

# THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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There is a twofold death: the one, indeed, universally known in which the body is liberated from the Soul; but the other, peculiar to philosophers, in which the Soul is liberated from the body.—*William Quan Judge*

## H. P. BLAVATSKY AND THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT: by R. Machell



ALL true students of Theosophy are glad of an opportunity to pay tribute to the founder of the modern Theosophical movement, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, whose name is being increasingly revered as that of a great religious teacher; though in the beginning both her work and her message were very generally misunderstood, and even now are only partially recognised by the world at large.

When Madame Blavatsky wrote her first great book, *Isis Unveiled*, the world was almost entirely given over to materialism. The religious bodies were multiplying and the religious spirit was departing from them, if it had not from some already disappeared. Popular science was colored by a weak solution of Darwinism, and pessimism was the order of the day. All these things have marked the fall of historic civilizations in past ages. The multiplication of religious sects, which some people suppose to be an indication of spiritual activity, is in reality due to the loss of that binding and unifying principle. When spirituality disappears disintegration commences. Just as one may notice that the departure of a soul from its body is immediately followed by an enormous activity of disintegrating forces, represented by countless living organisms, each group engaged in the pursuit of its own special object and uncontrolled by the life principle that ruled the body during the life of the man.

I speak of this multiplication of religious sects because it had a great deal to do with the position adopted by Madame Blavatsky when founding and directing the Theosophical Society.

There were many objectors at that time who protested against the introduction of a new religion when there were already too many sects warring with one another in the so-called civilized world.

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Madame Blavatsky again and again explained her position and made it clear that she had no intention of allowing the Theosophical Society to become sectarian. She protected it from those who sought to fasten a creed upon it and insisted that the root of all religions was the same Eternal Truth, that has for ages been referred to as Theosophy.

The name itself, which is very old, is compounded of the two Greek words *θεός* and *σοφία*, the first of which means Divinity, the Divine or God; and the second means wisdom.

All great religious Teachers have said that there is but one source from which all religions, philosophies, and sciences descend: Truth, which is eternal.

So Theosophy in the true sense is neither young nor old, but is eternal. Theosophy is eternal, but each time that the eternal truths are given a new utterance, they come to the world as something surprising. By some they are looked on with suspicion by reason of their supposed novelty; by others they are rejected because of their extreme antiquity; while a few receive them eagerly as self-evident truths, familiar as old friends, and welcome as fresh water in a desert land.

Protesting against the efforts of her enemies to misrepresent her movement as a new sect, Madame Blavatsky was forced to declare that Theosophy was not *a* religion but that it was Religion itself. This protest was twisted by malice or stupidity into a declaration that Theosophy was not religion but merely philosophy.

Against this malicious misrepresentation she fought and protested most energetically.

She declared that spirituality is the unifying principle in life, and that without it all is chaotic, life is disorganized, and discord runs riot in the world. She denounced the materialism of the age, and called the churches to account for their lack of true religion. She offered them the light of Theosophy as all great religious Teachers have done, and they refused the light, as priesthoods have done in past ages. The result was the increase of discord in the world, which even now is hastening towards the inevitable doom that awaits all civilizations that lose the light of Truth and adopt the dead husks of materialism as the foundation of their philosophy of life.

In the past the great nations of antiquity accomplished their greatest achievements under the influence of a high religious enthusiasm. When that dried up or was stifled by luxury and self-indulgence, nations broke out in extravagant display, and unbridled profligacy accompanied by vast ambition, that drove them to wars and mutual extermination. The religious sects generally were most active in the work of destruction.

But the true religious spirit is constructive; it is the fountain of

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all true civilization; it is the source of all true liberty, and the light of evolution. In it there is no place for fanaticism, bigotry, superstition, or intolerance. It is Universal. It is the divine Wisdom: the Sacred Science, the only bond of union between man and man. For Theosophy is the declaration of the divinity that is in man and in the Universe. In it is the secret bond of union which is the fountain of life, and the spring or rejuvenation, that the old mystics called Love: which to them was the same as Religion. But these words had meanings to them that might seem strange to men of our day: as, for instance, Love. What is more selfish than the love of the ordinary man? It is self-gratification duplicated and intensified into a passion. But love to the mystic is the principle of life, and light, and joy, as impersonal as the shining of the sun, and more beautiful.

So too the religion of the true devotee differs very widely from the cult of the sectarian, who makes his own personal salvation his prime object; whose worship is an attempt to conciliate an offended deity, and whose prayer is one long string of personal supplications.

The true religion inspires in the heart the desire to sacrifice self rather than to supplicate for self, to give love rather than to beg for benefits. It vitalizes the outer forms of worship, and makes them beautiful and beneficent, so that every act of daily life is done as a joyful sacrifice or love-offering to the supreme spirit of all the Universe. It does not urge a devotee to placate a particular deity, whose aid is to be invoked for the gratification of personal desires. It inspires a love that is all-embracing.

Such ideals, to some minds, may seem too far-fetched for practical use, perhaps. But that is merely because we have too long forgotten to look down into our own hearts for the light that can lighten our lives. For down in every man's heart there is such a fountain of universal love, and there are few people that have not been surprised occasionally at the generous impulses that have sprung up from this fountain in their hearts at unexpected moments and in most perplexing contradiction with the rules of life they profess to be guided by.

It is a fact that men and women are often better than they believe, just as they are generally worse than they would like to appear, for man is deceived by himself even while trying to deceive others.

Madame Blavatsky was also misunderstood because of her many-sided character, and because of her endeavor to give the message of Theosophy to all who would hear it. She came to gather into one fold a scattered flock, and she had to speak in many ways, and to make appeals of various kinds to reach the hearts of those who were ready to receive her message. And she was able to do this because of the development of many sides of her own nature. How can we account for this develop-

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ment if not by reincarnation? How can we account for the fact that many who heard her message accepted it at once, as if an old friend had come and recalled old memories of former lives, if reincarnation were not a fact in nature? Even that very doctrine of reincarnation, which came to some as a strange, improbable theory, was to others a self-evident truth as soon as heard. How was that if it was indeed a new idea?

If reincarnation were not a fact in nature the whole problem of life would be insoluble instead of being, as it is, simple and intelligible to a degree exactly proportioned to our particular state of evolution.

Madame Blavatsky was a mystery to friends and enemies, and yet I believe that the mystery of her life is as intelligible as that of any one else's existence, and the key to the mystery is to be found in her own writings. Profound as they are, there is a simplicity about her writing that will carry a reader through the most intricate mythology or philosophy to some sort of a comprehension. And in such a work as *The Key to Theosophy*, the direct and sound sense, that accompanies her extraordinary erudition, makes the various subjects treated intelligible to any person of average education who will give his or her mind to it. In conversation she had the natural charm that comes from a large mind and an uncompromisingly honest nature — and her writing is equally attractive.

Her simple honesty made many enemies who thought that her teachings would interfere with their vested interests.

The old religious ideas are tottering and it is quite natural that many will try to bolster up the falling churches by any means in their power. And for this reason one cannot be surprised to find some of those, who make their living under the shadow of some sect, ready to attack the teachers of True Religion wherever they are to be found.

Theosophists have learned to expect such attacks, which are always made against the Leader and Teacher rather than against the Society and the teachings. The most persistent attempts to discredit Madame Blavatsky were made by some who bore the title of ministers of religion, but none have succeeded in even partially blinding the world to the value of her message. Her works are alive and speak for her and they speak to an increasingly large audience, for the message of Theosophy is the message of salvation to a civilization that is in sore need of help, and there are many who can see the value of the teachings as soon as they are presented.

A new conception of religion is needed, and it can be found in Theosophy alone; because all religions come from Theosophy, Divine Wisdom. There is no other source possible. Madame Blavatsky brought to the western world the message that Theosophy was still accessible to man,

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that there were still in the world men who loved Humanity with the love of Great Souls whose lives are pledged to its service, and who work ceaselessly to preserve the Ancient Wisdom and to make its teachings known.

She brought to the West the old and almost forgotten doctrine of Reincarnation, which for centuries had been almost lost to Europeans and was in equal degree not known popularly in America. Today it is common knowledge. She taught her followers the law of Karma, the law of cause and effect on the higher planes, which has been in different ages degraded into fatalism, predestination, divine caprice, the will of God, chance, and so forth: and she showed that there is Justice in Life and Hope as well as Love and Joy. She showed the possibilities of man, his hidden greatness and his obvious weakness, and she revealed the complex nature of a human being in the septenary constitution of man. The teachings of Theosophy make clear the path of evolution and the dependence of humanity upon the living Universe of which he is a part, as well as the interdependence of man with man, and of nation with nation. They show that man must work out his own evolution in company with all other creatures and that each man must do his own growing.

Such teachings were naturally misunderstood by those who hoped to have their evolution accomplished for them miraculously by the power of a God who could be moved to pity by constant prayer, and such devotees denounced the bringer of Theosophy and besmirched her character with fabulous tales and slanders. But H. P. Blavatsky has been vindicated and Theosophy survives and the teachings have been preserved intact by the devotion of her successors who took up the work when she laid it down.

First William Q. Judge, whom Madame Blavatsky once called her only friend; and then Katherine Tingley. They too have become, each in turn, the object of similar attacks and slanders. But they have by their devotion set Theosophy before the world in the form in which it was given by Madame Blavatsky, and Katherine Tingley has demonstrated in her Râja-Yoga College and Academy that Theosophy is practical: that the soul of man is a fact and can redeem the life of the one who invokes its aid. She has shown that children can rule their lower nature by the higher, and can live harmoniously, and unselfishly, in the pure joy of life according to the precepts of the Divine Wisdom, Theosophy; making every act of life an act of devotion to the Supreme, and all life a great religious ceremony, consciously performed, without other ritual than that of punctual performance of all duties.

So the teaching of Madame Blavatsky has been made practical by Katherine Tingley, and Theosophy has been shown to be just what

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its name implies: Divine Wisdom, and just what Madame Blavatsky said it was, not merely *a* religion but Religion itself.

In this Religion there is no moment of the day or night that is not sacred, and there is no act that is not to be considered as an offering to the Supreme.

That this life is full of Joy is proof that it is based on Truth: though strangely enough our critics look askance at this free unaffected happiness as something foreign to religion and alien to the religious life. But those who look deeper than the surface know that right living is a joy beyond all measure, and the highest duty of religion.

Spirit manifests itself in matter. The soul incarnates. The Word becomes flesh.

Such sayings point to one clear fact: that Spirit is here in matter: that there is nothing dead, that the divine is everywhere though its manifestation may be disturbed and disordered by the passions of mankind. Still, this material world of ours is ensouled, and we men and women are souls in bodies, and the religious life rightly interpreted is simply the life that is lived in conscious recognition of that fact.

For if a man feels that he is a spiritual being he will necessarily endeavor to control his material instrument, his body, and make it obedient to his will. He will naturally live an unselfish life, knowing that he is not separate in spirit from his fellows. He will seek knowledge and self-development only for the service of the greater body of which he is a part. His unselfishness will be no sacrifice, in the ordinary sense; it will be the most natural and joyous action at all times to one who knows himself one with all that lives.

This is Râja-Yoga in one aspect, and Katherine Tingley has shown that it is true and wholesome, and can be practised by modern Europeans, Americans, and Asiatics in their own homes, as well as by ascetics in the desert, and a great deal better than by the members of some ostentatiously devotional orders, imprisoned in artificial and unnatural conditions.

A new-old religious ideal has been brought back to the world, and surely the world has need of it: not a new religion, but a new conception of religion — that is what Theosophy is: eternally new, and as old as Time; and yet not old nor new, but simply True. And what but a whole-hearted devotion to Truth could have inspired H. P. Blavatsky to sacrifice all in order to lead humanity back to the path of Truth?

**STUDIES OF CHINESE AND EUROPEAN PAINTING: by**  
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II — FORM AND RHYTHM

F one studies what is commonly called form, as presented in painting and sculpture, one must admit that form in itself never constitutes the true criterion of artistic significance. The cultivation of form has of course always been an unavoidable condition for art that is dependent on material expression, yet the life of a work of art, its soul (if we may employ a much-abused word), although it employs form, must not be regarded as a property inherent in form as such. It seems to us that form should be considered as a merely neutral vehicle the significance of which is dependent on some indwelling purpose or principle. Strictly speaking, in the employment of form the reproduction of objective phenomena is of secondary importance, the primary being the stimulation of impressions of inner reality. It is indeed a common experience that the practice of mere representation (reproduction of nature) kills this delicate element which lends expressional significance to form; this happens when artists are working to develop technical skill or to depict something which they have not seen with their 'inner eye,' their spiritual or emotional perception.

From a philosophical point of view, form simply means limitation in two or three dimensions. It is a material manifestation, composed by lines and planes which in itself carries no expression if not ensouled by some living principle. For instance, a reproduction of a square or a cube in a drawing without any definite intention or individual purpose other than to copy the original, will obviously have no particular significance beyond that which pertains to the original.

The life and expressional value of form in pictorial art depends upon the essential limitations of line and color. Color may be reduced to mere light and shade and as such is inseparable from form, just as line may be expressed pictorially either as the tracing of a point or as the division between two planes. Without definition there is no form, but the mode of definition need not necessarily be a line, it may be a succession of tones or colors. If for instance we think of a simple cube represented in a certain light which endows it with different values of tone, or drawn with the accentuation of certain lines producing an impression of direction or position or some other quality, then we shall see that the representation has gained a certain expressional value. The more freely the artist employs color and line, the more the form becomes translated

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into a living vehicle for definite ideas or intentions. This modification, emphasis, or simplification, presupposes a process of abstraction carried on in the consciousness of the craftsman which we call artistic creation.

On the other hand, it seems unavoidable that if a painter concentrates all his attention on reproducing as minutely and tangibly as possible the material form, without any subjective emphasis, his work may be 'natural' in a superficial way, but it will lack inner reality or life. It will not be a work of art which lives independently of the objects reproduced. Naturally, even such a work of art cannot be accomplished without some degree of abstraction, but the process of abstraction could hardly in this case be called an artistic function: it is rather a concession to traditional types or concepts of form.

The emphasis or expression achieved by the intentional arrangement of lines or colors (light and shade) may of course be of very different kinds, but generally speaking it does indicate a movement, whether an outer purely physical action or an inner emotional process. In the latter case the expression becomes of a more symbolical abstract nature, intended to suggest feelings and ideas; it is indeed more suggestive than descriptive. That is the case for instance in purely decorative or ornamental compositions in which motives from nature have been conventionalized in order to serve as foundation for certain artistic schemes or modes of expression. But in either case, whether physical or emotional, that which we speak of is an artistically controlled movement which may be called *rhythm*.

As a technical term, rhythm is more generally familiar in music. There it is produced by measure and audible tone; it is not visualized, yet it serves the same purpose as in pictorial art. Rhythm conveys to the listener the individual expression, the spiritual or emotional life which the executant draws from the composition. The more marked the rhythm is in a piece of music the more the composition impresses itself upon our consciousness.

Rhythm is essentially distinct from mere mechanical repetition. It indicates a rising or falling succession of certain units and reveals thereby direction or intention. Rhythm may be even or uneven. In the former case the units follow one another at similar intervals, in the latter case the intervals are unequal, and the units are grouped in some manner, but in both cases the rhythm implies expression or direction in the movement. It liberates, while controlling in an orderly fashion, the inherent power of a work.

Rhythm, as we have said, may give expression to different kinds of movements, either physical or emotional; the only condition is that

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the movements shall be subject to a deliberate succession in time or space. We may speak of rhythm in walking or dancing, in activity and repose, and we connect with this an idea of conscious (more or less artistic) control of the movement. How much more easily a work progresses when performed rhythmically! How much greater the enjoyment becomes when we ourselves take part in the creation of the rhythm, as for instance, in the performance of either music or dancing. Dancing is perhaps the most obvious example of rhythmic expression because it brings to the material plane the rhythm suggested by music. But dancing may also be an independent creative art when it appears as a spontaneous expression of intense religious, erotic, or exalted emotions. The movements then express certain forms of spiritual or emotional life, and the more they are controlled by rhythm the greater artistic significance have they.

Rhythm seems indeed most closely associated with our conception of organic life; the higher the form of life the more complex is the rhythm. Our very existence depends on rhythmic pulsation which never fails to register the variations of the movements going on in our physical or emotional organism. Generally we do not consciously control the rhythm of the pulse-beat in this organism, but we are able to tune the instrument so as to make it more or less responsive to impressions of different kinds, thereby increasing or diminishing its rhythmic activity. Our organism can be trained, our will can be strengthened, and the rhythm thereby, to a certain degree, regulated or eventually controlled so far as concerns those sense impressions which do not belong to the domain of the sub-conscious.

The task of the artist is to make rhythm visible, for only by this means can he convey to the spectator the impression of life manifest in movement either of interior or exterior kind. If he succeeds in revealing to others a certain rhythm he thereby establishes a connexion with the life that pulses in the veins of the spectator, which, as we have said, is in itself controlled by rhythm. He calls forth a response or reaction in the spiritual or physical organism which may be either harmonious or discordant just in so far as that instrument is tuned in accord with the individual rhythm expressed in the work. This is most obvious when the movement is purely emotional or spiritual; when we come to physical movement we readily perceive it without any tuning of the instrument because we are organically attuned to the rhythmic vibrations of the physical world. The reaction of the spectator to the artist's suggestion is of course even on this plane directed by subjective conditions, but the movement proceeds in accordance with objective laws.

Rhythmic expression is by no means dependent on natural objects;

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it is not enhanced in a picture by making the material form appear more tangible. It is to be found rather in the revelation of forces than in the display of forms, and is therefore not greatly affected by any attempts to accomplish the illusion of objective reality.

In the study of architecture we may readily see that rhythm is of decisive significance for the artistic result. It may be traced in systems of proportion, in the relation between closed and open spaces, in the strains of constructive members, in the correlation of weights and supports. The artistic value of an architectural composition cannot be independent of structural principles because these are in themselves the rhythmic organization of nature's forces. Rhythm is indeed the ordering principle and must necessarily be employed in a truly constructive art; it is the guiding principle in creation. Consequently ideal architecture is essentially an art of rhythmic proportion modified by practical consideration. Where imitation of nature is not involved the creation is more likely to be a work of pure rhythm. For this reason it is easier to establish laws of composition in architecture or in music than in sculpture or painting.

Classic sculpture was based principally on systems of proportion which had a more or less obviously rhythmic character. These creations are dominated by certain fundamental ideas of harmonious and expressive proportion which are supported by observation of nature but finally rest upon a definite conception of life in which rhythm and number have a decisive influence. The Pythagorean system for instance, which underlies the most important esthetic definitions of antiquity, is built upon theories of rhythmic proportions which can be numerically defined. When Greek sculpture finally passed into unreserved naturalism then the controlling ideal principle of proportion disappeared. Nevertheless even in this later art one may find rhythm, though not of a kind that is the result of law-bound proportions: the rhythm of this naturalistic art is actually that of the pulse-beat of life itself.

