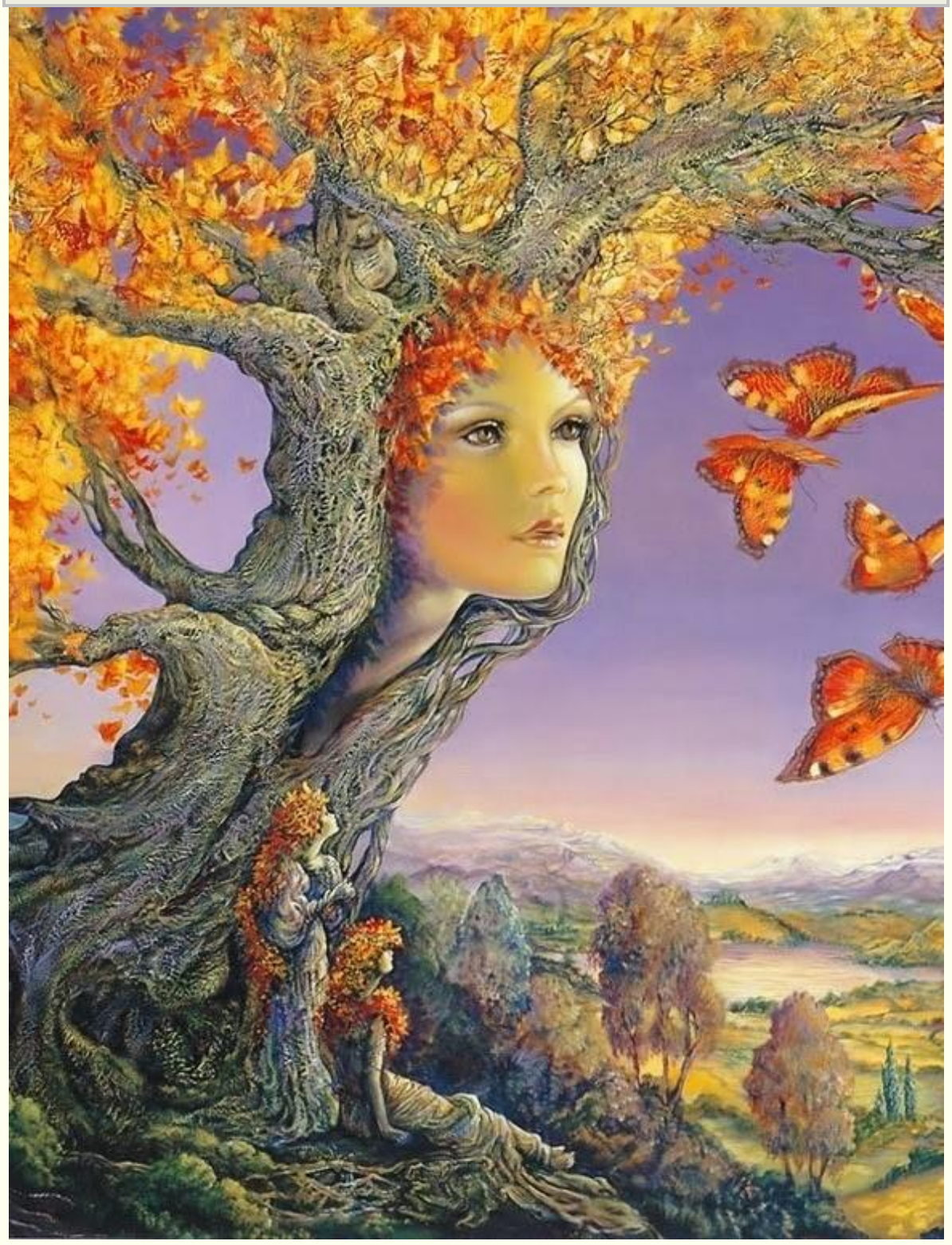
James Rhoades on Training the Imagination



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To the Memory of Edward Malet Young.

Preface

The Training of the Imagination. London: John Lane, The Bodely Head & New York: John Lane Co, MCMVIII <1908>. For a list of poems by James Rhoades see *fn.* in: "Virgil's Georgics - *tr.* Rhoades" in our Down to Earth Series. Frontispiece by Josephine Wall.

