THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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WHAT has been contemptuously termed Paganism, was ancient wisdom replete with Deity; and Judaism and its offspring, Christianity and Islamism, derived whatever inspiration they contained from this ethnic parent. Pre-Vedic Brâhmanism and Buddhism are the double source from which all religions sprang.— *H. P. Blavatsky*

THE ORIGIN OF MAN: by H. T. Edge, M. A.

THE question of man's origin is important because it is inseparable from the question of his present and of his future. According as we form our beliefs as to our origin, so shall we form our conceptions of our present status and of our future possibilities. It is essential that this question be considered from the most practical and common-sense point of view, and that all mere speculation and arbitrary statements be avoided. And this is all the more necessary because there are before the world today so many statements that are dogmatic or merely speculative, and which therefore cannot exercise a good influence on man's character and conduct.

With regard to theology, it may be taken for granted that an intelligent and progressive audience feels profound dissatisfaction with the help that these sources are able to offer. Beyond the bare affirmation that man was created by God, and for inscrutable reasons of his own, we are left in the dark, our questions all unanswered. True, this answer does acknowledge the spiritual nature of man, and is thus far to be preferred to those theories which do not acknowledge the spiritual nature. Yet the answer is far too brief and oracular and needs supplementing with detail. Many advanced theologians feel this, and are endeavoring to satisfy the need; for which we must congratulate them. But on the whole, people who earnestly desire more light must turn to another quarter in search of it. It has always been the aim of Theosophy to assist people to interpret their own religions, so that they may find in them more light than they can find in the conventional renderings. If religions were studied in this way, doubtless we should not be left so much in the dark as to these vital questions.

Turning to modern science, we find that, while so many of its votaries are men of excellent understanding and enlightenment, anxious only to find the truth by faithful adherence to the principles of true science, yet there does exist within the fold of science a spirit of dogmatism that can scarcely be considered any better than the old forms of theological dogmatism. We have, placed before us, certain doctrines as to the supposed evolution of man, which, to say the least, are highly speculative and illogical; and yet these are often treated as though they were ascertained and indisputable facts. A sculptor has carved a series of statues intended to represent man in various stages of evolution, from the ape-man upwards; and needless to say, as these are merely made from odd bones, they are for the most part pure works of imagination. This method of teaching is hypnotism — teaching by suggestion. It is surely important that such suggestions as this should be counteracted by even more powerful suggestions of the spiritual nature of man.

It is evident that we cannot, within the limits of a paper, go into the fallacies of the biological theory of evolution, a question that would require the length of a treatise. The time must be used in a more constructive policy. But one essential feature of the biological theory must be mentioned. It fails utterly to account for man's characteristic intelligence. Even though the physical descent of man as described by the theorists should be true — which is far from being the case — still, instead of explaining the mystery of man's nature, it only makes that mystery greater than ever. We feel that, if man did indeed spring from the ape, or any other animal, that animal must either have been a God or have had a God behind him; and we may well fall down in awe-struck worship before the aforesaid statue of the pithecoid man by the Belgian sculptor. Thus the theory does not explain the facts of life in which we are most interested; and though it may for a time beguile our reason, it can never still our doubts. The mysterious human intelligence, with its limitless horizon, the magic faculty of self-development and introspection which man possesses, his conscience, his very power to frame theories about himself — all these are facts and have to be explained. Hence Theosophy, in explaining them, may justifiably claim to be more practical and reasonable than theories which either dogmatize or vainly speculate.

Modern evolutionists have always erred in neglecting to take account of the necessarily twofold character of evolution. In order that there may be growth or evolution, it is essential that two factors shall co-operate; there must be first a form which is growing or evolving, and secondly a spirit or force which, by its action on the form, is causing it to grow or evolve. To imagine a form or organism as growing by itself is to treat the matter illogically. Yet this is what the evolutionists have endeavored

to do, and curious are the conclusions to which they have been driven in the attempt. Every power and potency has been loaded on to the molecule or vital speck, which is represented to us as a veritable god. We are asked to suppose that there exists latent in the atom or the protoplasm all the potencies which eventually result in that marvelous being known as man. If this is true, then the atom is indeed almighty god. But not a few evolutionists see the necessities of the case, among whom must be numbered the late Professor Alfred Russel Wallace, one of the two fathers of modern evolution, who used his last years in boldly proclaiming the doctrine of spiritual potencies behind natural evolution.

Everything in the universe is a manifestation of the universal life; and it is not consistent to say that some of the matter in the universe is dead and some alive. Even the stone, metal, or jewel, has its spark of mineral life which causes it to grow and assume various and beautiful forms. Chemists find mysterious properties in every substance, and these they attribute to forces which they call by such names as 'attraction,' 'affinity,' and the like — names which do not explain, but merely leave the question open. Theosophy reasserts the ancient teaching that there is life everywhere — life and intelligence. It is this universal life and intelligence that causes evolution. We see it in various forms and grades; in the mineral, in the plant, in the animal, in man; and what reason is there to suppose that its manifestations are limited to those which our gross senses can perceive? It is this universal life that is evolving and growing, and the various living organisms which we see are its various garments and tenements. In the animal there is a soul; not a soul such as we speak of in man, but an animal soul, an intelligent entity that is much further back in evolution than we are, but which is nevertheless learning and advancing. This is spoken of in Theosophy as the animal Monad. The phrase is used in connexion with, and in contradistinction to, the vegetable monads and the mineral monads. The universal life becomes differentiated into countless monads, of various orders according to the several kingdoms of nature. The whole scheme is of course boundless in its vastness, and it is not to be expected that more than a few hints and outlines should be given here. But if these serve to stimulate further and more intimate study, the object will have been achieved.

We have to regard an animal, then, as primarily a living soul, and secondarily an organism. The monad or soul inhabits the organism, and uses it as a means of contact with the earth and a vehicle for the manifestation of animal life. This little soul is acquiring experience and growing. Evolution is caused by the progress of the monad, which may inhabit higher and higher forms in the same kingdom of nature. This gives the explanation why the forms of animal life remain so constant and so little

changed during such vast periods of time, when, according to the requirements of the biological theories, they ought to change gradually by imperceptible links within far shorter periods.

We have touched thus briefly on the question of evolution in general, leaving many points unexplained, merely for the purpose of leading up to the main topic — the evolution of man. And here comes in the most important point of all.

The scale of natural evolution which evolved the plant from the mineral and the animal from the plant, *is not of itself capable* of evolving man from the animal. Between the highest animal and the lowest man there is a vast and unbridgeable chasm. The peculiar human self-reflective mind cannot be 'evolved' from the animal mind; it is a thing apart; it is either there or not there; it cannot be partly there; it cannot be gradually formed by the recognised evolutionary forces.

This characteristic human intelligence was imparted specially to man at a certain point in his life-history. And here it is advisable to return to religion and to consider the account given in the opening chapters of the Jewish Bible about the creation of man.

In the book of *Genesis* there are two accounts of the creation of man: one in chapter I, the other in chapter II. These two accounts have puzzled theologians considerably; but in truth they are complementary, one to the other. In the second account the Lord God forms man out of the dust of the ground and makes him a "living soul." The word 'living soul' is very important here; for in the Hebrew it is the word *nephesh*, which means an *animal soul*, and is so rendered by the commentators. This, therefore, was the first creation of man, whereby he was made a perfect animal. But so far he was 'mindless' and had not man's peculiar prerogative of an independent intelligence and free will. Now turn to the other account. Here we find that the Elohim — that is, spiritual beings, but translated in the ordinary version of the Bible as 'God'— said: "Let us make man in our image." This was the second creation, whereby man was endowed with the divine intelligence and became as a God, knowing good and evil.

This account, though somewhat confused in the *Genesis* version, is in agreement with the symbolic records of the world's sacred scriptures and mythologies in general. The proof of this fact would require a treatise, so we must be content at the present moment with referring the inquirer to H. P. Blavatsky's *The Secret Doctrine* and to other Theosophical writings on the subject. The point is that all are agreed as to the twofold creation of man.

The narrative of the Garden of Eden further illustrates the point. For there we find that man, who is at first sinless and irresponsible, is

offered a choice, being at once forbidden and tempted to partake of a certain fruit. He elects to taste of the fruit, and the result is that he *becomes as a god* and *his eyes are opened.* This, then, is a symbolic record of the endowing of mindless man with the divine gift of mind.

The ancient teachings record that natural evolution had produced a very highly evolved organism, fit to become a man, but not yet endowed with the human mind. This organism was so far the most perfect vehicle for the manifestation of the universal life. But the divine spark was not able to manifest itself fully therein, because an intermediate principle was needed. This intermediate principle is the human mind. Thus the human mind is the connecting link between the divine and the natural, and man is the complete epitome of the universe.

Man had to be endowed with mind; and this could only come about through the self-sacrifice of beings who already possessed that which they had to impart. These beings gave to the mindless man a ray from their own intelligence, and man became as a god, knowing good and evil. They are mentioned in the Biblical account as the Elohim, who created man in their own image, and in Theosophical nomenclature they are called Mânasaputras, or Sons of Mind. They were human beings belonging to a previous cycle of evolution — human beings who, having passed through all the stages of their evolution, had become perfected.

This account of the double creation of man is in accordance with the general sense of the wisdom of the ages, as recorded in symbols and allegories of all nations and times. It is not only supported by all this consensus of testimony, but it is consistent with the actual facts in human nature as we see them today. And it forms part and parcel of the general body of Theosophical teachings, which are consistent at every point. More details and evidence will be found in Theosophical writings, but for the present we must be content to touch merely the principle features.

Archaeology is proving that civilization is very ancient and also that it is recurrent; for we find that races existed in the far past which had a culture very like ours and superior to that of other races which followed them. This shows that civilization moves in waves, and that culture has its continual ebbs and flows. The more our researches probe backwards into the past, the less evidence do we find for all of the current theories of biological evolution, and the greatest support do we find for the views here presented. The vanished continent of Atlantis, whose former existence and subsequent submergence is now largely admitted by science, was the scene of a whole humanity of races that flourished long before our present assortment of races came upon earth. Their knowledge and culture were great, and some of it they passed on to the next great Root-Race — the Fifth — our own. It is advisable at this point to say a few words about

the scale of human races, which has been compared to a tree with branches, twigs and leaves. There are in this Great Cycle or Round of human evolution on this Earth, seven great Root-Races, each lasting millions of years. We are in the Fifth of these Root-Races. Each Root-Race is divided into seven sub-races; and we are in the fifth sub-race of the Fifth Root-Race. This means that the Fourth Root-Race, which has been called the Atlantean, had passed through all its seven sub-races, and had therefore attained a higher level in its cycle than we have as yet reached in our cycle. The first three sub-races in every Root-Race are on a descending curve from spirituality towards materialism, the fourth is the lowest of the seven, and the three remaining sub-races are on an ascending curve. The materialism of our present civilization is due to the fact that our Fifth Root-Race is so near the bottom of its cycle; but it has already begun the reascent.

Now let us consider the bearing of all this on the past history of mankind. It means that there have been on earth in the far past, races which had attained higher than we have. They were higher in one sense, and yet in another they were not, because they were not so far advanced on the path of evolution. The analogy of a helical or screw-like curve will convey the meaning. Progress along such a curve is made by a series of ups and downs, and we are at present lower than the highest of the Atlanteans, but further along the path. Another analogy is that of the year and its seasons. We are, as it were, in the winter season of our great year; and some of our progenitors, though belonging to an earlier year, had passed through their spring and summer.

Another historical point is this: Our present fifth *sub-race* was preceded by the earlier sub-races of our own Fifth *Root-Race*. The earliest of these sub-races constituted the golden age of our *Root-Race* and were greater in true knowledge and culture than we are. They were the heirs of the last sub-race of the Atlanteans and had inherited their wisdom. And here we come to still another point.

A portion of the Atlantean race went wrong and followed the path of darkness and iniquity instead of that of light and wisdom. They became powerful sorcerers and black magicians. Gigantic in stature, dark and swarthy in complexion, these had sought to overthrow the kingdom of light established by the White Magicians of Atlantis, and to set up instead a kingdom of darkness. They were defeated and fled to the ends of the earth. The end of the Fourth Root-Race and the beginning of the Fifth were marked by a profound change in the distribution of land and water; old continents went down beneath the sea and new ones gradually came up and became habitable. These new continents were the scene of renewed struggles between the pioneers of the Fifth Root-Race and the descendants of the Atlantean sorcerers. All this is recorded in tradition as the war

between the Gods and the Titans, between Heaven and earth, and so forth. Again the forces of light were triumphant and the defeated sorcerers fled to the outskirts and hidden places of the lands, where their descendants gradually disintegrated and deteriorated and have given rise to the numerous and varied races which we find today in the interior of Africa and other places.

It will be understood that all this is but the hastiest summary, and that the present occasion does not admit of the adducing of the abundant evidences which would be forthcoming had we more time at our disposal. We must pass on to consider its bearing on the main point at issue. We have much to learn from our forgotten ancestors; much of the wisdom at our disposal is in the form of a heritage yet to be inherited. A son is in advance of his father, in time, and may acquire greater knowledge than was his sire's; but yet, if he is wise, he will profit by his father's wisdom and experience. We have to realize that people before us have thought long and deeply over the problems of life and arrived at knowledge which as yet is not ours.

But most important of all, we have to recognise that divine element in us, if only to counteract the unwholesome effects of too much concentration of attention on our animal nature. Man *has* an animal nature and animal passions, it is true; and they exist in him in intensified form by reason of his mind. But he has also the heaven-given intelligence and will whereby to master them. In man a continual struggle goes on for the possession of the mind; and the passional nature would fain break away from its lord, whose governance restrains it, and would steal away and appropriate for its own a portion of that priceless gift of mind; so that the man would become a soul-less black magician, like Margrave in Bulwer-Lytton's story. Our whole nature bears witness to our divine origin. The denial thereof is surely a mortal sin; the repudiation and casting-off of one's divinity is probably the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost.

The whole salvation of human society depends on recognition of man's essential divinity. For selfishness and indifference are the destructive forces. What is life? It is not an affair of the personality, for what can mere personality count in the great human destiny? It is essential that each man learn, sooner or later, that he cannot live for himself and that life is something far greater and more sublime than this. We are all one by reason of our common divinity; to live selfishly is to run counter to the law of our nature.

The *facts* known to science cannot possibly run counter to the Theosophical views as to the origin of man; for Theosophy does not dogmatize or speculate, but simply gives an explanation of the facts. Hence the facts

of science, so long as they are facts and nothing else, must be treated with respect; for, if properly studied, they can but confirm the Theosophical teachings and will be found to fit duly into their places in the scheme. It is only the theories and speculations of enthusiasts that are sometimes wrong and may be objected to. Now man has an animal nature; but he has also a divine nature; and both of these factors are represented in his mind, his conduct, and even his physiological constitution. If his thinking mind is entirely under the domination of his animal organs, which act on the coarser fibers of the brain through the sympathetic nervous system, then man may indeed be no more than a thinking animal. But if, recognising and aspiring to the divine nature within him, he attunes his mind to ideals that are above the animal proclivities, to thoughts that are impersonal and not selfish — then he is more than any animal could possibly become, however highly evolved. It is not possible to explain man's self-conscious reflective mind on any purely physiological hypothesis. For this kind of mind is peculiarly human and not found in the animals. Self-consciousness proceeds, as H. P. Blavatsky says, from the SELF.

Let all those who seek to deny man's responsibility for his actions, by arguing that his mind is under the sole dominion of physiological forces and external circumstances, understand that their arguments apply only to the animal side of man's nature and leave out of account altogether the independent self-conscious mind and will.

In order to explain satisfactorily the existence of our own most marvelous self-reflective mind, we must postulate for it an origin akin to its nature. The source of the human mind is the Universal Mind. How a spark of this Mind came to enter into and be allied with the perfected animal nature in man is another question, which we have briefly considered above. The main point is that it is even more important to study the other lines of evolution which have contributed to make up man, than to study the biological descent which links him with the lower creation.

Quest.— If Buddhism existed in India anterior to Gautama and was in all likelihood tolerated, if not practised, by the Rishis of old, what was it that made it intolerable to the people of the country *after* the coming of Gautama and Śankarâchârya?

Ans.— Simple truth — which never can hope to win the day when in conflict with theology — the selfish concoction of priests interested in the preservation of superstition and ignorance among the masses. Śankarâchârya was more prudent than Gautama Buddha, but preached in substance the same truths as did all the other Great Souls.— *H. P. Blavatsky*

THOUGHTS ON MUSIC: by Daniel de Lange*

PART II

MUSIC must be considered as a language. And if this axiom is true — as I believe it is — musical art ought to be treated and cultivated in an entirely different way from that heretofore followed.

Music is a language. This being so, we have to examine the following questions:

I. What place does language occupy in human life?

II. What is the aim of any language, whatever its form may be?

III. In what phase of universal life can this special language (music) be of use, or be considered as a necessary expression of the thoughts and feelings of humanity?

IV. If music is a language, how ought we to cultivate and to use it?

More questions could be asked, but the answering of these four furnishes an opportunity to elucidate the ideas which the subject suggests.

The first question does not need an extended answer unless we wish to penetrate into its deeper meaning. We do not wish to do so, because our aim is to treat of music as a language, not of language in itself. It will be sufficient to say:

A language is the vehicle by which we convey our thoughts and feelings to others. This being the case, the question is: What is the best vehicle of expression for mankind at any given period of its development? Answering this question, one might say that people always intuitively choose that vehicle which is most suitable for the expression of their thoughts and feelings in any period. Thus, in remote ages it is seen that languages are full of mysterious expressions and symbols, awaking the imagination of the reader, who himself has to complete and to fill out in his mind the idea suggested to him by these mysterious expressions. Later on, when materialism took more and more hold of man's mind, words replaced the suggestions of ideas; so that language became more and more a reproduction of thoughts that have only to do with material things. The tendency is towards materialization even of the highest ideals. Among the authors of the present day, some (for example, Maeterlinck) try to re-enter the realms of spirituality. In reading the works of such poets we have the impression that for them, words are not fully sufficient to express the feeling they wish to suggest. In all these efforts we find the same underlying principle, *viz.*, that man uses one or another kind of language to give form to the thoughts and feelings which are the propelling forces of his inner life. Viewed from this standpoint it appears as if any special kind

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of language (words, sounds, forms or colors) is in itself a representation of the degree of development and refinement which its users possess. A child, a youth, an adult, or an old man, use different vehicles for expressing themselves. And mankind as a whole does the same. Is it possible to admit that a Russian serf, a Zulu, a workman from one of our great cities, a politician, or a scholar, use the same vehicle to convey their thoughts and feelings to others? Nor can we admit that people six thousand years or more ago used language in precisely the same way as people do nowadays. And if this is true, we must also believe that in periods later in time than our own, man will express himself in some other way than that in which we do now.

Now, let us see what difference exists between language as it was used in earlier times by civilized nations, and language as used by the nations of today.

It would be of no use for our purpose to enter into a detailed examination of this question; we only wish to answer it in a general way, *viz.*, that in that earlier epoch language was almost always used as a means of giving an image or a suggestion of what was in the mind of the user, rather than for giving a detailed and elaborate definition of an idea. It might have been possible at that time to use images instead of words; while nowadays an image could not possibly convey the precise and definite idea to our mind.

Nevertheless, even in the present time we can still find examples not only of images used as language, but also of sounds so used. When in the Alps we hear the herdsmen sing their calls to one another, we know that they all understand the meanings of them, although no words are used; these calls are sounds, not words. This leads us to the second question.

The true aim of a language is to furnish to mankind the form or vehicle which he needs to express the refinement of his soul and intelligence at that special epoch.

We can imagine that in previous races man did not use speech in the same way that we do. Before being clothed in skin, *i. e.*, before the fall into matter, he did not need words, because they represent only a material form, evident enough when one tries to express through them an abstract or spiritual idea. The beings belonging to previous races may have expressed themselves in musical sounds. Even nowadays when our spirits are clothed in matter, we are still able to attach many kinds of ideas, as clear and precise in their way as those expressed in other kinds of languages, to feelings expressed in sounds; the only difference is that the former cannot be translated into those languages without losing a great deal of their exactness and intensity. We all have had opportunities almost numberless to experience and to realize, consciously or unconsciously, the truth

of the above statement; as when hearing masterpieces of musical art.

