can contain him!"

"God is life and man lives through him alone:
He blows the breath of life into their nostrils."

"He protects the weak against the strong;
God knows those who know Him;
He rewards those who serve Him,
And protects those who follow Him."

And in the so-called *Book of the Dead,* 'The Ritual of the Coming Forth by Day,' we read the following:

"I am Yesterday, 'Witness of Eternity' is my Name.

"A moment of mine belongeth to you, but my attributes belong to my own domain.

"I am the Unknown One.

"I am Yesterday and I know tomorrow; for I am born again and again. Mystery of the soul am I.

" 'I who know the Depths' is my Name. I make the cycles of the shining millions of years; and billions are my measurement."

Along with such conceptions of Deity, unsurpassed in any age, is it any wonder that we find the sublimest truths taught regarding Man and Nature, and the supreme truth of all, the divinity and immortality of the soul, and its resurrection? But the ancient Egyptians as well as the Wise Ones of other ancient peoples had a conception regarding the resurrection which is not generally taught today. It is, however, taught in Freemasonry, and particularly in the 3rd degree, though it is not always so interpreted. The conception of the Resurrection usually held among Christian peoples is the one given in the story of the Nazarene, the Great Teacher and Most Wise Master whose name we honor and revere in the Rose Croix, namely, that he suffered for the sins of the whole world, was crucified and was laid in the tomb, and that after three days he rose again, conqueror over death, savior of the world, and that henceforth, through his passion and death, all men who believe in Him, who partake of the Mystic Sacrament of the Eucharist, become one with Him and share in the glory of His resurrection after death.

But so, too, was it taught in the Orphic Mysteries of the Greek Savior, Dionysos, and the Rite of Baptism and the celebration of the Eucharist were essential features of the Greek Mysteries; and the poet Euripides (*Bacchae,* — Murray's translation) thus describes the latter as it was celebrated five hundred years B. C. He is speaking of Dionysos as the Mystic Savior:

"In the God's high banquet, when
Gleams the grape-blood, flashed to heaven
To all that liveth His wine he giveth,
Griefless, immaculate.

. . . .

"Yea, being God, the blood of Him is set
Before the Gods in sacrifice, that we
For His sake may be blest.

. . . .

"Then in us verily dwells
The God Himself, and speaks the things to be.

. . . .

"The Lord of Many Voices,
Him of mortal mother born,
Him in whom man's heart rejoices,
First in Heaven's sovereignty."

And going further back to Egypt; as Marsham Adams declares, in *The House of the Hidden Places:*

> "We read in the Ritual of an incarnate, and not only of an incarnate, but of a suffering and a dying God. We are confronted with the tears of Isis, and with the agony of Osiris — an agony so overwhelming that gods and men and the very devils, says the Ritual, are aghast."

I know not how old is the story of Odin, as told in the Scandinavian *Edda*, perhaps older than that of Osiris. He too though 'Father of the Gods,' 'Divine Wisdom,' 'Creator of men,' suffered and was crucified, and through his sufferings became the 'Savior of mankind.' In Odin's Rune-Song in the *Edda*, Odin himself says:

> "I know I hung on a wind-rocked tree, nine whole nights with a spear wound, and to Odin offered — myself to myself — on that tree of which no one knows from what root it springs."

In fact, the story that is told of the Passion and Death and Resurrection of the Nazarene Teacher is the same in its essentials as was told ages earlier of Dionysos-Zagreus, of Osiris, of Krishna and of other Saviors. This story it was that formed the basis of the Mysteries of Antiquity, which in their latest form, as the Isiac Mysteries, existed in Rome side by side with the early Christian teachings for nearly five hundred years, becoming lost, submerged, we might say, only with the advent of the Dark Ages. The same teachings, the same rites and ceremonies and sacraments, the same hope of Resurrection, that are taught and celebrated today in the Christian Church, were taught and celebrated among the Pagans ages before our era. Let me read to you what St. Augustine, one of the early Church Fathers, wrote of the Christian religion; he says (*Augustini Opera*, Vol. I, page 12):

> "The very thing which is now called the 'Christian' religion, really was known to the ancients, nor was it wanting at any time from the beginnings of the human race up to the time Christ came in the flesh; from which time the true religion, *which had previously existed*, began to be *called* 'Christian,' and this in our day is the Christian religion, not as having been wanting in former times, but as having in later times received that name."

In the 31st degree is given a glimpse of the teachings of the Mysteries of Osiris, the Isiac Mysteries, but only a glimpse is given and it is left to the student to search out their meaning and import. Certain it is that these teachings are among the greatest of the heirlooms that have come down to us through the ages from the very dawn of time. And one of these teachings is that every race and every age has had its Divine Savior who has given his life for the race, for all Humanity.

There is however, as just said, another conception of Resurrection which was taught in all the Ancient Mysteries, and is taught or at least hinted at in Freemasonry, especially in the 3rd degree. It is the supreme goal of Initiation; it is the resurrection, which each must achieve for himself, of the spiritual life, the resurrection of the soul while in this life, the attainment of self-knowledge and of the knowledge — not faith nor belief — of immortality. To attain this resurrection there must be a mystical death, there must be the conquest of the passions, there must be a mystical descent into the Underworld, one's own soul must triumph over all the Powers of Darkness, and become one with the 'Father in Heaven.'

Speaking of the 'descent into hell,' H. P. Blavatsky writes that

> "mystically it typified the initiatory rites in the crypts of the Temple, called the Underworld. Bacchus, Herakles, Orpheus, Asklepios and all the other visitors of the crypt, *all descended into hell and ascended thence on the third day*, for all were initiates and 'Builders of the lower Temple.' . . . To speak, therefore, of anyone having descended into Hades, was equivalent in antiquity to calling him a *full Initiate.*"

The greatest of all the known Temples of Initiation was the Great Pyramid. It was not built as a tomb for the dead, as were the other Pyramids, but was verily for the dead in life. In the last and highest Initiation after passing successfully all the trials in the various halls and passages, the body of the Candidate lay for three days in the sarcophagus in the King's Chamber while the soul descended into the Underworld to meet the temptations of the Hosts of Darkness and to face Death. If he conquered, then followed Illumination and Resurrection and he returned to the outer world as 'a Master of the Royal Secret' to be a teacher and helper of men.

According to Ragon, one of the most learned of the Masons of the last century, our present form of speculative Masonry, and particularly the 3rd degree, is due to Elias Ashmole, the celebrated antiquary and alchemist, and other brothers of a society of Rose Croix in the middle of the seventeenth century, a fact which is of special interest in our present celebration. The methods of initiation, Ragon says, which these Rose Croix brothers then introduced, in place of the ceremonies up to then used by operative masons, were "based upon the ancient Mysteries, upon those of Egypt and Greece." And further on he states that

> "Ashmole undertook to regenerate, under this architectural veil, the Mysteries of the ancient initiation of India and Egypt, and to give to the new association an aim of union, of fraternity, of perfection, of equality and of science, by means of a *universal bond*, based on the laws of nature and on love of humanity."

"In Egypt," Ragon declares, "the 3rd degree is named the Gate of Death"; and then after reciting the main points of the ceremonies of this degree, he says:

> "We recognise, in the modern rite, the reproduction of the Egyptian fable, only instead of taking the name of Osiris, inventor of the arts, or the Sun, the neophyte takes that of Hiram,

which signifies *raised*, (an epithet which belongs to the Sun) and who was skilful in the arts."

* * * *

The return of Spring is Nature's proof, as the Resurrection of Eastertime is a divine proof that there is no death for the soul. "There is no death; what seems so is transition," says the poet Longfellow. The seed falls into the earth, and soon upsprings a flower, or a stalk of wheat, or a tree. Yet the outer form had to die e'er the life-force within could spring upwards into the light. Death always precedes Resurrection.

How beautifully Walt Whitman speaks of Death in his *Song of Myself*. Listen:

"I wish I could translate the hints about the dead young men and women,
And the hints about old men and mothers, and the offspring taken out of their laps.

What do you think has become of the young and old men?
And what do you think has become of the women and children?

They are alive and well somewhere,
The smallest sprout shows there is really no death,
And if ever there was it led forward life, and does not wait at the end to arrest it,
And ceas'd the moment life appear'd."

Truly, what we call death is but a gateway, a transition, a crossing over, an initiation. But Resurrection, as it is taught in Freemasonry, as it was taught in the ancient Mysteries, is something more than a coming to life again, it is something more than what we witness in Nature, wonderful and inspiring as that is. Resurrection in Freemasonry, in the Mysteries, is the Resurrection of the Christos which dwells in the heart of every man, it is a triumph over death, a conquest over Nature, it is the entrance upon Eternal Life. Nature's method is a constant succession of day and night, summer and winter, life and death, reincarnation after reincarnation, until all the lessons of earth-life have been learned. The method and purpose of Initiation, for those who have the strength to undertake the stupendous task, is to learn the lessons *now;* it is, as Paul the Initiate said, a "taking of the Kingdom of Heaven by violence"; it is the conquest of one's self, it is the Resurrection of the Divine Spirit of Man.

Consider for a moment what it really means to be a Master Mason. To pass through the degrees gives one the title of Master Mason, but does not constitute one such in reality. Necessary proficiency in ancient times when the Mysteries were enacted in their purity meant more than the possession of a fair memory, it meant more than living a moral life as judged by the standards of the world. To have attained proficiency as E. A. meant, in very truth, that one's passions had been subdued. Proficiency as F. C., meant that one had studied and understood science, philosophy, and art, and had learned to apply these in daily life and conduct; it meant complete control and mastery of the mind. To attain such proficiency in these degrees was not therefore a matter of a few weeks, but of years, perhaps of lifetimes; but when attained then indeed did one become entitled to receive initiation in the 3rd degree, which symbolizes this Resurrection from the tomb, and the recognition and realization of the Divinity that is hidden in the heart of every man.

How is this accomplished in the 3rd degree? You know the reference to the Lion of the Tribe of Judah; but here again we have another proof that the foundation of Masonry is to be looked for in Egypt and India; for in the ancient Mysteries of those lands the same ceremony was enacted by the Lion of Egypt in the one case, and by the Lion of the Pañjâb in the other. And it should be borne in mind that the Lion as also the Eagle represents the Sun, which again is the emblem of spiritual life, and of the Divine Spirit in the universe and in the heart of man. The Sun is the heart of the Universe, the Lion is emblematic of the power that resides in the Sun, and hence is emblematic of the divine power that resides in the heart of man, and only through that power can man achieve his Resurrection.

* * * *

This then, I take it, is the Masonic interpretation of the significance of Easter, the significance of the Resurrection, the At-one-ment with Divinity Itself. It is the acquirement of the Royal Secret, the Mystery of the Balance, the Secret of Universal Equilibrium. It is the acquirement of that power by means of which man becomes co-worker with Deity, co-worker with all the great ones of the Past and the Present and throughout all coming ages, — until all Humanity shall indeed become one Universal Brotherhood and so achieve its Divine Destiny.

Is not this one of the most significant teachings of Scottish Rite Freemasonry, in that we thus learn to reverence all who in past ages have been Helpers and Saviors of mankind, learn to see in each of them the manifestation and incarnation of the Deity, appearing under many names in many lands? And of these Great Ones, Walt Whitman speaks in those wonderful lines which he inscribes:

TO HIM THAT WAS CRUCIFIED

"My spirit to yours dear brother,
Do not mind because many sounding your name do not understand you,
I do not sound your name, but I understand you,
I specify you with joy O my comrade to salute you, and to salute those
who are with you, before and since, and those to come also,
That we all labor together transmitting the same charge and succession.
We few equals indifferent of lands, indifferent of times,

We, enclosers of all continents, all castes, allowers of all theologies,
Compassionaters, perceivers, rapport of men,
We walk silent among disputes and assertions, but reject not the disputers nor anything that is asserted,
We hear the bawling and din, we are reach'd at by divisions, jealousies, recriminations on every side,
They close peremptorily upon us to surround us, my comrade,
Yet we walk unheld, free, the whole earth over, journeying up and down till we make our ineffaceable mark upon time and the diverse eras,
Till we saturate time and eras, that the men and women of races, ages to come, may prove brethren and lovers as we are."

Today we are witnessing events that are appalling in their significance: a World War! Is it the closing of one age and the beginning of another? The old civilization of Europe is in its death struggle. Can it emerge? Is there for us and for the nations of Europe a Resurrection, an Eastertime, a return from the very depths of Hell?

And what part are we playing in this World-Tragedy — we Masons? The Past is past; it is irrevocable; yet the Present is ours, and out of it shall grow the Future. What therefore can we do as Masons; what is the duty and opportunity of the present time? If Freemasonry is heir to the Wisdom of the Ages; if it holds in its keeping the great truths that have been handed down from the days of the Ancient Mysteries — truths that are for the healing of the Nations and the guidance of the people; if indeed we have a knowledge of these truths, are we not called upon as Masons to herald a Resurrection, an Easter time such as the world has never yet seen, a Resurrection of the Spirit of Brotherhood which has suffered death and lain so long in the tomb?

That, I think, is the message of this Eastertime; that, I think, is the challenge of the Christos to us Masons today — to see to it that the Masonry which we profess is not a dead letter, but a living power. And if we make the Spirit of Masonry, which is the Spirit of Brotherhood, a living reality in our own lives, we shall make it also a living reality in the life of Humanity; so great, I verily believe, is the potential power in our Masonic Fraternity. For true Brotherhood is not alone for the few, not alone for the Initiated, but for all Humanity.

Events are moving so rapidly, the times are so crucial, we cannot remain passive. Either Freemasonry must become an active factor in this Resurrection or be left a derelict, a lifeless ritual from which the soul has fled.

Never before has Freemasonry had such a glorious opportunity as it has today. The Christos Spirit is waiting to be born anew in the life of Humanity; it is pleading with us to do our part, and if we will but do our part in the Resurrection which must take place, first in the life of each of us, then, truly, truly, the Christos Spirit shall be born again in the life of all Humanity.

