

# THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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THERE is but one Eternal Truth, one universal, infinite, and changeless spirit of Love, Truth, and Wisdom, impersonal, therefore, having a different name in every nation, one Light for all, in which the whole Humanity lives and moves and has its being.— H. P. BLAVATSKY

## THE PROGRAM OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY:

by H. T. Edge, M. A.

**I**T should be stated, for the information of the inquirer, that the Theosophical Society spoken of herein is that body whose official designation is 'The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society,' whose International Headquarters are at Point Loma, California, and whose present Leader and Official Head is Katherine Tingley. This organization is the direct lineal successor of the original Theosophical Society, founded by H. P. Blavatsky in New York in 1875; and it preserves the teachings of the foundress intact and works to put them into practice. By comparing the present principles and practice of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society with the published writings of the foundress, H. P. Blavatsky, as also with those of her successor, William Q. Judge, the inquirer is enabled to convince himself that this organization is in fact what it claims to be, and to distinguish it from any other body which, though using the name of Theosophy, does not, either in teachings or in practice, represent the original Theosophical Society.

The program of the Theosophical Society is eminently practical. This circumstance is as welcome as it is necessary in times when theory and speculation have run such riot. We are all concerned with the great problem of how we shall order our lives for the future, both as individuals and as a great human commonwealth; but we realize more and more clearly as time goes on that the mass of speculation serves rather to complicate than to elucidate the problem, and that the only

thing which is any good is an actual practical demonstration. Demonstration of what? Demonstration of human life properly lived; demonstration of some of the possibilities that can be realized in human life by the practical application of the truths embraced in Theosophy.

This is of course a work of time and must pass through many stages of growth, beginning with H. P. Blavatsky's seed-planting. But enough has already been accomplished to attract the attention of the world and to vindicate the claims made for Theosophy.

Yet Theosophy alone, without its organization, would be like a spirit without a body; and results are not achieved by philosophies alone, however excellent, but by people who translate those philosophies into practical work. Organizations have leaders, and it is impossible to speak of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society without reference to its Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley. Such a leader, by self-identification with the principles of Theosophy, unswerving loyalty thereto, and the great ability which comes from that devotion, is enabled to fulfill the arduous functions of the position and to unite all the resources, human and otherwise, which Theosophy and its society affords, into an efficient and harmonious instrument. The outcome has been a demonstration that Theosophy, under faithful and competent management, is able to solve practical problems over which the world is vexing itself in vain. Thus, instead of pointing to the credentials of Theosophy, as an inducement to people to follow it, we can adopt the opposite and more effectual method of pointing to the results as a reason why people should inquire into the credentials. When people see what Theosophy can do, they will want to know the source of its power; the results achieved by Theosophy prove the validity of the claims made for it.

Concentration of attention upon the material concerns of life and upon the physical side of our nature has weakened our faith in ourselves; in the realm of religion this result has shown itself as a pessimistic attitude with regard to the possibilities of earthly life, and a relegation of our hopes of salvation to a problematical future beyond the grave; in science we see the same tendency in the animalistic theories of evolution and biology. The source of power in Theosophists may be ascribed, at least in part, to a restored confidence in human nature.

One of the cardinal doctrines of Theosophy is that of the essential divinity of man; but, in affirming this doctrine, Theosophy applies intelligent reasoning to what has usually been enunciated as a dogma or article of belief. Modern science has restricted its studies to the earthly tabernacle which temporarily enshrines the Soul, and has sought to found a uniform and exhaustive philosophy of life upon the basis of

those supersensuous abstractions which it denominates *matter* and *energy*; but the powers of the human mind, even in the limited form in which we as yet know them, far transcend the capabilities of such an analysis, and point to an origin for man himself that is outside of ordinary time and space. While the whole universe and all its creatures are expressions of the universal Soul, man himself is in a special degree a manifestation of that Soul. Theosophy takes its stand firmly on the conviction that man, by liberating himself from the control of his weaknesses, can reach a higher knowledge and power, thus becoming conscious of his divinity; and it is this conviction that lends power to the efforts of those who make Theosophy the guiding light of their lives. For them the daily experiences of life become opportunities for learning; and they find that, in ceasing to make the gratification of self the mainspring of life, they are enabled to realize the joys of duty.\*

And now, for the purpose of focusing our ideas on the matter to be considered, we cannot do better than take a quotation, which can be regarded as typical and illustrative, from the pages of current comment. The following is extracted from the *Century Magazine* for April, 1917, and is signed by Arthur Gleason, under the caption, "What Shall England Do?" — but applies as well to other nations:

We need a new community, eager and unsatisfied, aiming after a nobility of life of which the modern world has had no vision. . . . Time presses. In five years England will have cooled down, and the impulse of the war, throwing old values into the furnace, will have spent itself. Men will reproduce the old world, with its barrenness of materialism, its hunt after cheap amusements, its immense mediocrity, its spiritual deadness, its nervous restlessness, its suppressions of vitality, and its explosions of rebellion, . . . because there will be no great purpose to which life is directed, no creative dream of the people.

What has all this to do with outlook on life, the knowledge of true values, and understanding of the meaning and end of existence?

These are the two great questions of our time: Can the nature of work be ennobled? Can spiritual values be restored to modern life?

The whole range of moral problems has been left out of the reckoning. Changed conditions have resulted in an entire alteration of human relationship; but no one has stated the new ethics that will give guidance to the plain man's desire for a free, human, liberal life and for an answer to the meaning of life.

What interpretation of modern life have we had? Not one.

We moderns have side-stepped these fundamental questions of a spiritual basis for existence because they troubled our surface life. Meanwhile we heaped up the immeasurable inner forces of unanswered desires, inexpended spiritual vitality, and frustrated impulses until they finally came roaring through and overswept Europe.

For many generations the life of spiritual aspiration has been starved. There is no longer any appeal made to it. Our development is altogether in the direction of a materialistic conception of life.

\*As the silent soul awakes, it makes the ordinary life of the man more purposeful, more vital, more real and responsible. — *Light on the Path*.

This extract will serve as well, and better, than any summary of modern conditions that could be made for the purpose; it shows that the state which Theosophy aims to remedy is not imaginary but real — that Theosophy supplies an existing demand and answers a genuine cry. A definite aim — a noble and satisfying aim; a real vitality in this half-feverish, half-paralysed existence; a restoration of the spiritual values; ethics based on facts in human nature; an interpretation of life; true freedom; the opportunity of expressing starved aspirations; an evolution along lines other than materialistic; — these are the main needs thus voiced in this poignant cry. There are many such cries, but where shall we look for the answer? Questions we shall find in plenty, but the answer is generally left suspended in air. It is because Theosophy can and does answer these questions that its message is claiming such attention from serious and thoughtful people the world over; and it is because Theosophy does not merely assert, but proves its power by the results it attains and makes visible.

The Theosophical Society does not exist for the benefit of any individual, or any group of individuals, or even for its own benefit; and, though those familiar with its history from the beginning can point to sundry attempts that have been made to make the Society subserve one of these objects, yet these attempts have always been frustrated by the superior force of loyalty to the real and original object. That object is to answer appeals, both spoken and unvoiced, like the one just quoted, from the heart of humanity, for help and enlightenment. Keeping this object in mind, we shall thus find the clue to the Society's policy, and shall understand, among other things, why it does not do certain rather obvious things which would (in the light of worldly wisdom) seem likely to promote the interests of the Leader, of members, or of the Society itself as a whole. The policy of the Theosophical Society affords to every member who is sincere in his acceptance of the real objects the opportunities which he requires and desires; and if a member feels dissatisfied in this respect, he revises his own motives and sees what it is that he really desires and why he is a member.

Faith in human nature has been so damaged that some people find it difficult to conceive the existence of disinterested motives and large impersonal aspirations. And this pessimism or cynicism is encouraged by the one-sided development of the mind so prevalent in this age. Yet while a misapplication of argumentative reasoning may lead to pessimistic theories about human nature, it is nevertheless a fact that people in actual life are actuated largely by impersonal motives. The personal idea has been nourished to excess by our arguments and theories; actually our instincts are largely social and impersonal. This being so,

it may truly be said that Theosophy, in championing the divine aspect of human nature, is meeting a need which humanity really feels, and is affording people an opportunity to express a side of their natures which is often starved and cramped in the life of the world. This will help to account for the joy and satisfaction which such people experience in a mode of life not actuated by the usual interests and incentives. There is of course, as has often been remarked, a tendency to dogmatism in human nature, which makes itself felt in religion, science, and all other departments of thought; and this tendency causes people to accept the beliefs of the time as hard-and-fast dogmas, having a binding force which they do not really possess. And in this way the possibilities of human nature have been limited by certain dogmas or articles of faith. But facts deal rudely with such theories, often contradicting them by revealing new possibilities in human nature, until we are forced to accept the facts and to remodel our theories to suit. The genius, or leader, or originator, is a person endowed with superior vision or superior energy, sufficient to enable him to overleap the bounds of current dogmatism; and we can safely accord to H. P. Blavatsky, as the Foundress of the Theosophical Society, that description, as we can also ascribe to Theosophy itself and to its organization the rôle of originating agencies. Boldly affirming the reality of higher possibilities in human nature, they have modeled their actions in accordance with this faith, thus revealing new facts and pointing out the way for future guidance. Thus it may truly be said that Theosophists are people who have made discoveries for themselves, and that this fact alone will serve to explain their readiness to follow the life they have chosen.

The program of the Theosophical Society is very broad, as will have been seen from the above; and we have endeavored to give the general principles. The task of pointing out the several applications of those principles to particular cases would of course be extensive, but it may be partially illustrated for the sake of example. The policy must necessarily be international, unsectarian, and non-political, nor can it specially favor religion or science or any other mental department. But its principles can be applied to all. Their application to education is seen in the Râja-Yoga school system, wherein the equal and harmonious development of the whole man, based on the doctrine of the divine origin of man, is made the practical aim. As regards marriage, we find a welcome reaction from the idea, favored by a certain phase of modern thought, that the cardinal fact in marriage is the physical relationship and its consequences. But what is a cardinal feature in such relationships among certain animals is a subordinate incident in the case of man; and, bearing this in mind, we can arrive at a nobler ideal of wedlock,

wherein that union is based on something stabler than evanescent attraction. Sanction is thereby given to what may perhaps be regarded as old-fashioned ideas, which are thus championed against the assaults of materialism in science. Theosophists do not preach celibacy, but they do urge self-restraint; and though passions may be hard to overcome when there is no higher ideal to counteract them, that very reason makes their mastery easy when such an ideal is present. From marriage to the home-life in general is but one step; and Theosophy inculcates harmony and purity in the home-life. For the home is a commonwealth in miniature, the training-school and model for commonwealths on larger scales. The decay of home-life marks the decay of civilization, being at once symptom and cause. The program of Theosophy is seen to be one of simple duties; such duties are often unwelcome, since people fondly hope to find an easier path in more complicated remedies. But this fond hope is a device of our own lower nature to turn us away from the real obstacles and the real field where victories are won. People who cannot rule their homes often propose to reform society in the large — an all-too-familiar spectacle in these days.

Other special topics that might be mentioned in connexion with our subject, are the treatment of criminals, of the insane, of drug victims, and of the sick; and these topics too can be treated in a way that sheds new light on each of them. They are to be found among the subjects dealt with in Theosophical books and magazines. Another range of subjects includes the arts — graphic, literary, constructive, dramatic — which likewise receive new light from a Theosophical treatment. In short, Theosophy aims to re-establish health and harmony in all the affairs of life; and the validity of its claims is attested by the measure of the success already achieved.



THE DIVINE LAW is Love itself, and it ever gives us new opportunities. If we fail today, we can make a better effort tomorrow. Constantly the Soul is challenging us to new and better efforts; whereas our lower consciousness, our pessimism and our lack of faith in our Divine Nature always seek to raise a wall between man and his Higher Self. — KATHERINE TINGLEY

## PESSIMISM AND PERFECTIBILITY: by R. Machell



**T**HAT the world has need of Theosophy is hardly to be questioned by anyone who understands the meaning of the word 'Theosophy.' That Theosophy is in the world and is accessible is not to be denied. That there are students of Theosophy willing and even anxious to disseminate a knowledge of the teachings of Theosophy, ancient and modern, is proved by the existence of the Theosophical Movement. And that the possibility of the application of these teachings to the vital problems of life is being actually demonstrated at Point Loma, is known to countless honest investigators, as well as to a limited number of students actually engaged in an attempt to make that lofty enterprise an accomplished fact. What then prevents the world from grasping more eagerly this means of self-redemption from the woes of life?

Pessimism!

Pessimism is self-distrust, and consequent distrust of others measured by the same standard of doubt and disbelief in man's perfectibility.

It may be asked if Pessimism is not a true estimate of the facts of life. Theosophy says "No!" It is delusion.

But the mind of man is querulous, seeking reasons, and arguments to buttress up its tottering decisions, built by an enfeebled will upon a shifting stratum of opinions.

The restless mind seeks reasons, and must be humored during its convalescence, until it regains its self-reliance.

Many antique traditions tell of the fall of man from a position of honor among the Gods who were his kin; and of his consequent loss of power and wisdom and self-knowledge. And all the history of man teems with accounts of efforts made by men to re-establish man upon a basis of divine authority within himself. Man self-redeemed by knowledge of his own essential divinity. This is the ideal offered by the great teachers of humanity, and eternally perverted by organized pessimism into a weak submission to an extra-human god.

Man's pessimism is the raw material from which such idols are created; and the passion of man's heart supplies rich garments, wherewithal to make these dead gods beautiful.

If pessimism is a fact in nature it is a very doubtful one, for it is based upon denial. It is a negative quality, a negation of something — of what? Of something that exists? or of a mere delusion?

The negation of a mere delusion is certainly a somewhat vacuous foundation for an edifice.

What is the reality? Can we establish life upon a mere negation? Even the pessimistic world looks for some solid fact on which to build, or for some little spot of rock, on which to stand for a moment safe from

the eddying waters of dispute, and from the quicksands of delusion. Where is this solid ground? Where can it be but in the Soul of man himself, and in the Universal Soul, of which he is a part? Outside of man, all is illusion, that is to say appearance; for man can only know external things by their appearances; and that means that the thing itself is not known, but only its appearance.

To know the thing itself man must be able to identify himself with it; and this can only be achieved if he and it are of one essence, and he is able to become aware of his identity with it, and consequently with the essence of all things.

But this is self-knowledge, and it is consciousness of the essential divinity of man: for there can be no higher conception of Divinity than the Universal Soul: the source, and origin, and ultimate, of all existence.

This is the basis of optimism. On this is founded the belief in the perfectibility of man, without which all hope of progress is illogical.

But the conviction of man's ultimate perfectibility is actually based upon the fact itself, which is the root of consciousness in man. This fact is his essential divinity. His interior knowledge of his own nature is perhaps subconscious, while his belief is formulated by his brain-mind in response to the subconscious impulse; and this mind-made belief is subject to modification, even to complete perversion, by the mind, which is imperfect usually, and not infrequently defective or diseased.

From this we get the multitude of varying beliefs and creeds, and also the fanaticism of conviction springing from the subconscious certainty of truth, which is not well aware of the peculiar twist that the defective mind may have bestowed in passing on the expressed belief.

It seems to me that this fanaticism, and power of devotion to a worthless cause, is a sure indication of a fountain of interior knowledge; no matter how distorted may be all the theories, beliefs and creeds that issue from the mind of man.

Even a pessimist can scarcely deny the power of men to rise to heights of heroism entirely unjustifiable and inexplicable by the philosophy of negation. Many a professed pessimist has himself given the lie by his own acts to his denial of his own divinity: for man cannot rise above himself, no more than water can; and if he rises above his normal level, we may know of a certainty that we had hitherto misjudged his limitations.

The ultimate certainty of knowledge comes only from within; but it may be approached by many roads; experience is one, and study is another; both are necessary, and the study of Theosophy is best, coupled with experience gained by the practical application of its lessons to the daily life of individual students, working together in harmony for humanity.



# THE THREE BASES OF POETRY: A STUDY OF ENGLISH VERSE: by Kenneth Morris

## PART III — STYLE

### CHAPTER II — BEFORE MILTON



RACE, and its language, have to undergo a long preparation before the coming in of Style. Racial Soul has to struggle for centuries with racial brain, before the forms of speech are evolved to the point at which the lofty words may be spoken. Poetry is so much more a matter of racial, and even of universal, than of individual utterance. Once that the Soul has spoken, you cannot depend on its silence again. A great poet comes, and creates Style for the poetry of his language, we say; it means that the Soul has established a link between itself and the brain and tongue of its race; and thereafter may at any appropriate time send down influencing currents: which will be weak or strong according to the age and the fitness of the instrument used, the poet. When a great man and age coincide, then you hear the eternal accents: the lofty laws of being are announced; compassion, and the majesty of the Soul, are let loose in august words upon the world.

Chaucer came, and found chaos; and went abroad to learn a discipline wherewith it might be tamed. He found it in France and Italy, and transmuted it into English in the crucible of his genius. He was very English, very Latin, and, as M. Jusserand says, "with something of a cosmopolitan tinge about him"; — in which three statements, after all, there is no contradiction. It was because he was so Latin, and so cosmopolitan, that he could be so English. Langland, a survivor of the Saxons, left no trace of influence, because he lacked these qualities. Chaucer, with his kinship of spirit and doubtless blood to the "clear-minded, energetic, firm, practical race of the Latinized Celts" (to quote M. Jusserand again), was just the man needed to begin work upon the chaotic mind of the young English race. He must practise the spirit of the language in metre, and get things straight; it was too early to expect anything of achievement in Style. What he did for vision and music, he did for Style also; in this case wholly by the introduction of discipline.

Yet once at least there is a foretaste of the great thing in him: in the oft-quoted lines about "Fraunceys Petrak, the Lauriat poetë,

whose rethorikē swete  
*Enlumynd all Ytaille of Poetrie.*

To come upon that line in Chaucer is like suddenly finding oneself above unguessed fathoms, when one has been swimming a long time in the

shallows, and striking bottom at every kick; or like coming out under the immensity of the stars, when one has been stooping and crawling for hours in a mine. There is a certain lordliness in it; a lavish yet restrained universality of thought and diction; — as if the fellow had said: “Here, for once I am out of small change; you may take Orion or the Pleiades.” Mortality does not give in this fashion; it is only the Soul, aware of the vastness of its treasures, that may practise such generosity. — You have read tale upon tale, and thought that Chaucer, delightful creature, had no possibility of seriousness in his composition; yet here, as if unawares, he steps out into the great seriousness of the Soul. The personal man of him nourishes a generous sentiment, a loyal admiration for a master in his art — his own master; be it so; the Impersonal Man in him will make use of that, and on the strength of it for once get *his* word spoken as to the great power and nature of the divine in man; of that which, through Petrarch,

Enlumynd all Ytaille of Poetrie.

— It is a flash picture of the Soul of man as supreme magician: a declaration, in the last analysis, of the divinity of man. It rings with the high pride of the soul: with the hauteur of a thing that knows itself, in self or in others, eternal, of boundless power, and with the lofty function of serving and giving light.