But only a few may have noticed that the highest level of expression in musical language can only be reached when the composer himself is also the performer. Not long ago we had an opportunity to realize this at Point Loma. The famous composer-pianist, Percy Grainger, was Madame Katherine Tingley's guest here at the Headquarters. After a concert, which was given in honor of this distinguished guest, he sat down at the piano and spoke to all of us in his very own language. After having paid tribute to the greatest of all masters or teachers on the musical plane, Johann Sebastian Bach, by playing one of the latter's most striking fugues, he spoke for about an hour and a half in his own language, telling us of the beauty and truth which are living powers in his heart, as they are in ours, but which never could have been told to us by anyone who was a stranger to us as we were to him. But the musical language of the Râja-Yoga Chorus and Orchestra had revealed to Mr. Grainger — as his language had revealed to us — that not only were we not strangers to one another, but that from the very first moment we spiritually were and are brothers. No words could have expressed to us with such intensity what were the feelings in our hearts. Mr. Grainger left the Theosophical Headquarters as our brother; he had been initiated into the secrets of the higher life; and to us he had revealed the beauty, the inspiration, and the aspiration of his own heart-life.

No one of us, however, and still less Percy Grainger himself, could have expressed this feeling in a material form.

This brings us naturally to the third question of our theme: In what phase of universal life can this special language (music) be of use or be considered as necessary for the expression of the thoughts and feelings of humanity?

Surely the different arts (poetry, painting, architecture, sculpture and music) are but different expressions of the higher life, the real life of man. Therefore it seems evident that the more man conquers his lower nature and frees himself from material impediments, the more he needs an immaterial form for the expression of that higher, that real life. If we think of the expressions the Gods may use to communicate their suggestions to the human mind, we cannot believe that they can do this without using symbols, such as images, figures or sounds. If not given in such form man would not be able to understand those suggestions. We must go even a step further, and realize that man must reach a considerable degree of spiritual development before he is able to understand those suggestions. Without preparatory training and spiritual development the images would be considered nonsense, the figures mere material forms, and the sounds mere noises. There is no easy path to comprehension.

Leaving aside these images and figures, because we wish to treat only of music, notwithstanding that music is closely related to these other means of expression, our answer to the third question must be:

Musical language can only be of use, and be considered as necessary for the expression of man's thoughts and feelings, after humanity has reached such a high degree of spiritual development that figures or words for expressing materialistic needs have become superfluous.

Indeed, true music, even at the present time, is an expression of the spiritual part of man's being. Although there are composers who describe to us in detail (as in program music) the subject they wish to express in sounds, nevertheless their music is only a true artistic expression if their sounds suggest something to our souls that is quite independent of the description they give. For example, when Richard Strauss notes, in his *Sinfonia Domestica,* that the uncles and aunts of the newborn child find that it is like father and mother, we smile and pass on; but in the 'Lullaby,' or the 'Love-Dream' of the same work our souls are inspired by the beauty of the sounds which give us an insight into life on another plane.

We know that musical art is now in a period of evolution. It is as if this art were preparing for the time which humanity is expecting. A glance at musical history shows us, that, while in remote ages the musicians themselves — even the performers — were the composers of the works they performed, gradually a separation took place, so that in later epochs composers and performers formed two different castes. Everyone knows that at a certain epoch of history, the composers had to submit to the whims of the *virtuosi*, especially of singers. That time has passed; gradually people are beginning to realize that in musical art, as in poetry, a noticeable difference exists between the producer (composer) and the reproducer (virtuoso). The former is the real artist; he is the interpreter of the ideations of the Gods; the latter is but an instrument, more or less suitable for reproducing the sounds of the language of the Gods.

Now, if we consider the virtuosi as instruments, it is evident that it is not they who are the true representatives of art. In former times they were considered merely as musical performers who carried out the ideas of the master-musician. We refer to the Troubadours and their assistants. Although nowadays the reproducers are in entirely different circumstances, and although we admit that there are true artists among them, yet we deny that in the future virtuosi can be the promoters of the divine ideas that are concealed behind the sounds of the masterpieces of musical art. Without doubt there will always be people who possess a greater facility in the use of musical language than others; this, however, is the same in every other kind of language, why should we therefore make any difference between them? Perhaps later we shall have an op-

portunity to work out this idea, but here it would be out of place, the question being rather *in what phase of universal life is the musical language of use.* After what has already been said, it is evident that only the self-creating artist can be taken into consideration for our purpose. It is also evident that a person can only interpret his ideas and feelings when they become so strong that he cannot refrain from uttering them. That is the point; as soon as spiritual life in man becomes so intense that he cannot help uttering it, unconsciously, or so to say, in spite of himself, musical art — because of its close relationship with the purest, most immaterial forms of expression, — will furnish him with means to communicate his feelings to others. It is only after having purified the body, the soul and the mind, so that spirit can manifest itself by means of the human instrument, that music as a language can be used and understood. Unless our souls are entirely free from any materialistic feeling, our spiritual eyes will not be able to see clearly the figures formed by the vibrations produced by this divine art; and to understand their significance.

Meditating on music in this way, we shall be disposed to agree with the following statements: that musical art is only in the beginning of its development; that its significance will only be fully disclosed to a race spiritually more advanced than ours, a race which will have discarded all materialism, and which will recognise that the only true reality is spiritual life. In such an epoch everyone will be able not only to express his feelings in his own melodies, but also to understand the underlying thoughts and feelings of the melodies of everybody else.

But at such an epoch musical culture will necessarily be quite different from what it is today. Instead of training a sort of musical parrots, who imitate with more or less success what they have heard from others, we must find a means to develop . . . ?

Here we come to the fourth question, the answering of which is surely the most difficult part of the problem. Why? Because no one of us is capable of foretelling with exactness what such a spiritually more advanced race will need. One thing only seems self-evident, *viz.*, that such a race will demand a *spiritual* musical development, not a *technical* one. For, then it would be ludicrous to express oneself by taking a sonata of Beethoven or a fugue of Bach from the bookcase, and putting it on a piano, and playing the whole or part of it.

Suppose a friend calls upon me; and, instead of extending a hearty welcome to him in words, even the simplest, I go to my bookcase and take a volume of one of the greatest poets and read to him some noble thought from this great and brilliant author. Do you think that my friend would have faith in such a welcome? If he is polite, he will say nothing, but if he is a true friend, he will point out that he is waiting for my welcome,

that he has nothing to do with that stranger who placed himself between myself and him. So the question, how to cultivate and how to use musical language, might be answered in the following way:

Musical training must take place without the help of any instrument.

Musical language must be used only for expressing one's own feelings.

Perhaps the meaning of the above will not be obvious, viewed from the present standpoint of musical development; and also because in music as well as in the life of humanity as a whole, separateness is now the watchword. For the right understanding of these two statements we have to examine the spiritual development of man; and to realize what he is able to do, if his personality has been trained in such a way that his individuality can use his personality as an instrument. In such a case man would be an entirely different being. He would possess qualities entirely different from those we meet with in the average man; and consequently he would know how to use the possibilities which life offers to everyone, but which the average man does not yet know how to use. Even nowadays we meet from time to time with persons in whom these qualities have been developed to such a degree that by right of nature they belong to a higher plane. This place was not assigned to them by anyone; they did not take it themselves; and yet everyone acknowledges it as theirs; they hold it as a result of their former lives. Why? Because such persons, invested with mighty spiritual power, are what they are "simply because they are what they are"! Everyone knows of such individualities, either from life or by reading of them.

In general, such persons are not appreciated by their contemporaries; on the contrary, they are persecuted. In the present age this is quite natural. How could it be otherwise? Everyone who meets with such a person knows, consciously or unconsciously, that this man or woman is capable of looking right through the physical envelope into his heart; that he, or she, can scrutinize that heart and lay bare the motives of a man's whole life. If the motives are pure, if they are a direct emanation of the godlike spirit within, there will be a great joy in the hearts of both, because they keenly feel that once more brotherly unity has manifested itself; the most beautiful fact in nature has shown itself once more to be a reality in human life.

But alas! not often does the 'pure in heart' encounter such a sister-soul. More often it will meet with hideousness and wickedness instead of beauty and love. In such a case the godlike spirit of the one — knowing all and therefore forgiving all, and full of compassion — will look on that poor, erring, and ignorant heart with great pity, and it will try to extirpate the feelings of evil therefrom, so that it may again be able to grow and thus see the beauty and grandeur of truth in the universe. But the poor,

erring, and ignorant heart never will admit this; it believes that the pure and spiritual being is trying to dominate him by his mighty power, and the desire awakes in his mind to throw off the yoke, to persecute the light that he recognises in that lofty soul, notwithstanding the fact that he feels in his innermost being — perhaps dimly — that this light is the only real truth. The more powerful this recognition is in his mind, the more bitter will be the persecution.

Is it necessary for lofty-minded individuals, as we have tried to show, to use ordinary language? The intonation of the voice, a look, are sufficient to communicate the feelings of the heart. And even nowadays the meaning of a sound can be understood by those whose hearts are pure, whose minds are free from materialistic thoughts, and who have learned the musical language. For each tone in music, brought into its natural relationship with a fundamental sound, represents a definite idea of growth, decay, or continuity. Surely this language cannot be used to express material, physical, or even mental ideas, but with this exception it is suitable for the expression of any feeling one can think of.

In order to use it in such a way, we have to cultivate:

I. Our faculty of hearing, till we can distinguish the slightest differences of pitch and of intonation;

II. Our faculty of noticing the correlative vibrations, till we can distinguish which harmonic correlations are sympathetic and which are antipathetic;

III. From this knowledge must be deduced the laws governing the combinations required for the expression of love or hatred, sympathy or antipathy, strength or weakness, joy or sorrow, and so on.

A new system will be the result of this way of viewing musical art. In this system some old rules will persist, but many will be abolished; for everything depends upon the way in which we employ the powers of nature. And so in musical language every combination of sounds is possible if only it is used in the right way.

In the last paragraph we spoke of harmonious combinations only; no word was said of melody. Yet, as everyone knows, melody is in truth the great factor in music. So we have to speak of it. Now, I can assure you that I have not yet found a work on musical theory in which the author teaches the pupil how to compose his *own* melody. We find examples of the most beautiful melodies everywhere; in them the great composers show us in what way they have expressed their feelings in *their own* melodies. Perhaps some general rules may be deduced from these; but, *except the splendid examples*, it is of no use making rules for the composition of melodies; each man must search and try until he has found *his own* theory for composing *his own melody*. He must find out his own path.

It is impossible to *teach* spiritual life to man; it is only possible to awaken it in his mind. Thus melody, as being the spiritual life in music, can only be awakened, it cannot be taught. He who does not possess it will never realize what the significance of music is.

But there is no doubt that everyone has melody within himself; nor is there any doubt that everyone possesses the divine, the Spiritual Spark.

GOOD-BYE

BY KENNETH MORRIS

Welsh Air — *Gorhoffedd Owen Cyfeiliog*

NOW that your dumb soul flames forth into singing,
Now that your dim star glows sunbright and strong,
Take you the silence that's bardic and ringing,
Bathe you in God's lonely fountain of song!
Lay by the clay that o'ershrouded your splendor;
Song-rich and gay, take the dawn-light at last,
As flame leaping forth, or as swan-wings to wend o'er
The seas that no keel but the Spirit's hath passed.

Lay by Earth's sadness; forgo without scorning
Earth's sights that grow now too gross for your eyes;
Go you, and dwell where the tulips of morning,
Carmine and golden, bloom forth o'er the skies.
Have you your part in the blue bloom of noon days;
Merge you your heart in the Heart of the Sun;
We shall feel you aglow in the glow of the June days;
Beauty and glory and you shall be one.

All that we lose of you — all that — we need not;
Not from our souls is your dearness withdrawn;
Though that that dies in you, grieves in us, heed not!
We shall get news of you, Bright One, at dawn.
Dawn of your laughter-lit courage shall fashion
Mirth on the mountains and pomp in the sky;
Twilight shall brood on your heart-deep compassion,
Night shall go trailing your heart's peace on high.

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ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY: by R. Machell

AT first sight one might be disposed to place Art and Archaeology in different departments of culture. The one is so obviously creative and constructive, while the other is much more analytical and retrospective. But the two are inseparable, for the simple reason that Archaeology concerns itself with the discovery, examination, appreciation, and classification of the remains of past civilizations that have flourished on the earth and disappeared in ages long gone by. And as Art is the fine flower of all civilization, it is particularly from a competent appreciation of the remains of ancient Art that we may hope to learn the true character and scope of the civilization developed by any particular nation of antiquity. This may seem to be a relatively easy task compared with the preliminary work of discovery, but in reality it demands a very high degree of artistic knowledge and feeling. It calls for technical knowledge of the arts such as drawing, engraving, painting, and decorative design, as well as of the science of symbology, and the art of historical recording, and all the various modes of writing or relating in permanent form, narratives or teachings of importance to the people.

One of the principal stumbling-blocks the archaeologist encounters in his work of appreciating and classifying specimens of ancient art, lies in their great simplicity. He finds a figure engraved on a rock with a few simple lines. The design is absolutely simple, and if the student is also somewhat simple-minded he will take the simplicity of the work to be an evidence of the ignorance of the craftsman. But if he is a true student of Art ancient and modern, foreign and domestic, theoretical and practical, then he will know that works of the most accomplished artists that have graced the periods of Art's highest manifestations are almost invariably marked by the utmost simplicity. Simplicity is the last word of Art. Crudeness and emptiness are the characteristics of the work of amateurs, beginners, the incompetent of all ages, and it is not always easy for a 'half-baked' connoisseur to discriminate between the "fullness of the seeming void and the voidness of the seeming full," (to quote an ancient work), between the simplicity of a master and that of an ignoramus.

To acquire the power to discriminate in such cases the archaeologist must qualify himself by knowledge personally acquired. He must be a student of Art in the highest sense.

There was a time when the few drawings that have come down to us of the great Masters of Art in China were regarded as 'primitive,' because of their marvelous simplicity of treatment. Today most critics are cautious in dealing in an offhand way with old Chinese works; but some seek safety in ecstasies of admiration indulged in with a delicious promiscuity, that is even more entertaining, being more amiable, than the scornful and supercilious attitude formerly in vogue amongst incompetent critics.

The wise man will 'go slow' in face of the baffling subtlety of simplicity, and will not lightly pronounce final judgment on such work.

In drawing sweeping conclusions from scanty data great blunders have been made, as when some isolated specimen or fragment is used as the basis for an opinion on the civilization of the entire globe at the time of the production of that one piece of work. Perhaps in a few thousand years when our great civilization has gone the way of all that went before, some future archaeologist will unearth some fragment of cheap pottery and accept it as a proof that the people of this age were just emerging from a state of barbarism.

Other mistakes are made by trying to fit into preconceived systems of chronology the evidences of superior culture such as made Egypt marvelous thousands of years before our own art was dreamed of. Could we but free our minds from prejudice, and judge those relics as we would judge the works of the great artists of our own days, we might learn something that would enable us to take a broader view of art and life; aye, and of religion and science too, perhaps.

One thing is certain, that the artists of the great epochs in Egyptian history met the same problems in art as those that seem new to the young enthusiast of our day; and that the old masters of antiquity went far towards finding solutions to those problems is testified to by the amazing grace and dignity of the great monuments that archaeology has revealed to us.

The way in which the ancient Egyptians used all arts harmoniously while at the same time carrying specialization to the highest point is something that we in our day can only admire, but not achieve. They had the highest kind of specialized perfection in various arts or branches of art, but they had also the supreme Art that unifies and uses all subsidiary specialities as complementary one to another in the great Unity the Master-mind conceived and carried to completion.

We know the majesty of their architecture; we know the accuracy of their scientific observations and astronomical calculations, the delicacy of measurement that enabled them to orient their buildings with an accuracy perhaps beyond our own achievements; we know the harmonious decoration of their tombs and temples, their furniture and implements; and we are familiar with the craftsmanship that made some of their historic records works of the highest decorative mastery.

But not all have studied these things carefully, and some might be surprised to find on a sarcophagus three or four thousand years old, figures of birds so exquisitely cut in hard basalt that they would bear comparison with any attempts at realistic pictorial representation of those particular birds that have been made even in our own day. Yet they are

highly decorative, and perfectly appropriate at the same time to the literary purpose they fulfil as hieroglyphs. There are some birds on one of those great sarcophaguses in the British Museum that would not be out of place in a first-class work on ornithology, so perfectly expressive are they of the essential characteristics of the birds. But the way in which knowledge and observation and artistic mastery are all made subservient to a unifying purpose makes a mere specialist feel small and very 'primitive.'

Our art students have emancipated themselves from the traditions of former generations, in which a slavish worship of classic models had cramped and fettered the free evolution of individual genius; but in their joy at finding themselves free of all restraints, it may be that they have lost sight of the fact that individual liberty may prove a serious hindrance to the evolution of art in a nation or in humanity as a whole. The individual who isolates himself cuts himself off from the stream of national or racial life; he loses his value as a vital factor in human progress, and is deprived of that invisible source of energy, that unconscious support, that one mind may find in the general aspiration of contemporaries, and in the accumulated wisdom of the past. To attain his perfect growth as an individual he must retain intact the bonds that bind him to his fellow-men, and he must not break or block the channels through which should flow the life-blood of the whole community. Isolation means disease or death.

Too often the love of liberty leads a young student to ignore the records of what has been achieved by ancient races, as well as the evidence of what is actually being attempted by his fellows in other lands. Vanity will no doubt supply him with a sense of self-sufficiency, but vanity is a poor substitute for knowledge.

The records of the past reveal the fact that all the problems known to an art student of today were met by artists thousands of years ago, and were resolved by various masters in various ways. This knowledge ought to induce an artist to look deeper into his own nature to find the path that leads ever upward and onward. Without that knowledge he may content himself with 'threshing straw' from which the grain has been extracted ages ago. Vanity and ignorance may blind an artist to the futility of such repetition, but Archaeology may set him free from his delusion.

Therefore we may declare that the association of Art and Archaeology is a good one in many respects. There can be little question that Archaeology can contribute valuable information to students of Art; and on the other hand there is very much for the archaeologist to gain from a practical course of art-training as well as from a closer and a more intelligent study of the principles of Art, and of its historical significance.

The archaeologist is continually tempted to draw conclusions from the fragments of ancient art that he discovers; and these conclusions are frequently made worthless if not ridiculous by his own ignorance of the elements of artistic presentation or representation, or of the aesthetic principles of what is called decorative design.

It is quite a common thing to find an archaeologist dogmatically asserting that a certain ancient design is 'primitive,' and that its treatment clearly demonstrates the ignorance of the designer or the incompetence of the executant: whereas an artist might see in the same specimen evidence of a highly developed sense of the decorative value of line, and a full appreciation of the aesthetic necessity for selection, discrimination and simplification, qualities so frequently revealed in ancient art, where the omission of irrelevant matter may appear to be due to the ignorance or incompetence of primitive (?) man.

Now if the student of Archaeology would enter an art school and would go through a systematic course of study, seeking to acquire the art of expression in line, both in the creation of decorative designs and appropriate ornament, and in the representation of living creatures — to serve either as historic records, allegorical instructive emblems, or as aesthetic decoration — and if he would preserve specimens of his own work from the first, and would compare these drawings with those of 'primitive' barbarians, I feel sure that he would be better able to appreciate at their true value the specimens of ancient art that it must be his task to classify and to appreciate when he enters upon his archaeological investigation.

But his study must go further if he wishes to secure a sound position of knowledge from which to judge between the simple efforts of incompetent craftsmen and the highly sophisticated simplicity of artists skilled in the manipulation of their tools, and familiar with the traditions of preceding generations, in which the art of representation had been purified of all superfluous detail and reduced to system and formula.

To reach such a position the art student must endeavor to make his own drawings examples of the simplicity that results from the judicious elimination of all that is unnecessary to the purpose of characteristic representation.

No one who has not actually attempted to express in line the essential characteristics of a living animal can have any idea of the amount of irrelevant detail that may be omitted, nor can he fully appreciate the mastery of the artist who can see the essentials and suggest them in the fewest possible lines. Let a man take a fountain-pen and a notebook and let him try to jot down in a few lines a sketch-note that shall intelligently express the flight of a particular bird, so as to show what kind of bird his drawing represents: let him sit down and sketch the motion of running water as it

falls over the rocks, or the motion of clouds so as to indicate the state of the weather; let him try in a few touches to express anger as shown in a man's face or in his gestures; let him try to reproduce the characteristic features of any living or moving thing, and then let him take hammer and chisel and engrave his sketch on the stone. Then he will be able to appreciate the masterly simplicity of the work of a great artist, and will not be in so much danger as he might otherwise be of mistaking such work for that of primitive man.

What is a primitive man? Let the art student turn to his early studies and compare them with the work of a master and let him say if he was not fully entitled at one time to be called a primitive man, if judged by his artistic efforts.

Then let him take the pen drawings of great men of his own day and compare them with the line drawings of antiquity, and he may see points of resemblance between them that will perhaps cure him of the bad habit of regarding all antiquity as primitive.