As Robert Browning makes Paracelsus say:

> "'Tis time
> New hopes should animate the world, new light
> Should dawn from new revealing to a race
> Weighed down so long, forgotten so long."

That new hopes will animate the world; that new light will dawn, that a new revealing of the Truth has been made, I, for one, feel assured. What part will Freemasonry play in the new Resurrection?

THOUGHTS ON MUSIC: by Daniel de Lange*

PART IX

In music two principles contend for supremacy; *viz.*, Counterpoint and Harmony.

As we shall see, it is certainly of interest — and not for musicians only — to study the differences between these two principles, for in their inmost significance they represent the two principles which since time immemorial have divided all humanity. These two principles are: Humanity guided by a Spiritual motive from within, in absolute freedom; or, Humanity guided by compulsion or an arbitrary power from without, in absolute submission to that outer will.

Counterpoint represents the first of these two principles, while Harmony is related to the second.

In Counterpoint we find every part acting for itself, as if no outer rule existed. As long as the various parts are in harmony with the character of the whole there is nothing that can disturb their freedom in forming new melodies; for all is polyphone and polyrhythmic.

In Harmony, on the contrary, all is subjected to one predominant melody, to which the other parts are merely subservient. All is regulated by severe rules from which no parts can deviate without causing disturbances. The two principles can be compared with two gardens, the one (counterpoint) in English style, the other (harmony) in French style (Lenôtre).

If we examine human life we find a similar difference of principles.

---

*Founder and ex-Director of the Conservatory of Music, Amsterdam, Holland, and later till his passing away on January 30, 1918, one of the Directors of the Isis Conservatory of Music, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

A look at mankind will suffice to show the truth of this contention; and moreover we shall see that true music is one of the most profound and lofty expressions of human inner life.

Every human being has a physical envelope that hides his real spiritual being. Upon the condition of this body and upon the way in which the spirit has trained it, depends the impression which a personality makes on its environment, and the influence it exerts. If the spirit has been able to conquer and subject the lower passions, and has trained them so that they become vehicles of the individuality, the influence will be a mighty one, and unconsciously such a person will dominate others who have been less fortunate in the training of their mental and physical faculties. Such a man does not necessarily occupy a prominent position; many times the most influential individuals occupy very modest places in everyday life. Take, for example, the social position of Jesus; if we compare it with that of the High Priests we find that apparently the High Priests occupied much more important positions than Jesus; and yet, no one name of them would be known to us had they not been instrumental in bringing about his death. But let us not think only of people of extraordinary importance. Life, like man's body, needs besides a heart and brain, arms, hands, etc.; why wonder then that in humanity every faculty must be represented? This, however, is only the outer aspect of what man really is, for the real man is the spark divine, shining within the soul, and vivifying the whole being. True, the outer appearance is but a reflexion of the disposition of man's soul-life; and so it gives to his fellow-men but an incomplete image of what the true life of the real man is. The real man is constantly hampered in his efforts to express his inner feelings by the imperfections of his physical frame, so that as long as he lives on earth his spiritual self is engaged in a constant struggle with the weaknesses of his lower self. This struggle is, so to say, a *conditio sine qua non,* of life on earth; for, as soon as the struggle ends, in other words, as soon as all weaknesses have been overcome, Life's Symphony is near its close. So it is but natural that other men can never have an insight into what constitutes an individual's real nature, unless their own spiritual development has reached a level high enough to look through the enveloping matter at the divine self. Not until everyone has reached such a point of development will the unity of mankind, or rather the unity of the whole Universe, be consummated, and become a reality.

Unity can only exist on the spiritual plane; never may we find two persons, two animals, two plants, two leaves, or even two blades of grass, which do not show some difference; and so it is with men. This proves also that every individual is compelled by his material condition to search for spiritual deliverance, for recognition of truth, for revelation of the divine, along the lines which his personality necessitates. It is of no use to look to other individuals for help; they may love you beyond expression, they may be willing to remove from your path every stumbling-block and difficulty; yet they can be of no real help to you; you must find your own way through life. It is not until you have conquered your personal self that you can begin to follow the path, and to profit by the way others have trodden before, and thereby prepared for you.

After what has been said we may take for granted that no unity, not even any outward union between human beings, can be brought about as long as the human mind is not cognisant that only spiritual supremacy can guide us along the path; that without spiritual supremacy, separateness and selfishness will always prevail, because matter, if not guided by *spiritual* intelligence, cannot but produce thoughts of desire passion, and greed.

We know there is another power, the power of might, that apparently can guide us, but it is along a path on which we meet with compulsion or arbitrary power, even if it looks as if spiritual force were at work. Compulsion, however, can never be a trustworthy guide in spiritual questions, because it includes the idea of principles that must be forced upon humanity. How can a principle ever be forced upon someone? Surely, people can be forced to act as if they do accept a principle, but, as long as their hearts are not in accordance with it, their acts are of no value at all; if, on the contrary, their hearts have spoken, compulsion is no more needed, for man, acting intuitively, will find the right way. To attain the former end the involved principle must be expressed in a form that suits everyone's character (perhaps it were better to speak of everyone's desire or greed, instead of character). Now, although the principle is the same for everyone, we know that the form cannot possibly be similar, because, as has been said before, every personality shapes the common principle in a manner different from that in which others do; and so unity acquired along lines enforced by compulsion or arbitrary force, is nothing but an external show. No intelligent and right-minded individual can possibly submit willingly to this force; while, on the other hand, he yields whole-hearted obedience to the inspiration of the Higher Self.

In accordance with all that has been said it is obvious that any expression of might, either on a physical or on a spiritual plane, must be avoided as the greatest possible evil. Now, what is going on in the world? We have been taught that a personal God rules the Universe. Do we understand what this means? A personal God! This means the materialization of an intuition that man, even in the moments of highest ecstasy, cannot grasp. Besides, the idea of a personal God includes the idea of separateness from the Universe. We all remember how in moments of ecstasy, in which we *feel*, *see*, and *know*, we try to find a means of expressing these certitudes and visions of the soul, and to give them form. Alas! we find none; we have to be satisfied with the memory of them. But our mind, fructified by those soul-visions, is sure that the only way to foster the feeling and knowledge of the divine in man's life is to cultivate the higher potentialities which are latent in every individual, and to develop them in harmony with our inner, spiritual life, so that, guided by divine inspiration, we can use them in accordance with the divine principle that exists behind everything in the Universe, and which the spiritual eye perceives in moments of ecstasy.

It is surely impossible to admit that such an intuitive inspiration reaches us from outside. He who would maintain such a point of view would simply prove that he has never tasted the wonderfully pure joy of true ecstasy. How many think they have it, but how few know it in reality! What men mostly experience is only fictitious. Perhaps physical excitement, a mere parody of the real feeling; he who knows what true ecstasy is, cannot mistake the one for the other.

True divine ecstasy cannot be attained by following the rules either of a church, or of any other community, or even by following the commandments of a so-called God. It is awakened in our spirit; we do not know how and why; but it is there; we feel and know it. We also know that in such moments we are all-powerful, that we can act spiritually, because — we are working in harmony with the Great Law, which dominates all in nature and in the Universe. This Great Law is not only the all-dominating power, it is also the all-vivifying force; it is everywhere; it is in the atmosphere and pervades everything. Who knows whether it is not the Great Law itself which procures to man's spirit such moments of ecstasy, using man simply as its instrument? Is not really everything in the Universe the natural consequence of that great, marvelous, and beautiful Law? Does not the recognition of this Great Law make us feel that our life and actions are of immense importance, notwithstanding the fact that we notice more than ever before that we are but small springs in the tremendous mechanics of the Universe? Man can only realize the meaning of life when he has developed his own soul-life in accordance with the life of the Universe, and it is only the Divine spirit within which can teach him to do this. He becomes then a symbol, an image, or, so to say, a reflexion of the Divine. Yet we must not forget that a plant, an animal, a man, and even beings superior to man, do not represent the Divine themselves; it is only by co-operative not by separate action that they become symbols, images, or reflexions of the Divine. Indeed, as we know that the whole Universe is linked together, action in isolation is impossible. And thus every action, even the smallest, has an influence, if performed in harmony with the Great Law; if not, it will disturb that harmony and cause distress. Besides, we cannot believe that compulsion or arbitrary force could ever bring about a co-operation that would be in harmony with the Great Law.

We all realize that the pernicious thought of an 'external' force, ruling the Universe, certainly has disturbed the minds of mankind; it has given birth to the feelings of hatred that rule the world nowadays. Indeed, no strong character can ever submit to an outer force, be it material or spiritual; while, on the other hand, every noble-minded man will immediately follow the spiritual inspiration of his inner self. Perhaps it may be difficult for many people to see that spiritual inspiration is the only reality, the only power in the whole Universe, because man's mind has been led astray; so, today, it is quite exceptional to find a person who is acquainted with this potentiality, and who knows how to use it, and whose soul is pure enough not to misuse it. Such a person is unconquerable; and knows well that as soon as this power is misused, it becomes a destructive force, especially for him who believes that he can use it for purely selfish ends. We cannot even imagine a personal God using such a power unless he has made obeisance to the — UNKNOWABLE!

In our best moments, we realize that the 'Unknowable' is the only real potency in the Universe. This knowledge teaches us that if we would use that potency we must act in harmony with the Great Law, lest we lose the power to use it. It teaches us also that true liberty can only be obtained by subordination to the Great Law, for this Law never demands anything that our personality cannot perform.

Were not this article intended to show the difference between Counterpoint and Harmony in Music, we might avail ourselves of the opportunity to demonstrate that in every incarnation man possesses the personality he exactly needs for the task he has to fulfil on earth; but for our musical argument this question is of no further importance. Therefore, we leave it aside, and turn our attention to the musical question. We find, then, that in Counterpoint all parts are equally important, and that every detail has its significance, small as it may seem. In Harmony, on the contrary, we find that in general only one part is of importance, that is, the part which at a certain moment carries the melody, while all other parts are subordinate to it. It is not difficult to understand the question if put in this way. But there are a few complications; first, man can only hear one sound at a time; secondly, a melody always implies its own natural harmony; and thirdly, as in ordinary human life so in music, there always will be some parts that are more important than others, and which therefore will exert a more powerful influence.

The third complication is the most important, for never will an inferior part admit that in the end, and in connexion with the whole, it is not as important as the most striking part. It is the same with man, until he has built up a character pure enough to comprehend the Universe of music as a whole. Elucidating this idea by a recent musical example, we notice that in Berlioz's 'Hungarian March' the return of the first motive is prepared in such a way that the big drum (*grosse caisse*) becomes the most important part, although it has but one note from time to time. This idea is also interesting from another point of view. The struggle among the different parts in a musical work is not unlike the struggle in human life. A start is taken, represented in music by a single sound, or by a sound accompanied by a few of its harmonies. Immediately afterwards other parts arise and claim the place of the initial sound. During the whole piece the conflict continues; at certain moments the struggle is so keen that a break seems almost inevitable; but the influence of what is really great and noble, true and therefore powerful, makes itself more and more felt, until, at the end, it conquers all resistance and appears before our imagination as the glorious conqueror of all the propensities that tried to subjugate the divine. Every musical work is a picture of what is going on in the life of Humanity, and is more or less a prophecy of the future of Humanity. In that future we cannot imagine a harmony produced by might; harmony must be the result of that unity of feeling, thinking, and knowing, which is produced by the divine in man; what is external becomes only of importance after one has realized in one's self the divinity that relates one's individuality to everything in the Universe. Then the personality disappears entirely, and we begin to realize what place is ours in the great scheme; then happiness and freedom arise before the spiritualized soul, and all becomes joy; and this is the case even when our part is nothing more than the marvelous preparation for the return of the principal motive by one single note.

IF it is shown that in those ages which are shut out from our sight by the exuberant growth of tradition, human religious thought developed in uniform sympathy in every portion of the globe; then, it becomes evident that, born under whatever latitude, in the cold North or the burning South, in the East or West, that thought was inspired by the same revelations, and man was nurtured under the protecting shadow of the same TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.—*The Secret Doctrine,* I, 341

DUTY: by R. Machell

DUTY, the watch-word of all honorable men, the guardian and comforter of faithful hearts, the 'bug-bear' of the hosts of restless mortals who live in their emotions, is to a few a star that eternally floats overhead high up in heaven, and which from that untroubled altitude looks down on earth to lead souls wandering in a wilderness of man-made misery up to a purer region, in which Law is rhythm, Order is Harmony, and Life the voluntary and spontaneous response of beings to the call of their own souls.

To such as these Duty is *what is Due;* that which is necessary to be done on every plane of the universe. It is the voluntary recognition of Cosmic Law, which knows no limitation, being the impulse that inheres in every part or particle of the entire universe to manifest in its own form the cosmic energy with which it is ensouled.

Those who see Duty so are bound by obligation absolute, eternal, immediate, and inevitable. To them there is no question as to the possibility of evasion, for nothing can ever evade the law of its own being. To them Duty is the inevitable.

But this interior recognition of the essential character of Duty does not of necessity imply either cultivated reason or high intelligence. These faculties as yet are only partially developed in our race, and being so are just as liable to interfere with the exercise of right judgment as to establish it. The intuition by means of which a man may recognise essential truth is different in character from the intellectual faculty of reason which men use in the interpretation of fundamental principles and for determining the right manner of their application to the practical problems of daily life.

