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ARCHER

N. Roerich

FROM A PORTRAIT BY SVIATOSLAV ROERICH
September 18th, 1926—

At last we can leave all of Kashmir's falseness and dirt. One can forget half-ruined Srinagar. One can forget how the conquerors played polo and golf while the people perished amidst contagion and in complete lethargy. One can turn away from the bribed officials of Kashmir. One may forget the attack made on our caravan by armed provocateurs, in order to detain us. For six hours we were compelled to remain with our revolvers raised. Finally the police invented a telegram in our name to the effect that we had made a mistake and there had been no attack! And who wounded seven of our servants? They signed the telegram. They paid. One can shrug one's shoulders at the illustrious Major Hinde for his ignorance. One can turn away from the Government of opened letters; of detained messages; and of commissioned spies. What have they done with India and Kashmir?!!

Even the Moravian mission in Leh does not remain far behind Major Hinde; it informed us that it would consent to rent us one of its houses on condition that we sign a paper that we would do no "Religious, semi-religious, etc., propaganda." No one could explain just what was meant by this mysterious "semi and etc." And who could pledge himself not to break the law through lack of understanding of the definitions of "semi and etc.?" We were able to get along without the headquarters of the mission—in the Palace of the Ladakian King. Only in the mountains does one feel safe. Only in the desert passes, ignorance does not reach one.

September 19th—

Decided news came at the last hour—thus we knew of the existence of the manuscripts about Christ. In Hemis there is an ancient Tibetan translation of a manuscript written in Pali, which is known to be in a monastery not far from Lhassa. Finally we were informed about the survivorship of the witnesses. The fairy-tales about a forged imitation are destroyed.

There is a special significance in that the manuscript should remain in Hemis (Hemsi). There is an especial meaning and significance in the fact that the lamas so carefully guard it. This manuscript lies in a place near Leh where Jesus preached about the community of the world, even before His preaching in Palestine. It is important only to know the contents of this document. The sermons related in it, about the community, about the significance of woman; and all the indications about Buddhism are so remarkably contemporary for us. It is clear why the manuscript is guarded just in Hemis. This is one of the most ancient monasteries of little Tibet—fortunately not destroyed during the time of the invasions of the Mongols and during the suppression of Buddhism by the ignorant hordes of Zorawar. The secluded position of the monastery probably contributed to its safety.

The path of the Great Communist passed from India near this place. Lamas
know the significance of this document. But why do missionaries rebel against it and slander the manuscript? Is it possible that the communist image of Jesus and His protection of women does not please them? Every one knows how to slander the so-called “Apocrypha.” But who can fail to recognize that many of the so-called “Apocrypha” are far more true basically than many official certificates? The Kralelevsky manuscript which was accepted by everyone happened to be a forgery—while many genuine documents do not penetrate the consciousness of some people. It is enough to remember the Evangel of the Ebionites, or the Twelfth Evangel. Such authorities as Origen, Jerome (Adversos Pelagianos) and Epeniphany speak about the existence of this Biography: Erenaeus knows of it in the Second Century. And where is it now? It is better, instead of useless discussions, humbly to consider the facts and thoughts which are communicated in this biography: Isaiah (in the Urms) The Best of Human Sons. Appreciate how close to contemporary thought is this biography. There are other details; but it is not yet time to speak of them.

We loaded the yaks, horses, mules, donkeys, lambs, dogs—a complete biblical procession. The caravaner is an entire ethnographical case from a museum. We passed the pool where, according to the saying, Jesus preached the first time. We passed the pool where, according to the saying, Jesus preached the first time. We passed the pool where, according to the saying, Jesus preached the first time. We passed the pool where, according to the saying, Jesus preached the first time. We passed the pool where, according to the saying, Jesus preached the first time. We passed the pool where, according to the saying, Jesus preached the first time. We passed the pool where, according to the saying, Jesus preached the first time. We passed the pool where, according to the saying, Jesus preached the first time. We passed the pool where, according to the saying, Jesus preached the first time. We passed the pool where, according to the saying, Jesus preached the first time. We passed the pool where, according to the saying, Jesus preached the first time. We passed the pool where, according to the saying, Jesus preached the first time. We passed the pool where, according to the saying, Jesus preached the first time. We passed the pool where, according to the saying, Jesus preached the first time. We passed the pool where, according to the saying, Jesus preached the first time. We passed the pool where, according to the saying, Jesus preached the first time. We passed the pool where, according to the saying, Jesus preached the first time. We passed the pool where, according to the saying, Jesus preached the first time. We passed the pool where, according to the saying, Jesus preached the first time. We passed the pool where, according to the saying, Jesus preached the first time. We passed the pool where, according to the saying, Jesus preached the first time. We passed the pool where, according to the saying, Jesus preached the first time. We passed the pool where, according to the saying, Jesus preached the first time. We passed the pool where, according to the saying, Jesus preached the first time. We passed the pool where, according to the saying, Jesus preached the first time.

Mother of the World. The last sign from Leh was the farewell of the women of Ladak. They came out upon the road carrying the blessed milk of yaks. They sprinkled the milk upon the foreheads of horses and travelers, in order to give them the power of yaks, so needed on the steep inclines and upon the slippery ribs of the glaciers. The women accompanied us. Up to Khardong, the ascent is easy. The hot sun set and towards evening there sprang up a sharp cold wind. We had to spread our camp on a naked Arctic plain, under the cutting wind. The tents arrived later. The Kashmirian servants very slyly would not show the Ladakists many of the things. And at twilight under the whirlwind, there was an endless confusion, in many languages.

And above us stood snow-covered Khardong!

September 21st—

We ascended the pass on yaks. The heavy, woolly animals are in fact irreplacable because of their soft, firm step; of course, only when the stones masses—and only the rumbling tumult indicates the flow of the water. Briar-roses and tamarisks are everywhere. And the natives in this Valley of the Nubra River are kind people. The river itself, broadening, becomes a ponderous torrent. Now in the fall its current is divided into many channels of beautiful and intricate design. We go beyond the usual encampment. We slept overnight in Territ in a real Tibetan house. In our camp there are three parties: Buddhist, Moslems and Chinese. They are not without mutual suspicions. They eat separately. The eldest servant, Lun-po, happens to be the son of the Elder in Leh and is an important landowner. He has his properties and houses everywhere and in Leh, Hemis and in Territ and in different places in Changtang he told us how many monasteries were destroyed during the periods of past invasions. In one of his own houses here are such ruins—full of chips of statues and the remains of destroyed books and manuscripts. We are sorry that Lun-po came to us only during the last few days. He came and to the question as to who he was, he proudly lifted his eyes and clearly answered “Boddi,” meaning Buddhist. He also tells us his brother is the treasurer of the Hemis monastery and knows how many objects there are not shown to the passers-by. Lun-po wants to remain with us and to go to different countries. He wants to learn Russian; he begs only one thing: “Do not cut off my braid!” And his braid is really a wonderful one—black and to his knees. We calmed him. No one will make any attempts against his national pride. Apparently he already knows that it has been ordered in China to cut the queues and that in Tibet it is forbidden to show the tongue as a sign of devotion and gratitude. And Lun-po, in moments of pleasure, likes to show a broad and healthy smile. He is a good companion for the heights and glaciers, but difficult to get accustomed to in a house. We are approaching his propert, and he begs us not to remain in the tents, but to stay in his house. With pride he shows us the gates—the walls of which are painted over with a vivid design. There are many fields and fruit trees. On the roofs appear picturesque figures. We sleep in a Tibetan room full of designs—with a vivid cornice beneath the ceiling. There are painted ballusters, a broad window, and a low, broad door with a great round bolt as a lock. The sandy floor is covered with colored felt. In the designs, the swastika is often repeated. In the middle of the room is a heavy pillar and on a wide pilaster is an image of Chintamani, the Treasure of the World.

Every Tibetan house is strangely reminiscent of the plan of the feudal palaces.
The entire building is surrounded with a wall higher than the height of a man. The entrance is through opaque gates. Behind the wall is a square outer yard—and here horses are neighing and fires are burning. From the yard you go as into an armor hall. Beyond it is the inner courtyard with many doors into the household living quarters. From there a ladder leads to the second floor; it has also living quarters. On such a ladder you go out upon a flat roof, from which you have a broad vista of the far mountains, of rivers and of all the paths, and of friend and enemies. The corner of the roof is occupied by an elaborately designed chamber, like a tower. And to the roof of this chamber leads another ladder. Ready for defense, independently, stand the Tibetan houses.

September 22nd—

It is a clear morning. On the edges of the road are whole hedges of briar roses. It is an easy path. Ahead of us are golden sands and behind them the blue mountains of all shades with white caps of early snow. It is even hot. A mile from the road is an old monastery—Sandoling. We decided to approach: Is not there, perhaps, our lama? Through village buildings, through stony streams, through rocky masses dangerous for the horses, we ascended. The lamas in the monastery did not attract us, but behind them lies that much-knowing Sandoling, leading to the path of the future.

At Sandoling is the final point of Buddhism before No-Man's Land, and therefore we want to know: What signs does this monastery bear? There is a new altar of Maitreya with a new image glowing with strong colors. There is a wonderful image of Dukkar. It is wonderful to see the very rich collection of Banners—these banners were painted mostly in Ladak. Among them are some of unusual colorings with various fantastic subjects. All are trimmed with good silk, and an understanding of tone is evident. There is a good library. The head lama of the monastery was absent. Again we did not find our lama. In the early morning—he had left—for the frontier. We shall hasten to reach him. It is a long village. Another house of our Lun-po is here—but we shall go without stopping. The banks of the streams and the slopes of the mountains are covered with a snow-white soda. The stratas of the mountain slopes are blue, mauve and brown, indicating the vast abundance of metals. It seems to us that radium must be here—one breathes too easily in these blessed and inexhaustible heights.

September 23rd—

The frontier site—Panamik. Here ends the sphere of English influence. Of course, on maps, the frontier is indicated through Karakorum—but upon the heights no one has established the frontiers. The servants of England stop beyond Panamik. Beyond Panamik, as had to be expected for our further passage, the bridge "fell to pieces," and the English agent "quite incidentally" was assured of the passage of our caravan. This mysterious repairing of the roads was encountered by us also on other frontier parts of India. Coincident with them, a police official would salute us, and "incidentally" asked for the passports to look them through.

We were told that in the village were stopping two Sahibs from Yarkand. We hardly had time to unfold our tents when they already approached us—they were two missionaries from the Swedish mission, one of them the ailing Germanson. They return to Stockholm. Germanson tells of the difficult place on the road. About Chinese Turkestan powers, he speaks very sourly, adding all the time: "You shall see for yourself." Through him we sent our greetings to our Swedish
Here started the trail of skeletons. Near Territ was the path of briars. Among the boulders we pass close to the rocks. From behind a stone there rises a strange figure in a woolly Yarkand cap, a fur kaftan and a lantern. This is the lama dressed as a Yarkandian. At night the lama had crossed the pass and had hidden himself behind the stone to await us. The same day—an unexpected discovery! The lama speaks Russian wonderfully. He knows many of our friends. All the while no one would have suspected his knowledge. When one spoke Russian in his presence not a muscle revealed that he understood. And in his answers he never showed his knowledge in what we said to him in Russian. We appreciated why just he was pointed out to us. Once more it is clear how difficult it is to appraise the measure of knowledge of the lamas. Only ignorance fails to appreciate this twenty-five-century-old organization. Towards the evening, snow and whirlwind; the servants and herders decide to interrupt the march for four hours, although we could still proceed two hours before dark. We gave in unnecessarily—and we came right into a strip of the first snow. We pass the night near the powerful glaciers.

We approach Sasser Pass, which is higher than 17,000 feet. There is a complete Arctic silence. Glaciers and snow-peaks—most beautiful spot. The billows of clouds roll by and open up new, limitlessly refined combinations of the cosmic structure. There are broad lines; all the ornaments and arabesques are thrown away—because there is no need of adorning beauty.

The people become more tense. Everywhere are the bodies of animals. There are also human tombs, and our people try to hide it from us. As if it could have any significance! Omar-Khan lost two more horses. The purga (blizzard) is commencing. The entire camp is thickly covered with snow. The water in the pitchers freezes. It is impossible to paint because the hands become numb so quickly. It is good that in Kashmir we lined our tents with heavy material. Our fur shoes come in handy.

You, my young friends, I remind you to provide your clothes for heat and for cold. The cold approaches quickly; suddenly you cease to feel your extremities. Have always at hand a little drug case. The chief things are teeth, stomach, colds. Have bandages and arnica for cuts and bumps. All this will be useful immediately in a caravan. Every vine on the heights is very harmful. Against headaches—pyramidon. Do not eat much. Very useful is Tibetan tea; it is quicker to make than hot tea and warms one very well. It is light, nourishing and tasty if it is properly prepared. The soda which is used in the tea preserves the lips from painful chapping.

Do not overfeed the dogs and horses, otherwise bleeding will commence and you will have to make an end to the animal. The horses proceed by themselves. We pass the night near the powerful glaciers.
have been transported by horses and yaks through Sasser. Some of our Ladakians who go through the passes for the first time never have seen camels and shyly they go around the long-bodied curiosities. The horses are snoring. My hostler, Gurban, looks back and threatening with his fist, warningly repeats: "Sasseri! Sasseri!"

We pass by Sasser Sarai—a ruined stony yard. We stopped in the beautiful valley of the river Schayok. On the right side of the stream proceeds the winter road to Turkestan. This path avoids the passes—but one has to cross rivers without number, and in some places even to go with the stream. In September the river rises as high as the shoulders, and is dangerous for horses and men. In addition, the road is seven days longer. We shall go the shorter way. Unexpectedly we came into a narrow crevice between two rocks. Surprisingly and unexpectedly we proceeded upon a trail previously unnoticed—one has to pass these places more than once in order to remember all the contours and windings of the road—the unseen ones. The colors are beautiful. Behind us are the white giants. And it is strange to conceive that we have just descended from them. To the left—many sharply outlined snowpeaks and yellow slopes. Straight ahead of us—the silvery, light gray river bed of Schayok, with some reddish and bronze-greenish little islands.

Beyond them are purple and velvety-brown rocks. To the right—the river, and the clouds whirl in a snowy dust. The sky is not at rest. Milky white clouds are creeping along upon thick threads from behind Sasser. Had we hurried one day from Sasser we would have avoided these snowy persecutions. The September monsoon of Kashmir creeps and hastens behind us, changing from a pouring rain into a severe purga.

September 27th—

At dawn everything is again frozen stonily. Everything is covered with a deep snow. The horses are shivering. They will still have to pass Schayok immediately. Like black silhouettes, the riders are hurrying upon the white snow. They are trying out their way. They are leaping. They have found a fording place, successfully. It reaches up to the stomach of the horse.