I know it is hard for a man who has not opened his mind to the Ancient Wisdom to resist the temptation to believe that all antiquity existed but as a foundation for the ultimate production of twentieth-century civilization. He must necessarily find it difficult to believe that the ancients were ever at the height of civilization that we have attained. And yet the further back we go the more we are forced to admit that there is conclusive evidence of the existence of highly developed races as far back as present investigations enable us to go. And all the time primitive man was making drawings and carvings as rude and elementary as the product of any modern amateur.

The primitive man is always with us. We carry him about with us hidden behind the outer sophisticated man of partial culture, and occasionally he puts in a word or two on his own account, which makes the man of culture seem a sophisticated imbecile perhaps.

If we accept the Theosophic teaching of the rise and fall of nations, and races, and the continual appearance or disappearance of art, science, religion and culture, as the races pass from youth to age, and as their arts blossom and decay, then we are ready to recognise traces of ancient culture that may have become merely traditional in a degraded race, but which may be a clue to the existence of a past civilization, from which the so-called 'primitive' art has been inherited. When Archaeology was asleep there was less evidence to point to this rise and fall of nations. But now that we have excavated mighty temples, and revealed the ruins of great cities in the deserts where no trace of former civilization was discernible, we know how utterly a mighty nation may disappear for centuries or millenniums and leave no record of its glory except in some oral tradition

handed down for ages by 'primitive' barbarians. And knowing this, we ought to be more ready to agree as to the probability of such destruction being part of the regular rotation of racial seasons, which recur (just as the seasons of the year come round) and bring the blossom and the fruit and then the falling of the leaf. Surely the whole trend of modern Archaeology is in the direction of a great demonstration of this periodic rise and fall of human civilizations, which seem to follow one another like waves, sweeping around the world, raising a race here or there to a great height and passing on to other lands, to be in turn followed by other waves that may be traced throughout the centuries, and round the globe.

When Archaeology awoke there was much talk of primitive man, because the western world, robbed of a great part of its traditional wisdom, had become imbued with the crass ignorance that passed for learning in the dark ages; and men of ordinary education still accepted the creation of the world as an event that had taken place a few thousand years ago; and though the date was contantly pushed back until it almost fell out of sight, its ghost still haunts the scientific mind, and stalks across the stage garbed, or ungarbed, as the period of 'primitive man.'

Sometimes I think, in listening to a scientific lecturer in evening dress referring to this poor old ghost 'primitive man' as if he were an actual historical fact, that the best evidence for the actuality of primitive man is to be found in the lecturer himself. I seem to see the ghost of an outworn superstition peeping out curiously from behind the wise man's spectacles to see if any of his kindred are awake among the audience. Then when the lecturer returns to those things of which he is qualified to speak by reason of his own study and investigation, the ghost disappears and twentieth-century civilization resumes its place.

But Archaeology is waking up out of its medieval sleep. For like the rest of human culture it has its periods of activity and its long lapses in between. Have we not records of ancient monarchs who thousands of years ago carried out extensive explorations in order to unearth records of their predecessors, who had built cities on the same site millenniums before? One such at least, Nabonidus, recorded his discovery of such a record 3250 years old on a tablet which was in turn discovered two thousand years or more later on, by a man of our generation. So Archaeology has slept and is awake again, and for that reason I would urge those who desire to equip themselves for the difficult task that they have undertaken to enter seriously upon an elementary study of drawing and decorative design: not with a view to practising the art, but in order to obtain direct knowledge of the difficulties to be overcome in making such records, or such symbols, or such decorations as they are likely to discover in buried ruins. Painting, being less durable than sculpture, is less likely to be found

in any quantity in very ancient monuments; but sculpture is everywhere, and also rock-engraving.

In this connexion one often reads of the discoverer's surprise at the excellence attained by 'primitive workmen using rude implements'; both the 'primitivity' of the man and the rudeness of his tools being usually mere guesses which are contradicted by the work itself. Now any craftsman knows that the apparent rudeness of the implement is no criterion of its efficiency.

The practical study of stone-carving also will convince a student that the excellence of the work is not to be measured by the elegance of the tools used. As a matter of fact the roughest kind of a tool may prove more useful than a highly finished implement. The best tools of all are those the man makes himself, to serve his own needs; best, that is, for his purpose. An old nail is very serviceable sometimes to an etcher, and some painters put the paint on the canvas with their fingers, or with a bit of stick, while others use ivory palette knives and pencils of the finest bristle, all which is merely a question of expediency, convenience, or maybe a fad. These things are negligible quantities. What counts in Art is Vision — the power to see the essential, the power to catch instantly, and to remember the form that expresses motion or emotion. The power to express what the mind sees is but a secondary matter, and yet an important one. Craftsmanship is essential to an artist, but vision is the supreme qualification. Craftsmanship may be learned, vision must be evolved. Not everyone who has eyes has vision in this sense; far from it. Vision is rare and must be gradually evolved, so I imagine, through many lives. The faculty is presumably latent in all human beings, but then there are so many qualities latent in a man, and such a minute proportion of his possibilities are matured, that one may be pardoned for sometimes forgetting the possibilities of our fellows in view of their more obvious probabilities. And yet this bad habit of ignoring the latent possibilities of man is answerable for a great deal of our intolerance, a most deplorable weakness that leads us into injustice in our criticisms.

A little more faith in the latent possibilities of man would free us from the tyranny of the superstition that gave rise to the idea that long ago men were degraded and that we now are quite superior to our ancestors, whereas we know by our own observation that nations and families and individuals show a remarkable capacity for deterioration; noble families fall swiftly into degradation; great races of a thousand years ago are represented today by wandering savages. What has been, may be again. Let us remember that we too may fall into such degradation; and then let us remember that like the rest we too may rise again. Then when we read the records of the past and see the origin of man further away than

it appeared before we had the little knowledge we have gained, we may refrain from dogmatizing about things beyond our ken; and even perhaps we may restrain our private speculations on the origin of things, and give some heed to the traditions that were handed down to our progenitors from countless generations of antiquity.

This common tendency of our men of science to rush into print with theories 'half-baked', and with premature guesses based on scanty information that has not been tested and sifted, and which is most probably entirely misunderstood, is due to the laudable desire to keep the public informed of the march of learning. Popular science has been often ridiculed; but the generous motive of its advocates is sufficient to excuse a multitude of inconveniences arising from popular misunderstanding of the speculative nature of theories, which the public may have accepted as proven facts.

We must not blame the scientists who yield to a popular demand for more and more sensational theories, and whose imaginations are perhaps more readily responsive to the demand of public curiosity than to the more ethereal voice of pure science. But it is certainly deplorable when the same spirit is allowed to influence the authors of scientific textbooks used in educational establishments. In these days of censorship one is tempted to regret the license given to producers of popular scientific handbooks.

The only remedy lies in the closer co-operation of the public with the men of science, and in the more conscientious efforts of the specialist to broaden his own platform by a more liberal education.

Education is the remedy for so many ills which in their origin may be traced to the defective or destructive teaching of the past, that one is bound to consider the selection of our educators as a most vital problem in the organization of society. But who can control the public platform or the press? Obviously today the control is in the hands of the public. Without public support the press must fail, and many a lecturer be reduced to silence. The public is master of the situation in a free country. But what is the public? I mean what is the active voice of the public? what is the public mind? Surely it should be the mind of the most intelligent, the voice of the most positive or the most eager for information; it should be that part of the great mass that does some thinking for itself.

Unfortunately some of the most intelligent are not willing to make their voices heard in public. There are intellectual shirkers who do not recognise their responsibilities to the race. They probably are the victims of defective education, who have not learned to look upon themselves as bound by duty to the service of their fellow-man; so they pursue their studies for the enjoyment they derive from the personal indulgence of a hobby. These men betray their trust, and have a large share of respon-

sibility for the success of those false teachers who draw dollars from the public by the sale of spurious scientific knowledge.

It seems to me to be the duty of intelligent men and women to associate themselves more actively with the efforts to instruct the public made by bodies of disinterested workers in the field of popular education. The public of our day in free and democratic countries has a duty to itself that it is far from recognising, and still farther from fulfilling.

Freedom of speech and freedom of thought must go hand in hand with a deep sense of social obligation. The bond of brotherhood must be more deeply realized if freedom is to become the blessing that its advocates believed it inevitably must prove itself to the peoples of the earth.

The science of archaeology is no mere hobby, nor is it a field of study that should be given over to the dilettanti. It is an essential factor in the education of our people. For it provides a basis on which to build a sound system of education. But it must be carried much further than it yet has gone, and it must be undertaken by men more and more highly qualified to judge, to discriminate, and to draw correct conclusions from the evidence that will be more voluminously unearthed as time develops our means and methods of investigation. In all this work the world is vitally concerned, and therefore the public has a great duty to future generations. If archaeological science is allowed to become the plaything of the dilettanti, then future generations will be deprived of the knowledge that might have been theirs if we in our day had done our duty to the State. We have a duty to the State, being a part of it; we have a duty to humanity. Knowledge is the heirloom of humanity; and it is our duty to do what lies in our power to bring knowledge to the world. This we can do, or can at least help to do, by using our own intelligence in thinking for ourselves and in supporting actively the work of those who have valuable information to impart, as well as those who are working disinterestedly to gain such knowledge.

Art has been all too often allowed to fall from her high estate and to become the mere pander of the senses, but in the works of art a nation leaves behind, there is a record of the spiritual aspirations of the people as well as an indisputable evidence of the height to which their culture had attained before time wiped them from the earth and nature hid the ruins of their fallen pride with sea or sand or forest growth or mere oblivion.

And just as Art has been degraded into the position of a mere slave of pleasure, so Archaeology has been allowed to become a hobby, the toy of the inquisitive; and serious people have perhaps held back their sympathy in consequence. But today there is a new spirit in the work, and there are workers in the field who are stirred by the touch of a noble enthusiasm in the cause of human progress. The outlook is very encouraging.

And if the public have a duty to Archaeology their obligation in regard to Art is certainly no less.

If Art has been so often merely employed to minister to the gratification of vulgar tastes and pleasures of a low order, is not the public taste responsible?

The public is responsible if it is free. Those who claim freedom as a right proclaim their own obligation to humanity. Therefore all men and women working whole-heartedly for the instruction of the public or for the uplifting of humanity are entitled to the sympathy of the public.

The future of the world is molded by the people of today, and we Theosophists assert that the people of today are those who in former lives left records of their arts and sciences in the ruined cities that they themselves, reborn in later days, shall yet discover; and the people of today are those that will in future lives reap the appropriate harvest that may spring from seed now being sown — a harvest of triumph or of shame, of progress or return to barbarism. Which shall it be? As we sow now so shall we reap. We are the ancients of the future: we are primeval man. We shall return as we have so often done in the past to reap as we have sown. Shall we not learn time's lesson and wake up from our long nightmare to the true life of Man illuminated by knowledge of his own immortality, and see the golden thread of continuity on which the beads of human history are strung? Then Archaeology will be a science of the future as it is now a science of the past. And Art will be the revelation of the Soul of a people expressed in its civilization.

The ruins of past nations testify to the destructive nature of the ideals upon which their culture based itself. The greed of gain inspired the ambitious with a lust of plunder, that in its very nature is destructive. Civilization is constructive, it is evolution; but this, that we in former lives mistook for proof of national prosperity, this plundered wealth, seized by violence and maintained by force, had in it the virus of destruction that brought ruin to the battlemented cities and annihilation to the armed nations who thought to enrich themselves by robbery.

True wealth is not won so. True civilization is built on brotherhood. The lessons that come to us from study of the past are warnings, the teacher of today is Hope. The enlightener of tomorrow is Love. Love of Humanity that must be recognised by man as the true Savior of the nations, without whose light and leading all our civilization of today must go down to destruction as have done in the past those whose remains now mutely testify upon the shelves of our museums to the ruin that lurks in false ideals of society. Truly, from Archaeology we may learn lessons that are worth while.

THEOSOPHY AND THE EDUCATIONAL PROBLEM:

by H. Travers, M. A.

NO subject has more attention focused on it than education, but the field of view presents what may be called a welter of theories.

An adequate definition of what education is should come first; this most of the theorists seem to have forgotten.

People who aspire to be practical may be reminded that education does not look quite the same to the philosopher in his study as it does to the teacher with so many real live children on his hands, and so many hours of actual time during which to keep their busy minds occupied.

A point of view which is prominent just now seems to regard education as identical with vocational instruction, and proposes to exclude from the curriculum everything which, from this extremely narrow point of view, does not seem useful — that is to say, about ninety-nine per cent. of the contents of education. Those who take a wider view of education object to this scheme, saying that we do not want a world of people who are simply electricians or bankers and nothing else; we need also a few cultured people — people trained to deal with ideas. But these objectors do not go far enough. For not only would these technical specialists be ignorant of everything outside their subject, but they would not even be efficient in that. Human faculties cannot be parceled out in such a way as to enable one faculty to be developed all alone without developing the others. Try to imagine an athlete trained so as to be able to pull an oar, but with everything else excluded from his training course, with the idea that it would be useless to teach him to walk or run or breathe or do anything else but pull his oar. Fancy a musician trained to play the piano, but not allowed to cultivate himself in any other way; not only would he be an extremely uninteresting and useless person, both to others and to himself but he would be a poor pianist even.

It is a sufficiently old and well-tried maxim that the man who would excel in a specialty must have a great deal of collateral and *apparently* unnecessary knowledge; he must not only hoe his immediate patch, but must till the ground all around it. Otherwise we get the myopic microscopic faddist, who sees all details in exaggerated proportion, but fails entirely to discern the whole. His antithesis is the man of true culture, whose consummate knowledge of his particular subject is illuminated from all sides by streaming rays of many-colored lights.

It is equally true that our attainments are won very largely by indirection rather than by direct aim — at least that is how it seems to us, possibly due to a faulty analysis of our own faculties. A knowledge of the good literary use of the English tongue is usually acquired incidentally in the course of many other studies. If one tries to *teach* literary English

directly as a definite subject, difficulties begin to present themselves at once. But this may only mean that we have a wrong idea of what constitutes a direct aim; we try to butt our head into a thing, as it were, instead of approaching it warily and circumnavigating it.

The discussion as to the value of classical education is involved in these fallacies. So opposite are the points of view taken by the extremists on either side, that we may even find them each urging the same argument in support of his own case. Thus one side decries classical education because it has no obvious direct use; and the other side recommends it — precisely for that reason. And it is true that the human mind insists on studying things that have no direct obvious use, the latter fact being regarded even as a recommendation and incentive to study them. So, supposing the vocational faddists to succeed in getting their schemes adopted, then it would surely be necessary for somebody to start a school where 'unpractical' subjects could be taught; for the public would demand such an institution, nor could any means be devised for preventing our young electrical specialist from beguiling his leisure hours in writing poetry, or our expert vocationally trained accountant from indulging himself in the study of Chinese metaphysics. The question therefore arises: should all these human interests be left uncared for, while all the money is spent on teaching our youth to cultivate potatoes intensively and to labor-save in their shoe factory? As to Latin and Greek, are we to forbid people to study them, or leave them to study them for themselves as best they may?

Education evidently includes the world of ideas and the training of young people to travel safely and joyfully in that world. There should be a branch of the curriculum devoted to this.

But first, education means the cultivating of the man himself — character-training; also the cultivation of his various faculties, chief of which are his aesthetic appreciations; then his intellectual faculties have a highly important place; and last and also least, his mere ability to do technical work of some or any kind. The last is so comparatively trivial and easily acquired (provided the other matters have been duly attended to) that it does not call for excessive attention. A well-trained youth should pick up any vocation as quickly as can be desired. The main thing is that he shall have a pair of supple hands and a supple brain to guide them, and the needful industry and discipline. Much of the fuss that is made over vocational training arises from the difficulty of finding means for teaching badly trained youths to do anything at all.

It is conceded by all who have a mind to think with that a knowledge of general principles is superior to a knowledge of any special application of such principles. Thus, if I am versed in the principles of electricity, I can readily learn to manipulate any electrical apparatus; but if I know

nothing of electricity and have simply been shown how to handle a telephone, I am quite at a loss when confronted with a dynamo. In mathematics a knowledge of general principles renders me lord of all the rules of thumb, and able to make my own rules as needed; but if I have no such general knowledge, I may be only able to do one trick, like a gramophone with only one record. The question is, how far should general principles be regarded as extending? There are the general principles of chemistry and beyond them the general principles of physical science; while beyond this again come the general principles of logical reasoning from observation and intuitive axioms. Finally it is possible to include the whole of education, and life itself, under a system of general principles, whose acquisition would be a masterkey to all the locks that might try to bar our progress in any desired direction. Should we not aim to acquire and instil those general principles? Would it not be more practical to give the child the whole tree, or its seed, instead of trying to give him a few separate branches and twigs, or even leaves?

As to remedies, in education or in questions of health — to descant on the badness of the disease does not necessarily recommend the medicine. True, advertisers regard hypnotic effect rather than logic; and we actually find that, when Dr. Blank wishes to recommend his bitters, he dwells on the evils of spring colds; or when somebody has a new drink to sell, he descants on the evils arising from abuses of the old drinks. And so our educational theorists argue that, because children are often badly taught, therefore they ought to be taught in my particular way — which is what is called a *non sequitur:* it doesn't follow. The remedy may be better than the disease, or no better, or worse than the disease. This applies with much force to sundry proposals to cure immorality by rendering young people officially 'wise.' It may be true that, if we cannot prevent corruption and infection, it is advisable to use disinfectants; but it is so very much better to prevent the infection when possible, or even to expel the disease rather than try to neutralize it without removing it. If a disease is so bad that it seems to call for so dire a remedy, it is time we turned our attention to studying and removing its cause. Or shall we, because the consequences of over-indulgence are detrimental to society, devise and legalize means for obviating the detriment while continuing the indulgence? Is not the detriment our danger signal, and our penalty urging us to reform?

As to leaving children to Nature — shall we leave them altogether to Nature, or not at all, or partly; and, if partly, where shall the line be drawn? Will Nature alone care for the human child, or are his parents called on to play any part? Is the parental care of a bird in a nest part of Nature, and the parental care of a mother in a nursery not a part of Na-

ture? Can we say that a cow unwarrantably interferes with Nature when she licks her calf? Such questions are their own answers. We realize that man himself is a part of Nature, and that Nature is only a name for a multitude of activities; that the human Soul was born into the human kingdom for the purpose of human experiences.

As to allowing freedom to the natural bent of the child — again it is a question of drawing the line; for children will do things that cannot possibly be allowed; and, this being a fact, it has to be met. Further, even though a child should be so healthy that its natural instincts were all good, yet the habit of always being given its own way would paralyse its power of self-control and render it wayward and whimsical. It is evident that, in allowing freedom to one faculty, we may all the time be crippling and enchaining another, and perhaps a far more important faculty. 'Freedom' to the lower nature may mean prison for the better nature. Should we not allow freedom to the higher nature? Should we not protect the child against its natural enemies, whether these be germs or flies or poison berries or instinctual vices or fits of wilfulness and temper?

The usual application of the biological argument to the case of human beings breaks down when we consider that the difference between man and the animals is *radical*. Man is distinguished by being endowed with Mind — the self-conscious Mind, with its powers of introspection and self-improvement. What is a harmless and useful instinct in the animal becomes a vice and a disease in the man — because he puts thought into it. Every child is born the heir to millenniums of abuse of human faculties; and the atoms which the incarnating Soul takes up from its surroundings are full of propensities to evil. The task before that Soul is the controlling of that human tabernacle into which he is entering. The Man may control the animal, or the animal may control the Man, or there may be an undecided battle. The parents may or may not take part; they may assist either side in the battle. Thus we see that it may be extremely misleading to attempt to apply the case of an animal to that of a man. In one respect animals are analogous to men; in another respect they are opposite to man. Hence, without due discrimination we cannot tell offhand whether an argument from the animal tells for or against.

All the above various remarks tend to show how shaky is the basis of theory behind educational schemes.

False antitheses between discipline and freedom prevail, in consequence of a failure to understand what freedom really is. Wise people are always telling us that there can be no freedom without discipline, yet we seem to prefer to keep this as a copybook maxim rather than as a recipe for practical use. When it comes to a question of special committees in a legislature, we do not hear much about such wise maxims; anyone

bringing them up would be told he was off the point. Yet the real object of education is to enable an immortal Soul to do its work on earth; and the Soul must be allowed freedom for this purpose. And by a curious perversity, the very methods proposed in the name of 'freedom' are those that most fetter and hold down the Soul. We inveigh against the restricting of the growing nature, and yet we restrict it. We give freedom to the harmful propensities and thus imprison the better nature. To enable the lower nature to be restrained, and the Soul thereby rendered free, discipline is necessary. The confusion in this case, as elsewhere, comes from ignoring the dual nature of the human being. Man is an incarnate Soul; we could profit much by studying Plato on education.