The art of painting certainly offers the greatest opportunities for rhythmic presentation. The painter has means at his disposal which are more subtle and flexible than those employed by the sculptor; he can more easily represent abstract motion and suggest fleeting emotional impressions. He is less hindered than the sculptor by the material requirements of his art.

We have already shown that painting relies mainly upon two different means of presenting or suggesting rhythm, namely, tone and line, but when we speak of these two means or methods of expression as separate it is merely for the sake of simplification and convenience, as they are seldom entirely independent of each other. In most cases they are

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indeed very intimately related, yet either the element of tone or that of line can be said to dominate. The terms must consequently be employed in a very broad sense.

The linear method of expression, as we understand it, is not limited to flat design defined by outlines; it applies equally well to any work in which the sense of outline predominates over that of tone and consequently it may well be employed to suggest solidity and plastic relief.\* The contour is usually emphasized though not necessarily represented by a traced outline, the form and details being sharply defined and not lost in the play of light and shade. When painting approaches sculpture its method of expression becomes predominantly linear, but the same method is also naturally employed by an art approaching flat decorative design. In the one case as in the other the importance of outline is predominant: the object represented is clearly and easily visible, even if the effect of relief is not specially emphasized. Everything is deliberately planned and definitely expressed. This mode of expression is naturally produced by intellectual rather than emotional conceptions.

The opposite mode of expression, which chiefly depends upon tone, does not seek to express tangible reality by means of sharp definition of forms; its contours are lost, it presents objects as optical phenomena appearing in a certain atmosphere, a certain medium of light and shade. The picture does not correspond with the subject in such an objective fashion as in the former case. The painting presents phenomena under the transforming influence of light and color and thus attains an individual value which is often little dependent upon objective form. Color, of course, is not a matter of brilliant or varied pigments but is rather an interplay of tone values acting as a dissolving or blending element which may be suggested in monochrome as well as with the richest palette. The tonal mode of expression (which is purely pictorial) is not dependent on variegated, vivid, or intense colors; on the contrary, artists who have carried this mode of expression to the highest perfection have most nearly approached the use of pure monochrome. The greater their success in the poetical translation of reality and in the revelation of its inner significance the more complete is their emancipation from the bewildering variety of nature's color shop. The best examples of this are offered by the later works of Rembrandt and Velásquez, which are tuned in the color-key of golden-brown and silver-gray and by all

\*By line we do not mean a line traced by a point but the effect of lines produced by the interaction of planes or the visible limitation of forms. 'Line' in this sense is tantamount to sharp definition of form.

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those Chinese and Japanese paintings which though executed merely in India ink display great richness and modulation of tone, an atmosphere that envelops and etherealizes everything. The artistic effect here produced by the simplest means vibrates with life, movement, and rhythm.

The specifically tonal or pictorial method of expression which deals with the lively interplay of light and shade can hardly exist apart from some element of movement. It aims indeed at the dissolution of form rather than at its consolidation. Therefore the 'tonal style' offers a real life-vehicle for rhythm, that suggestive element of inner or outer movement which is necessary in order that artistic form shall not appear dead. Even in the objective world the conception of rhythm is often connected with the vibration of light and the play of color, and when such elements are translated into a picture naturally, before all else rhythm must be visualized. Light seen through a certain tone of color and presented by artistic means, appears as atmosphere, and atmosphere usually serves as a medium for the translation of the artistic mood. This becomes obvious when atmosphere is condensed to what Leonardo calls *chiaroscuro*, that subdued illumination which stands "halfway between light and shade" and which better than full daylight suggests inner values. When objects are presented in a veiled effect of *chiaroscuro* it is no longer the material form or their objective appearance which is the essential, but bodiless beauty, the mystery of the soul vibrating like music in pictorial rhythm.

Such values, however, may also be suggested by means of the linear method. Line may also be made an instrument for emotion and imagination, nay, it seems almost as if art under the influence of strong emotion preferably employed the linear method, as in the Gothic. But it should be observed that the method then did not work with strong sculptural form but in a comparatively flat mode of design. The play of line on a neutral ground becomes the vehicle of artistic expression, and rhythm the sovereign means by which line achieved emotional significance. In the primitive art of different nations where the spiritual or emotional impulses are not weakened by long pursuit of the reproduction of objective phenomena, rhythmic line usually attains its greatest importance. Thus rhythmic line is here in the highest degree functional, and constitutes as it were the living nerve in the artist's creative imagination.

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### III — PICTORIAL MODES OF EXPRESSION AND PHOTOGRAPHY

In the preceding chapters we have shortly discussed the relation of artistic representation to nature, and the basic elements of form and rhythm as pertaining to the artist's process of abstraction and creation. The general trend of thought which we have sketched may stand out more clearly by the light of some examples representing different schools of painting. It may be well to examine a little closer how objective nature is transformed in art and how far the life of nature determines and conditions the life and expression of a work of art.

To begin with portraiture we may first consider a photograph of the popular kind, taken in a relatively even light, reproducing well the features of the sitter and which is not particularly artistic in arrangement or composition. The picture offers perhaps a faithful record of the forms and details of the features or of the costume, within the mechanical limitations of the camera, but it has no individual life of its own. If it has any individual expressional value this will be due to the model rather than to the reproduction. In most cases the photograph might almost as well be a reproduction of an absolutely faithful cast taken from nature as of the model itself. Briefly, it is a crystallized instantaneous visual impression which has not been made more clear and emphatic by any artistic treatment of form and space and in which no intentional accentuation of either line or light has endowed the representation with individuality or revealed in it any rhythmic motion. Certainly there are many portraits painted in a similar manner, in which the direct and unqualified reproduction of the visual impression constitutes the chief aim of the painter; what is reproduced in such a painting is after all not the natural object itself but a popular conception of the same.

If we think of the same model or a similar one painted by one of the early Italian artists who mainly employed the linear method of expression, say for instance Pollajuolo or Botticelli, then we find that a living work of art has taken the place of a dead reproduction. In this case it will be no mere reflexion or cast, but an organic creation. The form is clear and unified; the image has an altogether new spatial significance. The artist has worked out leading lines; he has accentuated the defining contour, he has indicated mouth, eyes, and nose, by lines which do not follow all the small irregularities of nature, but which suggest in a synthetic way the essential character of the features. The planes between the lines are also much simplified; accidental inequalities of the surface are reduced so that the form asserts itself as a unity. It is a work in which each line and form has its place as an organic member

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in a pictorial conception, which convinces the spectator by its unity and which charms him by its rhythmic expression of line. The line is in the highest degree functional; it reveals in an artistic synthesis the physical and emotional characteristics of the model, the elements of inner and outer life which were the inspiration of the painter. Similar peculiarities may be observed in many later portraits in which forms are synthesized and leading lines used pre-eminently for the expression of rhythm. This accentuation of line does not in any way diminish the plastic value of form, as for instance in Leonardo's portraits.

It may be interesting to observe how a master of color and light solves a similar problem. In his case it is not a question of forms defined by synthetic simplification of line and planes. The figure is enveloped in an atmosphere of subdued luminosity in which the contours are dissolved but in which the full bodily form is plainly perceived. The features are not defined by sharp lines but are modeled in varying tones that vibrate with subdued light. All the planes are broken up; the individual brush-marks are evident; and yet to the eye of the spectator they all blend to produce perfect unity. The artist has emphasized those parts which are of the greatest importance for creating the impression of a powerful and unified form. His conception of space has something of the power and beauty of the infinite. The picture is thus an evidence of the fact that clear and powerful conceptions of space are by no means dependent on the linear (or sculptural) method of expression. It is, however, in such a work, less a question of definition, of form, than of movement. This movement is reflected not only in the play of light and shade, but also in the actual handling of the paint. Here there is rhythm which almost suggests the pulse of life, or more correctly, the pulse-beat of a higher and greater life than that of objective nature.

The deep-seated differences existing between natural objects and our conceptions of them, and, on the other hand, between these two factors and the rhythmically controlled artistic representation, can be most easily understood if we consider figures in motion and their presentation in art. If we for instance observe a running hound or a galloping horse in nature we generally cannot distinguish the legs so clearly or distinctly as the body or head. These extremities are more like fleeting shadows or streaks than like anything corresponding with our ideas of the legs of hounds or horses. This is further illustrated by photographs taken with a longer exposure than that which would have been appropriate. Our sight normally gives us a confused picture of continuous motion which we are unable to analyse with eyes open, though we may do it to some extent by blinking rapidly, in imitation of the photographic camera, which with its rapid shutter can give us a picture of one part

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of a complex movement. The actual visual impression may therefore be confused and blurred by reason of this inability to analyse a rapid movement or by the limitation of objective conditions. Such a visual impression of course can not be directly transferred to the canvas: it does not correspond to our idea of how the thing ought to look and still less to those concepts of space and function which the artist must evoke if he would endow his work with power and unity. How very unsatisfying these instantaneous pictures from nature are, may be seen from photographs which represent animals in such sudden or strange movements that we have no images in our consciousness to correspond with them; they appear to us entirely unconvincing. We know of course that these rapid motions are directly drawn from nature, but they do not evoke in us that feeling of actual movement which the artistically synthesized image of the same would arouse. The photograph represents simply one of an infinite number of positions assumed by an object in motion; it lacks those qualities by which functional values are symbolized and which are necessary for the awakening of physical or emotional reactions in the spectator, and furthermore a photograph usually presents the objects without purposive spatial arrangement or unifying composition. Thus the photograph has no independent life of its own no matter how intense may have been the life and movement of the object itself. The photograph can only satisfy us and acquire a relatively artistic value in proportion as it is composed with reference to our mode of perception and conventional ideas of form and function.

A photograph consequently is not always what is popularly called 'true to nature.' A picture of horses or hounds in rapid motion which the public would call 'true to nature' must before all else be explicit, and that can only be accomplished by presenting the movement in accordance with popular conceptions. The ideas of form and function peculiar to an ordinary mind must be clearly expressed. This we find exemplified in a large group of so-called realistic paintings in which the artist aimed at nothing more than an appearance of probability. His picture is not simply a faithful reproduction of nature, nor is it a work of art built up on strong and selected qualities of form and function; it is rather an illustration of the popular conception of form and movement. The painter who produces such pictures may have a wonderful command of all technical means, yet he is not a great master if his visual perception, which is not simply an action of the eyes but of soul and mind, does not carry him beyond that which is perceived by any ordinary observer.

In a really great work of art the process of abstraction is carried further; indeed, the greater the work the less dependent it is upon na-

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tural objects. Here it is no longer a question of visual impressions conceived according to popular ideas, but of a rhythmically accentuated synthesis of those elements of space and function which are inherent in the motive. The whole is molded to a unity in which every form and line is an organic member in the pictorial conception from which all accidental or disturbing elements are excluded. The life and expressional value of such a picture is not bound up in its likeness to nature, but depends upon the rhythmic interplay of line and form.

If, for instance, we examine Paolo Uccello's battle scenes with galloping horsemen, we find that the likeness to nature is not very marked. The figures as well as the landscape are treated with a remarkable simplification of all details, but the elimination is achieved with an unflinching eye for unity and clearness of design. Nothing appears to be falling out of the picture or to break through that uniting frontal plane which comprises the artist's field of vision. The fundamental features of the space-arrangement are indicated by long leading lines produced partly by the lances which indicate the successive planes of distance and partly by the design of the ground which is calculated to strengthen the effect of perspective construction. The whole composition appears indeed somewhat artificial, but this does not detract from its artistic significance which must be sought chiefly in the compelling force and synthetic clearness with which the qualities of form and space are expressed as well as in the ponderous and powerful rhythm that dominates the whole picture. The artist was certainly limited as to his means of expression (one can feel that he is still struggling with form), but he has seen the essential; his pictorial conception is monumental; he understands how to bring out the decisive elements of form and rhythm by means of what we have called the linear method, which relies upon significant line and sculptural form.

A further development of rhythmic expression is to be seen in Leonardo's drawings of fighting and galloping horsemen. The painting which he executed of this subject no longer exists, but we may take it for granted that it did not surpass the drawings with regard to rhythmic life. Drawings and sketches are generally better vehicles for the expression of rhythm, for they are not weighed down by any efforts at the elaboration of detail, but simply fix the visual impression or the essential characteristics of a fleeting concept. Leonardo has made drawings of galloping horsemen that actually vibrate with life. Horses and riders are dashed off with long flowing lines that synthesize the form and gather up the whole energy of the movement. An almost elemental power seems to carry these horses forward irresistibly, as the hurricane drives the foaming waves. The form is only suggested by contour and a few

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shading strokes; the weight of matter is annihilated by the rhythmic expression of function which is concentrated in a few synthetic lines. In the battle scenes where the riders are hurtling together with irresistible violence, the whirl of movement becomes cyclonic; the lines are interwoven so that the eye can hardly distinguish them, but we feel the seething rhythm of life.

There is hardly any Western artist who, with the use of line, has better succeeded in expressing intense movement or has more directly fixed on paper the pulse-beat of life. Leonardo's drawings cannot be considered as studies from nature in the ordinary sense, because the study was completed in his mind before he touched the paper. The drawings are flashes from the creative imagination of the artist, fleeting pictorial impressions caught in a few expressive strokes of the pen or red chalk. Only thus was it possible to achieve such a supremely synthetic rhythm.

Other artists, as for instance Rubens and Goya, have represented similar violent movement with pre-eminently coloristic or tonal methods of expression; tone and color play a much more important part in their works than in those of Leonardo. The hunting scenes of Rubens and the bull-fights of Goya pulsate with a rhythm not less intense than that which ensouls the drawings of Leonardo; these painters do not synthesize the forms by means of continuous lines, but translate them into terms of color or values of light and shade. Superficially the appearance may be more naturalistic, yet their artistic foundation is an abstraction.

Examples could be easily multiplied. There is no lack of pictures representing horses in movement; this subject has always excited the creative imagination of the artist, because it affords an opportunity to bring out the full potentiality of functional values. The means of expression may vary from the purely linear to the purely tonal, yet the dominating importance of rhythm remains essentially the same.

Our previous remarks suffice to show that the life of a work of art does not depend upon the life or peculiarities of the pictured object, and that it is in no way produced by an effort to represent faithfully and completely objective conditions. It is achieved only through mental conceptions of form, function, and similar ideas, and it rests upon an abstraction which must be visualized and translated in terms of rhythmic line or tone.

For instance, when a living and a dead object are presented in a picture, it may happen that the latter has more artistic life than the former. The one is perhaps merely a reproduction of the objective phenomenon, reliable as a descriptive illustration, but without life of

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its own; the other may, in spite of representing a dead object, be a living creation of rhythmic line or tone.

Paulus Potter painted a famous picture, representing a young bull beside a recumbent cow, with a couple of sheep and a herdsman, all as large as life. The picture is much admired on the ground of its likeness to nature and is regarded as one of the principal attractions of the Mauritshuis at The Hague. The young bull appears in all his burly vigor, every detail is correct, he looks almost like a colored cast, solid but not alive. He stands like a block on four legs, artistically meaningless in spite of all the evident merits of the picture as a descriptive imitation of nature.

Rembrandt has also painted cattle, for instance, dead oxen which hang displayed in a slaughter-house. But these dead oxen have artistic life. They gleam with reflected colors that gather up the subdued light of the gloomy cellar. The pictures are replete with glowing *chiaroscuro*, light and shadows are woven into a veil that envelops the forms, the dark corners are filled with unseen life; there is a suggestion of something more than the objects that can be distinguished in the faint light. Here we are not interested in the material aspect of things, not in their outward appearance, but in that which aroused the vision of the master and induced him to transform the material phenomena into a harmony of light and tone. The form is not thereby weakened, it is vitalized by being translated into tone and color. Everything that is touched by a master like Rembrandt undergoes such a translation. He never lays his hand to pen or brush without following and revealing the pulse of life which throbs in all things, everywhere, but which yet is only dimly and seldom perceived by us because our eyes have been fixed too long upon the mere material form.



TO affirm and will what ought to be is to create; to affirm and will what should not be is to destroy.

To suffer is to labor. A great misfortune properly endured is a progress accomplished. Those who suffer much live more truly than those who undergo no trials. —*Éliphas Lévi*

Show kindness to those under you, that you may receive kindness from Mezdâm. —*Desâtir, i. 97*

## THOUGHTS ON MUSIC: by Daniel de Lange\*

### PART VIII



WHENEVER we listen to music we think that the impression made by it on our soul is produced by the outer vibrations of the air, while our ears transmit them to our soul. In our soul these vibrations awake sensations which produce as it were images.

Viewed from a materialistic standpoint this conception of the effect of sounds may be right, but we must not forget that the effect of music on the soul is not a question of sound only; there is the influence of the rhythm, and in connexion with it the influence of the intensity of sound (crescendo and decrescendo); then there is the mutual connexion between sounds, and finally that which is behind these different combinations, and which is the real thing in music.

Besides all this, we must not lose sight of the most powerful factor, *i. e.*, the factor in the perceiving soul, for, if the musical vibrations do not harmonize with the disposition of the soul they will not produce any effect.

In view of all this, we ask: Is it not rather the soul that produces music and makes the air vibrate, instead of the reverse? The more so, because the simple vibrations of the air, even when producing sounds, do not necessarily produce music; the essential quality of music being soul-life. We must always remember that the soul is the great force that sets all life in motion. Who can tell what its motive power is on other planes? We only know that soul-life is the great factor on earth, notwithstanding that it seems to us sometimes as if matter prevailed. Can anything be accomplished without this force? Can a work of art be produced without the inspiration of this spiritual force? Can any good action be performed without it?

To the soul therefore we may apply the words of Krishna, as recorded in the third chapter of the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, where he says:

“If I were not indefatigable in action, all men would presently follow my example, O son of Prithâ. If I did not perform actions, those creatures would perish; I should be the cause of confusion of castes, and should have slain all these creatures.”

The soul is the nucleus around which all moves; all actions emanate from this central point, which in reality is part of the All-Soul.

This spiritual force, which surely is the only motive power which man has at his disposition, needs the intelligence and the physical body as its instruments. Is it not necessary therefore that these instruments

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should be attuned to the pitch of spiritual life? Without this precaution a conflict between the two is inevitable. In one of the former articles we touched upon this point, but it does not seem superfluous to emphasize its importance somewhat more extensively.