After the broad valley we merged at once into a narrow canyon. It was an unusually fantastic one. In the blue stream cracked the ice of the night. The red walls were full of white crevices—like magic pages from wondrous runic runes. Again an unexpected ascent and steep contours in narrow passes and we emerged upon a broad valley surrounded by varied colored mountains. Some hidden riches irradiate from the varied shining layers in the mountain slopes. On one slope are moving two lonely figures—every new being astonishes in the silence. Are these not seekers of treasure troves? No, they are people from some caravan sent for roots and branches of a withered bush for their fire. Here every possibility of fuel is gone and one must make provision for several days.

Among the mountains are small, dark little lakes. On the muddy shores are running quick little wood-snipes; the altitude of 16,000 feet is not frightful to them. Ravens are cawing. There are very few eagles. On account of the lack of fuel, we also stopped unusually early—already at two o'clock. The people went with sacks to gather the roots of bushes. As on the frescoes of Gozzoli, are standing the groups of faceted purple mountains, cut by warm brown hillocks. Light yellow reeds cover the deep valley. With unusual sharpness the black horses stand out against the yellow background and they seem immeasurably big. Here in the
spaces of Asia were born the tales of the giant Bogatyrs. Whether it is the altitude or the purity of the air which makes all measurements larger—a rider who appears from behind a hill looks like a giant. And a medium sized Kirghiz dog takes on the proportions of a bear. The scale of measurements is great.

Mighty must be the streams amidst the mountains to leave such broad river beds filled with these worn-away pebbles. In the Grand Canyon you feel some tragic catastrophe reflected into the triumphal beauty of the ad infernum. Near Karakorum you feel the incomprehensible long labor of giants—is it not here that structures of the future were prepared?

What a wind! The skin is chapped as though cut. It is very difficult with the languages—in the caravan one hears six languages absolutely unrelated to each other.

The provision of hay has disappeared. It is clear that the hostlers have fed their horses with the hay. Nazar-bey screamed something for a long time. Finally we understood that the cook ate up the hay. The cook was deeply offended.

The lama is informing us about various very significant things. Much of this news is known to us—but it is instructive how, in various countries, is being reflected the same condition; different countries are as under glasses of different colors. Again we are astonished at the power and elusiveness of the organization of lamas. The whole of Asia is pierced as with roots by this wandering organization. It is simply astonishing! In the evening we reached Debsang. It became still colder. It was already too dark to paint or photograph. In the evening we decided instead of by Karagaklik to go by Sujer Davan and Sanju Davan. It is true that Sanju is likewise more than 18,000 feet and is considered difficult, depending upon the amount of snow. But we are thus saving six days. Besides, on the way to Karagaklik is much water, and people are complaining that several times a day they had to go up to their waist in water. And in October it is dangerous.

September 28th—

It is a cold night. Everything is firmly frozen. The entire day is woven from beautiful yellow and red tones. First we proceeded three hours upon steep crumbling slopes of the red canyon. We avoided the old stony ramparts—the remains of military fortresses on the frontier line. Below were the iridescent, yellow, green, ultramarine little streams. Afterwards we passed the broad old riverbed of the hill-ock Debsang. For six hours we proceeded along all sorts of solemn sand formations, exactly are they like pyramids of giants; like cities with craggled walls; like solitary watch towers; like gates to some forbidden country; like monuments of battles long silenced. It is a full variety, never repeated, colored with infinite feeling. I would like to stop here for a week. The caravaners are looking at the sky where the Kashmirian dragon already shows its stormy wings.

E. I. has been all the ten days on a horse. She does not like small decisions. She never was horseback riding and here she suddenly went on horseback through Karakorum. And always she is refreshed in Kashmir has somehow ceased to trouble. It is simply astonishing!

In the evening we reached Debsang Davan. It became still colder. It would be better if Debsang should be called Ulan Korum, meaning the Red Throne. At the entrance projects a powerful rock like a red cap.

Be cautious with the mountain streams. They rejoice us with their crystal purity, but behind the turns there lies in the water a dead horse or a camel with a bloody jaw.

September 29th—

We passed Debsang. We went out upon the roof of the world. It is impossible to call it differently. All the peaks disappeared. Before us are the seeming roofs of some powerful inner domes. Looking at these sandy domes, it is impossible to imagine oneself at the altitude of 18,000 feet. Limitless spaces. At the left, far off, is Goodwin’s Peak. At the right on the horizon are the giants of Kwen Lun. Everything is so multiplied, so generous and so broad. The blue sky merges upon pure cobalt, and the grassless cupolas are of a golden hue. And the far-off peaks are silhouetted, like pure white cones. The file of the caravan does not disturb the silence of the highest road of the world.

The hostler asks: “Why is it that here, at such a height, is such a straight surface? What is there inside?” We passed a Latin inscription upon a stone, concerning the stop of the Phillippi Expedition. The servants think that here were buried a hundred cases of the expedition.

There is a very sharp wind. We are hurrying toward Karakorum. We reached it, but the pass has to be left until tomorrow morning. Karakorum means the Black Thorne. Its black cap was seen for several miles. But when we arrived, it was already too dark to paint or photograph. In the evening we decided instead of by Karagaklik to go by Sujer Davan and Sanju Davan. It is true that Sanju is likewise more than 18,000 feet and is considered difficult, depending upon the amount of snow. But we are thus saving six days. Besides, on the way to Karagaklik is much water, and people are complaining that several times a day they had to go up to their waist in water. And in October it is dangerous.
BLESSED are they who, at risk of life,
in the endless sands of the desert,
search for the sources of the Great River.
Twice blessed he who, in the desert of
daily life, seeks the sources of the Great
River of Life.

Every one has seen often how a child
peers through a forbidden keyhole, how a
servant secretly eavesdrops to hear his
master's conversation.

Vain curiosity, this. Not of this do we
speak.

We know curiosity of another kind—
noble curiosity of those searching for
beauty and wisdom.

Praise to it. Make reverence before it.

We speak of him whose art, according
to the prophetic word of the poet-genius of
India, Rabindranath Tagore, "guards
jealously its independence because it is
great."

We speak of him whose world is the
world of Truth and Beauty and whose
paths are paths of blessings.

We speak of him whose name is "on the
lips of the whole world."

We speak of Roerich.

From the Far North, where lakes are
like steel, where the earth teems with iron:
from the lands where ancient mounds still
cover the knife and the axe of primeval
man, and life cherishes the memory of the
Tartar fire: from blossoming valleys of
Tibet and Hindustan; from Chicago and
London, words resound. Words of art-
ists addressed to him from all the ends of
the world are resounding.

As I am writing these lines, I look at the
golden russet "Conjuration of Fire," by
Roerich. At the tongues of the furious,
all-devouring flame. And I rejoice to
know that now his flame is of another hue.

Near Phalut, on the roads to Kinchen-
junga, grows the black aconite. At night,
when all living things are asleep, the flower
glows as an unquenchable flame.

To those who know the legend of the
Russian "Fire-Blossom," this "vigilant"
flower of night reminds one that for "the
fulfillment of all desires vigil is necessary."

I beheld the flame of the aconite upon
the canvases of Roerich!

Only those who feel the grandeur of the
new tasks, the new universalizations and
practical solutions. Only those keen-
sighted ones who are accustomed to see
into depths and into the distance. Only
the men of art and knowledge who see the
outlines of alluring rocks and the glimmer-
ing strip of sky on the horizon, perceive
what is still unseen by all—the Future.

One Russian geologist, a daring and
open intellect, visualizing the harmon'ous
picture of the coming world, imagines the
future like "a beautiful city of jade, sur-
rounded by walls of colored stone and brilli-
 tant with the fires, as if of most precious
stones. Everything is unusual in this city.

Beauty and joy herein are measures of
human riches. And the old world, weigh-
ing itself on the new scales, not by the
weight of gold, not by the measure of sil-
ver nuggets and silks, but by the depth of
joy and happiness, by the harmony and
might of the unusual earthly beauty, will
acquire the new qualities that were hereto-
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fore hidden."

A picture, unclear to us; we do not understand. But do we understand the future in any of its varied forms?

I do not know how Roerich imagines the future, the renewed world. But I know Roerich’s paintings. I know his fiery gospel of beauty and harmony; of art, as “The music of the spiritual call, which sounds independently of the stock-exchange and the meetings of the League of Nations.” And I affirm that Roerich’s conception of the happy future era of a winged humanity parallels in all points with the “dream” of my learned colleague who foresees the future world in the true hues of “Roerich’s” art colors.

Blind are those who see in Roerich alone a painter. Wise are those who see in him one of the greatest spiritual leaders of our era.

Myriad-tongued is the gospel of Beauty. Many are the ways leading to Truth and Beauty. But the goal is one. For all “fighters against triviality are in one camp.”

Roerich writes: “Lonely people, divided by mountains and oceans, begin to think of the unification of the elements of creative harmony.”

As in art, so in science. “Not of historical places do I speak. Not of the moments of antiquity. Let the museum be a museum. And let life be life. Now it is not necessary to think of the past. Now—the present, which is for the great future. And I tell you more: Remember, now has approached the time of the harmonization of the centers. This condition will be the corner-stone in the struggle with ‘mechanical civilization,’ which is sometimes erroneously called culture.” This was said by Roerich in his “Paths of Blessing.”

Hundreds of examples affirm this. Let us mention two of them, the most important.

He who reads the Daily Express or the Soviet periodicals knows about young Mironoff, a remarkable self-made artist, whom a noted English portraitist, Sir Henry Orpen, calls “an unusual talent.” The son of a miner, who passed his childhood in the Ural Mountains, in a circle of sombre gold prospectors, Mironoff, in our age of the glorification of industry, of servile worship of industrial engineering, evokes men, by the means of his art to the origins of perfect harmony and beauty, towards an artistic humanity.

And here is another example: In old Heidelberg, V. Goldsmith, a scientist, together with students, is searching to reconstruct the past history of a crystal, trying to find the mystery of the universal harmony in the character of its construction and condition of its growth. Herefore Goldsmith and his students studied the process of destruction, of the decay of this structure. Now in their laboratories the mystery of its evolution is being revealed.

And so, always about the same, tirelessly—until the last hour—about wisdom and beauty. That is the chief thing!

Not volumes of dusty books, destined to destruction and oblivion. Not vain, impoverished words about “what will be,” but a brief wireless message about “what is,” what is happening in the world—this is what we need nowadays.

At the old private palace on Riverside Drive, New York, the Roerich Museum is located. After two years of existence it contains a collection of more than 600 of the paintings of the master. A special section of the Museum contains more than eighty paintings dedicated to India. ("His Country," "Banners of the East," "The Paths of Sikhim," "The Birth of Mysteries," "Himalayas") This wing is named after Helena Roerich, the wife of the artist, the constant companion of his travels.

The treasures of spirit are innumerable. Unfathomably great is the significance of the cause undertaken by the founders of the collection.

Glory to the nation that produced this artist’s creative work! Glory to the country that sheltered so generously his paintings!

Russia and America—this is not an accident. Great are the bonds of culture uniting these two countries. Great is the cultural mission predestined for both nations.

Not far is the time and a creative unity will come for both countries. Among other sympathetic voices, also bear witness to this, Roerich, “called the friend of America.”

Roerich Museum is not a “prison” of art, but the House of Beauty.

Roerich Museum is a hearth near which “human hearts are being warmed”; a hearth to which everyone comes who cherishes “the beauty in the life of nature and exciting heroism in the life of man.”

Let us remember that noble Ruskin was dreaming at one time of creating such a museum. So he dreamt while creating his museum in the Park of Sheffield.

Now this dream is realized. Let us remain true to it to the end. Let us create a network of museums similar to the House of Beauty on the shores of the Hudson. For it behooves us to remember that “an open, evoking song of the things you love is necessary; necessary are clear words of what you would express.”

Roerich is right. “Give art to the people. (Let us say, peoples.) Decorate not only museums, theatres, schools, libraries, stations and hospitals, but even prisons.”

More than this—decorate Nature itself through your care about it.

Or do you not see “how many young hearts seek the beautiful and the true?”

A master at the pinnacle of the world’s recognition does not need praise.

But the heart of the teacher rejoices when he sees the growth and the success of his students.

Do you remember Roerich’s painting, “And We Labor”? Has not that which was foretold been realized? Grows the circle of followers. The powerful international artistic organization becomes stronger.

How many countries, how many nations, has it united into a brotherly union! How many will it still unify?

The ranks are being filled with new names. Only the names? No—names and people. And—people means human labor.

And so, under the banner of the wise master-builder, a mighty structure is being erected, one of the greatest works of our epoch—“Corona Mundi.”

It would be naïve to speak of glory there where one speaks of immortality.

“People that have met the masters during their life know how simple, harmonious and beautiful they are.”

Roerich “has learned from the world and from all the voices of love speaking in his soul to love and to understand life and humanity.”

And thousands of obedient pupils, “ex-
We have ceased to breathe full-bosomed. Living in narrow and dark caverns which we call houses, we somehow resemble the primitive man, whose abode scarcely differed from the lair of an animal.

But he, our forefather, knew the ecstasy of freedom, knew the delight of an open fight, knew the child's joy at a sudden discovery. Even of this we are deprived. We have lost the true conception of what is light, air, strength, fortitude and beauty.

We have narrowed our outlook upon the task of the artist, seeing in the substance of his work a supply of paintings for our markets.

We have criminally neglected the living sources of artistic inspiration, full of the examples of cosmic creative work, of perfect harmony—the rare colorings and forms of animals, plants and stones.

And we are unjust when we term as dead the creations of the tense, fiery, human spirit, the products of creative will, the work of a vibrant, living, human hand.

We have forgotten that monuments of art, reflecting life, are fragments of life itself.

Just as we have forgotten that every creation conceived to better, to enrich, to enlighten, and to continue this beautiful and earthly life to the boundaries of a truly wonderful and undying existence—that every such creation is undoubtedly an artistic revelation.

We commit a cruel mistake when we exclude from the family of great artists Luther Burbank, who labored all his life over the problems of the improvement of the species of plants, or when we ignore any other intellectual worker engrossed in the cares of bettering our human existence.

Art and science are twin sisters.

And we know innumerable examples—like Flammarion, for instance—when a scientific work reads like a poem and when a poem gives material for exact deductions.

...Explorers into unknown countries—all the Nansen's, Koslovs, Swen-Hedins; scientists of all kinds—Oswalds, Boras and Mendelejevs; sages as Sakya-Munis, Confucius and Mahomet; inventors like Edison and Marconi; simple mortals can be greater artists than those whom we usually designate under this name.

But their art is diffused.

The idea of beauty does not enter into their aims and they serve it without realization of the significance and beauty of their labor.

They are separated, divided into different camps; they are far from each other, and their lonely voices are drowned in the tumultuous voices of an indifferent crowd.

Carried in a sphere as of suggestions, expressing things that are not yet fully realized in full measure, Roerich's art touches all the problems set before us for solution.

We read his paintings as a book and see ourselves as heroes of his epic fancies.

In him we are fascinated by the rarest combination—the enormous knowledge which usually belongs only to the skeptical and unaltered natures, allied to the vigor of a man who is only beginning his life.