Thus it may happen that the bitterest antagonism may arise between people inspired with the same high ideal. For them there is no possible, conceivable compromise with Duty. And it is hard to discriminate between Duty as an abstract principle and Duty in practice; as it is obviously difficult for any man to doubt the soundness of his own judgment until he can rise at will above the intellectual plane on which that judgment was pronounced. And as a man lives mostly in his intellect and his emotions, only occasionally rising to the plane of the higher mind where intuition operates and the soul sheds its light; so must it be most difficult for him to distinguish between the judgment of the mind and the intuition of the soul, holding his intellectual decision tentatively as subject to revision or alteration, while standing immovable upon a sure foothold won by intuitive perception of the essential principle involved. When that becomes possible to man then Wisdom is not far off.

But for the average man Wisdom is inaccessible, her temple being hidden by the luxuriant and ancient growth of the dark forest of desires, in which he wanders aimlessly. Thus he is forced by his own blindness to rely on reason and opinions to guide him on his dubious way. How true it is that man is a wanderer on earth. Some say he is a pilgrim, but the term is hardly applicable to the ordinary man, because it implies a definite goal to which the pilgrim travels consciously; whereas the life of the great mass of human beings is indeed a wandering in search of changing objects such as amusement or pleasure, excitement or repose, adventure or wealth, or merely a temporary shelter from the storms that devastate the shadow-land through which he struggles in pursuit of a mere phantasy. His life may appear to him a great adventure, or it may seem no better than a dull routine of necessary acts whose wearisome reiteration is made bearable by cautious avoidance of all other causes of discomfort. But in either case it has no recognisable goal such as a pilgrim sets before him. The average man lives aimlessly; the pilgrim travels towards a destination which is his goal; or else his pilgrimage consists in arduously following a definite route with fixed stopping-places and a return to the starting-place; which constitutes a definite plan, such as is lacking in the life of others. Moreover the pilgrim looks forward to an ultimate attainment which is his goal of goals; some state of Bliss, pictured perhaps in his imagination as a celestial place of blessedness. In his own sight he is no wanderer, although to the wise man he may appear to be following a mere delusion born in his own imagination, which leads him eventually back to his starting-place to recommence his endless pilgrimage.

The ordinary man is like a squirrel in a cage, the faster he moves the faster spins his wheel, but he stays still in the same place. The human squirrel does not see that he is caged in his own body ceaselessly toiling in the whirling wheel of his own mentality. He thinks his prison is himself because he bears it with him and lives in it.

The pleasure of eating depends on appetite. The squirrel renews his appetite by the exercise he gets in turning his wheel, and one may imagine that his nuts have a new flavor after a good gallop in his revolving prison. So too the man, who seeks new pleasures with which to glut his appetite, may stimulate a satiated sense by strenuous wanderings in imaginary lands, in which he hopes to find new foods to tempt him to renewed exertions. This is the illusion that makes his life seem to him worth living. Should he escape or break his worn-out cage, and find his way back to his native forest he may become a wanderer in fact. The wandering or pilgrimage of life to most men is purely imaginary, they never get beyond the cage of their own mentality.

Truly the ordinary man may talk of Duty, but his idea of Duty is too much like the squirrel's wheel to be regarded seriously. The ideal that he follows is some dead formula, some little rule, some code or creed created by other men to serve some momentary purpose, or as a temporary symbol of some aspect of Eternal Law. Perhaps he may change his formula, but the change is generally a delusion, his nuts have a fresh flavor after a more than usually strenuous turning of the wheel which takes him nowhere.

So too the wanderer who has not found the Light goes round the base of a great mountain following the trail that other wanderers have made, and coming back again to pick up his own trail once more and follow it with undiminished hope.

And what is hope but a reflexion of the Light that shines above the mountain, mirrored on earth to dazzle the eyes of men? Some day he will look up and see where the Light comes from. Then he will know that the Path lies upward. Then he will no longer mistake reflexions for realities, he will abandon the pursuit of other men's ideals, and will be able to find in his own heart a mirror for the Light. When he can find the Light of Truth reflected in his own heart he will not need a guide; he will not need to trouble about his goal, nor will the desires and bodily appetites delude him any longer. The Light that shines eternally, being itself the Soul of the entire Universe of which he is a part, will guide him all the time; and he knowing the truth will find in that Light the key to the Law of Laws that governs life and is the cause of the eternal 'fitness of all things.' Conformity with Natural Law (thus understood) is all that is Due from the particular to the universal. This is Duty.

ON TWO OLD ENGLISH GARDENS: by Kenneth Morris

I

THE first is in that great essay of Bacon's; wherein one of these days you ought to look for some cypher or Stratford-on-Avonish mark to denote authorship wrongly ascribed, and send us off on a pleasurable hunt for mystery. This is the best I can find: some of the little heaps in the "heath or desert," which is to be the "third part of our plot," are to be set with "sweet-williams red." . . . I pass this by lightly; there may be nothing in it; Bacon may have written the essay after all. And yet *plot* sounds suspicious . . . and *sweet William's* . . . and — But — *prithee, let's have no more fooling!*

— You cannot read it without regretting he quitted gardening for the vainer pursuits that made him famous. Here a noble nature shows itself: one creative and excellently endowed with the beauty-sense; but I understand his philosophy is mere utilitarianism, and his political life was a meanness and self-wrecking ambition. In gardening he might have done so much. Indeed, he did do so much — just with this one essay; of which you can no more tire (if the grace of God is in you at all) than of any of the most famous gardens of the world. It is "for the climate of London"; but it is better than Kew; and there is more delight in it than at Hampton Court or Golder's Green. It is a great domain not confined within time and space: one that blooms perennially through the centuries; and is accessible, not by tram or train-ride from this city or that, but by reaching out an arm to any reasonable bookcase. It is an everlasting garden in the mind; a fair pleasaunce in realms subjective. One cannot say that there are fairies in it; one has come on no nymphs or dryads or satyrs (but there is the "sweet satyrian with the white flower"); yet, too, I do not know so well but there might be dancing o'nights, by no mortal feet, in the heath. But it is a place you may people with all manner of princely men out of the histories: Elizabethan men: Tudor men: some few great ambassadors, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Italians, and Spaniards: men with the grand manner in their speech and action. They are a company well worth meeting.

What piece of literature is there, that so unites the grand manner with a rich, natural, and gaily colored beauty? It is the mark of a true essay (the best kind of prose) to have an air of ease and informality, and sound like the voice of an interesting man at conversation; there is to be no stiffness, plethora of words, leading-article-ism, apoplectic pomp, *pombundle.* There is to be no portentous "we" masking a journalistic sniveller under pretense of Olympian impersonality; but a human mind, and, please God, *Soul,* communicating with you as friend with friend. All these conditions Bacon here fulfils; you do not lose the tones of his voice. He goes along with you as an equal, pointing out and explaining; not anxious to impress you, but only that you shall see and understand all; — and yet cannot fail to be Olympian. He comes in with a flourish of hautboys — a most delectable flourish; — but is unconscious that they announce regality; his purple and fine linen mean no more to him than your hodden gray; he is aware only of his and your common humanity and love of gardening: —

> "God Almighty first planted a garden. And indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man; without which buildings and palaces are but gross handyworks: and a man shall ever see that when ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely; as if gardening were the greater perfection. I do hold it, in the royal ordering of gardens, there ought to be gardens for all

the months in the year; in which severally things of beauty may be then in season."

I do hold it, in the royal ordering of gardens; — there spoke the great man who, fallen and made contemptible, yet "scorned to go out in a snuff." This is he of whom Ben Jonson wrote:

> "My conceit of his person was never increased toward him by his place or honours; but I have and do reverence him, for the greatness that was only proper to himself, in that he seemed to me ever, by his work, one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration, that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength; for greatness he could not want."

I do not know that one can ape greatness really; if it shows, it is there; but 'tis to marvel at how greatness and smallness, titan and pygmy, can co-exist through a lifetime in one human breast. No; old Ben was right, and this was a great man; though there is little to show for his greatness now but this Essay on Gardens. Grandeur — a real quality of the soul — echoes through all its phrases and details. Sir William Temple, in Restoration times, was content with some five or six acres for a gentleman's garden; but Bacon, more Tudorly, is not to be so confined. "For gardens," says he, "(speaking of those which are indeed princelike . . .) the contents ought not well to be under thirty acres of ground." Less than "those which are indeed princelike" cannot concern him. And in his division of these thirty acres, and arrangement of them, there is that Tudor sense or knowledge of *Form* which was, in reality, the instinct of the age for the Inner Wisdom. His garden is a symbol, an image of eternal things; and therein lies its fundamental greatness. He wrote as one unconscious of mysticism; but the mysticism of the times had such a hold on him, that it appears beneath his words and thoughts: a submerged power that molds and fashions all to its uses. Yet, too, to call it mysticism is injudicious; but it was a nearness of Elizabethan England to the Soul of Things: England, then in her noon and flower, was besieged and closely beset from within by the Eternal. . . . . . A howl would go up from orthodox criticism at the mere naming of Francis Bacon and mysticism in one breath! The whole trend of his mind was away from it, and towards pomp and circumstance, the utilitarian, the external. — Yes, the trend of his mind: but there is something deeper than the mind, of which, commonly, the mind knows nothing. — He was for Aristotle, not Plato; even out-Aristotled his model, and was further mentally from the Dayspring within. — Mentally; but again, there is that Other Thing behind mentality. Bacon the philosopher may be naught; but Bacon the Gardener — ah, that is something very different. . .

You cannot realize the tragedy of the man, until you know this part of him. You might have thought that human duality, that confounding mystery, had no very great play here: that the Chancellor and the bribe-taker, the philosopher and the corruptionist, were all much of a muchness. But go with him through his garden, and you know better; you understand, then, Ben Jonson's noble praise. The Chancellor had an itching palm, and a pocket to be lined dirtily; the Gardener has all Ophir and Golconda at his disposal, and will withhold his hand upon no petty considerations. The Chancellor was the "meanest of mankind"; the Gardener among the "greatest and wisest." — There are fine things elsewhere in the Essays; but their fineness is mostly a little careworn and haunted: wise things; but worldly wise: disillusioned wisdom generally; sad, and with a tang of bitterness: —

> "But I cannot tell; this same truth is a naked and open daylight, that doth not show the masks, and mummeries, and triumphs of the world, half so stately and daintily as candle-lights. Truth may come to the price of a pearl, that showeth best by day; but it will not rise to the price of a diamond or carbuncle, that showeth best by varied lights. A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure. . . ."

— In his study and philosopher's chair it was but some masquerading handmaiden of Truth that would hold converse with him; but here in his garden he is in his Soul's own domain, very large and royal; all bitterishness, as well as all things base and mean, are left outside and forgotten. He will arrange all finely, spaciously, amply; yet what he admits must be fragrant and beautiful; and none shall complain of any lack of poetic grace. It is a creation all suffused with poetry. Here is Coleridge's 'esemplastic' imagination: a molding of many elements into one perfect and as it were organic whole. Every detail has its own function to perform; each with a certain relation to every other; and complete beauty and satisfaction the result. The formal glories of the main garden would not please you so well, did you not come to them from the unadorned green, and leave them by the wild heath. Everything is where it should be: "the fair mount in the very midst," which is to be "thirty foot high, with some fine banqueting house, with some chimneys neatly cast, and without too much glass"; and the mounds or heaps in the heath, set (in no order) with old-fashioned flowers, or the thickets of sweetbriar and honeysuckle. Where it should be, I say — according to fundamental law, like the stars in the sky.

And then, the deep fragrance of it all. . . . I mean something more than the mere scent of his flowers: a subtle and appropriate aroma he contrives to blow through all the linked sweetness and stateliness of his prose. Here is June brooding among herbaceous borders; here are Tudor casements, diamond-paned, opening on quiet places loved of bees: a world of dark roses and well-tuned sonnets, wherein no "damned machinery" has a place. Such a sentence as this smells sweet, like thyme or myrtle or lavender: it "tastes of Flora and the country green": —

> "In September come grapes, apples, poppies of all colours, peaches, melocotones, nectarines, cornelians, wardens, quinces."

The odor is in the unfamiliar words, perhaps: *melocotones, cornelians, wardens: quinces* too, which are not very familiar. All that list of flowers and the months to which they belong is fragrant: sweet marjoram, rosemary, lavender; periwinkle, the white, the purple and the blue; lilium convallium, hyacinthus orientalis, chamaïris fritellaria. Hateful as a Latin word is as a rule, especially for a flower name, one would rather his *lilium convallium,* in that setting, than English *lily-of-the-valley;* and so with the other two. But it is all full of bloom-sweet sentences and rhythms. "The breath of flowers," he tells us, "is sweeter in the air where it comes and goes like the warbling of music" — what a whiff comes with that! — "than in the hand"; for which reason he will give you a list "what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air." Among them are "specially the white double violet, that comes twice a year, about the middle of April, and about Bartholomew tide"; (*about Bartholomew tide,* I think, breathes more delight into that than do the white double violets themselves); — "then the strawberry leaves dying, with a most excellent cordial smell" — every word aromatic; — then "wallflowers, which are very delightful to be set under a parlour or lower chamber-window."

> "But those which perfume the air most delightfully, not passed by as the rest, but being crushed and trodden upon, are three: that is, burnet, wild thyme, and water-mints; therefore you are to set whole alleys of them, to have the pleasure when you walk or tread."

—To which, I think, he ought to have added the camomile.