If our physical and mental qualities have not been trained so that they obey our will naturally and without strain, we cannot freely dispose of them, and our actions will suffer from a lack of perfection and ease. Is it by physical training that such a degree of perfection can be attained? Or can our reason show us the way? It may be doubted whether either is of any use, unless our intuition comes to their assistance and points out the way. But we must remember that our intuition cannot work in the right way as long as our soul-life does not predominate; and soul-life cannot possibly predominate unless our spiritual life has been sufficiently purified to reflect the thoughts which the Higher Self is always suggesting. Viewed from this standpoint, what we most need for the proper development of our physical and mental qualities is the upbuilding of our characters. Applying this principle to musical training, we find that although all persons who devote their lives to the study of music endeavor to awaken in themselves and in their pupils a perception of the meaning of musical sounds, rhythms, nuances, etc., etc., they have yet failed to reach a point where the secrets of art are revealed to them. This is simply because their efforts tend to develop the musical understanding from without, while the beginning must be from within. In general, they try to reach an understanding of music by way of the outer side. Undoubtedly children must hear music, so that they may learn to distinguish the significance of the mutual relations between the sounds, which are the constituents of music. If possible, let them hear music all day long, but do not force them to pay attention at the same time to the use of their fingers playing on an instrument. Who knows if the children may not perhaps forget to listen to the music, which they are supposed to reproduce, and think only of the muscles that they are using? In listening to music they must concentrate their minds fully on the inner significance of what they hear; their imagination must be aroused, their soul must be awakened; music must teach them to know inwardly that which their brain-mind cannot grasp, but which their spiritual faculty can explain to their intelligence. And later they must try to reproduce the feeling of their soul in works of their own: they must themselves produce music, they must compose, as we call it. Those only who have reached such a degree of musical skill are fully able to enjoy and appreciate music, for when hearing music they not only enjoy the sensation of the outer vibrations of the air, which in itself is a delight, but they are enabled to understand the mu-

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sical construction and its beauty, its significance, as well as the mutual relationship between the sentences, and phrases, and their meaning. So, for them, music becomes a real language, a language of the soul; the geometrical figures which music evokes before our spiritual eye become symbols; and out of the symbols grow spiritual thoughts, which have always existed it is true, but which could hardly manifest themselves except as mere vague feeling. Yet this feeling, vague as it may be, is present in the soul before we hear or understand music. Were it not present, we could not appreciate any music we hear. To realize, however, what is the use, the importance, the beauty, the greatness, the loftiness of music, soul-life must be developed, so that it shall long for the satisfaction of this spiritual need as the stomach, when hungry, longs for its physical nourishment.

In former times, especially in the age of chivalry, the love of man for woman and of woman for man replaced in man's mind the true love, the Universal Love, which is the genuine source, the foundation of all divine thought and feeling. Although this materialistic reflexion of this spiritual feeling inspired many pure souls with sentiments of a beautiful kind, yet they were but exceptions; men and women were mostly animated by materialistic rather than by spiritual love. The generations of the future must learn to view the great love-lesson of humanity from a quite different and much higher standpoint; for true, pure love cannot exist and have a lasting influence unless all thought of physical form has been eliminated and overcome. As soon as this principle has prevailed in our hearts, all ideas regarding love will be purified; and then we shall know that the materialistic conception of love, that now especially prevails, must be raised to a conception of the spiritual idea of the dual principle as it is found everywhere in the whole Universe.

After this purification of the soul the power of music as the language of the gods will be fully realized and felt; for, finally, music is but one great love-song, which encompasses all spiritual and material things in the Universe, and cannot be limited to physical love only as it mostly is nowadays; it is the revelation of the song of Love Eternal, which is boundless.

And so we ask, What must we do to awaken in the soul of human beings the real conception of what music is, and of what it means to man's spiritual thought and feeling?

For those who have had the privilege to study Theosophy, the *Wisdom-Religion*, the answer is not so very difficult; they have seen, they have heard, they have felt, and have lived in the atmosphere, sublime beyond expression! There, music is in the air everywhere. Every thought, every feeling, every movement, every color, every sound, be-

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comes music, because of the harmony that pervades all. This harmony can only manifest itself when man's character has been purified from selfishness, passion, greed, desire, etc. All these qualities must have been subjected to the all-powerful will of the real, spiritual man, so that they may become mighty forces in human life instead of being elements of demoralization.

How can this be done?

In every human heart a delicate feeling of compassionate love is pulsating, which is in harmony with the pulsations of the All-Soul. By it every heart can be touched. Is not this feeling the all-fructifying force of the Universe, and is not its name Love Eternal?

He who knows how to touch that sensitive point in a child's heart, knows how to build up that child's character, and will be able to nurse divine qualities in that heart, so that that child shall become a man divine in feeling, thought, word and deed. He who devotes his life to such an end must be hailed as the greatest benefactor of the age, for he creates a new race, a race in which the divinity in man can again expand so that it can work for and influence humanity. Do we realize that even now we witness the small beginnings of the great and lofty future era? Do we notice the marvelous music, the wonderful harmony in it? Open your inner ear and listen to it! Every being creating constantly his own melody, which is in absolute harmony with those of all his fellow men! Do we realize what tremendous forces would originate from such a unity?

A foretaste of such spiritual delight can be enjoyed even now when seeing and hearing the children at Point Loma. Listen to their voices and watch the expression of their faces when in 'The Little Philosophers' they say:

"Let us as warriors stand."

It is the same when we hear the steps of their little feet, marching in unison. Together with all the other great lessons in their young lives, and with all that tends to draw their attention to the divine in man, they are learning music. And if it is asked what all this means, the answer is that man is divine in essence, and that he can only be developed by self-directed evolution; and, applying this to music, we find that it is only in creating his own music that man can learn to understand himself, and afterwards his fellow-men and their music.

This shows that man, even in his best moments, is unable to formulate in an exact form the impressions which fructify his inmost spiritual life. And yet the soul perceives a vague image. What is this image? It is not any object on the material plane; neither is it a thought, or a feeling, that could be expressed in words; and yet, really, it is not at

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all vague; it is reality to us. It seems even to produce sounds. But these are no sounds which the outer ear can hear, for they murmur in the lowest tones.

Whenever someone, whose soul is full of music, and whose musical training is sufficiently advanced, meets with such impressions, he certainly will try to give them form. In his inmost soul he knows how to do this; his spiritual ear will guide him, because it is capable of grasping the meaning of this soundless music. But let him not try to produce this music on the physical plane; it is of no use, the physical senses not being able to understand what its significance is; and so they are not able to create a form for it. At such moments there is but one voice, 'the Voice of the Silence.' Never will physical ear hear the beauty of that highest expression of soul-life, unless man rises to the point where spiritual life opens its portals for him and touches the soul with the magic wand which awakens at once the spiritual senses, so that

"The seventh [sound] swallows all other sounds. They die, and then are heard no more."  
—*The Voice of the Silence*



"FOR this true nobleness I seek in vain,  
In woman and in man I find it not,  
I almost weary of my earthly lot,  
My life-springs are dried up with burning pain." —  
Thou find'st it not? I pray thee look again,  
Look *inward* through the depths of thine own soul;  
How is it with thee? Art thou sound and whole?  
Doth narrow search show thee no earthly stain?  
Be *noble!* and the nobleness that lies  
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,  
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own;  
Then wilt thou see it gleam in many eyes,  
Then will pure light around thy path be shed,  
And thou wilt nevermore be sad and lone.— LOWELL

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

**I**N the main, then, so far as our investigation has proceeded, we may say with little fear of contradiction, that the ground work of Vergil is historical, but what shall we say of Book II? Did Vergil have any accurate notion of the actual size of Homeric Troy? Did he conceive of it as a mere fortress, or did he think of it as a city such as the Romans knew?

Aeneas tells Dido the story of the destruction of Troy; something of the story she already knew and had recorded the same upon one of her temples, but the details she must hear from the chief actor himself.

It seemed that the fortifications of Troy could not be captured by assault; the walls were too strong for that, so some other course must be used. This stroke of strategy was accomplished by the pretense, on the part of the Greeks, of retiring or withdrawing from the contest, hoping thus to throw the Trojans off their guard. This, according to the legend that Vergil follows, was accomplished through the wooden horse and the wiles of Sinon.

The Greeks retired to Tenedos, and there they hid, leaving the wooden horse standing in the plain. When the Trojans find that the Greeks are gone, they throw the gates open and enjoy the freedom that has been denied them for ten years. Vergil does not concern himself with the number of gates that pierce the Trojan wall. In *Il.* II: 809, we find: "all the gates were opened," and this phrase was taken by Vergil in its normal and sane interpretation. But by the contour of Hissarlik, there was only one gate by which the fortress could be entered by wheeled vehicles, *i. e.* the Scaean Gate.

Dr. Dörpfeld was not able to uncover the Scaean Gate, since Dr. Schliemann covered the site with débris from excavation, but the remains show the wall weakest at this point, the most approachable part of the fortifications. This may be mere accident, but Dr. Leaf thinks it is not such. Anyway, the gates were thrown open, the people flocking out upon the plain and to the site of the Greek camp; they obtain ropes and levers, dragging the horse within the fortifications of Troy. Vergil seems forcibly to draw into the narrative Laocoön and his sons. Why does he do this? Is it to show divine purpose in the course of events? If not that, what was it?

The fatal horse finally rests within the walls; the Trojans apparently forget all military precautions, and retire to their couches without posting the usual guards and patrols. The Greeks descend from the horse, signal to their allies, open the gates, and the sack of Troy begins, all of which is most unlikely, improbable, and all but impossible. Here for the second time Vergil gives the impression that Troy is a real city instead

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of a fortress. The first is conveyed when he speaks of "maidens and unmarried youths" eagerly grasping the ropes to draw the horse within the walls; now Vergil represents the house of Aeneas as standing afar off amidst stately trees as if Troy were a city of many thousands and of great distances instead of a small fortress occupying about five acres. Aeneas is warned in a dream of the fate rushing down upon the fated city of Troy. Before going further with the arraignment of Vergil *in re* his inconsistencies, his straying from the true historical path, let us examine somewhat minutely the remains of Homeric Troy as revealed by the work of Dr. Dörpfeld.

The walls of the Sixth Stratum, which is the Homeric City, has a radial circuit of one hundred yards, thus enclosing, as stated above, about five acres. In order to obtain as composite a picture as possible, let us examine the remains in the following order: the wall, the gates, the towers, the houses, and the wells, following, of course, Dörpfeld, as my personal observations on the site would not carry the weight of authority.

### THE WALLS

Of the structure existing, it can best be seen on the eastern side, where it stands for a considerable distance to the height of twenty feet. This portion is of such excellent workmanship that it seems scarcely possible to assign it to the Mycenaean period. The bottom of the wall is some six feet thicker than the top, which is sixteen feet as it stands today. This much of the wall formed a *base* upon which further to build a vertical rampart. Originally this rampart was constructed of unburnt brick, and of the same thickness as the top of the base. Later the brick rampart was replaced by one of stones cut the same size as the bricks, but this new rampart was only six to six and a half feet thick, thus leaving a terrace ten feet wide extending around the inside of the wall. This wall was not the circumference of a circle, but that of a polygon, each side being approximately thirty feet in length. Portions of this wall long antedate the Trojan War, as it shows in many places improved technical skill in engineering. The southern portion of the wall shows the greatest technique, and is the latest in its rebuilding. The eastern portion is less perfect, the joints being less perfectly fitted. The west side is the least perfect of all so far excavated. It is only ten feet in thickness, rough in workmanship, and the joints are loose and gaping and filled with clay and débris. This is very peculiar, as it is from this side that an enemy coming from the west or north would attack, that is, coming from the sea, and from this side the hill slopes to the plain in such manner as to offer the obvious point of attack. This difference

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of masonry and technique may be explained by the gradual expansion of the wall of the Fifth City, this old wall forming an inner line of fortification, and the new wall being the first built on the west side in front of the wall of the Fifth City; then on the east side, then the circuit completed by the wall on the south; finally, this wall was materially strengthened on the east and south sides. Now let us remember that the base upon which the rampart was built was twenty feet high and fifteen feet thick; the stone rampart from six to six and a half feet thick and probably from fifteen to twenty feet in height, as it was the real defense. Thus the wall was at least thirty-five feet high; it was probably much more, though this is mere conjecture, for nothing of the rampart remains by which we may judge of its height, nor has anything been found that would suggest a cornice or battlements, nor does Homer at any place suggest such battlements. As to the north side of the citadel, we know nothing, as it has never been excavated. The ends of the excavated wall are almost opposite on the west and east, *i. e.* about half of the circuit has been uncovered. So many things lie buried, among them the famous Scaean Gates. Whether traces of the walls could be found in the balance of the circuit is a matter of conjecture. It may have been utterly destroyed by the Romans when they built their memorial city on the spot.

### THE GATES

In the circuit of the wall so far excavated, three large gateways have been found. The first gate is on the south-west side marked *A* on the map. This gate was not in use, however, when the city was sacked; it had been closed up by a short piece of wall. This was probably done to relieve the garrison of the task of guarding so many points.

Another gateway (*B*) on the south side is remarkable for its width of ten feet, and its being flanked on the west side by a large square tower. The tower is later than the wall, as it was built *against* the wall. The stone pavement of this gateway still remains *in situ*. So far no traces of the framework of the actual gateway have been found. This gateway lies in an exact line with the old gateway of the Second City; it forms the natural approach from the plateau. These gateways were the beginnings of streets that led to a central focus, that focus undoubtedly being the Megaron of the chieftain.

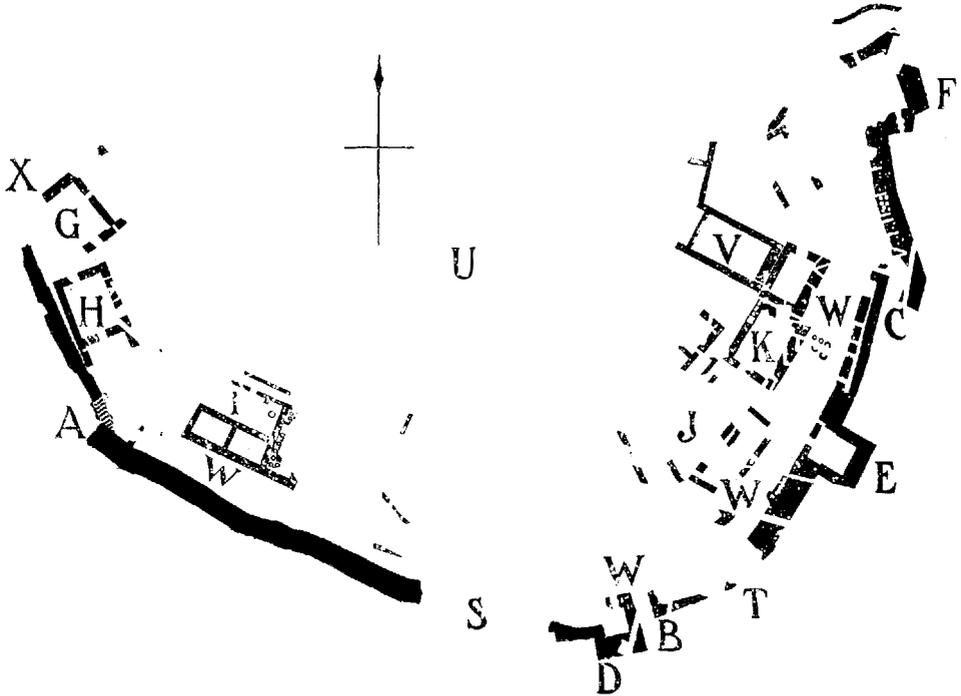
The third gate lay on the east side of the circuit very close where the excavation ends on that side. This gateway (*C*) was very peculiar in that the wall breaks here, the wall from the north bending outward and overlapping the circuit wall from the south, the actual gate being in the pocket thus formed. In this way the right side of an attacking force was

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exposed to the missiles of the defenders. Inside the gate were steps leading to the terrace of the wall.

### THE TOWERS

In Homer the towers play a conspicuous part, especially the one by the Scaean Gate. Three towers have been found that were added as



THE HOMERIC RUINS ON HISSARLIK (after Dörpfeld)

Gates, *A, B, C*. Probable site of Scaean *G, X*. Towers, *D, E, F*. Water Tower, *F*. Private dwellings, *G, H, I, J, K*. Temple, *V*. Wall not excavated, *S*. Site of later theater, *T*. Mass of earlier and later ruins, *U*. Terrace, *W, W, W, W*.

flanking defences of the wall. The one marked *D*, we have already noted. In the east wall is another tower not flanking a gateway, marked *E*. This tower is also later than the wall for the line of demarcation between them is easily discernible. This tower is thirty-six feet wide, and extends twenty-six feet in front of the wall. It is of superior masonry, but the foundations were inferior. It had at least one floor ten feet above the ground level, and may have had others, but no entrance has been found, so it must have been entered by means of a trap-door through the ceiling. It probably served as some sort of storehouse.

On the north-east corner of the wall (*F*) is the most important tower

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of them all, the water tower. This tower is still thirty feet high, retaining yet some of the brick parapet which had never been replaced by stone as on the south side. Its width is some sixty feet. In the midst of this tower was a great well twelve feet square with a depth of over thirty feet below the floor level where it struck the water stratum. It is also probable that this tower was also an addition to the wall. It had a small door admitting from the outside, or plain side. Four steps led down to the well's mouth and steps led up to the city level, but much of these evidences were destroyed in the laying of the great Roman altar which lay directly over this point.

## THE HOUSES

For our purpose, we come now to the most important thing, the houses. The remains are the foundations of private dwellings, with the exception of one on the east side. It will be noted from the map that these houses stand very close to the terrace of the city wall, and in one case the side wall of one is in contact with the terrace.

The houses were very simple in arrangement, in fact, consisted of one great hall on the Greek temple model, but having a kind of porch formed by the projecting side walls. One house shows a more complicated arrangement, consisting of several rooms, one of which may have been a kitchen, and another a storeroom. The rooms were large and stately, one being about thirty-eight feet wide, and of unknown length, though the proportion, by analogy, would make it nearly fifty feet. No traces of pillars have been found, nor any central hearth as found in the Megaron of the Second Stratum. As noted, these houses are built on the radial plan with passageways between them leading to the central fortress. They show marked differences in excellence of material and workmanship. Some are old, some are *new*, displaying discrepancy in material and skill. Some of the stones are polished, the joints fine and scarcely visible.

All this seems to show that the citadel was long years, perhaps centuries, building up to what it finally was at the close of the Sixth Stratum.

The last building to come under our survey, is one on the east side, the one that Dr. Dörpfeld suggests may have been a temple. From the column *in situ*, which is 4.15 meters from the west wall, there must have been a line of three such columns down the middle. The temple of Neandria, in sight of Troy, has this arrangement. Other instances of such arrangement have been found in ancient Greek temples. We should say that the conjecture as to this building having been a temple is, in all probability, correct.

No trace of the central building or palace can be found, for the whole

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area was completely swept away by the Roman builders when they leveled the temple precinct. But there is no doubt that such building, fortress or palace, actually existed, for the whole plan of the 'city' undeniably points to it. But what the plan of such fortress may have been cannot even be conjectured. The whole fortress was destroyed by fire and by an enemy, though the traces of fire are not so evident or unusual as in the 'Second City,' because the buildings of the 'Sixth City' were constructed of stone, while those of the Second were built of wood and clay. But the evidences of an enemy's hand are found in the destruction of the upper portion of the city wall and the walls of the houses just mentioned. Further, the city must have been completely plundered, for it is extraordinarily poor in small articles of value.