This is the ‘heightening and recasting’ of which Matthew Arnold spoke. In reality we may doubt if it is these at all; and not rather the native and common speech of an order of being superior to the human. Poetry in the Grand Manner seems to come from the peaks and super-humanity; it is speech not finite, but infinite; not man-words, but God-words. Always when one tries to define or capture its inwardness, two words recur to one’s mind: *Pride*, and *Compassion*. It is a pride, however, that only feeds upon divinity, and finds divinity in all things: a cardinal virtue, not a cardinal sin. In Chaucer’s lines, for example, it is the “lauriat poete,” and contemplation of him, that awakens the great pride, the swelling sense. — Not that these two qualities contain it all, or more than a mere fragment of it.

But Chaucer there stepped centuries ahead of his common levels; and there was still much pioneer’s work to do, before poets could walk at their ease in such altitudes. This world had to be discovered and set in order, before voices from the other might be heard. The middle ages had been a quaint topside-turvydom in thought: with all Christendom asleep, and its mental workings for the most part vague inconsequent dreams. Chaucer himself was a wonder for his age; yet a deal of its haphazard loquacity remained in him. He brought with him

a mort of common sense and kindly keen humor, and a caustic ungentle wit to do its work when occasion should arise; and with these qualities went far to cure England of medievalism. For some thirteen decades after his death there was no need of further striving; England might lie still and meditate on what she had received at his hands. Then came Wyatt, and Surrey after him, introducing new disciplines from Italy again; "and gave," says Churton Collins, "the deathblow to that rudeness, that grotesqueness, that prolixity, that diffuseness, that pedantry, which had deformed with fatal persistency the poetry of medievalism." The way was being prepared for ideal form; souls were incarnating that should *write*, in the spacious days that were coming; and we may look on Chaucer at the end of his cycle, and Wyatt and Surrey at the beginning of theirs, as voices crying in the wilderness: *Prepare ye the way of the Lord!*

It was fortunate that such discipline had come. Spenser, with his ungoverned thin fantasies, and Marlowe with the ungovernable surge of life sweeping him onward, would have been in parlous case indeed, had they come upon English poetry in the state in which the balanced and sensible Chaucer found it; or in the state in which he left it. These were both men that by nature needed discipline above all things: Spenser, to keep him anchored somewhere this side of Cloud-Cuckoo-town; Marlowe, to force his hot impetuosity into channels, and keep it from going off in sheer rant and extravagance. It was an insufficiency of discipline, of form created and ready to their hands, that kept both of them from the highest attainment. But one can see the workings of the evolutionary spirit in them. Spenser, with a mind thin and airy as the sky, set himself the task of writing a grand allegory of the Soul, a high symbolic poem. He failed, because the work needed supreme knowledge of basic or spiritual form: the last achievement in art. The symbols of the Soul, of evolution, are well defined: ideal forms discoverable within this seeming chaotic universe; — happy he who can lay bare one or a few of them; he is the great artist. Chaucer in all his stories never dreamed that such things existed; Spenser did, and set out to discover them. He did not reach his goal; but it is his glory to have made the attempt. Sometime in the history of English literature, that attempt and that failure had to be made; that others, coming after, might knowingly or not profit by the experience gained in the venture. Marlowe, too, won treasures of experience from the gods: mainly for Shakespeare. There is a whole cycle of learning between the wild turbulence of *Tamburlaine* and the tragic excellence of *Edward II* and *Doctor Faustus*. He was in love with the Great Life; intoxicated by the large amplitude of that which, had he but known it, is the divine life of the Soul. But he missed seeing the all important link between this

world and that: he did not guess the sacredness of it: had no idea that the life forces must be mastered and governed, and that in a spirit of devotion. There is an absence in him of certain aspects of the Soul note: he worshiped the beautiful (and that shall be counted to him for righteousness); and he sought the true after his fashion; but lacked grounding in the good, and any deep enthusiasm for it. But the good also is an absolute essential, if poetry is to be great and important. It is straining no point to say that Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton of course, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson and Browning, and the great — not the little — Swinburne, were obviously on the side of the angels. Whatever mistakes any of them may have made, they desired and worked in their art for the good of humanity, believing in the Light and hating the darkness. You may say that this same struggle is figured, this same side taken, in Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*; yes, it is — in a way; yet one does not strain a point, either, in saying that the will to good is rather fatally absent from his work as a whole. He was his own Tamburlaine, intoxicated with life and unbounded ambitions that had no moral element in them; was he also his own Faustus, who met the last (symbolic) doom? Non-moral, let us say; but non-morality, too, is an absolute bar to the heights in art. He died young: not before his genius had begun to decline.

Yet, because of that immense feeling he had for the greatness that is from the Soul, he was used. He made utterances that ring with the sense of depth, of mighty implications unsaid, that marks what we call Style, — even the Grand Manner, the culmination of Style. There is a haughty visionary directness in the lines already quoted from *Tamburlaine*:

There angels in their crystal armours fight  
A doubtful battle with my tempted thoughts.

— One is left in wonder — and admiration — over the 'crystal armours.' It is a revelation in a double sense; you are not on the crass material ground of actuality; you are somewhat carried up into the more extensive empyreans of truth. The bigness of the spiritual world blows in upon you at a gust. Then for the 'peculiar heightening and recasting,' the 'spiritual excitement,' there are those wonderful lines about Helen of Troy, from *Faustus*:

Is this the face that launched a thousand ships,  
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?

All the story of the rape of Helen is hidden between *face* and *that launched*; all the Iliad lies unspoken between the two lines; the thought has trav-

eled like light for swiftness. For a depth, a background behind this little couplet, you have the whole tragedy of the passing of human passion into ruin. Is not the ring of a mighty pride in it: a haughtiness packed with sorrow, even with compassion? *The face that . . . launched a thousand ships . . . . And burnt the topless towers of Ilium;* — just that, and whole worlds have been revealed and smug philosophies put to shame. It is Style: the Soul, that knows all, has cried out from the eternities. The word it spoke was *Karma*. Seven volumes of didactics might be written on it, and nothing said more than is in those two lines.

Marlowe, like Spenser, traveled out towards the discovery of ideal forms; but in another direction. Spenser went by the road of allegory: seeking to veil in story form such wisdom as he had and was conscious of having; it was not deep and true and basic enough to fuse white-hot the elements of his story and pour them into the ideal mold. Marlowe had the temperature, the fire of art; but lacked the divine presence in his aim. *Faustus*, and especially *Edward II*, are great tragedies, or very nearly so: the crucial scenes in both attain a terrific heat of horror unexcelled anywhere; in that sense they are great tragedies. Unless some deeper criterion be used than the outward canons of art, it would be difficult to say, perhaps, why they should not be called more perfect in form than any but a very few of Shakespeare's works; possibly than any but *King Lear*. But the truth is, we have not yet discovered the true criterion for Shakespeare. We do not see that under his myriad-typed living characters, his fun and great action and sorrow, lies, in play after play, a basic or ideal form, a symbol of the Soul and its history. Marlowe's aim was to accumulate horror on horror in such a way — so artistically — as to move the feelings of the spectators to the utmost possible limit; in the Aristotelian sense, Marlowe is supreme. You are made to feel in proper person King Edward's creeping fear as his murderer talks with him; you are made to feel that in one hour's time, in half an hour, immediately, the soul of Faustus will be delivered to the devils and an eternity of horror; you are left white, shaken, the whole faculty of feeling strained. But this was not Shakespeare's aim. He tried it in *Titus Andronicus*, his first attempt at a drama, and made horror ridiculous; you will say that he tried it again in *King Lear*, and made no artistic failure there. Perhaps; we shall see. But it was not his usual method at all; when he used something of it, it was as an incidental to greater purposes. You feel, after some study of *Faustus* or *Edward II*, that it would be possible to say all that is to be said about Marlowe's art as displayed in them: an art that excites profound admiration, but which may be fathomed and traversed. But with Shakespeare, no; because the greater part of it is not of the brainmind, not

of finite man at all; because it is an art that has no brainmind canons. You fathom one depth; you seem to touch bottom; and straightway find what you thought solid earth trembling and giving beneath your feet; you conclude at last that, like Bottom's dream, "it hath no bottom to it." Mr. Bernard Shaw sneers at certain of the comedies for "pot-boilers," written for the gallery: *As You Like It*, for example, which he says is named with ironical significance. In very truth its absurdities are visible enough, when you have gone to them with the microscope of brainmind-canon criticism. But that was beside Shakespeare's aim altogether; and you do not need even a telescope, but only normal human eyes, to recognise its charm. It was absolutely immaterial to him that in real life a man could hardly make sham love to his beloved, and never recognise her face because her limbs happened to be in doublet and hose. That situation is a symbol; and because of its actual unlikelihood, the more vivid and arresting. He will make it seem, while the play is going forward, possible enough; he will not shock your sense by presenting that which your imagination, for the time being, refuses to accept; he will clothe it in consummate wit and delicious rhetoric, to maintain the illusion just long enough to get his soul symbol set forth. Let the tale but carry down the divine light behind the symbol into regions where we may, knowingly or not, feel some of that light's excellent illumination: get somehow impressed, subconsciously may be, with the fact that

Then there is mirth in heaven,  
When earthly things made even  
Atone together;

—and we may go home if we please, and, thinking the matter over, conclude that the machinery used was ludicrous and unnatural enough. But we do not feel it so when remembering the play as a whole; only when we pick out the incidents. The whole, as a whole, bears the air of truth; and we are left to wonder how this may be. How shall we take the thing? *As you like it*, saith Shakespeare from the Islands of of the Blessed, not without the serenity of a smile. The characters, if you like, represent powers and elements in the make-up of man; and there is no untruth told concerning them. Orlando would have known Rosalind, sure enough; although it is Shakespeare's pleasure that we should forget that fact for the time being. But there are a thousand occasions when the Divinity within us, wooing our normal consciousness to Itself, assumes strange disguises to our mind's eye: is tricksome, captious, flighty, mirthful, or quite severe and hostile-seeming: tempts us into unexpectable experiences, and refuses to disclose by so much as a glimmer its identity. All the world, looking on, may cry out: *Doesn't*

*the fool know?* — but in point of fact, we do *not* know; — until the earthly things are made even. It has nothing to do, like the Kingdom of Heaven, with marrying and giving in marriage.

It is this air of depth, of unfathomability, that comes on wherever the Soul has left traces of its presence or passaging. If it is found pervading the substance of a drama or story, it denotes the presence of an ideal form, one of the basic symbols; and we may find, if we are wise, the light behind. When it rings out, so to say, in a line or passage of poetry, there is the thing which we call Style, the Grand Manner.

Style, in this sense, is not to be confounded with something else that commonly goes by the same name: as, a quick, nervous, appropriate mastery of diction, the use of idiomatic, pregnant and flexible words. Such a mastery may often prepare the way for Style, but in itself is not that. We may illustrate the difference by passages from *Macbeth*, the loftiest-languaged of all the Shakespearean tragedies. Here are some most Shakespearean lines: dyed in the wool with his manner, and that no one else could have written; they are highly characteristic of his *style*, as we say — meaning that they ring with his individuality, are coin from the particular mint of his mind. *Macbeth* soliloquizes:

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well  
It were done quickly; if the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch  
With his surcease success; that but this blow  
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,  
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases  
We still have judgment here; that we but teach  
Bloody instructions, which, when taught, return  
To plague the inventor; this even-handed justice  
Commends the ingredients of the poisoned chalice  
To our own lips.

— Every line there proclaims that the man Shakespeare, the brain-mind, had learned as much as a man may concerning the driving, arraying and marshalling of words. In each sentence, meaning — ordinary thought-meaning — is closely and vigorously packed. I would say it proves this also, and clearly: that Shakespeare — Master William Shakespeare, of the New Place at Stratford and Her Majesty's Players at the Globe; the man you might have given the time of day to, shaken hands with; the fellow who jollied Ben Jonson o' nights at the Mermaid — did actually have, as a part of his working every-day belief, knowledge of a law called Karma. You will observe that he makes a statement of it, very consciously and clearly: a philosophic-metaphoric statement, as plain as the nose on your face; a thing well-blinkered

brainmind shall hardly dodge seeing; — and then, for fear of your obtuseness, makes it again, and yet again; three several statements in all:

- (1)                               But in these cases  
We still have judgment here;
- (2)   we but teach  
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
To plague the inventor;
- and
- (3)   this even-handed justice  
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice  
To our own lips.

This way of saying the same thing in three different sets of words is in itself exceedingly Shakespearean, entirely in his manner. He seemed to believe in the number three. Almost whenever he has a thought of particular weight to express, he very wisely will not trust his groundlings to get it until he has repeated it three times. He does it in the first part of this same passage:

- (1) If it were done when 'tis done —
- (2)   if the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch  
With his surcease success —
- (3)   that but this blow  
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time —

— No question of 'Christian' philosophy, you see: "we'd jump the life to come"; it is this even-handed justice of Karma that we balk at. — And then the language, the sheer individuality of the construction; the pregnant, illuminating pithiness of it all: — "trammel up the consequence"; "the be-all and the end-all here"; "catch with his surcease success": each sentence has the force of a proverb, and more; they are a clean-cut exquisite coinage; or they are master-strokes of rapier play, pinking the heart of the thought at each idiomatic thrust. That is Shakespeare's style, of which we could hardly get a better example; but the passage is not exactly an example of Style, in the sense in which we have been using the word.

I said it proves that Shakespeare believed in Karma; reinforced as it stands by the whole bearing of the play — and of all the tragedies — I think that this is by no means an extreme statement. Grant it, for the sake of argument; and it is interesting, but not inevitably convincing; — it does not compel you or me to believe in Karma too. It does not prove the validity of the belief, or the existence of the Law; but only that Shakespeare, like Buddha, Jesus, Mohammed, Plato and the like, believed in its existence; or, if you will have it so, that Macbeth be-





Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor  
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more!

It is not to say: *Jove shall hurl his thunderbolt*; it is the thunderbolt hurled; the deific hurling and the fearful impact; it is not a statement, but a revelation, of the law.

Here let us go back to music for a moment; and note how this supreme line rises to a sound proportionate to its Style: how the normal Shakespearean quick iambic march is retarded by multiplied consonants and swelled by sonorous echoing vowels. The march has become a slow, doom-laden spondaical procession. Here too, we may note the wonderful wave-form in the music: the rapid up-gathering of

Glamis hath murdered sleep,

and the melancholy long withdrawing roar of

and therefore Cawdor  
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more!

— and how, at this lofty tension of language, all is intense simplicity: there are no curiously wrought phrases, none of the admirable multi-foldness of the Shakespearean manner; except for the three names, Glamis, Cawdor and Macbeth, all the words are among the commonest in common speech. Yet it is the true magic of sound; at such a cry, more than Jericho falls.

Right tragedy is, in its essence, based upon this Karma as an ideal form: it is always Karma-Nemesis, really, who is the hero of a true tragedy. To reveal that, and not only, as Aristotle thought, to bathe the spectators in cleansing emotion through horror, is the aim. Shakespeare shows us, again and again, the outraged universe bestirring itself to strike back at the wrong-doer: Karma marshaling trivial events and trivial men to accomplish his punishment. Macbeth is undone by mediocre Malcolm and Macduff — and Karma; the noble Brutus by Karma and the quite ignoble Anthony and Octavian. That awful knocking at the door which follows the murder of Duncan is an incident whose horror can never be exaggerated; but why is it so fearfully significant? Who seeks admittance, and will win it? Two lay-figures; two utterly commonplace fellows, Macduff and Lennox; but behind them the whole commonplace world, arrayed by Karma against the murderer.\* It is just because we are made to feel that majestic and terrible presence behind the door and knocking, knocking, that the scene is so tragically intense. We care nothing about the entry of the two thanes;

\*The point is well brought out by Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch in an article in a recent number of the *North American Review*.

we tremble because of the nearness of that third, that unseen Thing that comes in with them: the outraged universe demanding readjustment.

How, then, of *King Lear*? — you will say. Is not horror there altogether the aim? Lear himself was guilty of no crime like Macbeth's many; he did no murder, like Othello or even Brutus; why should his mere rashness have not only involved himself in madness and ruin, but brought his good angel, Cordelia, to so revolting a fate? Ophelia died; but no one can say that she stood to Hamlet as the light in his soul; she was only a doll, poor little thing, a distraction; she could never have helped him towards his goal. And Desdemona died; and she has a higher symbolic place than Ophelia's, but nothing like so high as Cordelia's; she was Othello's balance, his equal light; his estrangement from her is the obscuration, not the death of his soul; he dies, as he has lived, noble. But Cordelia! She is her father's star, his sanity, his one salvation; losing her, he becomes a wreck, an idiot, a nothing. And by nothing worse than rashness he loses her; and she meets her death so horribly. . . .

It was a basic form that Shakespeare had tried before in *Romeo and Juliet*, with (for him) indifferent success. (That is one of the very early plays, remember.) Now, in *Lear*, he uses it triumphantly. Rashness is a small fault, you would say, compared to ambition or the insensate passion of jealousy. — In reality Lear was lower in the scale of evolution than any of the heroes of the tragedies. One has to remember the three qualities of Sanskrit philosophy: Sattva (light); Rajas (passion, action, desire); Tamas (sloth, darkness, ignorance). Lear alone of the central figures of the tragedies is immersed in the Tamasic world: his rashness is a thing of chaos and primordial night; aimless, inconsequent, subhuman in its essence; though whipped up to madness by rays from the realm of Rajas into which he has not yet evolved. His Britain is the dark region of Tamas, steeped in midnight and haunted by repulsive hags. It is a far cry from the Soul's light to this; and to redeem it, to sweep away the evils and leave a decent State under reputable Albany, Kent and Edgar, she — the Soul, Cordelia — must immerse herself in darkness, forget to be, die quite. It is horrible enough; but the horrors are not for their own sake, but for the symbol's; they are there to blast a way for it and its light into our inner consciousness.

Brainmind canons of art may measure Marlowe; they are not big enough for Shakespeare. He, or the Pantheons that used him, went by the canons on which these galaxies are made. Aristotle for smaller minds and achievements; we should desire to hear Plato on Shakespeare.

## SCIENCE AND THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD: IS VIVISECTION SCIENTIFIC? by Joseph H. Fussell

### I — INTRODUCTORY

**I**S Vivisection scientific? The object of this series of articles is to attempt to answer this question. And in order to answer it we must inquire first as to the meaning of the word *science* and determine what is the *scientific method*. We must ask: Is there a legitimate, a right use of this word; has it an exact meaning? Are there definite, fundamental principles which underlie all science, and which govern the scientific method? If we find this to be so, then it will follow that to employ the word science loosely is, so to say, unscientific, and to speak of a method as scientific which violates the principles of science is unjustifiable.

But let us for a moment assume that there is a general understanding, as indeed there is, of the words science and scientific, and let us note their use in the following extracts which, from their source, may be regarded as having a certain weight.

An editorial article, under the heading, 'A Plea for Scientific Methods,' in *The Scientific American*, January 16, 1915, opens with the startling assertion: "Science is perhaps the most inhuman of all man's works. It would seem that man has given birth to a monster vaster than himself." The writer further says:

Knowledge has not saved us; we are no better than our fathers. The old fierce instincts still rule, but nevertheless if man is to achieve salvation, science must play the greater part.

Does the writer here mean by science, "the most inhuman of all man's works"; or is he now using the word with a different signification? And how can we reconcile the statement that "if man is to achieve salvation, science must play the greater part" with the writer's declaration that "scientific knowledge is perhaps of little worth where the great things of life are concerned"? Which of these contradictory statements is correct? Did not Alexander Pope speak wisely when he said: "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing"? Is it not half-, or pseudo-scientific knowledge which is of little worth in respect to the great things of life? May it not be that the great things of life *are* open to scientific investigation, if only we view them in their right relation and meaning, and approach them rightly?