"There be that" chop up their prose into irregular fantastic line-lengths, dub it vain-gloriously 'free verse,' and sell it to the magazines for poetry. What they are aiming at is simply prose: such prose as Bacon wrote sometimes, and Sir Thomas Browne, and Fuller, and the golden-tongued Jeremy almost always: that great melodious prose of English which Dryden killed and Johnson buried under most *galumphing* tombstones. The Elizabethan and seventeenth century prose-writers knew that, to do good work, you must write with some inspiration, hearing the surge of the inward seas of thought and feeling, and letting their rhythm and melody be felt; they did not tolerate a prose that was just of the brainmind, and so musicless. But in these strident days it is not so easy to get that quietude in which you may "hear the golden-snooded Muses sing," whether for prose or for poetry. Our new poets, eager always to say something striking, that shall catch the eye like a sky-sign advertisement, seem unaware that no real revelation can come but on the wings of music; because all that inner world, which it is the business of poetry to reveal, *is* music. So we get, too often, *any old* prose, done into odd lengths and gobbets, and served up as the real poetry discovered at last. — One does not, of course, speak of Walt Whitman; whose rhythm (at its best) is essentially verse-rhythm; whose lines, however irregular, are (sometimes) as much verse-lines as Swinburne's; (I would as soon write *Hertha* in prose form, as *When Lilacs last in the Dooryard bloomed:* the lines would jump out at you, and cry aloud they were being humbugged.) — But it never occurred to Bacon to string out his lines (though immortal prose-music rings through them) in this guise:

> "For March, there come violets . . .
> The yellow daffodil, the daisy,
> The almond-tree in blossom,
> The peach-tree in blossom,
> The cornelian-tree in blossom,
> Sweetbriar."

— And he was too much the man to free-vertilise these directions for the heath:

> "I like also little heaps, of the nature of mole-hills (such as are in wild heaths), to be set, some with wild thyme, some with pinks, some with germander, that gives a good flower to the eye; some with periwinkle, some with violets, some with strawberries, some with cowslips, some with daisies, some with red roses, some with lilium convallium, some with sweetwilliams red, some with bear's-foot, and the like low flowers, being withal sweet and sightly —"

though nowadays they should hardly escape it, I think.

But we ought to begin at the beginning and go with him, and not flit hither and thither thus disorderly. Your pardon, my lord of Saint Albans! I fear we have kept you waiting. . . .

You will have your thirty acres of ground

> "to be divided in three parts; a green in the entrance, a heath, or desert, in the going forth, and the main garden in the midst, besides alleys on both sides;"

and you

> "like well that four acres of ground be assigned to the green, six to the heath, four and four to either side, and twelve to the main garden. The green hath two pleasures; the one, because nothing is more pleasant to the eye than green grass kept finely shorn; the other, because it will give you a fair alley in the midst, by which you may go in front upon a stately hedge, which is to inclose the garden. But because the alley will be long, and in great heat of the year, or day, you ought not to buy the shade in the garden by going in sun through the green; therefore you are, on either side the green, to plant a covert alley, upon carpenter's work, about twelve foot in height, by which you may go in shade to the garden."

Your three parts are three degrees, shall I say of initiation? Life at any rate is divided so — the life of a man, or a nation, or humanity; evolution travels by these three stages from the eternal to the eternal. — This green is a preparatory place, a pronaos; wherein we are to be accustomed to beauty by a wide simplicity of "green grass kept finely shorn." Speaking of England, and English poetry, it is the age of Chaucer; Shakespeare's is the main garden, and Wordsworth's is the heath. — I think you would not have allowed daisies on your green, my lord of Saint Albans; yet with daisies on a lawn it is a case of man proposing and God or Satan disposing; daisies would have grown and bloomed there, I doubt not for a moment. And I think that "sometimes, of a holyday" I have espied here a fellow with a shapely waist and something an elvish countenance withal,

> "Kneling alwey
> Upon the smale, softe, swote gras,
> That was with floures swote enbrouded al,
> Of swich swetnesse and swich odour over-al,
> That for to speke of gomme, or herbe, or tre,
> Comparisoun may noon y-maked be;
> For hit surmounteth pleynly alle odoures,
> And eek of riche beaute alle floures,"

for nothing else, he tells us (and he wol nat lye)

> "But for to loke upon the dayesye,
> That wel by reson men hit calle may,
> The 'dayesye' or elles the 'ye of day,'
> The emperice and flour of floures alle . . ."

For as far as this Dan Chaucer had penetrated into the Garden of the Muses, but hardly further: he and the singers of his age, who were so conscious of the green of the grass and trees, the sunshine and the free airs under the sky; but not of the great gardening which you, my lord, are to show us presently.

But in truth this green of yours was something a strict place for Dan Chaucer, after all: where he desired to be, but from which ever and anon he would be strolling back absent-mindedly into regions more fantastical and curious. You would have none of the tricks and puerilities of the Middle Ages in your domain. Fantasticalness you do not permit: it is a serious business with you, this erecting a grand symbol; in your own lordly way you issue warning once or twice against playing at gardening. As thus:

> "As for the making of knots or figures, with divers coloured earths, that they may lie under the windows of the house on that side which the garden stands, they be but toys: you may see as good sights many times in tarts."

But now we pass into the main garden.

> "It is best to be square, encompassed on all the four sides with a stately arched hedge: the arches to be upon pillars of carpenter's work, of some ten foot high, and six foot broad, and the spaces between of the same dimension with the breadth of the arch."

For the "ordering of the ground within," you will "leave it to a variety of device; advising nevertheless" that "it be not too bushy, or full of work"; wherein you, for your part, "do not like images cut out in juniper or other garden stuff; they be for children. But little low hedges" you "like well, and some pretty pyramids, and in some places fair columns upon frames of carpenter's work"; and you "would also have the alleys spacious and fair."

The secret of this garden is, that it is our own imagination must make it; you provide us with all the materials, and a supreme fillip to the work; but you have not mapped things out with shackling exactitude, and if we are to wander here, it must be with the joy of creators. It is but to know the essay, to have all the beds planted, the carpenters away, and their work covered with living green; the alleys laid out (and peopled), and the fountains playing; and all without once being aware that we have done the thing ourselves. There is a certain magnificence about it all: everything is in the grand manner, "stately and dainty." Human art and creation are to rule; nature is to conform to the molding hand of man — but with a joyful acquiescence, and showing no signs of servility. You are all for the great forms, even for a touch of formality; but stop short just on the sweeter side of formalism: all must be rich and living, and you will have none of the chilly glories of the school of Versailles. "Statues and such things," which princes will sometimes add, make, you tell us, for "state and magnificence, but nothing to the true pleasure of gardening." — Yet you will not swerve an inch to the other side, either: all attempts at natural magic are to be reserved for the heath. Fountains there must be; for they "are a great beauty and refreshment"; but no pools, for they "mar all, and make the garden unwholesome, and full of flies and frogs." In these fountains the artificial and the hand of man are most seen; they are designed to give a glow and lustre to the whole. You intend them to be "of two natures; the one that sprinkleth or spouteth water; the other a fair receipt of water, of some thirty or forty foot square, but without fish or slime or mud." For these, "ornaments of images, gilt or of marble," do well; the bottoms are to be "finely paved, and with images," the sides "embellished with coloured glass and such things of lustre"; they are to be "cleansed every day by the hand"; and the water must be so conveyed in bowls or cisterns as to "admit no mossiness or putrefaction." They are to be the eyes of the garden, and you will have them bright and flashing utterly; but here again fantasticalness is beyond your purpose, and you turn coldly from it:

> "for fine devices of arching water without spilling, and making it rise in several forms (of

feathers, drinking-glasses, canopies, and the like), they be pretty things to look on, but nothing to health and sweetness."

For the rest, you

> "do not deny but there should be some fair alleys ranged on both sides with fruit-trees, and some pretty tufts of fruit-trees and arbours with seats, set in some decent order; but these to be by no means set too thick, but to leave the main garden so as it be not close, but the air open and free. For as for shade, I would have you rest upon the alleys of the side grounds, there to walk, if you be disposed, in the heat of the year or day; but to make account that the main garden is for the more temperate parts of the year, and in the heat of summer for the morning and the evening or overcast days."

As to the side grounds, they are to be filled with a variety of alleys, private, to give a full shade; and they are to be well hedged against the wind; "and finely gravelled, and no grass, because of going wet." Here, too, shall be fruit-trees, and fine flowers; and "a mount of some pretty height" at the further ends of both, "leaving the wall of the inclosure breast high, to look abroad into the fields." — From those mounts Shakespeare looked abroad sometimes, not into the fields, but into the Eternal; — but every part of your domain was familiar to him. In the fair banqueting house upon the mount, in the very midst, he that came in the very midst of English literature wrote the tragedies that are its central glory; glad that the place was without too much glass, because his vision then was towards the within, and yet again within, and not outward upon the glories of the garden. The heath he knew too, and what lies beyond it — far better, my lord of Saint Albans, than you do yourself. — Then in the shady alleys of the side grounds I have seen that Philisides, whose immortal spirit

"now is made the heavens' chief ornament:"

there he retired, from riding atilt upon the green, to fashion sonnets as a silversmith his metal. Spenser keeps for the most part to the arches of the great hedge: anon on the hither side, between the garden and the green; anon on the further, looking out upon the heath, and speculating as to what might lie beyond — feeling an affinity for it, but hardly or rarely venturing forth to see. — Not imprisoned in the Tower, but in the freedom of this splendor, Raleigh wrote his splendidest prose; here in the midst of life beholding his august vision of Death the "eloquent, just, and mighty." — Here came Euphuistic Lyly, walking delicately; here the whole great galaxy "whose fire-seed sowed our furrows,"

"Marlowe, Fletcher, Webster, Ben,"

— but Ben in his less obstreperous moods; and Kit Marlowe, and with him his boon companions, Greene and Peele and Nash and Lodge, only I think upon holidays, and on promise of good behavior. Horseplay you would never have admitted: Gloriana herself might pass in pageant through at any time, a pearled and peacocked splendor gleaming through the green quietude and flower-bright spaces; and there must be no peril of brawling and roystering in such a presence. — As for you yourself, my lord, I guess you mainly affect the main garden and the sunniest magnificence of it; you go daily by the fountains, and watch the glitter of their lustred waters, to catch their sparkle for your prose. — You have made the whole place nobly Elizabethan: it is an imagination glowing up into splendid form: a grand adjustment of the inner and the outer: — which also was the literary achievement of the age.

— And then from this profuse princeliness you lead us into the third part, the heath, where form disappears, and all is "framed as much as may be to a natural wildness." Sooth to say, we might have expected the green and the main garden and the side grounds from you; but this heath, no; only one man in your time moved at all freely in such scenes as these. But indeed, I understand you have more allowed it to be, as perceiving the need for it in the grand scheme and symbol, than expressly brought it into being for your own delight. You can stand in the arch of the hedge, and look forth, and point out to us the main features; but you do not yourself use to walk here often, I think: you give no hint as to what shall bound or be found on its further limits; as if you had hardly been out there to see. The magic of wild nature is the aim; but it is a wild nature made sweet and fragrant with all the most alluring of garden flowers. No trees, but thickets of sweetbriar and honeysuckle, "and some wild vine amongst; and the ground to be set with violets, strawberries and primroses; for these are sweet, and prosper in the shade" (of the thickets); "and these to be in the heath here and there, not in any order." And there are to be roses and juniper, holly and barberries, red currants, gooseberries, rosemary and bays. — So here, louting as beseems, we will take our leave of you, my lord. . . .

— He has brought us, you observe, from a green fair simplicity to a grand complexity and opulence of design; and then on out to a simplicity again, but one that has learned all the lessons of the complex and transcended them; —which three things are a pattern of the universe and the whole Cycle of the Soul. — Here in this last stage man's work melts into the infinite and the vast wizardry of nature. And what is that wizardry — that part of natural beauty which does not refresh or soothe the senses, but excites the soul to wonder and worship, and whispers to us that we are vaster than we seem, important co-workers with the Eternal? I think it is the aftermath of human consciousness that has passed on into the superhuman. I think that that Presence, that wonder, mystery, awe,

> "Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,"

and whose inspiration is to be felt without us as well as within us, is not merely an actual something, but an aggregate of qualities that have once been human. . . . .

To this heath there is no defined boundary; we are not told how the estate should be bordered, nor what lies beyond this far end and going forth. But indeed, it is easily discovered. It is a land of purple mountains, where you may hear magical flutings blown along the wind at any time; it is a land of dim forests, where infinite calm mystery leans brooding evermore over the inaccessible remote seas of tree-tops. It is the native home, the realized dominion, of

"The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream."

Milton, in his younger days, walked in this heath occasionally,

"To behold the wandering moon
Riding near her highest noon;"

Shakespeare, belated in the garden once, dreamed a dream here, of a midsummer night; and here, another time, Perdita gave him flowers; and here, on the very edge of it, he heard Ariel fill the air with a thousand twangling instruments. But these two were bold adventurers; it is mostly to the poets of a later age that the heath belongs; the men of a hundred years ago came into it at their will, and even pitched their tents among the thickets. Over those mountains yonder Wordsworth many times watched the sunset, and heard eternal voices calling out of the Alone; and down in the hollow there, in a company of jocund daffodils, he became merry because of the infinite merriness of God. — And here you may often watch Shelley's bird rise from her nest (it is by a little heap set with germander, that gives a good flower to the eye); and presently, when the far hills are wine-dark, and a cool breeze is blowing out of the heart of the evening, and the west is empurpled, and with a splash of liquid gold in the midst of it, you may see her float and run in the molten lightnings of the sunset; and you will be aware that she is indeed no bird at all, but a singing spirit let loose from the earth, and by a divine irresistible gravitation of her own, ascending into heaven. . .

And then the sun will set, and after a while the moon rises over those mysterious mountains beyond there — over the Forests of Faërie that are beyond the limits of the heath, and over the rim of the world. And the tops of the far trees will be dusked and silvered; a great stillness comes down over the world. And that stillness will grow uneasy and apprehensive; and there is a murmur, a stirring of the ether among the leaves; and drops of song fall into the crystal waters of the young night, and ripple out to the edges of space and time, till even Silence

"Is took ere she is ware, and wishes she might
Forget her nature, and be never more
Still to be so displaced. . . ."

And it is the Bird of birds is singing: she is endowing with God's most secret magic, in the embalmed darkness, the

"White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast fading violets covered up with leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves;"

it is Keats's bird is singing: whose name is Poetry: whose name is Beauty Unattainable and Eternal:

"The same that oft-time hath
Charmed magic casements. . . ."