We know he does not share our doubts and hesitations. But we believe and will ever believe that Roerich will not stop mid-way. He will go further, exploring, teaching and transforming by his marvelous art our dark, sunless reality.

Before us stands a painting—a canvas, colors, frame. We do not know its subject. Let us suppose we do not know even the name of its author. But we study art. And sometimes we are even apt to criticize. We do not like the shape of the face of a figure on the background. We find that the composition is affected and that the colors are exaggerated. We look and then pass aside. What happens? The painting follows us everywhere. We feel the magic of its colors. The inexplicable power of the same colors, subject and composition which we so easily condemned but a moment before.

Some change takes place in ourselves. At first—vaguely. Then more and more distinctly we perceive that we are not our former selves. Something in us has been radically changed—our tastes, our ambitions, our conduct.

We begin to be more patient with our enemies. And now we value our friends more.

We do not believe in miracles. Even less do we believe in the healing power of art.

And yet—more and more do we ponder over things of which we never had thought before.

Do not call Roerich "a mystic." Do not abuse the knowledge which is unattainable to you.

Remember that one who denies the great reality of everything which exists is as ignorant as one who denies wireless, radio, television and all the real things of science which seemed to be fairy-tales not long ago.

The remarkable optical methodics of the last one hundred years disclosed for us the words of minutest living beings, structure of the living cells, structure of inorganic nature and structure of the starry world.

But do not flatter yourself with the idea that there are no "miracles."

For where shall you find the proofs and witnesses of everything that passes in the universe?

And know that besides the "wonders of technic" there are "miracles" of will and of the creative spirit of man.
“your” dim colors compared with the luminous, joyous palette of Roerich?

We came into this world, not for complete knowledge (this is beyond our powers), but for the completion of attachments to the world. And we would not be subject to the fits of despair and the more and more frequent suicides—these symptoms of the decaying world spirit—if we would think more often of our blood ties with the world harmony.

Against the ills of our age, against its wrath, malice and cruelty, there is no better remedy than art. And there is no physician more skillful than the servant of truth and beauty.

We often hear and often ourselves say about some one man: “His grief was contagious.” Let us not by sorrow, but joy, contact each other’s hearts!

Let us be full of joy! Roerich’s art is contagious with joy, with a great joy. And the future, the new world, promises us joy.

Not words, but actions! Not thoughts, but our personal labor must we bring as a gift to the wise artist and his work. For the work of Roerich is the work of ourselves.

Close ranks, you that have believed! Unite together in order to radiate all over the world the luminous message of the power of Beauty!

“Paths of Blessing,” by Roerich, is not a collection of abstract meditations. Not a utopia, like that of Morris, but an affirmation, conclusions based on innumerable facts.

Roerich has the practicality, culture and tastes of a Westerner. The indefinable power of a Northerner. And the contemplative soul of a poet, which makes him a close son of the East.

His mind is full of great memories. With his narrow, keen, deeply-set eyes he looks on the earthly visible world as if it was a reflection of the far-off world, where he sometimes lived, and where he will live again, faithful to the mystery of the endless metamorphosis of all that exists.

We wonder at his energy and the inexhaustible sources of his art.

And he ceases not, and probably will never cease, to surprise us by the riches that are hidden in the curvatures of his brain. When his eyes become tired of looking at the insignificance of the vistas that flows in his imagination he rests. He takes a pen and sketches on paper the overflow of what we partially have seen in his paintings.

He tells of the first days of human existence on the earth, of man’s ideas and struggle with the dark powers of nature. He describes to us the customs and habits of our forefathers with such a vibrant emotion, with such abundance of details, that power of the past completely possesses us. He speaks in the tongue of an eye-witness of the Tartar captivity, of the cruel onslaught of Vikings, of the steppes, where the steppe-grass bends low, and corpses stiffen, and the raven pecks at his prey.

He makes us hear distinctly how an enemy crawls from behind the bushes, and how our ancestors sing to his children about the land of miracles as happiness—of far-off India.

A thinker and a poet, his poems, that resemble the ancient Sagas, he composes on horseback.

And preparing for a night’s rest, in his traveler’s tent, under the starry sky, in the silence of the desert, he plans his artistic creations.

With the years, on his face has fallen the shadow of the Great Peace. He seeks solitude, and in silent contemplation realizes the sweetness of oblivion from worldliness.

But his life is full of motion, as before. He who attained in the past the ecstasies of communion with the glorious brilliant beauty of the Latin genius, who was drawn to the study of the ruins of the ancient Slavic world, now, when his art is at its zenith, he opens a book sealed to the majority of us—of the grandeur and beauty of Tibet and India.

Now, when half of the book is read by him, and part of what he learned is transmitted to canvas already—now we begin to surmise what his innumerable and incomparable gifts prepare for us in the future.

We await impatiently the continuation of this remarkable life, the brilliant trail of which grows under our eyes, and plunges us into the contemplation as of a fairy-tale, a magic dream, non-existent, beyond the limits of all the visions we ever saw.

Having passed in his youth the roads of Vikings, and now following the footsteps of Marco Polo, he carries away with him from everywhere, and carefully guards, his love to the rare fragments and signs of our past earthly glory.

He is able now to look for hours at “Zi—the symbolic stone,” as before he could for hours marvel at the sheen and wonderful tone of the implements made of jade.

Being accustomed during his entire life to be in contact with the greatest intellects of all times and nations, he leads after him a whole world of images, conceptions and beliefs, that are extinguished sometimes and glittering dimly in the twilight of today, but which acquire sometimes a new being, if not in our life, then at least in our awakenings, and to the crowds. We see the sail of his ship flattering in the far-off mist, and when I am
The ways have been lost. There is no more the old ways. We know only where they have been before. It is necessary to find them.

With his pen and his brush, Roerich has labored to protect the remnants of the ancient beauty.

He wrote in his articles: "Let monuments stand not like horrible corpses, like mummies, that no one needs.

"Let the monuments not terrify us, but let them live and bring into our life the best elements of past epochs."

We heal ourselves from the evil eye. Heal with the beauty of ages and the wisdom of centuries!

We know "The Spring" by Roerich, "The Sacred Spring," where the green, dewy meadows are flooded with sunshine, and the distances are covered vaguely in mist.

We know his bluish, crystal winter and his golden autumn, when heavy violet shadows quietly lie over the weary earth.

From year to year, we admire these changes. Change of night and day, Hours of vigilance, and hours of rest. Moments in which blossom the first gleams of a cold morning. And moments in which upon the darkening vaults of the night sky shine the first, dewy trembling stars.

A deep emotion penetrates us.

We hear the call of "The Calling One." We leave our home, our friends and relatives, our country. And we follow the "High and Pure One" into "His Country," where the air is transparent, where the stars shine early, and where the dimly-colored auras of halos are glittering. Into the land of Roerich.

Our boat slides over the turquoise water of the river. "The Messenger" is with us.

We advance, directed by the measured strokes of his oars. The silent sombre shores recede. The shadows move. The grass rustles. The river streams whistle vaguely. And the yellow fragment of the waning moon lights our way by its reflection.

We are wandering through the impassable forests and jungles, through the intricate paths, where traces of animals are mixed with the footsteps of men. And over the paths where even a beast did not crawl.

We gather wild berries under the trunks of the aged trees and in the cool shadow of their branches we dance and sing.

We rest on the fresh smelling grass in the cave of a hermit, and we listen to the simple tales "About God," about the miraculous visions that came unto men, about the "Treasures of Angels," about "The House of Spirit" and about the heavenly signs that were seen by the mortals.

When we cook our food on the fire, "The Elders Gather."

Leaning with their white heads over their robes, they think of the past.

The wood-piles crackle, and the smoke of the fires whirs into the black clouds.

Our faces are used to wind, and our bodies are bronzed from the sunburn.

Still we are going on and on. We see unknown lands and peoples. We listen to an incomprehensible speech, and we fall asleep at night listening willingly to the song which a strange mother sings, lulling to sleep a strange child.

We are told that ahead of us we shall find heat, sand, deserts.

But after the desert—there lies an emerald-green sea and sapphire mountains.

We go. The bells of our camels are jingling and the far vistas are covered with dim blue fog.

But lo! we have reached our goal! Between the walls of the fairy-tale city, it seems, there are hidden figures of men, turned in a prayer toward the moon. They are "Mecheski"—the moon people.

In their movements there is an aspiration toward some invisible world which contains a full knowledge, which possesses a solution of everything.

But here again—"the questions and the search."

Significant are the ways traveled by the paintings of Roerich.

There is no country of the West in which they have not been.

They have not merely visited these countries, but have remained there forever, decorating the best museums.

Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Prague, Venice, Milan—they all have seen him as a guest at their exhibitions.

This is the West. However, there are Roerich's paintings in the East, as well. People have written and continue to write about Roerich. In Russia—Leonid Andreyev and Benois. In Italy—Vittoria Pica. In Finland—Axel Gallen-Kallela. In Denmark—Leo Feidenberg. In England—Sir Claude Phillips. In France—Denis Roche and Arsene Alexandre. In America—Mary Fanton Roberts and George Eggers. In Germany—Peter Altenberg.

They have written and continue to write about "The Paths of Roerich," about "the sources of his art," about "the realm of Roerich," about "the charm of Russia," expressed in his art.

Our word will be about the wise activity of Roerich.

Already, for how many years, the thought of Roerich remains free! Nothing can possess it. His mind, bent on large generalizations, the mind of a sage, never ceases to seek the mysterious bond which binds our daily existence to the world of external truth.

His wonderful and piercing vision strips all the veils, discovering the universe in its primal beauty.

He says to us that we "plan the gar-
ment" and "build cities and temples" like our far-off forefathers.

We protest. But inwardly we are conquered.

His eye is keen, his feeling is sure, and he knows the very first epochs of past humanity.

His secret is in the unshakable power and breadth of his art.

The source of his creative power lies in his iron will. Just as the horror of our dreary existence lies in our lack of willpower.

To him there is nothing hidden. He feels nature just as fully as he feels each manifestation of the human spirit. He understands the joy of labor just as well as the joy of rest, freed from all our daily cares, and winged with the thought of other things predestined in a future existence.

His keen ear is accustomed to hear the murmur of the growing grasses and the rustle of the water plants, to catch the distant tread of a running beast and to listen to the light passage of the invisible.

Our language is too poor for the expression of colorful dreams.

He sees colors as we feel light and heat.

And the things which we take for shadows, a reflection, a restless play of motes, he cognizes as reality.

The world to him is a harmony. To us it is chaos and disorder. He teaches us to see as we teach children to feel what is seen. Doomed to fate, we pass our days. Without faith. Without hope for a possible liberation.

And suddenly we hear a knock at the door of our abode, an alarming knock, prophesying some evil.

At first, we alone hear it. Then our friends and neighbors. Neighbors of our neighbors and friends of our friends.

From the very ends of the world the same message reaches us.

The knocking increases; it grows louder and louder.

In the pale light of the twilight, or in the light of a lone candle, we timidly open the door. Our eyes become blind with the glow of all-devouring flames.

We see the death of "the doomed city," and the heavy stone corroding cloud that hangs over it.

We hear the noise of destruction, the crackling of tumbling buildings, and it seems that we hear the breaking of human bones.

We see the fighting in the sky and upon the earth.

A host of lancers and archers. Clouds of arrows, and the sails of boats, red with blood.

We hear the clang of the swords, moans of the dying men, and the sharp "Cry of the Serpent."

We see the hosts of the warrior-angels and glittering swords over the corpses of victims.

We hear the clash of goblets, the victorious cries of the feasting men, feasting at the death-feast, and we hear the voice of the ancient bard, who bewails those who fell.

Before our eyes, like a vision, in red gleam of fires, in the chaos of destruction, arises "The Last Angel!"

We tremble with fear. We are fascinated. We rejoice in the music of the fire. We are charmed with the unheard-of spectacle.

But lo! "Procopius, the Righteous One, drives away the stony cloud." In the bloody reflections of the dawn, in the smoke-waves of the fire, we begin to distinguish "The Black Shore," the vague outlines of tumuli, where not long ago a severe priest brought his offerings; and glowing embers before the "Idols."

We learn the vanity of "Human Deeds." In us arises an unsatiable love toward the world.

A peace descends upon us. We begin to
love the scented earth, the blooming crops, which were ploughed by our own hands, and the cool shadow of the dark grove.

With a caress we fall upon the earth. For hours we roam over the steep slopes or green hills, looking at the silvery rug of the distant steppe. We watch the flight of a white gull high over our heads and we look into the blue eyes of the fishermen, seeking in them, as in lakes, our own reflection.

We climb the mountains, and from their peaks we watch the golden clouds running over the rosy sky, “The Kingdom’s Boundaries” and the bluish vistas—“Great countries lie over the seas.”

Our ear, used to the wild noise of battle, rests amid the great silence in which is enveloped the universe in this quiet hour.

We seek silence, quiet and peace. And for a moment we forget about our nightmares which choked us. We are lulled by the rhythmical movement of a cradle on the bosom of eternity. Among petty, ephemeral things; among vainglorious actions and foolish passions; among little deeds and aimless search; the voice of the voice of Roerich teaches.

Drawn by an insatiable thirst for knowledge, Roerich traverses in three and a half years all the big cities of America, stops at the shores of the Seine, wanders through the blossoming valleys of Italy, and then slowly moving on the camels over the sands, he goes through Ceylon and the Himalayas toward the boundary of Tibet.

Here he passes through the boundaries of Nepal into Kashmir, visits a hundred of the old monasteries of Sikkhim, that are seen forty miles away. He inspects the dark caves under Kinchenjunga, where precious treasures are hidden, and where in their stone coffins the hermits torture themselves in the name of an unknown future. He is present at the Buddhist Temple services, and goes further, through the Khotan Oazis, and Chinese Turkestan, into the heart of the Soviet Union—Moscow.

He is a friend of all travelers. Everywhere he mingles with the noisy, bright crowds, now watching how the lamas meditate, now thinking over the frescoes of old muraus—thinking of the knowledge expressed in beautiful symbols.

Nothing stops him. Neither the difficulty of the dangerous passes strewn with skeletons, nor the steepness of the mountain ranges, where in the deep canyons tigers and leopards are lurking. Nor the low whispers of envious enemies.

The surface of the earth is changed. And we continue stubbornly to dress her beautiful, naked body in the beggarly, poor garments of our pitiful fancy.

“Love the earth—for it is earth. Learn the movements of planets, the structure of crystals, the whimsical architecture of mountain rocks, the eternal cover of the earth. The voice of Roerich teaches.

And when the yellowish, pale flame, blown by the wind, reveals to us for a moment his immovable, incomprehensible face, we do not recognize his familiar features, for we are only learning to understand the hidden meaning of his Great Art.

Roerich has many new friends—a tribute to his new life.

They have their own customs, they have their own faith, which is foreign to us. Here is one of them. His glance is kind, intense and sad; his face is light bronze; his yellow garment flows with a broad sweep.