The following address, was written twenty-three years ago, and read to members of an essay-society consisting exclusively of public school masters. Shortly afterwards it appeared in the columns of *The Journal of Education*, to whose Editor I am indebted for leave to publish it in its present form. I do so with some misgivings, at the urgent solicitation of a few friends, from whom perhaps modesty ought to have saved me. It seems such a tiny rush-light to contribute to the vast illumination which is now enlightening or dazzling the darkness of men's minds as to the true theory of educational aims and methods.

Such as it is, I have made no attempt to re-model or re-write it, and must therefore ask indulgence for certain colloquialisms and levities of style, which render it, I fear, more suitable to an audience of private individuals, than to that larger and more exacting public, to which it has now the audacity to appeal.

Halsmere,
January 19th, 1908

WHEN FIRST I WAS REQUESTED TO READ A PAPER before this august assembly, my heart, I confess, so failed me, that nothing seemed less attainable than the possession of sufficient courage for the task. "And yet," said I to myself, "can it really be that, after so many years' experience, you have positively nothing to say upon the art which you profess?" For many days echo answered "Nothing," and I wandered about forlorn and miserable, and "trembling like a guilty thing surprised." I tried indeed to console myself with the reflection that it is not necessary to practical success that one should have a theory to advance, or feel strongly about other people's theories; that, after all, it may be better to belong to the great company of dumb workers, better to dig in the gold mines of silence than the silver mines of speech; that there was nothing to blush for, if I had always proceeded upon

instinct, and, without preconceived ideas, had trusted in emergencies to draw my inspiration from the "hour and the boy." But the straws of comfort which I thus gleaned, ended, I felt, but in mildewed ears, from which could be obtained no solid sustenance. My despair deepened: I turned to Bradshaw, either with a view to flight, or in the hope that he might guide me to a parliamentary train — of thought; but all was useless: "there is nothing for it," I moaned, "but to throw off the mask, to confess that all these years you have been an impostor, concealing your ignorance, with more or less success, from the British parent and confiding chiefs; better, far better, not to go down into the vale of years with a lie upon your lips, but having nothing to say upon the subject of Education, to come forward like a man and say it." With thus much then, by way of introduction, I proceed to say my "nothing" upon the importance of training the Imagination, satisfied that the subject itself is a great and pressing one, and that, though the best service one can render may be to make original remarks and throw new light upon obscure problems, the next best is to clear the ground for others, and earn their heartfelt gratitudes by forestalling all the platitudes.

First, however, let me premise that if in the present paper I shall seem to ignore all the advantages that are resulting from the increase of the materials of knowledge on the one hand, and the organization of the means of acquiring it on the other, and if I seem to pose in some degree as a sceptic, or conservative, it is not that I am blind to "the blessed light of Science," although I may have ceased to believe that it brings the millennium in its train, but because I have a latent fear, that where the gain is so enormous in one direction, there must be a corresponding loss in another, that the very completeness of our success may involve our failure, that we may be so absorbed in perfecting the means and instruments of Education as to mistake them for the end.

What, then, is the somewhat reactionary attitude which I venture to assume? It is this, that there is a possible bad side, a very real peril, in all this increase of learning, multiplication of subjects, systematization of methods, cataclysm of school-books — all the machinery which has been brought into play to aid us in our wild desire to *know*, and to reduce the art of teaching to an exact science. I hope you will agree with me that the object of education is not to know, but to live. True it is that Browning's "Grammarian" is held up for admiration, because he "determined not to live, but know": but then he existed in the dawn of the revival of learning, and was an exceptional case, an intellectual pioneer; accordingly, if you remember, he suffered from baldness, tussis, calculus, and died, first from the waist down, and then altogether, at a comparatively early period of his career. My contention then is that we are in danger of trusting too much to books and systems, too little to the living influence of mind on mind; too much to rapidity of learning, too little to development of power; that we are in danger of organizing the soul out of education, of making it mechanical and therefore barren; of a tendency to look to the accumulation of facts as an adequate result, though they may lie like lead in the brain that bears them; in a word, of confounding the mere capacity for housing mental goods with the growth of the vital powers conferred by education.

What is the meaning of all this feverish desire to know? What do we gain by it ourselves that we should so labour to roll the mighty snowball on, a still increasing burden to every generation? Is it a morbid appetite of the brain, destined to grow with that which feeds it, till it leaves us a race of monsters at last, with bulbous heads and puny frames? If so, why all this haste to inoculate our children with the deadly lymph? Or is it a veritable boon? — a thing which makes us happier in its possession, or better? Not *all* the wise, at any rate, have thought so. "He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow," said a paragon of ancient learning. "Ah! years may come, and years may bring the truth that is not bliss," said Clough. "Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers," says Tennyson.