ARCHITECTURAL NOTES: THE CIRCULAR FORM IN CURRENT ARCHITECTURE: by Leonard Lester

A NOTEWORTHY departure in the architectural tendencies of today is seen in the adoption of the circular form of building for the new Court House now being erected in New York on the east side lower section of the city.

From the interesting description of the building which we print below, it would appear that the adoption of the circular scheme has entailed no sacrifice of its practical efficiency; on the contrary, more ideal conditions of plan and arrangement, lighting, circulation, etc., have been realized than are usually met with in the rectangular type of structure. The circular scheme has, furthermore, a comprehensive simplicity which unites all its parts, — a harmony of design in its interior and exterior aspects, and is a fitting expression of the purposes to which the building is dedicated.

The following is an extract from an article published in *The Art World* for September, 1917, with illustrations from drawings by the architect, Mr. Guy Lowell:

A New York Court House

A Court encloses an Ancient Temple or Church

"When we say that it is a building with a heart and that it is built round one central idea, one imposing thought, it is not meant as a slight, still less as a criticism, of other public buildings, but rather as a salute to the manner in which this difficult problem has been attacked, also to the manner in which the architect has won out, and that without any sacrifice to dramatic strength. When completed it will be singularly impressive, with much of the majesty of the Roman Colosseum.

"It shows that it paid to study the building from the ground up, beginning and staying by the plan, working from the center outward instead of from the street frontage — in compliance with some idealistic conception of the drawing office — the more usual way. The scheme is plucky. We are stating facts. Wholesome it is and economical of space and dollars. The remarkable thing about it is that with all the public buildings with which our architects have been entrusted of late, no one seems to have thought of the circular scheme or has had the patience, and the audacity, as one may say, to work it out.

"Many a building in this city is known for its conventional façade, its sculptured pediments or friezes which are often grand in idea and enrich, even ennoble, the street. They smile upon open squares, but forbiddingly, coldly turn their backs upon the people, defying at times, concealing, even misleading the observer as to their purpose, and so prove simply further monuments to the aesthetic taste of a few.

"The New York Court House is not one monument more which has been studied . . . for its dramatic value from the sidewalk. It is not one more tower which, sky-scraper fashion, adds to the interest of the horizon line when viewed from a distance; it is not the reproduction of some classic building . . . to be revered for its association. It is not awe-inspiring, grim, and superior when seen through the network of thoroughfares that bisect the lower portion of our city — part of a series of impressionistic façades, towering up austere, self-satisfied — the product of a stern acceptance of certain rigid laws of the Renaissance, or classic in its most uncompromising school. Obviously, it is, on the face of it, a building singularly unaffected, monumental in the sense that it accepts gracefully the great privilege of service; and yet there is not here any one grand front. It is all front; whithersoever we look a calm quiet countenance confronts us, and it is so planned as to add greatly to the material comfort of those who live in it. . . .

"The central idea round which the courts assemble might be likened to what remains of Agrippa's creation, the Pantheon. There is something particularly appropriate and significant in the hemispheral dome. . . . It recalls Agrippa's temple to all the gods, and is probably the most impressive interior in the world. This is said to be due to the lighting, to the deeply coffered dome, which with its square panels surrounds the lantern light, and to the manner in which the dome is supported by a colonnading. The colonnading . . . bisects the building, running at right angles and forms the outlines of a Greek Cross making in that manner four equally important entrances accented by larger columns on the outer walls.

"In scale the New York Court House is big. In actual inches it will be as large as the Colosseum, measuring the diameter of that wonder in its narrowest way."

Describing the location of the new building and its associations, the writer continues:

"a short distance from the Tombs, grim and terrible, a place of a hundred crimes, . . . and it is in the middle of this turmoil that a white building is slowly rising, a building typifying the square deal between man and his neighbor."

If we consider the finer significance of architectural design, this innovation may perhaps be interpreted as a sign of the times marking a transition in the development of our civic architecture, and foreshadowing a future when it shall be supported and inspired by a broader conception of man's nature and needs and more universal ends than those which bind us to the pursuit of a merely material satisfaction and culture.

The creative genius of the architect has for long been cramped and wing-clipped in the service of adapting structural forms inherited from classical models to the ends which our commercial and social life impose. Even thus shackled, it has produced many works of great classic beauty, and in this country its vitality and resource are seen in the daring and mechanical ingenuity which has developed the sky-scraper and other forms of industrial architecture.

But surely the awakening art-genius of the race must find its true power through a knowledge and practice of the same fundamental laws of harmony which shall regenerate human life, and in their light, rededicate itself to the upward path of human service. Its singleness of purpose will then dissipate the confusion of accumulated half-truths and fragments of the wreckage of past ages, not only present with us in the crumbling forms of devitalized religions and philosophies, but also in our motley use of architectural styles. And its restored equilibrium will bring to a focus the blurred images of its dreams, and with clear vision and a new power of synthesis it will shape for itself a living style, nobler harmonies of form.

The use of the circular form and of curvature in architecture offers a theme of deep interest. Its appearance in prehistoric monuments of the greatest antiquity, in all parts of the world, is evidence of the universality of its symbolism.

The circle, being a more perfect form than the square and possessing higher symbolic relations, is potentially the unit of expression of a higher order of structural harmony, capable of infinite modification; and inherent in the rhythms of curvature is a suggestion of the universal and the infinite — the sphere-music of cyclic law.

That the circular form has been successfully applied in the case of an important modern public building is proof that it is susceptible of further development and adaptation to the conditions of our life of today. That these conditions are not favorable to great or enduring forms of architecture is fully recognised, by none more than the architects themselves; they await the renewal which will correspond to a change in the heart-motive of mankind upon which the whole fabric of our outer life is woven. The congested life of our great cities with their competitive strife in the pursuit of notoriety, wealth, and pleasure, finds fitting expression in the towering 'sky-scrapers.' Yet impressive as these may be in their assertion of material power — this can claim no kinship with the calm beneficent power of great architecture. Their feverish energy is that of battling Titans, and the mood they inspire recalls the exclamation of the old Buddhist lama in *Kim*, fresh from his mountain monastery in Tîbet, as he entered the grim iron railway station at Benares: "This is the work of devils."

When this titan strength, released from the bondage of an iron age, shall help to shape new conditions, — the destruction of its own former creations may be the first of its regenerative labors.

The keynote of these new conditions will be devotion of the individual to the public welfare. This spirit, animating our civilization, would surely bring about a changed aspect in its outer life — in the general constructive scheme of our cities — permitting a really great architecture to flourish. It would introduce a higher science in the economics of time, space, and labor, in their relation to constructive design and arrangement — the planning of buildings and thoroughfares — than those which govern a machine-made civilization.

Public buildings would be numerous, living symbols of beauty and power, varied and related to each other in the order of their importance and purpose. Private residences would be simple and unpretentious because the individual would find his work and inspiration in the service of that universal life in which he would become a conscious sharer.

And what is this scheme but an application of the laws of architectural proportion to human life? Imagine the possibilities of this spirit animating the individuals of a city, a state, a nation, and the international relations of the whole world! That such a condition is possible is proven by the life here at Lomaland — so international in character because it is a co-operative expression of man's varied racial elements — a co-operation which is not dependent on *external* similarity of nature or tastes; so closely in touch with the life of Humanity because its power is an interior one, reaching beyond the outer differences of race, tongue, or creed.

Of this larger life the beautiful circular Temple, (The Aryan Memorial Temple, or Temple of Peace, familiar to readers of this magazine and to thousands of visitors) designed, built and dedicated by Katherine Tingley nearly eighteen years ago, is an architectural symbol, and a prophecy — a pervading influence of harmony felt under its varied aspects of light and color like the recurring motif of a sublime musical symphony.

* * *

THE subject of all the states of consciousness is a real unit-being, called Mind; which is of non-material nature, and acts and develops according to laws of its own, but is specially correlated with certain material molecules and masses forming the substance of the Brain.— *George T. Ladd*

STUDIES IN VERGIL: by J. O. Kinnaman, A. M., Ph. D.

PART III — DIDO

I

NO episode in all literature has wielded a broader and deeper influence upon the thoughts and feelings of European peoples than the Dido episode of the Aeneid. In its appeal, it is universal; it touches the life-spring of the better side of human nature; it is the theme of themes, life itself.

Vergil ruined, for the great majority of readers, the rest of the Aeneid when he penned this throbbing love-story. It is the episode by which Vergil lifted himself among the great poets. Ovid tells us that the Dido was a favorite in his day. Macrobius informs us that sculptors, painters, artists of all kinds, ever employed the theme set forth by Vergil. The poet did not invent the story of Aeneas and Dido, for the tale already existed in several forms, its oldest form in Roman literature being found in the poem of Naevius, 'The Punic War.' In this poem, or Annals in poetic form, Aeneas and Dido formed the background. But in Vergil the opposite is true; the historical is the background for the legendary. Dido and Aeneas form an episode in the Punic War of Naevius. The Punic War is no episode in the Aeneid, yet it is the foundation of the Aeneid. We can ever feel the memories, the love and hate of that titanic struggle pulsing through the narrative. Every Roman could not but feel his blood stirred by the events of the then world-struggle, though past for nearly two centuries. If Vergil wished to make his poem the national epic, he could not afford to neglect a theme so potent in the national life as the Punic Wars.

He makes his hero and heroine each the representative of the genius of a race. He leaves the petty behind him, and elevates accident, petty jealousy, individual greed to a higher plane, namely, the philosophy of history: the inevitable clash of two diametrically opposite civilizations.

Historically, Carthage and Rome fought for the possession of Sicily and the rule of the Mediterranean sea, in other words, a struggle of greed with greed. Such is the historian's view-point. But that is not all of it. There exists a deeper significance, *i. e.*, the philosophy of the whole matter. Each nation, like an individual, has a mission to fulfil, a life to live, a death to die. Each nation seeks a fulfilment of that life. Rome and Carthage were both working out their destinies, and they came into conflict in doing so. It was a struggle of ideas and ideals far more than a struggle for territory and trade control. Let us examine the subject somewhat in detail.

The cause of the Trojan War, as previously shown, was first, to gain control of trade routes; second, that ever constant struggle between Oriental and Occidental ideas and ideals. Oriental ideas and ideals had crystallized, become stagnant, there was no progress, no innovation; the individual was nothing, the state everything. There was no expression for the individual except the despot who was the government, and even he was ringed about with bands of steel in the form of precedent and religious formulae from which he could seldom break.

The Occidental was just the opposite. Progress, innovation, was the rule. It was expected. The individual sought ever to express himself in multitudinous and divers ways. The state existed for the individual, and not the individual for the state. Religion developed the person; it did not hold him in abject slavery. The ruler was the representative of the sovereign will of all the people governed, and not a ruler because of the chance of birth.

Greece was the champion of free thought, progress in politics and religion, innovation in education, art, literature, science; in short, the champion of the humanities. Persia was the representative of the very opposite. They came into conflict in the memorable Graeco-Persian War. Occidentalism prevailed, and held at bay the Oriental dragon, Stagnation, until the budding Greek civilization could grow to full bloom and hand its fruit on to the west, *i. e.*, to Rome. Then Rome in the vigor of her youth must finish the struggle. Oriental ideas and ideals were nurtured and nursed on the northern coast of Africa, "opposite Italy and the Tiber's mouth," at Carthage, the western representative of orientalism. Here the civilization grew, flourished, and waxed strong. One hundred miles separated it from the stronghold of progress. It was inevitable that the two civilizations should come into conflict. Sicily was the mere vehicle or medium that precipitated the struggle. The Punic Wars were the concluding and closing scenes begun at Marathon. Vergil names this force or power that draws the two nations into death struggle — *Fatum.* The nation that has the larger ideas and ideals will win, for strength of army and navy will gravitate to that side.

Besides the main issue of any conflict, there always enter some subordinate ones. These issues become complicated and confused, making it difficult for actors contemporaneous with events to distinguish that which is right and that which is wrong, and, as a result, men with right motives take the wrong side. This confusion of issues is the foundation upon which all tragedy is built, and in actual life, the only source from which it springs. In the study of these issues involving nations, the problem puts itself nearly upon the plane of the abstract, and the solution of the problem is not so difficult. But when the stage is reduced, the actors not nations but individuals, then the solution is very difficult, for we have a conflict of ideas and ideals, purposes and passions of individual men and women. The principles they maintain cross and recross, until the result is an entangled web in which it is very difficult to follow any one thread; in addition there is the reaction of personality upon personality, and the personal equation ever to be taken into account. Under such conditions our sympathy, our instinct of race, nation, and environment, play upon our heart strings, and judgment abdicates in favor of the other impulses of our nature.

We are far enough removed in time from the Punic Wars for us to see and reduce the issue between Carthage and Rome to its simplest terms: the conflict of two civilizations. That was true even in Vergil's day. He saw it clearly. He let his hero and heroine represent national types, types of civilization, but kept them individuals, personal and human. The poet touches the universal heart of mankind, for in the person of his two creatures, he lets us see the same kind of warfare that is going on in the heart of each of us, the conflict between love and duty, each pulling in opposite direction. Our sympathy is touched just in proportion to our experience. We cannot be touched by anything not within the scope of our experience. The broader our experience, the broader and deeper our sympathy. Everything must come within the realms of experience. Only through the particular can we apprehend the universal. Vergil used this law to show the universal through the particular.

If we take it for granted that Vergil took his theme from Naevius, it is not probable that his treatment followed the line of the older poet. It is patent that Vergil used Greek tragedy as his model. He was a close student of Euripides who delights to show the conflict of character with character, the play of passion and principle, especially that involving woman. Hecuba, Andromache, and Alcestis are pictures of woman as mother and wife. It was for Euripides to open in literature a new phase which it has never lost, *viz:* the love-theme. He gives us this in the Phaedra. This note is first struck in the Hippolytus, never to be lost from that day to this. After the conquest of Alexander, attention was turned from the state to the individual, and it gave man an opportunity to study the motive force behind all action. In other words, the love story became very popular and so still remains.