### THE WELLS

We shall not be detained long with their consideration, for we have already discussed the Water Tower (*F*) that housed the great well that was the chief source of Troy's water supply during the siege. There were other wells but none so large as that in the Tower.

### EPITHETS

Homer describes Troy as a "great citadel" (μέγα ἄστυ, πολίεθρον), "browy" (ὄφρυόεσσα), "well-towered" (εὐπυργος), "well-walled" (εὐτείχεος), "high-gated" (ὑψίπυλος). There is no doubt about its being "windy," as any visitor to the hill of Hissarlik can testify. Its situation as seen upon approach from the north, would justify the first and second epithet; the remains exemplify the third, fourth, and fifth. One other remained in doubt until Dr. Dörpfeld ingeniously cleared away all doubt; this epithet is "wide-wayed" (εὐνάργυια). The terrace inside the wall was from twenty-five to thirty feet wide, *the widest street ever found in any ancient city of the Orient*. Therefore, Homer's epithets are all justified by the remains and extraordinary characteristics. But the side streets were nothing more than mere alleys in which it would be almost impossible for two men to pass.

In the light of archaeological evidence, let us investigate Vergil's statements concerning Troy and its destruction.

In Book II, 234, we find:

Dividimus muros et moenia pandimus urbis, etc.

On the west side, Dörpfeld found the wall actually weakest, a place where the masonry was particularly crude, almost as if having been

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

placed to repair a breach in the wall. Did Vergil, in some way, know of this particular condition and use it in verse 234?

But Troy being a citadel instead of a 'City,' does Vergil make a mistake in verses 235 and 238?

Pueri circum innuptaeque puellae . . .  
Accingunt omnes operi pedibusque rotarum, etc.,

Most German and American commentators hold that he is describing a ceremony often performed in Rome that, according to tradition, had its origin in Troy. Perhaps he is, yet he may not be so doing. Drs. Dörpfeld and Leaf concede that there *may* have been a town, unwallled, at the foot of, or in the vicinity of the Arx, though no trace of it has yet been found. Yet it must be acknowledged that Troy, according to Homer, was never cut off from communication in the rear, though the 'Foray' had that purpose in view. If Vergil was describing a Roman custom of his own day, was or was he not, practically historical? Or was Vergil correct in Book I, 469-470:

Nec procul hinc Rhesi niveis tentoria velis  
Agnoscit lacrimans, primo quae prodita somno  
Tydides multa vastabant caede cruentus;  
Ardentesque avertit equos in castra, priusquam  
Pabula gustassent Troiae, Xanthumque bibissent.

Most commentators pass over these lines with the stereotyped expression, "It is an anachronism on the part of Vergil." Was it? If so, why? Canvas was not only known but widely used even in those ages. In Book II, 21-23, we have:

Est in conspectu Tenedos, notissima fama  
Insula, dives opum, Priami dum regna manebant;  
Nunc tantum sinus, et statio male fida carinis.

Here Vergil states an historical fact, though at the time of writing, as far as we know, he had never visited the place. Does Vergil at all points confuse, mix as it were, fact and fiction, history and legend?

Again in Book II, 299:

Et magis atque magis, quamquam secreta parentis  
Anchisae domus arboribusque oblecta recessit,  
Clarescunt sonitus, armorumque ingruit horror.

"*secreta, oblecta recessit,*" means *stood apart and hidden amidst the trees.* It seems that Vergil here tries to convey the impression that the house of Anchises stood a great distance from the first scene of the conflict, so that it was only gradually that the roar of the battle and flames reached him. Let us remember in this connexion that the total area of the citadel

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was only five acres, yet he gives the impression of vast distance. His house must have stood in the row of houses backing against the terrace of the wall: thus he would be one hundred yards from the center of the area, or two hundred yards from the farthest gate. Of course, the buildings within the walls were crowded close together, but that would not account for seeming distance.

Aeneas mounts to the roof in order to obtain a bird's-eye view, and observes several things, among them the gleam of the Sigeon Bay something over four miles away.

Then follows the battle both in and on the palace of Priam, until Aeneas is left alone upon the palace roof, and again has time to survey the harrowing scene around him. In Book II, 567-570:

Iamque adeo super unus eram, cum limina Vestae  
Servantem et tacitam secreta in sede latentem  
Tyndarida adspicio; dant clara incendia lucem  
Erranti, passimque oculos per cuncta ferenti.

Aeneas sees Helen *in the Temple of Vesta!* Does Vergil here again touch the truly historical? Dörpfeld holds that the building marked on the map as a temple is actually such, and not a private dwelling, and so aligned with the central palace, Megaron or Citadel, as to be readily seen from the roof of the latter.

In lines 712 and following:

Vos, famuli, quae dicam, animis advertite vestris  
Est urbe egressis tumulus templumque vetustum  
Desertae Cereris, iuxtaque antiqua cupressus,  
Religione patrum multos servata per annos;  
Hanc ex diverso sedem veniemus in unam.

Vergil seems again to depart from fact to fiction. Archaeologically, at least to date, there has been found no "tumulus templumque vetustum desertae Cereris," within easy walking distance of the fortifications, especially in the direction taken by Aeneas when seeking Mt. Ida. Of course, in the Troad several tumuli are to be found; among them, far away to the south, on the sky-line, is Ujek Tepe, a great tumulus, but probably built by Caracalla in 214, A. D. in memory of his freedman. The 'Tomb of Ajax' rebuilt by Hadrian, and the so-called 'Tomb of Achilles,' were apparently built by the Athenians during the fifth century B. C.

### THE PALACE OF PRIAM

In the Homeric 'city' there is no trace of the Megaron of Priam as at Tiryns, for the Romans in building their sacred city on the spot

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destroyed every trace of it. But, in the Second Stratum, Dr. Schliemann uncovered a megaron (*M*) that may aid us in interpreting a much disputed passage in *Aeneid*. II.

Dr. Schliemann, in cutting his first great trench through the hill, came very nearly destroying this priceless relict. The plan can be made out fairly well in most respects, but the back wall was entirely destroyed by the trench, also most of the wall on the south-west side. The palace, in the main, was a great hall thirty-five feet wide and at least sixty-five feet long; the height cannot be determined. The front was composed of a large portico, open to the south-east, and communicating with the hall by a single door. The walls of the Megaron were built of sun-dried brick, strengthened by beams of wood laid longitudinally between the layers of brick. These beams, in burning, baked the brick and thus they have come down to us. For the same reason we know that the roof was of clay resting upon great wooden beams. In the center of the hall was a large circular hearth.

This Megaron opens upon a courtyard enclosed by walls. Through these walls was a gateway, formed of two porticos standing back to back like the typical Greek propylaion. The gateway lay practically on the axis of the hall. On each side of the large Megaron is a smaller one, each about the length of the main building. They may have been the apartments of the women, yet there seems to have been no connexion with the main building, though the remains are so meager as to forbid final and definite statement in that regard.

Sufficient traces of walls have been found to lead Dr. Dörpfeld to the conclusion that this building was entirely surrounded by a great wall with great casemates like chambers enclosed within, that would offer an analogy to the galleries and chambers of the great south wall of Tiryns. With this in mind, let us turn once more to Vergil. *Aeneid*, Bk. II, 442, etc.,

Haerent parietibus scalae, postesque sub ipsos  
Nituntur gradibus, clipeosque ad tela sinistris  
Protecti objiciunt; prensant fastigia dextris.

“Parietibus” means ‘house walls’ or the walls of a house, as opposed to “moenia” ‘fortification walls.’ It could not possibly mean that the Greeks were attempting to scale the real walls of the palace, for this they could not do on account of the far-extending eaves. Commentators from the beginning have thrown up hands over this passage, but it seems to me now to become clear in the fact that the assailants scale this outer palace wall by means of the “scalae.” Then the phrase, “postesque sub ipsos” becomes intelligible, and means ‘close to, or beside the very door-posts’; then, also “prensant fastigia dextris” comes to mean something

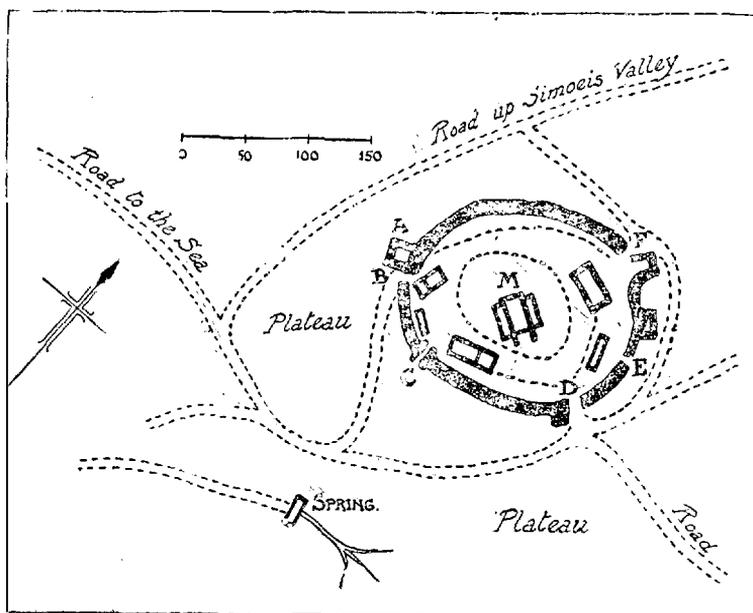
## STUDIES IN VERGIL

besides mere poetic jargon, *i. e.*, it means what it says, *viz.*: “they grasp the top of the wall (battlements) with their right hands.”

Lines 453-455 further bear out this idea of a wall around the palace in the words

Limen erat, caecaeque fores, et pervius usus, etc.

Was not the roof of the palace just as was the roof of this Megaron,



THE CITY AND ENVIRONS OF TROY ACCORDING  
TO THE *ILIAD*

*viz.*, of clay laid upon wooden beams, these beams forming far-extending eaves? In lines 445 and following, we find:

Dardanidae contra turris ac tecta domorum  
Culmina convellunt . . . . .  
Auratasque trabes, veterum decora illa parentum,  
Devolvunt;  
(They tear up and roll down upon the Greeks those  
golden beams, those decorations of our remote ancestors.)

Between lines 444 and 469 Vergil takes up time to describe the palace and other details; in the meantime Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles, and his followers, have scaled the outer wall and stand in the courtyard before the palace door that is on the same axis as the gateway in the circuit wall of the Megaron. Vergil uses the word “Vestibulum” to designate what is usually termed both by Schliemann and Dörpfeld as ‘portico.’ Now

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line 442 is further vindicated by our interpretation, for in lines 477-478 Vergil says:

. . . . . una omnis Scyria pubes  
Succedunt tecto, et flammās ad culmina iactant.  
(They hurl fire-brands upon the roof.)

Then Pyrrhus cuts down the palace door, whereat Vergil remarks,

Apparet domus intus et atria longa patescunt;  
Apparet Priami et veterum penetralia regum:  
(The interior of the palace appears and the long atria (hall)  
lies revealed.)

In line 503 the phrase,

Quinquaginta illi thalami, spes tanta nepotum,  
(Those fifty bed-chambers, the fond hope of a numerous posterity,)

would seem to almost justify the smaller building upon each side of the large Megaron. If we examine the bed-chamber of ancient Greek and Roman dwellings, for illustration the chambers found in Pompeii, we find them to be inconceivably small; in fact, little more than holes in the walls, so small that modern people of the lowliest circumstances could not be induced to occupy them.

At one place Vergil apparently confuses a Greek Megaron and a Roman house. In lines 512-513 we find:

Aedibus in mediis, nudoque sub aetheris axe  
Ingens ara fuit; iuxtaque veterrima laurus  
Incumbens arae, atque umbra complexa Penates.

The statement "nudoque sub aetheris axe" suggests a peculiar Roman style of architecture, and not Greek or Mycenaean.

Aeneas finds himself alone upon the palace roof, his comrades either having been killed or having committed suicide by springing to the ground or leaping into the fire. He looks around him for the first time, and spies the cause of Troy's woe, the hated Helen, hiding at the altars in the temple of Vesta. He is sorely tempted to put an end to the common scourge of Troy and Greece, but is restrained by his mother appearing at that moment and showing him that it is the will of the gods that Troy be destroyed, and to save it is beyond all human power. He is reminded to look after the welfare of his own family and to make his escape from the burning city. As he looks upon the fast burning city round about him he realizes that the final day has come for Troy: lines 624-625:

Tum vero omne mihi visum considerare in ignis  
Ilium, et ex imo verti Neptunia Troia.

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Upon reaching home, after some considerable difficulty with his father, who did not wish to survive his burning city, Aeneas succeeds in getting his family started for a place of safety, but loses his wife on the way to the gates, and here we find a peculiar statement upon the part of Aeneas. He is nearing the gates and seemed to have traveled safely the entire distance, when he feels and hears himself pursued, and then, lines 736-738:

. . . . Namque, avia cursu  
Dum sequor, et nota excedo regione viarum,  
Heu! misero coniunx Fatone erepta Creusa . . . .

In so small an area, and in so well-known a place, how could Aeneas become lost? All streets led to and from the central Megaron, all paths, lanes, and streets led to one of the three gates then in use.

It seems to the writer that through this whole Second Book, Vergil has in mind the destruction of some large city rather than the burning and sack of as small a fortress as that of Troy. If this be so, what description, may we ask, has he transferred? There can be only one possible answer. The greatest sack of a city that took place in Roman history was that of Rome's hated rival, Carthage. The Punic Wars were ever themes for heroic deeds, and the facts themselves stood out sufficiently bold for the poet to be influenced by them either consciously or unconsciously. If consciously, he wove the historic facts of the sack of both Troy and Carthage together; in this way only can we account for several peculiarities found in the Second Book. In this way of accounting, the vast distance of which Vergil speaks, the great numbers of people besides the warriors, the losing of his way to the gates, become natural and normal; otherwise, we must accuse Vergil of being either uninformed, careless, or a blunderer, and we know full well that he was none of these. Therefore it seems to me that Vergil has in mind the sack and destruction of Rome's bitter enemy, upon whom the Roman power inflicted such summary vengeance, Carthage. If we study Vergil in this light, all so-called inconsistencies disappear, and all things take their proper perspective; but, if we confine Vergil to the small fortress at Hissarlik, then we put his art, his judgment, his scholarship, in a bad light. In his description, then, we may say that the poet had in mind the destruction of Carthage when he portrays the fall of Troy, and with Scipio, though looking four centuries ahead into the womb of time, quote the famous lines of Homer, *Iliad*, VI: 448:

The day shall be when Troy shall fall  
And Priam, lord of spears, and Priam's folk.

The famous passage in the *Iliad*, VI: 431-439, has been a favorite for almost untold generations, so much so that Vergil could not resist

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the temptation of imitation. Andromache is beseeching Hector not to risk his life in an encounter with the dread Greek chieftain, Achilles, when she says:

“Come now and have pity and abide here on the tower, lest thou make thy child an orphan and thy wife a widow. And stay thy folk beside the fig-tree, where best the city may be scaled, and the wall is assailable. Thrice came thither the most valiant that are with the two AIANTES and famed Idomeneus, and the sons of Atreus and Tydeus’s valiant son, and essayed to enter; whether one skilled in soothsaying revealed it to them, or whether their own spirit urgeth them and biddeth them on.” (Dr. Leaf’s translation.)

The parting scene between Aeneas and Creusa, or rather the spirit, the imago, of Creusa, is touching and pathetic when she says:

“What drives you to such grief, so insane, my dear husband? These calamities are not befalling without the sanction of the gods, nor is it in the scroll of fate for me to accompany you thither, neither does the well-known ruler of Olympus permit it. Long must be the exile faced by you, vast must be the sea plowed by thy brazen beaks; then at length you will come to the land of the setting sun, where the Tiber with its gentle stream flows amidst the fruitful fields whereupon toil the sturdy yeomen. Here a happy lot, a kingdom and a regal wife await you; dry your tears for your beloved Creusa. I shall not see the kingly palaces of the Myrmidons or the Dolopi, nor shall I go to be a slave to Greek matrons, I the daughter-in-law of the goddess Venus and Anchises, but Cybele decrees that I remain upon these shores. Now farewell, and fondly cherish the love for thy son and mine.”

## THE DEATH OF HECTOR

Before leaving this part, there is one thing to which we must give some attention, that is, the chase of Hector around the walls by Achilles. The ghost of Hector appears to Aeneas as he sleeps on the night of the destruction of Troy and bids him flee, but not the Hector that Aeneas knew in life. The spirit bore the marks of the ill-treatment received in being dragged at the chariot wheels of Achilles.

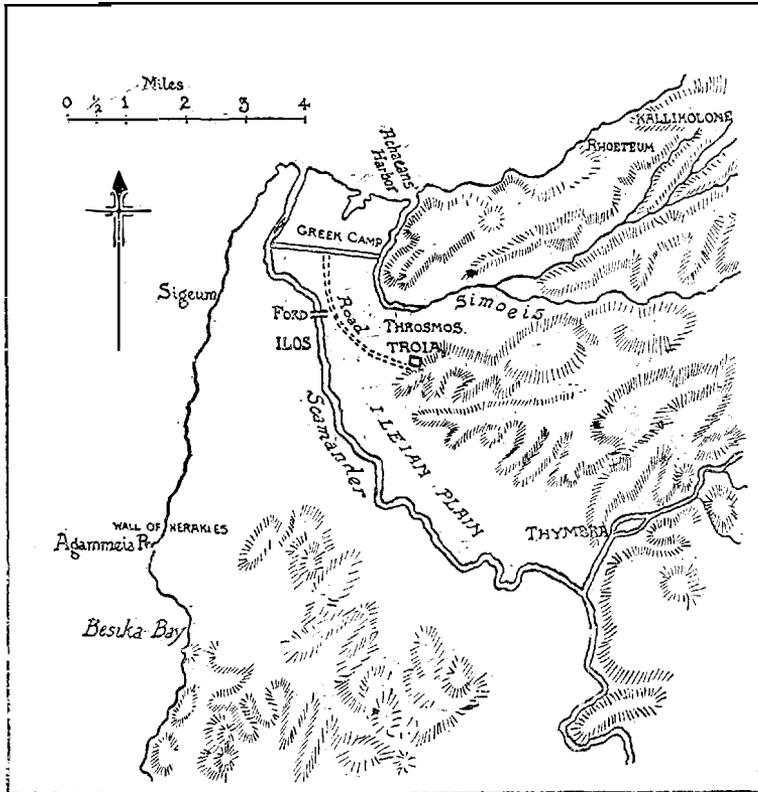
The question that naturally arises in the mind of the reader is, Was the chase around the walls within the bounds of human possibility? Let us examine the whole question for a moment, as set forth in the *Iliad*, and see if the topographies of the *Iliad* and the Plain agree. In *Il. XXI*, Achilles has driven the Trojans from the Greek camp and won his way well towards the town, *i. e.* to the ford where he cuts off some fugitives and drives them into the river. Then follows Achilles’ struggle with the river his life being saved only by the intervention of Hephaistos.