"Nothing else will give you any comfort, when you come to lie here," said the dying Scott, but he was not referring to his intellectual store. It does not, however, require the authority of such opinions as these to persuade us that knowledge may bring sorrow, that she is not synonymous with bliss, that she is quite a distinct personage from Wisdom, and that she is of no service to us on our dying-bed. When we meet a learned man, it does not necessarily occur to us to wish to be like him, or to have him as our companion upon a walking-tour: it does not follow that he is also an admirable, or even a truly educated, man. Learning, therefore, cannot be the *summum bonum* of life: I doubt if it be a "bonum" at all, except when regarded as a means to a "melius." Knowledge, indeed, or rather the material of knowledge, I conceive to be simply mental food — that which, taken in moderation and duly digested, enables the mind to live and think and grow in its own proper sphere, of which more anon. To make knowledge an end in itself, to live for it, is surely as blind an act of folly as to live for eating; excess in the one case being followed by the same results as in the other. "Inconveniences," says Sir Thomas Elyot, "always does happen by ingurgitation and excessive feedinges," and this is no less true of the mind than of the body. I do not know that a well- informed man, as such, is more worthy of regard than a well-fed man. The brain, indeed, is a nobler organ than the stomach, but on that very account is the less to be excused for indulging in repletion. The temptation, I confess, is greater, because in the former case the banquet stands ever spread before our eyes, and is, unhappily, as indestructible as the widow's meal and oil. Only think what would become of us if the physical food, by which our bodies subsist, instead of being consumed by the eater, were passed on intact by every generation to the next, with the superadded hoards of all the ages, the earth's productive power meanwhile increasing year by year, beneath the unflagging hand of Science, till, as Comus says, "She should be quite surcharged by her own weight, and strangled with her waste fertility"! Should we then attempt to eat it up, or even store it? Should we not rather pull down our barns, and build smaller, and make bonfires of what they would not hold? And yet, with regard to knowledge, the very opposite of this is what we do. We store the whole religiously, and that, though not twice alone, as with the bees in Virgil, but scores of times in every year, is the teeming produce gathered in. And then we put a fearful pressure on ourselves and others to gorge of it as much as ever we can hold. I believe, if the truth were known, men would be astonished at the small amount of learning with which a high degree of culture is compatible. In a moment of enthusiasm I ventured once to tell my English set that if they could really master the Ninth book of *Paradise Lost*, so as to rise to the height of its great argument, and in-

corporate all its beauties in themselves, they would at one blow, by virtue of that alone become highly cultivated men; and surely so they would: more, and more various learning might raise them to the same height by different paths, but could hardly raise them higher. (A parent afterwards told me that his son went home, and so buried himself in the book that food and sleep that day had no attractions for him. Next morning, I need hardly say, the difference in his appearance was remarkable: he had outgrown all his intellectual clothes.) Yes, I am more and more convinced, it is not quantity so much that tells, as quality and thoroughness of digestion. Now digestion, to be thorough, must have time, and, to be worth much, must get done by natural means; and therefore I doubt whether our annotated school-texts, though excellent in themselves, are altogether wholesome, where every mouthful almost of learning is assisted by its own peculiar little pepsine pill of comment. This improved system of aids may indeed be necessary to meet the increased pressure of requirement from without; still, it does not follow that we are gainers on the whole. But to return to the question of amount. To myself personally, as an exception to the rule that opposites attract, a very well-informed person is an object of terror. His mind seems to be so full of facts that you cannot, as it were, see the wood for the trees; there is no room for perspective, no lawns and glades for pleasure and repose, no vistas through which to view some towering hill or elevated temple; everything in that crowded space seems of the same value; he speaks with no more awe of King Lear than of the last Cobden prize essay; he has swallowed them both with the same ease, and got the facts safe into his pouch; but he has no time to ruminate, because he must still be swallowing; nor does he seem to know what even Macbeth, with Banquo's murderers then at work, found leisure to remember, that good digestion must wait on appetite, if health is to follow both. Shakspear himself, it seems — I quote from a recent review in the *Spectator*,

> . . . despite all that the commentators, doctors, ornithologists, entomologists, botanists, and other specialists find, or pretend to find, in his Work, was anything but a man of learning. He knew 'small Latin and less Greek,' and had but a smattering of French. Even of English literature, other than what was contemporary, he was no profound student, though he seems to lave read with some attention both Chaucer and the older chroniclers. . . . But his mind assimilated the very marrow of the books he read.