He eats no meat. He does not ride on horseback. He wears no leather shoes. He does not accept the gifts of worshipers.

He walks slowly, chewing betel, and softly moves aside the insects with his staff, so that he may not crush them accidentally.

He is a sage-lama. We call his wisdom a mystery and a false teaching. He believes it as he believes truth.

And here is another one. His name is Bose. In his modest room, on the heights of Punjab, at Mayavati, behind the great wall of Vivelinda’s monastery, he keeps on the table the scientific tools of Mila-
His prayer-room is his laboratory.

He loves vermilion and burnt sienna, and knowing that everybody cannot visit the countries he visited, out of combinations of Prussian blue with emerald and yellow-orange tones he creates a likeness of what he encountered himself.

His eyes were educated on frescoes of Pisa and murals of Rostov-the-Great and Yaroslavl.

Benozzo Gozzoli, Sila Savin and Yury Nikitin transmitted to him their fiery love of a pure color, a pure pigment. He creates "The Red Sails," and "The Blue Frescoes," plunging into the memories of strong impressions he received on plunging into dreams of the old fresco painters.

So he dreams himself, covering the walls of the temple in Talashkino with gorgeous colorful decoration that reminds one of precious Oriental tapestries.

He feels the same peculiar "Fiery Feeling" which expresses itself in the fire of the spirit, as well as in the flame of an artistic interpretation. He inherited the divine gift of izographs, and he creates frescoes similar to the magnificence of "Over the seas that rejoice" and "The Song of songs." These were painted with the brush of naively simple faith which characterized the creations of "John the Baptist" and "Elijah the Prophet," frescoes which with their harmonious Oriental brightness decorate the blossoming shores of the grand Volga. Who knows? Perhaps he was dreaming previously about murals of deeper grandeur to compete with these mighty manifestations of Russian national genius, perhaps he was waiting only for the construction of gigantic buildings, on the walls of which he could develop in full his colorful epic.

Finally, he would probably have fulfilled this dream too. But a new circumstance came along and turned his entire life, his wonderful expression and the contents of his art in a new direction.

An inner voice told him that beyond the official wall that encircles the ill-predestined earth, like a serpent encircling "The Doomed City," there are other, invisible abodes. An inner voice told him that a world painted by a human hand, a world of limited ideas and colorful phantasmagoria, is considerably smaller than the world of nature free in her manifestation, the world of deeds and actions directed by an invisible hand of providence.

An inner voice commanded him to enlarge the frame of his creative work, leaving for a while all that had fed him in the past.

And he stepped over the threshold of his house at the moment when "The Ruler of Night," wise in the decisions of earthly deeds, usually hides all the bright colors of the day under a cover of darkness.

The outlines of the mountains where his paths lay were hidden from his eyes. It seemed to him that the whole world, together with himself, was plunged into a chalice filled with blue darkness, a cup, over the bottom of which were thrown golden stary seeds.

He did not know where to go. But he met "The Messenger," sent to him by "The Sons of Heaven," a messenger who became his guide.

He learned that from now on he was to "Continue the Hunt," and that his way led toward the East. And he saw the world anew. The old colors were different. And different was the meaning of his favorite color combinations.

Everything he does now he likens to "A Blessed Arrow" sent from the very top of the endless mountain ranges. And we call it "The Pearl of Searching."

The red reflection of his picturesque fires lowered. And the fairy-tale mountains ceased to erupt their greedy tongues of fire.

I have known many admirers of Roerich, and when I remember their innermost qualities, I understand what the artist had said: "Everything has its aura. A sensitive spirit selects among the surrounding objects a sympathetic aura."

Judge yourselves whether this is true. I saw Roerich's "Italy" at Blok's; "The Tops of the Mountains," "A Kiss to the Earth," "Procopius, the Righteous, Blessing the Unknown Travelers" at young Slepzov's, who died so tragically; and "The Straight Path," "The Varengian Road," "Over the Seas There Are Great Countries" I saw at Kratchkovsky's. All three are no more alive. Blok, the genius, died with the thought of another fatherland, "Not of this gloomy land." The blossoming earth received the young apprentice in art, Slepzov. He died, thrown by a horse, during a horseback ride. And "The Varengian." Kratchkovsky died also: he, who was so touching in naive faith, who was dreaming during his entire life of new ways, of "The Straight Path," he, who died "Over the Seas" there in "The Great Lands."
I remember all this. I understand "why" Sleptsov and Kratchkovsky loved Roerich so dearly. I understand the words of Blok:

"Having met Thee on the mountain
passes,
My glance became clearer, and saw
Dim vistas of Tuscany,
And the mountain outlines."

Everything has its own aura. The art of Roerich reveals this aura.

A certain woman-poet of mediaeval India sings life in the following lines:

"I greet Life in the calmness of home, and Life, wide in the Unknown,
Life full of joy, and Life heavy with sorrows,
Life eternally moving and lulling the world to sleep,
Life deeply silent, and Life that flows in a thunderous tide,
I greet thy coming, oh Life and I greet thy departure."

While in Western Europe and America, Roerich always talked openly of his affection toward the new Russia "flowing in thunderous tide," and here, in Russia, he told us with love about the distant lands of Orient, "That lull the world to peace."

The precious chalice of the age-old culture of the West grows dim, plunged into the heavy bosom of ocean.

Instead, through the violet darkness of the approaching night, in the crevices of the glowing sky, "the new stars are gleaming and the nebulae of constellations are clear and transparent."

Golden Asia and Muscovite Russia, the time-old ties Russian sages sing of fabulous India.

From the fifteenth century a voice of Athanasius Nikitin Tveretin has reached us: "And I, from the midst of many troubles, went to India."

In the fairy-like, flower-like Yaroslavl of the seventeenth century, Indian merchants sell turquoise and silks.

The quaint frescoes of old temples sing about the Indian's precious gifts—golden tapestries, turquoise enamel, fine design of carving on the sword's blade.

"War has flooded the world with blood. Dryness and showers have violated the eternal order. Famine showed its face."

Again we hear the forgotten: "From the many troubles, let us go to India."

The ancient ties: Golden Asia and Muscovite Russia.

Do not grieve if the strong men go to the mountains. And the wise men leave the cities.

A time will come—they will return, enriched.

Limitless vistas have been revealed before the astonished eyes of all humanity. But the thirst is not satisfied. How many unexpected, innumerable, eventful discoveries await us ahead!

Blessed be the gifts of those who create forever! Blessed be the days of those who follow the path of Beauty and Truth!

The West was always attracted to the colorful Orient. Attracted, irresistibly, powerfully. Many perished on this road. Many emerged as conquerors.

Some perished because they thought to win with arms. But others won with a word. Now men have understood. They begin to understand that arms are powerless before the word borne by knowledge.

The path is intricate. The slopes are steep. Just a few steps, and again a turn. After this—a top of the hill, open to the sun and to the winds.

Wanderer! Turn thy eyes toward the East, where the triple constellation of Orion burns unceasingly. Stop thy horse.
oh traveler, and in deep silence listen to the words of the Teacher:

"Do you not see
The way toward the things
That we shall find tomorrow?
The starry runes are awake.
Take your possessions!
Your arms—you do not need,

The East grows lighter, the time has come.
The starry runes are stirring."

Rhythmically resounds the bell in the dead silence of the desert. And the long blue shadow of the camel falls across the golden sands.

We all are travelers in this ephemeral world, where sorrow merges into joy, and life merges with death.
ARCHER
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ARCHER. The purpose of a symbol is not so much to define a thought as to create a mood. It is at least with this in view that our title has been chosen. To every reader it will convey a different impression, an impression in some cases, doubtless, of futurity or even of antagonism. There is something out-of-date in the idea of an archer; something also of unrest, of opposition to what Whitman called collective mediocrity. These implications we have no wish to evade. And yet nothing is farther from our thoughts than either a return to mere primitive-ism as a carping attitude toward modern life in general.

The ARCHER would be above all things affirmative. In the picture, in the very sound of the word, are the qualities of strength, courage, eagerness. The meaning particularly in mind at the choosing of the title was that of The Speeder of the Message. Beyond this we prefer to let our readers interpret largely for themselves. It may be noted that in the present issue of the magazine the message is not so much to define a thought as to spread the knowledge and influence of Roerich's art to the many others who, we feel, are eager for its message.

Let us briefly review the life of Roerich. Born in Russia fifty-two years ago, he early attained the highest honors in his own country, and after the revolution widened his appeal until his fame was international. As a climax to this appreciation, a special museum was established in New York as a permanent monument to his art as well as to further his ideas for international understanding through art. In the three years of its activity, the Roerich Museum has already become a shrine for many people of widely differing tastes and traditions. In accordance with Roerich's belief in the essential unity of art, lectures on all arts are held under the auspices of the museum. Meanwhile, Roerich himself has been painting amid the most exalted scenery of the world in India and Tibet, a series of symbolic masterpieces which represent the acme of his genius thus far. The panorama of these works is already in the Museum.

In what consists the essential quality of these paintings which have appealed to noted men from all parts of the world—men such as Tagore, Stravinsky, Mistrić, Andreyeff, Zuloaga, Stokowski, Rockwell—men of the most various types and professions? Art critics have written of the soundness and mastery of the craftsmanship, but to most of those who love Roerich the technical ability is a minor matter. Certainly the power of these paintings can hardly be suggested in words. Roerich is closest in spirit to the Italian primitives in whom deep religious feeling utterly subordinates the desire for virtuosity. He has a strength of design blended with an emotional gift of color which produces almost the effects of music. His imagination has also a sane breadth that may be compared to the poetry of one of his favorite authors, Walt Whitman. And even more than with Whitman, one feels in him the dominant influence of Asia, birthplace of all the world's chief religions. In a word, Roerich recreates from the vital influence of the past a new faith and a new art, much as Giotto and his contemporaries expressed in painting an enthusiasm kindled by St. Francis of Assisi. As with them, his vision of beauty appeals to children and day laborers as well as to artists and mystics. The chief difference is that in Roerich the impulse is less narrowly human; in particular his superb Himalayan landscapes represent a cosmic unity of man and nature. It is remarkable, too, that such a renascence should be first incarnate not in words, but in form and color.

It is not surprising that the recognition of Roerich's art, so fully accorded in other countries, should reach its climax in the United States. Even before his visit to America, Roerich felt the underlying spirituality of this country of "great and young aspirations." This faith he later expressed in his prophetic "Messiah" Series. And America responded by the founding of the Museum. In our day, Roerich sees the approach of the ideal combination of the visionary and practical, to accomplish his prophecy, "art will unify all humanity." America in turn is fortunate to come into contact with one of the few supremely great spirits in the world today. It is for this reason that those familiar with the Roerich Museum feel the responsibility of transmitting its vital influence to the life of America and of the world.

The ARCHER seeks to fulfill the purpose of the Society in two ways: first, by giving reproductions of Roerich's most famous pictures together with comments and interpretations on the meaning of his art; secondly, by publishing creative and critical work as much as possible in sympathy with his ideals. We base the second phase of our activity on Roerich's belief in the internationality and essential unity of the arts. Here again, as we prefaced in speaking of our title, we seek to convey not so much an idea as a mood. May it be as far as possible the mood of timeless and exalted beauty which we have found in the pictures of Roerich!

Internationality through art—how presumptuous it sounds to the ear of cold judgment! How frail is our present advocacy of so vast a cause! How often shall we be accused, on the one hand, of vacating ecstasy; on the other, of subtle intrigue and self-seeking! And yet it is with a strange confidence that we face the issue.

We have the sense of mighty unseen powers in sympathy with our aim; rather, whose aim it is our privilege in some measure—however feeble—to fulfill. The ARCHER'S bow is bent. Fly, singing arrows of the spirit!
THE MESSAGE OF THE ROERICH MUSEUM

By Louis L. Horch

For America the Roerich Museum has a significance unique and unreplaceable. So marked is this position that often I have been asked to trace the growth of its influence and its permeation into the life of the people, as well as the meaning that it transmits.

There can be no more illuminating response to the question than the actual experience of its directors during the life of the Museum. The type of its visitors; the measure of their appreciation; the emotions evoked by the painting; the inspiration it has transmitted to creative workers—all these furnish their unassailable testimony of the response which America’s spirit has given to this museum. Here is found one of those currents of spiritual attraction which draws all types of peoples—and to each has contributed some necessary element of spirit and of emotional fortification.

Roerich first arrived in this country in 1920—this by no means furnished his first contact with America. For, years ago, Roerich had been the champion of America’s creative power, when he organized the first American exhibition in Russia a quarter of a century ago, his first tribute to that “great and young” national heart.

In response to the invitation of the Chicago Art Institute, while his exhibition was being shown in London, Roerich came to America, and for the first time in 1920, at the Kingore Galleries, America saw his exhibition. It would seem unbelievable that so short a time has elapsed since that first event. To the steady crowds, to the critics, to the unprecedented flocks of visitors—that first vision of Roerich’s art was a sesame to a new vista of beauty. Its impress seems to have been instantaneous. Today hundreds of visitors come to the Museum and recall how the first exhibition was to them an experience of enlightenment. It is even touching to note with what accuracy they remember the position of each painting, and the absence of some work which remained in various other Museums as the paintings toured America. And how many of these have exclaimed, “What a joy that Roerich’s paintings have been collected into a permanent Museum, where people are enabled to have constant recourse to this shrine of Beauty!”

The first impression of Roerich’s work proved indelible, repeating itself in each part of the country in which the paintings were shown, and indicating that Roerich’s work had expressed something fundamental, something which America’s soul could understand. A revelation of the inherent striving for beauty which America possesses is indicated in the manner in which these works touched various classes of our people. In Minneapolis’ State Fair, where it was seen by 700,000 people, mostly farmers, Dudley Crafts Watson relates that the unprecedented happened: These farmers for the first time confessed that painting had acquired a significance, it became translatable into terms of life to them. And since that time we hear that there has been a greater interest in art, apparent and sincere.

In Chicago Art Institute, which was so great an instrument in the coming of Roerich to this country, there was of course a vast response, one of which our directors are always reminded on visits to the institute by students and by hundreds who saw it. Some of our fine younger
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artists of Chicago, then students, have visited the museum in New York almost in the spirit of a pilgrimage and have related the great impetus which the first glimpse of Roerich gave to their creative life.

Dr. Harshhe, Director of Chicago Art Institute, on a recent visit to the Museum, said:

"The message of the Museum will go beyond its walls. The Art of Roerich has had a very great influence upon the art life of America."

And now, five years later, he recently requested the directors of the Museum to loan an entire room of Roerich paintings to be exhibited amongst the collection of the Chicago Art Institute—a request which unfortunately had to be refused because of the permanent nature of the Museum.

In Kansas City and in California the touching response of the younger generation indicated that they also found Roerich an ideal. Perhaps no evidence of Roerich influence is more significant than the fact that it was the children of Kansas City who, with their tiny contributions, made possible the purchase of Roerich’s paintings for Kansas City.