But although the promulgation of scientific knowledge does not greatly alter a man, there is more hope in the promulgation of scientific *method*.

Here we may guess at the writer's intended meaning, but does the word 'promulgation' convey it? What a pity it is that so often in dis-

cussions on science, words are used wrongly, indeed, may we not say, unscientifically! It is not the promulgation but, first, knowledge of what the scientific method really is, and next its *adoption*, that is required. But the following is good, if the word *scientific* is rightly interpreted:

A man who habitually thinks on the scientific method learns a fairness and restraint which is one of the most promising things in the later development of mankind.

To which, however, we would add: as it was also in the development of mankind thousands of years ago, for it is a question if there is one scientific truth known today that is not a re-discovery of what was known in long past ages, albeit it *may have been further developed* in our present age. And we are fully in accord with the writer's statement that

a very large part of mankind has to undergo a spiritual change.

This we hold to be strictly scientific from the wider standpoint, but where is the logic in what immediately follows in the same sentence, which I have italicized?

*And the supreme value of science lies in this, that it is a living irrefragable testimony to the efficacy of scientific method*, and the steady promulgation of scientific methods of thought among mankind is the best means of effecting this spiritual change.

That is to say that the supreme value of science lies in this, that it is a living, irrefragable testimony to the efficacy of a method based upon science and leading to science; or, the supreme value of science lies in its being a testimony to science. And how are we to reconcile the statement that the promulgation of scientific methods of thought is the best means of effecting a spiritual change, with the statement previously made that "scientific knowledge is perhaps of little worth where the great things of life are concerned"?

From one viewpoint we agree with the writer, if by 'science' he means *modern* science, in the following:

We are hardly at the dawn of things. Science [*modern* science I would say] has achieved nothing compared with what the future holds for it. We have learned a few items of information it is true — but that is not science. All the treatises on all the 'ologies are merely by-products.

But what do our learned 'ologists say of the last statement; and what finally shall we say of the writer's concluding sentence?

Science is a method of thought, and its importance lies in this: a method of thought means a method of life.

Thus, if we accept the writer's opening statement, this perhaps "most inhuman of all man's works," this "monster vaster than himself" is, after all, only "a method of thought." "Science is a method of thought"! And when the writer makes "a plea for scientific methods,"

how else can we understand it than as a plea for methods which are in accord with and lead up to a certain method, *viz.*, science, a monster, the most inhuman of all man's works?

Where then is the difficulty? Is it not that the writer uses the words 'science' and 'scientific' with different significations? And this is my main reason for quoting from the article, as a preliminary to our discussion of the subject before us. Does it not illustrate the necessity of, first, clear logical thinking; and, second, of clear logical expression? Perhaps in the eyes of many, the article, appearing as it does, on the editorial page of one of the leading scientific journals of America, will pass for what the writer evidently intended it to be, *viz.*, a *scientific article*; an expression of the *scientific* position or viewpoint. But does it bear analysis; and is not this one of the first of scientific requirements? And yet, for all that, some of the ideas expressed in the article and, more, the root idea, the *motif*, as it appears to me, *viz.*, the attempt to show that science — in its true meaning, I would say — is related to the spiritual life of man, mark a distinct advance beyond the general modern scientific viewpoint, as evidenced in most of the scientific writings of today.

Still more marked is this same *motif* in the leading editorial article of *The Scientific American* for February 12, 1916, entitled "The Significance of Science." After speaking of "those who are never tired of attacking science and the scientific way of looking at things," the writer declares:

Science has a spiritual side, but in order to see it, it is necessary to make a distinction between science and its applications.

The true aim of science, expressed in a word, is to increase the self-consciousness of man. . . . The main function of philosophy has been of the same kind, and it is interesting to note that it is now thought that the true significance of art is to be found in the same direction.

With this extension of self-consciousness comes a fuller appreciation of the essential nature of man and of his possibilities. By discovering man's true relation to the universe, we see also how he may best live in peace and harmony with that universe. Every scientific discovery from whatever source which shows us more clearly what this world is in which we live, reacts upon man himself and causes a further adjustment of his relations to that world. Now the true argument against vice and against war is that these things are not in harmony with that further development of mankind which science has shown us to be a possibility. People may be found to argue that war is a benefit. They talk about 'biological necessity'—they garble science. There may even be people who argue that vice is a benefit. But the whole trend of scientific thought is in the opposite direction. It is incorrect to say that science has no moral aspect. The mind of man is not divisible into water-tight compartments, although writers of philosophical text-books sometimes find it convenient to assume this unnatural division, and science, philosophy and art, all have, and must necessarily have, a moral aspect. By showing us more clearly our own nature and the nature of the world about us, they implicitly condemn certain activities and foster others.

. . . There is an old familiar saying, 'The truth shall make you free,' free from the baser elements within ourselves. And it is because the spirit of science tends in this direction

that science is most emphatically worth while. The body of science does, on occasion, assume strange forms, but its spirit has one fixed direction.

The whole trend of the article is worthy of the highest praise. If the position which it indicates were universally accepted by 'scientists,' if it were insisted upon in all 'scientific' schools, and were made the basis of all 'scientific' instruction, the whole world, within a single generation, would be a very different place; the whole of life would be changed; half the ills that now afflict humanity would have vanished; vivisection, and animal experimentation as now carried on, would be impossible.

I have purposely quoted the words 'scientists' and 'scientific' because I wish to make a distinction between science and pseudo-science, and further because I hold that the position, outlined in the article from which I have just quoted, always has been and is necessarily the position of true science, and that any departure therefrom is a mark of pseudo-science. I shall refer later to some of the statements made in the extract just quoted when we come to consider the right use and meaning of the word 'science' and what is the 'scientific method'; but there is still another important article, or address, to which I desire to call the reader's attention. It is the presidential address given by Dr. John C. Branner at the meeting of the Pacific Division of the American Association of Science at Stanford University, April 5, 1917, on "Some of the Scientific Problems and Duties at our Doors," published in *Science*, May 4, 1917. It should be stated that Dr. Branner is President of Leland Stanford Jr. University.

The address is of unusual interest because of certain questions discussed therein which have a bearing on our present inquiry. It is for that reason that I have quoted from it extensively. Dr. Branner asks: "What of our relations to the public?" and replies:

In my opinion we have no more serious duties than to have and to cultivate a broad and intelligent interest in science as it is related to society at large.

With respect to men in public office, he declares:

It is clearly our duty to place our knowledge, our training, and our best judgment at the service of such men, and thus at the service of the public, and to stand together in whatever is right in connexion with matters relating to or involving a knowledge of science.

The statement and maintenance of such a position will receive universal commendation; but in regard to what follows, we are reminded of "the distinction between science and its applications" which the writer of *The Scientific American* article, previously quoted, declares it is necessary to make. With respect to legislation, Dr. Branner says:

Legislative support for our scientific bureaus and for higher education must come from the backing given them either directly or indirectly by men of science. . . . Indeed it not infrequently happens that our public officials have their judgment biased by hearsay information and prejudices that are difficult to deal with.

We grant the correctness of the last statement, but ask, does it not sometimes happen that the bias is due to hearsay information received from 'men of science,' and due to the prejudices of the latter? Dr. Branner gives the following example:

Take as an example the case of legislation upon vivisection that has lately been up right here in our own State. We are impelled to ask what is to be expected from legislation on such a subject unless the men of science make themselves heard and felt. Not that most of us really know anything about vivisection; we do not. But we do know what scientific methods are and where they lead and as men of science we are bound to use our influence in support of such methods. Physiologists — not sentimentalists — are the ones to determine whether or not vivisection should or should not be allowed, and our voices should be heard in support of the physiologists and in favor of right methods in that as in anything else.

"In favor of right methods"! Yes! There spoke the true scientist; but note the confession: "Not that most of us really know anything about vivisection; we do not." Dr. Branner himself is interested in earthquakes, and, so far as I know, as well qualified as any man living to speak in regard to the scientific methods of research in that field of investigation. But seeing that he really knows nothing about vivisection, that he has not made a serious inquiry into the question, or into the 'scientific' methods employed by physiologists, is it not pure assumption on his part to assert, as he virtually does, that those methods are 'right' methods, in favor of which he declares our voices should be heard? Indeed, by asserting that he really knows nothing about vivisection, is he not disqualified from giving anything more than a mere opinion? It all turns, of course, on the meaning we give to the term 'scientific,' and upon the answer we give to the question: "Is vivisection scientific?" which is the object of our discussion; and which I claim cannot be answered without serious study. All true students of science will at least appreciate Dr. Branner's frankness in saying: "Not that most of us really know anything about vivisection; we do not." Such frankness is one of the marks of the true scientific spirit; for, as Dr. Branner himself says further on; "science bows down to truth and to truth alone."

The following also calls for agreement:

Surely the questions involved in this and in all similar cases should not be left to haphazard legislation dictated by selfish interests of any kind whatever.

"By selfish interests of any kind whatever." Note these words. Does not this imply that the *possible* selfish interests even of 'scientists,' physiologists, surgeons, physicians, must be guarded against? And when it is said that such questions as, for instance, that of vivisection



should be settled by scientific men as scientific problems that concern the community at large it must be made clear, before accepting this, what meaning is given to the word 'scientific,' and that these 'scientific men' are not in any way governed by 'selfish interest' of any kind, nor the bondservants of any form of tyranny.

But in regard to offering advice or criticism, there arises a question of ethics. Says Dr. Branner:

I have heard it objected that we have no call to offer advice where it is not sought. This raises a point in ethics which puzzles some persons unnecessarily. We have also heard of a person who did not rescue a drowning man because he had not been introduced to him. We do not hesitate to cast our ballots and to lift our voices in favor of what we regard as right methods in public affairs. Nor should we hesitate to do any other act that we know to be for the public good, whether that act be formally called for or not.

With such a position all true scientists will be in hearty accord. I myself, merely a student of science, feel grateful to Dr. Branner for stating so clearly what is one of my reasons for entering upon this discussion which is an attempt to examine the question of vivisection from the standpoint of science, which standpoint, if it be truly scientific, it will be my endeavor to show, must be strictly in accord with the 'public good.'

The instances given by him, Dr. Branner declares, are merely mentioned in passing,

and as examples of some of the public duties of scientific men which we too often overlook. Such problems confront men of science everywhere, and it is to be hoped that we shall not evade them in this the newer part of our country.

Now one of the instances given, and cited above, is the question of vivisection, "the case of legislation upon vivisection that has lately been up right here in our own State." Are we then to take Dr. Branner's words as meaning that the attitude of scientists in reference to vivisection furnishes an example of duties which scientific men too often overlook or evade; and as one of the problems regarding which he goes on to say: "the scientific world has a right to expect us to solve or at least to attack seriously"? Are we not justified in applying Dr. Branner's words to the problem of vivisection? If so, and I think we are justified in this, then assuredly it is a most hopeful sign, for if scientists generally would study the subject sufficiently to warrant their expressing a *scientific* opinion on the subject — if, for instance, Dr. Branner himself would seriously examine it from a truly scientific standpoint, so that neither he nor they would any longer have to confess they *really knew nothing about it*, — it would no longer be possible for vivisectionists to assert, as they so often do, and as Dr. Branner himself practically does, that the opponents to vivisection are mere "sentimentalists." But such an assertion is even now false and unwarranted, for there are

today, as there have been in the past, many scientific men who have opposed vivisection from the standpoint of science, as I shall later show. But I take the present position for the reason that until scientific men generally take a decided stand against vivisection as unscientific it stands as a blot upon science as a whole and the scientific method in general, as it is also a blot upon civilization and humanity. To prove this is the object of this series of articles.

Recalling to mind "the most scathing criticism I ever heard of any scientific man," for failing to make use of "a unique opportunity for solving certain problems," Dr. Branner says: "evidently the man had no powers of imagination." "For lack of vision the people perish," and for lack of imagination how many problems remain unsolved! It is precisely this lack of vision, this lack of imagination that marks off the would-be scientist from the true. Says John Tyndall in the preface to the seventh thousand reprint of his famous presidential address to the British Association of Science at Belfast in 1874:

that out of experience there always grows something finer than mere experience, and that in their different powers of ideal extension consists, for the most part, the difference between the great and the mediocre investigator. The kingdom of science, then, cometh not by observation and experiment alone, but is completed by fixing the roots of observation and experiment in a region inaccessible to both, and in dealing with which we are forced to fall back upon the picturing power of the mind.

And he says further regarding the problems he is discussing, and the same holds in regard to all the problems of science, that they must be discussed "not with the vagueness belonging to the emotions, but with the definiteness belonging to the understanding." And it is precisely because vivisectionists appear to have no definiteness of understanding regarding the nature of the problems they are attempting to solve by means of vivisection, and are either ignorant of what is involved in vivisection or, if not wholly ignorant, wilfully persist in the practice, that they fail to see that such practice is unscientific and that the problems of health and disease, of physiology and of life, will never be solved by its means.

"Science must go its own gait, in its own way," declares Dr. Branner. If it be true science that is referred to, we agree, for then its gait and its way will be truly scientific; but seeing that according to the speaker, as he goes on to say: "and it often finds itself in a blind alley," the 'science' referred to is evidently a nebulous, uncertain something which is *not yet* science but only an attempt at it, a groping after it. Once again, is it not necessary to have a definiteness of understanding as to what constitutes *science*, what science is?

We applaud the speaker's statement that "we cannot trust the methods, dogmas or conclusions of authority in science" and that "science

bows down to truth and to truth alone.” And if, in the next statement, “we have no apologies to make for its methods, its processes or its conclusions,” the reference is strictly to science, in its true sense, which as just said, “bows down to truth and to truth alone,” we again are in full accord. But Dr. Branner has previously spoken of “right methods” in reference to vivisection, saying as already quoted; “our voices should be heard in support of the physiologists and in favor of right methods in that as in anything else.” From which the unmistakable inference is that there are methods, so-called scientific, employed in vivisection, by physiologists, which are not *right* methods. Nor, it should be added, are *all* its processes, *i. e.* of so-called science, legitimate, nor its conclusions always correct. Hence there is very serious need of ‘apology’ for, or at least disavowal of, many of the methods of what often and loosely passes for science. And if they would fulfil the “duties at our [their] doors,” surely it rests with the true devotees of science to make such disavowal, not an apology, of all so-called scientific methods, processes and conclusions which are, in fact, not scientific in the true sense.

“We cannot trust the methods, dogmas or conclusions of authority in science,” declares Dr. Branner; but the vivisectionists’ position is one almost wholly of authority — dogmatic authority — not based upon scientific reasoning, not even upon demonstrated facts, though the latter, of themselves, would not be sufficient to warrant its being regarded as scientific. This we shall endeavor to show in a later article of this series.

Let me give one more quotation from Dr. Branner’s address following immediately the sentence last quoted, which I here repeat:

Science bows down to truth and to truth alone: we have no apologies to make for its methods, its processes or its conclusions. The more we know about the complications and apparent contradictions of absolute truth, the more we distrust the cocksure and the authoritative settlement of scientific problems. To many minds authority points out the only satisfactory way and not only insists upon it, but cites volume, chapter and page to prove it, while science hesitates, vacillates, theorizes, and, brazenly or weakly confesses its ignorance.

It must be acknowledged that in our search after truth we find ourselves often confronted with paradoxes, and that often truth can be expressed only by paradoxes; but, from a philosophical as well as a scientific standpoint, exception must be taken to the term ‘absolute truth’ in the above quoted statement. All our knowledge is but relative and it were arrogance indeed to assume possession or even conception of absolute truth; hence any assertion or speculation in regard to “the complications and apparent contradictions of absolute truth” is inadmissible and quite beside the mark. That, nevertheless, in our search after truth, we come more and more to “distrust the cocksure and authori-

tative settlement of scientific problems" will receive the approval of all true students of science; and these words again excellently define the position taken in this series in regard to vivisection, so aptly do they describe many of the pronouncements of vivisectionists, of which examples will be given in due course.

Serious exception, also, must be taken to the statement that "science hesitates, vacillates, theorizes, and brazenly or weakly, confesses its ignorance." It is another example of the wrong use of the word 'science,' or rather of the use of the wrong word. It is not science, not even scientists, but students, sincere, earnest seekers after science, who find themselves hesitating, theorizing, and some of them frankly (as for instance, Dr. Branner himself in respect to vivisection) confessing their ignorance; while others brazenly assume knowledge which they do not possess.

In concluding this introductory paper, let me say that it is in no hostile spirit that I have endeavored to analyse some of the statements quoted above. Indeed, from the standpoint of a student, I hold that Dr. Branner, in his (excepting but one or two statements) splendid address shows the true scientific spirit. My object in selecting that address and the two articles from *The Scientific American*, from which to quote has been and is that they give a basis — let me say a *scientific* basis, in that they are the expression of recognised students of science — for a discussion of the question before us, namely, Is Vivisection Scientific?

In the next article I shall endeavor to determine more clearly the meaning and right use of the word *science*, and what is scientific method.



He who does not practise altruism; he who is not prepared to share his last morsel with a weaker or poorer than himself; he who neglects to help his brother man, of whatever, race, nation or creed, whenever and wherever he meets suffering, and who turns a deaf ear to the cry of human misery — is no Theosophist.—*H. P. Blavatsky*



Our philosophy of life is one grand whole, every part necessary and fitting into every other part. . . . The spirit of Theosophy must be sought for; a sincere application of its principles to life and art should be made. . . . This will then raise in our hearts the hope that at least a small nucleus of Universal Brotherhood may be formed before we of this generation are dead.

—*William Q. Judge*

## ART AND RELIGION DURING THE RENAISSANCE:

by **Osvald Siren**, PH. D., Professor of the History of Art, University of Stockholm, Sweden

**I**N the whole domain of higher culture the Renaissance implied a revival of the ideals of antiquity. Even though it was often in forms that were quite unlike those of earlier days, yet was the driving power a living enthusiasm for the philosophy and artistic ideals of classic antiquity. It is true that this admiration for ancient culture became somewhat vague and indefinite; it did not actually resuscitate heathendom, either practically or theoretically; but it brought with it a certain degree of emancipation in religious and moral ideas, in the midst of which Christianity, in its narrower sense, that is to say church religion, had to find a place.

It certainly seems that among the upper classes the influence of the church for a time was seriously menaced by the growing enthusiasm for ancient ideals of life, although the outer fabric, fashioned in the Middle Ages, remained relatively unshaken. From the outer standpoint one might speak of a religious decline during the blossoming time of the Renaissance, a deliberate attempt to get away from Christian church religion: in the inner sense, however, it would be wrong to say that there was any waning of religious life. On the contrary, the spiritual creative power that finds its highest expression in art and poetry, flowed fresher and clearer than before. The causes for this readjustment for religious life, which had such a deep significance for art, were naturally manifold and as they had their origin in times long past, the closer discussion of this question cannot be entered upon in this place.

In the beginning the humanists did not have so very much to formulate. Actual knowledge of the institutions of antiquity was still, in the early half of the fifteenth century, rather limited, and no effort to organize heathen religious practices was attempted. It was not so much certain teachings and systems that were of importance to the classic humanists, as the collective impression of the greatness of their predecessors, a feeling that the ancients had access to springs of spiritual knowledge, which the church had closed. The almost daily discoveries of forgotten literature and art treasures naturally intensified more and more the feeling of admiration and longing for a culture that could produce values of such inspiring greatness and beauty.