Now, if a mind like Shakspear's can be built up on such a slender basis, it follows that quantity in earning is not a matter of the first importance. I speak under correction, but I suppose that Newton, with the stock of learning which he carried "into the silent land," could not now-a-days win the senior wranglership. And yet are any of our senior wranglers his equals hitherto? It was something other than his learning, then, that made Newton Newton. You may say that, both in his case and in Shakspear's, it was genius, and that this is incommunicable. It may be so; and yet can we get much nearer to a definition of genius than by naming it the power of assimilating in remarkable degree all the influences which radiate from the universe and man — the power of so sympathising and identifying itself with all outside it, that the mind becomes surcharged at last, and needs must out with its burden and disclose its secret, whether in song, or by the revelations of science, or on canvass, or with the sculptor's tool?

Of course, in such supreme degree, this power can be but for a few; but I maintain that intellects of ordinary strength can be raised by education, not indeed to create, as does the artist, but through his creations to reach and to enjoy the same exalted pleasure, and absorb it into their systems; that, till such absorption begins, there is no true education; that at this stage, and not before, the mind begins to live and move and have its being. Here then first opens before the student's eyes what I mean by the world of imagination, If anyone is still awake, I will try to describe it further.

Were I asked to sum up in a few words my ideal of education, I should define it as the art of revealing to the young or ignorant the existence of an atmosphere above them and about them of which they do not, or but dimly, dream; of teaching them to desire and aspire to it; of unlocking for them one or more of all its myriad gates — a world of thought and law, of marvels and of mysteries, of moral beauty and ideal truth, beginning haply where they had hoped all need of effort ended; a glorious region, out of which conceit or sloth may keep them, but which besets them always and on every side, and yet soars far above the foggy belt of highest man's attainment. To give them the upward glance, the initiated eye; to let in "the light that never was on sea or land"; to show that "heaven lies about us," not only "in our infancy"; to help dispel those "shades of the prison-house" which never ought to "close about the growing boy" — if to do this for one benighted mind thou hast been able, "thou art among the best of the pedagogues"; if for many and many, "thou art the non-pareil."

I care not what the subject we may teach: Of all I ever heard of, there is none that does not open upwards to this paradise. For the lover of science what a moment must it be when he first feels the beggarly elements are mastered, that henceforth he is not merely soiling hands and clothes with acids and with fossils, but projecting himself in spirit into the unknown past and reading the secrets of the eternal Master-builder; that here is a realm of inexhaustible delights, through which his mind may roam at pleasure, winged and free!

To the lover of mathematics what scent and taste of ocean when he, too, dares to push from shore into those "strange seas of thought" where Newton voyaged "alone"! He need not make discovery of continent or island, like the great ones that have gone before; but wafted with a breath of the same spirit, in their track he sails: his bark is nobly rigged; and, though the light breeze may not bear him far from land, he can lie at anchor where he will, assured that, whether cutting through the billows or becalmed upon their surface, he, at any rate, is rocked upon the bosom of eternal truth. Not even to the poet, I am told, is imagination a more present help than to the mathematician (and I can well believe it, for my own knowledge of mathematics exists almost entirely in imagination), nor is there any subject, I suppose, in which a boy, who has been furnished by nature with the requisite canoe, can sooner or with more delight paddle out into the great unknown.

For the lover of music, again, what a door is opened, when his enjoyment first ceases to be little more than a mere sensual pleasure, a soft shampooing of the soul, and he gets a glimpse into the mysteries of sound, and feels his whole being swayed and thrilled by those mighty laws that seem to lie at the foundation of the universe, and to pervade it; whose operation reaches from the whirring of an insect's wings to the rolling of the thunder, and from lower still to higher still, beyond the ear of man,

from the gurgling of the sap within the tree to the rhythmic order and orbits of the stars! Yes,

> Painter and poet are proud on the artist-list enrolled:
>
> > But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can,
> > Existent behind all laws, that made them, and lo they are!
> > And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,
> > That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star.
> >
> > Consider it well; each tone of our scale in itself is nought;
> > It is everywhere in the world — loud, soft, and all is said;
> > Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought,
> > And there! Ye have heard and seen: consider, and bow the head!