Meanwhile the fugitives stream into the city. Priam, standing upon the tower by the Scaean gate, bids the guards to stand ready to close the gates if Achilles should come too close. Diversion is made by Agenor in order to give the routed soldiers time to get in the gates, and Achilles is lured off across “the wheat-bearing plains, along the Scamander.” Thus the fugitives escape into the city, and are saved from slaughter.

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Hector alone remains outside, "in front of Ilios and the Scaean Gates." (XXII: 6). Hector is standing close to the fig-tree where Andromache had been bidding farewell to him. It was and is at present a plateau, and there seems to be no accumulation of débris, and the plain or plateau is probably the same today as in Homeric times.

South of this shoulder runs the modern wagon road that approaches



ANCIENT TROY AND THE ILIAN PLAIN

the ruins; and it must have always run there, and its grade must have been at least fifteen feet less in ancient times than in modern, due to the accumulation acquired during the reconstruction by the Romans.

If one would start from the edge of the plateau, and keeping as nearly as possible on the level, he would reach the wagon track about one hundred and eighty feet north of the spring.

Hector stands at the foot of the wall, where it approached the edge of the scarp; hence he could see Achilles approaching. He leans his shield against the tower (XXII: 97) in order to rest his arm before the contest begins. Priam and Hecuba on the tower above beg him

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in vain to enter the gate at his side. He has the advantage of position where he stands. But at the last moment panic seizes him, and he takes to flight.

"Past the 'outlook' and the wind-waved fig-tree sped they ever on, away from under the wall along the wagon-track, and came to the two fair-flowing fountains where rise the two springs of eddying Scamander. . . . Oft as he set himself to dart under the well-built walls over against the Dardanian gates, if happily from above they might succor him with darts, so oft would Achilles gain on him and turn him towards the plain, while he himself sped on the city side. . . . But when the fourth time they had reached the springs, then the Father hung his golden scales . . . and Hector's fated day sank down, and fell to the house of Hades, and Phoebus Apollo left him." (Dr. Leaf's translation)

The course around the walls is easy even now, and must have been much more so in Homeric times, for the neck to the south-east was much lower than at present. The writer, in 1907, walked around the walls in just fourteen minutes, so the chase does not assume the proportions of the superhuman, but is easily within the realms of effort of the physically 'fit.'

The final scene took place on the wagon-track by the springs, and visible today from the high mound which must be close to the site of the tower; but in the time which we are studying, the view was cut off by the buildings and fortifications. But Dörpfeld has pointed out that this is entirely consistent with the Iliad, as it nowhere says that Priam and Hecuba see the actual death of Hector. They know it not until his body is being dragged towards the ships past the western side of the town.

Dr. Leaf says:

"Here again we have a small touch which makes one realize as one stands on the spot, so vivid a picture of the whole scene that one is sorely tempted to think of it as a thing that really happened. One thing has passed for me beyond all doubt: that the poet who wrote those lines either knew the scene himself, or was following in careful detail a predecessor who had put into living words a tradition founded on real fighting in this very place."

May the writer ask, Why doubt the authenticity of Homer's words? Must we doubt because it is a scholastic fad to do so? Our fine-spun, high-sounding theories were all upset by Schliemann's faith; why continue to doubt? Why persevere to be doubting, skeptical Thomases? Could even Hector risen from the dead convince some men?

## THE FINAL FLIGHT FROM THE CITY

After the spirit of Creusa bids farewell to Aeneas, he returns to his family that he had left at the temple of Ceres, and finds a goodly company assembled to go with him wherever he might wish to lead them across the sea. He finds them a number of women, men, and youths,

## STUDIES IN VERGIL

a wretched herd ready and prepared in courage and resources for any land whatsoever.

In line 800 Vergil uses the infinitive '*deducere*' in the technical sense of leading forth a colony from some mother-city, thus making Aeneas speak indirectly of his settlement in Italy, and, as resulting therefrom, Lavinium, Alba Longa, and finally Rome itself. In this manner, Vergil makes Rome a colony of Troy.

It is dawn, and close proximity to Troy is dangerous for Aeneas and his people; there is no hope of further resistance, for the Greeks are in full possession of the city; so in company with his father and his surviving fellow warriors he seeks the solitude and protection afforded by Mt. Ida, far to the south of Troy.

In Parts I and II we have attempted to set forth the historic background against which Vergil builded his great literary creation, showing, as we believe, that Vergil was as much historian as poet, having had access to certain sources of information not now available to us, but verified and illuminated by the wonderful work of Schliemann, Dörpfeld, and Leaf. Though their objective was to verify the Homeric text, yet incidently they could not avoid casting many side-lights upon the *Iliad's* twin creation, the *Aeneid*.

It shall be our further task in succeeding Parts to study Vergil as an interpreter of character, as the exponent of the times in which he lived, as a prophet, philosopher, and interpreter of the purpose of history, religion, politics, and of all the elements that go to constitute the complex machinery called life; in short, as a poet of the very highest order.



“LISTEN to the song of life. Look for it and listen to it first in your own heart. At first you may say it is not there; when I search I find only discord. Look deeper. If again you are disappointed, pause and look deeper again. There is a natural melody, an obscure fount in every human heart. . . . All those beings among whom you struggle on are fragments of the Divine. And so deceptive is the illusion in which you live, that it is hard to guess where you will first detect the sweet voice in the hearts of others. But know that it is certainly within yourself. Look for it there, and once having heard it you will more readily recognise it around you.”—*Light on the Path*

## THE COMPLEX NATURE OF MAN:

by Herbert Coryn, M. D., M. R. C. S.

**L**ET man look within himself," said Katherine Tingley, "and study the mysteries of his own nature. When he does this, he learns of the mysteries of life, and can begin to work understandingly for the development of all that is noblest and best in himself."

When the Greek Oracle sounded down the centuries the great injunction: "Man, Know Thyself," it implied that man did not know himself and that he would find it greatly worth his while to get that lacking knowledge.

It is so difficult to get because *this* coming to know differs from any other coming to know in that it is the same as a coming to *be*, the attainment of a new kind of being.

For instance, the musician feels one morning as he gets up that there is something coming for him. There are great doings somewhere in him. He is abstracted. Outer matters are not quite so real as usual. Then, as he sits down to his desk, a very high, rapt state of feeling comes upon him, out of which or in which definite melodies and harmonies presently begin to take shape, the internally heard expression of the feeling. These, with much labor, he arranges in due form so as exactly (as far as possible) to express and convey his feeling.

But where, in him, was the feeling, the down-coming sweep of inspiration, before it came and while he knew merely that it was coming? In what highest part of himself? There is such a hidden, secret, sacred place in each of us; though, if it could get expression at all, that expression might be in some other form than *music*. But it is there, and self-knowledge means knowing about it, and knowing about it means coming to *be* that place, taking conscious charge of it, being not only the common self that we are now but also this extremely uncommon, ethereal, and inspirational self, this breather of the breath that is inspiration. The first step is to study Theosophy and thus know of this self with the mind, to assent to its existence; then to feel its overshadowing presence; then to become it. It can be done, said the Greek Oracle, and say all the great Teachers, in greater or less degree by every one of us; but it is very difficult. Nevertheless there is nothing else so well worth trying for. As H. P. Blavatsky said:

"There is a road, steep and thorny, . . . but yet a road, and it leads to the heart of the universe. . . . There is no danger that dauntless courage cannot conquer; there is no trial that spotless purity cannot pass through; there is no difficulty that strong intellect cannot surmount. For those who win onward there is reward past all telling, the power to serve and bless humanity. For those who fail there are other lives in which success may come."

## THE COMPLEX NATURE OF MAN

A missionary was discussing religion with a Brâhman and presently asked: "What, then, according to you, is God?" And the Brâhman calmly replied: "I am myself God."

He was not a lunatic. He merely meant that some of the creative power which called forth the universe and sustains it, was in himself. He would have said the same of other men - the missionary, possibly, excepted. To quote H. P. Blavatsky again,

"Every human being is an incarnation of his God, in other words, one with his 'Father in Heaven.' . . . In the case of each man, the soul of his 'Heavenly Father' is incarnated in him. This soul is himself, if he is successful in assimilating the divine individuality while he is in his physical, animal shell. 'As many men on earth, so many Gods in Heaven,' but these Gods are aspects or rays of the one 'Divine Spirit which no language can describe and which the mind in its limitations cannot comprehend but the fire of whose divine energy we can feel in our hearts awakening us to right action and illuminating our pathway.'"

There is an old story of some Russian political prisoner, drearily occupying an almost naked stone cell. Recalling other days with outdoor nature, he so longed for sight of a flower or something green and living, that his imagination developed the picture of a rose so vividly that it seemed almost real to him. He imagined it in a glass of water blooming on the table and scenting the damp gloom. The color and every petal and leaf became clear to him. After a morning or two the jailer suddenly entered with a rose in a glass and put it on the table just on the spot where the prisoner had imagined his own mind-rose to be, and said: "I was in the castle garden watering my roses this morning and it struck me that I'd bring you one to liven things a little. So I picked out this one. I might have thought of it before."

And the rose which the jailer had selected was the exact copy of the prisoner's mind-rose, color, petals, and leaf-sprays. When it was dead the prisoner still had his own. In his mind it threw out more leaves and some buds and flowered graciously for him as long as he was in that cell. The teller of the story says:

"I think he had created his rose, and, good reader, though it was but a mind thing, it was alive, which was why it grew; and, though it was but a mind thing, it was somewhat real so that the jailer saw it without knowing that he saw, and so brought in a copy of it."

Hence say some philosophers — that the universe is a live flower created in the all-encompassing mind of God, live and growing; and also seen by us because we too are minds with, if we but knew it, the same creative power, a power whereof the artists and musicians and poets do verily show a little ray, though so far they have to laboriously and manually work with heavy matter to show us what they have created. Some day, perhaps, man may get that closer power over all matter which now he has only over the matter of his own body, and even that but

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very slightly. For though this body-matter of ours has some of our life in it, it is of course, like all other matter, alive with *its own* life, a real life of its own outside our present consciousness and control, and in various degrees sentient. Fortunate, we may say. For we don't do so well with that much of our bodies as is under our control as to suggest our present fitness for any further powers over them.

But why do we not all get inspiration all the time? Why is it only into the minds of poets, artists, musicians, that this great rarefying breath from above can enter?

A bird is singing in the top of yonder tree. He seems half mad with the spring ecstasy of life, does not know how to get forth the pulse of it fast enough, changes his note and key, sets all the air almost tangibly as well as audibly athrill.

Suddenly he sees a worm or a grub, stops his song and drops upon his meal. There is no more song for a while; he voices no more the swift and exultant rhythmic life-pulse in his being; he is scratching about the leaves for another worm, his little mind wholly full of that.

Suppose he were *always* thinking of grubs and worms and flies and feathers to line his nest with, hoping that finer ones would come his way and fearing lest they should not, and remembering some he had last year and a row with another bird that he had about them? Where would be his song? What chance would his bit of the vast nature-music have to come through him? And where would be his happiness? For true happiness is nothing else but the unrestricted pulsing through of the great nature-life, whether the happiness of the bird as the simpler little pulses come through, or the intense and even painful bliss of the musician and poet as they get life's richer harmonies. They are harmonies that may come through as color and as scent as well as sound. Who that has eyes that see will fail to know that as the plant breaks into color with its flower, it too, in its way, is consciously feeling and showing forth the divine pulse of life?

But our minds are full of something else. We too have to look after our grubs and worms and feathers for our nest. We too have to scratch amid dead leaves. The struggle for them is very keen. It takes most of the time to get enough of them, and the rest of the time we spend in getting too much of them. And the rest of our minds we occupy with memories of them and anticipations of more and better of them, and fears about them, and jealousies and quarrels and ranklings of old quarrels: in a word, with the personalia of life. And so we miss the inner beauties and spiritualities of life; we cannot hear within us the everlasting and actual music of life or see within and all around us its subtler pulses and washings of color or detect more than a few of its scents.

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And what music and color and scent we do get from around us we hardly and only casually notice. It is the *mind* that shuts us off from realities, the mind of brain, the mind of daily life, always full, always a-grind, never still, always occupied and pre-occupied, a necessary servant and yet most of the time an enemy. We trained it to be what it is; we let it get its habits; we never learned to control it and its desires; we were never taught that there was a life above, beyond, to be reached by the stilling down of mind into its silence, and that only in its stillness and silence could the voice of great life be heard in its music and seen in its color and appreciated in its meaning. We never learned that we were *all* creative geniuses, gods, within, above, with power not only like the birds to give expression to the pulse that is already at work in space and nature, but also, because of our inner unity with highest and divinest ideation, to do as it does and create the new, to be co-creators with it. It is in the power of creation, of initiation, that man overpasses all the lives below him. They voice a little of what already is. He can add to what is. The musician, artist, poet, has in some measure the power to still his mind and perceive and voice a little of divinity, perhaps to create a little more; and then to make his mind — held back from all other matters, all grubs and worms — register and give form to what he perceives or has created.

Theosophy points to the fact that we have *two* minds, one animal or human-animal, and one divine or human-divine. A cat watches a bird. To her it is something to eat. Its colors and grace go for nothing; its song is noise. It may be something to eat for us too. But if with our animal minds we note that, we also note first and chiefly the color and grace and song, and sympathize with the song's ecstasy. If we could keep our poor wandering attention long enough and closely enough upon the thrill of the song we should understand that much of divine life that it expressed, though the understanding might be much deeper than could go into words.

Two men look at a tree. One man, using only the animal mind, sees only some feet of lumber and hence so much cash and hence so much to eat. The other sees the beauty of the up-springing, unfolding life, feels the full, tense life of the tree, may understand the tree, what a tree is for in the great plan, what it expresses, its share in the great working out of things.

No animal has anything of *that* mind. The modern science books, and even the psychologies, tell us that man is nothing but an evolved animal, that his mind contains nothing which in some lesser degree the animals' minds do not contain.

It is true that man's animal mind is but a development of the mind

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of the animal. But we have two powers (and their consequences) of which no animal possesses any germ.

“A penny for your thoughts,” we say when our friend has been leaning back in his chair silent for five minutes. A penny would usually be an excessive charge; but if he accepted the bargain and handed over the then contents of his mind, what should we have? What are we, any of us, thinking of at any given moment? Are we thinking at all in any proper sense of the word? There are snatches of memory connected with whatever the eye happens to fall upon, and other snatches which these first snatches suggest. There are hopes that this will happen or that not happen. There is what she said yesterday and what I said in reply, having been irritated. It is warm weather and there is some idea of an ice-cream. Something suggests a business interview to come off tomorrow, which is Saturday, and so where shall we take our usual little Sunday trip to? Which reminds us that we can't go because Mrs. Jones is coming to dinner and nothing seems to please her. — And so on and so on. You see that cannot really be called thinking at all. Things are rambling along through the mind and memory just as they happen to suggest themselves or are suggested by what happens to be seen or heard or by the body's state of heat or cold or hunger or what not. The animals, the dog, the cat by the fire, the snake out on the path in the sun, — they think just in that way, save of course that it is all on a simpler scale.

But if while the stream was going on you should decide that it was unworthy of you and that in the face of any outer distractions you would hold to some one thing that really needed consideration; or if you decided that some one memory, say of a quarrel, or some one emotion, say a fear, was unworthy of you and should be quashed; if, in short, you made a *judgment* concerning your thought or feeling, and used your *will* to carry out your judgment, actually turning and holding the mind in some decided-upon and definite direction; or compelled yourself to feel kindly instead of angry or courageous instead of fearful! *then* you would have shown distinctly and exclusively *human* qualities or powers. You would have stood back from your mind and feeling, watched them, judged them, and then altered them. Will and judgment, in this sense, no animal possesses. An animal cannot watch its own mind; still less can criticize it; still less can alter it in accordance with an ideal of what it ought to be or do. Judgment and will are both of them beyond — not in or of — the personal mind, since one of them looks at and judges the mind and the other alters and controls the mind. It is because of the *beyond*-mind region, the region where dwell will and judgment, that we are truly human, and, in the higher levels of that

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region, divine-human. No animal can create an ideal of what it would like to be, or ought to be but is not, — and then go for it.

Wherefore we are incarnate souls or divine-humans, incarnate in living matter of the highest complexity. We are so thoroughly incarnated and have given so much attention to the development of the animal mind, that we have forgotten that there is another, the mind that belonged to us before we came down to incarnation, that still exists, mostly unused, uncalled upon — save to a degree by the musicians, artists, poets, and a few others. It is only to be got at by withdrawing from and temporarily silencing the other, the personal, animal mind of daily life with its thoughts of grubs and worms and feathers and Mrs. Jones and ice-creams and deals in business. “Mind, the great slayer of the real,” says H. P. Blavatsky, referring to *this* mind.

To imagine, to have an ideal, is at once to show the presence in us of two minds, one personal-animal and one human-divine-creative. A picture of the garden in which he is accustomed to playing may come up in the mind of the dog as he lies before the fire. But he cannot add at will to his picture, cannot create to it. He cannot imagine it covered with a sheet of snow. He cannot at will combine his memories. He has seen a couple of cats fighting and may remember that. But he could not at will place the picture of the cats in his picture of the garden. Nor could he even retain at will the picture of the garden. For the mind which in us *can* do these things, can direct will according to a plan and purpose in this way, is not in him. Imagination is the *willed* combination of memories, fancy but their automatic self-arising combination. The first is human, the other animal.

We can imagine an ideal of ourselves, a new self, calling to memory and combining all our best and noblest moments of the past and making ourselves feel that for self. For the time it *is* self; we have re-created ourselves. But we do not hold it long enough, do not make it clear enough for memory to grasp as a whole and carry it forward as a new life; we let our creation be dissolved by the other mind, the lower, the mind of common daily dealings.

We can imagine a divine silver-toned peace spreading like a light over the earth and touching the hearts of men with a new yearning and a new love. But we cannot hold it long enough for it to do its perfect work in actuality.

These are works of the higher mind. That mind has memories and perceptive senses as has the lower. With the ears of that mind the musician hears the inner melodies and harmonies of life, though, as for instance with Beethoven, the outer ears might be stone deaf. Then he goes to his instrument and plays aloud so that his outer ears upon

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which the lower mind depends may in their turn hear what has already sounded in his inner hearing. So the music, now present in both minds, harmonizes the one to the other, and if the lower will keep its empty thoughts for a while silent it will become temporarily spiritualized. A man may create very fine and noble ideals of himself in his greater or inner mind, but unless he translates them so that the lesser or outer mind can understand, they will come to very little. The outer mind understands *action*, and so, to mold it according to the new ideal, we must at once begin putting our new ideal character into action, deeds. Then the lower mind will understand and begin to alter itself accordingly. Acting out an ideal, translating it into deeds, is the equivalent of playing the inwardly heard harmonies upon an instrument.

To live is a fine art, like music, or may be. As the current of life streams down and out over the planes of the universe, down and out to this one we see, it is touched near its source by the inner hearing of the musician and becomes the music he writes, the music he makes the gross wires render in place of their common noise.

