

mountain, I gazed upon the ruins of Delphi. A voice seemed very near, a sweet, sad, low voice but I could discern no form, I only heard these words: "Long ago I dwelt here, the future was veiled to me, the past was a dream, the present, darkness, I was sent to earth by the all-wise truth, the ineffaceable knowledge and love of truth in my heart. Judge then of the anguish I suffered when daily I saw the Bacchanal processions winding from the green fields below the vineyards, crowning the twin peaks of Parnassus where the orgies of Bacchantes were held with all the horrors of Pagan materialism, and there under the shadow of the vine, was held the solemn and degrading worship of Apollo and the Nymphs. There among the vineyards gathered the youths and maidens who took part in the dance: called sacred. Error seemed triumphant. The false beauty, the mock sensibility of paganism ruled. The worship of the passions was called the Religion of the Beautiful. But I who knew Beauty in its celestial entirety, surrounded by its double aureole of truth and goodness, groaned as I beheld the increasing grossness and blindness. Then suddenly there came rumors of a new worship that the wise men of Athens pronounced the expansion and fulfilment of the truth that Plato and Aristotle had grasped at. From the East came the new creed and from the East came its Apostles, but I saw its adherents come from every direction. I saw how as they grew in numbers beyond computing, through rivers of blood, they multiplied as they were persecuted; they multiplied as their enemies worked at their ruin, till one day in Imperial Rome I heard the Religion of the Crucified Jew proclaimed the Religion of the World. Then I realized why the oracle of Delphi was silenced and the Festival of Bacchus no longer celebrated under the loaded vines of Parnassus. From the pagan world I heard a great cry wailed forth: "The Beautiful has been annihilated when nature no longer is worshipped!" Often during the night I heard bands of priests chanting in slow and mournful tone, dirges of which the breezes wafted this refrain to my ears:

Our Pan and our Isis have flown away:
Their God-like footprints mark the sands dull gray.
Then the sea-waves rush in tidal sway,