

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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IF we accept the belief of a future remuneration beyond this life for suffering virtue and retribution for successful crimes, there is no system so simple and so little repugnant to our understanding, as that of metempsychosis (reincarnation). The pains and pleasures of this life are by this system considered as the recompense or the punishment of our actions in another state.

—Isaac D'Israeli

A WANDERER IN THE HALL OF LEARNING:

by H. T. Edge, M. A.



CHARACTER-STUDIES are a useful way of appealing to people, because in this case we are studying real living persons, whereas sermons are generally abstract. A character-study is illustrative, so that the reader can make all necessary applications to his own case; the sympathies are aroused and the human touch evokes an interest that abstract reflexions do not usually convey.

The life of Edgar Allan Poe is not one that can be recommended as likely to impart an exhilarating and wholesome impression to the soul; for its study brings us in contact with a morbid personality, from which we turn with relief to the contemplation of such a contrasted life and character as that of Lanier. Yet lessons may be learned from this morbid life. The difficulty experienced by writers in characterizing this remarkable and isolated personality is apparent from the perusal of any account of his life and works; and while one would shrink from any attempt to narrow down an ample subject by trying to force it into a mental pigeon-hole, the following contribution may be suggestive. It is stated in *The Voice of the Silence*, which is an English rendering, by H. P. Blavatsky, of a manual of instructions used in certain Tibetan schools of mystic students, that the pilgrim in search of wisdom must pass through three Halls, of which the first is the Hall of Ignorance, whereof we read —

It is the Hall in which thou saw'st the light, in which thou livest and shalt die.

To which the commentary adds that this is —

The phenomenal World of Senses and of terrestrial consciousness — only.

This, therefore, is the Hall in which most of us live. But the aspirant comes to the second Hall, of which we read:

The name of Hall the Second is the Hall of Learning. In it thy Soul will find the blossoms of life, but under every flower a serpent coiled. . . .

If thou wouldst cross the second safely, stop not the fragrance of its stupefying blossoms to inhale. If freed thou wouldst be from the Karmic chains, seek not for thy Guru in those Mâyâvic regions. The Wise Ones tarry not in pleasure-grounds of senses. The Wise Ones heed not the sweet-tongued voices of illusion.

(Explanatory notes: Karmic chains, chains of Karma, chains of destiny wrought by acts committed with desire. Guru, teacher. Mâyâvic, pertaining to Mâyâ or illusion.)

We also read in *Light on the Path*:

It is a truth that, as Edgar Allan Poe said, the eyes are the windows of the soul, the windows of that haunted palace in which it dwells. . . . If grief, dismay, disappointment or pleasure can shake the soul so that it loses its fixed hold on the calm spirit which inspires it, and the moisture of life breaks forth, drowning knowledge in sensation, then all is blurred, the windows are darkened, the light is useless. . . . In sensation no permanent home can be found, because change is the law of this vibratory existence.

Finally, to quote from Poe himself, *The Haunted Palace* says:

In the greenest of our valleys,
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace ——
Radiant palace — reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion ——
It stood there!
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate,
(Ah, let us mourn, for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him, desolate!)
And, round about his home, the glory
That blushed and bloomed
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

Such stories as 'The Black Cat' and 'The Imp of the Perverse' show the ever-present consciousness of a dreadful shadow-side, whose actual existence is only too apparent throughout the biography; any personal intemperance that may have existed being but mere trifling symptoms of a cause which lay much deeper — lay, in fact, "in the monarch Thought's dominion." And do not the quoted passages give a convincing explanation

of this case, as also of similar cases of erratic genius? Will not many readers find an echo in the records of their own obscure interior lives?

The Karma, or destiny, of this life was evidently wrought in past lives; for the poet was born with his exquisitely sensitive nature, his keen intellect, and his estrangement from the world of men. These conditions he had made for himself beforehand. His ardent nature had pushed on beyond the confines of ordinary experience, until he found himself in that Hall of Learning, with its fair blossoms; but beneath each blossom was a serpent which uncoiled.

