

PROLOGUE

There are fashions in the arts,
but Art knows no fashion.
The moon is older than Sappho,
younger than de Musset. The mood
passes, the mode passes, but that which
informs mood and mode remains, by the
wit of the gods.

The flashes of god-light in this little
book would have been as intelli-gible to
Adami and to Menes as they are to us ;
their meaning will remain undisturbed
for many æons. The shadows change
their shapes and fly ; the Light is one
and immortal It is the word of the
gods to man.