Vergil experiments with the theme in the *Eclogs,* but he fails to arouse enthusiasm on the part of the reader. They are fine, worthy, and amiable young people, but they do not impress one as being seriously in love. Deliberate periods do not impress one with the throbbing impulses of the heart. The sentences must be short, sharp, direct, and to the point, in order to convey to the reader the impress of the master passion.

The abnormal mind does not appeal to Vergil. He takes man and woman as he finds them in actual life; love, hate, longings, hopes; the aspirations, the bitter disappointments of a feminine heart, and puts them on the screen for our inspection; also the duty, the ambitions, the religious ideals of a man, setting the opposite forces loose to play against each other. The 'machinery' of the gods does not influence, direct, or guide events, for the forces are already at work that produce tragedy.

In the Dido, Vergil reaches the zenith of his power. It seems to the writer that he has never been surpassed, even if ever equaled. He interprets feminine nature with a master hand; he accomplishes the almost impossible, he interprets that which almost evades interpretation.

II

In the study of the tragedy of Aeneas and Dido, we must try to realize Vergil's conception of the central figure, Dido. She is a woman and a queen, a woman in instinct, feeling, and sympathy, a queen in her broad ideas, ideals, and accomplishments. She is radically different from Homer's women, except Penelope and Andromache. Calypso is a goddess, and thus removed from human restrictions. Helen can be summarized in one word, 'flirt.' Andromache is the staid matron and devoted mother, thus more nearly approaching the modern conception of wifehood and motherhood.

Dido is wife and widow. She realizes the joy of being a happy wife as well as the sorrows of a widow. Besides being a widow, she was childless, and her starved heart cried out for that solace that is the balm of every truly feminine heart. She loves children. She has ever in her mind the thought of her murdered husband, Sichaeus. He, the husband, had met his fate at the hands of his wife's brother, Pygmalion, and through greed only on the part of the latter. He had no regard for his sister's feelings, but tried to calm her fears by lies. This the heart-story of the woman though a queen.

Dido the queen is never sunk in the woman as is the case in Phaedra. Dido is the queen, and always remains the queen, even in death, yea, in Hades she retains her regal bearing. She is a great queen, the founder of a great city and a great nation. She is great in the zenith of her power, great in her fall; her greatness and her fall are ever synonymous.

Dido's sympathy is broad and deep; just as broad and deep as her own experience and sorrow, but underneath her beauty of exterior, the outward tranquillity of her disposition, we can catch occasional glimpses of the Oriental. In her sweet repose one can see the restlessness of the tiger. But the details of this element of her character we shall further discuss at the proper place. Ilioneus gives a hint of this in her character, Book I: 539-541, when he says, "Quod genus hoc hominum? quaeve hunc tam barbara morem"

> Permittit patria? hospitio prohibemur harenae;
> Bella cient, primaque vetant consistere terra.

But we lose sight of this accusation in Dido's most natural reply in vv. 563-564:

> Res dura, et regni novitas me talia cogunt
> Moliri, et late fines custode tueri.

and in the famous line (574) so often quoted:

> Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.

Thus she allays the suspicions of Aeneas and his companions, and also causes the reader, usually, to lose sight of this oriental tendency of character, or as Venus puts it in Book I: 661:

> Quippe domum timet ambiguam Tyriosque bilingues.

Why two people fall in love with each other is not within our province to discuss. It is a foregone conclusion from the very beginning that Dido is fated to fall in love with Aeneas; while, on the other hand, Aeneas will, on his part, likewise fall in love, but with a wide difference. Aeneas, finally, allows *duty* to outweigh all other considerations, but he does so under divine compulsion.

Dido is a beautiful woman, according to Vergil. Was Vergil writing his ideal of a woman? Was he painting a word-picture, or was he actually portraying for us that most wondrous woman of antiquity, the 'serpent of the Nile,' Cleopatra? If we turn to Book I: 496-503 we get the picture:

> . . . . forma pulcherrima, Dido
> Incessit, magna iuvenum stipante caterva.
> Qualis in Eurotae ripis, aut per iuga Cynthi
> Exercet Diana choros; quam mille secutae
> Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades: illa pharetram
> Fert umero, gradiensque deas supereminet omnes.

Picture her taller than her companions, graceful, perfect in figure, lithe, symmetrical in every step, queenly in every move like the goddess Diana, regal in bearing, but still a woman among women, possessing every characteristic that could appeal to a man such as was Aeneas, and we need not to be amazed that the hero, iron-minded though he were

> . . . stupet, obtutuque haeret defixus in uno.

Dido displays the modesty of the true woman, when addressed by Ilioneus:

Tum breviter Dido, vultum demissa, profatur.

The best known balm for sorrow is work. This remedy Dido assiduously applied, as is to be seen by her founding and building the city of Carthage. Vergil finely portrays this point for us in his famous simile, Book I: 430-436:

Qualis apes aestate nova per florea rura
Exercet sub sole labor; quum gentis adultos
Educunt fetus, aut quum liquentia mella
Stipant, et dulci distendunt nectare cellas;
Aut onera accipiunt venientum, aut agmine facto
Ignavum fucos pecus a praesepibus arcent:
Fervet opus, redolentque thymo fragrantia mella.

She is full of energy, determination and resource. She has suffered; she has hidden sorrows; but she is bound to rise above this dead weight by the buoyant force of work. She is succeeding. The past is gradually fading into a dim memory. She is surrounded by danger on every hand; she is the object of desire and envy on the part of several native African potentates, but she shows diplomacy and manages to keep them guessing, or plays them one against the other. But what a complete and radical change takes place when Aeneas appears!

It seems to the writer that, on the part of Dido, it is a case of love at first sight. There was no need for Venus to employ the divinity of Cupid to counterfeit little Ascanius in order to touch the queen's heart. It seems that the queen rather turned the tables, and used the child or his counterfeit to reach the heart of the father. At least the reader discovers long before Aeneas has finished his story that Dido is hopelessly in love with the tall, dark stranger. The first step in that direction was sympathy. The loss of a wife on one side and the loss of a husband on the other, almost parallel experiences, each an exile from the native land, the founding of or the wanting to found a city, grief and sorrow, formed the second step. Such were the visible steps, but what can we say of the ultimate cause? We leave the further psychic causes to the discussion of professional psychologists.

Now comes the battle and struggle in Dido's own mind. It is at this point that the basic principle of tragedy begins, the confusion of issues. Dido had resolved never to marry again (this being, by the way, the Roman's highest ideal of duty in this regard). The question that cries for solution is: shall she follow the path of ideal duty or shall she yield to inclination? She says, "Since the death of my hapless husband, Sichaeus, this man alone has touched my heart and shaken my resolution until it totters." She realizes that she has spoken the truth, and that her resolution is weakening. Then she tries to strengthen her resolution by a curse, and an appeal to her honor (Pudor), and woman's final resort — tears.

Anna begins to clear away the barriers and smooth the road for Dido's feet. She asks why Dido should go on wasting her beauty and life in solitude and sorrow? She had remained long loyal to Sichaeus, and to clinch her argument she asks her several common-sense questions in the following, Book IV: v. 34:

Id cinerem aut Manes credis curare sepultos?

It was all very well not to have married any one before, since none was pleasing to her, but now this was all changed by the arrival of the stranger-guest, v. 38:

. . . placitone etiam pugnabis amori?

Anna belongs to the Cyrenaic school of philosophy, and inclination is her guide in life. She brings forward also political considerations:

Nec venit in mentem, quorum consederis arvis?

These dangers can be averted by the aid of Aeneas.

Dido is a woman of action rather than reflexion. She has not any deep-rooted philosophy of life; therefore she has no reserve force upon which to fall back. She surrenders her ideal to her inclination. Vergil points this clearly in:

Ante, Pudor, quam te violo aut tua iura resolvo.

Anna's words accomplish that which Dido had deprecated. Yet all the time Dido is seeking and longing for these very words, this support, this confirmation by another of the thing she alone lacked the stamina to execute. But when she found this support, she hesitated no longer. It seems to be a human aversion to shouldering alone all the responsibility. This division of responsibility seems to strengthen the resolution. Later, Dido upbraids her sister for giving her the advice she wished to hear, verses 548-49:

Tu, lacrimis evicta meis, tu prima furentem
His, germana, malis oneras, atque obiicis hosti.

Why should Dido deny herself the privilege of a second marriage, is the question, at this point, in the mind of the modern reader. It was an ancient Roman ideal never to enter the second time the marriage bonds. This ideal did not prevail in Vergil's day, however, but yet the ideal was not entirely dead; besides, it was Vergil's purpose to revive some of the virtues long neglected by the Romans. If a woman married the second time she was not considered pure and undefiled, nor could she offer sacrifice to Pudicitia. Vergil depicts here the ideal for Roman womanhood. Shall Dido exemplify that ideal or shall she yield to this one sin? Sin in the purely Greek sense of the word, *i. e.*, missing the mark of the ideal. The sin lies within the mind of the actor. It would be no sin on the part of Dido, neither wrong in thought nor action, to attempt to win the love of Aeneas, but the *culpa* comes in attempting it against her conscience. It is the beginning of the end with the queen.

Dido takes the fatal step; she makes the tragic decision; she yields to her inclination, ignoring the highest ideal. How inconsistent her acts! Now she in company with Anna seeks the shrines to invoke blessing for the very thing for which she has just invoked the direst curse. It is tragic irony. She sacrifices to Ceres, Apollo, and Lyaeus, *i. e.* the gods presiding over the founding of cities, marriage and joy, and law-giving.

Vergil's comment upon Dido's sacrifice is one of those instances in which the poet seems to reveal the arcana of his innermost thoughts; yet it is most difficult to detect exactly Vergil's attitude *in re* the religious thought and rituals of his day, for the most zealous ritualist could scarce quarrel with his words:

> "Alas, how dull the souls of seers! What prayers, what shrines can sooth the conscience once outraged!"

Dido proceeds with her courting of Aeneas. She leads him through the city: she shows him her Sidonian wealth, a city founded and finished — all his for the asking, and she is offering with it herself to be his and its queen. But he will not see it in spite of his words in Book I: 437 and 557. She impatiently awaits (*quaerit*) the return of the banquet at the close of the day (*labente die*), and she hangs upon his words (*pendet ab ore*).

Now come one of the most human touches of the poet:

> "Afterwards, after the guests have departed, and the waning moon in her turn withdraws her light and the sinking stars invite to slumber, she in the vacant hall pines alone, and reclines upon the couch still warm with his personality."

Had the poet lived the experiences he depicts? If not, could he so vividly have portrayed them? Thus pass the days.

Now is introduced the episode of Juno and Venus that culminates in the sin of Dido. The plan suggested by Juno is literally fulfilled. Juno is not planning to ruin Dido morally, but merely to make her the instrument that would "divert the Kingdom of Italy to the Libyan shores." Venus is more to blame for the fall of Dido than Juno, for the former knew that the fates would allow no such thing, so she can see that the one inevitable result must be the ruin of the queen. Usually, human beings were but pawns in the hands of the gods. But in the attitude of Juno, Vergil rises far above Euripides.

Dido has attained her desire, but as time goes on she finds that it demands more and more of her. Rumor denounces both of them. The Poet (IV: vv. 181-183) describes Rumor as a fiend having as many eyes and tongues as she had feathers on her body.

Finally, Jupiter takes notice of the case, and sends Mercury to arouse Aeneas to his duty.

Dido finds that the fulfilment of her inclination does not contribute to her happiness. Suspicion hovers ever in her mind. She has a presentiment that all is not as well as it appears on the surface. Her uneasiness of soul assumes complete control of her mind, since she has thrown duty to the winds. A complete change has come into her life and character.

Aeneas, in the meantime, is thinking. The mode of thought of years cannot be discarded easily or readily. For seven years he has had one thought, one purpose in view, *i. e.*, the founding of a new Troy, the establishment of a home for his people, the building of an asylum for the homeless Penates. The thought of his father comes to him, and of the wrong that he is doing Iulus in keeping him away from his heritage in Italy. In his sleep his father appears before Aeneas with sad and downcast countenance, but Aeneas cannot look him in the eyes, for he realizes that he is neglecting his duty to everyone. He feels for the queen, his heart is not dead to her, but duty calls. The turning-point comes when Mercury appears before him with the message of Jupiter, also asking him a few pointed questions. He sees his duty clearly, and determines to perform it, let the consequence be what it might as far as Carthaginians and their queen were concerned. How to broach his determination to the queen was a puzzle, but she does it for him with her woman's intuition.

She then truly becomes the *reginam furentem*, and she relieves her mind by telling Aeneas plainly what she thinks of his actions. He lets her rage until she talks herself out, then he makes his reply in which he seems to forget the words that he used in Book I: 606-610. He tells her of his vision of Mercury, of his dreams, of his ambition, of his duty, but he adds a somewhat saving clause, v. 361: *Italiam non sponte sequor.*

In her reply, all the fury of a woman spurned comes to the surface, reinforced by her Oriental nature. She upbraids him, she reviles him, abuses him, expressing the hope that he may be shipwrecked. With that she flings herself away, leaving him "with a thousand things to say."

Then her mood changes. She sends Anna to beg him not to abandon his purpose but to delay until she could adjust herself to their changed relations. Aeneas listens to Anna, and weeps, but the appeal is in vain, for (verse 449) his *mens immota manet,* and naught have the tears availed.