And what moral lessons shall we read into this life? The punishment of an avenging deity, the uncomprehended decree of an inscrutable providence, or the ruthless lottery of a blind chance? Why not see in this drama of a Soul the workings of natural law, challenged by the proud free-will of man, and dealing with that perfect equity which alone is the perfection of mercy?

Modern thought is more accustomed to recognise the workings of natural law when these manifest themselves in the physical world; hence we may illustrate the point by taking a case conceived to be analogous — the case of an opium eater. Who blames providence for the retribution which this debauchee of private pleasure brings upon himself? He is simply using his free-will to challenge a natural law; and the cause and its effect are as inseparably bound up with one another, though separated in time, as night and day. He chooses, like Aladdin, to rub the lamp and summon the powerful genie who opens to him the magic palace; and the genie becomes a tyrant, and the palace a haunted prison. He will unlock and consume in solitary bliss the juices of his life, and unerring law decrees that the spendthrift shall want. The poppy, with its evanescent bloom and maddening juice, and the rose with its thorn, are true symbols.

Intoxication, of whatever kind, whether produced by drugs or fanaticism or unwise mental or physical practices, runs through a definite and invariable cycle of stages, beginning with lofty exaltation and ending with debasement, reaction, exhaustion. It is said that he who would arouse in himself the higher vibrations must be strong enough to stand the lower. The reactionary excesses of unstable genius are not arbitrary retributive visitations, nor unfortunate chances, but simply the natural effect of an unbalanced self-development.

In this connexion it is appropriate to speak of certain contrasted schools of opinion in regard to art (literary and otherwise), as to whether the love of beauty and the love of knowledge are distinct from moral purpose or inseparable from it. Some poets and some writers, we know, have more or less impatiently sought to dis sever these pursuits from all ethical coloring; while others have insisted upon the connexion.

No doubt the impatience sometimes observable in the former school can be attributed to reaction from a too puritanical attitude. Yet, taking Lanier as an example of the latter school, one could scarcely impute anything so austere and unlovely to his beautiful nature. And he says that "true art is inexorably moral," and —

unless you are suffused with truth, wisdom, goodness, and love, abandon the hope that the ages will accept you as an artist.

Then there is Wordsworth's ode to Duty, wherein, addressing Duty, he sings:

I, loving freedom, and untried;
 No sport of every random gust,
 Yet being to myself a guide,
 Too blindly have reposed my trust:
 And oft, when in my heart was heard
 Thy timely mandate, I deferred
 The task, in smoother walks to stray;
 But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Poe, is on the whole, indifferent to the ethical question in his art, although he is unfailingly pure and refined. As long as we are children, we may perhaps "trust in the genial sense of youth"; but, having aspired to a knowledge beyond the innocence of childhood, a surer guide and stay is needed. We must find strength within, and where shall we find it if not in purposes which are both lofty and impersonal?

In mythology there are monsters with the face of a goddess and the talons of a bird of prey, or with a human head and the scaly tail of a fish; and these are symbolic of a certain power in human nature, as also of corresponding powers in nature, which may be roughly described as the snares of the senses. In astrology, again, we have the Head and Tail of the Dragon, which are the north and south nodes of the Moon.

This particular dragon, once aroused from slumber, has to be mastered, if we are not to be mastered by him. In short, it is necessary to anchor our will in a center independent of sensations.

We read Poe, and others like him, because they waft us to a mystic region away from the work-a-day world; but yet such influences have the quality of an opiate, for they inspire not to noble action but to private mental indulgence. Even so, however, they may serve some people as a stepping-stone. Have we only the choice between this mystic but unprofitable region and the garish light of mundane consciousness? Nay, for there is that light which is to this mystic glamor as the sun is to the moon; and the latter is, as has been said, but Hall the Second, and there are three Halls. Let us read further in *The Voice of the Silence*.

Seek for him who is to give thee birth, in the Hall of Wisdom, the Hall which lies beyond, wherein all shadows are unknown, and where the light of truth shines with unfading glory.