When, I say, this door is first opened, the wonder of the vision overpowers him, and he knows himself a pigmy, and burns his comic songs and begins to read Mendelssohn's letters, and thinks no more of the pattern of his trousers.

And then, again, to the lover of history what a field is there to roam in and hold living converse, like Landor, with the dead! — But, lest your patience fail, I will imagine myself interrupted by an objection: "Yes," you may say, "all very fine. To the lover of this and the lover of that the revelation may come easily; but how to make lovers of those who are not?" That is the question; and, if I could have answered it satisfactorily, I should not have kept you so long in doubt as to the discovery.

But first, with regard to literature, what is the nature of the ideal realm to which, through its medium, the mind may rise? It seems to me that, the use of language being to convey thoughts and emotions, the chief end of learning any language is to gain admission to those treasures, and that this, therefore, should be the main educational aim with regard to language. Words are symbols, just as coins are; and, when we speak of words as coined and current, we imply that in themselves they are mere counters, representing, but not constituting, some form of real wealth and power. I do not say, of course, that words have no further value — they have — but this is secondary, and curious, perhaps, rather than elevating or inspiring. They may be treated, as coins are by the coin-collector, as objects of historical and antiquarian interest; but this is purely an incidental and accessory, not an inherent and essential use. To treat them as if it were otherwise, seems as little reasonable as to amass money chiefly for the purpose of numismatic research. To utilise cash, indeed, we must know the value of each piece; but we need not be acquainted with the date, the reign, the mint where it was struck, the depreciation caused by man's clipping or the wear and tear of time. Not that the comparison is absolutely just. Words are of infinitely greater variety than coins, and of infinitely deeper interest, being in themselves, as it were, fossil fragments of the human life of ages, and yet having laws of development and growth, which raise them almost to the level of living things. Still, I say, that the beauty of the laws of language is a lower thing than literary beauty, which depends partly on the thought to be expressed and partly on the fitness of the words which express it; just as beauty of physical frame and feature is a lower thing than that subtle combination of physical with spiritual which we term "expression of countenance." A higher thing than the beauty either of words, or of thought clothed

in words, is the pure thought itself, which is thus conveyed to us through the senses, just as what we call soul or spirit is a higher thing than either physical beauty or beauty of expression. But, as through the expression of a man's countenance we can often read his thoughts and feelings, and even his character too, in proportion as it has power to imprint itself on the face, so through the medium of literary expression can we arrive at the writer's thought and feeling, in proportion as they have power to stamp their likeness on the language that he uses. In literature, therefore, the region that lies open to the initiated rises heaven over heaven. There is the lowest of the three, that which deals with language pure and simple, and is mainly of historical and antiquarian interest; there is the second, the heaven of incarnate thought, as it were — thought clothed in language; and, thirdly, there is the heaven of disembodied thought, to which from the last is but a moment's flight, and from which we must descend as often as we would communicate it to our fellows.

What, then, is the point in all these studies where routine ends and imagination begins? — Exactly where interest, where pleasure begins: where the mind, instead of being led blindly in a groove, begins to act upon its own account, like a living thing, and, having taken and assimilated food, anon desires more, and roams abroad to find it, and makes that glorious region her home. To grow by any study, we must admire, be touched, perceive the latent charm, not merely be able to dissect and reconstruct the outer framework. The works of nature or of man must awaken in us emotions corresponding to the divine or human feeling or purpose that inspired them. Then, and not till then, the mind begins to feel her wings, and tries her first flight into the ideal world,

> What poets feel not, when they make,
> A pleasure in creating,
> The world in its turn will not take
> Pleasure in contemplating.

And equally true it is that, till the world feels that pleasure, it cannot rise to the empyreal region from which the poet sang.