In the same way we may feel the inner, higher ideals of ourselves, our actual radiant selves before we came down and out to incarnation. We ought to find that ideal, for it is present in us as the soul, as the higher mind. And having found it we should render it as deeds and thoughts that correspond. To be inspired with one's own ideal of oneself is as splendid an experience as is that of the musician when he is inspired with his harmonies. To render it into terms of our lives keeps the inspiration alive for ourselves and others as he keeps his alive for himself and others by writing it down in notes on the paper. Indeed the ideal will come to nothing, it may be to worse than nothing, unless it *is* made to come forth into the deeds of daily life. And it has often perhaps unconsciously to themselves, come to birth and divine power in simple men and women who have never had time or strength or knowledge for set self-culture, showing itself in lives of self-sacrificing devotion to daily duty and daily drudgery, people often far upon a path not even entered by some of those who talk the most eloquently about it.

To get this inspiration, this splendid and exhilarating and transforming inspiration of our inner ideal of ourselves we must learn the art, acquire the power, of mind-silence. Most of the mind-chatter that goes on ceaselessly in us while we work or walk about, and that floods out as lip-chatter, is quite worthless. The habit, instead, of inward feeling, of feeling inward, as it were listening inward as to hardly heard music, after our best self, our ideal, is not hard to begin upon. We can train the lower thinking mind to concentration upon *one* thing in all we do. We can hold it to its present task. We can devise and practise even

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some set technique of concentration. Who can look at a store window with such concentrated attention for fifteen seconds as to be able afterwards to enumerate *all* the things on which his eye rested? Who can read a paragraph in a book, or a verse of poetry, with so unflickering a mind as to be able at once to repeat it?

Well, this concentration upon *one* thing is a useful step towards the power of not allowing the mind of brain to have for a while any of its common, empty, useless day-thoughts, and holding it up in aspiration for the ideal beyond, the ever-present soul-thought. At night these common thoughts do often still themselves down with the stiling bodily currents ere sleep sets in. Take advantage of that. Read something that helps you towards your ideals, that raises the mind, and then silence and raise it still further. So entering upon sleep, the work continues; the ideal is written in upon the sleeping lower mind; and all the next days will show a working out of the ideal, or a beginning of the working out of it, into better thought and desire and deed.

Thus living, we gradually transform ourselves. We become more potent thinkers. Our creative energies do their spiritual work far and wide. Our ideals radiate from us in greater and greater strength. Unconsciously we become helpers of the race. And some time will come the hour of full awakening, of completed self-redemption. The lead will have passed into gold. Life will have begun. In the words of Katherine Tingley:

“The science of life is Theosophy. Let us clear the way for the coming generations; let us through the knowledge that can be gained of ourselves, cultivate that quality of understanding that shall purify human nature and evolve soulful beings.”



“VERILY that body, so desecrated by Materialism and man himself, is the temple of the Holy Grail, the *Adytum* of the grandest, nay, of all the mysteries of nature in our solar universe. That body is an Aeolian harp, chorded with two sets of strings, one made of pure silver, the other of catgut. When the breath from the divine Fiat brushes softly over the former, man becomes like unto *his* God - but the other set feels it not. It needs the breeze of a strong terrestrial wind, impregnated with animal effluvia, to set its animal chords vibrating.”

— H. P. BLAVATSKY, in *Psychic and Noetic Action*

## VENICE

EXTRACT FROM 'ITALY' BY SAMUEL ROGERS

THE Sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,  
Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea-weed  
Clings to the marble of her palaces.  
No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,  
Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the Sea,  
Invisible; and from the land we went,  
As to a floating City, — steering in,  
And gliding up her streets as in a dream,  
So smoothly, silently, — by many a dome  
Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,  
The statues ranged along an azure sky;  
By many a pile in more than Eastern splendor,  
Of old the residence of merchant kings;  
The fronts of stone, though Time had shattered them,  
Still glowing with the richest hues of art,  
As though the wealth within them had run o'er.

\* \* \*

A few in fear,  
Flying away from his whose boast it was  
That the grass grew not where his horse had trod,  
Gave birth to Venice. Like the waterfowl,  
They built their nests among the ocean waves;  
And where the sands were shifting as the wind  
Blew from the north, the south; where they that came  
Had to make sure the ground they stood upon,  
Rose, like an exhalation, from the deep,  
A vast Metropolis, with glittering spires,  
With theaters, basilicas adorned;  
A scene of light and glory, a dominion,  
That has endured the longest among men.

\* \* \*

Thus did Venice rise,  
Thus flourish, till the unwelcome tidings came,  
That in the Tagus had arrived a fleet  
From India, from the region of the Sun,  
Fragrant with spices, — that a way was found,  
A channel opened, and the golden stream  
Turned to enrich another. Then she felt  
Her strength departing, and at last she fell,  
Fell in an instant, blotted out and razed;  
She who had stood yet longer than the longest  
Of the Four Kingdoms, — who, as in an Ark,  
Had floated down amid a thousand wrecks,  
Uninjured, from the Old World to the New.

## THE PILGRIM: by Geoffrey Shurlock



NOT far from a shrine in the woods about Nikko, a peach-tree overhangs a pool of lotus-blossoms.

One day in mid-spring when the tree stood in full bloom, an old priest plodded slowly up the hill towards it, the tinkle of his bell frightening into silence the cicadas just beginning to sing. At the top he paused, straightened up under his huge straw hat, and stood leaning on his staff, held by the delicate beauty of the blossoms glowing against a background of gloomy cryptomerias. When he had left his little temple in the south, the peach-trees had already begun shedding their petals; here was one still bearing its load of rosy snow, stained with fleeting ripples of purple as the breeze shifted the branches in and out of the sunlight.

He had hoped to reach the shrine by noon; still it was worth the delay to rest in the fragrance of peach-blossoms. So he sat beneath the tree, at the edge of the pond, laying aside his hat the better to enjoy the coolness. He might have been some old Buddhist saint come back again, with his shaven head, and face seamed with wrinkles of kindness, which only missed melting into a perpetual smile through the tired droop of the eyelids.

Before his half-closed eyes, as he sat drowsing, pink lotus-flowers swayed on slender stems: now shaking their lovely heads at him, now nodding together with delightful emphasis. Still more gorgeous were the waterlilies that climbed sturdily out of the mud into the sunlight, to flame there like torches of red and blue fire. And everywhere, on the big leaves, even among the petals of the flowers, molten diamonds hung trembling and flashing. — *Om mani padme hum!* he murmured reverently, watching them; and the breeze rocked the blossoms till the jewels quivered into life.

The half-spoken invocation, the delicate scent of the bloom above his head, carried him back to his old shrine and the peach-tree that, every spring, filled it with light and fragrance. The day before he left, the blossoms had begun falling; and the village children who always came to play there, had spent the afternoon chasing the petals that went fluttering downwards like pink butterflies. Till sunset he had watched the game; and coming out when the crowd was gone, found two little ones standing miserably before the wreckage, the big tears glistening between their eyelashes. That evening the incense had died in the brazier and a whole cycle of prayers remained unsaid, while he sat among the fallen blossoms, comforting the babes with the assurance that next year the tree would be even more lovely, and with the promise of juicy fruit to follow — though he knew quite well he would not be

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there to give it them. -- In the morning, when the children came to resume their game, a novice from the monastery among the hills was sweeping out the courtyard; their old friend was a speck none of them saw, trudging northward between the green rice-fields. . . . .

A splashing in the pool at his feet scattered his musings. — Yes, this tree, too, was losing its bloom: just now a shower of blossoms had dropped to meet their reflexion in the dark water, frightening the red and silver carp that all the while had been gathering expectantly about him. They quickly rose again; and he half-smiled, seeing them gulp hungrily at the floating petals, only to sink back disappointed, a comical look of bewilderment in their staring eyes. It would never do to mock them so; he felt in his scrip for some broken rice-cake to throw them; and watching the dance of the lotus-flowers, drifted again into dreamy meditation.

Just over the edge of the pond, beyond the swaying blossoms, the highway stretched like a white ribbon across the valley; he could follow its windings among the foothills until it vanished into a bluish fog still hanging in the passes. It was the road of his pilgrimage: whose goal was Kamakura, and the peace that may come to one at the feet of the Daibutsu. There he would await the change he felt so near. For whatever earthly sight his eyes closed upon, the vision of it would go with him through the night into the next rebirth; and the vision of the Daibutsu can bring, even into earth-life, a touch of the peace of Nirvâna. — If only those mists would lift, and let him onward! --- But as he stared at them, they seemed to grow more densely blue, as though to protect what lay beyond.

A delicious numbness was stealing over him; for the climb had been tiring past all accounting for. He must have been sitting a long time: so long that he could not recall when it all began, nor how he had come to be there. To be sure, there was something about a shrine he had come seeking, once; but that was too long ago. — Ah, yes; he had it now: it must have been the lotus-flowers that had brought him. Now he was beginning to understand why they were nodding so: they were calling, beckoning him to follow still further, along a Path among purple hills, into that chilling mist through which there was, as yet, no piercing. And, all the while, the faint fragrance of peach-bloom had been about him like celestial incense, luring him onward to some hidden goal. For ages he had sat, striving to know whither the flowers were beckoning, and whence the incense was blown; until one day the sky above the hills became so blue, so wonderfully blue — that it was no longer sky, but the sapphire waters of the lotus-lake in Amida's paradise, on whose blossoms, robed in splendors unimaginal, the Blessed sit. He raised

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his longing arms to them; a radiant garment was upon him, too, enfolding, dissolving, purging him away utterly, while all the bright company leaned from their swaying thrones to welcome him. . . .

At noon, the priests coming to feed the fish were startled by the sight of an unfamiliar figure seated, Buddha-like and strangely still, beneath their peach-tree: before it the lotus-blossoms bent in reverence, and drifted peach-bloom robed it in rosy light. A Pilgrim had returned.

### THREE ESSAYS: by Drych Ail Cibddar

#### I — "OF MORAL EVIL AND OF GOOD"

"One impulse from the vernal wood  
Can teach us more of man,  
Of moral evil and of good  
Than all the sermons can."

O much the worse for the sermons; 'tis a crushing indictment of them. Of man, indeed, the woods do have something to say; but not, I think, of moral good and evil; and for this reason: I have to arrange all that for myself, or they will refuse to notice me at all. The great sky-roofed world holds aloof from him who has followed evil wittingly. I go into the woods, or on the seashore, or where I can see the mountains, as they say 'with some matter on my conscience' — and am to observe an ugly silence on these my brothers: brothers for the nonce no more, for I am exiled out of the Worlds of Beauty and may hold no intercourse with anything divine. The mountains turn their backs on me; I can see blueness and sky above, but not the heavens; the trees have become uncommunicative, and will vouchsafe me no news of their dreaming. I guess they know nothing of my transgression; having it not in them at all to conceive of evil: their nature is not moral; they are not cognisant of our inward warfares and tribulations. But I think they wonder why it is that, instead of a bright kindred spark of eternity: a jolly, silent, understanding and understandable fellow: this grey, uncomfortable nothingness has come out to them, to whom no word can be spoken in any language known.

Yesterday the mountains whispered to me: *Mystery, mystery!* and I answered back to them: *Mystery, as kingly as your own!* — they knew that I said it, and were well pleased to find their wisdom echoed and shared. The sea said: *Mystery, and boundless exultation!* and I answered with like words, having it in my heart to know and say them. As for

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the trees, what they muttered was: *Silence, wisdom, mystery!* and I gave them happily the countersign: *Mystery, wisdom, silence!* and heard their laughter of assent, and had enjoyment of their fellowship. —Going on then to duties at my desk I found that it was not I who was doing these, but I and the Spirit of the Mountains, the Trees, and the Sea.

### II — PRIDE AND SCORN

The proud man is a fool; consider what blasphemy he does, when with a curl of the lip or a frigid tone in the voice, he suddenly wounds or puts another out of confidence. We talk of the lofty tower, up which the haughty fool has climbed; unluckily he may do damndlier than abide there in prideful solitude, when he uses his tower as a vantage ground from which to shoot shafts at the passers by. Those who have real towers of strength, built up of service rendered: those who live in fortresses of the Soul: look only for occasions to help; they are notorious for large simplicity, and grandly humble; and shine like the beneficent sun on all timid and budding aspiration and on the fallen that would rise.

‘He does not suffer fools gladly,’ we say; but he does, if he has no profound annoyance from himself. Because of some clearness in common thinking, or some deftness with his hands to work, he gives himself leave to condemn and wound unmercifully the multitude that fumble and strive. But it is no cynicism to say that men are mostly fools: given the right eye for it, or the right point of vision, you can see almost any man, short of an Adept, as a fool. There is some spot undefended, that we do not face towards and have not noticed; he who catches sight of us there will see a pretty spectacle. But there is also, commonly, another place, where we have reared up some noble pillars and pinnacles; there, he who has eyes to see may catch at least glimpses of the grandeur of the Human Soul. What else is worth seeing? what else is for pride and comfort and beacon to the race? Go about, you who will, prying only for men’s sewers and dustbins; think still, if you must, that because you are spiteful-cynical there shall be no more gods and heroes! You pride yourself on nothing but a kind of blindness, a diseased and distorted vision.

Man is a divine Soul; that is the first fact to be taken for granted. The second is that he has in him the gates of hell, and may draw upon all the resources of evil. Do not foolishly magnify, nor wickedly condemn him; but believe that your thought of him is evoking the angels or the hellions. We are no great matter till we have come to some knowledge of the evil in ourselves: till we have faced the hostility of hell, and felt the sting of its inflictions. To think slightly of another, because

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those armies are arrayed against him, and perhaps prevailing, is to put yourself in alliance with them against the Soul of the man; and the greater condemnation is on you. And if you, too, are fighting that battle within, will you subscribe to the doctrine that a man is the hell in him? Will you say that *you* are the evil, and not the Soul who opposes it?

The scornful man pours his contempt on the wicked: that is, the souls who are worsted in the conflict with evil; or on the stupid, who have not achieved sending down such a ray as may illuminate their minds. In either case he insults the Soul; whose coadjutant is it our place to be, not its blasphemer. That it should have established as much mastery as it has, upon the treachery and slime of this chaos-cosmos in which it is incarnate, is a marvel we can only comprehend when we think of the long aeons of its effort; but for which it would be to wonder, not that hands are clumsy and brains dull, but that brute matter should register at all any clear divine thought, or should move at all in obedience to motions of the Spirit. A long, slow march towards victory is going forward; should we not be content to add our weight to its impetus?

Oh but proud man, proud man: though you base your pride on miracles of achievement: though you are extremely clever, and of great gifts and parts: though you have unmeasured genius both in thought and action: you do not play your part! You are opposing the on-movement of the Divine! When you made the fool shrink within himself, and convicted him of the hopelessness of his folly (that raking sneer did it): when you made that man, severely wounded by evil, feel so keenly that he was the evil that had wounded him, and had better cease fighting, and go down: I do not doubt you were requisitioning from Karma lives of brainless stupidity and abject vice! Because it is sympathy, compassion, that is the final mark of a man, and the crown-jewel of human attainment; not cleverness of any sort, which is a kind of evil, except in the hands of the compassionate.

### III — CRITICISM

I have only my brain-mind with which to criticize you, brother; and am to consider now how fit is this instrument for the work. You came into this world out of infinity; the cycles of human history are behind you, in which there was time for you to have lived more lives than this mind of mine has lived minutes. I behold two or three threads of the rainbow pattern in which you are woven; am I not therefore well qualified to call you weakling, knave, or fool?

Let us say you are nothing but what your heredity has made you; then if I should use mathematics, and count up the sum of your ancestors

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

since Atlantis sank --- nay, since Rome fell but the other day — I should find the figures stupendous. Each one of your forebears would have lived his twenty to seventy years, in all the days whereof he was weaving something for you; if you are nothing but what those millions made you, how infinitely varied you must be! You cannot escape to have in you heroes and martyrs and philosophers, poets, hangmen and their victims, fallen men and women belike: every element that makes up humanity. What I saw in you yesterday, or this morning, appeared to me cowardly, lacking candor, uncharitable; I am inclined now to think it may have been the fall of a Roland, the glorious failure of a hero.

But in truth I know you are much more than the child of those long generations; since I have seen that in you which is not of this world, nor compounded of any faults or virtues. Eternity it is: I cannot conceive but that some part of you is older than these seas and mountains, older than the world, than this dragon pageantry of heaven. From behind all your characteristics, something looks out at me which reminds me a little of the Sphinx; more, of a dark blue night of stars. As I behold everlasting motion in the sea, I guess at the sources of everlasting motion in you; as I sense indestructibility in the pleroma, I feel the archeus of it in you; deeper than 'this intellectual being,' far underlying 'these thoughts that wander through eternity.' Shall not this be fulfilled of its destinies, which have been since before the world began?

You are too august for my criticism, brother; I grow somewhat frightened when I contemplate what awful forces are in motion . . . what a tremendous epic is a man. They are right in saying that the Son of God came into the flesh, Which is the light of every man that cometh into the world. I cannot, taking thought upon it, conceive of you otherwise than as that! You are the hero of the long drama of the Incarnations, who have contended against the heredities of a thousand lives; there is no phase of human existence, thought, action, character, the seeds of which are not in you; and yours is the titanic enterprise of molding all to divine ends. If I saw one thread slip from your fingers, I did not see the million threads you hold. If I saw one weed in your garden, I did not see the thousand acres filled with bloom.

All those fields are yours; heaven knows what myriad others may be mine. If that part of your territory which I pass daily is weedy, I am convinced, there are vast landscapes in my own territory, sown thick with tares; and I have never discovered them yet. I should have ventured far into them, I think, and made gardens of a few, had I never cast presumptuous eyes on your domain.

In me also is the Eternal; but That criticizes no man: knowing the task It has undertaken in all, and what ages it needs for fulfilment, and

## LUIGO CORNARO AND OLD AGE

what difficulties lie in the way. — No: I have only a brain-mind wherewith to criticize you; and it is a thing compounded of the failings of lives and generations, with little vision you could call better than sheer blindness: an acre that I am to weed; not a weapon I am to use against God in you. What else is in me and wiser is not given to criticism.

### HOW LUIGI CORNARO SUCCESSFULLY CONFRONTED OLD AGE: by Percy Leonard



ALTHOUGH three hundred and fifty years have passed since the death of Luigi Cornaro, he is still cited as a notable example of the remedial value of temperance in diet, and its efficacy in preserving the faculties undimmed, even to extreme old age.

Luigi Cornaro, born in 1467 and of more than usually delicate constitution, still further increased his natural infirmities by unlimited self-indulgence, until at the age of thirty-five he reached a crisis so acute that he longed for death as a release. He adopted a course of extreme abstinence, so that at the end of a year he was completely cured and prolonged his cheerful, active career until his death at ninety-nine.

Hear him expatiate on the advantage of restraining those appetites which bring so many lives to an untimely close.