This 'second birth' is the spiritual birth, which is also referred to in the conversation between Jesus and Nicodemus. Again we read:

Allow no image of the senses to get between its light and thine, that thus the twain may blend in one. Having learnt thine own Ajñāna (non-wisdom), flee from the Hall of Learning. This Hall is dangerous in its perfidious beauty, is needed but for thy probation. Beware Lanoo, lest dazzled by illusive radiance thy Soul should linger and be caught in its deceptive light. This light shines from the jewel of the Great Ensnarer, Mâyâ. The senses it bewitches, blinds the mind, and leaves the unwary an abandoned wreck.

Thus there is a higher stage, to which the other is but introductory. It is highly important to understand that we do not get beyond the weaknesses of our lower nature when we develop astral senses or psychic powers; but that, on the contrary, we increase our temptations and liabilities. The knowledge of this fact would safeguard many an unwary and fascinated explorer of mystic regions, and is much needed in these days.

Truly the world would have been in great danger but for the help of Theosophy, the champion of true progress and of harmonious human development. The quest of knowledge, in our order of civilization, is wholly unguarded, so that any discovery that is made is at the disposal of everybody, however unworthy, careless, or even criminal. Prevailing motives are not sufficiently unselfish and elevated to render the possession of such knowledge safe. Theosophy aims to save civilization from a lopsided development that would be fatal; and when we review the diseases that vex modern life, we can understand that that is no sure basis on which to build a great learning. It is the same in individual life, for few people of our civilization possess the necessary vital integrity and self-command, without which they would be thrown off their balance. Indeed we actually find that it is the unstable natures that are more likely to be attracted to psychism. Yet it was not the modern Theosophical Society which said:

Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.

Theosophy however echoes this ancient maxim; and, while holding out a limitless prospect before the aspirant to wisdom, it protects him from the dangers of that quest. It seems that the quest of truth and beauty cannot be a merely personal matter; and that he who seeks them for his own satisfaction alone, or in neglect of the larger interests of that humanity of which he is but a fragment, is destined to disappointment. Beauty is fleeting and unseizable unless it is realized in conduct; without such realization it remains fugitive and represents nothing that we can grasp.

THE MIND: by R. Machell



HERE is a most interesting statement in one of the ancient scriptures which teaches that "the mind takes on the form of that which it contemplates."

There is matter for serious consideration here, because the mind is eternally occupied in contemplation of objects, material or mental, and it is of importance to all who seek knowledge to understand the operation of their own mind.

Naturally this study must not be allowed to degenerate into a mere indulgence in egotism or self-admiration. In fact it would seem rather, that before the mind can concentrate upon a given object it must be freed from self-consciousness.

And yet this is not incompatible with the continual watchfulness the student must maintain upon the operation of the mind, if he would gain self-knowledge; without which all other knowledge is useless for the purposes of evolution. This attitude is possible because mind is not man, but merely an instrument that the Self uses for contact with the material world.

For this contact to be possible it is evident that Mind itself must be closely akin to matter; while the fact that the Self can use the mind as a means of connexion between the visible and the invisible, the objective and the subjective, the material and the spiritual conditions, shows that it is also akin to the spiritual nature of man. Thus in Theosophy we are taught to regard the mind as dual, in which sense it is roughly called the higher and lower mind. So that the higher man may watch the operation of the instrument he uses, somewhat as an investigator may watch the working of a delicate microscope or telescope while using it for direct observations.

But it is said that the mind takes on the form of that which it contemplates and this puts the mind of man and the telescope upon different planes. Also we know that the mind we use in every occupation during life is not material in the fullest sense, although it may be said that the brain is visible and tangible, in fact obviously material, because the brain of a dead man is not mind, and yet is brain; whereas no observation of the operation of the brain can demonstrate the material presence there of thought, which is itself the only evidence we have of mind.

To assert that a telescope transmits a picture of an object without being in any way affected by the nature of the object would be quite in accordance with the popular idea upon the subject, but would not be precisely scientific, because we cannot prove or demonstrate conclusively a negative proposition, nor can we pretend to know all that takes place when a telescope is used. Still we may say that the telescope has more correspondence with a man's eye than with his mind, and when we speak of the mind as an instrument of the real man we are attempting to explain

by analogy an operation familiar to all, but actually visible to none.

