

Attaining Happiness

(Continued from page 55)

intense than any other kind of happiness. It is totally independent of circumstance. We could bring a cloud of witnesses—to swear to this truth—from the ends of all the earth; but one, the Persian bard Al Qahar, whose masterpiece is the Bagh-i-Muattar, must suffice.

"Whether Allah be or be not, is little odds so long as His devotees enjoy the mystic rapture—Whether He exist or no, whether He love him or no, Al Qahar will love Him and sing His praises. The perfect lover is calm and equable; storms of thunder, quakings of the earth, losses of goods, punishment from great men, none of these things cause him to rise from his divan, or to remove the silken robe of the rose-perfumed hugga from his mouth."

It is, therefore, unnecessary to fret over earthly problems and all the trials of a merely earthly experience. The root of the cause is duality, the antithesis of the Ego and the Non-Ego; and the cure is Realization of the Unity. Socialism, and religion, and love, and art, are all phantastic things, good to lull the ills of life; dreams pitted against dreams. But the only real way of going about the problem of happiness is to attack the cause of all our troubles, the illusion in us of a duality of being. Every great mystic has taught us that a singleness with God is the prime desideratum.

THE Saviour's instructions to his disciples to "take no thought for the morrow," to "abandon father and mother and all other things," "not to have two cloaks," "not to resist evil," are merely the ordinary rules of every eastern and western mystic. The disciple must have nothing whatever to turn his mind to duality, or to divert his mind from concentration. The whole secret of "Yoga" is given in Matthew VI, 22. "The light of the body is the eye; if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light." This is a perfectly simple statement of the virtue of what the Hindus call "one-pointedness." The gospel of John, too, is full of praises of mystic practice. "I and my Father are one." "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life"; "I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you." Kappa Tau Lambda.

The Evangelists have been very stupidly accused

of copying such passages from Chinese and Indian classics, on the grounds of absolute identity of idea, and even close verbal parallelism. It might be difficult to rebut such a charge if the passages were illustrative of remote, abstruse or even nonsensical doctrines.

FOR instance, if I happen to begin a poem by saying that: "The purple pigs lament the music of Madrid; They cook the nightingale with limping eyes of kid" it is fair to assume that I am plagiarizing the classic lines: "Les cochons rouges pleurent un musique espagnol; leurs yeux de sieude boient à cuire le rossignol," because it is highly unlikely that two such complex pieces of pure nonsense should occur to any two independent thinkers—unless indeed they were German metaphysicians. But fifty men may observe independently that still water reflects images and record the fact with all due solemnity. No question of copying arises from the restatement of any great truth. There is it is true, a universal tradition as to the means and of the end of mysticism, and we may perhaps think that Jesus had His teacher; but there is no necessity for any such supposition.

During an experiment made by me with a certain drug in an English midland hospital, the matron, who was one of my subjects, had not even a smattering of the history or even of the terminology of mysticism; yet she passed through trance after trance in the traditional order, and described her experiences in almost the same language as Laotze and Boehme, and Sri Sahahapty Swami, and all the rest, of whom she had never so much as heard the names. One remedy for the ills of life is to make the subjective mind—by training—dependent of all the senses. To cleanse the soul of the contamination of illusion; of the belief in duality; in the fear of even earthly misery.

Let us, by meditation and by all the true mystical practices, learn that the light of the body is the spiritual eye, and that the eye must be single, devoid of every thought of duality, to the end that the body and mind and soul shall be full of light. That is certainly a wise way to go about the attainment of happiness but, whether we think this is the best way, or the only way, there can be no reasonable doubt in the mind of any student of comparative religion that this is the way pointed out by at least one of the authors of the Gospel.

The Current Drama

(Continued from page 57)

Harvey O'Higgins and Harriet Ford. It suffers from being put on at the Shubert, a theater much too large for it, but even in a house built for large musical productions its gentle charm reaches the audience. It has only one defect, that it is over too soon after its most interesting point. The authors have merely hinted at instead of elaborating a humorous situation which they could have handled so well.

IF they could have put the exit of *Doctor Sylvestre* and the re-installation of *Mr. Lazarus* as the husband—say at the end of the second act instead of the third and then given us two acts of the latter's disillusionment, the play would have been one of those satisfying productions which we could revisit half a dozen times. What there is of it is so good that we want more. There is a charm about "Mr. Lazarus" which no other play this season, except "Turn To The Right," has possessed. There is atmosphere. The lodging-house is a real lodging-house, and the six characters in the piece real living people. Much of this success is due to the authors, who have done a good and workmanlike task, but they have been fortunate beyond the usual luck of dramatists in their cast. "Mr. Lazarus" is the best-acted play in town. Henry E. Dixey, returning to the stage after long absence, is perfect in the title role. But after all, nothing less than perfection is what we have been educated to expect from Mr. Dixey.

THE surprise of "Mr. Lazarus" is the acting of Eva LeGallienne and Tom Powers. I am not fond as a rule of young artists on the stage. They are usually so infernally breezy. Tom Powers is so exactly right that it is a treat to watch him. Eva LeGallienne was almost equally good in the kind of part which Mary Ryan played so well in "The Fortune Hunter." She was so good in a totally different role in "The Melody of Youth" that it is manifest that she knows her job and has a big future before her. "Mr. Lazarus" will run for many months if it is transferred to a smaller theater. Even in the vastness of the Shubert it ought to succeed quite satisfactorily. It is the only play of the latest batch with real stuff in it.



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