And in California today, Dr. Kaun, of the University of California, relates to us that he is constantly reminded by the students themselves of the permanency of Roerich’s influence upon them. And legends of “Roerich skies,” “Roerich’s colors,” seem to have grown up in the student mind.

And it is significant that the same art which draws some of our great statesmen repeatedly to the Museum can also touch the simplest heart and the child’s soul. I recall one story of how, in one of the cities, a little fellow repeatedly came to the Museum and finally took courage to come up to the director with a few pennies to ask if he might not purchase a beloved sketch. It is in the nature of the artist that later, when he visited the gallery and the story was told to him, he sought to find the child and give him a sketch, so touched was he by that beginning of a collector’s spirit.

Each city reached by Roerich’s work during that tour of almost three years added its word to the testimony that Roerich had come to a country destined for him. The tour proved that this art was meant for America, that it spoke a word which America’s spirit—that pulse which is deeper than any external manifestation—recognized Roerich as essentially her own. It was then that the need of this Museum became apparent to the directors of the Master Institute of United Arts and Corona Mundi, International Art Center. This same spirit, concentrated and crystalized, has given the Museum its importance and its significance.

How does the Museum differ from others? The Museum has, it would seem, a message entirely distinct from other institutions of that name. A museum which merely added to the multiplicity of archives of previous treasures would not be needed or important. What is needed is that the Museum should enter life, that a new Museum should have a new message to transmit. And in this the Roerich Museum plays its unique function, one which has elicited unusual demonstrations and enthusiasm.

One of its great weapons of victory, it seems to me, is its simplicity, its directness. Once Roerich, when in India, asked to give some advice on how to found a museum, wrote, “Found it simply. One room may be a museum, and if the wish that conceived it is worthy, it shall grow in the shortest time into its own building and into a temple.”

Here, in the Roerich Museum, is an attestation of this fact. When visitors enter they are impressed by the simplicity and the absence of that aloofness which too often characterizes museums. Here is direct intimacy with works of beauty and an opportunity to commune closely with the spirit of the creator. That message which a painting imparts to each individual spirit can be transmitted in an intercourse unbroken and warm.

Another factor in its influence has been its great harmony—the calmness which it exercises over all its visitors. With all the diversity which has characterized the painting of Roerich, it is enveloped in the harmony of a single spirit. Here is unity amid diversity—and around all the painting is a flowing and continuous expression of calm, which becomes more and more profound and reaches a complete feeling of meditation in the Himalayan works.

Its universality of expression has, of course, been a great power in the work of Roerich and in the Roerich Museum. There is here an evocation to the individual as well as to the universal soul. So often visitors have come to us and said, “This must be in my country—I remember such scenes.” This speaks for that universality of Roerich’s art—it’s ability to transmit a message to each individual, and to summon forth within him an experience evoking the pageant of lovely memories. It would seem that, notwithstanding the mood or need of the visitor, these paintings have a definite word for that moment. The artist, covering the gamut of human experiences in his works, reveals the manifold expressions of spirit and how the spirit may be all-containing and all-impartment.

To many, through color and form, the Museum has made the first appeal and has stirred depths untouched heretofore, but ready to be opened to the spring of feeling and thought. And that spirit, first touched by the pure beauty of color, soon finds itself responding to the ascending message of Roerich’s art—the one expressed in its highest measure in the final series—“Banners of the East.” Here in the representation of all the great teachers of the world, Roerich gives the most powerful demonstration of the oneness of religions and the united striving of all great teachers of the world.

The Museum has been called the Bridge between east and west, and verily it is fulfilling a mission in bringing to the west, perhaps for the first time, the ideals and stirrings of the east, and the essential necessity of union of West and East, each with a one goal manifested by new ways, but each supplementing the desire of the other towards an ultimate victory and unity of mankind.

Summed up, I feel the Roerich Museum is a university of learning and wisdom for men. Through the medium of Beauty it reveals to those who visit it the manifold possibilities of the human spirit. It points to a goal and encourages man to reach it, giving each individual a new hope of the great potentiality and dignity of the human spirit.

Long since Europe hailed Roerich—but it was America who gave the evidence of profound appreciation of this great international artist by founding this permanent Museum, thus proclaiming the international reverence for beauty and attesting our faith in Beauty as a banner of spiritual victory.
GREAT art is a spiritual spectrum. Within its message are contained and reflected all rays of man’s spiritual life. Like the magic mirrors of our twilight lore, it summons up for each man the image for which his spirit yearns.

Of contemporary masters, the work of Roerich seems to contain this universality of appeal, this hidden store of beauty which emerges at the call of each spirit, projecting that ray of light summoned up by each spirit’s own desire.

"Your paintings profoundly moved me," said Rabindranath Tagore, once writing of Roerich. "They made me realize one thing which is obvious and yet which one needs to discover for oneself over and over again; it is that truth is infinite—your pictures are distinct and yet are not definable in words. Your art is jealous of its independence because it is great."

Andreyeff, the great Russian writer, in the last work published during his life-time, devoted himself to an appreciation of the creative artist, in Roerich’s art. "The world of Roerich," he wrote, "is the world of truth. Any attempt at transmitting its enchanting beauty through words must be fruitless. That which has been thus expressed in color will not tolerate the rivalry of words and stands in no need of them. Here (in Roerich’s realm) is the cradle of wisdom where the heavenly word about God and Man came forth, to speak the earthly language of the master so beautiful in its purity and strength."

From Dr. Edgar L. Hewett, director of the School of American Research, comes the following: "To me Roerich is the fulfillment of Browning’s ideal—Sordello; all-containing, all-imparting."

Many have told of impression of Roerich’s colors. "Their effects," says Bushnell Diamond, the American writer, "is one of stunning, blinding, luminous impact like that of an intensified, moving and metallic rainbow."

To Alexei Remizov, the Russian author, who has written a reverie about Roerich’s work, it is like the northern twilight; his green is the green of the sea-grass; his red is the red of beacon fires, and his flame—is from Byzantine arrows.

Amelia Debris, the English critic, says: "Roerich has enormous power and force yet without ever forcing. I do not know of a painter who can get such effects as he gets in color. His drawing has the same remarkable power and breadth and is intellectual as well as emotional. His painting may be described as at once scholarly, scientific and fearless; added to this, there is the poetry of the mystic who is a worshipper of Nature, a Walt Whitman in painting, in a sense."

The mingling of color with form is the miracle of Roerich’s work, as Frederick W. Eddy of the New York World sees it. "He brings to modern perception," said Eddy, "for the first time, the weird spirit of the northland, where the long twilight and the longer night work upon the fancy and intensify artistic creation. Generally the temper of the work is austere, but he is master of form and color as has been no other Russian here. His technical command is sure and his impulse is strongly realistic."

Royal Cortissoz, the American critic, writes in the New York Tribune: "The essential charm of his art springs from his depth of imaginative power, its inventive fervor. The best picture in the show, The Cave of the Trolls, is catalogued as a scene for Peer Gynt. As a matter of fact, it is less a painted scene than a painted poem; a fantastic idea, subtle and impressively realized. Mr. Roerich passes from dreams to realities and back again."

Roerich often has cited the great affinity between the arts. Therefore it is not surprising that so many of those who love Roerich’s work should find some relationship between it and other arts.

"He has used legend in his work," wrote Hamilton Easter Field, "as Mousorgsky used folksong. There is here the universality of interest which a work has when it incorporates the passions of mankind."
Roerich's paintings convey the strong musical feeling in their theurgical designs by suggesting the images of solemn polyphonic choruses or low-voiced chants of an invisible choir and priest, whereas the predominant leitmotifs speak the inevitable ways of Destiny—songs of the power of a divine fate. His scale is macro-cosmic, not micro-cosmic.

Like Bach, Roerich remains a priest only in the realm of art. Many of his canvases evoke the moods brought about by Bach's fugues or Handel's oratorios.

Paul Mylukov says of Roerich's work: "Then came the uncompromising Roerich. Roerich's cosmogeny rather reminds one of Wagner. It begins like that of Wagner, in deep and elemental tones of the world chaos, and it winds up in the clarified apotheosis of a Parsifal—in his latest creations."

The universality of Roerich's art and the versatility of the spirit it reveals has been remarked by numerous critics. "In articles and monographs devoted to his work," writes Hagberg-Wright, of the London Library, "Roerich has been called the Maeterlinck of Painting. In France he has been compared to Gauguin. In Sweden, to Munck and Gallen. In Italy, to the Byzantine painters. These desperate efforts to find his counterpart are a compliment to his versatility. But when all is said, Roerich remains Roerich—one of the strongest personalities in contemporary art."

It is Roerich's freedom which is winged to N. Jarentzov, the Russian writer, who says of him: "Roerich's freedom is the freedom of imaginations in the higher planes. It makes him treat each composition as a clear note in the harmony of the universe."

A. A. Koiransky, the Russian painter, finds Roerich capable "of seeing further and clearer than the initiated. Through the veil of the temporary he sees the eternal. The inspired art of Roerich discloses before us the eternal truth."

"Roerich's genius, armed with all the wisdom of artistic experience and in which the poet's inspiration is coupled with the master of color-harmonies, is continuously rising towards new heights of achievement."

To artists Roerich's work seems a perpetual source of inspiration, as though he was ever fulfilling some deeply crystallized feeling within their own spirits.

Mestrovic, Rockwell Kent, Eugene Higgins, Sargent, Louis Vauxelles, Vittorio Pica, Axel Gallen-Kallela, Maurice Denis, Frank Brangwyn and a host of others, too numerous to mention, have acclaimed him.

Benois, the Russian artist, says: "Roerich has learned from the voices singing in his soul to love and understand humanity in general. The philosophical value of Roerich's work is very great. I see in it more than merely artistic individuality. He is the representative of a whole school of thought, even of a whole sphere of culture. For expressing the gist of his philosophy, he does not adopt abstract forms, but remains within the circle of concrete images and pictures of life—a life perhaps remote from and dead to our minds, yet ever convincing in its past existence and calling forth a familiar echo in our hearts."

"At this present hour, when peoples are possessed by the devils of enmity and untruth, Roerich withdraws into his desert as I withdraw into my temples—to create prayers to the Lord of Beauty and of Peace."

Boris Grigorieff, artist compatriot, wrote: "His name is on the lips of the world. Before me is the magazine Studio, dedicated to our great artist, and I am
proud when I think that Roerich is so able to arouse the human soul."

M. Cornfield, the critic, says: "In Series 'Heroics' is expressed the inner meaning of Roerich's creation. Mystically realized miracle, revelation manifested by heavenly signs. You are living through the miracle of transfiguration. You are ready to see God in Heaven. Such are the feelings expressed by Roerich in his works."

Baltrushaitis, the Russian poet, says: "Roerich could not win a more beautiful crown than this organic bond between his work and contemporary social evolution in the meaning of Roerich's creation. Mystical Series 'Heroica' is expressed the inner harmony of their natures and with the profoundity of their creation. Among these happy ones stands the colorful and deeply imaginative Roerich." D. Burellc says: "Roerich is one of the most characteristic figures in Russian art. His name during twenty years manifests the fame of Russian culture." From Horace Shipp comes: "Nicholas Roerich sees through the glass less darkly than most and has the genius of telling his visions.

M. P. Marchent writes: "Roerich is not only Russian but human in the broadest sense. He devotedly follows his own path, linking up for him humanity with the spirit of the cosmos."

Redfern Mason tells us: "Professor Roerich also remembers that Russia is Europe's gate to the Orient and he loves the art of India. That affection stirred a sympathetic chord in the heart of Tagore, who sees in the painter a spirit akin to his own."

Dr. R. T. McKenzie, sculptor, Director of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, proclaims of Roerich's work: "A gigantic achievement!"

"Nicholas Roerich," writes Dr. Alexander Kaun, Professor of the University of California, "is one of the noblest sons of spiritual Russia; for he is wondrously synthetic; one is struck by his versatility—jurist, poet, publicist, professor of archaeology, director of an art school, member of the academy—But it is not versatility that composes Roerich's major forces. The essence of his irresistible appeal lies in the unity of his complex personality, in the rhythmic oneness of his multifarious manifestations that pervades the universe created by his brush."

"In the versatility of Roerich's creations is to be seen a unique personality, loving Russia deeply. The Roerich exhibition is a deep joy for every Russian," writes Derejinski, the sculptor.

"Great painter—great poet—mystic—seer—and prophet," says S. Jay Kauffman. "A great painter because, although painting of Russia, the appeal is universal. A great poet because, as Andreyef said, he sees the soul of things clearly. A mystic because he seems to know of life after death. A seer because in 1913 and 1914 his paintings prophesied the war with its havoc and terrible aftermath. Some publisher should publish these 'prophetic paintings'. The 'Lurid Glass' is a symbol for Belgium. 'The Doomed City,' a lifeless city encircled by an enormous serpent—Russia. 'Human Deed'—wise men contemplating a heap of ruins."

"Roerich's paintings," said Olin Downes, the noted critic, "are so great because of their affirmation, their great surety, in this restless day. His work reminds me of the expression of Reman that "all the world's reveries nestled around his heart."

"In the midst of our modern society, so positive and so limited, he gives to his fellow-artists a prophetic example of the goal they must reach—the expression of the Inner Life." Thus Henri Caro-Delvalle, the renowned artist, perceives him, and Norman Bel Geddes, the American producer, says of his exhibition: "This is an important event to us here. In his paintings, even so Russian, there is a simple spirit that has come straight to everyone. No more honest, clear-visioned artist ever came to our shores."

Hunt Diederich, the American modernist, wrote: "Roerich is, in my opinion, the essence of all that is Russian—full of imagination, simplicity and strength, convictions and regardlessness of opinion. Roerich has all the qualities that Sargent needed to be an artist instead of a celebrity."

"Remarkeable is the manner in which America has responded to this artist. His influence seems to have touched deep latent relationships between this country and himself. Roerich's work," says Alfred C. Bossom, speaking for American Architects, "has a distinct message for American architects at this time, because, like that of the Renaissance masters, it is a radically modern expression of contemporary life, yet sure, serene and permanent."

Dudley Crafts Watson, Associate of the Chicago Art Institute, writes: "The exhibition is open, and is more beautiful than we had ever hoped. About your painting it needs no explanation, but if I can help to open the eyes of some of the people to its potent message of beauty and quality, the inner struggle of the spirit, the supreme calm of the soul, I shall feel that my effort is well repaid."

George W. Eggers, of the Worcester Museum, writes: "There is a tremendous interest on the part of the intelligent and again on the part of people who come without that little learning which is so dangerous a thing. The bringing of your exhibition has meant great things to the younger artists of these western cities, and it is most gratifying to see how quickly many are enraptured with your message."

F. Nielsen Laurvik, of the San Francisco Museum, says of the exhibition: "The exhibition of the work of the famous Russian painter Roerich is an art event of the first magnitude that presents to San Francisco one of the most interesting and fertile personalities now active in contemporary art. The collection has already been shown in the Boston, Chicago, St. Louis and other important Eastern museums, where it has created a furore in art circles as well as among the general public."