Despair and superstition drives Dido insane. Everything is an omen. The owl on the palace roof terrifies her, her dreams are horrible. She seemed to be alone in a desert with the unpitying face of Aeneas ever in pursuit. She hears the voice of Sichaeus issuing from the chapel dedicated to him in the palace. Her insanity is complete, and with the shrewdness of the insane she plans her own destruction, and again calls in superstition, in the form of magic rites, to cover her purpose. She invokes the curse that is to make Carthage and Rome enemies forever. She mounts the pyre; her last soliloquy follows with her destruction and descent to the shades below.

But let us mark that in the end love conquered her madness and hatred; it is the one dominant note.

The Greek tragic poets do not deliberate so much upon wickedness, wrecked lives, as upon some great error or weakness. Dido's fall was due entirely to weakness of will-power. Aeneas crossed her path and became her temptation; she gives way to inclination, loses her sense of proportion, of right and wrong, and, of course, falls from her high estate.

Aeneas's part in the fall of Dido consists in the fact that he agreed to the proposals of Dido, and that he dallied in Carthage. Of these two points, the latter, no doubt, strongly appealed to the Roman, while the former scarcely caught his attention. The Roman was ever very careful of his duty to the state; in fact, it was his highest virtue. So Aeneas in the eyes of his descendants sinned most in his temporary neglect of his state.

But Vergil wishes strongly to bring something else to the attention of his contemporaries. He seems to wish to condemn the double standard of morals, one for the woman, and one entirely different for the man, which was the prevailing condition in his times. It anticipates by almost fifty years the Sermon on the Mount. This grand conception contributed to the moral awakening, and to the deepening of the moral sense. The thing that Vergil is stressing throughout the book is moral strength, character-building, and righteousness.

If Dido acted as the medium of the above great lesson, she lived and died not in vain.

After reading the book, the chief question in the mind of the school-boy or school-girl is: Was Dido a real flesh-and-blood woman? Did she actually live and love?

I have been asked this question, I think I am safe in saying, by every class I have taught for the past twenty-five years. I have done my best to answer their questions, not, however, by the orthodox method of saying "she is identical with the goddess Ashtoreth, Semiramis, and

Aphrodite." It may be that I have been able to convince no one but myself, but, at least, I have succeeded in doing that thoroughly. I tell them that I believe that Dido was a real woman, and that she did what Vergil portrays her as doing, but, of course, stating my position in sufficient detail for them to understand it clearly.

It has been the custom to relegate too much to mythology and poetic license without scientifically studying the origin of myths, taking it for granted that myths arose in the untutored mind of the prehistoric savage and in some way were handed down to classical times, worked over by the master-minds, and thus became the pleasing thing that we know today. That trait was especially peculiar to certain European scholars and so-called schools. They proceeded to identify the characters of the Iliad, of the Odyssey, and of other poems with the gods and goddesses of mythology. Sometimes they reversed the process, stripped the god of his divinity, and made him a mere man. Sometimes they did not trouble themselves even to that extent, but made some wild hypothetic statement and let it pass for a fact. As a result, we have a grand medley of statements that pass for facts, a Chinese puzzle that even the *learned* (?) savants could not solve. They merely added to the confusion.

Let us study the process of apotheosis, using just a little commonsense of the size of a mustard-seed, and see at what conclusion we may arrive.

Human nature is alike the world over, and practically identical in all ages. Ancestor-worship is nothing more, when reduced to its lowest terms, than hero-worship carried a step farther. Hero-worship usually precedes even the death of the hero. Legend gathers around him even during his lifetime; when he has passed to his fathers, this process goes on, and as time rolls by the hero becomes the god. The apotheosis is complete. But the apotheosis does not eliminate the fact that he lived, moved, and had his being as a man.

This is the natural process at the present time; it was thus in Roman and Greek times, and so as far back as runs the history of man. This process is in existence among us now. Abraham Lincoln passed from among us only fifty-three years ago: men are still living who knew him personally; yet we all know what an amount of legend has gathered around him. This is testified to by the almost countless volumes that have been written about him, some of them entitled 'The True Abraham Lincoln' etc. Legend is composed of both truth and fiction. The fiction is added by enthusiastic admirers in order to add to the renown and glory of the hero. As the years go by this mass of legend increases until it is impossible to find the line of demarcation between truth and fiction.

Perhaps at the end of three thousand years, scholars of that day will have to use the process of elimination with a ponderous *apparatus criticus* in order to obtain the truth concerning our Lincoln, as is already the case in regard to Washington. If we were in the stage of development where this process had been carried farther than the present day, these men would long ago have been catalogued among the gods. We rank them among our great heroes, we attribute to them certain ceremonies, we observe their birthdays, etc., so that it may well be possible that thousands of years hence, the then antiquarians may say and argue from evidence that we considered our heroes as gods. It all depends upon the way they interpret us, yet we know that these were real men who accomplished, in the main, the achievements assigned to them.

Augustus was worshiped, also Julius, yet does that abrogate the fact that Julius was the greatest Roman and Augustus his close second? But their divine honors were bestowed upon them by an admiring public.

Thus we see, when we clear away much rubbish, much scholarly erudition and self-assertion; and using just common sense the while, keeping in mind the true psychological attitude of men's minds, we can arrive at near-facts that may guide us into paths of truth, ultimately.

If Dido became identified with the goddesses mentioned above, it took place after, long after, her death. She never was a goddess *first*, then later brought down to the level of a human being. The very fact of her later being considered a goddess, is strong evidence of her probable historicity. In other words, the 'faded gods' never became the heroes and heroines of song and literature.

This criticism, it seems to me, may well be applied to other characters of Epic song. We know that real historical characters of the northern European races have been woven into epic literature: no one challenges that fact. If that be true, why could it not be true in regard to the epic we have under consideration?

Every legend has its foundation in fact; it does not merely 'grow up,' like Topsy; it has its roots far down in the stratum of fact and history. The older historians and poets of Rome, whose works as a whole are lost to us, considered Dido as historical (if we may judge from the fragments that have reached us), whether as the original founder of Carthage, we have no sure way of judging, yet the city's foundation is usually assigned to the ninth century, though it well may be possible that the real date far preceded the one usually assigned. We are now forced to conclude that even Rome was founded many centuries before 754. If we study contemporaneous nations of the Orient, we are forced to the belief that Troy, Carthage, and even Rome itself are very recent, though we assign their date as the twelfth century. Egypt at that time was in the height of her glory and power; the great Empire of Minos had fallen under the hand of the barbarian from the far North, his palace was a mass of ruins, the Minotaur no longer bellowed and demanded his victims, and even his 'ally,' the Pharoah upon the throne of Egypt, trembled in dread of the return of the 'people of the sea,' as the monuments of the Nile call those wild freebooters from the still wilder and rougher Scandinavian lands.

Troy with its frowning walls at that time looked down upon many an annual fair held upon her plains, where the wares of the civilized and barbaric world were bartered.

Dido says that her father was Belus, the conqueror of Cyprus, or that he at least held part of that island under his sway. This was a period of great political changes in almost every part of the Mediterranean Sea.

Space forbids us further discussion, though the evidence is far from being exhausted. May we ask any fair-minded man, one who is not bound up in the exposition of some pet theory, if there is not high probability for the real existence of the heroine of Book IV of Vergil's Aeneid? What conclusion will be drawn by any boy or girl without prejudice?

⁂

THESE truths are in no sense put forward as a *revelation;* nor does the author claim the position of a revealer of mystic lore now made public for the first time in the world's history. For what is contained in this work is to be found scattered throughout thousands of volumes embodying the scriptures of the great Asiatic and early European religions, hidden under glyph and symbol, and hitherto left unnoticed because of this veil. What is now attempted is to gather the oldest tenets together and to make of them one harmonious and unbroken whole. The sole advantage which the writer has over her predecessors, is that she need not resort to personal speculations and theories. For this work is a partial statement of what she herself has been taught by more advanced students, supplemented, in a few details only, by the results of her own study and observation.

—H. P. BLAVATSKY, in 'Preface' to *The Secret Doctrine*

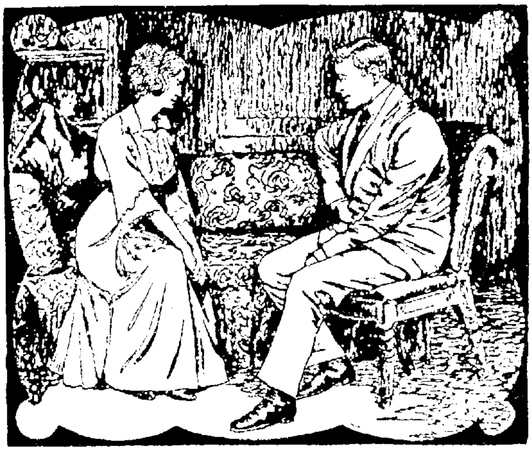
THE BUNCH TITANIA PICKED: A FAIRYTALE OF LONDON: by Floyd C. Egbert

(*With pen-and-ink drawings by R. Machell*)

P. SIMMONS was a London clerk. He was what the poet calls a "pipe-and-a-stick young man." His speech bewrayed him for Cockney: you could hear Bow Bells jangling in it. Though not too oleaginously, as you might say; he was above indiscretion in the matter of aitches; which, after all, is the main thing. The P. stood for Peter.

He had a season ticket on the District Railway, which raises one above the rank of third-class traveler — or used to. Every morning in the week he emerged, at ten minutes to eight, from a semi-detached villa residence ('desirable') in Laburnum Terrace; lit his pipe at the garden gate; bought *The Daily Flamer* at the station bookstall, and caught the eight o'clock train to the city. The station was Walham Green. The pipe would last him as far as to the Temple, or perhaps Blackfriars; the paper to Mark Lane, where his journey ended. His days were spent in the outer office of J. J. Merrill and Co., Metal Brokers, of Mincing Lane; I forget the number. J. J. Merrill and Co. had two clerks, of whom P. Simmons was the senior. The other fellow used to be sent on the errands: Simmons, maintaining a certain state in the outer office — especially when Merrill was out — had the privilege of sending him. Merrill — our Mr. J. J. Merrill — was the firm; the Co., like North Poles and Equators in the poem, was merely a conventional sign. In respect to the junior clerk, Mr. Simmons' rights extended still further: as, to send him to buy oranges in the street; to make him a hone for the wit, and a dumping-ground for stories supposed funny. In fact, the junior clerk was little better than an office boy; though he thought he was a poet.

At 1 P. M., Simmons would repair to a room beneath the level of the street, where there were marble-topped tables, clouds of tobacco smoke, clerks innumerable, chess, draughts, and dominoes. The chess was for the aristocracy of intellect, to which he made no claim to belong; he, when he had eaten his steak-and-kidney pudding or the like, would play a game of dominoes with kindred spirits over his second daily pipe. There, also, he was respectably familiar with the waitresses: called them Rose or Alice, as the case might be. Five fifteen saw him at Mark Lane Station again; and so home strap-hanging to the parental semi-detached at Walham Green. He derived his politics from the ha'penny press; by religion, he was impeccably — but not so as to cause insomnia — of the one Respectable Fold. As to his philosophy: he had been known once, in a moment of serious self-searching, to confess that "*It* (life, or the universe — this sorry scheme of things entire —) was a rummy sort of go." All these particulars are to convince you that he was in fact quite an ordinary young man.



His evenings were devoted to worship at the shrine of a Miss Violet Smiff, No. 10, Burlington Gardens, round the corner. She was meek and mouselike, had pale eyes, a colorless complexion, and more or less colorless hair: was an entirely deserving young person. *Worship at her shrine*, I said; in sober truth the phrase is none too accurate. The odor of the sacrifice rose, mostly, to his own nostrils. Miss Smiff was an immense admirer of Mr. Simmons, and he knew how to feed the flames of her admiration. He made that his business whenever they were together; and was her hero, her "flaming lion of the world." She heard that phrase in a poem read at the local Literary and Philosophic Society; and wept, it did remind her so of Mr. Peter Simmons. Not that it was all take, and no give, with him, by any means. A certain portion of his salary went in the purchase of flowers; to be exact, a minimum of sixpence a week. It came more expensive usually, and in the winter, of course, could not be managed daily. But now Spring was here, and violets at a penny or twopence the bunch with the flower-girls on most days; what other flower, costly though it were, would serve so well? It was a kind of punning, you see. The violet was his favorite flower.

Now Miss Smiff had a bosom friend, a Miss Amelia Colman; they attended the Literary and Philosophic in company; were the inseparable prime movers in Young Women's Christian bazaars, and had no secrets the one from the other. Miss Smiff was the first to be engaged; Miss Colman, however, biding her time, wiped out that advantage with a score of her own. One day she came round to Burlington Gardens, and gushed out the tale; *he* was a Mr. Algernon Binks, in whom she had long been tenderly interested; and she showed her dearest Violet a copy of some verses he had addressed to her. Alack, here was a point in which the flaming lion was excelled; her Peter had never written verses to Miss Smiff. She mentioned Binks' poem to Simmons, and spoke wistfully of her love for poetry. She had always seen in him, she hinted, one who needed but rousing to become a Browning, or an Omar Khayyam.

Peter didn't know, he was sure. Was rather inclined to think that things should be drawn mild. Binks, he explained, was notoriously weak-minded; and he didn't much hold with that sort of thing himself. But she seemed disappointed; and thereafter the odor of sacrifice rose not so sweetly as of old. Fair play to him, he made attempts at poetry, but could do nothing with it. At last a plan came to him.

It was on the morning of a certain 29th of April that it came; and acting upon it promptly, he broke thus upon his underling at the office:

"Here, April; write us a poem abaht violets, will yer?" (The spelling slanders his speech, perhaps; but not much.)

'April,' naturally, was short for 'Spring Poet'; an allusion to a weakness of the junior clerk to which reference has already been made. His name was really Bains — Wilfred Bains. Next morning, when Merrill had gone on 'Change and occasion offered, quoth Bains:

"I've brought you *that*, Mr. Simmons."

"Brought me what?" says Simmons, hypocritically.