In the meantime Christianity lived on, holding its place not only in the body of the victorious church, but also as a moral consciousness ingrained in the people for generations. Its influence could not disappear, even though the admiration for former times rose ever so high.

It became, so to say, a sounding board on which the new impressions were tuned and tested. The whole resulting music, which was capable of leading the way and inspiring souls, was a composition in which certainly the leading motif was admiration for antiquity tinted with heathenism, but wherein Christianity still remained as a supporting undertone. Many of the most important humanists sought to permeate ancient philosophy with the spirit of Christianity and to give a Christian interpretation to the religious expositions of Plato and other Greek thinkers. Their works were searched for confirmation of the Christian conceptions. Indeed Plato came to have a significance almost equal to that of the Christian Church Fathers.

Christianity on the other hand was treated with as little consideration and was made the vehicle for purely heathen conceptions. The angels were identified with the genii of antiquity and in speaking of saints, Giovanni Pontano uses the word 'deus' in place of 'divus.' A singularly illuminating story touching this blending of heathen and Christian conceptions is mentioned by Tizio in his autobiography.

When in the year 1526 Siena was attacked by those who had been driven out of the city, the old canon of the cathedral left his bed and remembering what was written in the third book of Macrobius, read a mass, and then pronounced the form of conjuration as set forth in the book just mentioned, but with this modification, that in place of saying, "Thee mother earth and Jupiter do I conjure," he said, "Thee earth and thee Lord Christ do I conjure." This was repeated on the two following days, and after that the enemy drew off.

The story is very characteristic evidence of the indiscriminate way in which men drew their inspiration from either heathen or Christian sources, as they appeared adapted to the circumstances, and how little bound they were by rigid doctrines or dogmatic teachings. This interblending becomes of more significance in the field of art than in other domains, because here it is more a question of spirit and inspiration, than of any logical formulation of religious conceptions.

Art in a great measure remained the servant of the church, and as such was occupied with traditional biblical and legendary subjects. Certainly also the presentation of mythological and profane motives began to be cultivated in ever-increasing quantity, — portraiture in particular received a great impetus from the strong feeling for individuality that marked the men of the Renaissance, but the overwhelming majority of artists occupied themselves with Christian motives and produced their works largely for the decoration of churches and chapels.

If one is to judge of the religious attitude and significance of art by its motives and sphere of activity, one must come to the conclusion that the art of the Renaissance remained strictly Christian, and that its difference in regard to religion from that of the Middle Ages was very

slight. It matters little that the illustrative motives were somewhat modified in accordance with the taste of the time, since they were in any case drawn from the same sources and were represented in a similar spirit.

On a closer study of the art of the Renaissance, we find that the artistic interpretation that is there given to the traditional religious motives is fundamentally altered. It breathes a new spirit, the creative imagination seeks to invest the old conceptions with a new meaning, much as the humanists read Plato's thoughts into Christianity, and vice versa. One may choose almost any one of the more popular biblical figures represented, as well during the Middle Ages as in the Renaissance, and there find confirmation of this. We recall for instance the figures of David. On the cathedrals of the Middle Ages he is often represented as a Christian saint, an old king in long cloak, playing upon his harp. If it be a perfect Gothic statue swathed and enveloped in flowing lines, then the whole composition breathes an atmosphere re-echoing with psalmodic sentiment, with yearning and striving towards a heavenly goal beyond the skies. In Italian art of the Renaissance the old king David is replaced by the youth, the shepherd boy as the triumphant liberator, with the head of Goliath at his feet. He serves as an excuse for a display of that strength and suppleness that are involved in the problem of representation of youth: he is unclothed and shown in heroic nakedness like the Greek figures of athletes. Most of the great Florentine sculptors tried their hand upon this problem: I need only recall Donatello, Pollajuolo, Michel Angelo. All these and many others presented David nude as a classical ideal figure, provided with the attributes of the Biblical hero, but which often might serve as well for some other illustrative motive. As regards Donatello's bronze David of the year 1430, I have elsewhere tried to show that the biblical rôle does not fit the figure, which seems to be conceived in direct accordance with the youthful figures of Praxiteles. This is all the more remarkable since Donatello is counted as one of the most clearly stamped realists of the Renaissance, one of those who most completely broke from Gothic formalism, and looked to nature for rejuvenation of his art. But the artistic basis of his new creations he found in the antique.

The same is true of the majority of the best fifteenth century sculptors. All the prophets and apostles that were produced at that time were more nearly allied to the antique Gods, heroes, and orators than to the Christian patriarchs and saints of the Middle Ages. Their religion is not that of Christian self-denial and yearning towards the beyond, but a sturdy self-reliance, a feeling of inherent individual worth. The ethico-religious import is in no wise thinner or weaker than before;

but on the contrary it is all the more intense, more practical and vital.

These vigorous personalities that blossomed in the springtime of the Renaissance, found no especial opposition between Christianity and the Greek antique as their imagination pictured it. Their admiration for antiquity carried them over many contradictions that might seem serious to us. Their true religion lay in their creative joy, in their sense of power to produce expressions of ideal form and beauty. As Tizio employed a heathen formula of conjuration with the needful change of names to meet the requirements of Christianity, so the sculptors clothed their prophets in forms borrowed from the antique almost regardless of their names or their significance.

A very illuminating example of such a fusion of heathen and Christian conceptions is afforded by the 'impresa' or device of the well-known Florentine banker Francesco Sasseti, a centaur bearing a sling with the inscription, *À mon pouvoir*, sometimes completed by the motto: *Tu tanti puero patriam Deus arma ministrat*. As this motto clearly shows, the sling is derived from representations of David, and was probably designed to suggest an abbreviated allusion to the patriotic and moral import which, according to the conceptions of that time, was inherent in the David motive. But the shepherd boy himself is replaced quite unconcernedly by a centaur. Whether that bore any special symbolic allusion we do not know. This classic hybrid was at all events an evident tribute to the artistic and humanistic symbology of the new age, that scarcely hindered the highly educated Florentine financier from incorporating in his device a Christian religious idea. It was, as said of a similar symbol, a plastic formula in which was blended the God-worship of the Middle Ages with the self-reliance of the men of the Renaissance. Many similar formulas were fashioned both in sculpture and in painting, whose symbolic significance could be read in either the Christian or the heathen sense. The works of sculpture just mentioned, in a certain measure come into this category; their illustrative purport is Christian, but their artistic import is heathen. If we hold to our original point of view, that the religious significance of a work of art does not depend upon its illustrative motive, but on its artistic import, the emotional conception, then it follows that there is something expressed in the art of the Renaissance which is foreign to Christianity.

The central and essential point is that the human figure again comes into its full rights as an organism composed of body and of soul. There is no longer, as in the Middle Ages, question of a dematerializing or a symbolic interpretation of emotional aspirations that sought the infinite outside of man. On the contrary, there was a conviction that the physical organism should be made as realistic as possible, and that through its



perfection alone the spiritual import could find expression. This subjective symbolism, that in the late Gothic degenerated into a sort of sentimental *rêverie* in floating lines and forms etherealized, is thrust aside by strongly projected three-dimensional bodies, modeled with light and shade or plastically fashioned in the round, expressing not an abstract idea, but conceptions of bodily extension in space. Leonardo, who indeed summarized many of the principles peculiar to the art of the Renaissance, says, amongst other things, that the highest honor of the art of painting is rotundity, that is to say, presentation of three-dimensional bodies standing free in space.

To fully understand the dominating significance of this as distinct from earlier art-forms, one may in thought for instance compare the Byzantine mosaics or the Gothic paintings with Masaccio's familiar frescoes in the Brancacci chapel. One is surprised here, at the beginning of the fifteenth century, to meet with figures that not only assert themselves in full bodily mass, but even stand out in a scene convincingly real. They move freely in space, and there is, in spite of all simplification, a landscape with solid ground to rest on, a distant horizon and air that envelop and subdue the figures. It was evidently not only human beings but also their surroundings that now, at the beginning of the Renaissance, became an object of interest to artists. Once more the appeal of the outer world to the senses acted as a powerful inducement to artistic creation, though not in such a way as to produce a shallow naturalism. When we speak of naturalism in the art of the Renaissance, it must not be understood in the modern sense: Nature never became the prime object or the source of inspiration for the great artists of that time. They thought much as did Delacroix when he wrote:

It is far more important for the artist to approach more nearly to the ideal he bears within and which is his, than to grasp the fleeting ideal offered by Nature.

Meanwhile we must admit that there was serious danger of art itself being lost sight of in the pursuit of theoretical studies in anatomy, perspective, and the like; the naturalist's joy of discovery became sometimes so strong that it could hardly be dominated by the creative imagination. But that was so only in the case of a few of the less gifted artists; with the greatest among them scientific study and research remained subservient to imagination.

If, for instance, Masaccio's apostles had been merely more natural, more solidly realistic than those of earlier masters, they would hardly have risen to the classic level, nor would they have become inspiring models for succeeding generations. That which makes them so incomparably great, lies in their power to compel our recognition of the exis-

tence of a greater, nobler state, than any we experience in daily life. These figures seem filled with irresistible force and an infinite fund of inner possibilities. They know no ordinary narrow subjective limitations. They dwell upon the timeless planes of heroic being.

The correspondences with the ideal conceptions of antiquity are striking — the same basic ethical values can be traced in both cases — but at the same time a deep-lying essential difference makes itself manifest, which can be said to consist in this, that antique art deals with Man, the Renaissance with men. In the former case ideal perfection of type or race is sought, the essential divinity of man is suggested symbolically through the perfect proportions of the human figure, but there is no attempt to express more delicate shades of individual character. Such motives were first worked out by the artists of the Renaissance. They do not rest satisfied with the harmony of proportion in form, but strive to express something beyond: a psychic element, not directly dependent on perfected unity of form, but on facial expression, the movement of the limbs, and so on. Personality is accorded an importance it never had in the great classic time. Subjective emotion is cultivated at the cost of objective harmony. What is gained in regard to individual life and power of expression was lost in the limitation and restraint of the ideal type. The Renaissance no longer created Gods, it only gave the divine reflexion in subjective form.

## II

The particular conception of ideals and forms in art that we have tried to indicate is supported by contemporary treatises and tracts. There was in the Renaissance a marked tendency to attempt theoretical explanations of the principles of art and beauty. It was not enough that art and beauty were worshiped as God-like — '*divino*' had become a customary epithet for art — the demand was made for a philosophic explanation of the divine dignity and significance of art.

All these treatises, much divided among themselves and of very various value in regard to the formal directions they had to offer to artists, agree in this, that they all see in artistic creation a law-bound operation.

This essential conception is worth making note of, for it contains an ethico-religious import of the greatest consequence. Practically applied it has become a basis for the creation of the highest classic values, especially in architecture, where obedience to law is most necessary and most apparent. Besides it is evident that, in so far as artistic creation is regarded as the expression of definable laws and proportions, to that extent does it attain a spiritual value comparable to that of

religion. It becomes a reflexion in the special domain of art of the ordaining and creating principle, that religion also manifests, when it awakens in us feelings of union with something universal.

We are acquainted with the way in which art was apprehended in the great classic period of antiquity, when also attempts were made to theoretically interpret art as a law-bound operation. New life and fresh significance were given this conception by the effort of the Renaissance, to blend this law-bound character with the intense interest felt in Nature's manifold creation. It may be well to briefly record some of the observations made by the first, and, in some respects, most important of the artists who spoke of the laws governing Art and Beauty.

We refer to Leone Battista Alberti, the great architect, who worked during the middle of the fifteenth century, often honored by his countrymen with the title of "The Florentine Vitruvius." His writings on painting *Della Pittura*, on sculpture *Della Statua*, and on architecture *De re ædificatoria*, afforded the first complete exposition of the theory and practice of the liberal arts.

They handed on, in a personal and living form, knowledge of the fundamental esthetic views of classic antiquity, especially as found in Vitruvius' treatise on architecture (of the time of Emperor Augustus) which in its turn was drawn from Greek sources. At the same time it must be said that Alberti leaves much to show that his theories are not merely fruits of esthetic studies, but also of personal application to art, to painting as well as to architecture. No theoretical works of such wide and general significance as the treatises of Alberti were produced later. Leonardo's notes on the theory of art, which in many ways indicate an important step forward, did not reach the press till well on in the seventeenth century, since they met with adverse fate and were in a disordered and fragmentary condition. Other theorists, such as Biondo, Vasari, Vignola, Scamozzi, Lomazzo, and many more, confine themselves chiefly to certain definite branches of art, architecture, or painting, or else launch out into purely abstract philosophical speculations, that do not give us much light on the question of creative art itself, or on the relation of the artist to his work.

Although Alberti in many places says that the highest perfection in art can not be attained by the use of rules, but is dependent on the disposition that nature has bestowed upon the artist; yet he seeks, for the benefit of himself and others, to define all that pertains to the mode and method of artistic expression. He produced, among other works, a complete theory of perspective, which was of great practical value to succeeding generations. Alberti sees in Beauty the end and aim of Art. The question for him is how it can be presented in material form.

In the introduction to his treatise on architecture he writes as follows:

Genius brings forth form, nature produces the material. For the former is needed concentration and creative power, for the latter selection and adaptation: and I have also thought that neither the one nor the other is sufficient in itself without the work of an experienced artist, who knows how to bring form and material into harmony.

He finds beauty in the union of opposites, form and matter, soul and body. It results when those things that are diverse are brought into unity.

As tones from a violin, where the high and low strings correspond with one another, and those that lie between are tuned to them; the differences of the tones are blended into a wondrous and full-toned harmony, that in the highest degree charms the soul.

In other words, Beauty, conceived as form, is a harmonious consonance or blending of opposites, a unity, in which things diverse and different are harmonized. The principle is most directly formulated in reference to architecture, where it is worked out by means of an art of proportion corresponding to that of music; but the same conception is applied also by Alberti in another connexion to the plastic arts in accord with the methods of antiquity. Alberti returns generally with special predilection to the idea of harmony when he speaks of beauty. Amongst other things he says:

To be brief, we wish to declare that beauty is harmony of all the parts with intelligence in the whole, so that no part can be augmented, diminished, or changed without deterioration of the whole.

“It is the work and merit of harmony,” he says a little further on in the same chapter,

to conjoin in such a completely law-bound manner links that by nature are separated, that they by their reciprocal relation correspond with the ideal. . . . Harmony lives not in the body as a whole, nor in the separate limbs; I would say that it has participation in the intelligent soul, that it embraces laws for human life, and exercises an irresistible influence upon all these.

To give an impression of how universally the idea is conceived that Alberti most nearly associates with the essence of Beauty, the following words may be quoted:

Everything that is produced by Nature has its measure in the law of harmony. Nature strives not otherwise than that its products may be perfect. But that condition can not be attained, if harmony is lacking, for then the highest active consonance of all the parts vanishes.

Just as for the ancient Pythagoreans, and also for Plato and Aristotle, harmony represents for Alberti the highest idea of unity, the most complete expression we can think of for the law-abiding quality, that reigns in the creative soul of the world; but so far as known none of the ancient philosophers applied this idea to the essence of Beauty. That is regarded as Alberti's merit. Art also is thereby placed in di-

rect relation to the Absolute, for, according to the Pythagorean point of view adopted by Alberti, harmony was the expression of the highest world-intelligence.

In the second book of his work on painting Alberti sets forth also some general ideas on art, which throw light on his philosophico-religious standpoint:

Painting contains in itself a truly god-like power, in that, like friendship, it not only causes those who are far away to seem near by, but even the dead to seem to live again after many centuries.

He further holds it valuable in that painting represents the gods, thereby furthering piety and religion. As to the origin of the art of painting he has the following beautiful metaphor:

Adapting myself to an utterance of the poets, I used to say that that same Narcissus, who was changed into a flower, was the true discoverer of the art of painting, for the reason that the art of painting is the blossom of all the arts; so the story of Narcissus also in another respect is appropriate here, for can it well be said that painting is no other than the recording of the artistic image, just as the fountain reflected the image of Narcissus?

Here we have, in poetic form, an intimation of how Alberti, like the best of the early Renaissance artists, combines interest in nature with the worship of beauty: the fountain's clear mirror reflects the pure features of Narcissus, but at the same time the youth is changed into a flower which in its beauty and fragrance symbolizes his soul.

Further on Alberti gives a very accurate account of the various methods and forms of expression, composition, lighting, colors and so forth used in the art of painting; these matters are too technical for us to consider in this connexion, but one or two of his remarks on the aim of painting may be quoted with advantage.

For the artist the aim of painting may lie in that which will bring him more gratitude, good-will and honor, than riches. The painter, whose work charms not only the eyes of the beholder but also his soul, attains to that. How this may be attained I spoke about when treating of composition and color. My conviction is that in order to attain this the painter must be a good man and must have a sound education. Every one knows how much more readily the good-will of his fellow citizens may be won by the goodness of a man than by his greatest industry and skill in art.

In this, as in so many other regards, Alberti follows in the footsteps of Vitruvius.

The Roman theorist accentuates, as do also Plato and other Greek philosophers, the importance of character and sensibility in artistic creation, but that which is so remarkable in Alberti is that he prefers before all else a pure humanity in the artist; he must be a complete and high-minded man to fashion the perfect work of art. Similar standards were evolved by Leonardo showing how such ethical demands, made on the creator of art, were very general and deep-rooted during

the best years of the Renaissance. We may do well to listen for a while to what Leonardo has said in this direction. Just as ideal painting in his thought is the highest of all sciences and arts, so also must its representative be the best and wisest of all men. "Those who disregard painting love neither philosophy nor nature." In other words: he who would rightly practise painting must understand both philosophy and nature.

The profession of an artist demands the qualifications of true life and knowledge, love and work.

A good painter according to Leonardo's prescriptions must not only reproduce the outer man, but also the motions of his soul. That figure alone is truly worthy of commendation, that in attitude, gesture, and play of features expresses the passions and emotions of the soul. The outer form is a thing not so hard to reproduce; if a man but persevere, that can he learn by rules and diligent practice, but to reproduce the inner man and his emotions is a thing that demands the utmost from the artist's powers of apprehension, from his life and mode of work. On all these points Leonardo in his treatise on painting has given more definite prescriptions: he has told how the artist must live, when occupied in "subtle speculations," how he should spend his leisure, and in what method he should work, how he should never neglect to observe men in different conditions of life, or to seek the correspondence between the outer appearance and the inner motive. No demand is too great for Leonardo, when it concerns the artist, for his task must finally be to become a conscious representative of the spiritual creative power that manifests in nature by reason of inherent necessity. Fundamentally his work is subject to the same laws as nature's. His privilege is to see intuitively that which the scientist seeks his way to by study, and demonstrates by experiment. But he can only attain this clearness by keeping his mind pure, his imagination free from disturbing influences, and not allowing the desire for money or for other benefits to occupy his thoughts. A constant striving to dive into the essence of things and learn to understand their true nature, is, according to Leonardo, the artist's pathway to perfection; and to those that revile others, because they work and study the works of God on holy days, he says:

Such fault-finders had best keep silence. For these (studies) are the way in which knowledge may be won of the creator of many wonderful things, it is the way to learn to love this great inventor. Great love in truth is born of a great knowledge of the beloved object, and if thou hast no knowledge of it, then canst thou love it little or not at all. But if thou lovest it for sake of the advantage thou dost expect from it, and not for its highest virtue, then thou dost as a dog does, which wags his tail and full of gladness skips round the one from whom he hopes to get a bone. But if he knew the virtue of the man, he would be even more affectionate.