As regards the system of education carried out by the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, it is easy to understand how great must be the difference between its results and those of other methods of education, when we consider that the dual nature of man is made the foundation of all teaching from the child's earliest years; whereas, under ordinary methods, the child grows up for the most part with no definite teachings at all on this point. There may be earnest religion of a dogmatic sort, but usually there is an indifferent and neutral attitude on the part of the parents and teachers, or even a more or less veiled skepticism. And science, as said, seems to favor the assumption that human nature is not dual, or else leaves the question aside as beyond its province.

If it be said, "Would you teach Theosophy to young children?" the answer is that the teaching does not consist in the preaching of dogmas but in supplying interpretations to actual facts which the child has to deal with in the course of his daily experience. Theosophy is an interpretation of experience. Is not this method the opposite of that which often prevails? Do we not often find that the child is taught some doctrine that is not supported by his experience, that conflicts with his experience, that is hard or impossible to reconcile with his experience? The child actually has a dual nature, so this fact does not have to be preached to him as a dogma, but it is merely necessary to call his attention to the fact and to its importance and to instruct him how to act. What an immense difference must be made when a child is thus guided from his earliest years in a true and logical and practical interpretation of life's problems!

Again, it is not only what is learnt in youth that counts, but also what is not learnt; for under ordinary methods the growing person learns many things that prove serious obstacles in after years, and unwise habits of mind, body or disposition acquire a momentum hard to check, and become imbedded in the nature like thousands of tiny rootlets in a soil. We have all witnessed the painful spectacle of a contest of will between a child and its loving (or is it self-loving?) parent, ending finally in the defeat

of the parent — and in the defeat of the child's higher nature. This habit once formed grows rank, and manifests itself in after-life in a rebellious self-will that is the greatest of obstacles to all noble undertakings. Such rooted self-will may take a variety of forms and be varnished over with a thick coat of manners, but it is there. It may take such forms as the professional invalidism of a reputed saint, who thereby gets his or her way and evades unpleasant responsibilities. It may even pass into the body and take the form of an obstinate chronic disease, one of the ways in which the rebellious elements of our nature maintain their strangle-hold over the winged steed of our aspirations.

These remarks go to show that most of the dissatisfaction with educational results is assigned to wrong causes, and that no better results would accrue from an adoption of any of the various remedies proposed. If the pupils are inefficient, it is not because of the nature of their studies, but because the whole process of upbringing is wrongly based. Instead of giving way to lassitude and listlessness by supplying subjects that will arouse interest, we should remove the causes of lassitude and listlessness, and then subjects that now seem dry and useless can be studied with pleasure and profit. Much is also said of the irksomeness of school discipline; while, on the other hand, there are complaints of the lack of discipline — another instance of the confusion and variance of opinion. Discipline is necessary always and everywhere, and there will be no obstacle to its enforcement where the children understand its nature and recognise its necessity. *Self*-discipline is the real discipline; and that which is supplied by the teacher is simply the help which he, as a maturer being, is able to render to the immature natures under his care. The notion that children will all be drilled to one pattern by school discipline is a groundless fear; such monotonous uniformity arising, not from discipline, but from inertia in the character of the child. Discipline gives strength and thus forms the basis for independence in after years, when school discipline, having done its work, is no longer needed.

In short, and to sum up these remarks — let us, by proper upbringing, secure self-knowledge and self-reliance in our children, so that they shall be real persons with a real object in life; and then most of the troubles in our educational system will disappear and solve themselves, and it will not be thought necessary to experiment in any of the numerous fads proposed as cures. And the real and the only permanently satisfactory foundation for such character-building is the truths of Theosophy.

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GRANADA: PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE ALHAMBRA AND OF THE SIERRA NEVADA MOUNTAINS FROM SAN CRISTÓBAL

LINES FROM LONGFELLOW'S 'CASTLES IN SPAIN'

HOW much of my young heart, O Spain,
Went out to thee in days of yore!
What dreams romantic filled my brain,
And summoned back to life again
The Paladins of Charlemagne,
The Cid Campeador!

. . . . . .

And there the Alhambra still recalls
Aladdin's palace of delight:
Allah il Allah! through its halls
Whispers the fountain as it falls,
The Darro darts beneath its walls,
The hills with snow are white.

Ah yes, the hills are white with snow,
And cold with blasts that bite and freeze;
But in the happy vale below
The orange and pomegranate grow,
And wafts of air toss to and fro
The blossoming almond-trees.

The Vega cleft by the Xenil,
The fascination and allure
Of the sweet landscape chains the will;
The traveler lingers on the hill,
His parted lips are breathing still
The last sigh of the Moor.

CORDOVA: by P. A. Malpas

THE rival of Bagdad and Damascus, Cordova was the glory of the Arabian West. Seven hundred years before there was a single public lamp in London, it was possible to walk for ten miles through the well-paved streets of Cordova in a straight line by the light of the public lamps. Its million inhabitants had over two hundred thousand houses and the Mosque was literally a forest of "pillars in the temple of God"—a thousand columns from every part of the Moslem world. They are there today, short columns lengthened by the addition of a capital; long columns shortened by being sunk in the ground, columns of marble, jasper, porphyry; columns that stood where they now stand when the temple was a Temple of Janus; columns that had been the pride of Rome and Carthage; never was such a gathering of sermons in stones, of symbols representing the harmony in diversity of those that uphold a temple wherein the world might worship and feel akin.

Cathedral? Yes, there is a Christian cathedral injected into the center of the great Mosque like an architectural blot in a glorious city. Charles V had never seen the Mezquita, and permitted this atrocity — symbolic, too. Even he was stricken with remorse when he came to see the vandalism.

"You have built here," he said, "what *anyone* could build *anywhere*, but in the building of it you have destroyed what can never be replaced." But vandalism had given its name to the country, for Andalusía is really Vandalusía. And today, like the Pyramids of Egypt, the Mezquita stands the witness of a former glory amid the monuments of another civilization, for Cordova is now but the place where this grand memory of Arabian greatness exists like a dream of the past and a promise of what yet may come. Where Troy stood and was denied by the nineteenth century, a former Troy had stood, perhaps denied by its ill-fated successor; and where that former Troy had been, there had been Troy upon Troy, each with its period of growth, of glory, of decay, of death, of denial of its very existence. So too, as men return, the genius of the city incarnates in flesh of stone, and where Cordova has been, Cordova will be, the gem of golden Spain.

The eternal charm of the City of the Great River, the Wady-el-Kebir, the Guadalquivir, if you will have it so, lies in the touch of nature's hand. Through every iron gate, repellent in its ironness, in spite of its curves and bends and cunning fashioning, there are glimpses of the pleasant secrets of the patio, with its palms and tropic vegetation, crotons of varied color, creepers and cactus, orange blossoms and pomegranates. If without, in the hot and dusty street, all is dry, there is poetry within the house, poetry and peace and old romance. So through the iron of a utilitarian age one may glimpse the secret soul of Spain within, which like the Sleeping Beauty will awake to its high destiny when the hour has come.

KEYNOTES OF THE FUTURE FROM A THEOSOPHICAL STANDPOINT: An address by Joseph H. Fussell

EVERY age has had its keynote; every nation has had its keynote. In fact, as we look back through the ages we shall find that every age and every nation has had not one keynote only but sometimes several, coexisting or succeeding one another.

Let me present for your consideration an analogy. All life is like a musical composition; or, at least it may be; and every great composition, as you know, is built upon a keynote; and there is running through it a *motif*. In any of the Wagnerian operas, for instance, or in Beethoven's symphonies, you will find that throughout each there runs a *motif;* you will find it occurring again and again, all through the composition.

So in the whole of life there is a great keynote; on that keynote is built the major chord, and through the whole of life there runs a *motif*. That major chord, I think, is built upon these three notes: the idea of God; the idea of man; and the meaning and purpose of life. The idea of God gives us religion; the idea of man, in his relation to Deity and to Nature, gives us philosophy; and the study of the meaning and purpose of life gives us science. These three notes, keynotes, of religion, philosophy and science, comprise we may say the great major chord of all human life. But as said, each age, each nation has had its special keynote or keynotes; each age has some special meaning; and in the totality of human existence each gives opportunity for and marks some phase or stage in human development; so too each nation has its own part to play in that development.

We have only to look back at past ages to be able to distinguish some of the distinctive characteristics of those ages and of the nations and people who lived then, just as we may note the distinguishing characteristics of nations and peoples today. Look, for instance, at the great nations of today; it is not only language that distinguishes one from another; there is a difference in temperament, in character, in habits and modes of living. Not that we should presume to say that one nation is more noble than another or has loftier ideals; — it may or may not be so in some cases — but who is wise enough to pass judgment? You remember the rebuke of the Nazarene to those who accused a certain woman of wrong doing: "Let him that is without sin among you — let him cast the first stone." And we shall see later how this leads us to one of the great, if not *the great* keynote of the Future; Universal Brotherhood.

But by way of illustration, compare the art, literature, science, philosophy, of — let us say — England, Germany, France, Italy, Spain, Russia, Scandinavia. Each of these countries has its own individuality which colors to a degree every phase of its thought and life and its every achievement. There are points of contact, similarities, but more marked are the

distinctive peculiarities. German philosophy and German music are markedly distinct from the philosophy and music of France, Italy, etc., and indeed have a character all their own. So too, in architecture, in science, in literature. Each country or nation in fact has its own keynote. So, too, each group of nations. Look for instance at India and the Orient generally, and compare these with the Occident. Now, there we get two main keynotes. In India and the Orient the keynote is religion, mysticism, spiritual philosophy. In the Occident, the western world, the keynote — at least during recent history — has been and is the practical life, the material life, the things of the physical life, in contradistinction to the things of the spiritual life which have characterized the Orient.

But if we really study the history of the Orient, if we study the history, for instance, of the people of India, or China, or Persia, we shall find that they also had a very practical life, as well; that they had periods in their long history when they reached heights of science that we have hardly touched in this modern day; and that they had their periods of expansion, of exploration, of discovery, of engineering, of building. So that it does not do to dismiss the Orient with just one word and say that it is unpractical, mystical. It may perhaps, during most recent years, have seemed, from our standpoint, to have gone to sleep in a sense, but we must not judge a people only by what it seems. There may be an awakening.

Here in America we are a young people. We are only at the beginning of our career; while those old nations and peoples have lived long lives and had wonderful careers, with many keynotes in them, and they may awake again to new life, as Japan has awakened, and as China and India are awaking.

Take the keynote of Egypt. That was science, engineering, building; science that in some respects we have not surpassed today; building that is still the wonder of the world; medicine showing as deep a knowledge of man as is possessed by our most learned physicians today, and achievements in surgery as wonderful as those of the most skilful practitioners of today. They had their philosophy; also religious ideas, conceptions of Deity, as sublime, as lofty, as any that man ever had; and the same is true of India; ideas regarding Nature and Deity as lofty, as superb, as high and as true as any ideas of any of the modern peoples of this western world. You have only to study their literature; you have only to take some of the hymns of Ancient Egypt, and read the Book of the Dead, as it is called; or take the literature of India, the most ancient literature known to the world — the Vedas, the Upanishads — and you will find conceptions along religious and philosophical lines, conceptions of the spiritual life, as pure, as noble, and as sublime as any the mind of man has ever conceived, as high as anything in our modern life today.

It is here that we find one of the keynotes of the future. More and more of the leaders of thought of the present day are beginning to look back to those past ages, beginning to realize that there were keynotes struck and heights reached that have not yet been struck by us nor reached by us; and in order that we may climb higher than where we are at the present time, we must turn back first to the ancients and seek to understand their life and thought.

Take Rome: one keynote of Rome, anyone would say, was law. But this brings us to another point. Regarding everyone of the nations and races, if you would trace its keynote, you would find it had gathered something out of the past. Rome gathered much of her law from Greece and India. Among the keynotes of Greece, you would say, were art and philosophy; and Greece gathered much of her philosophy and her religion from Egypt; taking these and remaking them and refashioning them anew; taking the thought that was still older and making it her own; just the same as with anything we may take out of the past — if it is to be ours, we must transform it, make it our own, make it a part of our own life. We must go back to the ancients and try to understand their thought and their life and take that which they have to give; taking the achievements of the past and making them our own, re-setting them, re-fashioning them, and making (as every race and every nation must do) a new philosophy, a new science, and even a new religion, — that is, a new expression of Religion, a new expression of Science, a new expression of Philosophy.

If we really could look deep enough I think we should find these three great keynotes, this major chord, of Religion, Philosophy, Science, in the life of every people. Consider, for instance, the art of Greece. There was not only love of beauty but an expression of the harmony, balance, sense of proportion, which was the Greek ideal of life, and characterized all their philosophy. And so it is with everything that every one of the great races and nations has achieved. To find the meaning, the full significance of their life, it must be with reference to those three notes, the major chord of all life.

Now, how can we tell the keynotes of the future? Are they already sounding? How can we know what is the keynote of the present? The future grows out of the present, but the present is the child of the past; and so it is, if we are to understand the present, if we are to look forward into the future, we must look back first into the past. "The Past," exclaims Walt Whitman,

> The Past — the dark unfathom'd retrospect!
> The teeming gulf — the sleepers and the shadows!
> The past — the infinite greatness of the past!
> For what is the present after all but a growth out of the past?

And before we look, so far as we may, into the very far past, let us glance for a moment at the immediate past of the last few centuries, the few centuries about which we have the most complete historical knowledge. Let us go back, for instance, five hundred years, just prior to the time when this great continent was discovered, or rather re-discovered. What was the keynote of that time? In England, Holland, Spain, and in a less degree in France and Portugal, but especially in the three countries England, Holland, Spain, there was a love of adventure; there was something impelling men to go out, to discover, explore. They wanted to find new lands, to traverse the unknown seas; and we know what was the result — the greatest of all, the discovery of this continent; so that we can say that among the keynotes of that particular age were discovery and exploration. There was another keynote, that of literature, so that we speak, for instance, of the Elizabethan age of literature — just as in Rome about 1500 years earlier there was the Augustan age of literature — and a keynote was struck in Drama in the sixteenth century that has sounded all through the centuries to the present time.

In one sense perhaps, the past five centuries have been more eventful than any other five centuries known to history: at least more directly so to us. There may have been others of equal significance in prehistoric times, of which we have no record; but when we consider that five hundred years ago was discovered what was really to the European nations a new world, and that since that time there has been the development of life on this new world, the development of new nations, the development of this great United States; and when we look at those five centuries from this standpoint, are we not perhaps justified in saying that they are among the most wonderful of all the centuries of history of which we have any knowledge? I do not say, among the highest, but among the most remarkable!

Then another keynote was colonization. At first only the Atlantic seaboard of North America was colonized. It was a long time before the interior of this continent was fully explored. It was traversed by daring travelers who pushed into the wilderness making wonderful voyages of discovery, but it was a long time before the continent was conquered. I am not speaking of the inhabitants, the North American Indians, but of conquest from a natural, physical standpoint. Indeed it was not until a little over a hundred years ago that the Lewis and Clark Expedition reached the shores of the Northern Pacific and so opened the way for all the marvelous development of the Pacific Coast region which began forty years later, in the '40's, when the long wagon trains of emigrants began to cross the continent. From 1842 to 1845 about a thousand emigrant wagons crossed the continent; and then a little later California was opened in '49, when the southern trails were opened and traversed by the wagons

of emigrants coming here to this wonderful new land of sunshine and gold.

And what has taken place since then? This was another world that was discovered, for this country was indeed a new world. It had been known earlier, but its wonderful resources and possibilities had not been discovered, which have made it the home of millions and for countless millions yet to come.

After the discovery of this great continent, perhaps the most significant single event was the birth of this nation and the promulgation of the Constitution of the United States — an event which stands out in history as altogether unique, as marking a new age. Is it not significant that on the reverse side of the Great Seal of the United States, which has never been officially used, is inscribed 'A New Order of Ages — the Heavens Approve' — significant, as it were, of what the destiny of this United States really is to be?

Of these later years, dating from the middle of the last century, if we were to define one of the main keynotes, could we not say it was enterprise? Enterprise in science; enterprise in industry, invention, along all lines of practical life. And if we can say of the past five hundred years that they are among the most remarkable centuries in the history of humanity, what shall we say of the past seventy-five years, not alone in the United States but in Europe, in their wonderful inventions; in their discoveries in science, in the realms of electricity and the use of steam; the uniting of all lands by railroads, by steamboats, by cables — do not the past seventy-five years mark an accentuation of progress along material lines that is without its parallel in known historical times?

Every year it has seemed that the pace in the United States has grown faster and faster; and it has occurred to many to ask: Whither are we tending? Is not something lacking? Is material progress the highest? Is it that which should occupy all our thoughts, all our energies? Let me read to you something from Walt Whitman, which touches upon this point, and which shows that forty years ago he saw this. He writes

> It may be claimed, (and I admit the weight of the claim), that common and general worldly prosperity, and a populace well-to-do, and with all life's material comforts, is the main thing, and is enough. It may be argued that our republic is, in performance, really enacting today the grandest arts, poems, etc., by beating up the wilderness into fertile farms, and in her railroads, ships, machinery, etc. And it may be asked, Are not these better, indeed, for America, than any utterances even of greatest rhapsode, artist, or literatus?
>
> I too hail those achievements with pride and joy: then answer that the soul of man will not be satisfied with such only — nay, not with such at all — be finally satisfied; and needs what (standing on these and on all things, as the feet stand on the ground) is addressed to the loftiest, to itself alone. (*Prose Works*, page 209)

In fact, the hurry and rush and incompleteness of modern life do show that something is lacking. And now I want to take your thoughts again back into the past, and try to gather up another thread of progress. Just as, beginning about five hundred years ago, there had been a reaching-out for new lands, so about 150 years ago there was a reaching-out for new knowledge. Our mariners and our voyagers and travelers were bent on discovery, seeking to know the earth; and there were others: great thinkers and scholars, explorers in another realm who also made most wonderful discoveries — the discovery of a literature that stands today as the greatest literature in the world, the literature of the Orient, and particularly the literature of India. They too made their discoveries; they too were pioneers, in a sense, just as Columbus and the other voyagers across the Atlantic were pioneers, and just as Columbus discovered, as he thought, a new world, which was really a very old world (for you must remember that on this continent there had existed races ages and ages ago, some of them as old as, or perhaps older than the races of the Orient: in Peru and in Mexico, so that it was really a rediscovery), so also the Oriental scholars made a rediscovery of the literature of the Orient. And great as has been the rediscovery of America for the material progress of humanity, equally great has been the rediscovery of the literature of the Orient for the mental and spiritual progress of humanity.

Then came an Interpreter. There have been many profound students, travelers into the realm of Oriental literature; and just as there were guides who led the way, explorers who became guides, across those vast, unknown seas and continents; just as there was the Lewis and Clark Expedition overland, which blazed a trail for countless millions to follow after them; so there have been many guides in the realms of Oriental literature. But I wish to speak of one in particular, who more than any other has made the literature of the Orient more real, more living, and has given a key to its reading; and that one was Helena Petrovna Blavatsky. It was she who pointed the way to an understanding of the Orient; it was she who took the teachings that had been given out, not alone in India, not alone in the sacred books of the Vedas and the Upanishads and the Purânas; but in the sacred books of China, the sacred writings of Egypt and of Persia; even in the ages-old traditions that were found among the old races on this continent; and she showed a thread, running through all, of the same spiritual truths; she showed that the same spiritual truths which had been taught, in degree, by one, were also taught, in degree, by the others, and were the basis of the teachings given out by the Christian Savior, Jesus of Nazareth.

Now, you see, we have come up to the present, not only on lines of material progress, we have not only the keynotes sounded down through

the ages, again and again, along material lines, but along another line; keynotes sounded again and again of the spiritual life; keynotes of religion; keynotes of the deepest philosophy — so that those three keynotes which I have called the major chord of life, sound all through the ages; and where there has been one lacking, where there has been a lack of the knowledge of true religion (and by that I do not mean true religion in the sense of one religion feeling itself separated from another, but the true religious feeling under whatever name it may appear); wherever there has been a lack of philosophy; wherever there has been ignorance of science: there you will find that life has been incomplete. And do we not indeed have to acknowledge that for many ages past, life has been incomplete?

Looking back through the centuries of history, where do we find that there have been held not only true religious ideals, not only a true philosophy of the spiritual life, but ideals and philosophy which had to do also with man's everyday life, with his conduct, with his mental development, and where there has also been the material progress, so that man could express himself on that line also? Indeed, looking back through the ages, where shall we find life in its completeness?

Now, suppose for a moment we take a glance even further back. I have said that on this great continent there must have been great races. Those races must have been great; otherwise the remains we find left of them, their buildings, their engineering achievements, in Peru, for instance, or their marvelous temples as in Yucatan, would be an inexplicable anomaly — it would be impossible for a people to leave such evidences behind them of high material civilization without their having had also some spiritual life, some high philosophy.