Nothing is more familiar to us than the operation of the mind, and nothing perhaps is so little understood, or so much misunderstood. It is however evident that the mind is capable of reflexion, that it is therefore a reflector, and as such must be regarded as an instrument, even if the instrument be partly invisible. For if the mind is mediator between material objects and immaterial mentality, it must be partly material, partly ethereal, and partly fluidic: in fact its nature must be as diverse as the universe which it interprets to the Self.

The important inference to be drawn from this ancient teaching is that Man is the master of mind, and is responsible for its condition. He must keep it clean. This is made clear in another axiom of the old Theosophy which says that "Mind is like a mirror, it gathers dust while it reflects; it needs the gentle breezes of Soul-Wisdom to brush away the dust of our illusions." This gives us the picture of the mind in its passive aspect, considered as a mere reflector, while the first-quoted teaching presents us with a concept of the method of its operation. And it is this which I think gives clearly the reason for the Self to keep the mind free from the pollution of matter, which tends to accumulate as a deposit and destroy its usefulness.

We may to some extent verify the truth of the assertion that "the mind takes on the form of that which it contemplates" by observation of our own condition at almost any time.

We know only too well that we are painfully affected by the contemplation of painful subjects; so to avoid the reproduction in our own person of the pain that the mind contemplates, we think of something else.

When the mind contemplates beauty the result upon the body is as though all its elements had been soothed and harmonized. It has been observed that when a person with artistic taste looks at a work of art in which there is balance and harmony, his breathing becomes regular, he breathes equally with both lungs, he stands balanced equally upon his feet, and his head takes a position that allows the blood to flow easily through the arteries, the heart beats evenly, and so on. All these details have been studied and recorded. In the same way it was found that the contemplation of an ill-balanced object produced in the spectator a feeling of discomfort due to an attempt of his body to adapt itself to the unbalanced form of the object of his contemplation. It was observed that there was a tendency in the body to incline to one side, to throw the weight of the body unequally upon the legs, to twist a little in conformity with the distortion of the object; the regularity of the breathing was disturbed, and so on.

We all know what a feeling of relief comes over the body when we stand on a hill-top and look out over a vast expanse, or when we enter a stately

building. How natural it is at such times to draw a deep breath, to throw back the shoulders, to stand squarely on both feet and to look up, unconsciously betraying the body's response to the harmony and balance of that which the mind contemplates. The explanation of this physical response to mental suggestion may be found in the mediatory nature of mind, which while reflecting immaterial qualities also assumes the physical form of the material object and, being both material and ethereal, being not limited to a locality in the body, but being diffused through all its parts, attempts to impress upon the body the actual form that it is reproducing in itself in acting as a living mirror. The mind seems to be actually diffused through every atom of a healthy organism, because in health all parts of the organism respond to appropriate mental vibrations. The power of the body to thus respond is the measure of its efficiency and even of its vitality.

In the same way it may be said that the measure of the mind's virility is its ability to respond to the most subtle and refined vibrations of the spiritual world, which permeates the material, as the mind permeates the body.

When once we are able to adopt this point of view, we find that many difficult problems connected with our changing moods and emotions become intelligible. We also see how much we are ourselves responsible for our own limitations. A very solid reason for self-control presents itself; and we find a foundation for a rational optimism in the assurance of our own power to control the operations of the mind. For through the mind come all our troubles; even physical pain being so largely influenced by imagination as to be actually convertible into an agreeable sensation.

But most important of all is the conviction that such knowledge brings of our responsibility in the matter of criticism. If we are personally thus responsive to the qualities of all that our mind contemplates, then the surest way to reproduce an evil is to think about it. The most rapid mode of degeneration is the constant meditation upon the faults of others. It must give pause to the most malicious critic to become aware of the fact that his criticism is stamping upon himself, momentarily at least, an image of the deformity he criticizes.

Those two quotations above referred to contain in themselves a firm foundation for moral philosophy, without which morality becomes a dead thing of rules and customs, powerless to serve us in times of trial, though it may do well enough in ordinary circumstances.