All these utterances, that directly aim at the person of the artist, are indeed filled with a deep feeling for art's ethical significance which is dependent on the creative personality. Religion and art were most intimately interwoven in the conceptions of the masters of the Renaissance; for them Art was religious through and through; it was the path that led to the divine. Certainly there always remained an essential difference between the apprehension of a principle and its practical application, but it is in any case evident that we must in no wise judge the general religious value of the art of the Renaissance on the ground of its difference from the ideal of the Christian Church. For them (the artists of the Renaissance) Art itself was holy in proportion as it approached the ideal and was supported by the effort to reveal the universal laws of harmony.

Both Alberti and Leonardo accept the so-called mathematical theory of Beauty, according to which the ideal work of art should be compounded of the most beautiful parts, that can be chosen from different models, and united in a harmonious manner. On this Alberti writes:

With diligence and perseverance he must strive constantly to learn to know the beautiful, however hard it may be, for beauty is not to be found united in any one body, but portioned out amongst many; therefore must he use all pains to seek it out and make it his spiritual possession. Certain it is, that he who accustoms himself to undertake things difficult, shall so much the easier accomplish simpler matters, and there are no difficulties that may not be overcome with industry and perseverance. But in order that work and pains may not be cast away, he must avoid the habit of foolish men, who, wholly preoccupied with their own talent, endeavor, without the aid of nature's models, which they can study with eyes and understanding, alone and wholly through themselves, to make progress in the art of painting. Such as these never learn to paint well, but merely accustom themselves to their own faults. The idea of Beauty flies from the inexperienced, and can scarcely be approached by him who is most experienced.

This theory has been condemned by naturalistic artists, and truly it has not infrequently, in times of spiritual drought, served as a pretext for false pretensions; but the theory is not responsible for that; rather is it the fault of the artists who make the selection, for there is here much scope for individual taste and judgment. How this idea was applied by Alberti may be seen more in detail in his tract on sculpture, (*Della Scultura*).

Alberti sets forth as models for sculptural treatment, partly the human form in general, the ideal figure as representative of the species; and for another part figures more portrait-like with marked features and characteristic attitudes; the former class corresponds to that of the ideal figures of the antique, while the latter marks a step beyond the old bounds towards the individualizing art of the Renaissance. Touching the formal presentation of these two kinds of figures, he observes:

This double aim is met by proportion and definition. The difference between them being that the proportion reveals and determines for us that which nature has planted unchangeably in every living being, and which is generally apparent in them, as the breadth and thickness of the limbs, while it is definition that gives the accidental variations in the limbs produced by different positions of the parts consequent on motion.

The question then is, how these proportions or measures through which the ideal figure may be represented, can be reached. In what manner should the laws of proportion be established? It is well known that several different answers were already given in antiquity: Polyclitus formulated his *canon* or rule of proportion, Lysippus his, Vitruvius his, and so on. They are all constructed on a mathematical basis by means of a unit of measure chosen from the face, the foot, or the hand, which is multiplied a certain number of times in the other limbs and parts of the body. Alberti, however, places the question on a more naturalistic footing. He writes:

Thus we have selected a large number of human bodies, that according to the judgment of experienced men were considered most beautiful, and have measured their proportions. These we then compared one with another, rejected all that were above or below a certain standard, and kept only the measures that remained as the average deduced from many examples, and noted their common measure or mean.

The mode of procedure according to which the average is deduced from examples chosen from a quantity, must necessarily, in the last resort, be dependent on how the examples are chosen: judgment by individual taste comes to play a determining part in the operation. Thus the classic endeavor to find the ideal measure or standard for the proportions of a figure is in Alberti wedded with a good deal of artistic freedom. He speaks as artist and not as philosopher. Intuition takes the lead, where reason can find no path. He is in this regard a characteristic representative of the Renaissance.

No matter how deep was the charm exercised by antique art, no matter how eager was the effort to reach the objective harmony, that was stamped on the character of classic art, and that reflected its ethico-religious import, yet there was no getting free from the emotional personality that Christianity had awakened to consciousness. Man was no longer the kinsman of the Gods, his ideal nature was not harmony, but a compound of good and evil, that must be harmonized by strife and suffering. The Renaissance, as we have shown, sought a reconciliation between the antique and the Christian ideals, it sought it in life and in art, but in that search lay the germ of a deep-seated conflict. The more sincere and deep was the longing for a restoration of the antique life and art, the harder it became to satisfy the Christian yearning for the infinite. In the beginning the opposition was not so great, because, living more upon the surface, men were carried by their enthusiasm



safely over many a chasm; but later, especially after the Roman Catholic reaction got the upper hand, it became very evident. It brought about a conflict that may be traced in many an artist's work, most evidently in Michel Angelo's. But there are examples of the successful blending of these different ideals into a whole, in which a perfect harmony expresses spiritual values answering as well the Christian as the antique aspirations.

This is particularly true of some of Raphael's compositions, his Florentine Madonnas and earlier Roman frescoes. Here is to be found, independent of motive and figure characterization, an artistic element of unusual spiritual expressiveness. It inheres in the conception itself, it lies in the perfect harmony among all the parts of the composition even to the smallest. The relation of the figures to the landscape is of the greatest importance in this connexion. These figures, still dominated by classic measure and proportion, stand out against a background of pure space. The horizon is usually low, the sky is high, transparent, clear. The landscape is no mere map or bird's-eye view with toy-like small details scattered over the surface, as in quattrocento pictures, but space filled with light and atmosphere. Here one can breathe, and imagination may find wings. The bond of matter that binds all earlier paintings is sundered. We feel a sense of freedom, of the illimitable: the space widens out into a universe, just as when some melodic motif swells out through orchestration into cosmic beauty.

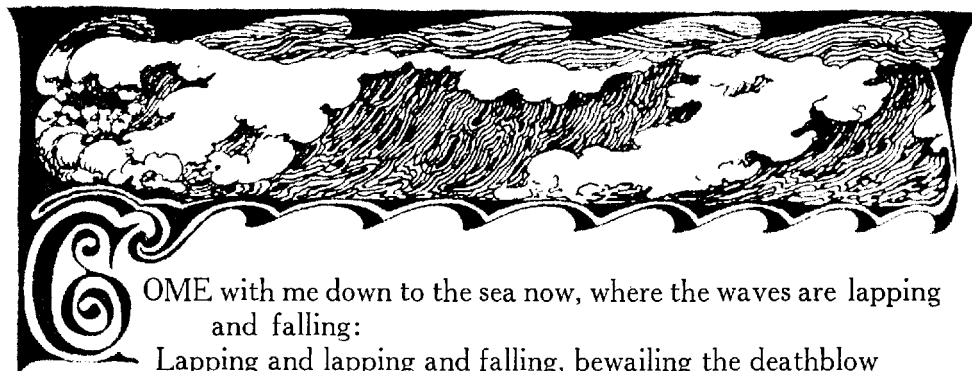
The impression such a work of art creates is in the highest sense religious, for it involves a feeling of a something greater and more real than the phenomenal world, something that all religions, and not least of all the Christian, aim at evoking. But of art, even more than of music, it is true, that it is mute and meaningless to him who has no art nor music in his soul.

Early Christian art in Byzantine guise reveals its religious import by means of a dematerializing, abstract, translation of the human figure and other elements of expression — it aimed, so to say, at a direct spiritualization of the symbol. Gothic again resolved its import into a yearning hence toward the super-sensual, and seemed under the influence of that idea to cramp the figure and endow it with a rhythm of line that suggests the longing for the infinite. The Renaissance sees its religious import in reality. It strives to express in form, chiefly in the human form, that unity and harmony which were regarded as a revelation of divinity. When this harmony of form is wedded with expression of the Christian ideal of infinity, as in the case of Raphael, an art of universal religious significance and beauty comes forthwith to life.

## DIRGE OF THE WAVES FOR DYLAN EILTON

A Welsh Legend

By Kenneth Morris

*With pen-and-ink drawings by R. Machell*

**C**OME with me down to the sea now, where the waves are lapping  
and falling:  
Lapping and lapping and falling, bewailing the deathblow  
of Dylan,  
Wailing for Dylan Eilton.

Hear them, the white-foamed waves now: the frantic, sorrowful waves,  
Striving and straining to landward, but, chained by a magical spell,  
Falling back to the sea, and dragging the shingle seaward:  
Hear them moaning forever the dirge of their darling, Dylan —  
Moaning for Dylan Eilton. . . .

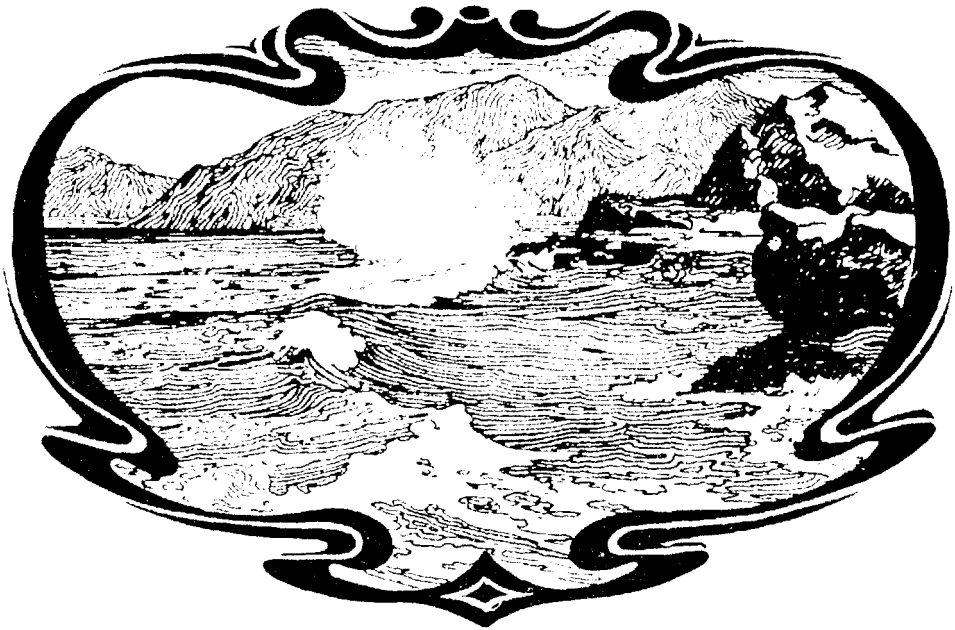
“Curse thee, Gofannon the King Smith, who struck the blow that we wail for!  
Cursed be thy magical spell, that holds us enchained to the sea!  
Curse thee for striking the blow with thy spear that slew our darling!  
Curse thee forever and ever for slaying the dark-haired Dylan!  
Curse thee for chaining us down to the sea that we may not avenge him! . . .  
Who shall avenge Dylan Eilton? . . .

“Curse thee, Gofannon the King Smith! —Ah, why have we cursed thee  
so long,  
Striving and straining to landward, but backward and back to the sea  
Falling, falling, falling? . . . Ah, could we rise in our anger,  
Crest-high over the mountains, thundering down through the vales,  
Whirling, white-foamed, terrible, over the shrieking land  
Sweeping and purging and slaying — Ah, where is our Dylan?  
Gone — thou art gone, Dylan Eilton! . . .



"And we, we must lap here and fall here, and weep here forever and ever,  
 Washing and wearing the shingle away and the rocks and the sand;  
 Washing, lapping, falling, wearing, moaning, moaning:  
 Washing and lapping and wearing the shingle and moaning for Dylan:  
 Wailing for Dylan Eilton! . . .

"Never a white-winged gull queen, throned on the ninth of us, Dylan,  
 Held we aloft so lightly and strongly and softly as thee!  
 Never a wave of us broke into foam 'neath thy breast!  
 Nay, but we shed not tears of foam before thou didst go to Gofannon! . . .  
 Ah, curséd, accurséd, accurséd, accurséd, accurséd, accurséd Gofannon  
 Who slew Dylan Eilton! . . .

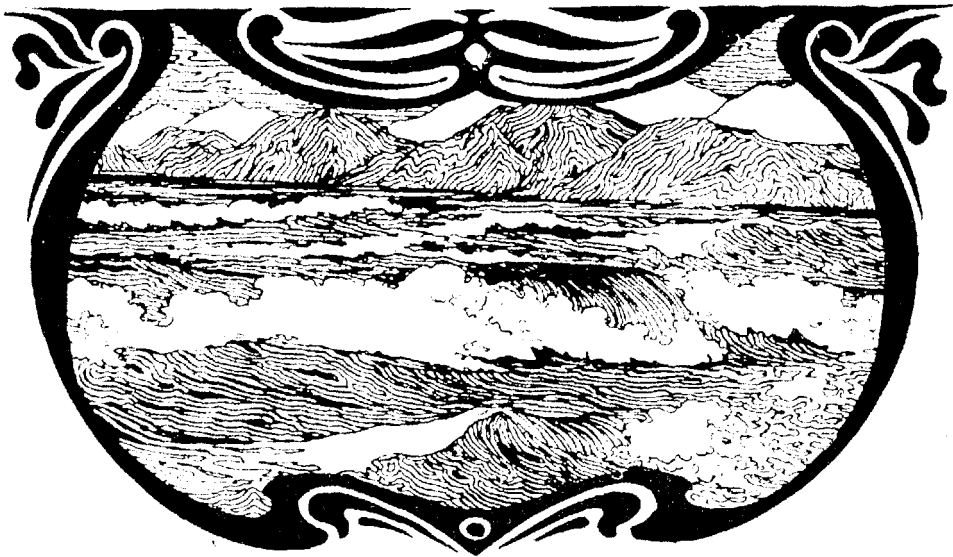


“Curse thee, Gofannon the King Smith! We will thunder our vengeance  
upon thee!

We will crash down over the mountains, crest-high over the mountains:  
We will find thee and slay thee and slay thee — Ah, powerless! Ah, for  
thy magic

That binds us to moan here and struggle and moan here and struggle forever,  
Mourning for Dylan Eilton! . . .”

*International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California*



## 'HUMAN BIOLOGY': by H. Travers, M. A.

**D**ARWINISM AND WAR," by Chalmers Mitchell, F. R. S., is a recent book written to demonstrate the fallacy of the theory that war is a biological necessity. French scientists have taken up the subject, and a digest of the ideas presented is given in *The Scientific American Supplement* for May 5th, 1917. From this we gather that the writers contend that natural selection is not always, even chiefly, brought about by violence wrought upon the weak by the strong; the favored species survive, not usually because the stronger destroy them, but for many other reasons which are specified; they are conserved by their own superior qualities of resistance and adaptation. Also, even supposing the law of violence did prevail in the animal kingdom, it does not follow that it prevails in the human kingdom; for there is a 'human biology' which is peculiar to the human race and quite different from animal biology, the difference being due to man's superior mental nature. A nation is not comparable to a species, and an analogy so drawn is therefore fallacious. "Man differs too greatly from animals to make analogous conclusions legitimate," says one writer:

Man possesses conscience and liberty, he knows the moral law, whereby he is radically separated from all animals.

Another says:

The science of man, or human biology, should be regarded as a true science, positive and experimental, distinct from all others.

Again, we read:

There are morphologic analogies which indicate the assimilation of all living creatures in a continuous series from the amoeba to mankind; but there are on the other hand characteristics of function, and particularly of psychic function, which are specific to man, making of him a distinct organism. Anatomically the brain of man closely resembles that of the ape, of the sheep, and of many other animals, while its functioning is absolutely different from that of even the most closely related of these. The brain of man is defined by its function. Man is defined by his psychic function. . . . The two qualities which suffice to establish a fundamental distinction between man and all other living creatures are intellectual superiority and the faculty of indefinite progress. . . .

There are specifically human biologic laws . . .

The law of the personal participation of each human individual in the life of the continuous and indefinite psychic progress of humanity. . . .

It is not the general biologic law of struggle, battle, the victory of the strong,\* which should be applied to man; it is the law of progress, mutual love and help, collaboration and emulation.

It is certainly satisfactory to have arrived by the scientific route at conclusions which to many unscientific people will seem to have been

\*If such a general law exists at all, which is denied by one of the writers, as shown above.

well known before; satisfactory, because many minds demand this scientific sanction as a condition of their acceptance of a view. Science aims to systematize knowledge, and may sometimes be tardy in assimilating and duly digesting the various items of our experience. Its proofs often resemble those of Euclid, in giving a formal and logical sanction to matters which we have already regarded as sufficiently proven for all practical purposes. But these writers will not give up their biology; to dethrone that sovereign would be for them anarchy, so they have rendered him a more constitutional monarch. Henceforth we are to recognise 'human biology' — but it is still biology. Therefore we may still have to guard against the habit of observing what happens in Nature, and then calling these happenings a 'law,' and endowing that law with autocratic power. The writers properly object to the theory that, because men are angry, therefore there is a natural law of anger which will always prevail. But we should be equally slow to accept *any* sort of human behavior as an inexorable compelling force. Science is perhaps afraid that the study of human life will be wafted aloft out of its reach, and so these gentlemen are anxious to assure us that they do not mean to let this happen, but will still have their biology, even though it is a repentant and reformed biology.

As has so often been stated by various writers, in criticisms of the scientific method, specialists are apt to forget the limitations which they themselves have imposed upon that method. Acknowledging at the outset that their theories are provisional hypotheses, devised, like scaffolding or pinning, to hold certain facts temporarily together, pending further and firmer operations, they sometimes fall into the error of regarding these provisional hypotheses as *laws*. The consequence of this error is that, instead of changing the theory when new facts arrive, they are prone to reject the new facts because they do not suit the old theory; and thus we get a dogmatism. The new 'human biology' is likely to be subject to this disadvantage, against which we should be on our guard. If told that 'heredity' forbids certain things to happen, we may remember that heredity is not a God but a mere passing opinion. The laws of human nature (as the word 'law' is generally used in science) do not determine what shall happen, but merely register what does happen.

Let us therefore adhere to the strict inductive method of science and base our theories on facts rather than seek to deduce facts from theories. But let us also remember that the data from which our inductive reasoning is to be derived are of two distinct kinds; for, as Roger Bacon is declared to have held, experience is of two sorts — internal and external; the second is that usually called experiment, but it can give no complete knowledge even of corporeal things, much less of spiritual.

On the other hand, in inner experience the mind is illuminated by the divine truth, and of this supernatural enlightenment there are seven grades. (See *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, Ninth Ed. art. 'Roger Bacon.') This opinion is voiced by H. P. Blavatsky as follows:

The daring explorer, who would probe the inmost secrets of Nature, must transcend the narrow limitations of sense, and transfer his consciousness into the region of noumena and the sphere of primal causes. To effect this, he must develop faculties which are absolutely dormant — save in a few rare and exceptional cases — in the constitution of the off-shoots of our present Fifth Root-race in Europe and America. He can in no other conceivable manner collect the facts on which to base his speculations. Is not this apparent on the principles of Inductive Logic and Metaphysics alike? — *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 177-8

Lest this talk about spiritual perceptions and latent faculties should be objected to as too daring, let us refer back to the quotations at the beginning of this article. The faculty of 'indefinite progress' is mentioned as appertaining distinctively to man, another similar phrase being 'continuous and indefinite psychic progress.' These expressions allow us as much latitude as we need claim. We would rather intrust our child to an experienced nurse than to an experimental biologist; and further, we harbor a conviction that the experiments of the biologist would, in the long run, but succeed in confirming the intuitive knowledge possessed by the nurse, just as an expensive commission to inquire into the effects of alcoholism results finally in endorsing the opinion of the man in the street.