Now, to take a passage from Horace referring to M. Atilius Regulus:

> (Atqui) And yet (sciebat) he was all the time aware (quae) what things (barbarus tortor) the foreign executioner (pararet) was preparing (sibi) for his entertainment,

and so on — may be a very creditable translation for a member of the Lower Fifth; and, when you have further discovered that he knows why "pararet" is subjunctive and imperfect, and that "sibi" does not refer to the executioner, a man may flatter himself that the lesson has been well learned and so it has. But, for all that, the main thing is yet to do. The learner with rope and axe, mechanically, has climbed high enough to get some view of the outward form; he cannot see the passionate feeling of mingled pity and admiration which inspired, moulded, lies behind, that form; his imagination is not touched; he little dreams that a man might have much ado to keep his voice steady while reading the concluding stanzas of that ode aloud; he has not the faintest notion that they are electric and alive for ever by virtue of their inherent and undying charm. Little by little then, even from the earliest stages, to open

their eyes to these wonders ought, surely, to be our aim, more gradually of course in teaching a dead language, most rapidly in teaching English; to reveal the splendours of the realm of genius, till at last the marvel of it strikes them, and they feel "like some watcher of the skies when a new planet swims into his ken," and are amazed at the magic touch which can take a handful of common words, such as "blow," "winter," "wind," "unkind," "ingratitude," and, with a sprinkling of conjunctions, prepositions, and pronouns transform them into a thing of perfect beauty and immortal breath. Is this the wealth we desire to have for ourselves and our children — the wealth, for instance, of the soul of Shakspear, or the possession and intimate knowledge of the coins that express, and the caskets that contain it? Which is best to live by? Which would help us most from *ennui*, disappointment, faint-heartedness, the spirit of "Blow, blow, thou winter wind," and of "As you like it" altogether, with its precious "implaister of content," or an accurate acquaintance with the etymology of the words, the metrical, peculiarities, redundant pronouns, etc.? I may be mistaken, but I never can persuade myself that Shakspear would have passed high in a Civil Service examination-paper on one of his own plays; and yet, I suppose, it would be our ambition to produce minds that should approximate to Shakspear's mind, rather than to that of Wren's most successful pupil.

But this approximation is only to be attained by seeing, admiring, loving. In his preface to the second edition of *Lyrical Ballads*, Wordsworth says:

> We have no knowledge — that is, no general principles drawn from the contemplation of particular facts — but what has been built up by pleasure, and exists in us by pleasure alone;

and again taking an extreme instance to illustrate his point,

> However painful may be the objects, with which the anatomist's knowledge is connected, he feels that his knowledge is pleasure; and when he has no pleasure, he has no knowledge.

It is clear then that the teacher, unless he be a blind leader of the blind, must first possess enthusiasm for the beautiful himself. If this be so, and if he do not hide his light under a bushel, the battle is half won already. He must lose no chance of rousing his pupil's sympathy for what is worthy of admiration. It often surprises me to find how boys are awed by a master's feeling for what at present is above their reach. Personally, whenever in the lesson I can find a peg to hang a poem on, I always hang it; and I have hardly ever felt myself unrewarded. When stirred himself by the pathos or the grandeur of some expression, thought, or deed, that occurs in the course of teaching boys, and when the ripple in his own mind spreads, and sends a thrill of emotion, or perhaps only of awakening interest into theirs, it is then, I think, a master feels that for a moment he has touched "the shining table-lands" of his profession.

Another aid, and one by no means to be despised, is the possession and cultivation of a sense of humour. It would seem to be characteristic of the same mind to appreciate the beauty of ideas in just proportion and harmonious relation to each other, and the absurdity of the same ideas when distorted or brought into incongruous juxtaposition. The exercise of this sense, no less than of the other, compels the mind to

form a picture for itself, accompanied by pleasurable emotion; and what is this but setting the imagination to work, though in topsy-turvy fashion? Nay, in such a case, imagination plays a double part, since it is only by instantaneous comparison with ideal fitness and proportion that it can grasp in full force the grotesqueness of their contraries. It is like a man who, gazing out of window, sees passing by some "phantom of delight," destined indeed to be "a *moment's* ornament" — the next, by a faulty pane of glass caricatured, and grimacing in unconscious deformity.