But we find, going far back, behind history, tradition; we find even that there are traditions in the most ancient of the Indian literature, of continents that have disappeared; and I mention this just to bring out this thought: those peoples of which we know practically nothing save through tradition, and save a few scraps of knowledge which have come down to us recording their achievements in science, we have nothing by which to measure the heights of civilization they reached. Let me give one instance: the beginnings of all our astronomy must be traced back to the ancients who lived far back of the most remote times of India or Egypt. They had a science of astronomy which has not been surpassed even today. But I refer to this merely to ask this question: Did they have the same problems that we have today — jealousies, hatreds, ambitions, selfishness? If we look back as far as we can, do we not find that humanity, no matter what may have been the expression of its life, has had practically the same problems that we have today? It has had its problems that we call religious; it has had its problems that we call philosophic, relating to the

conduct of life, and its problems relating to material life. But if so, how came it, if those long-forgotten peoples reached at all to any great heights as tradition tells they did, how came it then that they went down again?

From what we do know of past nations and past races, are we not forced to this conclusion: that a nation and a race lives its life just the same as does an individual; that a nation is born; it passes through its youth (often very turbulent); it reaches its manhood; it passes into old age; and then it dies? Some of them have died, as we might say, a natural death, having fulfilled all their years, having kept their faculties, their wisdom, to the last; some have died as a result of the excesses of their earlier years. And so we find that some nations and some races seem to have been swept off the face of the earth; of some no trace remains, while others have left us their treasures.

But they were a little nearer the primal source of things; and so we have in the most ancient traditions, the story of a golden age when the gods walked with man and were his divine teachers. Now these traditions come not from one people alone; but from practically every one of the great races of antiquity. The Greeks had their gods, who were the first teachers and rulers of man, and after them came the demi-gods, and after them came the heroes, and then afterwards they had only men to rule over them. The Egyptians had exactly the same traditions. In India you will find the same; and you will find the same in China.

Is it not most worthy of our serious attention, that all the great races of antiquity have had these same traditions; of a time when the gods walked the earth — those who were really divine, the Great Teachers, those who, as Theosophy teaches, had gained all their knowledge in earlier worlds before ever this earth was formed, and came here to teach infant humanity? It was then that was the time of the Golden Age. Look at the life of a child. That surely is the golden age of life: the time of childhood as it should be, that is, but so often is not; the time of happy, innocent childhood, the time of trust! And that was the keynote of the Golden Age; and that keynote we have lost.

And then came the time, and it has come to every race and every nation, of the acquisition of knowledge, the time of youth, the time, very often, of the turbulent passions, the time of adventure, the time of going out in search of some wonderful quest.

And after that the time of manhood: which as we know is more often than not the time of acquisition and the time of selfishness. The race has also passed through that phase; and then comes the time of old age. We have only to look around to find many examples of beautiful old age; but there are many others for whom it is a time of regrets, a time of dis-

appointments, of looking back over life and realizing that the lessons of life have not all been learned.

And so it was with many nations and many races. But along with the traditions of the Golden Age in the past there was always the tradition of a Golden Age in the future. Now, that Golden Age is still to come, will come only when man shall have attained to his full estate, his full stature, the stature of knowledge — no longer innocent, indeed he will have gone through the struggles and trials of life and perhaps stumbled and fallen many times, but will have overcome them and come out of them purified; and the Golden Age, therefore, is to be the Golden Age of spiritual knowledge and spiritual strength.

Whether Carlyle had or had not in mind the Golden Age, he gave one of its secrets in the following superbly eloquent words which he makes Teufelsdröckh say in *Sartor Resartus* (III, 8):

> The Curtains of Yesterday drop down, the Curtains of Tomorrow roll up; but Yesterday and Tomorrow both are. Pierce through the Time Element, glance into the Eternal. Believe what thou findest written in the Sanctuary of Man's Soul, even as all thinkers, in all ages, have devoutly read there. Know of a truth that only the Time-shadows have perished, or are perishable; that the Real Being of whatever was and whatever is, and whatever will be, *is*, even now and forever.

Turn now to the present, to these United States. A few centuries ago witnessed the birth of what is now one of the greatest nations on earth. We have passed through our childhood, our youth: I do not know whether we have attained our manhood yet, but we have much to look forward to in the future. Have we yet struck the keynote that should be the keynote of these United States? Let me quote again from Walt Whitman: he says, speaking of his *Leaves of Grass:*

> While I cannot understand it or argue it out, I fully believe in a clue and purpose in Nature, entire and several; and that invisible spiritual results, just as real and definite as the visible, eventuate all concrete life and all materialism, through Time. My book ought to emanate buoyancy and gladness legitimately enough, for it was grown out of those elements, and has been the comfort of my life since it was originally commenced.
>
> One main genesis-motive of the 'Leaves' was my conviction (just as strong today as ever) that the crowning growth of the United States is to be spiritual and heroic.

Note that he says, "the crowning growth of the United States *is to be spiritual and heroic.*" And in order to be "spiritual and heroic" there must be not only the aspiration, not only the desire for spiritual things; there must first be a basis of fact, then a basis of philosophy, a true philosophy of life and a love of that philosophy, and there must be the deter-

mination to put that philosophy into practice. That is why I refer particularly to Madame Blavatsky as the great interpreter of the past teachings of the sages who have lived before. I refer to her particularly because she has struck the keynote of a synthetic philosophy, especially along the lines, as I have already said, of religion; and if we look at all the great religions of the world, we shall find that they taught the same fundamental doctrines. If you wish to prove this you can do so by studying the great religions of past ages. There is nothing strange about this teaching. You have only to turn to the literature of the past; you have only to take up the study of comparative religion. Why, for instance, it has been said again and again by people who have not studied, that it was Jesus who first taught the Golden Rule. You will find the Golden Rule taught ages before ever the Nazarene gave his teachings. He only repeated what had been repeated by every one of the great Saviors of the past. It was taught even by the Roman philosophers, some of them before Jesus; it was taught in Greece; it was taught in India; Buddha said "Hatred never ceases by hatred at any time; hatred ceases only by love." You will find that Confucius taught the Golden Rule in almost the same words as Jesus. Confucius stated it negatively. He said: "What you do not wish others to do to you, do not to them." But it is the same idea. It is the same Golden Rule.

And you may take almost any of the teachings that have come to us, and which so many regard as the distinctive teachings of Christianity, and I will show you parallels of them in the religions of the past. So that all along the line we can find what is coming to be recognised more and more as one of the great keynotes of the present, the keynote of toleration for the opinions of others, a keynote that gives us, on the spiritual side, a basis for Universal Brotherhood; that gives us the great keynote for the future, if we are to advance into the future, as the Great Saviors of the past would have had us advance, as Jesus himself would have us advance — for this keynote which he struck, as others before him had struck it ages earlier and again and again, is the keynote of Universal Brotherhood.

And along with that, too, there is a second keynote sounding, also coming from the past, a true philosophy of life; there must be reliance upon law. In the physical world we depend entirely upon law; all our science is based upon law. In fact, science is possible only because of law. We could not build one of our bridges, or a railroad; not one of our ships could float; not one of our ships could cross the ocean, unless we relied upon the laws of the physical world. Now in our present era, not going back to past ages, it has been only during the past generation that people have begun to realize — that is, the generality of people, for there have always been some who realized this — that law reigns just as much in the

world of mind, in the intellect, as it does in the physical world; and that it reigns just as much in the realm of morals. In fact, you have only to look to the sayings of Jesus and Paul to realize this. They stated facts, and not only facts, but they made statements of universal law. When Jesus asked the question: "Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?" and when Paul expressed the same idea in these words: "Be not deceived: God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap"; their allusions were to the existence of universal law. People have been too much in the habit of thinking of these merely as illustrations. They may be; they may be spiritual advice; but they are more. They are expressions of the law of life; and whatever happens to man, whatever he is reaping at the present time; whatever he finds in his life; whatever happens to a nation; whatever eventuality may arise — if we could trace it (but there is the difficulty!) we should find that it was the fruition of seeds sown in the far past.

Now let us go back for a moment to Walt Whitman's conviction that "the crowning growth of the United States is to be spiritual and heroic." Whether or not the United States is to achieve its destiny in this respect, if such be its destiny, in the near or far-off future, certain it is that the crowning growth of man and of humanity as a whole is to be spiritual and heroic. And I said that in order for this to be so there must first be a basis of fact, next a basis of true philosophy founded on that fact, and then the expression of that philosophy in practice.

What is the basis of fact that enables us to say that man's crowning growth is to be spiritual and heroic? Is it not that Divinity is at the heart of the Universe, and therefore in the heart of man? And hence man's destiny is to attain to Divinity itself, to be spiritual and heroic? "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you." "Be ye perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect"; said Jesus the Prophet of Nazareth. And three thousand years before him, Krishna the Âryan Savior, speaking as the Divine Spirit, said: "I am the Ego which is seated in the heart of all beings."

This fact, the supreme fact of all existence, that man is essentially divine, that he is a spiritual being — this fact it is that is the basis of the declaration that man's crowning growth and the crowning growth of the United States "is to be spiritual and heroic." And further it is this fact that is the spiritual basis of Universal Brotherhood. Listen to what is said in the Yajur-Veda, one of the oldest scriptures in the world:

> In him who knows that all spiritual beings are the same in kind with the Supreme Spirit, what room can there be for delusion of mind, and what room for sorrow, when he reflects on the identity of Spirit?

And one of the old Chinese Sages said, as if he knew, as doubtless he did know the Vedic teaching or its equivalent, and would base upon it the practice of Brotherhood:

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

So we have as the first keynote, the spiritual life, and Divinity as the basis of Universal Brotherhood; and then as the second, the idea that law rules and governs all life, and must be made the conscious basis of life. This is one of the most important of all the ideas that are beginning to dawn again in the human mind today. And coupled with it there is another idea, another teaching: the idea and teaching of Reincarnation. Man must realize that he is not only the heir of all the past, but that all the past meets and focuses in him — yes, in each one, and in each nation, to the degree that each one and each nation can give it expression. And to that degree, and just so far as each one and each nation makes it possible for fuller expression, just so far is there a more complete focusing of the past, and more of the past focuses through each.

Now these, I think, are the main keynotes of the future: first a truer conception of the source and origin of all; a truer conception of Deity; a deeper religious philosophy, to bring down that philosophy more into daily life, not merely to take it as it is taken by so many who make it a matter of but one day in the week, but to make the whole of life religious. And that does not mean becoming somber, or sad, or melancholy, because true religion is not that. True religion is as full of joy as the deepest joy you have ever known; and until you get a conception of what the religious life is, until you get a conception of what spiritual life means, you do not know what real joy is; you do not know what life holds; and therefore I have placed that as one of the keynotes — as the first of the keynotes of all life.

And then the idea of man: that he is divine in essence; that he is not only heir of all the ages, but that he himself has come down through all the ages. He has forgotten much; he has lost his way often; he has lost sight of his divinity; he had to come down into matter, into the material world, in order that he might conquer the material world, and then re-ascend with a deeper knowledge of his divinity because he had conquered. And the teaching of Theosophy, the Wisdom-Religion of antiquity, is that he descended into the physical material world of his own volition; it was his desire, on the one hand for knowledge and on the other to help those who were below him. He has forgotten that, but the memory of it is still hidden in the depths of his consciousness and some day he will touch those depths and reawaken to that priceless heritage of knowledge.

So there is this idea of man, of man's essential Divinity as a Soul, of his responsibility to himself, and his responsibility to others; and out of that grows the idea of Universal Brotherhood; and that is our second keynote; and our third keynote is of the meaning and purpose of life: that all life is governed by law; that science cannot be divorced, as it is today so often divorced, from morality; that science cannot be studied, if we are to have a true science, solely from an intellectual standpoint; but that it must be studied also from the standpoint of morality; and in relation to philosophy and to religion — in relation to life.

Those, I think, are the three great keynotes of the future. Let me read you a quotation from Katherine Tingley. She says:

> We need the awakening touch of the Christos Spirit, to arouse us from the dead, so to speak, that we may have light and illumination. . . . But we shall never reach that point of discernment until we have found within ourselves the power to eliminate from the mind anything and everything that obscures the light or blocks the way.

And William Q. Judge, Madame Tingley's predecessor, said:

> Those of us who think knowledge can be acquired without pursuing the path of love, mistake. The soul is aware of what it requires. It demands altruism and so long as that is absent, so long will mere intellectual study lead to nothing. And in those who have deliberately called upon the Higher Self does that Self require active practice and application of the philosophy which is studied.

. . . . . .

> "What ship, puzzled at sea," asks Walt Whitman, "cons for the true reckoning?
> Or coming in to avoid the bars and follow the channel a perfect pilot needs?"

All down through the ages, Humanity has had its great Teachers, Helpers, Saviors; and of them he says:

> Allons! after the Great Companions and to belong to them!
>
> . . . . . .
>
> . . . journeying up and down till we make our ineffaceable mark upon time and the diverse eras,
> Till we saturate time and eras, that the men and women of races, ages to come, may prove brethren and lovers as we are.

Truly, there is a path of infinite progress that still lies ahead for every one of us. And the two great keynotes of the future, if that future is to be for us a Golden Age, are the same keynotes as in the Golden Age of the past: Trust and Brotherhood; Trust in the Divine purposes of life, Trust in the Divinity that is at the heart of each; and Brotherhood for and towards all men. Only through these can man achieve his destiny.

THE UNCONQUERED RACE OF AMERICA:

by J. O. Kinnaman, A. M. PH. D.

THE darkest blot upon the pages of American history is the one placed there by unjust treatment accorded to the American Indian. The injustice done to the Red Man has no parallel in the history of the world, so far as we know; even the much and over-pitied black, who, from time immemorial, has been a "hewer of wood and a drawer of water," has been treated with undue consideration, in comparison. Six hundred thousand men died to rend asunder the shackles of slavery, two armies numbering more than two millions of men contended for more than four years over four millions of slaves; countless wealth was destroyed and wasted in an effort to bring the black to the status of a white man, and, finally, the ballot was placed in his hands, though he was more ignorant of government than his savage brother in the wilds of Africa; yet the work was pronounced completed. The injustice done to the Indian cries to Heaven for redress, cries in a voice that will not be silenced, will not be stilled, until justice is rendered, however tardy that may be. The covetous greed and unprincipled acts of the white man stand out immense, colossal, dwarfing, as it were into insignificance, all other acts of injustice ever perpetrated by him. Because of this covetousness, greed and dishonesty, thousands died, not to render secure the Red Man in the possession of his heritage, but to dispossess him of it; not to render impossible the breaking-up of happy homes, not to render him secure in the pursuit of happiness and in the possession of property, but to tear asunder those homes, to make helpless women widows, and innocent children orphans, who, creeping away like some wounded animal of the forest, hid in solitude to die.

No ballot was ever placed in his hands, nor was he ever considered a citizen of the land which he possessed as its original owner. He was not considered a citizen of the country or thought fit to be one, yet he was subject to trial for crime in the white man's court, by the white man's standard, and if found guilty, suffered the white man's penalty; all this for the sole purpose of dispossessing him of his lands.

Our children in the schoolroom have been taught that the Indian was a savage, who delighted chiefly in murder, in scalping and burning at the stake, in tortures of devilish ingenuity, in war and destruction in general. These same children, at their mothers' knees, were taught to fear and loathe the Indian, even to tremble with fear at the mere mention of the name. The writers of our history text-books have ever promulgated this notion of an 'inhuman devil,' who would rather take a white man's scalp than anything else in the world. These same texts would convey the impression, and intentionally so, that the Indian never did anything since the day the first European set foot upon American soil but to go on the

war-path against the white man. I know for an actual fact that this statement is correct, for I have questioned hundreds of school children on the subject. This sentiment was created and propagated for one purpose only, *viz.*, as an excuse, on the part of the whites, for annihilating the Indian and possessing themselves of his land. This was formerly true; it is true at the present time, as I shall later show.

We must all acknowledge that some of the worst human elements of our civilization: the restless, the ne'er-do-well, the melancholy, the criminal, always formed the vanguard of our frontier. I do not say that all men on the frontier were of questionable character, for we know better; but the majority, for some cause, would not or could not abide in their first or home settlements. They were driven forth either by hard necessity, because they could not compete with the prevailing economic conditions, being forced to the wall as it were, or some other social cause operated to drive them forth to do unto the Indian as they had been done by.

A TRAIL TO THE HOUSE OF THE SEMINOLE

Again, when later the Government began to make treaties with the people of the forest and plain, individual greed or aggression was not the motive force: the force was that of corporate powers. Of course that spells 'politics', and politics in the last analysis assays corruption. We need only refer the reader to the great land companies that were formed at the close of the Revolutionary War, to substantiate our statement. The Northwest Territory is a fair example of corporate manipulation of lands belonging justly to the indigenous people.

After these corporations (or companies, as they were called) had secured their grants, then they called upon the Government to remove the

rightful owners, peacefully if they could, otherwise if necessary, but remove them at all cost. Soldiers were sent into this territory to compel the Indians to move westward. Lives were sacrificed on both sides; to satisfy greed upon the one hand; on the other, in an attempt to ward off injustice, to protect home, wife, children and property. But the cause of the Indian was hopeless; he was fighting a losing battle and he knew it; still, the ever stalwart manhood in him demanded that he fight. Such is the story to the very last on western plain and mountain, in southern glades and swamps.

In this contest which lasted from 1622 even to the end of the century just closed, innocent lives were lost on the side of the whites, much property destroyed, suffering inflicted and endured with Spartan fortitude; yet if the sufferings of the two races were to be weighed in the balance, that of the white race would be found almost infinitesimal, while that of the Indian would stand out in relief like the Pyramids.

When the Indian was victor in a fight with the whites, it was called a massacre, but when the whites won, it was denominated 'a glorious victory,' and the commanders were honored, petted, fêted and bemedaled while the Red Man was hunted down like a wild beast through forest and dale, over plain and mountain, until brought to a stand where, with his back to the wall, he died fighting.

Let us take under consideration one or two instances. First, that of the great chief Logan. Note his last speech, a speech which neither Cicero nor Demosthenes could have equaled. This great chief was bereft of all his family by unprovoked murder on the part of an American officer, Col. Cresap, a little more than a hundred years ago.

I appeal to any white man to say if he ever entered Logan's cabin hungry, and I gave him not meat; if ever he came cold or naked, and I gave him not clothing.

During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained in his tent, an advocate of peace. Nay, such was my love for the whites, that those of my country pointed at me as they passed and said, "Logan is the friend of the white man." I had even thought to have lived among you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, cut off all the relations of Logan, not sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any human creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace. Yet, do not harbor the thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one.

Listen to Tecumseh, the Shawnee chief, speaking to Wells, in 1807:

These lands are ours. No one has a right to remove us, because we were the first owners. The great Spirit gave this great land to his red children

He placed the whites on the other side of the big water. They were not content with their own, but came to take ours from us. They have driven us from the sea to the lakes — we can go no farther.

Again:

Father, listen! The Americans are taking our lands from us every day. They have no hearts, Father; they have no pity for us; they want to drive us beyond the setting sun.

Enemathla, chief of the Tallahassees, in an interview with Governor Duval, had the following to say:

Do you think that I am like a bat, that hangs by its claws in a dark cave, and that I can see nothing of what is going on around me? Ever since I was a boy I have seen the white people steadily encroaching upon the Indians, and driving them from their homes and hunting-grounds. When I was a boy, the Indians still roamed undisputed over all the vast country lying between the Tennessee River and the great sea of the South, and now when there is nothing left them but their hunting-grounds in Florida, the white men covet that. I tell you plainly, if I had the power, I would tonight cut the throat of every white man, woman and child in Florida.

Listen to that grand old chief Coacoochee, in chains, and with a threat hanging over his head of being hung from the yard of the vessel upon which he was held prisoner, as he replies to General Worth, July 4th, 1842:

When I was a boy, I saw the white man afar off, and was told that he was my enemy. I could not shoot him as I would a wolf or bear, yet like those he came upon me. Horses, cattle, fields he took from me. He said he was my friend. He gave us his hand in friendship; we took it. He had a snake in the other; his tongue was forked; he lied and stung us. I asked for just a small piece of these lands, enough to plant and live upon far South — a spot where I could place the ashes of my kindred — a place where my wife and child could live. This was not granted me. Florida was my home; I love it, and to leave it is like burying my wife and child. I have thrown away the rifle and have now taken the hand of the white man, and now say, "Take care of me."

I opine that after the defeat of March, 1622, the Indians realized that they could no more turn back the tide of whites than sweep back the ocean with a canoe paddle, yet they fought to the bitter end.