Human biology has to take into account such facts as conscience and unselfish love, we are told, or else it will get left behind. But are these facts amenable to experimentation by instruments and delineation by graphic diagrams? It would seem that what is required of the investigator is a keen insight into human nature; he should be a man of affairs rather than of the laboratory.

The much-abused word 'metaphysics' is declared by H. P. Blavatsky to relate properly to things beyond the physical, in which sense the word 'hyperphysics' might be suggested as a less ambiguous substitute. It is in this sense that she herself uses the word 'metaphysics.' She declares that there are in Nature objective perceptions that are beyond the physical, and that it is necessary for science to include these among the data for its inductive reasoning. Why should we not regard an act of thinking as an act of direct perception, wherein the thought perceived is an object, and the faculty by which this object is perceived is one of the internal senses of the human organism? To take this view would help us to dissociate Man the thinker from his environment of thoughts, and we should thereby achieve a conception of Man which would represent him as more independent and dominant than we should be apt

to regard him if we held a more cloudy idea of his mental make-up. Modern biology is fond of representing Man as the slave of his thoughts, which it calls 'tendencies,' 'habits,' 'impressions,' etc. But Man may be the master of his thoughts. There is a thought atmosphere, pervading the inner spaces, wherefrom ideas may swim into the mind, there to be perceived by our mind. Owing to our neglect to cultivate this field of human study, we do not know whence these ideas come and are apt to personalize them and to call them *our* ideas, when in fact they may have come straight from somebody in the next room.

In what has been quoted about 'human biology,' we may descry an anxiety on the part of formal science to *follow* in the wake of advancing knowledge; nor is this curious attitude of striving to be at once leader and follower peculiar to science, for it can often be seen in formal religion. It is as though the biologists, having pushed ahead along their particular track, had suddenly looked around from their preoccupation and found that the people were not following; and had thereupon decided to get back to the path which the people *were* following and to endeavor to gain a respectable place in the procession. As long as biology means an intelligent study of nature, we profoundly respect it as a branch of science; but if it means an attempt to shackle freedom by imposing arbitrary laws and representing man as the resultant of blind tendencies, then it is not science at all, and to commend it would be a defamation of science. When a man is born, there is an incarnation of a Soul having a spiritual heredity that science cannot trace; and the influences inherent in that heredity may set aside the forces of physical and psychic heredity.

Man's soul "dwells like a star apart," even that of the vilest among us; while his consciousness is under the law of vibratory and sensuous life. This alone is enough to cause those complications of character which are the material for the novelist; every man is a mystery, to friend and enemy alike, and to himself. His motives are often undiscoverable, and he cannot probe to them or know why he does this or that. The disciple's effort is that of awaking consciousness in this starry part of himself, where his power and divinity lie sleeping.

— *Light on the Path.*



I produced the golden key of Pre-existence only at a dead lift, when no other method could satisfy me touching the ways of God, that by this hypothesis I might keep my heart from sinking.—*Henry More*



## THE SECRET

BY FRANCIS DANA

THE workman wrought for himself alone  
 And shaped his fancy in marble stone;  
 Strangely hewn to his mood and whim,  
 Precious and perfect it seemed, to him:  
 But the master saw it and turned away  
 Bitterly smiling, as who should say,  
 "Here may be genius, my son, no doubt,  
 But only a genius could find it out."

The workman wrought, with a sadder face,  
 A nobler image of wondrous grace,  
 Subtly lovely in limb and line,  
 Blest with the touch of the gift divine:  
 But the master sighed, as he held his hand,  
 "To us 'tis given to understand.  
 But what is here for the throng below —  
 Our little brothers who do not know?"

The workman summoned his wit and will,  
 And made a figure with pleasing skill,  
 Set it up where the world might gaze,  
 And reveled deep in the people's praise:  
 But the master frowned as he said, "My son,  
 Worse than this may never be done.  
 You have mocked the gift of the gods on high  
 For the base delight of the vulgar eye!"

The workman toiled in sorrow and shame,  
 Forgot himself and his hope and fame,  
 Working for nothing but work alone,  
 And the master said, "You have done your part.  
 But the people wondered and wept and smiled,  
 Youth and elder, woman and child;  
 And the thing he fashioned was scarce his own:  
 The simple truth is the goal of art."

— *The Youth's Companion*

## SHADOWS ON THE WALL: by R. Machell



WATCHING a boy making shadows on a sunlit wall, I laughed at the drollery of the forms he fashioned with his hands, figures of animals, or men, or birds, as well as other queer shapes of indescribable quaintness. And the boy's baby-brother laughed and clapped his hands in ecstasies, until the creator of this shadow-world produced a monster that seemed to swallow all the rest. The baby stared in terror for a while, then threw himself down and buried his face sobbing in his brother's lap. When he looked up again the wall was shadowless and shining, and the baby stared at it wonderingly.

As I went my way I pondered on the symbolism of this little comedy. I thought of the shadows that amuse or terrify the world. It seemed to me that they were truly shadows, obstructions of the light of Truth, which shines eternally, but which men do not notice, until something comes in and blocks the universal radiance, casting a shadow on the screen of the world's imagination. And then I thought the shadows were made deliberately or experimentally by thinkers who formulate theories, by intellectualists who create creeds, or by idealists who materialize their dreams, so that they can at least cast shadows on the sunlit wall, and become visible to others, who, like the baby, clap their hands with joy or shiver in dread of these mere bogeys of imagination.

When men look back into the past and see their ancestors worshiping idols (as the religious emblems of other faiths are called), they laugh at the blind credulity of their forefathers. But what is an idol? and what is a shadow?

The shadow is an illusion produced by an obstruction of the light. And yet the illusion is the true image of a fact in Nature; it is produced in accordance with natural law; it is in itself a witness to the presence of law, and is a means by which some slight knowledge of Nature's laws may be obtained.

Clearly this shadow, this illusion, is entitled to be looked upon as a reality, on its own plane. And yet it becomes a bogey to the imagination of the ignorant; not an illusion only, but also a delusion; not merely an appearance but a deception. In fact, it is a truth converted into a falsehood by the distortion of imagination. Imagination coupled with ignorance and played upon by partial knowledge can create bogeys that become truly worthy of the name 'idols.' The idol in truth is not the religious emblem but the idea associated with it in the mind of the worshiper.

What terrified the baby was a suggestion of horror, which the mischievous boy had managed to inject into the child's mind by means

of shadows, the nature of which he partly understood but which his baby-brother could not appreciate.

The boy did not make the shadow, the sun did that. What the boy did was merely to shape the obstruction to the sun's rays so as to produce an image on the wall that would convey to the baby's mind the suggestion of some strange or familiar creature. The shadows were real, their changing forms might well be called delusions, although produced by natural law as truthful images of the obstacle that shut out the Light.

Thus a true image may be also a delusion: and a delusion may build itself into a reality or be injected into it: though of course this is but a form of speech, because the delusion is in the mind of the observer, who is psychologized by mental suggestion. But the habit of the mind is to attribute its own peculiarities to the object of its contemplation; hence the delusion. This becomes evident when one has been alarmed by some harmless thing such as a dead branch which looks like a rattlesnake or by some one of the mistakes we make in the interpretation of visual images. One may observe the gradual readjustment of the sight that takes place in accordance with reason, or experience, or belief, so that the first impression can be changed completely without any alteration in the object itself. How then can we continue to place such reliance on sight as to justify the popular adage "Seeing is believing"? We all know the truth of the saying almost as well as we know the unreliable nature of the basis of belief in this case. We do trust our eyes, and we know perfectly well that the pictures they transmit for the inspection of the mind are so continually distorted in their interpretation into thoughts as to be utterly untrustworthy. We all know this, but generally forget it, and cling to the fact that the eyes act automatically and correctly, within certain vague limits, for our justification.

So too the shadows. And so also all the idols that the world worships. Some of these idols we call ideals, but their origin is precisely similar to that of the visible, tangible fetish of the barbarian, or the beautiful image that adorns some shrine that is a marvel of art. The worship of idols is as general today as in the past, but in all times the form of the idol is adapted to the culture of the age. Symbols are necessary to man because he lives in his mind and his emotions almost entirely (at this stage of his evolution), and mind is the image-maker in man: our thoughts themselves are images, and our ideals are instantly formulated into thought-images, the moment that the intellect gets hold of them. Like shadows on the wall they are true images with all sorts of delusions woven into them by the imagination; they are obstructions of the light of Truth; but yet they are the evidence of Truth, truly

reflecting the form of that which gave them birth. The shadows testify to the reality of Light. The idols, intended to symbolize or shadow forth a god, were testimony to the reality of Deity.

Ideals and theories are the mind's shadow-pictures which bear witness to the reality of the Spiritual life. The grossest delusions of ignorance and superstition point to realities, of which they are distorted shadows, or perhaps no more than the mere misinterpretation of a distorted shadow. You cannot get a shadow cast by Nothing.

No matter how you may try to fabricate a falsehood 'out of whole cloth,' you have to have the cloth to cut it from: no matter how you may try to lie, some shadow of a truth will creep into the lie, and in the course of ages perhaps, or instantly, will destroy it.

The truth about shadows is not to be reached by scraping the wall on which they may be cast; it is by freeing the mind from ignorance that the delusion will be destroyed. The delusion is in the mind; we have no need to waste our strength in fighting shadows.

What the world suffers from is ignorance.

Shadows are harmless and may be used profitably for study. When knowledge of the true laws of life begins to reach the mind the shadows change their meaning; then fear and superstition vanish.

Perhaps we cry too much for "Light, more Light!" when we are actually in the Light unconsciously. We may see only the shadows; but if we were not ignorant we should know that shadows testify to the reality of light as well as to its presence. Without the Light no shadow would be visible.

The Light is here, and we are not incurable in the delusion of our blindness. If we were really blind we could not even see the shadows, and would not cry for "Light, more Light!" What we have got to learn is how to see, and how to interpret that which we see. The Light is eternal, and the power to See is man's prerogative. Will and experience may perform a miracle, and may give back sight to man deluded into a belief in his own blindness. The watchword of humanity should be indeed: "*Truth, Light, and Liberation for Discouraged Humanity.*"



To say that different races worship different gods, is like saying that they are warmed by different suns. The names differ, but the sun is the same, and so is God. As there is but one source of light and warmth, so there is but one source of religion. To this all nations testify alike.

—Thomas Wentworth Higginson (*The Sympathy of Religions*)

## CALUMNY: by William Dunn

## THE SPIRIT OF EVIL

*The same yesterday; today; (but not forever).*

**W**E have become so accustomed to fix our thoughts upon the 'Beacon Lights' of history, that it requires some effort justly to estimate the historical background from which such 'Lights' have emerged. Up to the present day, history fails to record the life of a single Great Teacher, Reformer, or Pioneer Thinker, who was not opposed, and subjected to martyrdom, by that original spirit of ancient and modern Evil — *Calumny*. It is not sufficient to generalize the diverse forms under which slander, and defamations of character, flourish; it is time that a diagnosis of the *moving spirit* from which *all* these originate, be applied. Addison's statement that "the way to silence *calumny* . . . is to be always exercised in such things as are praiseworthy," is negatived by all past experience; for despite the labors of *every* pioneer of Humanitarian Progress, from the most ancient Seer down to those of the present day, the Evil Spirit of Calumny is in no way dislodged from the Human Soul. On the contrary, it has at its command every device and weapon with which thought and ingenuity have endowed the human race — as witness the ingenious forms of *literary representation* with which modern defamers clothe their spite and malice. The truth of this matter has been convincingly stated by Augustine:

It is vain to seek for an efficient cause for the bad will: we have to do, not with anything efficient, but with a *deficiency*. The mere defection from that which supremely is, to things which are on a lower grade of being, is to begin to have a bad will.

The truth of this utterance of the great Church Father has been verified on every page of history. Calumny has always had birth in the minds of those who, because of some "*deficiency*," broke away from the good cause they were associated with (and which demanded *efficiency*), and fabricated *conscious lies* to support their acts of desertion. It is from such sources as these that other minds (who are not in the habit of seeking truth in anything) draw their inspiration, to advance their dominant instincts to detract and slander those whose efforts proceed along lines that are original, and not endorsed by custom and tradition. And it should be noted that all who accept the word of a calumniator, without examination, display an 'Augustine' *deficiency* second only in degree to that of the calumniator himself. This deficiency may be defined as absolute ignorance of the lives, motives, and philosophy of those whom they slander, (which the calumniator is acquainted with to some extent, but *consciously* diverts and twists, for purposes of his malice and hatred). Addison spoke truly in condemning those who absorbed slander without question:

What shall we say of the pleasure a man takes in a defamatory libel? Is it not heinous sin in the sight of God?

It may be truly said that the *receptive* condition of minds which negatively accept calumny without questioning its *genesis* is not far removed from the actual conditions under which *all* evil flourishes. Hervey put this well in saying:

Slander, that worst of poisons, ever finds an easy entrance to ignoble minds.

Strange as it may seem, the most ardent persecutors and slanderers of the great liberators of civilized laws and customs (without whom no release could have been found from medieval barbarism), are those who profess being ministers and followers of Christ. The furious body of 'Christian' monks who murdered the pure-souled Hypatia, and the solemn conclave of bishops and ecclesiastics who committed the saintly Joan of Arc to the stake, are familiar instances of the ancient spirit of evil which survives to this our day — the only distinction being as to the 'means' employed. The means at disposal in past centuries were the most atrocious methods of bodily torture that ingenuity of thought could devise. That being no longer possible, the arch-enemy of humanity slyly shifted its ground to an even more cruel mode of torture than that of lacerating the body — *viz.* that of literary 'suggestion' sent broadcast through means of the printing press — the subtlety of which in no way lessens the horrible cruelty aimed at the 'characters' and 'motives' of those outside the pale of ecclesiastical 'authority,' (or institutions whose courses are menaced by moral progress).

The Apostle Paul, one of the foundation rocks of modern church institutions, uttered some facts to his contemporaries, which if voiced by a modern teacher, would invoke spiteful misrepresentation. But Paul has been dead for 2000 years, hence it is 'safe' to voice his *words* in a modern pulpit without fear of their *application* being looked for.

Am I therefore become your enemy, because I tell you the truth? — Gal. iv. 16

Tell me, ye that desire to be under the law, do ye not *hear* the law? — Gal. iv. 21

That we henceforth be no more children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive;

But speaking the truth in love, may grow up into him in all things, which is the head, even Christ: — Eph. iv. 14., 15.

And be renewed in the spirit of your *mind*. — Eph. iv. 23.

And in Philippians i. 16:

The one preach Christ of contention, not sincerely, *supposing to add affliction to my bonds*.

The following quotations might have been written by a modern Teacher:

2 Timothy, Chapter III:

1. This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come.

2. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters. . . .
5. Having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof:
7. Ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth.

## Chapter IV:

2. Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all longsuffering and doctrine.

3. For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine.

10. For Demas hath forsaken me. . . .

11. Only Luke is with me. . . .

14. Alexander the coppersmith did me much evil: the Lord reward him according to his works.

15. Of whom be thou ware also; for he hath greatly withstood our words.

16. At my first answer no man stood with me, but all men forsook me: I pray God that it may not be laid to their charge.

He that doeth wrong shall receive for the wrong which he hath done: *and there is no respect of persons.* — Colossians. iii. 25.

For the mystery of iniquity doth already work: only he who now letteth *will let*, until he be taken out of the way.— 2 Thes. ii. 7.

And then shall that Wicked be revealed. — 8.

And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should *believe a lie.*— 11.

For we hear that there are some which walk among you disorderly, working not at all, but are busybodies.— 2 Thes. iii. 11.

What would become of a modern minister if he spoke to his congregation as Paul spoke as above? The question is worth pondering over.

The following utterances by Paul are as applicable to commonplace experiences of present-day life as on the day they were written:

## Romans, Chapter I:

22. Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools.

25. Who changed the truth of God into a lie. . . .

28. And even as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind, to do those things which are not convenient.

31. Without understanding, covenantbreakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful.

32. Who, *knowing* the judgment of God, that they which commit such things are worthy of death, not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them.

## Chapter II:

1. Therefore thou art inexcusable, ● man, whosoever thou art that judgest: for wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same things.

2. But we are sure that the judgment of God is according to truth against them which commit such things.

11. For there is no respect of persons with God.

No greater need exists today than the comprehension that interpretation of the lives of others is an exact revelation of our preconceptions.

## WHAT IS PRINCIPLE? by R. Machell

**ONE** is apt to assume, in estimating the character of a person, the right to judge motives as well as actions: the power to do this is also assumed as a matter of course, although we know very well that nothing is more difficult than to discover the true motives underlying any single act of any person whatsoever. And if this is difficult how impossible must it be to know what are the motives governing a man's life. In making such judgments we also usually assume that other people's acts are sure and infallible indications of character, while in ourselves they may be looked upon as trivial lapses from a permanent standard of conduct, mere digressions, or unimportant indulgences of momentary impulse, that in no wise deprive us of our right to regard ourselves as persons of principle. It is from some such imaginary platform of superior purpose that we dare to pronounce judgment on the motives and conduct of other people.

Few people care to inquire into their own motives of conduct at any time, and least of all when criticizing other people. The majority probably never give the matter a thought: acting on all occasions from impulse, and adapting their actions to temporary or local prejudice, known as public opinion, they imagine that they are acting on principle. And if they find themselves in a dilemma forced to decide between two or more lines of action they still follow impulse, but by an effort they put aside more superficial motives and follow the impulse of the strongest desire in their nature which is established there as a habit of mind. Gratification of desire being the ruling motive of their lives, the strongest desire dominates their mind and in their estimation takes rank as a principle.

It is not difficult to recognise a momentary impulse and to distinguish it from the more permanent habit of mind, although the two may be identical in origin. But when one actually recognises the compelling power of principle, and proceeds to regulate one's life accordingly, immediately one finds oneself in conflict with both momentary impulses and established habits: from which it would appear that there must be a radical difference between habits of mind and principle, as well as between principle and impulse.

So long as a man mistakes his mind for himself, or allows his mind to assert its independence of his supreme control, so long will he be unable to distinguish between habits of mind and principles.

What then is principle? I venture to say that the mass of people are incapable of distinguishing between principle and prejudice, or between principles and rules of conduct based upon principle; for the simple reason that the general belief is that mind is the highest faculty



in man, and that the Soul and all things spiritual belong to another world, which may become a reality in some future life, but which have no immediate influence on daily conduct here on earth.

This is not the Theosophic view. Theosophy would be mere talk if man were not actually divine in essence, and capable of knowing his own inherent divinity, or spiritual nature, while still incarnate on the earth. This faith in his own Soul as the guiding influence in his evolution is not a matter of blind superstition. Rather one might say it is the explanation of interior experiences that are otherwise inexplicable; it is an experience in itself that cannot be ignored; it is the evidence of a higher nature, that sees and knows the essence of thoughts, the foundation of ideas, the truth of things, and even the hearts of men, without process of reasoning or calculation, without tests or argument, such as the brain-mind loves.

Faith (that is knowledge) differs from belief that is unilluminated. The latter may be induced by suggestion, and the suggestion may be unconscious, as in the case of what we call public opinion, in which masses of negative minds are influenced by a common impulse and collectively create a force that is almost irresistible to weak natures, or even to strong minds that are not self-illuminated. But the true faith is spiritual knowledge mirrored in the mind as intuition. It is the evidence of a connexion between the intellect of man and that which is above the intellect (the spiritual Soul). When this connexion is constantly operative we have genius of a high order: but in general at this stage of evolution the brain-mind of man is rarely able to record the Soul's message more definitely than as a subtle influence, which is all too often neglected or deliberately suppressed in favor of intellectual reasoning or of response to emotional impulses.