“Oh thrice holy sobriety so useful to man. Thou prolongest his days and freest him from the dreadful thoughts of death. How greatly ought we to be indebted to thee, since by thee we enjoy this beautiful world, which is really beautiful to all whose senses have not been deadened by repletion. I really never knew till I grew old, that the world was so beautiful. My spirits, never oppressed by too much food are always brisk especially after eating, so that I much enjoy the singing of a song before I sit down to writing. I have a better voice now, clearer and louder, than at any period of my life. Now what a comfort is this, that old as I am, I am able without fatigue of mind or body thus to be fully engaged, and to study the most important, difficult and sublime subjects.”

Browning's exhortation:

“Grow old along with me  
The best is yet to be”

exactly expresses the Theosophical attitude towards old age. The ebbing of that tide of force and passion which attains its flood at thirty-five should cause no diminution of our joy in living, or curtailment of our power to serve. Quite on the contrary, it seems as though in Nature's plan youth's red and stormy morning should be followed by a calm and cloudless sunset, and our day's decline be lighted by the golden glow of intuition and unruffled peace, until rounded by a gentle sleep.

## THE PATIENT, INDUSTRIOUS CHINESE: by R. L.

**P**ATIENCE and industriousness are national characteristics of the Chinese. "There are no idle people in China" might be taken as a Chinese axiom, says Mrs. Conger, and Sir John Davis comments on the cheerful labor performed by these stolid, self-satisfied, content people. Indeed Goldsmith's couplet,

"Man wants but little here below,  
Nor wants that little long,"

is undoubtedly truer of the Oriental than the Occidental temperament.

The industrious Chinaman works early and late, unremittingly. Arthur H. Smith in *Chinese Characteristics* says:

"The Chinese day begins at a dim period, often not at a great remove from midnight. . . . The copper workers of Canton, the tin-foil workers of Foochow, the wood-carvers of Ningho, the rice-mill workers of Shanghai, the cotton-cleaners and workers in the treadmill for bolting flour in the northern provinces, may all be heard late at night and at a preposterous hour in the morning. Long before daylight the traveler comes upon a countryman who has already reached a distance of many miles from his home, where he is posted in the darkness waiting for the coming of daylight, when he will begin the sale of his cabbages! By the time the Occidental has had his breakfast, a Chinese market is nearly over. . . .

"It is by no means uncommon to see those who are hard pressed to find the means of support, following two different lines of occupation which dovetail into each other. . . . Most of the rural population of some districts spend all the time which can be spared from the exigencies of farm work in making hats or in plaiting the braid, now so large an article of export. Chinese women are not often seen without a shoe-sole in their hands on which they are perpetually taking stitches . . . or perhaps it is a reel of cotton they are spinning. ■ But idle they are not."

Even after attaining wealth the Chinaman does not remit his industriousness but devotes himself to business with the same energy as when the "wolf was at the door."

The mere position assigned to the various occupations by the Chinese is not a little significant. First in importance and rank stands that of the scholar; then follow in order the farmer's, the workman's, and the merchant's. Note the importance given to the farmer in this classification; in no country is he so highly regarded as in China. In fact, agriculture is supposed by the Chinese to have had a divine origin, its invention being attributed to Shin Nung, their second emperor, who ascended the throne 2787 years B. C. and who "first fashioned timber into ploughs, and taught the people the art of husbandry." And this divine connexion has been perpetuated and the art fostered and encouraged by the Emperors all down the ages. The Emperor K'angshi thus exhorted his subjects: "Give chief place to husbandry and the cultivation of the mulberry-tree, in order to procure adequate supplies of food and raiment," and his son supplemented this with the excellent advice: "Suffer not a barren spot to remain in the wilds, or a lazy person to abide in the

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cities; then a farmer will not lay aside his plough and hoe; nor the housewife put away her silkworms or her weaving." It was the custom of the Emperors to turn a furrow with their own hands at the vernal equinox and the Empresses used to follow suit by picking mulberry leaves for the palace silkworms, in this way setting the example for the millions of their followers.

In his two-volume work, *China and her People*, Charles Denby gives an interesting account of Chinese agriculturists, from which we quote the following:

"The Chinese have always been an agricultural people. They never have been warlike. They rank soldiers among the lowest classes. Agriculturists and scholars constitute the aristocracy. The Emperors, whether native, Mongol, or Manchu, have always encouraged agriculture, and have recognised the devotion of its laborers as the greatest safeguard of the throne. . . .

"Seen from an eminence, the country around Peking looks like an immense checker-board. The Chinese are gardeners rather than agriculturists. They watch over their crops with the most constant care. They gather them by hand, and, when the gleaners have finished, not a straw, or root, or leaf is left behind. Often I have watched them spread their grain out over a smooth, hard-beaten earth floor in the open air, and thresh it whether with flails or by rolling over it a stone drawn by a donkey. When a breeze comes, the grain is tossed in the air, the kernels falling straight, the chaff and dust being blown away. . . .

"Chinese agricultural instruments are of the rudest character. They comprise the hoe, the harrow, the rake, and the stone roller. The plough is simply a broad blade fastened to a rough handle, guided by a man, and drawn by teams of miscellaneous description. I have seen teams made up of horses, mules, donkeys, men, and boys, and, rarely, women. . . . The Chinese farmers measure the depth of the furrows by the fingers, and frequently speak of ploughing only two or three fingers deep. The most effective tool is the hoe, and with this the main work in raising the crop is done after the grain has sprouted. . . . Implements are made by hand, and in the summer it is very common to see traveling bands of iron-workers, who traverse the country and make or repair tools. Blacksmiths are to be found in all villages."

"The Chinese farmer is industrious with an industry which it would be difficult to surpass," says one writer, and another adds:

"From these men it is impossible to withhold the highest praise for their untiring industry. With endless labor and inexhaustible resource they wrest from the soil the very utmost that it is capable of producing."

And turning to Mrs. Conger's delightful *Letters from China*, we find this pleasing pen-picture of farm-life in China:

"Every part of the country is carefully and diligently cultivated. The Chinese fertilize with the frugal gatherings of all manure in cities and elsewhere, and the crops are luxuriant. These people are economical in the extreme. In North China the winters are quite cold, and fuel is scarce and expensive. Every part of the entire crop, from the root to the grain, is brought into use. The stalks of the larger grains are stripped of their leaves at a certain stage of development and carefully laid out to cure. Then the grain is gathered and the stalk utilized; lastly, the roots, all the weeds, undergrowth, and leaves are gathered and tied into bundles for fuel. In winter the country is barren; it looks as though nothing ever grew there, but when the spring

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opens, many tillers of the soil are out, digging and planting, and the fields blossom into beautiful gardens. Thus the ages go on, and the soil is not depleted. . . .

"Our pilgrimage was through a fine farming country rich with harvest. Every particle of ground except the narrow footpaths is carefully cultivated. The farms look large, but many indistinct lines separate them into smaller tracts.

"Where there are vegetables, fruit or melons, you will see little tents where the men sleep to protect their crops. The homes of these farmers are in walled villages. They eat in common mess-houses, and their food costs but little. . . .

"Here came quietly along a drove of about two hundred swine from the mountains of Mongolia. On close observation we discovered that each foot of each beast was shod with a leather sock to protect it from the sharp stones. Not one seemed footsore. I call this a wonderful phase of patience and economy. Patience in making and tying on those eight hundred socks and economy in keeping the feet well, thus enabling them to make their long journey to Peking. Patience and economy are marked characteristics of the Chinese."

Agriculture holding the prominent place it does in the life of the Chinese, it is not surprising to find numerous and important works devoted to this subject in their literature. Indeed, one of the earliest pieces of Chinese literature extant is an agricultural almanac which was probably written some time in the eighteenth century B. C. It describes the processes of nature and the industries of the gardener in the successive seasons of the year; it explains when to sow and when to reap the harvest, and "it follows with the love of a naturalist the movements of the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air."

Hardly less industrious than the farmer is the Chinese artisan, whatever be his calling. This is particularly true of the day-laborer. To refer to Mr. Smith's account of Chinese industrial life once more, he says:

"That which is true of the farmer class is true with still greater emphasis of the mere laborer, who is driven by the constant and chronic reappearance of the wolf at his door to spend his life in everlasting grind. As the farmer bestows the most painstaking thought and care upon every separate stalk of cabbage, picking off carefully each minute insect, thus at last tiring out the ceaseless swarms by his own greater perseverance, so does the laborer watch for the most insignificant job, that he may have something for his back, and for other stomachs and backs that are wholly dependent upon him."

Robert K. Douglas, writing on this subject in his *Society in China*, says:

"Next to farmers in popular estimation stand mechanics, and even a deeper state of poverty than that which afflicts agriculturists is the common lot of these men. . . . The rudest tools are all that a workman has at his disposal, and the idea never seems to occur to him that an improvement in their structure is either called for or necessary. . . . In the higher branches of mechanical skill, such for instance, as gold, silver, and ivory work, Chinamen excel, and they are exceptionally proficient in the manufacture of bronzes, bells, lacquer ware, and cloisonné. . .

"A feature in the workaday life of China is the number of itinerant craftsmen who earn their livelihood on the streets. Every domestic want, from the riveting of a broken saucer to shaving a man's head, is supplied by these useful peripatetics. If a man's jacket wants mending, or his shoes repairing, he summons a passing tailor or cobbler. . . . Even blacksmiths carry about with them the very simple instruments of their trade, and the bellows which blow the flame are commonly so constructed as to serve when required as a box for tools and for a seat to rest the owner when weary."

## THE MESSAGE OF THE FLOWERS: by Percy Leonard



CONSIDERED in the cold, dry light of Science, the glowing petals of the flowers are simply advertising signs to notify the bees that nectar will be bargained in exchange for their assistance in conveying pollen to the stamens and insuring the production of the seed. Under this view a plant is nothing but a business undertaking in which labor and material are expended in the hope of obtaining an adequate return for the investment. But even so, all *conscious*, mercenary motive is denied, and flowering plants are represented as the fortunate survivors of uncounted millions which have passed away because capricious Chance has not decreed that their variations should take the form of advertising signals to allure the bees.

Every existing flower is the result of some lucky variation which favored the propagation of the fortunate species, while those whose variations were less opportune, were overwhelmed in the fierce contest of competing types. The idea of conscious adaptation in Nature is brushed aside as 'animistic superstition,' and all those dazzling forms of light and beauty which adorn the robe of Nature, are explained as the fortuitous result of age-long competition with only blind and aimless Chance as umpire in the strife.

But the poets (and there is said to be a buried poet in every human breast) have always protested against this sordid and material explanation of the Floral World; and though they seldom argue on the matter yet they always give the weight of their support to those who recognize inventive skill, conscious intelligence, and joyous life displayed in those bright eyes of vegetation known as flowers.

To the botanist we owe our knowledge of the wonderful cell-structure of plants: from him we learn how pollen-grains reach downwards to the embryonic seeds, and how the leaves have power to seize invisible material from every passing breeze and weave the dainty fabric of the gorgeous robes they wear. But eyes and intellect, assisted by the microscope and chemical analysis, are not the only avenues conducting us to Nature's secrets; and the message which the flowers proclaim from every nodding stem, is often caught by simple, uninstructed folk whose sole equipment for their study is an open-hearted receptivity.

Children, and men of child-like heart all down the ages, have heard the language of the flowers, and their report is just as valuable as that of the man with the scalpel who sits behind his 'glazed, optic tube.' Rightly to listen to the flowers requires a pure, unselfish heart, for their sweet, gentle tones can never penetrate a mind tossed to and fro by stormy passion and absorbed in selfish and ambitious schemes.

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Even the artist may receive a message which to the merely scientific temperament is meaningless, and their delicate shading, their brilliancy of color, and their flowing lines of contour, make an appeal to which only those who are sensitive to beauty can respond. But their message to the children, and to those who have passed through manhood to the childhood that lies on the further side of maturity, is sweeter still and more profoundly true.

As Wordsworth has said:

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

But he was too wise to attempt to express those faint whispers from Fairyland in a language which has been evolved for legal definitions, personal gossip, political discussion, and the purposes of trade.

A gift of flowers is often accompanied by a motto or a quotation; but the message of the flowers is more inspiring than any verbal exhortation; is more instructive than teaching; and affects us more profoundly than philosophy however deep. It is a gushing flood of life from Nature's beating heart; a free, unstinted pouring-forth from the unfathomable fount of Universal Life.

A flower is more than a spot of color on the vivid robe of Nature; it is more than an exquisite masterpiece of modeling fresh from Nature's hand; it is more than a living symbol of profuse, exhaustless growth. The cup of a flower is a window that looks directly into Fairyland through which we get a glimpse into the secret workshop of Almighty Pan.

Wherever primroses unfurl their buds, there, full in view, we see the miracle of Nature's subtle alchemy at work. The substance of the lifeless clod updrawn into the circulation of the plant begins to feel the stir of vegetable life. Its dull inertia, at the touch of sunshine, leaps to life; and the imprisoned forces of the moldered rocks pour from the chalice of the flower in copious breaths of perfume, and in beams of glowing light, which elevate our thoughts to higher levels though we find ourselves unable to describe their charm. Our hopes assume a more substantial outline, our hearts are lighted with a purer joy, the senses grow more delicate and fine, our pulses beat in rhythm with the music of the Spheres.

As precious stones to mountains of the ordinary rock, and as transcendent genius to the common man, so is the finished and consummate flower compared with the colossal bulk of forest trees and the rank growth of leaf and stem.

In spite of their ethereal loveliness, the flowers are only fleeting

## THE MESSAGE OF THE FLOWERS

visitants on earth. They scarce have time to nod their sunny greeting and to cheer us with their smiles, before they fade and die; and yet they are “a joy for ever” and in its inmost essence every flower is that eternal, never-withering amaranth of which the ancient poets sang.\* The permanent abiding-place of flowers is Plato’s region of ideal types where every blossom lives in an eternal Spring, descending now and then to pay a transient visit to the earth. The snowdrops in the garden are as frail as they are beautiful; but the ideal form they faintly body forth can never die, and from the cosmic storehouse they will come again to lead the passing pageant of the floral year.

The battle-scarred, disfigured fields of Europe, wrecked by man’s mania to destroy, are quickly mantled over with a multitude of waving poppies, blue cornflowers, and the mustard’s yellow gold, proving that power to heal is still at hand, that Nature’s primal harmonies survive humanity’s discordant din, and that whenever our delirious fever shall have spent its rage, the sweet beneficence behind the veil will bring remorseful and distracted man to health and peace once more.

\*As a demonstration that the never-withering amaranth is something more than a poetical fiction, see *Isis Unveiled*, Volume II, pp. 609-610, where a singularly beautiful and instructive experience of H. P. Blavatsky with a Bhikshuni is cited.

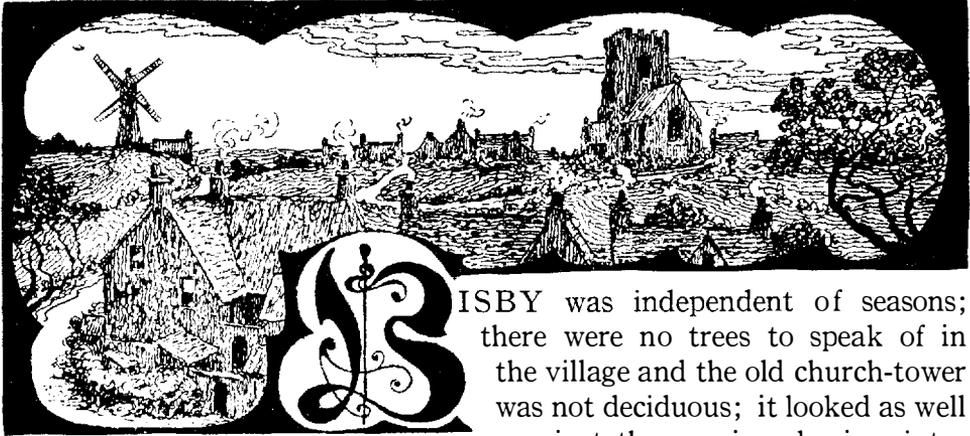


“As the silent soul awakes, it makes the ordinary life of the man more purposeful, more vital, more real and responsible. The occultist who has withdrawn into his own citadel has found his strength; immediately he becomes aware of the demands of duty upon him.” — *Light on the Path*

## RURAL ANTIQUITIES: by R. Machell

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

### IV



**I**SBY was independent of seasons; there were no trees to speak of in the village and the old church-tower was not deciduous; it looked as well against the evening sky in winter as in summer, and on the day when Jim came back from London it looked its best, to him at least. He rode from Framblesea along the cliff because the footpath was better than the road at this time of year, although more dangerous because of the land-slides that are frequent in the wet season: but the cliff-road was deserted, and it had the further advantage of leading to the lane that ran past old Jasper's cottage to the village, by which way he could arrive unseen. He rang his bicycle bell as he got near the house, knowing that the old man was 'hard of hearing' and that his grand-daughter was not. And when she heard the sound she thought the angels had no bells in heaven as beautiful as that.

Old Jasper wondered what kept the lass so long tonight. She had been pining lately; he had good eyes although his hearing had begun to fail, and he knew what the trouble was. Poor little lass! But when she at length came in and the glow of the fire lit up her figure in the door-way she seemed to be glorified as a figure in a dream. The old man scarcely dared to speak; the cottage was suddenly transformed like the pictures he saw sometimes in the fire; and Janet came to him and sat at his feet laying her head upon his knee as she used to do when a child asking to be told a story. But tonight there was silence between them, silence and sympathy.

The stars were shining when the artist reached the 'Royal George.' The venerables were assembled, and his welcome was whole-hearted. The contrast was startling between this and the dinner at Hampstead, even more so than that between the 'Royal George' and Oakleythorpe, though those two might seem as far apart as the poles. He was at home

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in his sister's house in spite of its magnificence, and he was at home in Bisby in spite of its poverty. Home has so little to do with luxury or want.

But Jim had work to do and could not make any long stay at the little village, which he called his headquarters. His work now took him to the towns that he had neglected during the summer and autumn, and he was busy in this way for some weeks, after which he went to Oakleythorpe according to promise, and there he received the formal announcement of the engagement of Mary McNorten to George Dunlop. The letter was delayed by following him from place to place, so that his sister happened to see a notice of the coming marriage in the paper on the same day. McNorten was fond of publicity and the Dunlops loved it dearly. So Jim was spared the embarrassment of telling his sister news that he felt should have been painful to him. He really was puzzled to know how to feel about it, not being naturally hypocritical. He was very sorry for poor Mary when he thought of George Dunlop and contrasted him with the kind of man that such a dear good girl as that was worthy of.

Beatrice was a little surprised at her brother's indifference, and wondered what it meant. The explanation came to her accidentally. While on a tour of inspection through the house she saw a sketch-book in Jim's bedroom and took it with her to look over at her leisure. When she closed the book her face was serious. She knew now why Bisby had become her brother's headquarters.