Those who would go forward must understand themselves; and that which is to be their principal means of gaining knowledge — the mind — is what calls for the most diligent study, since it is that which controls the body, and that which responds to the Soul. "Guard well thy thoughts!" — for "the mind takes on the form of that which it contemplates."

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

PART ONE — VISION

CHAPTER IV — THE THIRD CYCLE

THINGS move quietly towards some great end, and attract little notice or comment. Here a drifting straw caught and hurried; there a trailing weed; it is nothing; — but pass yonder bluff, and you shall hear the roaring of the majestic waters. Little unnoted events fall light as the leaves of late September; but could we read their meanings, we should know to foretell the rise and fall of empires. The grand happenings precipitate quickly enough when the time comes for them. History has its few critical decades, in which almost everything of importance befalls. Shelley was born, Keats was born, and the *Lyrical Ballads* of Coleridge and Wordsworth were published, all in the seventeen-nineties. Poetry, returning, had called her train to return with her.

It was to be a cycle that should carry vision beyond all old high-tide marks. Not that the advance was dependent on the stature of the souls who profited by it: the nineteenth century bore no such giants as Shakespeare and Milton. But the faculties of the race had grown, and lesser men saw more wonderfully. Nature had lost opacity. Wordsworth was more conscious of wonder than Milton; Shakespeare had sighted no such magical shores as did Keats. Albeit, these of the new age were but mortal men with very mortal foibles; while those elder bards were of a standing almost incomprehensible to our common clay. Compare them: — here a Wordsworth, humorless, pedantic, prosy and somewhat meagre; a Keats swept with passions he had not learned to understand; there a serene mirror of a Shakespeare, so impersonal that all the Pantheons might imprint their wisdom on the stuff of his brain; a God's victorious Warrior of a Milton, all the days of whose life were given (against odds) to sacred and valiant living, that the Pantheons might get from him at last their meet sacred and valiant song. In a sense these two are complementary: the negative and positive of a Deific Soulhood: as if the divinest Self of England had achieved expressing almost the whole of itself through two poet personalities — contemporaries for a short while; for Milton was just over seven when Shakespeare died. Such a dual avatar, one would suppose, could come but once in the history of a nation. Yet the fruits of vision were unripe for them, and fell as prizes to their successors.

Wordsworth and Coleridge were the van-leaders in the new poetic cycle; — in reality Wordsworth only, for with Coleridge there is an element that discounts the genuineness of his perceptions. Poetry, the more it is poetry, the more it is the speech of the Divine in man; and you cannot

get the Divine to speak through drug-taking. Plain morality and high purpose may be a tedious means of invocation; but there is none other. Imitations of that Delphic or Cumaean voice you may get, that shall pass current with the unwary; words you may achieve wonderful enough; often pictures of extraordinary flashing vividness; but they are words spoken out of limbos, and pictures taken from a road that leads only into night and death. Not by that way shall you come into the wholesome beautiful landscapes of the territories of the Soul. The wonder will be a little weird and eerie, as in Coleridge; or, as in Poe, altogether breathing desolation, ruin and decay. Human evolution cannot so be helped forward. To turn from the magic in Wordsworth to that we find in *Kublai Khan* or the *Ancient Mariner*, is to turn from the sunlit world and natural sweet mountain slopes to a realm of mirage and perilous stability, wherein all is ominous and prophetic of terror: women wailing for demon lovers; ancestral voices prophesying war. There is a spell, a dreadful lure in it; but beware! Whoso goes too far shall be involved in the fall of the House of Usher at last; and he shall not truly feed upon the honeydew; he shall drink the milk of no Paradise, but the paradise of the damned. Poetry is to lead us into Nature and to the wonder that is in the heart of her; this way leads out of Nature altogether, and by no means towards the Gods. So we may leave Coleridge; as we shall pass by others in their turn who have made great names for the wonder and splendor of their verse; not without sorrow for the thwartment of their genius.