The Spanish explorers came to Florida with one avowed purpose, that is, the getting of gold by fair means or foul, by robbery, by conquest, but not by mining.

When the English settlers came, the Indian must be dispossessed, that the white man might have the best. "Might made right."

When an Indian burned a settler's cabin, or took a white scalp, he was just giving vent to a righteous indignation, trying to redress his countless wrongs, his innumerable humiliations, his numberless sufferings. He was

striving with all the power at his command to restrain the whites from taking all his possessions, all his means of livelihood.

The picture drawn by most of our textbooks, also by most other writers, is not only wrong, but utterly false, and deliberately so. The Indian side of the story has never been written by himself, but by his arch-enemy, the white man. Thus was it in the case of Carthage: we get her story only from the viewpoint of Rome, her deadly enemy and destroyer. No Carthaginian ever penned his side of the story. Thus with the Indian: he is arraigned at the bar of the white man, whose interest it was to annihilate the original American.

One chief attempted to write the Indian's view of the injustice done to him by the pale-face. So strong was his arraignment of the whites that his book was nicknamed 'The Red Man's Book of Lamentation.' This chief was Pokagon, head of the Ojibwa confederation. It seems that the humiliation of the Red Man will never cease so long as there remains one lone Indian.

The Exposition at Chicago was held to commemorate the discovery of America. On Columbus Day, Pokagon, as the rightful owner of the site of Chicago, was invited to be present. He left his humble Michigan home to attend, and then was utterly ignored and forgotten by the officials in charge. The slight broke the old man's heart. He returned home to die and go to rest with his fathers.

The writer knows the Indian as he really is, and he has fundamentally NOT changed during the last four hundred years. During that time the Indian has learned several things concerning the white man, which have been 'driven home' by the rifle, among them being the fact that the pale-face has a 'forked tongue,' that he cannot be trusted to abide by his word, that the consuming fire of the white man's soul is greed. In character the Red Man is noble, honest, always fulfilling his promise; if he is your friend, he is so to the death; while, on the other hand, if he is your enemy, you know exactly what to expect. His native intelligence and comprehension are equal to, and in some respects superior to, that of the Caucasian; he possesses the stoicism of his Mongol ancestors, while, at the same time, he has a 'twist' of intellect that is beyond the comprehension of his white brother. The white man in his self-supposed or arrogant superiority, because he cannot comprehend some depths of the other's intellect, relegates it to the realms of stupidity, or something worse.

By nature the Indian is reticent and uncommunicative; but he is neither ignorant nor stupid. He feels that he never knows what purpose the white man may have in mind; therefore, he adopts a policy that does not encourage intimacy. But if his confidence can be won, the fountains of his heart open and freely flow. The writer is not speaking from legend

WILD RUBBER ENCIRCLING OAK TREE

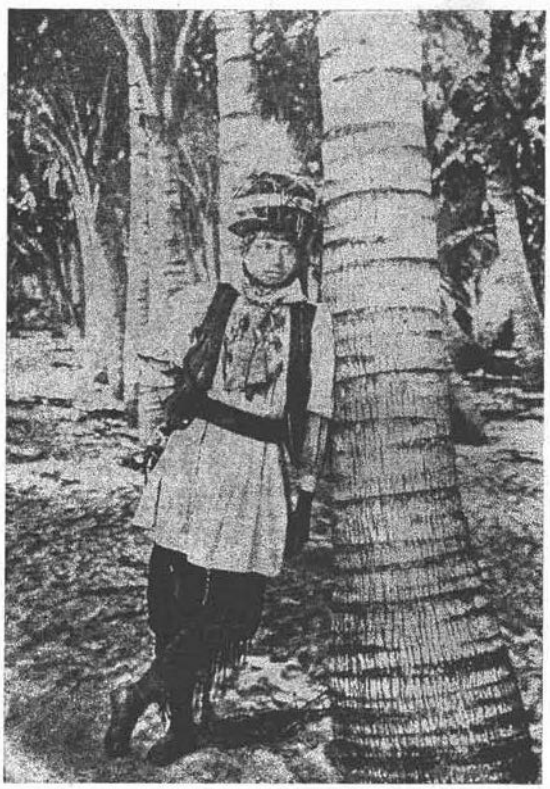
or hearsay, but from personal experience, for he has lived with the despised Indian, eaten at his campfire, at his table, shared the hospitality of his blanket, treated his children for measles and scarlet fever, taught him hygiene, preached in his missions, helped bury his dead, lived on his reservations with the express purpose of studying him from each and every angle. So these conclusions are based upon observation and experience, not upon sentiment.

Four years before the outbreak of the French and Indian War, a dissension arose among the Creeks. The contention divided the tribe into two factions. One faction led by Secoffee, migrated to Florida, taking up their abode in the Alachua district. Here they remained at peace with their Indian and white neighbors until 1812. They took the name 'Seminoles' or 'Wanderers,' which they still proudly retain.

In 1812, their chiefs, King Payne and Billy Bowlegs, the sons of Secoffee, through the eloquence of Tecumseh, were enlisted against the Americans. It was rumored that the Seminoles were planning a raid into Georgia. Col. Newman, an American officer, led an expedition against King Payne's town, but the Indians were not taken by surprise; they

attacked the American line of march either near or on the shores of the lake now known as Newman's lake; or on the shores of what is now a prairie, but at that time was a lake more than twenty-five miles long by ten wide. Though the Indians fought valiantly under the leadership of King Payne, yet owing to his wounds they withdrew from the first attack. The Americans hastily threw up fortifications and awaited the renewal of the attack, which came at sunset, but the Indians were driven off by the superior marksmanship of the Americans.

Bowlegs, taking command, kept the Americans penned within their fortifications for eight days, then allowed them to depart. This was the first conflict between Seminoles and Americans. Immediately after this the President ordered all American troops from Spanish soil.



A YOUNG SEMINOLE

At 4 P. M., July 10th, 1821, Florida passed from the dominion of Spain to that of the United States. The Indians, in general, were not pleased with this change of government. The leading chiefs went to Pensacola to have a 'big talk' with the new governor, General Jackson. It was at this conference that the first spark was set to the fuse that was destined to cause years of war and suffering. Jackson informed them that the Creeks, who did not belong in Florida, must return to Georgia; runaway slaves must be returned to their owners; the Indians of Florida must gather on a reservation that the Government would set aside for them.

Now, gentle reader, just note that in the above the wishes of the Indians were not consulted, nor even taken into consideration; they were offered no remuneration for the lands they were to give up; they were simply told to move to that part of the Territory which, at that time, the white man did not covet. Of course the chiefs

were in no gentle frame of mind, yet they promised to carry the 'talk' to their people.

The first steps towards putting the Indians upon a reservation were taken in 1823, when a few of the Indians met Governor Duval below St. Augustine. Two days later an agreement was reached by which the Government received all the lands of the Tallahassees and Miccasukees for $6000. Later, these two tribes, accompanied by the Seminoles, took up their abode in the central part of the state, in the Alachua district, thirty-eight miles south of Gainesville. Here they remained in suppressed discontent until 1832, when again the whites wanted the lands assigned to them by the Federal Government, and plans were made to remove the Indians west of the Mississippi River.

Indian representatives were sent west to view the lands and report. This report was favorable, but the mass of Indians refused to move. Thus matters stood until October 1835, though Emathla, one of the old chiefs, continued making preparations to obey the commands of the Government. This chief was considered by the Indians themselves as their enemy and a friend of the whites.

A SEMINOLE FAMILY GROUP
An unusual and interesting photograph

About this time General Thompson had a meeting with the Indians to consider further their removal to the west; Miccanopy was the leading chief, and with him was Osceola. Osceola, although not at that time a chief, yet controlled the trend of the argument. Finally, Osceola, drawing his knife, stuck it into the table, exclaiming, "This is the only treaty I will ever make with the whites!" He kept his word.

Osceola was the son of William Powell, an Englishman, and a Creek woman. While very young he and his mother joined the Seminoles in Florida. He was born about 1804, and therefore was thirty-one or thirty-two years of age when the

Seminole War began. He was very dignified in his bearing, pleasing of countenance, frank in manner, above superstition, affectionate with wife and children, and always playing the part of a real man. After Osceola consummated his revenge upon General Thompson, he removed Emathla, the chief friendly to the whites, by a bullet, and the seven years' struggle was launched in earnest.

In this hopeless contest about two thousand warriors were engaged, while at one time there were more than nine thousand troops in the field against them. When the Indians won a fight it was called a massacre; when the soldiers won it was called a glorious victory and heralded to the world as such.

On October 31st, 1837, Osceola went to St. Augustine under a flag of truce guaranteed by General Hernández, who sent a white plume to Osceola, which meant, on the part of the whites, a desire for peace. When he arrived at the headquarters of Hernández, Osceola was taken prisoner in defiance of all accepted codes of warfare, and was finally sent to Ft. Moultrie, S. C., where he died of a broken heart. From that day to this no Florida Seminole has ever trusted a white man, and never will do so.

In the spring of 1842 a determined band of about three hundred men, women and children, escaped into the inaccessible fastness of the Everglades, where no white man could follow; the rest were deported, led by Coacochee. The band in the Everglades have never been conquered, have never signed a treaty or agreement of any kind with the United States, nor has any land ever been assigned to them. Neither has this band ever elected a chief to succeed Osceola, as they do not consider any one worthy the honor.

The tribe is divided, for part of the year, for the purpose of hunting, into two or three bands; these bands camp in the different parts of the Everglades. They convene about twice a year, at the time of the 'big hunt,' when the raid for otter takes place in the Big Cypress, and at the festival of the Green Corn Dance.

It is said that there are members of the tribe who have never beheld a white person, but this statement is doubtful; yet, the daughter of Tallahassee had not been beyond the limits of the Everglades for forty years, until March, 1915. She is over ninety years of age, and claims to have been the wife of Osceola. In spite of her advanced age she is hale, hearty and sprightly.

The tribe will not intermarry with the whites. Since they retired to their great swamp, they record only one such attempt. When they found one of their women consorting with a white man, the braves tied him to a tree, exposed naked to the mosquitos and insects of the region, and left him to die. The squaws took their seduced sister to a hummock from

whence she never returned, nor would they ever reveal the manner in which they put her to death. No man or woman has since transgressed the unwritten law of the tribe.

Their daily life is simple, well ordered, and well adapted to the environment under which they live. Their houses are not now the open sheds depicted by the U. S. Bureau of Ethnology, but their permanent dwellings are built from such material as is used by the native 'cracker' in the flat woods and hummocks. They have many of the modern cooking utensils and household necessities, among them the sewing machine. The women learn to use these, and cut and fit their dresses after a fashion, though this fashion would scarcely pass for Parisian.

The men hunt, fish and prepare roots and herbs for food, while the women attend to the household duties, sew, raise a few vegetables, chickens, a 'razor-back' or two, and so forth. Neither sex is lazy, and each does his or her share towards the support of the family group, and that of the tribe as a whole. They are entirely self-supporting and are dependent upon the white man for only a few things, and in most cases they could, with advantage, do without these articles.

There are no schools for the education of the children, and no one, child or adult, can read or write the English language. In fact, very few can even speak English. They have no desire to learn, for they deeply mistrust the white man and his purposes.

There is no mission or church among them. The Episcopalian church maintained Dr. Goddard among them for years. He labored faithfully but so far as I am able to learn, he never, in all the long years of his service, made so much as one convert.

They are not carried away by disease contracted from the white man, as some other tribes are. They are not subject to tuberculosis or syphilis. They are fine types of physical manhood and womanhood. They are, however, subject to hookworm, and almost every member of the tribe was a victim, until Dr. Goddard persuaded the majority to take the treatment. For the time being, at least, the disease was eradicated. Dr. Goddard is dead, and the Seminoles are left without a white friend resident among them. They represent the last of the original owners of the American soil who have not been conquered by the white race. What does the future hold for this sturdy remnant of a once powerful people? Just what it held for the Pequots, and other tribes that have gone on before?

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

PART II — MUSIC

CHAPTER II — MUSIC IN BALLADRY: THE LILT

THE Great Wind that blew up into England in the thirteenth century from Spain through France and Provence: the ghost or impulse of civilization passing away from Moorish Andalus and the Moslem world generally: brought in with it the seeds of poetry and poetry-music; or perhaps merely a quickening for seeds that were in the island already. It set Chaucer singing, as we have seen; and what he began, after ages have continued. Not that it ceased to blow in the thirteenth century; its presence was felt again in Elizabethan times, when the French Pleyade influenced English lyricism; and again, of course, in the days of the Classicists. But English lyricism certainly is not wholly derived from these sources. The Great Wind from the South met presently a little wind from the north and west: the ghost of dying Celtism: which also played its part in raising music on the national strings.

During the centuries — from the fifth to the thirteenth — in which the broad daylight of civilization had been in the Islamic and Altaic lands, or from Japan through Southern Asia and North Africa to the borders of Castile, and Europe had been in midnight darkness, a twilight, the remains of a forgotten day, had been lingering among the Celts. Here are a few dates that show a curious parallelism between the Celtic and Asiatic cycles. In 410 the Roman legions were withdrawn from Britain, and the Britons or Welsh became independent; in 420 South China began to recover from the long Tartar anarchy that followed the downfall of the First (Han) Empire, and the prelude to the ages of Chinese glory set in. In 1282 Welsh independence ceased with the Edwardian Conquest; in 1280 the Mongols completed their conquest of China — a blow from which she never recovered. Between whiles China had been in two or three separate cycles absolutely the van leader of all progress in the world; and Japan and Corea had produced their greatest art and triumphs of culture. Among the Moslems, Bagdad, Cairo and Cordova had seen their great ages: had been centers of civilization comparable to Paris or London in the nineteenth century. Persian poetry and Arabian science had grown to their high culminations; Islamiyyeh had, in effect, recreated civilization in the west. And meanwhile, Irish missionaries in the seventh and eighth centuries had been teaching benighted Europe all that it could assimilate out of the great stores of real culture that had survived in their native island; and the Welsh did for Saxon Alfred something of what the Irish did for Charlemain. Both Ireland and Wales had colleges, bards

and a tradition of learning; the bards remained, the rest was obliterated by centuries of war. Life was, or became, crude enough; still there was a culture fertile in romance: of the Red Branch and Fenian Cycles in Ireland; tales of Pwyll, of the Children of Don, and of Arthur, in Wales. This much at least may be said: that for the Celtic peoples, as for the Asiatics, those centuries were fruitful and the centuries since have been rather sterile. The difference in degree between the two fruitfulnesses is another matter. In the East it was a major or world-cycle; in the Celtic West, a local and minor affair altogether — yet still, life and waking, in comparison with the sleep that has been since.

It is very easy to trace the course of the Great Wind from the South. We do know that the Moors taught the Provençals poetry, the Provençals the French, and the French the English. We do know that Chaucer has every right to be called the Father of English Verse; and that he learned first from French, and then from Italian teachers. (Italy had been awakened from Moslem Sicily, as Provence from Moslem Spain.) With lyric music — our business now — Chaucer was not much concerned; but there were lyricists before him, and they tell the same tale. A little group of lyrics, of unknown authorship, come to us from the early fourteenth century; they are English in spirit, delighting in sunshine and birdsong and blossom; but they are mainly French, and have almost forgotten Anglo-Saxonism, in form and music. Some alliteration survives, as in this:

An hendy hap ichabbe yhent,
Ichot from heuene it is me sent;
From alle wymmen mi loue is lent,
And lyht on Alysoun.*

Some alliteration survives — the new England was not born in a day — but in general where we hear most music, French principles go most to the making of it — as in this, where all depends on the French caesura:

When the nyhtegalë singes the wodes waxen grene,
Lef and gras and blosme springes in Averyl I wene;
Ant love is to myn herte gon with one spere so kene,
Nyht and day my blod hit drynkes, myn herte deth to tene.

Two centuries later this Great Wind blew in again, and brought new seeds, from the Pleyade, to fructify among the Elizabethans: of which we shall hear presently.

The Little Wind from Celtism entered by more secret ways; you cannot follow its course with any too brutal definiteness. I think it may be followed, or at least indicated roughly, in the balladry of England and Scot-

*I have seized upon a piece of good fortune; I know it is sent to me from heaven; My love is turned away from all women to light on Alysoun.

land; at any rate a little excursion into this region will serve two useful purposes, even if one rejects the idea that certain musics came into English literature from Celtdom. It will give an opportunity to make clear the nature of the Lilt and the Intonation before one begins to follow their history in England. The other question is unimportant, if not uninteresting.

Balladry — except the kind that commemorates historic events — is, as said before, a thing in which dates do not much matter. The source it springs from is the soil, which feels but little the passing of time. Your true balladist, if you can come at him, is an unlettered fellow; indeed, most likely he is no fellow at all, but a whole unlettered countryside. Knowing nothing of written poetry, he borrows from no poets; on the contrary, to a great extent it is he who mines the ore the poets mint or fashion into goldsmithry. At bottom the soil is the source of all poetry — the soil and the Soul. Shakespeare writes of Romeo at Verona, or Hamlet at Elsinore, and there is still some radical unescapable Englishism in it; he has not gone far from Elizabethan London or Stratford really. Come down to the nurses, grave-diggers and the like, and English homespun is all the wear. Bottom and his comrades, supposed Athenians, are but yokels of the Midlands; Oberon and Titania belong much more to the Welsh border than to Attica. Bottom, ass-headed, breaks into song, and 'tis an English ballad; Shakespeare must get that touch in, to link him irretrievably with his native island soil. All the poets stand somewhere between the foreign influences you can read so easily in their work, and the native balladry, ubiquitous and as it were only half articulate, whose influence is not often so easy to trace as, say, in Shakespeare himself. Hence the fairness of looking for musical origins in the ballads, regardless of the date (were it discoverable) of their composition. They record the formative influences that had been at work since the nation began. Popular education and industrialism are the only forces that seriously disturb them; and both are too recent to make a difference. Now if the Chaucerian tale is the parent of all narrative and even dramatic poetry in English since — one parent, — I think that balladry may be fairly called one parent of lyricism.

It is on the Scottish border that Celtdom has most contacted the Englishry. No doubt there is a large Scandinavian racial element in the Lowlands; it is probably dominant in the east; and no doubt there is an Anglian element also; but one might hazard it that the west is mainly Celtic — Celt-iberian would be the more accurate term. Cymric, as well as Gaelic. Strath Clyde and Cumberland were both late conquests from the Welsh; and is not Scottish folk-music a kind of link between the folk-musics of Wales and Ireland? The connexions between Wales and this region are many: memories of Arthur survive in Scottish place names; memories of the North, of Arderydd and the Woods of Celyddon, survive

in early Welsh literature. In southern Scotland Gael and Cymro and Scandinavian mixed, with Anglian for their language; and Cumberland (Cymro-land of course, which gives you a clue to pronunciations) was long debateable ground between Scot and Southron. Incessant activities, mostly of a raiding and cattle-lifting sort, but with much wandering minstrelsy as well, kept the border an open road between Celtdom and England; whereas the Welsh border was kept closed by the barrier of language; and however much Celtdom might percolate into the English Ireland of the Pale, the Irish Channel kept its influences from crossing into England. Probably no trace of Welsh or Irish folk-poetry is to be found in the folk-poetry of England; whereas there are hundreds of ballads that have an English and a Scottish form. Mr. Cecil Sharp found numbers of famous Scotch songs in Somersetshire — and rashly concluded that the Scots derived them from the men of Wessex.

When two such forms occur, the Scottish is almost always — I think we might safely omit the 'almost'— the better. Scottish balladry is as much finer than English, as English Shakespeare is greater than Scottish Burns. The Northern balladist often presents dramatic situations, tragic, swift, sudden, terrible and intense; the Southern becomes uncomfortable the moment he is asked to be anything but easy-going and jolly. The Scottish ballad is not infrequently crowded with clear light and magical vision; the English, having let you know that it takes pleasure to be in the forest and hear the birds singing, is content. And lastly, the Scottish ballad fairly often – occasionally at any rate — gives you exquisite pieces of word-music; whereas the English ballad – well –

One may mention in passing that Celtic folk-poetry, in its native Gaelic, Erse or Welsh, is characteristically musical; very much so indeed. Thus its musicality is a thing the best Lowland folk-verse shares not with its linguistic (English), but with its racial (Celtic) kin; as it shares with the latter, too, —especially with the Gaelic of Ireland and the Highlands — the fairy qualities we sometimes find in its vision. Thomas the Rhymer beheld 'a ladie brisk and bold' —the Queen of Elfland —'come riding o'er the fernie brae':

Her skirt was of the grass-green silk,
Her mantle of the velvet fine;
At ilka tett of her horse's mane
Hung fifty silver bells and nine.

In a ballad called *Sheath and Knife*, we have this:

Ane king's dochter said to anither,
Brume blumes bonny and grows sae fair —
'We'll gae ride like sister and brither,
And we'll ne'er gae doon tae the brume nae mair.