Cornelia B. Sage-Quinton, of the California Palace of the Legion of Honor, "A dreamer and a visionary, he derives his strength from intimate communion with Mother Earth and throbbing humanity. Art, he knows, is not a luxury but an indispensable element of human existence. And he dreams of a great and beautiful temple built in some art centre, the meeting place of International Art. With earnestness characteristic of him he points to the crying need of such an institution in these days of great social and political upheaval. He dreams of this Democracy of Art, an institution, if need be, capable and strong enough to defend itself against the Vandal."

Dr. Robert A. Harsh of the Chicago Art Institute, which first invited Roerich to America, said, 'Roerich's message goes beyond Museum walls. He has been a tremendous influence on American Art.' His essential relationship with Russia and the far north has aroused comment.
Dr. Christian Brinton writes: "There is a cosmic impersonality to his art that recalls the days when the world was fresher and more spacious than it seems at present. Nordic in its imaginative richness, the art of Roerich is also classic in its appollonian love of light and clarity. It fittingly epitomizes the spirit of those who, born in the mist-entrapped region of the North, seek the radiant serenity of Helias."

E. W. Powell, the critic, finds that "Roerich transports one to enchanted lands; the first, a world of Russian Arabian Nights; the second, the realm of elemental forces in nature, an awe-inspiring region of cosmic synthetic landscapes."

To Ossip Dy'mov, Roerich is the "Memory of Russia. In Roerich, Russia remembers his childhood and the time of the gray past. For Roerich," he says, "is Rurik, the prince of spirit, the real ruler of ancient North—Varyag, from the sea, entering Russia. He, who sees and understands the origins, can also foresee and enter into the understanding of the forces of nature, and how courage and a certain magnificent undertone of the soul can be fulfilled until it sounds in sympathy with the united voices of the nations, a symphony of universal understanding and peace. Around whom, during his lifetime, has been woven so many legends? Who else has so touchingly spoken of the young ones, the new ones? Who has so valiantly thought of universal evolution? Who has placed beauty as the fellow of simplicity and fearlessness? Roerich, in the name of Beauty, you have sent us a perpetual challenge to greatness." Among others who have joined this symposium of praise are: Leo Feigenberg, Serge Diagilev, Hubert Cyriak, Oscar Bjorck, Norman Hapgood, A. Rostislavov, Al. Mantel, William Ritter, S. Makowsky, A. Coates, Peter Altenberg, A. Best-Maugard, Hardinge Gidoni, Dr. Th. Arne, Igor Stravinsky, M. Fokin, Theodore Oppemann, Mr. Papin, M. Voloshin, W. Stassov, A. V. Stuchell, Itsuzu Takeuchi, and many others.

The Siberian author, George Grebenstchikoff, sees Roerich's gospel of unity spreading its beneficence over Asia. He says: "How significant that Roerich, not only as painter but as philosopher and wise man, bringing to the world the teachings of unity of all faiths and the study of Buddha's preachings, has undertaken at such a favorable time to push also the organization of true brotherhood to all people. . . . The call of Roerich to the understanding of the fundamentals upon which reposes the eternal youth of ancient Asia is in truth an apostolic message."

A. Kumar Haldar, Hindu painter, and Director of the Jaipur School of Art: "In your art I found the true spirit of European art and imagination. I think it will take centuries for critics to understand your art fully. I feel proud this day to have been so fortunate as to be able to come directly in touch with you, for which I longed so much."

O. C. Gangoty, Vice-President of the Indian Society of Oriental Art: "The Himalayas and the magnificent sceneries of the great Indian mountain have a peculiar charm for the people of Bengal who are in the habit of paying frequent homage to their beauties. They can justly claim as a special privilege an opportunity to know and appreciate how the profound mystery of Indian mountain scenes have caught the vision of a great European artist."

Charles R. Crane, American statesman, said: "I consider Roerich the greatest living artist and one of the world's ten greatest living men."

Frances R. Grant writes: "Roerich weaves together the invisible threads of earth. He consummates for America the vision which Whitman's clear spirit foresaw. Roerich heralds the voice of America; he hears her choir enriched with the timbres of the nations which combine her forces . . . . He recalls to America that she shall rejoice when all nations approach her destiny . . . the voice of no nation can be fulfilled until it sounds in sympathy with the united voices of the nations, a symphony of universal understanding and peace. Around whom, during his lifetime, has been woven so many legends? Who else has so touchingly spoken of the young ones, the new ones? Who has so valiantly thought of universal evolution? Who has placed beauty as the fellow of simplicity and fearlessness? Roerich, in the name of Beauty, you have sent us a perpetual challenge to greatness."
THE SHUDDER IN "DON GIOVANNI".

From the German of Rudolf Hans Bartsch

THERE was once on a time a Vienna of lawns and meadows.

The city was surrounded by green bastions, not at all a ring of iron. No, they were like a round-a-rosy of laughing maidens. Goat's-beard, purple sage and sunny-hued dandellions grew carelessly, the grass waved at the will of every wind, just as did the big child-people in that city, and a superannuated sergeant in a uniform of bright grey-blue guarded the infant brood of grass from the countless children, who by their very multitude were the cause that in later times grey stones grew above the charming softness of the greensward.

The suburbs lay around the city on verdant hills or in depressions made by the brooks. And Meadow was queen of the place. Irresistibly she broke forth from the ground in the very midst of what are to-day the inner districts; and all the streets were turfy, because even between the pavement stones the exultant green laughed wantonly out. Nature still played the pavement stones the exultant green.

In those days the city was a collection of domestic estates, and above the houses the trees of neighboring gardens nodded greeting to one another. On the walls hung luxuriantly the grape-vines, the wondrously potent grape-vines, which are able to determine the character of a whole people.

In those days the suburbs were summer-freshness. The active, travel-loving artists even, the most free-living children of nature, who could burden themselves with debt for a trip into the green-rustling summer, went here no further than to the suburbs.

Master Wolfgang Amadeus even, who knew but two things of worth, the day and eternity, who with his rhymes of "bellow, sorrow" laughed away "to-morrow"—for him it was enough if he had gay, lively people were not capable of inventing the infamy of a straight building-line. The little houses lay as if shaken from the sleeves of the good God; some over the edge, others retiring shyly to the rear of a garden; here and there a trustworthy inn, shouting hello, encroached on the middle of the roadway, but only stuck out its gable story so far, because drivers want to have a little room. On the streets lay the sunlight, and over the streets lay repose and deliberation. Ah! the free, rich saying: "To-day I live, for to-morrow there's time." In our days it is a luxury if a sunbeam gets to the bottom of the street, a wonder if a dog stretches out there blinking in the warm radiance, and a legend if a kitten lets the enviable grace of heaven fall burningly on its indolent fur. Such a cat surging himself is as a symbol of the good old times.

Wolfgang Amadeus was walking over the turf-hill of the Turkish Redoubt with his friend, the private secretary Gilovsky.

"Wolfgang Amadeus in the finest court-coat which could be got on credit, in stockings and buckle shoes, Gilovsky in his costume of the style of Werther—viz: blue frock-coat, yellow vest, and top-boots. He was a wild-looking youth, whose locks of hair stood apart like flames, and his eyes flickered like candle-light in the wind. In the distance burned the red beech woods of the Kahlenberg.

"One comes, the other goes," laughed Amadeus, who enjoyed speaking in platitudes when the uproar of notes teemed in his soul. "What's the news from Paris, brother-heart?"

"Heavy, momentous news," said Gilovsky. "Another world is struggling to be born. The French are going to make another Age of Iron."

"The French? Heavens, no. They are but Austrians with a more prettily woven language. I believe that the transfigured souls of the Viennese come back to the world in Paris."

"Don't take it so lightly, Wolfgang. Have you seen of Paris? Pompadours, ostrich feathers, and heron plumes, brocade and parquetry."

"And you?"

"I was elsewhere. With the newspapers of the street corners, where young citizens, glowing like subterranean fire, for five hundred francs a month are burning up genius worth ten thousand francs. Where there is whispering about War of Independence in North America, that France will import it in her own ships, with her own regiments. Look out, Wolfgang Amadeus!—it's a people in whom the first seething bubbles are beginning to rise."

Amadeus stopped short and looked on the ground. The music in him was silent. Only the whispering leaves of the golden trees fell around, like the ripping notes of a scherzo which was coming to an end.

But the young, wild Gilovsky, in his costume of the style of Werther, carried him along: "Listen! There they hate our gay, glad enjoyment; and I, Wolfgang Amadeus, I hate it too. For I am a man of the new world, this I learned there. There, mid dust and foul air, broods the stench of sunlessness. There limps hollow-cheeked scrofulous misery, the wretchedness of the masses, machine-like pressure of Industry weighs on every breast. Here in Vienna has not yet come what in London they call the mob, in Paris the rabble. Here the lowest class has its pride, and the proud have their landed property. But there an evil insolvency has made men into chattlels. Pale-cheeked misery sits there oppressed—but, Wolfgang, it does not lament. It broods. And that is beautiful—beautiful! Here the world still sings and glitters. Vienna is a big meadow full of crickets and grasshoppers, which all make music in the sleepy sunlight. But there is complaint, groaning, sighs, yearning. There you behold the wonder of flames which arise from the swamp, the flames of the ignis fatuus. It is beautiful, splendid, strangely beautiful!"

Wolfgang Amadeus felt somewhat feverish. Behind the curtain there had always been within him a small, dark room, in
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which something of this sort was dream-
ing. Now strange voices began to cry out
there, voices that shook him with alarm,
that for his sunlight world meant the Be-
yond. "They had already cried out in
former years, when Count Arco had thrust
him like a rogue out of the service of the
archbishop, and from then on they had
sung in a quiet undertone whenever inso-
 lent noblemen patronized him. But he
was so fond of laughter; of bright-
 coloured, beautiful clothes; of rich ladies,
royally coiffured; of champagne and lux-
ury; that these voices seldom sang. Only
now and then unfathomable melancholy
soared up in euphony like a dying swan
above the world of his melodies. It was
the Austrian joy-song, of which no one can
say whether it indicates pleasure or grief,
for drunken workingmen and recruits can
utter it best.

To Despinetta, too, the little waiting-
maid, pert though she is, he has given
utter it best.

"That," cried Gilovsky indignantly, "is
because you have a heart for nothing but
your music."

And he went on to speak of London and
Paris, and repeated that the discontent in
the gloomy streets, that discontent which
is the soul of all human greatness, was a
thousand times dearer to him than any
Te Deum laudamus.

But Amadeus, the child, in whom "yes"
was at other times more active than "no,"
was silent with anxious heart. For two
equally strong Powers were standing be-
fore him and looking at him through great
eyes.

He sought to turn away from under this
glance and spied into the distance, where,
in the beech woods of the Kahlenberg, the
festal red and yellow branches of death
were swaying; above smiled the blue con-
tented heavens.

Again the two Powers. They stood be-
fore him and looked at him.

Then the tortured Wolfgang Amadeus
shook his powdered locks, so that the cue
struck his shoulders and a light cloud of
rice-meal flew off in the autumn breeze.
He shook himself like a pony that wants
to drive away the flies.

"A glass of wine, brother," he cried
then. "Let's leave everyone his own
affairs and ourselves be united. I wish to
forget, you will have to. A glass of wine,
here before this cottage? How pretty it
beckons to us."

Gilovsky shook his head; "You light-
pate, you light-pate!"

They stopped before the little tempo-
rary inn, the last house of the Wahring
district; in reality two houses built against
each other, which stood under one roof.
To left, an inn door with the bundle of
fir twigs, the finger of God to indicate that
new wine was to be had here. Two leaf-
straw tables in the open air, a tavern
room quiet with the stillness of morning.
To right, a gardener's house, the entire
half of the house overhung with wreaths
for All Saints': deep violet leaf-wreaths or
corn-yellow rings, in which with black
grains of corn were inserted the words,
Rest in Peace. The asters, disinherited
children of summer, had here found their
vocation, and whatever others of the child-
ishly glad flower-troop had lasted through
the autumn were here tied together in gar-
lands as leftovers for the feast of the
dead.

Again the two equally strong Powers
stood before them and looked at them
through great eyes.

Wolfgang Amadeus defended himself
no longer. Silent and strongly affected, he
drank his wine and looked at the All Souls'
garlands. And Gilovsky sat beside him,
with the cantos of Issian and leading
articles of the Parisian street-corner news-
papers crowded indiscriminately together
in a single heart.

"Will your pale-cheeked misery full of
hate and oppression ever reach out to this
lovely place of flowers and vines?" asked
Amadeus.

"The New Age will close its hand about
these forgotten things too. A world will
come wherein even poverty will have soul
and energy."

"If you wish with bursting heart toward
those who in this new age will yearn to-
toward me," said Amadeus.

Then he drank quickly and much of the
new wine which had been set before them,
and did not speak another sensible word
the whole day.

Gilovsky soon left him. "He is a musi-
cian," he thought as he strode along; "har-
mony is vital for him, and the final reso-
lution into clarity and unity is essential.
Never will he comprehend the storm, the
destruction, and the hate which are much
more essential."

Amadeus went to Prague to complete
his Don Giovanni, but Gilovsky sought out
the friends who were to help him body
forth the New Age with its storm, destruc-
tion and hate in meadowy Vienna.

In the time of the Revolution he became
a Jacobin and with a dozen men, who
alone among millions of Austrians thought
as he did, began that conspiracy which,
with forces that would hardly have sufficed
to overthrow the burgomaster of a small
town, tried to undermine the throne of the
Hapsburgs.

He then avoided imprisonment by a
pistol bullet in his own heart. He died
in the style of Werther, which he had so
loved.

All that remained of this wild heart was
the premonitory shudder which on that day
of Autumn he brought to music in the soul
of Amadeus.

But Wolfgang Amadeus seemed to have
forgotten it already. For near Prague
friend Duschek had an open sunny vine-
yard. There lived Wolfgang Amadeus,
played skittles, and had withal a heart and
head full of melody.

All was ready for Don Giovanni: the
dulcet coquetries of Zerlina and the hero's
joy of life—even the peasant lout; there
was lacking only the dead Commander and
the overture. Were these discordant to
him?

They drank there, played mad tricks
and teased each other in the villa before
golden Prague; except that often in gen-
tle low-voiced apprehension friends asked,"What about the overture? The opera is
to be given in a few days."

He for his part laughed and said:
"Leave me my tribe of enjoyment."

And in the evening he did nothing but
childishness. A splendid festal dinner was
prepared, of which six or seven admirers
of Amadeus, nearly all men of the nobility,
partook. Sweetmeats, champagne that
bubbled the whole table, flowers—
And Wolfgang Amadeus joked and
played the madcap, while his friends looked at each other with vague unrest.

When the noisy meal had come to an end, Duschek inquired, "What about the overture?"

"I'm composing it now," laughed Amadeus.