Principle is based on a perception of the inner nature of things, and it implies a recognition of Law, or what is sometimes called 'the eternal fitness of things.' This Law or fitness of things is the essential nature of the universe, the outer form of which is an expression of its own inherent qualities. Man, like the rest of Nature, is an expression of his own internal and essential nature, which is vaguely called the Soul; and so he is in touch with every plane of the universe seen or unseen, material or spiritual, if he is perfect man. How many are so?

The perfectibility of man is naturally an important doctrine of Theosophy, and affords a rational clue to the many mysteries of human evolution and human aspiration, as well as to the bewildering tragedy of human degradation.

In his imperfect state man is quite naturally ignorant of his own possibilities, while constantly aware of some voice within that tells him

he is higher than the animals, and something greater than his reason can admit. Proud of his learning, ignorant of his possibilities, he formulates codes, creeds, and dogmas, to define the limits of his science; and stamps these molds of mind upon his progeny, calling the process 'education.' But education is a 'drawing out,' a revelation of the inner man, it is an appeal to the dormant intuition, it is the evocation of the Soul. The old bad system of instruction, miscalled education, stamps on the plastic mind of youth a lot of rules and formulae, which later in life assume the rank of 'principles.' At best they are only rules based on some other person's interpretation of a principle, and at the worst they are the basis of superstition and prejudice, barriers to evolution, and hindrances to the attainment of self-knowledge.

Yet rules are necessary to those who cannot or who will not submit to the guidance of the Soul. And there are many kinds of rules; for, where the guidance of the Soul is not recognised as supreme, the field is open to a variety of self-constituted authorities, who lay down laws according to their own particular conception of the requirements of the moment. Such rules are made frequently in utter ignorance of the true Law of Nature, as well as of the possibilities of man: and mankind is in a state of more or less constant revolt against all law, because of his own internal knowledge of his natural right to be a law to himself, coupled with his inability to assume that position of authority; and also because of his ignorance of the true nature of Law, which he confuses with these man-made rules of conduct. From this confused state of mind arises much of the violent revolt of youth against established order, and all the dogmatism against which the 'independent' rails so bitterly; and from the same source comes the assurance with which the self-styled 'independent' lays down a new set of rules dogmatically ordained to fetter the independence of succeeding generations. Much of the discord in the world is caused by the ignorance of those who aim at the establishment of harmony; much of the wrong from which men suffer is due to the well-intentioned acts of men who wanted to do right but who did not know the Law of Nature and of Man. The only remedy is right education.

The brain-mind unaided cannot understand the universal character of Law: it tends to the adoption of temporary expedients, which in time crystallize into customs, and become traditions that block the progress of the race. In the same way the brain-mind unilluminated by the light of the Soul cannot see any reason for submission to the Higher Law, which is the expression of the real nature of the Soul; and thus it is in constant antagonism to the needs of its own higher nature. And if the brain-mind is not educated to know its true relationship with Na-

ture and the Soul of things, it will imagine that the promptings of the soul within are an authority for the assertion of its independence.

The brain-mind is never independent, it is eternally influenced either by the higher nature, which I have called the Soul, or by the lower nature, which the ordinary man too often calls his soul. This lower nature is, as it were, the reflexion or the inversion of the higher, hence the confusion. Under this lower influence the brain-mind asserts its independence of all control; it glorifies its own egotism, which is the first step towards insanity, and which achieves its triumph in self-destruction; for it deliberately cuts itself off from the true source of Life, and thus becomes a soulless 'shell.' But few are strong enough to go this length, and the majority vacillate between the higher and the lower, and are drawn along with the mass whichever way the current flows.

Strong Souls can influence the variations of the current, but the tide of evolution is in higher hands than those of individual human beings: and thus the mass of humanity is protected against entire destruction and is guided along the path of evolution as far as the peculiar constitution of humanity allows.

The perversity of man is an old story, but the understanding of it affords a problem that is ever new: for it must be faced and solved eventually by each particular human being. Why man should be perverse, why he should confuse motives with principles and principles with desires, why he should seek destruction by cutting himself off from the source of life, why he should constantly mistake his 'shadow' for himself — all these are problems that are answered by an understanding of the story of Anthropogenesis as unfolded in that monumental work *The Secret Doctrine* written by H. P. Blavatsky for the guidance of Theosophists who seek the Path.

Broadly speaking, perhaps it might be said that the attainment of the human stage in evolution marks the emancipation of the individual from the law of the lower beings, and his entry into a condition in which his progress henceforth is influenced by his particular will. He is endowed with a certain power of choice, which however limited and illusive it may be, is still a new prerogative and one that entails consequences on all concerned. The task of the evolving entity at this stage is to attain Self-consciousness, and the attainment of this great step in evolution is a work of ages almost incalculable. In the long 'pilgrimage of the Soul' there is opportunity for countless falls and rises, and for innumerable wanderings from the Path.

Those who have found the Path have learned to recognise principles, and to distinguish them from motives. The latter, as the word indicates are causes of action, impulses, often arising in the lower nature, in which

case the mind is swayed and the soul (the human not the spiritual) deluded. The cause of all action is Desire.

The human entity, freed from the law of collectivity that binds the animals into a common consciousness which is their law and their protection, finds itself helpless as a child, a child in fact who gathers the flowers that nature offers. Some of the flowers are poisonous and all perish, and the child learns his lesson by endless repetition of experience. The child matures and seeks to know the meaning of the things he sees, and the purpose of his life on earth. Then comes the awakening of the mind, and with maturity there comes intensified desire for sensation; then the fight begins between the lower terrestrial nature and the higher or spiritual: the battlefield is in the mind itself. All images (such as a battle-field) are crude and objectionable when alluding to the experiences of the Soul in man; for man identifies himself so strangely with all his changing states of consciousness, that he is himself the fighter and the field of battle, he is the champion and the adversary, and he is, again, none of these, but the Supreme Judge who looks on unmoved at the conflict. How can one symbolize reality, all symbols being illusive? And yet how else can Truth express itself outwardly except in symbols? All Nature is symbolical, inevitably, spontaneously figurative of the invisible reality. The principles that guide this symbolism, this manifestation of the universe, are the inherent qualities, the spiritual essence that finds visible form in Nature by translation into terms of Matter. Motives of action arise in Nature when Desire arouses the potential energy of Matter.

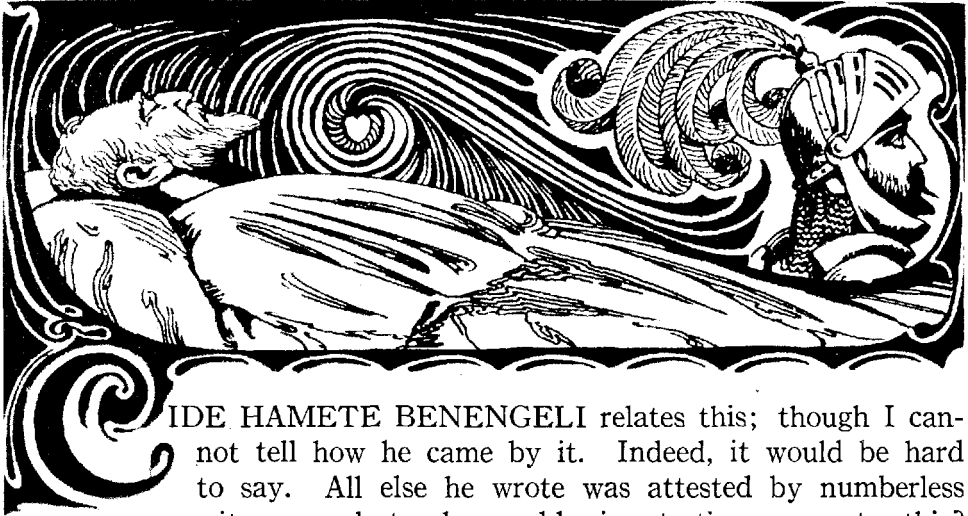
But besides spiritual principles and material desires man creates 'molds of mind' that he mistakes for principles, habits and customs and theories and prejudices, creeds, dogmas, and superstitions to bind the Souls of other men, and then falls down and worships the fetters he himself has made. But in these false principles there is no light to lead him, nor is there motive power to urge him on: these are supplied by infiltration of the Soul's light from above or by the irruption of desire from below; the false and fictitious principles that man's mentality evolves are fetters that bind the Soul, but that are lifeless in themselves.

A principle is a living power with its own inherent qualities for its sole limitation. Principle is consequently the Soul of Order, just as Desire is the informing power in Chaos. Directly one attempts to express thoughts that embody abstract ideas, one is compelled to strain the meaning of words beyond the ordinarily accepted limits of colloquial use; and so one must inevitably create confusion in some reader's mind; but if in doing so one stirs some new thought into life, one may consider that the effort to express the unutterable is not altogether inexcusable.

## THE LAST ADVENTURE OF DON QUIXOTE:

by Fortescue Lanyard

(With pen-and-ink drawings by R. Machell)



CIDE HAMETE BENENGELI relates this; though I cannot tell how he came by it. Indeed, it would be hard to say. All else he wrote was attested by numberless witnesses; but who could give testimony as to this?

Perhaps it was for such a reason that his illustrious translator, having a passion for exactitude above all things, concluded to omit it from the Spanish version. — Though, again, it may have been among the many passages that were scissored out, as he tells us, by the authorities; or he may have felt an inferiority in its style, and have been too much the artist to allow it in. Yet it is but fair to the patient and accurate Cide that it should come to light at last; and let the critics judge for themselves!

It seems then, that the book as we have it closes too soon. Don Quixote rose from his sick-bed cured, and something more than that. He had been very ill, certainly; now, it pertained to the marvellous how little ill he felt. In all the long length of his body there was not so much as one ache or pain, unless one might speak of the ache of bounding and glowing health; while as for his mind —

He realized a curious clarity in it, quite unknown to him before. Of old he had always been troubled with a kind of uncertainty and haunting sense of shams. There had been as it were a wraith on the borders of his consciousness: one Alonso Quixano, called the Good: whose quiet prosaic life had somehow mingled its drab cotton with the rich silks and gold of his own. The powers of some enchanter had been wont to prevail against him, poisoning with a subtle confusion the truth of things. A giant or a paynim emperor with his hosts, heroically en-

countered, would loom up suddenly to mock him, on some fantastic plane of vision, as no more than a wretched windmill or a shepherd with his flocks; there had been times when, through the reality of glorious Rozinante, had trembled into view a lean miserable hack; when Mambrino's magical helmet had seemed a barber's basin. There had been moments when to be God's Knight Errant had appeared a mirage, an unattainable splendor, and all attempts to come up with it a forlorn hope. One rode atilt at one's objective; but as in a dream stumbled and fumbled over irrelevancies; the atmosphere became as wet wool, or as treachery, about one; progress, so to say, evaporated; until, like a drunkard or a dreamer, one staggered at last into inevitable thwackings and ignominy. Not that he had ever broken the faith of his calling, or given an inch to doubt. He had known that that tremendous thing, the Glory of Service, of Knight-Errantry, did exist; as surely as the rainbow of heaven, as the flames of sunset and dawn, it was *there*, and one might come to plunge one's being in it: one might attain. But there was a world of deceits to fight one's way through first. And if he had never despaired, it was true also that the bright reality of hope had become a little unfamiliar to him. He knew he had been feeding his faith from the stores of conscious will: had had to provide for it himself; no manna of the spirit had fallen for it from heaven; nor ravens had brought it food, as they did to Elijah of old. He had not really hoped, but had only made himself hope — until now.

But now all was different; and he did not even hope, but *knew*. Master Notary had made his will, and the Curate had taken his confession; of which matters, though one would have supposed them solemn enough, he took the smallest account. Sancho, he recollected, had besought him with much blubbering not to be so injudicious as to die — whatever that might mean. It was somewhere about then that the change had come in the tide of his affairs: he must have fallen asleep for a little, to wake thus a new man, with the perfect assurance that, going forth now, nothing but victories awaited him. So he looked on his surroundings, as on the recent past, with the detachment of a mind keyed to higher things. The people in the house seemed to him, as he passed out, shadowy and half unreal. There was the housekeeper, good soul, very busy about something, and apparently weeping the while; there was his niece, red-eyed and mouse-like quiet; Bachelor Samson Carasco, the Curate, and Master Nicholas the Barber, in consultation seemingly, and melancholy enough by the look of them — but unreal, unreal. It never occurred to him that he had business with them, or was called on to question or address them. Sancho, in the kitchen, he noticed as he passed its open door, blubbering over a very hearty meal. He would have had

some kind of connexion with that Sancho, he supposed; or was it merely that the fat shrewd fellow had borne the same name as his own squire? It hardly mattered; since the day of real things had come. In the same vague manner he noted the general air of dejection, and wondered what its cause might be — but not much, for the business ahead was too insistent in its call.

He went out to the stable; and — there was, indeed, a lean miserable hack at the manger: a wretched horse-skin hung on bones and propped up on four caricatures of legs at the corners: just such a thing as he had been condemned, when the enchanter's power prevailed against him, to imagine Rozinante to be. But there also, beside that mockery upon Knight Errantry's companion the Horse, stood the real Rozinante, all fire and gentleness and beauty: limbs made for speed and endurance, glossy skin, hoofs like shells of the sea, proud mien and arching neck: Rozinante, veritably surpassing Bucephalus of old or the Cid's own Babieca. The beautiful creature whinnied him a welcome; as for the hack, it lacked only the strength to grow restive at the sight of that knightly man in his splendid armor. — For in armor Don Quixote was, though without memory how he came to be so clad; in armor he was, not to linger over it too tediously — all panoplied, like Don Apollo of the Heavens, in burnished radiance and rubicund gold.

To him there came Sancho Panza: not the man he had seen blubbering and guzzling in the kitchen, but the true Sancho at last, the right squire for a knight errant. “Is it your highness's will to ride forth?” said this Sancho. — “It is, good friend,” said Don Quixote; “since now the day has come when we are to meet the grand adventure, and win vast empires to the glory of knight errantry.” He had forgotten his Dulcinea del Toboso, or surely would have mentioned her here. — “As God wills,” said Sancho; and without more words saddled the beautiful Rozinante and led him forth. On the road a mule was waiting, excellently caparisoned; having held the stirrup for his master, and seen him duly a-horseback, the squire mounted the mule, and together they rode forward.

Not, however, upon the familiar (and famous) Campo de Montiel; but through vast regions unlike any in La Mancha. In front there were the dim bluenesses of immense distance; on this side topless precipices soared dizzily into the heavens above; on that, fathomless abysses hid the far world beneath their carpeting of cloud. There were prodigious valleys, wide as the world; there were august mountains towering afar in faint turquoise and purple, about whose peaks in the sweetness of the evening clustered the large white flames of the stars. A keen ecstasy and lightness encompassed Don Quixote, limbs and mind and

spirit; his soul was nourished with wonder and inspiration, in tutelage to the mountains and to the fires of heaven. Neither weariness nor need of food or drink overtook him; that gigantic beauty momentarily renewed and increased his strength.

He rode forward, conversing at whiles with his squire on the deeds of knighthood; calm wonderful words came to his lips; noble and beautiful were the replies he had from his companion. — Long journeying elapsed before it came to his mind that the name of Sancho was somehow inappropriate for that one; he had listened to grave utterances of poetry and wisdom, at first without heeding their unwontedness, then with a growing surprise; until certainty at last took him, that he had never been squired by such an one before. He turned his glance wonderingly from the infinity before him, to behold the most kingly of men riding at his side. — “Señor,” he said, drawing rein —

—“Take it not ill, Señor Don Quixote,” said the other, “that I ride beside your highness through these regions as your squire. My master, having taken account of your deeds and fame in La Mancha, desired that you should visit his court; he has set apart for you, if you will honor him by accepting it, command of a wide dangerous region in his dominions; knowing your ability to win victories against the most stubborn of his foes. Since the way is long, and not easy to find, he sent me to escort you to his palace.”

—“Caballero,” said Don Quixote, “for this graciousness thanks must be given in deeds rather than in words. My sword and lance are henceforth at your monarch’s disposal.” So they rode forward; but it did not occur to Don Quixote at that time to make enquiry as to the names and titles of his squire.

Vaster and wilder grew the mountains; wider the valleys as they advanced. Along the lips of chasms where blue infinity fell endlessly below them; by the shores of night-blue waters strewn with a million trembling flame-splashes of gold; night and day, night and day, they rode on; and ever the consciousness of immortal strength, the serenity of pure being, grew in the spirit and limbs of the knight. In what Spain were these lonely mountains? Had any Amadis of Wales,\* or Palmerin of England, ridden through them before?

They came, early of an evening, to the top of a barren pass; there the road branched, one way leading to the right high up along the mountainside, the other sweeping clean down into the valley. Far off, shining like a huge coronet in the sunset, gleamed a city with many gem-bright

\**De Gaula* is rightly so translated, and not as “of Gaul” as is commonly supposed.



cloud-soft towers and minarets: beyond the immensity of the valley; beyond and above ranges upon ranges of snow-capped mountains, all velvet blue and dark and pale purple below their snows, whose austere



splendor it crowned. "It is the high metropolis of my king," said the squire.

—"What dark army is that, that moves in the valley?" said Don Quixote. "Whose grim castle is that, yonder in its depths to the southward?"

"It is the army of my king's enemies," said the other anxiously, and with a sigh. "The castle is their chief stronghold; thence their leader, a great insurgent baron, works huge oppressions against the world."

The soul of Don Quixote swelled into grandeur within him. "Señor," he said, "I little thought the opportunity would be granted to me so early, to prove the faith of my new allegiance."

—"Do not think of it, Señor Don Quixote, I beseech you! Taking this road to the right, we shall avoid them and act prudently; it is to be considered that they are numberless and puissant. It will be yours presently to ride against them at the head of many; but now —"

But the spirit of Don Quixote was unshakable as the mountains, luminous as the rising sun. "Señor," he said, bowing and with a haughty

gesture, "I have the honor of knight errantry to consider"; and with the words, couched lance, spurred steed, and away with him.