She put the sketch-book back a little guiltily and wondered who was the girl. The book was full of her, and it seemed to Beatrice that she could read the whole romance in those sketches. A village girl, but not an ordinary type. In that face she saw intensity and earnestness and character. This was serious and must be stopped at any cost, or Jim would be compromised, and might even be dragged into a disgraceful marriage which his family would have to repudiate. She thought it over and decided that Jim must be saved. She was impetuous by nature, and always acted on impulse, fearing perhaps lest her purpose should cool on the anvil. "Strike while the iron is hot!" was her motto, and the result was that at times the sparks would fly freely in her neighborhood. She must go to Bisby, she must see the girl and reason with her, she would be reasonable; evidently from the sketches she was not of a scheming type, rather a dreamer, romantic most probably, but one who could be made to see the folly of such an entanglement. But what possible excuse could she invent for a sudden visit to such a 'jumping-off place' as Bisby at that time of year? It was miles from anywhere. The little sea-side town of Framblesea was bad enough in summer, but in winter

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it would be impossible. She knew of no one in the neighborhood to whom she could propose a visit.

Alice had told her what a deadly dull part of the country it was. As she put it: "Everywhere was twenty miles from anywhere and the roads were vile." Alice knew people somewhere there; why not get her to go and see the place? Alice was such a dear girl she would understand the situation without too much explanation and would be able to report upon the woman if nothing more; and Alice was staying with the Johnstones of Balderwick not more than ten miles off. That settled it. The carriage was ordered for Balderwick next day and a 'wire' was sent announcing a luncheon-visit. The Johnstones were always delighted to see her, and Alice would be sure to be at home to meet her friend Beatrice. Nothing was said to Jim, who was out all the time with his brother-in-law or scouring the neighborhood in search of antiquities.

When Alice Chesterton heard the story of the sketch-book she behaved magnanimously and did not remind her friend that she had foretold this most unfortunate affair. She even went so far as to express surprise. But seeing that Beatrice really was distressed she promised to help her save the family name from such disgrace as Jim would surely bring upon them all if he were not promptly provided with a suitable wife. Once that was accomplished she felt that the family would have done all that was necessary in self-defense.

Alice became quite heroic in her desire to serve in such a good cause, and even went so far as to propose that she should go down to some friends of hers in that neighborhood and go over to Bisby to see the girl herself. She could find some excuse. She was delighted to help her friend, and was not sorry to have a chance to square her account with Master Jim for the wound he had inflicted on her vanity. So Beatrice went home satisfied that she had done her duty, feeling once more at peace with all mankind, having prepared a mine that was meant to shatter her brother's idyll and wreck the happiness of the woman who had forgotten herself so far as to love and trust a man who was not of her class.

A few days later Jim went farther north, intending, so he said, to stay some weeks and finish his work before going to London to see the publisher and revise the illustrations for the second volume of the great work that was to make him famous. He said it would be a month or more before he would be free again: and then he proposed to go to Bisby to finish pictures begun there for the spring exhibitions. So the coast was clear for Alice Chesterton.

Jim hated letter-writing and never wrote a letter if a telegram would

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serve the purpose; so Janet never expected to hear from him when he was away, although she pined for him in the long winter evenings when her grandfather would dose in his chair before the fire; he was failing rapidly. Before Jim had been gone a fortnight the old man had passed away, and Janet was alone in the cottage that was now her own: alone and very lonely. She tried to write to Jim, but could not. She could only wait for him. Her aunt from Framblesea had been with her for the funeral, but could not stay long; she had her own family to think of, and tried to persuade Janet to go back with her. But Janet said she could not bear to leave the cottage where she had been so happy; and that seemed natural enough; besides it was her own home now. The village was sympathetic and extremely curious to know what her 'young gentleman' would do now. But Janet went about her work as usual, and dreamed of him, and waited for his coming.

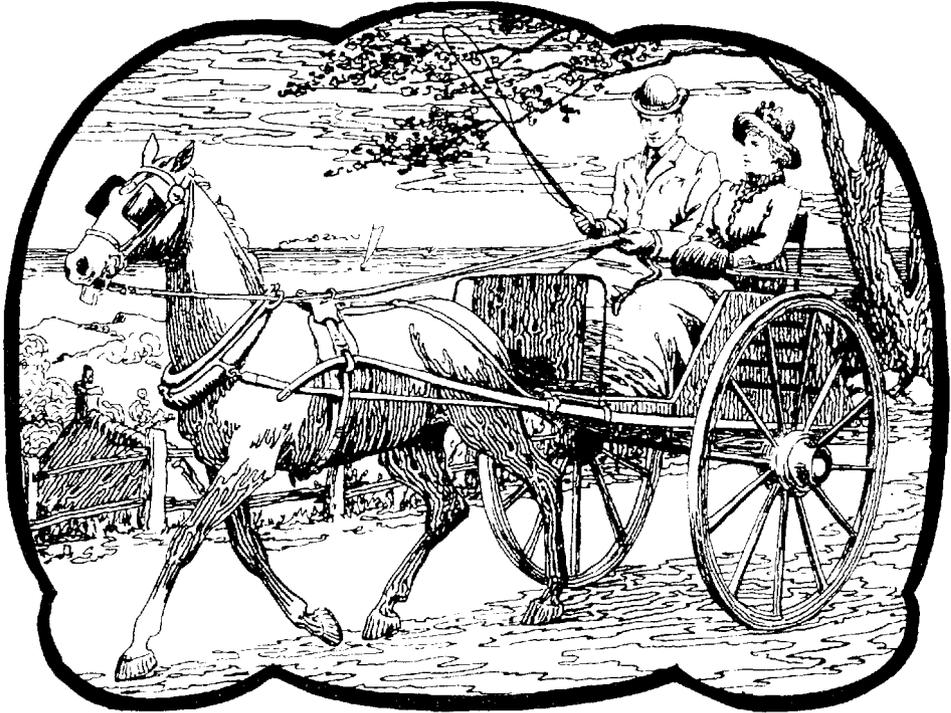
One day a dog-cart rattled up to the 'Royal George' and the landlady bustled out to receive the unusual visitors. The dog-cart was driven by young Mr. Duckworth from Righead, and beside him sat a fashionably dressed lady who asked if Mr. Alexander was at home. She seemed so disappointed at hearing that he was still away that the good woman became communicative, and told her that Mr. Alexander never wrote to say when he would be back, so that they kept his room ready for him. Would the lady come in and look at his pictures? There were two of them in the parlor; but she thought that the best must be over at Jasper Mickelthwaite's, where he was painting mostly; but Jasper he was dead, good man, and buried, and his granddaughter was all alone there now. Maybe she would know when the gentleman was coming back, if the lady would drive round that way and enquire.

Alice Chesterton thanked the good woman but said she did not think that she could spare the time. However, when young Duckworth said there was no hurry, and if Mrs. Chesterton liked to go and see the place they had time enough, though he thought she would find it more interesting to see the country, Alice decided to go as far as the lane; then she got out and left the dog-cart and her youthful escort to wait for her while she went on to the cottage alone.

Janet received her quite simply and appeared to find nothing unusual in the visit. Any friend of Jim's was naturally welcome, though she did not particularly like this fashionable woman of the world who tried to be patronizing at first. Janet explained that she knew nothing of Mr. Alexander's movements. He had been very fond of listening to her grandfather's tales. Yes! he was dead. Would Alice like to see his grave. No! Alice declined (she was not fond of graves), but she would like to see some of the pictures, she was a great admirer of Jim's

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painting. She called him 'Jim' and talked of Beatrice in such a way as to make it clear that she was a very intimate friend of the family. She showed the greatest interest in the paintings and talked of the high hopes his family had of the success of the young artist. Then she grew confidential and told of his sister's anxiety to see her brother married



to a lady whom Alice seemed to suggest was already almost as good as engaged to dear Jim. She said that this charming girl was all that could be desired both as to her family and fortune, and excused her friend Beatrice for thinking about such things, because Jim was so dreadfully unpractical. He had no private fortune, and had been brought up in a most extravagant family with a house full of servants and all that, and consequently would be miserable if he were to make a bad marriage. Then incidentally she spoke of a friend of her own who had done that kind of thing; and she made a vivid picture of the remorse of the woman who had ruined his career. She thought a woman ought to be too proud for that. She talked uninterruptedly in this strain for an hour or more, and finally talked herself out of the house and into the lane with Janet's large eyes fixed on her in a way that made her extremely uncomfortable. When she said good-bye she kissed the girl and tried to feel that she had done what was best for all. But the girl's eyes haunted her.

To tell the truth she was a little scared at what she had done. The

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girl's eyes had a look in them that seemed to recall some tragedy that she had read or dreamed of. There was something about this village-girl that made her wonder if she would have been like that if she had been brought up away from the world. It was unusual for Alice to be disturbed by anything, but this was a new experience. She knew the women of her own class thoroughly, but in that cottage she had felt strangely out of place, and in her heart she was ashamed.

She had done her work well. The picture she had drawn of a *mésalliance* was no fiction, in that she was able to speak from direct observation, and what she said was true. The poor girl saw the picture and realized its possibility. It came upon her as a revelation. She had been living in a dream, this talk appeared like an awakening to real life: and yet the waking state, if this was indeed an awakening, seemed more like a nightmare than like truth. She felt as if she were a somnambulist as she returned to the cottage and stood there dazed by an awakening. Where was her home? The house was there; the things around were in their usual place; nothing was moved; and yet her home was gone; and what remained was but a dead shell in which the very air was tainted with corruption. What had this woman done to wreak such ruin? It seemed as if some horrible plague-pit had been uncovered and the fair earth defiled with death in its most hideous form. The pestilence had laid its foul touch upon her pure dream of love.

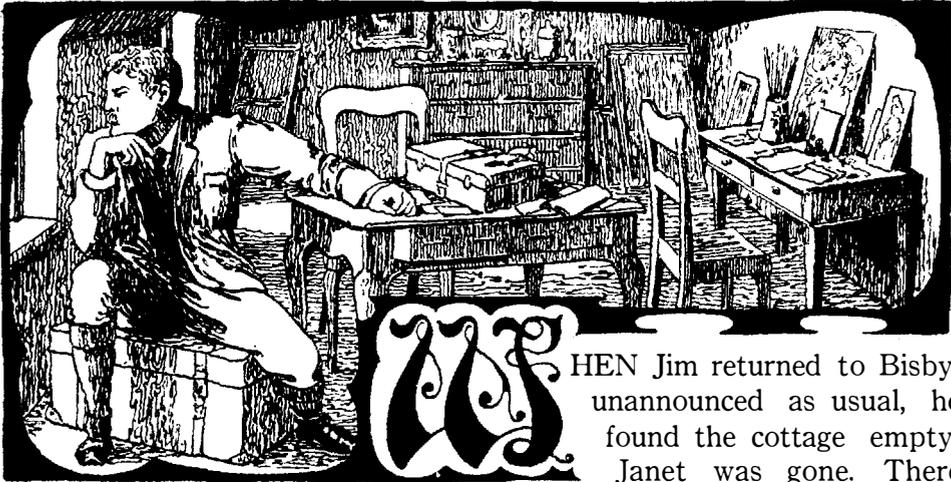
She shuddered as she stood there in the house of death. Then a ray of sunlight came peeping through a window and shone on the chair her grandfather had used so long. She watched the light grow as the clouds parted, and it seemed as if some horror was lifted from her mind, so that her thought came clearer. Gradually the air grew purer and Janet breathed more freely. She tried to throw off the blight that had fallen upon her mind and lay on her heart like a sense of shame she had never yet known, but the misery of it still clung to her. There is a terrible old proverb that says, "Throw mud enough and some of it will stick."

Alice had followed this plan and had succeeded in her purpose. She had shown the girl that her lover's future was in her hands to mar or to let go. Janet had seen the alternative just as it was presented to her; and she had made her choice exactly as she was meant to do. Her heart was generous and she did not hesitate, but the sacrifice was like death, and she stood long unconscious of anything but the awful sense of loneliness that had closed in upon her.

When she came to herself and looked round the room in search of some landmark on which to focus her mind, the silence and the darkness were all that she could feel except the loneliness that had suddenly become part of her life. Her dream had been too beautiful; this was the awakening.

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### V



WHEN Jim returned to Bisby, unannounced as usual, he found the cottage empty. Janet was gone. There were letters for him at the inn, one of which was from Janet Thorpe, and with it was the cumbersome old key of the cottage door. The letter was very simple, it merely told him she had gone away as it was best for both: but she hoped he would use the cottage just as if it were his own. It would make her so happy to think that it could be of use to him for his pictures. She thanked him for his kindness to her grandfather and for all the happy days that she had known there, and said that when his name became famous she should feel proud to have known him, and would share in his triumphs wherever she might be. There was no attempt at explanation; no reproach nor expression of regret: it was not necessary. Jim understood.

For a moment he was dazed as by a blow from an unseen enemy. His mind asked whose was the hand that had struck him treacherously, and he recalled the old saying, "A man's enemies are they of his own household."

Then he knew that some member of his family had taken this means to save him from a *mésalliance* that would discredit the family name. He had made no secret of his visits to Bisby and the whole village knew of his intimacy with Janet Thorpe; any visitor who cared to make enquiries could learn all there was to know and a good deal more from village gossip. At first he thought it was his father's doing; but the garrulous innkeeper soon cleared the matter up by his detailed description of the lady who had come in Mr. Duckworth's dog-cart. The description could only apply to one person and that was Alice Chesterton, who was a friend of the Duckworth's and his own sister's dear friend. Jim reflected bitterly that no one but a woman would have struck him in the dark in this way, and he knew that the weapon was poisoned by

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memory of a slight. Had she been a man he felt he could have cursed her more becomingly. His indignation fell upon the one who must have planned this piece of treachery, his sister Beatrice. Oh! she would have done it for his good no doubt, and for the honor of the family. He understood all that, and could not blame her on that score; but he felt the unspoken pain in the letter that he still held in his hand. It seemed to throb like a human heart.

On the impulse of the moment he sat down and wrote to Beatrice a letter such as she had never thought to get from light-hearted Jim. It was so cold and cutting, and so scrupulously just, that Beatrice scarcely recognised the writer; and when she laid it down it was with the conviction that she had lost her brother and had failed in her design.

Such letters are like the closing of a door that cannot be reopened. Jim felt it so, and let it go. It was indeed the closing of a door; but it seemed to him as the opening of a new era in his life, in which he would free himself from the fetters of conventionality. His days of drifting with the tide were passed. He felt as if he had suddenly attained to his majority and become a man.

Alice Chesterton had freed him in a way that she had not intended; and her friend Beatrice was ungrateful to her when she realized the fruits of her interference.

Jim felt a strange sense of relief as he dropped that letter into the box at the post-office and turned down the lane towards old Jasper's cottage.

He sat down at the door where the old man used to sit to watch the sunset, and he let his mind call up for him pictures of the happy days that he had passed here listening to the endless stories and painting innumerable sketches for future pictures.

As he sat there alone the sun went down, and he seemed to hear Janet calling him to come and watch the sunset from the cliff as they so often did in the happy days that seemed so long ago. Instinctively he rose and followed his fancy up to the point from which the old church looked its best against the afterglow.

Where was she now? Watching the same sunset perhaps, but alone, nursing the dead body of a dream. Was the dream dead indeed? Perhaps: as the day dies. But the sun will rise tomorrow on a new day, and the dream of yesterday may be reborn as a reality tomorrow.

The thought came to him as a challenge from his heart to vindicate his own ideal. The scene before him took on a new dignity, and life itself seemed filled with a strange significance.

Behind him, as he stood, the sea moaned drearily, and clouds were gathering in the sky, but the glow of sunset made them glorious, and the sea's monotonous plaint was like life's undertone of suffering, in which

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lay menace of many a storm such as may test the power of man's will.

Jim Alexander hardly had learned as yet the meaning of that word 'will.' Life had come easily to him and pleasantly, and he had gone his own way almost unconscious of effort in setting aside such opposition as he had met. Now for the first time he realized

the meaning of the choice that lay before him; he knew that his future hung in the balance and his will could turn the scale. He saw the two alternatives: to give way with the reward of general approval sufficient to present and wealthy wife, society that would considerable, as introduction to that would for him honorable ser- other hand uncertainty of vice. On the other hand there was the an artist's life with the assurance of social os- should marry this vil-



choice that lay before him; he knew that his future hung in the balance and his will could turn the scale. He saw the two alternatives: to give way with the reward of general approval sufficient to present and wealthy wife, society that would considerable, as introduction to that would for him honorable ser- other hand uncertainty of vice. On the other hand there was the an artist's life with the assurance of social os-

should marry this vil- lage girl, the loss of all possible income or inheritance from his parents, and the certainty that none of his family would ever recognize his wife. To balance these considerations he had Love, Hope, and Liberty: love of a good woman; hope of success in his career; and liberty to live up to his ideal. There was no hesitation in his choice.

He saw the narrow path that led to the village past old Jasper's cottage suddenly begin to shine like gold where the glowing sky was mirrored in the pools along the muddy way. It seemed symbolical to him of the path that he had chosen, with all its difficulties and 'mud-holes' lighted by a glory that could transform it as the setting sun out there transformed the muddy lane.

In that moment of choice he had seen a picture of the future as it might be if he abandoned his ideal, and he faced it squarely. He knew that in defying social conventions he was challenging an invisible and

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unassailable antagonist, that was as hard to fight as a fog that quietly envelops its victims and leaves them to blindly stumble, or fall, or find their way, with absolute indifference to their success or failure. He had seen something of the seamy side of life in his bohemian associations, and knew a little of what it means to fail on the path that he had chosen. But he had courage and faith in the woman whom he had found waiting for his coming in the little village by the sea. She was at this moment more to him than a woman; she was an emblem of his ideal in life.

She seemed involved in all his secret aspirations, as though she were created for him by his own craving for freedom, and by his yearning for comradeship. To lose her now would be to lose himself, his better self. To renounce her would be to purchase the approval of the world at the price of his own soul.

His choice was made, and in his heart he knew it was irrevocable. There are such moments in a man's life, when he alone knows the actual reality of his power of choice, and when he consciously accepts the full responsibility of his own decision. In such moments a man knows that his will is free and that his decision is binding. He may forget it later, he may repudiate it as a mere freak of imagination, he may fail to live up to it; but it is made; it is a fact in nature, recorded in his own subconscious memory ineffaceably; and one day he will remember.

Jim saw the dark clouds in the sky, he saw the muddy lane, but also with the vision of an artist he saw the glory that ensouled the scene and made it beautiful. So he went home to old Jasper's cottage with a glow in his heart that was not the glow of passion. It awed him with a sense of revelation, as if it were the seal of an initiation through which he had passed in his solitary meditation, when he had felt, if only for a moment, something of what it means to be a Man.

When the second volume of 'Rural Antiquities' appeared it bore as its frontispiece a charming painting of an old church-tower that seemed to be melting into the rich glow of a western sky; while the last picture in the book had the suggestive title "Mors janua vitae." In it was a tall and graceful girl, who was placing a wreath upon a grave.

The grave was Jasper's, and the girl was Jim Alexander's wife.