"Well, you might be able to do such a thing even yet," said his friend half-incredulously, and bade him good night.

In the hall stood a spinet, and he who alone was left threw himself upon the stool before it and laid his beautiful, pale hands on the keys. Softly clicked the strings, like those of an old harp.

Duschek had said to the servants, "Leave the hall quiet." So sixty candles showed themselves off, but already the tang of bloom too long exposed was in their fragrance.

There was a smell of flowers, of wax—and the great long table stood there like a catafalque.

It is a supernatural state of being when one has to stand alone in a festal hall, and the feast is over. The colors of life are all there still, and the lights shout Hosanna! But there is an odor of spilled champagne, and those who rejoiced here have all departed. Only the wax candles are still alive. But even they are already burning low. And the flowers nod their heads like withering flowers, and impart the scent of spilled champagne.

They quivered like trembling candles in bright conflagration, gave forth perfume like withering flowers, and imparted the scent of spilled champagne.

They enticed and danced languishing dances to festal fiddles and were joyous songs of the insolent, graceful Age of the Nobility—but in looked with eye of night the deep revelations that solitudes hide.

And the guests shuddered and shivered in their beds with delight and fear. Below, however, Wolfgang Amadeus arose from the spinet, his erstwhile melancholy eyes glowing like torches, but with countenance deadly pale and cold.

Then once more the two great Powers looked at him, but this time the second was stronger than the first.

In subdued terror he sat himself at the spinet. Twitching, the gentle, beauty-lavishing hands were spread, and a harmonious note of lament flew forth into the hall.

Wolfgang Amadeus looked toward the black, staring rectangle of the door, which was opened out into the night; softly this glance from the Other World trickled across his back, and obediently the hands quivered over the keys at the command of the great Power. He was a child, who obeyed a command.

So originated the "Far, far" of the stony visi­tant, with their shudder.

But in their beds the noble guests heard quivering up from the festal hall a music which up to then had been unheard; as beautiful and compelling as the love of life, as warning and terrible as Judgment:

These notes sang the oppression of the narrow streets of Paris. They sang the want and the fear of the child Wolfgang Amadeus. They sang the wine of Wahr­ring and the garlands of All Souls’, the contented blue heavens and the autumnal glow of the burning woods.

They quivered like trembling candles in bright conflagration, gave forth perfume like withering flowers, and imparted the scent of spilled champagne.

 toaster. The departing inebriation shivered in its fragrance.

The departed inebriation shivered in its fragrance. He went away to rest. Behind him flamed and gleamed a hall of empty dis­play.

The Swan-song of Rococo had come to birth.
To my festival hall I shall lead you then up
Where Legend awaits by the hearth-flames that glow
And offers in welcome a rune-covered cup
To enchant with the wine of brave deeds long ago.
And at night when the storm winds are raving above
She can lull your child heart to repose with her song,
The cradle-song holy with peace and with love
That she learned in some Eden unsullied with wrong.

But when the day breaks I shall lead you away
To hunt in the hills over dew-sprinkled lawn,
Or over glad billows together we'll sway
As they mirror the first rosy tints of the dawn.
Then in through the twilight of woods let us turn,
Through the rustle of boughs and the croon of the heath,
And there to the deep song of pines we shall yearn
Toward a hope undefiled by the menace of death.

The life from whose trumpery din we are hurled
Has died on our hearing and sunk from our sight
Until two loving hearts and a dream-fashioned world
Are all—nothing else but has vanished in flight.
Your soul has enkindled a lovelier day;
In a soft robe of purple yon ridge is attired
Where the silent hours march as in festal array
With foreheads all calm but with features inspired.

Your thought shall be harmonized ever more nigh
In accord with the solemn-voiced sough of the wood,
Shall your heart glass the beams of the True and the Good.
Your life is as one of the sunbeams that dart
From the dawn, as a note in the hymn of the spheres,
In the vast dreaming whole of Creation a part
Divining God's dream that Creation uprears.

As we watch how the dusk-dappled rivulet heaves
Or linger by torrent and foaming cascade,
With faith in the future you watch the dead leaves
Carried down in the swirl and are still unafraid.
And when the new moon o'er the wave-tumult spreads
Its glitter reflected from strand to dim strand,
You may glimpse in a vision the light-path that leads
From the brief world of Now to Eternity's land.

Behold how the billowing veils of the mist
In their silvery texture the meadows enshroud!
There's a chorus of spirits within them. O list
To the soft, eerie tones as they pass in a crowd!
Your quivering heart shall be vaguely aware
Of secrets deep-hid in the bosom of time,
Of grief and the courage that saves from despair
As it springs from the harp of some poet sublime.

For struggle and pain, as the poet reveals,
Must be ours to evoke the full might of the soul,
And the shadow of sadness the universe feels
Is but longing that visions a loftier goal.
There's a hope of accord, as this yearning outstreams;
For Nature but waits, be it never so long,
Till man shall transfigure the beauty she dreams
Into free, full-awakened and jubilant song.

It is therefore that Nature is decked like a bride
In flowers to betoken renewal of life,
That each April she puts on the garments of pride.
She shall wear when mankind shall have conquered in strife.
'Tis the shimmering hope of your paradise hour
That drenches the ether in color and joy.
That calls out the sap in the new-budding flower
And roses in cheeks of maiden and boy.

To earth's outward semblance the soul has a key;
When man beholds Nature with vision-clear eyes
Then surely the dawn of the new day shall be
And fairer light fall from the blue arching skies.
When the harp-song of poets more sweetly shall flow,
A glory more splendid on earth shall be shed;
And the higher the thoughts of the truth-seekers go,
The wider the heavens around them shall spread.
WHILE she waited, she listened, as she so often did, to conversation going on below in the parlor. Such listening-in on the grown-up world had a peculiar, a keen fascination for Loretta. She crouched now, huddled into her usual position on the stairs, head bent to one side, feet drawn up under her, straight brown locks poking back of her ears to free them for their business, breaking shallowly. If she were only thorough about it, no need to miss one word of the many shuttling back and forth between the two most comfortable chairs in her mother's parlor.

It was Mother's side of the conversation that Loretta was relishing most; and this was a usual preference with her. Por Mother spoke clearly—you didn't have to miss one word of the many shuttling back and forth. It was Mother's side of the conversation which asked nothing of your imagination, sentences sounding so sure of themselves and of the home they came from (Mother's mind) that it was satisfying. And with that sureness an amused little laugh ran along before and after all that Mother said, like a jester, bowing and approving, hopping and skipping. That was nice.

But there was more than the manner of Mother's speech to fascinate Loretta. There was its matter. It was so particularly interesting to Loretta because it was almost certain to be about people, and more than that about people whom Loretta herself knew quite well, the servants. It was about one of these well-known people, a fat, broad-shouldered woman. Anyone would know that even from the top stair with parlor door closed—all but a crack which you couldn't really count, for it was just a thread for thinness. "Don't I know! They're all like that, the Irish. There's been a steady procession of the same moving through my kitchen this spring. They are clods with only one intellectual activity, so far as I can see, a nulling over of their physical infirmities, past, present and likely to come. But I won't bother. They are up to the work or they aren't. And there's an end."

Now Loretta knew more than that the visitor was fat. She knew that the Irish was superior. She is well worth spoiling a bit. And I've a way to manage her. I work it through a little sister down at Saint Anne's Convent. When Katie first came, green as grass from Ireland, she was quite frightfully ill with homesickness. No malingering then. I was ever so concerned, for already I saw her value. Then an inspiration! All my own. I spoke to one of the priests at the Catholic Church about her. Yes I did. And he was perfectly understanding and sympathetic, quite a cultivated young man. He said to send Katie to visit the sisters at the Convent. I did, and that settled it. A little Sister Margaret there worked some magic or other. And now whenever Katie's out of sorts, back she goes and Sister Margaret works it again. Since that day there's been no talk of the next boat back home. Everything would be quite smooth sailing in fact, if it weren't for the poor thing's absurd exaggeration of all her little illnesses.

"The visitor laughed, too suddenly. It wasn't so nice a laugh as Mother's. It tinkled no bells. It did not skip and hop and bow. It crept up from somewhere, from shadows, and pounced—much too suddenly.

"You are clever! Imagine managing your servants that way, through a Catholic convent! I've often wondered how . . . And you've kept this jewel two years?"

"Perhaps Mother felt the way Loretta felt about the visitor's laugh. Anyway, she had drawn herself together, ever so little, but enough, and was sitting on the edge of the comfortable chair ready to rise. She wouldn't rise, of course, not until the visitor did. But Mother had ways of making visitors do things. Even up here on the stair, with the parlor door just off the latch, Loretta felt Mother's ways. And Mother's laugh, the jester, had whisked away into a hole somewhere. He had been startled away by the visitor's other laugh that pounced. This disappointed Loretta.

And then, all at once, the visitor was standing. Loretta knew.

"But I always thought when these people were really ill it was a priest they needed, not a nun!"

"My dear, haven't I been telling you exactly that? Katie's got nothing more terrific than a toothache. But there are only two ways to get her back into harness again. One to have the tooth out, which she won't. The other for Sister Margaret to inject a fresh supply of common sense into her. I'd rather go than telephone, because of the other servants."

Mother too was standing. She was putting on her new flowery spring hat, kneeling on the piano bench, looking into the gilt-framed mirror above the piano. The voice came from the direction of the piano and there was a quality of kneeling in it. The visitor had turned her back to the door, it seemed, and her face toward Mother. She was watching Mother kneeling and looking at herself in the mirror. She was wishing, perhaps, that she was as young and pretty as Mother.

"The convent's down on Lyman Street, isn't it? I'll walk along with you as far as the shops."

"Splendid! But we're forgetting Loretta. I promised her a walk with me today. Oh! There you are, on the stair! You've got your hat? Come along, darling. Loretta was on her way to the convent! Once, not very long ago, she had asked permission to go there with Katie, and Mother had been particularly firm in refusing. She had acted as though something in the very idea had somehow been not quite nice. But for all Mother's tone about it, there had been, for a long while, a glamour for Loretta, and a growing premonition of a mystery. And now, at last, her wish had come true. She was to go down there and in at the little low front door, and see the sisters up close, not just passing her unnoticed on the streets, but sitting about in chairs, comfortable and sociable in their

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By Ethel Cook Eliot


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That was why Sister Margaret had come to the narrow, flagged walk of that other convent-house. Perhaps they would unbend to Loretta, all black and white, except her face which was rosy and merry. And round about them was oil and silk and violets, and that new spring hat. This was beautiful good fortune. In the convent parlor! Hadn't she heard it re-hearsed in all its details to Father at breakfast? Why, she even knew what Sister Margaret herself would be answering when Mother was through. Mother had already said it all for Sister Margaret in Loretta's hearing several times. So since she knew the way the conversation would go, she was going to see what picture that would go with it? Mother in gray and violets, and that new spring hat. Sister Margaret, all black and white, except her face which was rosy and merry. And the mystery of the place beside her. "You say you are tired," the blue nun said. "It must be a very long walk that has made you sigh with such deep tiredness."

"Well, not so very long. Just down from Pine Hill where I live. I guess I'm not tired after all. I guess it is that I am sorry not to be seeing the sisters inside there, and the statues, and the oil cloth. Katie has told me all about how it is, you see. Katie is our cook. Mother's cook. She's the sort of person, you know, who when she has just a touch of toothache acts as though she's simply dying. She's never been really sick in her life. She's an ox for strength. That's why she makes such a dreadful fuss at things like even growing pains. I never bother to mention such little things as growing pains, not any more, since Mother's told me how silly they are. But Katie's Irish. All Irish people are like that. They're sentimental. They cry and laugh at just nothing at all. That's what sentimental means. And her temper! I don't know whether all Irish people have such terrible tempers. Probably they do. I don't think Mother's ever said. But the most delicious thing about Katie is the way she stretches things. Mother says that's what let's call it, 'stretches.' Really and truly, you know, it's just plain lies."

The blue nun had listened. Now she nodded. "Yes, I know Katie myself quite well," she agreed. "She is like that. It's odd the way people sometimes are, isn't it? But I know quite a lot more about Katie than you've told me. Don't you, too, know quite a lot more about Katie than you've told me, Loretta?"

Loretta hesitated over her answer, one thin finger to her lips. "Yes, I know quite a lot more about Katie than you've told me. But it wouldn't do ever to let her know that!"

"Yes, she is a fine cook, isn't she? Splendid, in fact. And more precious than rubies. But it wouldn't do ever to let her know that!"

"Yes, she is a fine cook, isn't she?"

The blue nun thanked Loretta and took the place to sit, if you like," she offered, hopeful. The blue nun thanked Loretta and took the place to sit, if you like." She's an ox for strength. That's why she makes such a dreadful fuss at things like even growing pains. I never bother to mention such little things as growing pains, not any more, since Mother's told me how silly they are. But Katie's Irish. All Irish people are like that. They're sentimental. They cry and laugh at just nothing at all. That's what sentimental means. And her temper! I don't know whether all Irish people have such terrible tempers. Probably they do. I don't think Mother's ever said. But the most delicious thing about Katie is the way she stretches things. Mother says that's what let's call it, 'stretches.' Really and truly, you know, it's just plain lies."

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Day dawning in the orchard, or why that
good about Katie, something like her being
through the little old orchard was blue,
swered. “It is something like that orchard
this she asked: “If you know something
with the grass flowing through it like a
river. The air about the convent and
she was being amusing on purpose—mak­
looked up at the blue nun to see whether
Loretta about the grass flowing!) It is
so lovely and so secret, who could be tell­it?”

Loretta turned about on the bench and
looked up at the blue nun to see whether
she was being amusing on purpose—mak­
ning fun of Katie perhaps. But in the in­
stant that Loretta looked, a new light
came into the blue nun’s face. It had been
very full of light before. And now to see
light added to light like this, lifted Lor­
etta’s heart. She looked in the direction the blue nun was looking to see why the light had grown.

A man was coming toward them from
the street, kitty-corner across the grass.
His black hair was frosted with white and
his brow was lined. But he walked with
strong steps. He came on toward the blue
nun. Loretta was afraid that he did not
realize that she herself was there. So, when he was rather near their bench, she
make him realize, Loretta bounced her
ball at him.

But he did not jump. He caught the ball
with quietness and, not minding that it
might have hit him, bounced it back into
her hands. As the ball sank into Lor­
etta’s cupped hands her eyes and the
man’s eyes met. From his dark eyes Lor­
etta knew that he was a friend of children.
She sprung up from the bench and threw
the ball high, high, high, this time, higher
than the crab-apple tree. Yet he did not
miss it.

When they were ready to stop playing
ball, those two, and sit down on the bench
to rest, the blue nun, who had only watched
them, said to the man, “Loretta and our
Katie are very great friends.”

Loretta’s face went comical. “Now why
doyou say that?” she asked.

“Well, aren’t you?”

Loretta’s surprise grew. But now it was
turned inward. Here was something she
never thought about before. But it was
true. “Yes, that is so,” she said.