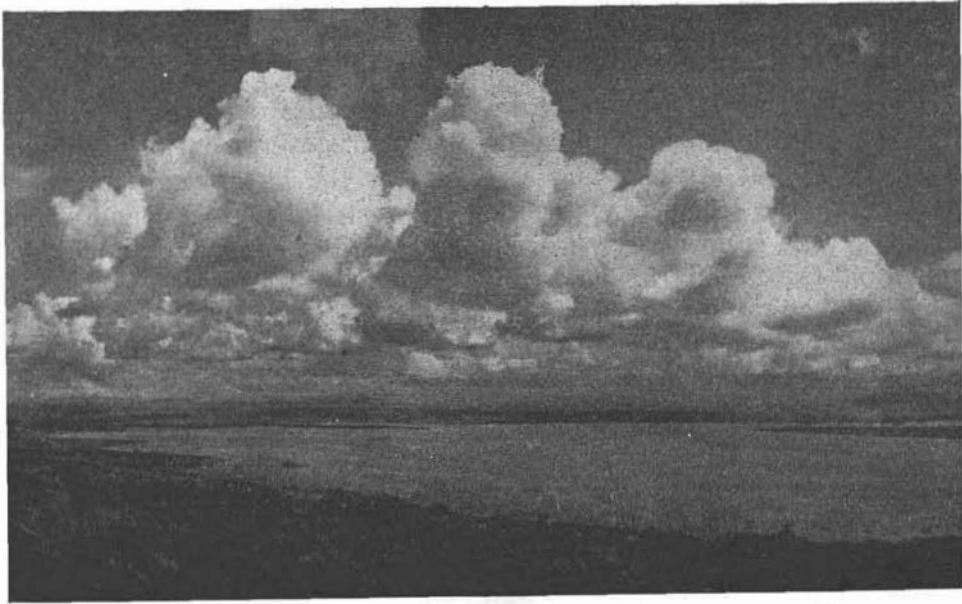
Down the slope thundered Rozinante; with less danger of stumbling than the renowned Pegasus of old charging through middle air. Enchantment, as he came to the level ground, flickered over the scene and mocked his sense: it was a thousand windmills he was riding against; it was a forest of trees; it was a flock of sheep; it was — Enchantment could prevail nothing against him now; right into the grim host flashed the golden figure of him; lance did its work, breaking the outermost ranks, and was gone; and in his hand in its place flamed a falchion out of the mythologies. On he went; a roar of consternation rose about him, and he heard his own name carried to the horizons. Borne on still by the impetus of his charge, he hacked and hewed to right and left of him; nought in mind but the ideals of his profession, and the gloomy standard, held aloft by giants, towards which he had aimed his horse from the start. They receded; then gathered and surged in on him; but he fought on and on; the force of his charge was spent, but he fought forward. He was in the very center of them; he was close to the standard; standing in his stirrups, he drove a great blow at the standard-bearer; blows rained upon his shield and upon his armor; he had but the one thing in mind. He grasped the standard-pole . . . and fought and reeled and struggled . . . and it went hard with him. To and fro they rocked, Don Quixote, bearing up but nigh overwhelmed under their masses — but winning, but winning! . . . And there came towards him one vast as a mountain, grim as the storm of a night in November, bearing a mace whose falling hardly the mountains might withstand . . .

A trumpet sounded behind from the hillside, and suddenly the dim air was filled with golden light and the rushing of myriad wings. The dark host receded; a cry of dismay went up from them, and as it were they melted away before the whirring of the wings that passed: a cloud of darkness pursued afar by a vanishing glory and aureole of light. But not before the knight had won the standard. He sat his horse proudly in the midst of the empty plain; the one who had passed as his squire was at his side.

—"Señor," said Don Quixote, "to whom am I honored to owe my deliverance?"

—"Señor," said the other, "make nothing of the deliverance! I am, in truth, the Captain-general of the war-hosts of my sovereign. I am styled, Don Michael of the Flaming Sword."

Side by side in pleasant converse they rode forward to the palace gates: Don Quixote of La Mancha and Don Michael Archangel: each wondrously pleased with the nobility and high bearing of his companion.



'THE SILVER GATE': ENTRANCE TO SAN DIEGO BAY, CALIFORNIA  
 SEEN FROM THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL  
 HEADQUARTERS ON POINT LOMA

The Bay proper lies beyond North Island, the strip of land at the right. The City of San Diego is situated on the sloping mesa in the distance, too far away to be distinguishable in this view. The cloud-effect is the customary setting for this beautiful nature picture.

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## SAN DIEGO

BY GEORGE FULLER

AN azure arch, with irised bordure set;  
 A blazing sun, whose conq'ring beams, far flung  
 O'er mountain, mesa, vale and shore, tho' hung  
 With purple mists, whose changing shadows fret  
 The distant hills, a golden sheen spread yet  
 From Cuyamaca's peak to Loma's wall;  
 A sun that beautifies and brightens all, —  
 And kissing warm the sea-wind blithe, swift met  
 As eager o'er the strand she leaps, his call  
 Confessed, soft airs ambrosial breeds, that youth  
 Protract and lusty age prolong, while all  
 That breathe their zephyrs sweet, and list their sooth  
 Aeolian song, all other lands forget,  
 Or, seeing them no more, feel no regret.

## TRIED IN THE BALANCE: by R. Machell

*(With pen-and-ink drawings by the author)*

## CHAPTER VI



HE day was beautiful, and Julia bethought her of a letter from Lady Marshbank which she proposed to read to her husband by way of entertainment, for the good lady was an amusing correspondent, and gave them all the gossip in a light and easy style that was surprisingly free from malice. The latest beauty to attract the admiration of her son was always

reported with a most searching analysis of the lady's charms and defects of character. This time, however, the writer confessed herself somewhat alarmed because the object of Sir Alister's most recent infatuation, while not strictly beautiful, was in some respects more dangerously attractive to a young man of his peculiar temperament. His mother always spoke of her son's 'temperament,' when she wished to allude delicately to his inordinate vanity. Lack of beauty was no defect in the anxious mother's eyes; it was indeed rather a recommendation, but there was a more serious defect in the young woman's qualifications: to wit, a total absence of independent fortune with which to minister to the needs of an extravagant husband; but the worst fault of all was that she was an actress, one of the latest claimants to the rather uncertain honors of the stage.

These things were bad, but what most alarmed the good lady was the fact that the girl was entirely unlike the young women whom the susceptible Sir Alister usually selected for the fleeting favor of his admiration. She was not frivolous, nor was her personal character open to criticism, and moreover she seemed to have rather severely snubbed the young man for some time. Under these circumstances Julia was well able to understand her foster-mother's anxiety.

Martin was amused at the writer's alarm and asked the name of this new light of the drama, whose fame had not yet spread to Paris.

"This is what she says," said Julia, delighted to have got his mind on to another theme. She went on reading.

"You know how I dislike those horrible plays of Ibsen; well, for my sins, I was induced to go with him to hear the latest horror, in order

to see this miracle. The play was just as gruesome as anyone with a taste for 'problems' could desire, but the woman was certainly remarkable. Her big brown eyes have a queer fascination: they haunted me for days, yet she is almost insignificant in size and not particularly beautiful. But those eyes are dangerous. I know that Alister will make a fool of himself, if she allows it. But she seems really a very worthy sort of person. Of no particular origin, her father was an unknown artist and I believe she uses her own name Clara Martel."

Martin sat up and repeated in a peculiar voice, "Clara Martel," as if he had been asleep and were now trying to recall his dream. "Clara Martel." . . .

"Why, Martin, do you know her?" exclaimed his wife wondering a little at his manner.

"Yes. I knew her slightly, in fact she sat to me for my first Cleopatra picture."

"Ah! She was your model?" Julia's voice was almost chilly as she asked the simple question; but Martin hardly noticed it, and answered simply.

"Her father was a friend of Talbot's, and was interested in Cleopatra, so she let me make a study of her for my picture, when I was 'stuck' for want of a model. Then her father died, and I never knew what became of her. I went to England about that time and clean forgot her. Yes, her eyes are certainly remarkable. Her father was a delightful talker and seemed to have read a lot. The girl was silent and peculiar. I never dreamed of her going on the stage. I had almost forgotten her."

Julia felt somehow inclined to wish the "almost" could have been "altogether." Martin had never mentioned the incident of the sitting for that picture, which now returned to her memory vividly. She recalled the peculiar fascination of the Queen's eyes in the painting, and recognised some underlying current of mystery connected with that past, which was beyond her reach. She felt as if she had stepped upon a forgotten tomb and heard her footfall echo in the unknown depth below. Martin seemed now inclined to sit and dream rather than talk. Julia was jealous of anything that drew him away from her even in thought. She watched over him more as a doting mother does over a wayward child, and she was ready to forgive his humors and his weaknesses if only she could remain his confidante. She thought there were no secret chambers in his soul to which she had not access; and she had never felt the pang of that kind of jealousy, familiar to so many wives, for Martin was well content to look to her for all the comfort and companionship he needed. So she too relapsed into a silent meditation on

the subject of the girl who had so suddenly appeared as a disturbing element in the family.

She was familiar with Alister's unstable 'temperament.' He was extremely candid in his confidences, and used to tell her of a good many of his love affairs (the more innocent ones); and other people would at times complete the record of his escapades, so that she was not under any delusions as to a man's 'fidelity' in love: and yet she never for a moment believed her husband capable of such levity as was natural to Sir Alister. She thought of those eyes, and wondered if Martin had indeed forgotten them so completely; and then she could not help speculating as to how much there might have been for him to forget. Lady Marshbank had easily adopted the old saying: "There's safety in numbers," as her consoling motto in thinking of her son's matrimonial projects, and so far none of his infatuations had given her cause for much anxiety, except upon the score of a possible scandal. But a woman who was not beautiful nor rich nor easy of approach, and who yet had the power to hold his admiration, was certainly a cause for serious consideration if not alarm.

To Martin the name of Clara Martel came ominously as an answer to his own querulous self-examination. She seemed to stand before him now as an accusing spirit, silently scornful of his small success, his comfortable life and popularity; and her glance had no need of language to call back his first ideals and aspirations, his dedication to the task of vindicating the reputation of the Great Queen, his reverence for the Gods and for the ancient mysteries. She seemed to be looking down on him from some forgotten height which he too once had scaled; and once again dimly and distantly he saw himself standing in the presence of the Queen, whose eyes were those of the unknown girl, who came to him in his need, as if she were indeed a ministering spirit sent by some higher power to help him in his task. He had forgotten her; and the Gods seemed very far away. His years of archaeological research now looked to him like a mere pleasure voyage in some safe sea among the enchanted islands of a land of dreams, where he had gathered pretty shells and curious stones to play with childishly. Meanwhile he had forgotten her: and the Gods look coldly on ingratitude.

He shuddered slightly, and his wife roused herself, saying: "The air is chilly still. Shall we go home?"

Yes. He was impatient now to be at home. The studio was home. The luxury of his present abode was strangely in contrast with the poverty of the old studio in which he had dreamed such splendid dreams, but still it was home. The studio is still the studio in spite of the upholsterer's most laudable efforts, and to an artist the studio is home.

For the first time since his marriage a cloud had come between them — a memory; no more.

Where had it come from?

Suddenly he felt as if his life had lost reality. He tried to rouse himself; and as he did so he looked at his wife beside him. She seemed far away. She too was part of that pleasure voyage on a fairy sea, where scientific facts were magic toys created by wizardry for the delusion of such dilettanti as himself. He wondered vaguely if she too would prove as illusive as the science he had accepted as a substitute for true vision and the wisdom of the Gods.

She turned to look at him, and noticed the strange look on his face. She was alarmed; but laughed, and said: "Come! wake up, we are nearly home. I think you have been asleep. You look dazed and dreamy. Have you got cold?"

He shook himself and answered:

"I think I was half asleep. Yes, it is cold. I shall be glad to be in the studio again. That is the best place for an artist."

Clara Martel had passed out of the painter's life, but she had not forgotten nor lost sight of him. She followed his career as one might read a legend of the past in the events that are occurring on the stage of our own day. She thought the time would come again when he would need help, but whether it then would be her lot to set his feet upon the path once more she could not tell.

Meanwhile she had her destiny to fulfil; and her career afforded ample occupation for her thoughts; but still she could find time to think of others. The idle have no time to think of anyone but themselves.

Though living now in London she had not lost touch with her old friends the Talbots, and they gladly kept up a regular correspondence with her. They had told her of Martin's marriage and of the pictures he exhibited; some of them she had seen for herself; and from these data she could partly read the story of his life. It was a disappointment; but she still hoped that he would some day turn back and find the forgotten path, before his life was wasted utterly, and the fire of creative imagery had grown cold; before the years had set the seal of failure on his brow beneath the wreath of victory with which the vain world crowns its favored ones. For it is so that a man may be acclaimed by men and highly honored, while the assessors in the "Hall of Judgment" watching the weighing of the heart may have already uttered the verdict that admits of no appeal: "Tried and found wanting."

When she remembered his lofty aspirations and thought now of his academic triumphs and social success, she feared to hear the voice of the recorder proclaiming "Tried in the balance and found wanting."

She still dared to believe the promise of his youth might be fulfilled.

But she had seen so many a fair promise wither ere the life that bore it reached maturity; and she had seen stars that had burned bright in the eyes of children fade or disappear in adolescence, while fires of another kind blazed up in place of them. The world in which she moved was full of such fires, which too often she saw worshiped as the pure flame of genius: fairy fires, will-o'-the-wisps, indeed, that lead to the swamps and quagmires of life.

Many of those she met were marked with the mud in which they wallowed secretly — though such poor secrets are not hard to read, nor are they pleasant reading; and Clara Martel was forced to shut her eyes to very many things in order to endure her constant contact with such undesirable companions. She was a dramatic student, one amongst many, but very much apart from all the rest; although but few of them were conscious of the fact, perhaps because she hardly was aware of it herself. She saw so much to love in human nature, and was content to shut her eyes also to so much, that she was seldom conscious of her loneliness, which is an affliction that particularly pertains to egotism; the selfish person is eternally alone.

But she was rarely lonely, and if the atmosphere of her thought-world was of too rarefied a kind for those with whom she was in daily contact, that was perhaps unavoidable: to her it was but the natural state of things, normal and familiar from her infancy.

But now her student days were over, and she had already gained a certain reputation for her interpretation of some of Ibsen's characters. His plays were only then beginning to find acceptance with the public, and she was one of the few who could successfully fill some of the more exacting rôles. She was already popular among the more ardent of the great dramatist's admirers, though not herself by any means an enthusiastic worshiper of the master. She had no sympathy with the gloom and horror in which he seemed to revel; she was an optimist. Still, there was scope for her talent in an attempt to impart some warmth to characters that to her seemed lacking in the higher qualities of womanhood, and she did full justice to the marvelous dramatic instinct of the great Norwegian.

Like Martin she had dreamed her dream, and seen the path before her; and like him she had held herself pledged to a noble cause, and she believed herself called to fulfil a certain destiny. Like him she looked on Egypt as the home of human culture and the shrine of art; like him she hoped to see the ancient mysteries revived on earth, and the lost secret sciences restored to their former place of honor. From her father she had learned more real Egyptology than the archaeologists of that



day believed capable of scientific demonstration. But she looked in vain for a dramatist touched with the sacred fire, who should restore the drama to its ancient glory as the revealer of the Sacred Science.

She marveled that the message of Theosophy should wake so few echoing voices among the dramatic authors of the world. Surely some genius must arise to put into dramatic form some of the teachings of antiquity, that Madame Blavatsky in her great books had brought to the western world, and to redeem the theater, and rededicate it to the service of humanity. She knew that this must come; but feared that she might not live to help in the great work.

When she had heard of Martin Delaney and his Cleopatra picture, she thought that he must be one of the brotherhood, one of a group of souls that come to earth at stated times to give new spiritual energy to a degenerate age. But he seemed to have lost heart, or to have chosen a lower path; he was now little more than one of the dilettanti, with whom Science and Art are hobbies, and philosophy a subject for 'scientific investigation,' which is a polite term for 'groping in the dark.' Genius does not go groping, but stands on a height and sees with opened eyes.

Unlike the painter she was not deluded by success; she knew that it was no more than an incident in her search for the true path. But Martin looked on his triumphs as so many milestones on the Path itself, on which he felt that he was already far advanced.

Yet all his satisfaction seemed to melt away, and all his secret triumph lost its savor at the mere memory of a woman's eyes.

Julia sat in her own room wondering wherein she had failed, wondering what evil influence had passed her by and struck the heart she thought herself so well able to protect against all pain or disappointment. She felt as a mother might, who finds her child has gone beyond her. Had she grown old and helpless?

For the first time she felt the pang of doubt as to her power to protect him from himself. Was Love then not omnipotent? The doubt was momentary. Youth was still strong within her, and her confidence returned, but henceforth tempered with a doubt.

When Lady Marshbank next wrote to Julia it was to tell her of a new phase of Alister's infatuation. Julia did not read the letter to her husband. In it the writer said:

"Alister is really too absurd; he wanted me to go with him to a house in Bayswater last week. You know the kind of people one expects to find in Bayswater; but this if you please was to meet the Theosophist, Madame Blavatsky. It appears that his inamorata is a disciple of hers, and had induced the silly boy to go with her to a Theosophical meeting at her house in Lansdowne Road. Now you know my dear

I am not prejudiced about religion, but I object to being dragged into new movements without knowing what they are about; and then they say that all sorts of queer people go to these meetings. Alister has been there several times and was deeply impressed, so he says at least; but



I am too old for new religions and things of that sort. The world is good enough for me, although no doubt it might be better; but it will last my time. So I declined. Now he subscribes to their new magazine 'Lucifer'! Think of it! I try to keep it out of sight, but it is sure to be on the table when some particularly orthodox caller comes, and I get credit for it. It really is too bad. You know how I dislike new notions and unnecessary fads, — and then to be taken for a Theosophist. That boy will bring me into disgrace with everybody in one way or another. I shall have to go back to Gadby. I think I must be getting old."

"Poor dear," sighed Julia — sympathetically. "That boy is certainly a

trial. But then I suppose all men are, more or less."

And then she fell to musing on the mystery of the girl who seemed to have such a strange influence on the two men so differently yet so intimately connected with her life. The name of Clara Martel seemed ominous to her. When she thought of her a cold hand seemed laid upon her heart to still its beating.

A few days later she found her husband reading a book she had not seen before. When he went out she picked it up and found it was *The*

*Voice of the Silence*, by H. P. Blavatsky. She frowned on reading the title, and felt again that cold hand on her heart. But she drew a chair up to the fire and sat down to see for herself what this Theosophy really meant. Some hours later she stood with the book still in her hand looking intently into the fire. She was very pale.

She had read the book, and in her own way understood it. Now she knew what was before her. If Martin should accept the teaching of this book, her day was done. She could no longer be his guide and comforter. He would go beyond her. If he entered on that Path he would be lost to her. She could not follow him. She, who had been his guide. She knew that his imagination would transport him into regions beyond her ken. She was intelligent, and knew that the earth was her world, and that she had no wings to bear her to the heights that he would scale if once he left her guardianship. She saw him lost to the world and her upon those dazzling heights, unless she saved him from himself. Therefore she did not hesitate.

She stirred the fire, and put the book into the hottest part, and watched it slowly burn to ashes, but with no sense of satisfaction. It was an act of sheer despair. As she stood there her husband entered. He saw the ashes of the book still glowing in the fire, and noticed the pale cheek of his wife as she turned to greet him.

"Why Julia," he said. "What are you burning there?" Then looking closer, he saw and understood. "You have burned that book. Why?" he asked coldly.

She put her two hands upon his shoulders and looked into his eyes pathetically, saying,

"Because I love you."

At her touch he stiffened slightly and put up his hands as if to thrust her from him, but hesitated, and merely took her hands in his, looking down at her reproachfully. Then she knew that she had won.

She dropped her head against his shoulder and cried there, as he gently stroked her hair in silence.

The ashes in the hearth turned dull and grey, the light was fading from the sky; and in the studio the shadows deepened about them softly, as if to hide her triumph and his shame: and both were grateful for the gathering gloom, that seemed to set its seal on some unspoken pact.

He looked into the fire, where the dull grey ashes seemed to have stifled all the throbbing fire that usually made the embers glow with fairy pictures. But he looked in vain, for he saw no pictures now, but one that he did not choose to see: it was "the dying of the light." In his heart he knew a fire had gone out, leaving the chill of death within the house of life: and as he kissed the woman in his arms his lips were cold.