'We'll ride doun into yonder valley,
Whare the greene green trees are budding sae gaily.
Wi' hawke and hounde we will hunt sae rarely,
And we'll come back in the morning early.'

And there is this, two or three times repeated, in the ballad of *Tam Lin:*

Janet has kilted her green kirtle
A little aboon her knee,
And she has snooded her yellow hair
A little aboon her bree,
And she's awa to Carterhaugh
As fast as she can hie.

— where, of course, she had been warned of the peril of going; and where she was to meet Tam Lin, held by the fairies, and presently to rescue him from their enchantments. These give an idea of the glamor and bright delicacy of color we find in some of these Scottish ballads. Then *The Queen of Elfan's Nourice*, the merest fragment of a ballad, opens with this:

I heard a coo low, a bonnie coo low,
And a coo low down in yonder glen.

It must not be understood that all Scottish balladry is like this; much of it is vile enough; but such loveliness is to be found occasionally, and is even not uncommon in the oldest pieces. These from which I have quoted are all soaked through with Celtic atmosphere of faerie; their music is that of the soul in elemental Nature; the human brain-mind enters not into their composition at all. One can find no formula to account for the subtle song in them; it has very little to do with scansion; much more with consonance and assonance; with a kind of subconscious magic in the relative lengths and qualities of the vowel sounds; as delicate a thing as the mysterious world they deal with. What has the lowing of a cow down in yonder glen to do with the Queens of Fairyland? Belike much; for among these Celtic peasants you could never tell what sight or sound from the natural world might come charged with intra-natural strange meanings, to awaken inner senses, and flood the common earth with unearthly beauty and music.

I heard a coo low, a bonnie coo low —

you need but read it naturally, over and over; seeking out the rhythm first, then giving the sweet long vowels their due singing tone: realizing that *coo* and *low* and the *bon-* of *bonnie* are all long or stressed syllables, but the first two in quite a different way from the third; — and you shall understand that here is something beyond the power of the human intellect to construct: that it is a breath blown out of magical worlds far more song-rich than our own; a sort of incantation, a real and definite piece of

sound-magic. The crooning wealth and softness of that spondee *coo low* three times repeated at the proper interval, and then the grave ripple of melody in *doun in yonder glen,* with its repetition of *n*'s; — this is something altogether outside of meter or scansion; and it is just this something that one means by the word 'music.'

In the *Sheath and Knife* verses we have a music a little different in kind. The melody is somewhat more marked, and the tone less so; there are subtle staccatos indicated; it ripples and minuets, but does not so hum and croon; it is more the singing flow of hidden falling runlets; less the far deep undertone of the cataract, or the steady moaning of wind among the pines. But it is magical too; only compare it with nine-tenths of the verse in the *Golden Treasury,* and you shall hear at once the vast difference. That the quality is Celtic is shown, I think, by the fact that you never get quite the same thing in English verse — that is, verse in the English language — except in the folk-poetry of Ireland, and in a few lyrics by modern Irish poets who have gone to it to learn. —And in True Thomas' verse we get a type of music still farther removed from that in *The Queen of Elfan's Nourice* — though not less perfect:

> At ilka tett of her horse's mane
> *Hung fifty silver bells and nine.*

— Here it is not an incantation; does not depend at all on the sweetness of long vowels. It is instead a lilt like a bird's song; like birdsong fashioned into tune. There is the assonance of short *i*'s in *fifty silver,* and the semi-alliteration of the *f*'s with the *v;* the consonance of *l*'s in *silver bells;* then the ending with a long diphthong *i* between the two liquid nasal *n*'s — the least cut-off letter in the alphabet, the one that most may be prolonged to the power of *n,* as I think they say in mathematics; — that most dies away vibrating.

We must remember that these ballads are not the work of any individual mind, but the collective composition of generations and countrysides. Minstrels did not make them; poetic peasants in their gatherings evolved them. As they were repeated and repeated, whatever ear was keenest to word-music would add or take away a little, or change a little; and those changes would tend to survive that were nearest to the mysterious music in Nature; because the people who made them lived near Nature and were familiar with the fairy worlds. The form of words that most reminded them of the whisperings, the wisps of tune, they were wont to hear or half-hear in the winds and waters, in the reeds and pine-tops, would come to be the most orthodox, and survive. Among us that are so woefully civilized, who cold-store our poetry in books, an oft-quoted line generally suffers deterioration on the public lips; we quote it slightly wrongly, and

the changes made spoil the music a little; but where you have peasants living close to the soil and the sky, loving Nature and her beauty and poetry, and having no books to write or read it in — the process is reversed. There is no original form, orthodox and invariable: the best form, whenever it appears, becomes orthodox as soon as the countryside shall have passed on it. The bells become fifty and nine, and not forty or seventy and nine, because correspondences of sound make that number sweeter to say and easier to remember; or better, because a more potent piece of magic is attained so. *Vox populi* is *vox deorum* in such cases, in a very literal sense. Let there be no inflamement of national passions and ambitions — which do not readily strike root in a peasantry; and let the brain-mind be unroused to too great rampancy by unnatural conditions and 'what is sometimes miscalled education'; and the Racial Soul (which is largely what is meant by the term 'Gods') does sift down and make itself heard and known through the intuitions of simple people, and needs not to wait for an individual voice specialized or sensitive enough to be poet and express it.

Meanwhile, however, we have come on two distinct types of lyrical music: one that, without any strain or stress of imagination you may say calls on you to whistle a kind of natural tune to it:

We'll' gae ride' like sis'-ter and brith'-er,
And we'll ne'er' gae doon' tae the brume' nae màir;

or —

Hung fif'- ty sil'- ver bells' and nìne;

—and another to which no whistling in the world could give adequate accompaniment; but if you have any ear for word-music, you find yourself crooning and crooning it over —

I heard a còo lòw, and a bonnie còo lòw—

and as you croon, mystery and tone enter to comfort your soul. The former type we may call the *Lilt;* the latter, the *Intonation.* It is with the Lilt we shall concern ourselves now.

You will find very little that is excellent in it in English balladry; — none at all, I suspect, of the Intonation. Generally speaking, the metrification is rudimentary and the music nil. An occasional refrain with the root of the matter in it, is there to tell us that the great forces were at work, and a tough struggle going forward to hammer the rude stuff of the language into rhythm and melody. Such a line is the familiar

Under the greenwood tree

of the Robin Hood cycle; it is good lilt, but nothing wonderful. From the north, and near the Scottish border, comes the best line I have found:

It was a knight in Scotland borne,
Follow, my love, come over the strand!
Was taken prisoner, and left forlorne,
Even by the good Earle of Northumberland.

There is good meter and some music in the first and third lines; vile meter, but not bad music, once you have altered the stresses to suit, in the fourth; and in the second, the refrain line, perfect meter, and music that is even wonderful. Such a refrain, with the right magic in it, once happily discovered, would become part of the stock in trade of the ballad-singers, and used on a thousand occasions in a thousand different ballads. It would aptly fit the subject matter of a whole type of them: the type that tells of an English lady lured by her Scottish lover over the strand of Solway or Tweed into Scotland; so that there would be a constant need for it, and by long use it would become tongue-worn into perfect smoothness and music. This ballad was first published in 1597, in the heyday of Shakespeare's second period; when he was writing the first part of *Henry IV*, and three and four years before he wrote *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night* respectively; two years before *Much Ado.** It may have been very old then, and we may depend on it that the refrain line was. But seeing how very poor, on the whole, the ballad lilt was in England before his day, we are the more to wonder at Shakespeare's genius, who could strew his works with so many songs that have all the air of being folk-songs, and that yet, unlike English folk-songs as a rule, contain so often lines of perfect lilt.

The lilt is essentially the first and most apparent mode of music in poetry; it is the first thing that all balladists and lyricists aim at; — it is also the mode in which, perhaps, least perfection has been attained in English. Celtic folk-poetry is wonderfully rich in it; so, too, is old French verse. I seem to sense a French heredity in such songs of the first period as 'Philomel with melody'†, in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and 'Who is Sylvia? what is she?' in the *Two Gentlemen;* and this other strain, from the northern balladists, in the songs of the second period and after, perhaps beginning with 'Sigh no more, ladies,' in *Much Ado About Nothing.* I think, if one studies them, one hears a charm of refinement in the first, a charm of simplicity, of folk-song, in the second. French verse is one generation nearer the ancestral Moorish culture; and therefore one generation more refined, farther from the winds and the waters, less diluted

*According to Dr. Furnivall's computation of the dates and order of the plays.

†To get the perfect music that is in that line, one must take away syllabic accent; then one hears fully the effect of the reversed repetition of *-lomel* in *melo-*: an effect of conscious and polished art, quite unlike the folksong effects he gets in the second period by the repetition of meaningless refrains, and in the last period by — one can only say — oneness with elemental Nature, as we shall see when we come to Autolycus' song from *A Winter's Tale.*

with other heredities. French, with its total absence of syllabic accent comes by nature more trippingly from the tongue than does the uneven English, in which stress and accent will have their way, and are not to be ignored. When the use of these is mastered, however, they give an additional music-value of their own.

Spenser when he lilts — and his best music is pure lilting — I should call a product of this French heredity. For the sake of a few pieces he is to rank among the very great musicians: with some music quite his own, and sometimes unlike anything else in the language. I do not speak of the Spenserian stanza of the *Faery Queen* — which is a Chaucerian stanza improved, and obviously of a music borne in on the Great Wind; — there is sweeter singing to be had from him. Beside the wonder of the rhyme-scheme in the *Prothalamion*, there is a ripple and flowing movement in the lines that makes them no march, but a tune; but it is a regulated ripple, calm and (in the old and better sense) *artificial;* most fitting to his silver-streaming Thames and the water-gliding of his swans, and with nothing in it of the mountain brook or wild birdsong.

> With that I saw two swans of goodly hue
> Come softly swimming down along the Lea;
> Two fairer birds I yet did never see;
> The snow which doth the top of Pindus strew,
> Nor Jove himself, when he a swan would be
> For love of Leda, whiter did appear;
> Yet Leda was (they say) as white as he,
> Yet not so white as these, nor nothing near;
> So purely white they were,
> That even the gentle stream, the which them bare,
> Seemed foul to them, and bade his billows spare
> To wet their silken feathers, lest they might
> Soil their fair plumes with water not so fair,
> And mar their beauties bright,
> That shone as heaven's light,
> Against their bridal day, which was not long:
> Sweet Thames! run softly till I end my song.

His later work has in it much music like this; though here the short lines make perfection doubly perfect, and perhaps constitute this, with the *Epithalamion* — both from the wonderful fifteen-nineties — his supreme triumphs. Swinburne, who comes nearest to following him, was cast in too different a mold; and where he multiplies rhymes in the Spenserian manner, flows torrentwise, or marches majestically, and has not this smooth equitable rippling ease, so French, so balanced, so goldsmithed into exquisite gracefulness. Distinctly, here was blossom from seed blown in on the second gust of the Great Wind; and if it has never bloomed quite so lovelily again, it has not been without its influence.

Still more unusual is the music of that song of Hobbinoll's from the *Shepherd's Calendar*, of which a verse was quoted in a previous chapter. The wonder of it is, that it is really a Greek or Latin music adopted successfully in English; as if the materialization of some astral echo lingering from the days of the Roman Province, when the elegants of Bath or York or London read Horace in his and their own native tongue. One hears a reminiscence of the Sapphic lilt in it —

Pindarum quisquis studet aemulari —

though it is not Sapphic, and there is not in its whole scheme a single Sapphic line —

Pan may be proud that ever he be- got
Such a belli- bone;
And Syrinx re- joice that ever 'twas her lot
To bear such a one.
Soon as my younglings crien for the dam,
To her will I offer a milk-white lamb;
She is my goddess plain,
And I her shepherd's swain,
Albe forswonck and forswat I am.

Sapphics a-many have been written since, consciously, with the Horatian model in view; but never I think without a definitely exotic and unnatural sound to them; never do they give one the distinct sense of music one hears in this, despite its somewhat uncouthness.

But to return to the Little Wind, which in lyricism has been the greater.

Shakespeare was among the first to use the ballad lilt greatly in English; and he used it divinely when he would. His songs so often have their own natural tune innate in them; the composer does best with them, who does least in the way of tune-making. You need no written notes, to espy tune galore in that delicious nonsense of Autolycus':

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh the doxy over the dale!
Why then comes in the sweet of the year,
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet blanching on the hedge,
With heigh the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge,
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark that tirra lirra chants,
With heigh and heigh, the thrush and the jay!
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
As we lie tumbling in the hay.

Your true lilt is, in its essence and perfection, elemental and altogether removed from the things of intellect: as impersonal as birdsong or water-ripple. So, often, it will break into the happy unintelligibility of a refrain, and attain its top notes of magic there; as in the second lines of each of these verses, which might be taken as the standard of this type in English; or as in —

Converting all your sounds of woe
Into heigh nonny, nonny!

Autolycus, with all his pugging tooth, is a natural object, a piquant feature in the landscape, like his daffodils beginning to peer and his lark that tirra lirra chants. He is as little concerned with mere sense as these might be; the good winds blow upon him, and the good sun shines, and he responds with an excellent merry song, roguish-thievish withal, as the flowers do with scent and color and the birds with their singing. Perhaps you will call it doggerel, but it is nothing of the kind; on the contrary, it is one of Shakespeare's poetic triumphs — a triumph of the Puck, not of the Hermes side of him. For not only has it that birdie liltishness to commend it: that delightful music of stresses, half heard assonances and consonances — a mere matter of sound, says someone; forgetting that this of sound is fundamental magic, and one-third of the whole matter of poetry — but think what feeling it carries with it, what pictures it calls up. It brings you all the spaciousness and sweet smell of the out-of-doors: the sun and the winds of early summer; the merriment of song-strewn skies over Greekish-English hills and dales, and the rural life of Elizabethan England. For your Bohemia and your Sicilia are both in England: but in an England Greekish, merrie and magical, Elizabethan. Go where he will, the Master is forever still

Warbling his native woodnotes wild.

I doubt if anyone else was to warble the like of them until Chatterton. Lilting was the only thing in music that Milton could not do; as one may find by comparing Autolycus' song with any of the lyrics from *Arcades* or *Comus*.

Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy cool transparent wave;

— it was meant for Harry Lawes to provide with music; it was not twin-born and twin-souled with a music of its own, like the fifty silver bells and nine. Much nearer to lilting came Suckling and Herrick, though they lacked something of the great simplicity that might come quite at it; and Lovelace — but he was too Cavalier and martial. As for the men of the

Restoration and after, they were all aeons away from it. You cannot reach this note by mental strivings; you may as little produce it by taking thought, as add a cubit that way to your stature. But before the dark age had passed, Chatterton came upon it splendidly in the minstrel's song from his *Aella;* thus: —

Black his hair as the winter night,
White his throat as the summer snow,
Red his cheek as the morning light;
Cold he lies in the grave below.

The perfection of this is worth analysis, or an attempt at it. Of the sixteen stressed syllables, twelve — no less — also contain long vowels; and six, long vowels followed by liquids or nothing, and so prolongable, not cut off. Then there is that run of staccato *t*'s and *k*'s after the stressed syllables in the first three lines; each line having three staccato and one prolonged note; — while the fourth line, the fall of the wave, is all splendid vowels unconfined, a perfect flow. No letter in the verse but serves the delicate purposes of music. One may contrast the gathering up of the sound in

Black′ his hair` as the winter night′,
White′ his throat′ as the summer snow`,
Red′ his cheek′ as the morn`- ing light′;

—with its prevailing sharp consonance of *t*'s relieved only by grave sounds in *hair, morn,* and the second half of the second line — with the continuous grave flowing away of the tone in

Cold` he lies` in the grave` below`;

— and hear that it all makes a kind of melodious pattern, a basic form in sound: something you feel not to be artificial, but in the scheme of things: part of the universal plan, like a fern-frond or a daisy, or the rise and fall of a wave. Though we may analyse them thus, such things were never built up by analysis: it is not in the mind of man to erect them brick by brick. Poe goes about to show how the brain-mind makes what he imagines to be word-music, and tells us how his much-recited *Raven* was composed. They do things that way in Brummagem, where poetry is not made, but "excellent substitutes." For it is all mechanics, and not music in the least; and 'tis a good test for your ear and discernment, whether you hear the falsity of the music in *The Raven.*

Even the third poetic cycle has not greatly enriched us in pure lilt. In Burns and Wordsworth and Byron there is probably a good deal that comes near excellence in it; that would not be easy, at first sight, to distinguish from that. This is especially true of Burns; who probably often only misses supreme perfection — and this may seem paradoxical — be-

cause he wrote so much for music. The song that is meant to be sung to a tune already existing falls short, as a rule, of containing perfect word-tune within itself. That which should have been innate is left to be supplied by the music: the note-tune that is an elder brother, and but a poor make-shift for a word-tune born with the words. — Celtic folk-songs indeed, in Gaelic or in Welsh, very generally sing themselves to a notation woven into their own consonants and vowels; in such a way that one wonders if the note-tune is not a mere growth out of the word-tune; although indeed, as against that, one remembers that Ceiriog, the nineteenth-century station-master who wrote as many songs to Welsh airs as Burns did to Scottish, wrote more pure lilt into them than is to be found in all English literature. But then, consonance and assonance are age-old habits in the Welsh; he had a tremendous tradition behind him. And Scottish folk-songs are always near it; and 'tis from a Scottish peasant poet — the Shepherd of Ettrick — that we get one of the most delicious examples of it to be found anywhere:

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Pour out thy matins o'er mountain and lea!

— That is the very soul of the lilt; whose music is to be blithesome and cumberless before all things.

Much farther from it than Burns was Moore. In all his facile, flowing verses, that sing so excellently (I am sure) to the Irish melodies for which he wrote them, you shall not probably find one line of true music: to which shallowness, polish and facility are deadly foes. Moore and Byron, and Browning too, with a difference, were content to explore personality; wherein music is not to be found. Then Wordsworth was something too meditative for the lilt, to be really great at it. The soul of it is in his *Daffodils* (for example), but not quite the form I think. At his best he generally marches, sometimes intones; and the same may be said of Tennyson. If Wordsworth had only forbidden himself to talk in his verse, one feels that presently he would have begun to sing, and might have done wonders lilting. For there is so often the lightness and delicacy of vision that goes with it. And lilt music must be quite light and bodiless, remember; directly the sound begins to burn and glow, you have the Intonation. One would have said that Swinburne was born to be chief exponent of it; but when he was great and memorable, he sang with a passion in his soul: songs for a worshiped Italy; songs for the Human Spirit to be unshackled in human life — in which strain one does not arrive at lilting; nor can you get it while flirting with the flesh and the devil, which he affected to do or pretended to do in his verse at other times. Yet it is he that has given

us the greatest lilt-verse we have, in this familiar one from *Atalanta in Calydon:*

When the hounds of Spring are on Winter's traces,
The mother of months on meadow and plain,
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain.
And the brown, bright nightingale amorous
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
The tongueless vigil and all the pain.

— Here lilting is lifted right above the level of folk-song, and converted into high classicism and literary art, without losing anything. It is pure lilt: it owes everything to consonance and accent; the length of the stressed syllables varies, predominantly, not according to the tone or value of their vowels, but according to the consonantal retardation that closes them; – – thus the first syllables of *tongueless and vigil* are both stressed, but how they differ in quantity! No laws of meter, rhythm or scansion can account for this perfection — this sylphlike, light, electric joy.

One more lilt from the Victorian Age must not go unquoted; this by George Macdonald:

Little Boy Blue got lost in the wood,
Sing apples and cherries, roses and honey!
He said, I wouldn't be found if I could,
It's all so jolly and funny.

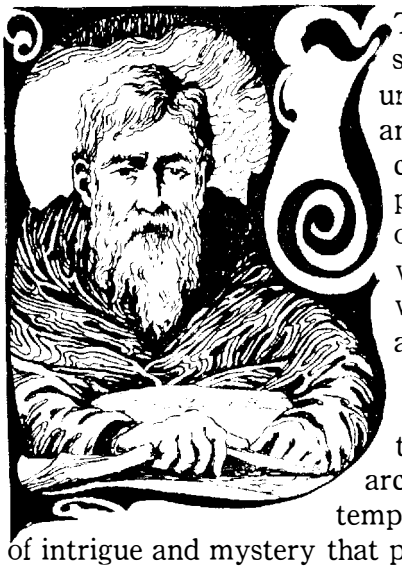
Sing apples and cherries, roses and honey! —There; that is the Lilt itself: an elemental breath, a ripple of fairyland, a sound of elfin fiddling running through human words; and —

It's all so jolly and funny!