"What you asked me for."

"Didn't ask yer for anything." (A conscious straying from the paths of veracity.)

"It was a — poem about violets," said April, blushing.

"Poem abaht violets? — Oh, ah — let's have a look."

He tilted back his stool till he could lean comfortably against the partition, placed his feet on the desk, and accepted the verses. He read a line — two — out loud; then, "Coo!" said he, "what rot!" Whether it was rot or no, he need not have read it like that. "Get yer hair cut, April old chap," said he; "yer'll never be poet laureate." This when he had tortured poor Bains' ears with perverse rendering of the whole — his ears, and his whole sensitive being. I will not say he was one to hanker after inflicting torment for torment's sake; but there was a grave fault with the poem as it stood, a damning lack; and he was disappointed. And April's tribe is easy game; having neither strength for fight, speed for flight, nor wit for concealment. "Hullo, kid, what's wrong now?" said Simmons; "blest if I don't believe yer blubbing!"

Nothing of the kind; he thought he had a cold though, did April; and — was glad to escape. Fortunately the S. S. *Oanfa* had arrived at Rotterdam the evening before, and there were notes to be carried round to the metal-broking world. That morning, between breakfast and the Clerkenwell-Mansion House bus, — he had dingy lodgings in Clerkenwell — he had caught a whiff of violets from the basket of a flower-girl; a whiff that somehow set his brain on fire. Being, as Mr. Simmons often remarked, a rummy little bloke, he had taken off his hat: ostensibly to the flower-girl, who caught his eye and nodded friendlily: really to her flowers and 'to the beauty of the world.' Merrill paid him mighty little, and he might worship such beauty from afar, but hardly spend pennies on it. "Good luck to yer, my dear!" cried the flower-girl; and made as if to give him a bunch; but the bus was on the move, and he had had to run for it. On the top front seat he had composed his verses; passing through London streets as if they were alleys enchanted in Avallon; and hearing not the street-cries and pounding of hoofs, but the music of Fairyland. "She gave me good luck, all right," he said; as he read through what he had typed on the office Remington before Mr. Simmons arrived. "Wonder how I came to think of it; it isn't a bit like anything I ever wrote before." Nor was it, — but you shall judge for yourself: —

"*Violets, sweet violets!*
Who will buy my violets?
Here's a bunch from Fairyland
Only costs a brown!

"Here's a scent from woody vales
Where hart's-tongue's whispering fairytales;
King Oberon his writ's to run
For once in London town!
Here's a breeze that's wandered seas
With the Argonauts and their argosies;
Here are the bright Hesperides,
And here's Titania's crown!

"Here's a breath from moor and heath
Where cowslips bloom the blue beneath —
(Cowslips bloom in Fairyland,
Not in London town!)
Here's what grew in the Wonder Hills
With the asphodels and daffodils,
Hard by Arethusa's rills
In the Realm of old Renown.

"Violets, sweet violets!
Who will buy my violets?
Who'll have the flowers of Fairyland
To wear in London town?

’Ere’s vi’lets, lydy! ’Ere, I sye,
Yer’d better tyke yer chawnst and buy!
Here’s a bunch Titania picked,
    Only costs a brown!”

“*Violets, sweet violets!*
Who’s it selling violets?
Who’s it bringing Fairyland
    Into London town?

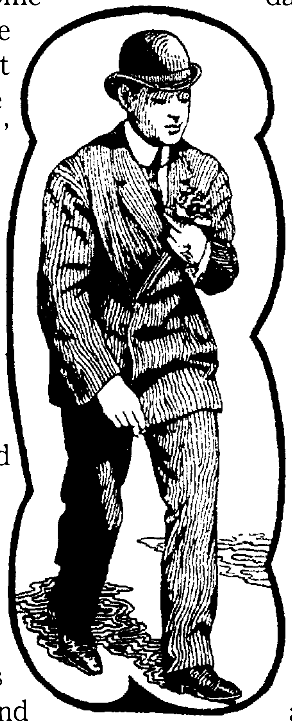
“— Would you guess that fairy feet
Might tread the dirt of Fenchurch Street?
Might leave the dances wild and fleet
    To wander up and down
’Twixt Camberwell and Clerkenwell
And Pentonville — and all to sell
The flowers of Further Fairyland
    In dingy London town?

“— Lips that suck the dews of June,
Feet that dance beneath the moon,
Raiment spun of the gold of noon
    And foam, and dandy-down —
Human seeming, so they say,
May be donned for just a day
When Oberon would have his way
    For once, in London town.

“Oh, London streets are full of hell,
And between Kew and Whitechapel
Are half the seraphim that fell
    And half the souls that drown;
Yet deathless Beauty, wandering by,
Sometimes may choose to leave the sky,
And make a stand for Fairyland
    Even in London town.”

Commonly he began his poems with *O thou!* and had tags from the *Gradus ad Parnassum* that must be brought in, if skill and thought could achieve it. Here, the lines in rich Cockney troubled him; and to call a penny a *brown*, he thought, was irregular. Still, on the whole, he had marvellous good conceit of his work; and so now was the more enangered against that beast Simmons. He was but sixteen.

“Rummy kid,” reflected Peter. He stretched out an arm towards the waste paper basket, and rescued the effusion he had tossed there so lightly to save his junior from swelled head. "Not half bad, after all — for him," he commented, with the air of one who knows. The question was, how was it for himself, and for Violet? "No love in it, and that's what's wrong." He recollected with regret that he had asked for a poem *about violets*, and not *to Violet*. "Anyone but a mug would have understood," he considered. "Still it isn't half bad. Shouldn't wonder if he did something, some day. Knew a feller once that sent in a poem to the *Church Recorder*, and got a guinea for it; and it wasn't more than half as long as this one. Maybe I'll put the kid up to that, one of these days." He was, perhaps, a little sorry for having teased the boy over much; but there was the goose that laid the golden eggs to be thought of. His lady love might turn Oliver Twist in this matter of poetry, and ask for more. So he determined to make amends nobly.



The afternoon was a busy one; Merrill kept them hard at it until three o'clock, when he went out, and things (as usual) slackened somewhat. "Say, April," said Mr. Simmons, "that wasn't half a bad poem of yours, after all."

The merest grunt for an answer.

"No; I read it over again, and I must say, it shows promise. Only it hasn't got wot I call human interest. Now, if you'd worked in something about a girl's eyes — don't you know — bein' like the violets, and all that kind of thing — why, it would be tip-top, ripping stuff."

Another grunt, but with more articulation in it.

"Yer know, I want that poem for a particular purpose. Don't yer think yer could work in another verse, so as to make it more human — depth of feelin', and all that kind of thing? I might be able to get yer a ticket for the Lyceum, if yer did."

Pride struggled in the heart of April, prompting this for an answer: "You can write your own poems in future, Mr. Simmons!" But one didn't get the chance to see Irving do Shylock every day. Pride also had traitors in his own camp; the *poet* was appealed to. "You can tell me what you want me to say, and I'll see if an inspiration comes." This loftily, though a concession.

"Well now, supposin' you were to address the poem to a girl: say her name was Violet, same as the flowers — she must have some name, of course; then bring in that about her eyes. That's wot I mean by human sentiment — something to make it real and appealin': not all up in the air like."

At about quarter to four April took the sheet out of the typewriter. "How will this do for you?" said he.

"Let's have a look."

"No, I'd better read it to you myself."

"All right, go ahead."

Then the poet read this:

"Violet, thy lustrous eyes,
Pellucid as the evening skies,
Cure my aches and miseries
    Here in London town.
Deeper than the violets blue
When they're wet with diamond dew —
Ah, my heart's forever true
    To you, my ownest own!"

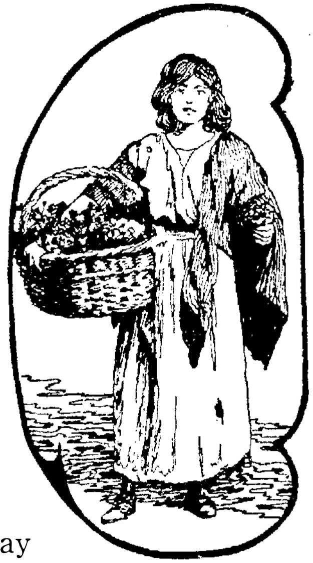
I suspect he had misgivings himself; but Mr. Simmons called it glorious. "Yer'll get yer Lyceum ticket all right, April; sure as eggs. Say, did yer ever try sending poems to the papers? I bet they'd give yer a whole lot for one like this. It gives expression to the sentiments of a feller's heart, yer know — same as Shakespeare. Yer'll know all abaht the value of these things when you're a bit older, old chap. Try sending something to the *Church Recorder* — not this one, of course, because yer've given it to me. I knew a feller once — " but we have heard of that feller before.

At half past four they began to prepare for departure. Merrill was still out; had doubtless gone home. Mr. Simmons changed his coat, hanging up that reserved for office wear; doffed paper cuffs, revealing so the genuine Belfast article beneath. "Say, April," said he, "just run down and get me a bunch of violets, will yer? Here's yer twopence." April obeyed, as usual. At the corner of Fenchurch Street he found what he sought. "Vi'lets! Buy a bunch of vi'lets, young man — honly tuppence! 'Ullo, my dear, wotchyer doin' aht 'ere? Want some vi'lets?"

"A bunch please," said April, with dignity intended to be discouraging, and holding out Peter's pence. She took the money and gave him the flowers; then: "'Ere, I likes you; sor yer this morning up Clerkenwell wye. You give them to *'im:* nah 'ere's some special for yerself, along of yer tiking orf yer rat to a pore flower-girl. 'Alf price they are!"

April hesitated, reluctant to say, "I haven't a penny"; though such was nearly the case; since it must be choice between having the flowers and riding home. "Hi tell yer, this 'ere bunch is for yerself, and goin' at 'alf price," said the flower-girl; "'ark!" And then, what would he hear but a murmur of chanting swell out of the tinkle of harness and swing and ding-dong of London hoofs: momentary poetry, and music and a sudden thrill of wonder in unwondering London: —

"Here's the bunch Titania picked,
Only costs a brown!"



He stared, round-eyed and as they say goose-skinned; and managed to get out, *How did you . . . know . . . that?* to which she answered, "Yer'd better 'ave it"; convincingly, somehow, for he produced his penny; whereupon what should she do but brush his eyes with the violets, and –

It was but a moment, and then it had vanished away. The opalescence, the quivering of intense glory, all was gone. The clerks passing were no longer gods, flamey and rainbow-hued, their faces full of proud agony, of calmness, triumph or compassion; they were just every day London clerks; and this was Fenchurch Street and the corner of Mincing Lane; but — What the eyes have seen, the heart will remember; and how should this place, or these people, be commonplace again? Oh God, what mystery, what tragedy and beauty might be hidden here — or anywhere! — April went upon his ways; some special providence led him back to the office. It would be tomorrow morning before any clear thought would come to him. No more need be told of him than this: he had fed upon his honey-dew; he had been given to drink the milk of Paradise. Imperious Poetry, lonely and haughty wanderer, had knocked at last upon the gates of his soul.

"Hullo April, seen a ghost?" said Mr. Simmons. "Oh, yer've got two bunches, have yer?" He drew quick inferences, to be used later for teasing. "Sentimental little beggar!" said he, taking one of the bunches. It happened to be the wrong one; but neither of them knew that.

Now Miss Smiff had been spending the day at Greenwich, at her great-aunt Fanshawe's; whither now Mr. Simmons hastened; after tea he was to conduct her home by steamer. Miss Fanshawe was prim: kept her from opening the door when he ringed; and left them not alone together for a moment during tea. Then she was to attend a prayer-meeting, and must have Violet's assistance in the matter of putting on a bonnet. All three started out together, the elderly spinster in the middle; nor could they shake her off, since her way and theirs lay in the same direction, until the doors of Little Bethel had opened and closed upon her. So that nothing had been said about poem or posy until they had turned into the Park, and were among the tulip-beds in a lonely and lovely region. Then he produced both; presented the violets — which, unaccountably, were quite unfaded — and declaimed the verses, execrably; though the last one, that of his own prompting, it must be said with feeling. They were duly admired, or perhaps unduly. "Dearest," said Miss Smiff, "it's lovely. Did you really write it all yourself?" And then — I am sorry to record this — he answered: "Violet, I'm hurt — that's wot I am; *hurt!*"

A strange glory of sunset took the western sky; the river below them was pearl and faint opal; London was enshrouded in pearl-mist, and over-flamed, as it sometimes is, with mysterious lilac and roses and gold. They had never heard, these two, that the Eve of May is the fairy night of all the nights in the year. "Oh, Peter," said Miss Smiff, "isn't it pretty! Hush, listen to that barrel organ!"

Ah, but never a barrel organ made music such as that! It came from behind them, from around them, from the air and the trees; from the dimly gleaming, many-masted river; from pearl-enroyalled London, from the tall May tulips in the beds. And there they were, with Titania's own violets in their possession, and never a thought to touch their eyes with them, and obtain vision! . . . Vision of the hosts of Faerie singing, and dancing, and weaving and waving out their music in the lovely dusk: mist-like and iridescent forms, hued like the bluebell and the lilac, like pale irises and the leaves of daffodils. They had no notion what a great dim glory Greenwich Park was that evening; or of the ones dancing that wore stars upon their foreheads, whose feet twinkled whitely and luminously in the gloom. . . . "All out!" cried the park-keepers; and our couple hurried forward. "Peter," said his betrothed, "I wanted to ask you: who is Harry Thuzer — mentioned in your poem?"

⁂

THE occultist . . . does not obtain his own strength by his own right, but because he is a part of the whole; and as soon as he is safe from the vibration of life and can stand unshaken, the outer world cries out to him to come and labor in it. So with the heart. When it no longer wishes to take, it is called upon to give abundantly.—*Light on the Path*