Yes, there is no other entrance to the realm of which I speak but through the folding gates of pleasure and of wonder. It might almost be said that, in teaching, the three main faults to be avoided were: — 1st, dullness; 2nd, dullness; 3rd, dullness. The things that boys will forgive their masters well-nigh surpass men's understanding. Be irascible, impatient, abusive, sarcastic, exacting, severe; make bad puns even, and they will forgive you till 70 times 7, but not, if you be dull: "out, out, vile spot!" or all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten your teaching in the nostrils of boys. Heavens and earth, what a world to be dull in! and what a place and opportunity to choose, with a score or so of minds about you, each as dry and porous as a sponge, and ready to drink in the beauty and the wonder, if you could but show it them! You may say such heights are altogether above them, out of reach of the younger at any rate; that it is but teaching them to fly badly, when they should be learning to walk well; that they lack imaginative power. There I join issue: boys seem to me of imagination almost compact: look at their unquestioning faith, look at the boldness of their sanguine guesses, outsoaring the highest flight of man's conjecture, look at their devotion to the inseparable novel; see how, during a sermon, the moment such words as "I remember once" herald the coming story, all coughing, fidgeting, and shuffling ceases, back into pocket flies the surreptitious watch! you can almost hear a pin lie still upon the floor. No, they have imagination, and to spare; what it needs is wakening arid directing. But this cannot be done by insisting on the mastery of mere facts alone. The most conscientious drudgery, though it may strengthen the character, will not refine the mind. You may set men to dig through a mountain; and chip, chip, chip, into the darkness they will go; but they will not go far, unless they feel that they are working towards the air and light: you must let down shafts into the tunnel, and open heaven to them from above, or they will sicken soon and drop. So too must we irradiate the dreary chip, chip, chip, through fact and commentary with something of the breath and brightness of the open sky. "It is increasingly felt," says an accomplished scholar in the preface to a recent translation of Sophocles, "that a good translation is a commentary of the best kind." This is a hopeful sign; for this lets in the soul at once into the stiffened features of a dead language, attracts, illumines, stimulates.

One more practical hint occurs to me to offer, and then I have almost done. If so much depends upon the teacher's quickening and modulating power, it behoves him before all things to keep his own mind vigorous and in tune. Therefore, I would say, avoid unwholesome diet both of body and mind; avoid needless worry; do not open long blue envelopes just before a lesson; do not attempt to enter on an argument with your wife; above all do not put yourself at the mercy of your betters and wisers by reading them papers on educational subjects. These things are fatal to that equi-

librium of nerve and temper, on which the success of a schoolmaster so largely depends.

Well, we started with the assumption that the end of Education was not to know, but live. It is only by the application of *ideas* to life that man's existence, even in the lowest sense, is rendered capable of improvement. So successful has the *idea* been in dealing with material problems, increasing man's outward happiness, and ensuring his triumph over nature, that the danger seems now to be lest he should pause here, and rest content with this meagre and barren victory. Barren it is, and meagre, because, in the stress of life's extremities, the material does not stand us in good stead: it turns out to be illusory, unsatisfying, not to be relied on. But in the realm of thought there is "hope that maketh not ashamed," consolation ever ready to sustain us, friends that cannot change or die. Therefore Matthew Arnold thinks that "the future of poetry is immense," and that "in poetry, as time goes on, our race will find a surer and ever surer stay." — Yes, for the ideal more and more turns out to be the only real. In religion, in politics, in the daily struggle of life, the more we lean on the material, the more we find it fail us. There is but one power that seems alike proportioned to our highest aspirations and our deepest needs. What it is, let Wordsworth answer:

> Imagination is that sacred power,
> Imagination lofty and refined;
> 'Tis hers to pluck the amaranthine flower
> Of Faith, and round the sufferer's temples bind
> Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest shower,
> And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest wind.

Suggested reading for students.

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- BROTHERHOOD RANKS ABOVE MEDITATION
- CAN EATING ANIMAL FLESH EVER BE ETHICAL
- CHESTERFIELD'S CHOICE THOUGHTS TO HIS SON
- CHILDREN TRAINING THEMSELVES FOR MURDER
- CICERO'S TUSCULAN DISPUTATIONS - TR. YONGE
- CIVILIZATION, THE DEATH OF ART AND BEAUTY
- COCK, A VERY OCCULT BIRD
- COMPETITION RAGES MOST FIERCELY IN CHRISTIAN LANDS
- CRUELTY IN THE BIRCH GROVE
- DAZZLED GLIMPSES INTO THE ASTRAL LIGHT
- EARTHQUAKES ARE THE OUTCOME OF SINS COMMITTED BY MEN
- ENGLISH NEWSPAPER SLANDERS RUSSIAN LADY
- EVERYONE AND EVERYTHING IS INTERRELATED
- FLESH-EATING AMONG BUDDHIST MONKS
- FOUL CONSPIRACIES AND BLATANT LIES LEVELLED AGAINST MADAME BLAVATSKY
- GORDON ON FAME, THAT COY GODDESS

- GRS MEAD SHOWS HIS TRUE COLOURS
- HIEROCLES EXALTS WEDLOCK
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