WHY should you inquire if my hunger has been appeased? Hunger and thirst are functions of the body: ask the condition of the mind, then, for man is not affected by the functions nor by the faculties. For your other three questions: Where I dwell? Whither I go? Whence I come? — hear this reply. Man, who is the soul, goes everywhere, and penetrates everywhere, like the ether; and is it rational to inquire where it is, or whence or whither thou goest? I am neither coming nor going, nor is my dwelling in any one place; nor art thou, thou; nor are others, others; nor am I, I. — *Vishnu-Purâna.*

TRIED IN THE BALANCE: by R. Machell

CHAPTER III



IT would have been hard to guess at Monsieur Martel's nationality, for he was a natural linguist and spoke foreign languages with an unusual facility. His conversation was fascinating to a man of Martin Delaney's temperament, and the two became friends at once. The girl left the men together, and went to her room. Martin sat and listened with an attention he had never bestowed on any other man's talk; and Martel enjoyed the subtle flattery of the young man's admiration. He talked of Egypt and the mysteries, of Cleopatra and the Egyptian hierarchy. He seemed to know the inner life of the temples, and to be familiar with the atmosphere of intrigue and mystery that pervaded the life of the court at Alexandria, as well as with the mysticism of the priests, and the deep religious reverence, that lay back of all the corruption and deceit with which the ancient faith was overgrown, and which had almost obscured the spirituality of the antique traditions, that were once the glory of the temples and the inspiration of the initiate priests. He was an idealist and an enthusiast, and Martin marveled that such a man should have made so small a mark in the world. But the young painter had yet to learn that the making of a mark in the world's record requires for its accomplishment qualities, that to the 'artistic temperament' appear as somewhat vulgar and unattractive, such as industry, concentration and self-sacrifice. The biggest mark is not often made by the man who sees the farthest. The older man no longer even dreamed of making a mark in the world; he was content to read, and to enjoy the fruits of other men's discoveries.

Books were his friends, and, like some other friends, they kept him generally short of cash. Rare books excite a craving in such men that is as irresistible as a gambler's mania. To gratify this passion he was content to sink his art in mere commercial productivity of illustrations worthy of the literature they were intended to adorn. To find a listener like this young painter was a treat not to be despised, and he did justice to the occasion until his daughter came to put an end to the long talk, reminding him that he was still under her orders as nurse. Her authority was not questioned, but the visitor was made to promise another call on the following day before he was allowed to leave. The promise was duly redeemed, and most willingly; for Martin's imagination was rekindled with the fire of the ancient mysteries. Egypt had always excited his curiosity, and he

had read almost all the best works on the subject, without being able to feel that any of the authors had really touched the keynote of that wonderful civilization, which had been in its prime before the date accorded by Christian theologians to the creation of the world. Then came his dream and his determination to paint what he had seen. This work had opened his mind in a remarkable manner; for it had forced him to identify himself with the life of the time; and as he tried to do so he came to feel that the actors in that drama were human beings, not simply historical figures; that the court of Alexandria was but a fiction in comparison with the real life of the Temples and the hierarchy, who controlled and ordered the social and domestic life of one of the greatest nations of antiquity. Then too, the figure of the Queen assumed a significance that has been recognised by few if any of the modern chroniclers. He saw her as the head of the religious hierarchy, and not in name alone. He saw her working and scheming for the protection of the civilization which alone retained the secrets of the ancient wisdom; and for the independence of the land that for thousands of years had been the shrine of human science, philosophy and art, and which still held the ancient ritual and the antique mysteries, whose custody was the sole justification of the existence of the sacerdotal hierarchy. Martel had made himself the champion of the Queen, and fully intended ere he died to write a work that should completely vindicate her name and set her reputation on that pillar in the hall of Fame, to which her noble life entitled her. But the book was still as far off as it was when first conceived in his imagination. Perhaps the time was not yet ripe for such a work. Certainly he found few to sympathize with his ideas; and so the visit of this young enthusiast was an event that made him impatient to be back again where he believed he could at last begin the writing of the book. Delaney's picture should be the frontispiece, etched specially by one of his friends.

His daughter had not seen him so energetic for years; she thought that the illness must have cleared off more than the effects of the chill. His mind seemed so alert. He talked of going back to Paris in a few days. But the book was never written, and his next journey was to an unknown destination; for no sooner had Martin returned to superintend the sending of his picture to the Salon than the fine weather broke, the patient took another chill, and slipped away one morning as the day dawned; and in a week there was a new grave in the cemetery, and Clara Martel found herself alone with a memory, and a dull sense of intense loneliness.

Martin Delaney would have gone down for the funeral had he been in Paris, but he had gone to England almost as soon as his picture was off his hands. One of his sisters was to be married, and his father had written to invite Martin for the occasion, and had enclosed a check to cover his

expenses liberally. So he had gone before the news came from Grez.

Passing through London, he called in at the Art Gallery over which Frank Chalmers presided and was most cordially received. The picture had satisfied the customer, and Chalmers was anxious to repeat the experiment. He flattered the artist so delicately that it was impossible to resist the appeal, and Martin promised another work of the same order, to be painted on his return to Paris.

When he did return a few weeks later, he felt as if he had been away for years. The atmosphere of his father's house and the family associations had taken hold of him again, and for a time had simply obliterated all trace of that other life, which had been his, but which seemed like a dream when looked at from the luxurious old home, in which his childhood had been spent, yet which he had been quite satisfied to leave without the smallest pang, and which had never caused him a moment's homesickness during the years that he had spent in Paris.

His concierge had exercised her own discretion as to his correspondence, and had not forwarded the letter announcing the death of Monsieur Martel. So that his return was marked by a shock that suddenly recalled him to the actualities of life. Death was an unfamiliar incident in his experience, and it bewildered him. He went up the interminable staircase dazed with the sudden realization of life's instability. Once in the studio he was at home, in spite of the contrast it presented with the home of his childhood. This, after all, was his true home. And here he could find his bearings. He sat down with the letter in his hand and read it again.

Another envelope caught his eye, stamped with an official seal. It was his notification that his picture was accepted and that the day for inspection and varnishing was the following Monday. A bill from his frame-maker and some trade circulars were all the rest of his small correspondence.

His thoughts went naturally to Grez and to the cemetery. And then he wondered about the girl; had she come back to her father's rooms? He must find out. She would be alone, and might need help. He rose to go and ask the concierge if she had returned, then hesitated. Had he the right to force himself upon her in her trouble? Conventional propriety seemed to be reasserting a forgotten claim and thrust itself busily in between him and his obvious duty. Then he reflected that this girl had come to help him in his need without a thought of how he might misinterpret her generous impulse; and the reflexion made him ashamed.

Madame Joubel was full of lamentations when she heard the name of Martel uttered. "Ah! the poor gentleman. What a misfortune! And the poor young lady, the poor child; to be left alone in the world. But the Bon Dieu would protect her. She was young, but she had courage; and she knew how to manage. She was prudent. Oh yes! She was not

like some. No; the young women of today were not all that could be desired. Alas! and to die like that, as you might say in a strange land. Yes! Mademoiselle had come home soon after the funeral, and Madame Talbot had been with her constantly."

So she rambled on with reflexions on the uncertainties of life, the capricious favors of the Bon Dieu, and the peculiarities of the lodgers, which, taken together with the hardness of the times generally, made life an affliction to the virtuous.

Being in doubt if he was included in this category, Delaney was careful to do nothing that might compromise the young girl or give occasion for gossip; so he expressed his sympathy, and passed on out, as if the matter really did not particularly interest him. He went to see his friend Talbot, a literary man of some ability, an Englishman who had married a French woman, a widow with some house property, which enabled her to supplement the uncertainty of her husband's income, and to maintain him in the simple affluence that suited his dilettante temperament. Talbot was not at home, and Madame regretted that she was unable to ask Delaney to come in, as she was cleaning house, and there was nowhere for a visitor to sit down. She also poured forth her lamentation on the death of the good Monsieur Martel and the sad fate of his daughter, so loving and devoted. Ah! yes, but she was intelligent and could manage her affairs. She was not a child.

Martin escaped from the stream of regrets and lamentations, and returned to the house. Passing the concierge's loge as if going up to the studio, he went on and up the next staircase to the door of Monsieur Martel's flat; rang the bell, and waited uncomfortably, afraid of being observed, and fully aware of the interpretation that the neighbors would probably put upon his visit if he were recognised. The door opened and the big brown eyes greeted him with a smile that went to his heart. She asked him to come in, and thanked him for coming. The Talbots had told her of his visit to England. He hastened to explain that he had but just returned, and had found her letter waiting for him.

"If I had been here I would have gone down to Grez at once."

"Thank you," she said. "You would have been most welcome, though they were all as kind as could be, and" . . . well . . . it was over now and she was trying to put things in order. She explained that the publishers for whom her father had done so much work had offered to help her in disposing of the books and furniture, if she decided to part with them, and to send a man to catalog them. She was going through his papers and burning letters and so on.

Martin offered his assistance, though doubtfully, feeling himself rather helpless in such matters; and she thanked him with a smile that

seemed to express a perfect understanding of the value of his offer, but which yet did not wound his vanity.

"And the Cleopatra?" she asked. "Have you heard yet?"

Martin produced the notice and was congratulated.

"I had hoped you would have been able to come to the varnishing. But perhaps you will go later."

"Oh yes," she said a little sadly. "How he would have enjoyed it. We always went together. And to think that he never saw your Cleopatra. But I am glad you told him about it, he was so happy to find someone who could appreciate her; you don't know how he enjoyed talking to you about Egypt. He said he would start his book as soon as he got back. Well, it was not to be. Someone else must do it now. I wonder how it will be done."

Her eyes darkened, and she seemed to withdraw into herself as she spoke. She turned to the bookcase and took down a pamphlet, saying:

"He mentioned this after you left, and said you ought to read it. Will you take it? and if it interests you please keep it in remembrance of him; it is about her, by a man who is not well known."

Martin thanked her and begged her to let him know if he could be of any service to her in any way at any time, and so he took his *congé*, and the girl returned to her work feeling a little less lonely than before.

At his studio door he found a comrade of old standing, who had knocked several times, more as a protest against the closed door than with any hope of getting an answer. He was so effusively anxious to hear about the fate of Cleopatra that Martin knew he was dying to display his own invitation to attend the 'Vernissage.' So Martin inquired as to his luck in what they pretended to regard as a lottery (when they were unsuccessful). This year they both agreed that the exhibition was likely to be more interesting than usual. Neither of them alluded to the exhibition as a lottery, and Martin being in funds, invited his visitor to go out and dine with him at the familiar restaurant, which was a recognised rendezvous for all the artists in the neighborhood.

By the time he left the company the memory of his recent trip to England was as a dream of other days. Paris, the Paris of the art student, possessed him once again, and the conventions of society slumbered in the recesses of his inner consciousness, where such things take shelter, and lie hid waiting their opportunity to assert their rights and make their authority respected if only for a little while. They know that Time is like a wheel that turns even though no progress be recorded. Still the wheel goes round, and opportunities return for those that know how to wait. Old customs and old habits do know how to wait their opportunity, and can lie dormant for an astonishing period without much loss of energy.

The pamphlet proved to be a Theosophical publication, and contained two articles, one of which dealt with Cleopatra and the Egyptian religion in her day, and the other treated of Reincarnation, a doctrine which interested him, although his knowledge on the subject was very sketchy. He sat up late reading and dreaming, and wondering how his picture looked, how it was hung, and how it would be received. He was prepared to be criticized severely for his unorthodox treatment of the subject, but he felt that the picture was worthy of considerable praise as a mere decorative effect. The studio seemed empty now it was gone. It had been the focus of all his dreams and hopes and struggles for so long that its absence seemed to leave a vacancy, which called to him to fill it quickly with another creature of his imagination. The refrain of a popular ditty sprang into his mind and shocked him with its appropriateness. 'Empty is the cradle, Baby's gone.' It seemed to be suggested by some ribald elemental without a sense of reverence for art. He went to bed and dreamed of triumph at the Exhibition, where he saw himself the center of an admiring throng, and his picture decorated with the gold card that signified 'Gold Medal.' Then Clara Martel appeared and sang 'Empty is the cradle, Baby's gone,' and the crowd answered, 'Baby's gone.' He woke to find the moon shining on the blank space where the picture used to stand, and he felt as if someone were mocking him, which made him uncomfortable; for he took himself very much *au sérieux*, and could not bear to think his art might under any circumstances seem ridiculous.

He went to the Exhibition early, not because he was at all nervous, nor in any doubt as to the success of his great work, but simply (so he assured himself) because he wanted to get his picture varnished before all the ladders were monopolized. But already there was a large crowd individually filled with the same sense of complete assurance as to the effect their works were about to produce upon the crowd of exhibitors and their friends. The friends were of course even more confident than the painters.

It was rather pathetic to watch the gradual disenchantment of the throng as they scattered, each in search of his own canvas, and each becoming gradually more and more oppressed by the appalling number of imposing works they found displayed. And then the final blow, when at last the treasure was discovered, looking like a caricature of the masterpiece that had called forth the praise of friendly visitors to the studio. There it hung packed tight in a crowd of other 'masterpieces,' seeming to have shrunk to half its size, and to have lost all its vigorous beauty and significance.

Sometimes the painter passed it by, thinking that some one else had hit upon the same subject and had made an inferior imitation of his work.

Only a very few were satisfied, and they were mostly men who had tasted the bitterness of disillusion on some former occasion and who were prepared.

Martin had never yet exhibited a canvas of any pretensions, and had not hitherto been disappointed in his modest expectations, rather the contrary, in fact. His work lost nothing in an exhibition generally. But 'Cleopatra' was a great work, and by it he felt that he must stand or fall. This was a mere phrase to him; he had no thought of falling. He had some doubt indeed as to the measure of success his work would meet with, he was ready for condemnation by the critics, and for jealousy among his confrères; unconsciously he had prepared himself to find a crowd gathered about his picture discussing its merits or demerits, and he had even speculated on the probability of its occupying the center of a wall in one of the large galleries. But it was not to be seen in the swift glance with which he swept the walls of the first hall, before passing on.

The crowd streamed into the great gallery, and soon began to gather in front of some notable canvas, which seemed destined to create a stir, and which they wished to be the first to recognise. Martin did not hurry, he greeted his friends, stayed to praise their work, and to criticise and occasionally even to condemn others, all the time eagerly glancing into the next gallery to see if his picture were the center of attraction there, but it was not visible.

At length he found it, shrunk to half its size, shorn of its glory, hung in the corner of a gallery, in which it had certainly nothing to fear from rivalry, for this was without doubt one of those rooms in which the hanging committee had displayed all the 'doubtfuls,' that were not worthy of a prominent position, and did not happen to fit any empty space. The room was almost empty; people looked in, and said, "We will look at that as we come back," and passed on out of a side doorway into a larger room beyond. There was no crowd.

Martin felt sick and faint. He sauntered across the room not daring to look at his canvas till he was right opposite to it; then he set down his color-box and faced his work.

Gradually it seemed to recover its right proportion, and to some extent at least regained its brilliancy, but only in part. He braced himself against the first feeling of despair, and, as he went over it in detail, and grew accustomed to seeing it in this uncongenial society, he began to feel that it was not a failure in itself; in fact, the disappointment he had experienced was evidently due to the hanging. This is the second stage, familiar to the aged and experienced exhibitor; and one from which too many never emerge, remaining all their lives in their own imaginations, the injured victims of incompetent or biased hanging committees.

Into this mood Martin Delaney plunged headlong, and reveled in the martyr's ecstasy. He felt himself unappreciated: a condition that implied injured isolation on an exalted pinnacle of extreme merit above the level of the multitude. He tasted the bitter joy of feeling himself misunderstood, and found the flavor of the draught delicate and alluring. He stood there drinking from the cup of consolation the poisonous drug that vanity pours out for the intoxication of the soul.

Then pride returned and gave him confidence, he was no longer ashamed of his picture. He drew up a stepladder and proceeded to clean off the dust; then he varnished the great work, still without having to listen to the flow of adverse criticism for which he had prepared himself. No one seemed to notice him. At last he packed up his things, and started for a tour of inspection of the galleries, in a mood something less than tolerant towards the judgment displayed by the hangers in the arrangement of works submitted to their discretion. He found so many to sympathize with him that it became at last irritating, and he decided to cut it short by going home.

Usually he made a day of it with a group of fellow-students, and prolonged the endless discussions and criticisms of the year's work far into the night. But this year he was inclined to avoid his friends, and even refused to turn back when he met Talbot coming up the stairs as he went down. In reply to his friend's inquiry as to how they had treated him, he answered with one word: "Shelved," and a shrug of the shoulders that fully explained the situation.

Talbot looked after him as he went out and thought to himself, "Well, he must have his lesson, like the rest. I wonder how he will stand it. Poor boy."

The poor boy was not taking his lesson well. He was raging internally in spite of his affectation of indifference. He was hurt badly, and thought his career was ruined. The path of triumph he had mapped out, had led him to disgrace and ridicule: for that was what it meant to have a work like his shelved ignominiously. Those of his comrades who were jealous of his talent would be enjoying the insult that the committee had put upon him. He did not accuse the hangers seriously of jealousy, but merely of incompetence. They were all crystallized in their own way of seeing things, and could not be expected to do justice to a new treatment of a theme that had become a classic of the academic type.

The *Figaro*, which had the best written criticism of the day, and also the most exhaustive, merely mentioned his work among a number of "ambitious efforts to attract attention." And the other papers mostly ignored it altogether. None of them criticised the daring conception or seemed to be aware that it was in any way unusual. That was the climax.

There was no time to clear things up, and so he made no attempt to hide the display of clothing that lay around. The sight of her was as refreshing as a first summer day after a cold wet springtime, and his anticipated feeling of humiliation found no excuse to spoil the pleasure of her presence in the studio.

"Packing?" she asked. "I'm glad I came before you left. I wanted to tell you how Monsieur Talbot spoke of your picture. You know how moderate he is: he never says more than he means, and what he said was very interesting."

Martin had stiffened when his picture was mentioned, but now he thawed a little, and apologized for keeping her standing, found her a seat and waited for the verdict of the friendly critic, whose opinion he knew was not to be despised.

"Of course he was sorry it was not better hung; but that was not what he spoke about. He said that there was more real promise in that picture than in the whole Exhibition."

"Did he say that?" asked Martin, and was about to add something sardonic as to promise and performance, but checked himself.

"Yes, he said that and evidently meant it. I thought I must come and tell you. You have a great future before you, and I am proud to have had a little share in your first great work."

She rose to go, but Martin begged her not to hurry. He felt as if indeed the summer had come and life were all a holiday, such stimulous there was for him in her assurance of his success. Her words were like a prophecy. Again she raised him from the depths and set him on the path. There was a power about her that gave him confidence. She could transform the world with a few words. She made him feel as if he were a being of another order, a power, before which all obstacles must melt away.

"Who are you?" He broke out. "You are not like any one I ever met before. I was in despair a moment ago, and now I feel reborn. You are a great magician. I thought you were the Queen herself when first I saw you, and now I think you are a mystery. I feel so different: not because you say nice things about my work, but . . . I don't know just what it is. I feel as if you knew, and when you say I have a great future I know that it is true that I have a mission: and I will fulfil it."

She laughed quietly but happily, and said:

"Yes! you must fulfil your destiny."

Suddenly becoming serious again she added in a low voice almost to herself. "And I mine."

There was a moment of silence, and she rose slowly, almost regretfully, looked round the room, and offered him her hand, saying, "Good-bye."

He wanted to get out of Paris, to avoid the men he knew, and thought of going to the seaside. The picture he had promised to paint for Chalmers could be painted anywhere: there was no need to stay in town.

He dreaded meeting Clara Martel most of all. He knew that she would hear all about his failure, and would pity him. That was bad enough; but if he met her, she might condole with him, and that would be intolerable. She could not be snubbed or treated as an offending comrade might be. She had a right to feel the disappointment too, for he had involved her in this ignominious and pitiful fiasco. Since the critics would not condemn him, he felt he must do that office for himself, and he did it marvelously well; he fairly wallowed in self-inflicted humiliation. He wrote a letter of apology for the poor use he had made of the help that she had given him. He confessed himself a failure, and said that evidently art was not his career; he must devote himself to portraiture, and mere commercial work; but when he got as far as that, he thought of her father, and tore up what he had written. But the writing had relieved him, and the thought that he was near doing an unkindness to a woman who had tried to help him brought him to a healthier frame of mind. He wondered what the poor girl would do now that she was alone. His packing had been suspended when he felt the impulse to write that peevish nonsense about his future, and now he sat contemplating the confusion in an undecided state of mind, when there came a knock at the door that sent a thrill of surprise through him, for he knew at once, as it were intuitively, who it was who stood outside, and the knowledge pleased him.