

ECHOES OF DESTINY

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649325412

Echoes of Destiny by Clarence Stone

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

CLARENCE STONE

**ECHOES
OF DESTINY**

Echoes of Destiny

CLARENCE STONE

✓
NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

THE ARNOLD PRESS
204 EAST TWENTY-FIFTH STREET
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

kk

Echoes of Destiny

NEITHER in Bagdad nor in King Arthur's Court have men seen anything more occupied with passions than the length of street you see from your window at night, where house faces silent house as guarded as a mask, where strangers pass unspeaking beneath the golden lamps and go on into the darkness beyond.

Empires of enchantment escape all geographers and call every man to be his own Columbus. No singer since the world began has flung toward the throne of Dest-

iny a keener mingling of heart ache and desire than the girl in the yard beside your yard, when she comes out alone to gather washed clothes and starts singing in the moonlight.

Rain at dawn and the sound of bells. A grayness like a spreading cobweb and no other dawn, the murmur of a marching rain upon the porch roof by the window and across the dimness, through the murmur of the rain, the sound of tolling bells from a church far off—the origin of happiness escapes discovery, grave echoes of triumph are in the racing rain.

An illusion, happiness? Surely, and of good value. Are not all

things built of illusion? A seeming reality, a sudden disappearance. You toss a lump of sugar into a cup of tea; it is gone, there is no sugar now, hence there was no sugar. You object that you can taste it even if you cannot see it. Have you not tasted happiness—afterward? A year ago you met a man in broad daylight, gripped his hand, saw life in his eyes, saw the sunlight on his hair, heard the sound of his voice. He is dead, there is no man such as your memory cherishes, he is gone—an illusion.

Look out of the window, look toward the street, when next there seems an end of enjoyment and delight; watch the weather-

hardened men swing past, teamsters, peddlers, gypsies of high health, well aware that the fresh air is indeed the breath of life.

You are not interested in the experiences of other people? You do not see that the emotions of other men can have any considerable meaning for you? Too different, too remote? Yes, they are very different. The intense and endless interest of life consists in this difference. Who has not twisted a crooked lip at the idea of equality? And what is this difference between men? Simply the difference of leaves growing on the same tree, large leaves, little leaves, vigorous leaves, shrivelled leaves, warped

leaves, graceful leaves, on the same tree— there is no equality, but even fools feel the truth and power of fraternity.

Is it not bracing to remember that men are in essence alike and that each man stands unchangeably alone? Each renders communal service while seeking his own advantage, each is linked to all the others yet each must search unaided on his own adventures of discovery. Why do men so soon grow weary in admiration of machines? Is it not because a machine is the father of sameness? Is the frequent indifference of man to man rooted in real divergence, or in weariness at an universal kinship that

sometimes seems too close? Human unity in strength is not the unity of sameness, it is a basic unity underlying infinite variations of surface. Men need each other, and especially do they need their differences from each other.

The man at your side in the street car, muttering abominations to his companion, is not fond of filth. He uses vileness as a shield, he finds it easy to hide behind satiric talk of bestialities. He is of the fading older people, born bewildered, drenched from the beginning in a vague unending pain. If once you heard him improvising at the piano, or listened while he talked of canoe trips