“Aftermy mother I do love Katie best.
And that is queer because, of course, Katie
simply detests children. At least she told
Mother, when she came green as grass
from Ireland, that she wouldn't have chil­
dren bothering in her kitchen. But Katie
always says it's hard to live right along in a house
with a person and not grow fond, 'spe­
cially when it's a child. . . . Do you
like children?” Loretta asked abruptly of
the man. “You do like children.”

The man bowed his frosted black head
and was silent for a minute which, wonder
of wonders, Loretta allowed to silence too.
Then he answered, “Yes, I like children
very much.”

“Have you any children?”

Loretta thought, as she asked the ques­
tion, that he would make a completely satis­
fying father, in spite of his frosted hair.
But it was the blue nun who answered for
him. She said:

“We have a son.”

“Oh! A little boy!”

The man echoed her words in a low
tone. “A little boy.”

A ray of sweetness pierced Loretta at
those words about the little boy. She sat
between the two strangers with her hands
folded in her lap, her head bowed a little
over her narrow chest. Their heads were
bowed too. All three of them sat so still
that Loretta heard the petals falling from
the crab-apple tree into the grass. It is
true that she heard the petals falling.

All the tenderness of this first of May,
all the tenderness that was in the blue air
of the orchard, and all that was nearer
than that and farther than that, as well as
the sweetness that had pierced her a min­
ute ago, kept her silent.

When Loretta did finally lift her voice
again, its harsh, too eager note was gone.
She said: “I feel that you two love me
better than even Katie loves me. I feel
your love flowing through me the way the
orchard feels the grass and the air flowing
through it, I guess. But if you knew me
more, you wouldn't love me. If you knew
me really you would say that I am—
spidery.”

“We do love you indeed,” the blue nun
answered. “And we love your knowing
that we love you. But as to your being
spidery, that was something you overheard
from your place on the stairs yesterday.
The visitor who said it to the other visitor
while they were waiting together for your
mother to come in, meant only that you
are very thin, Loretta. He meant nothing
more.”

“Perhaps that is all he meant when he
said it, that I am thin,” Loretta agreed.

“But I knew that he was right more than
he meant. I am spidery inside. I feel
spidery when I hear grown-ups talking.”

The blue nun did not answer that. So after
a while, not lifting her head, still
keeping it bowed, Loretta asked, “Do you
know more about me, the way you do
about Katie? More that is good, I mean?
More than even I know? Is that the rea­
sen why I love me?”

“Yes,” the blue nun said. “That is why
we can love you.”

And at this confirmation of what she
had strangely guessed, Loretta found, to
her shamed surprise, that her narrow chest
was heaving and aching and finally burst­
ing into tearing sobs.

The blue nun took her onto her knee.
“Little lamb!” she caressed, stroking Lor­
etta’s straight hair back from her brow,
but as though she did not know that she
was crying. And, suddenly, Loretta could
not think why she had so disgraced her
own stern pride by letting out her anguish.
Her chest stopped contracting, expanded.
The wrenching, breaking ache was eased.
She said, pretending that she had never
cried, “I know a poem about a little lamb.”

The blue nun took her hand from Lor­
etta’s head, and waited.

“What is it?” Loretta asked, for she
saw that both the blue nun and the dark­
eyed father were waiting.

“The poem about the little lamb? Aren’t
you going to tell it to us?”

“Oh, have you time for a poem? Why,
even Katie usually hasn’t time for a poem.
I’m always wanting her to listen. I know
lots more poems besides that lamb one. I
know almost a book full. I learn so easily,
you see. Why, learning quite long poems
is just nothing!”

“But tell us this one about the lamb.”

Loretta hushed her boasting. She
looked up into the blue nun’s face, and
folding her hands on the blue nun’s breast
repeated all the verses.

“Little Lamb, who made thee,
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Gave thee life and hade thee feed
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Gave thee life and hade thee feed
Dost thou know who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Little Lamb, who made thee?
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And at this confirmation of what she
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ing into tearing sobs.
Loretta down from her knee. As she did it she said, "And God bless thee, Loretta." Then she picked Loretta's hat up from the ground where it had fallen when she wept. After smoothing the child's hair she set the hat down on the little dark head. The man handed Loretta her ball, which he had been holding. As she received it from him she said an echo of the blue nun's words, "God bless thee, Loretta."

When the poem was done the blue nun set Loretta down from her knee. As she did it she said, "And God bless thee, Loretta." Then she picked Loretta's hat up from the ground where it had fallen when she wept. After smoothing the child's hair she set the hat down on the little dark head. The man handed Loretta her ball, which he had been holding. As she received it from him she said an echo of the blue nun's words, "God bless thee, Loretta."

Loretta stood with the sprays against her breast, watching them leave her. They were walking together out across the convent grass, and then down the flagged path to the foot of the hill. One block straight down to the convent every week 'most. They would mind and that it was quite safe for her now; they had already done and there's no putting them back. But right in the middle of the account, when she was saying, "And, oh, mother, the blue nun and her husband picked these flowers themselves and gave them to me for Katie, so the other nuns won't mind—" the mother interrupted.

She exclaimed, "But I think it very likely they would mind and that it was quite naughty of you to touch the tree. But you may keep the flowers now since it's already done and there's no putting them back. And there's one thing, darling, you might learn today and remember. It is that nuns, even blue nuns, don't have husbands. It isn't allowed. But hush and be quiet now, for here—Hello. This is so nice! We might just as well have planned to meet, mightn't we? Let's go and get tea somewhere. We can just take Loretta to the foot of the hill first."

It was the afternoon visitor overtaken on the street a little beyond the convent gate. While she was accompanied by them to the foot of her home-hill, Loretta neglected, for once, to go tip-toes with ears sharpened for the conversation. That was because she was kept busy protecting her crabapple blossoms from careless people brushing past, and keeping at the same time so even a pace that the petals, not a petal, should jostle down. But when they made a necessary halt at a busy crossing, Loretta, quite without trying, did hear this: "And it seems that the man, in spite of his gray hairs, was wearing a sort of tunic effect, purple, and sandals without socks. Isn't it precious! The blue nun and her husband!"

And Loretta, still without caring to listen, heard the visitor's reply, which reached her through her mother's reminiscent laugh as through a pretty lattice. "I see, of course, that it's amusing. It's nice that you're so sensible, though, and can treat this lying phase lightly, as I suppose it deserves. Have you read Strand's 'Complexes of Childhood'? You must. It's too frightfully illuminating, but dreadfully frank!"

Loretta parted from her mother and the visitor and the jester, her mother's continuously bowing and skipping laugh, at the foot of Pine Hill. One block straight up and she would be at home. It was perfectly safe for her now; they had guarded the little girl through the more dubious part of the walk.

It was a steep, almost a stair-like hill. Loretta's feet usually began to lag before she was half-way to the top, and her legs, all the way up to her hips, would feel like lead. But today it was not like that. She noticed that it was very different. And then she noticed that the crabapple sprays held against her chest were like hands reaching down to her out of the blue air of this first of May, strongly drawing her on in such a way that she had no need of her will in climbing.

It was the same on the steep flight of stairs up to Katie's room under the eaves. The stairs did not yank at her legs and shorten her breath. It was the crabapple blossoms that made the difference.

Katie opened her eyes, red from weeping, and looked in surprise at the little girl who had appeared at the foot of her bed with such uncustomed quietness. "Mother says to tell you, Katie, that Sister Margaret will be after comin' to see ye this avenin'. And, Katie, here are some apple blossoms the blue nun sent ye. She picked them herself from the tree over by the bench—and these ones here, they're from the blue nun's husband."

Katie fastened her eyes tight shut again and groaned. "Go away with your nonsense, will ye?" she moaned. "Nuns don't never be after havin' husbands, and it's a shame and a disgrace ye not to be knowin' the same."

"This nun has a husband, though," Loretta insisted. "It's funny you don't be after knowin' it yourself, and you goin' down to the convent every week 'most. Here! It's that I'll be gettin' a glass of water for your posies now."

She brought a glassful of water, and after breaking the sprays to fit the depth of the improvised vase, put the bouquet on the bureau where Katie could see it best of her bed. "Now, be gettin' along with ye!" Katie's exasperation was extreme. "What good are posies like them goin' to do a pain the likes of mine! It's a raging headache that's on me, and a terrible fever. I'm that bad it kills me entirely to have ye about."

Loretta gave Katie an aggrieved look and moved to the door. But something in the droop of the spidery little figure as it went must have touched Katie, even through her pain, for she lifted her head and her voice and called in a wheedling tone after the child, "When you're gone, darlin', and things are quiet here, it's maybe I'll be saying some little prayers just for yourself to Our Lady and Saint Joseph!"

Loretta's answer floated up into the room from half-way down the stairs, faint
and far and wistful. "Oh, you're forever sayin' prayers to thin two saints of yours just for me. It's all nonsense, I'll telling you, when it's only some conversation with yourself I'm wantin' Katie."

At twilight that evening the doorbell of the convent down on Lyman Street jangled and far and wistful. "Oh, you're forever bell with such unnecessary violence on the mint candies. The sister picked up a card paper, hurriedly and without art. It was obtained permission to pay a sick call and sayin' prayers to thim two saints of yours with all my love."

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The Mother Superior was busy at the statue of the Virgin, which stood inside the dim hall of the convent. All day there had been flowers there, banks and banks of them; in vases and jars on a table in front of the statue, and on the floor when the table was filled. But now Loretta's May basket stood above them all, held steady on the narrow pedestal in a niche in some folds of Our Lady's blue gown.

Loretta had been extraordinarily naughty to steal like that from the house after her early nursery supper and run about in the poorer streets, Heaven knows where, alone—this so carefully guarded and tended little girl. But in spite of persistent urging from her mother, and in spite, when everybody's patience but her own was worn out, of the first physical punishment of her life, Loretta never told what Heaven knew; for she was afraid her mother would laugh again and declare in her so certain tones, while the jester bowed, that a nun, even a blue nun, could not have a husband.

The Mother Superior was busy at the minute, and so it fell to the young sister herself to decide what should be done with this rather late May offering. She tore up the card rather quickly, thinking that Reverend Mother need never be submitted to it. But she handled the rest of the offering gently and, turning about, set it just as it was on the pedestal of a life-sized statue of the Virgin, which stood inside the dim hall of the convent. All day there had been flowers there, banks and banks of them; in vases and jars on a table in front of the statue, and on the floor when the table was filled. But now Loretta's May basket stood above them all, held steady on the narrow pedestal in a niche in some folds of Our Lady's blue gown.

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ARCHER

Milaryba went out of his cave and in the sunshine started to create his new hymn, blessing the beasts.

From the strings of his domra, from the sounds of his voice, like a delicate fragrance, like a caressing beam of light, like the softest fever of warmth, spread to all sides the love of the singer.

First of all to hear the song and feel a flutter of joy was the ermine. He sprang out of the tree, fell upon the snow, and over the untouched whiteness of the snow, over the myriads of its diamond stars, he saw, with a sign to the hunter, that not even the lion or the tiger, dared to look.

Only Milaryba turned his face toward the approaching noise and saw there a ferocious hunter. Dressed in furskins, with an arrow set on his bow directed toward the hermit, he stood still as he saw this unusual spectacle. Finally he cried out in fear:

“Who art thou? Art thou a god or a devil, that thou darest to hide from me the beasts?”

Then Milaryba, quiet as ever, smilingly took his domra and on the single string that was left sang a new hymn:

“Blessing the Man.”

And when the blessed influence of his song, like a morning sunbeam, touched the human heart, covered with malice, the hunter let the bow drop, together with the arrow, fell down on his knees before the poet, and in tears begged him to forgive his bold menace—

But, without ceasing his song, the poet showed, with a sign to the hunter, that not him, but the beasts, must he beg to forgive him.

(Continued on next page)
SOCIETY OF FRIENDS OF ROERICH MUSEUM

PURPOSES

The Society of Friends of Roerich Museum aims to spread the ideals of the Museum through the extension of the collections of the Roerich Museum; through the issuing of publications pertaining to the creative art of Roerich and the work of the Museum.

PRIVILEGES OF MEMBERSHIP

Members of the Society of Friends of Roerich Museum shall have the privilege of attending the Roerich Museum on weekly membership days when the reception rooms shall be open for the use of members and their friends as a place of gathering.

All lectures and recitals given by the Roerich Museum will be open to members of the Society and their guests. Seats will be reserved for members. The Series of Junior Lectures will be open to the children of members who on application may receive additional cards of admission. Programs of lectures and recitals will be mailed to members upon request.

ROERICH MUSEUM

PROGRAM OF EVENTS

MARCH, 1927—MAY, 1927

RECITAL. HANS LANGE QUARTET
HANS LANG, First Violin; ARTHUR SCHUL- LER, Second Violin; ZOLTAN KURTHY, Viola; PERCY SUCH, Cello.
Under the auspices of the Master Institute of United Arts
Tuesday, March 29, at 8:15 P. M.
ROERICH AND THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH
LECTURE BY FRANCES R. GRANT
Lecture for Juniors, Saturday, April 2, at 2:30 P. M.

CONTEMPORARY POETRY
LECTURE BY MARY SEIGERT
Tuesday, April 5, at 8:30 P. M.

OPERA IN AMERICA
LECTURE BY DEEMS TAYLOR
Friday, April 8, at 8:30 P. M.

STUDENT RECITAL
Pupils of the Master Institute of United Arts
Tuesday, April 12, at 8:15 P. M.

DECORATIVE ARTS
LECTURE BY MARY FANTON ROBERTS
Tuesday, April 19, at 8:30 P. M.

MODERN RUSSIAN COMPOSERS
LECTURE BY OLIN DOWNES
Tuesday, April 26, at 8:30 P. M.

FACULTY RECITAL
BERNARD WAGENAAR, Composer; KARL KRAEUTER, Violin; SABRE BLAKE-BLUMENTHAL, Piano.
Faculty Members of the Master Institute of United Arts
Tuesday, May 10, at 8:15 P. M.

JUNIOR RECITAL
Pupils of the Master Institute of United Arts
Saturday, May 21, at 2:30 P. M.

Members will be entitled to receive the magazine of the Society of Friends of Roerich Museum. Each non-resident member of the Society will receive two copies of the magazine.

CLASSES OF MEMBERSHIP

HONORARY MEMBERS: These and Corresponding Members to be elected by the Society and granted all privileges of members.
PATRONS: $5,000.00.
LIFE MEMBERS: $300.00.
SUSTAINING MEMBERS: Annually $25.00.
ANNUAL MEMBERS: Annually $10.00.
ACTIVE FELLOWS: Elected by the Society on grounds of merit for active participation in the work: Annually $5.00.
JUNIOR MEMBER (Under 25 years of age): Annually $5.00.
NON-RESIDENT MEMBERS (Those living outside of Greater New York): Annually $5.00.

For further information regarding the Society of Friends of Roerich Museum, address the Secretary, 310 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y.