Like Cowper, Wordsworth was honest and simple; religious also, but serenely and mystically so; and it is to this we owe his ability to carry the grand revolution through. He had little power of literary self-criticism, it would appear; he walked by habit on prosy and commonplace levels; yet somewhere in him was a poet, and of the very greatest. He loved Truth, and sought her in her own sunlight and among her mountains; and for reward she gave him occasionally to soar into transcendental regions. He went to Nature, and saw beneath the common things 'Eternal Beauty wander on her way'; and set down the vision faithfully in his verse; — and then egregiously set down the common things as well, all unwitting of a difference. He saw the Gods often, but knew them not from the most mediocre of mortals; so we find in his poems an intolerable deal of Tom, Dick and Harry to one poor halfpennyworth of Apollo. Stop there! — that halfpennyworth is not to be rated in millions of pounds; it is beyond rubies and the wealth of the world! . . .

(The more's the pity, you will say, that he had not grace decently to cremate the rest. . . .)

Never before had the Greek light — a distilled serenity of atmosphere — found such steady expression in English as in some two or three of his

Sonnets: that *Composed upon Westminster Bridge* being pre-eminent. In these lines, I think, is to be found the very essence of it:

This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theaters and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Dear God! the very houses seem asleep,
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

And in the one that begins —

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in his tranquility;
The gentleness of heaven is on the sea —

he passes from that, which is pure and perfect Hellenism, to

Listen, the mighty being is awake!

— which is surely pure Celticism and magic: he has hit upon the vast unhuman consciousness in the sea, and suddenly convinced us of it without argument.

He can hardly mention the stars at all without being Greek in his beauty and serenity of diction; as when he says of the maid beside the springs of Dove that she was

Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky;

or as when he 'hit off' Milton in that greatest of all his lines we have already quoted, and, please God, shall again:

Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart.

And when he hears the cuckoo (magical sound), he must strike surely the note of magic in response; it is

No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery;

— as it were the center of the consciousness in the green sunlit landscape of the island spring, or

Breaking the silence of the seas
Beyond the farthest Hebrides:

—that which makes all wonderful and living. And when he sees the daffodils — thrice magical apparition! — his note, his vision, trembles up from

the Greek to the Celtic: basing itself in the poise and clearness of the former, and swimming into the gaiety, the sparkling motion, the fairylike radiance of the latter: —

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,

— the quintessence of serenity — almost, you might say, statuesque in its cool beauty and peace —

When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze. . . .

— where the light has begun to quiver with wizard gaiety, and we are prepared for the inevitable suggestion of consciousness in Nature that follows:

A poet could not but be gay
In such a *jocund company*.

It is not his greatest work; there is rather too much self-consciousness in that couplet, I think, for the pure note of Natural Magic to sound through in its entirety — rather too much reminiscence of philosophic methods and the Wordsworthian tendency to preach; for which reason it misses the clenching daemonic force of supreme poetry. In point of style there is nothing here to equal Shakespeare's

daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty;

— but in light, in keenness of outward vision, sense of motion, vivacity and color, 'tis the Wordsworth is the better.

The new cycle reached its culmination in 1819, the wonder year of English nature-poetry, in which Keats reached the perfection of his powers. In that year came his *Ode to a Grecian Urn*, with these lines for the high-water of English attainment in the Greek serenity:

What little town by river or sea-shore,
Or mountain-built with quiet citadel,
Is emptied of its folk this pious morn?

— and his *Ode to a Nightingale*, with this loveliest thing we have in the wizard mode:

the same that ofttimes hath
Charmed magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in fairylands forlorn —

lines that remain the touchstone and sweet criterion of this quality: the

Ultima Thule, it would appear, of poetic discovery: fulfilment, complete and satisfying, of a promise the elder poets only hinted at. And as if this were not enough, he threw in *La Belle Dame sans Merci*, of all English ballads (or Scottish either) the one most soaked through with Natural Magic; and the stately calm splendour of *Hyperion*; and the medieval glow and witchcraft of *The Eve of Saint Agnes*: — pieces unexcelled, both these latter, in sure, delicate and exquisite artistry.

One can hardly guess what vision would have come to, had Keats, who possessed it so wonderfully, lived to grow old and developed with the years. Perhaps he would have written poetry for Gods rather than for men; perhaps, like the enchanter in the tale, he would have laid spells on the mountains and the winds and the stars. For this boy of twenty-four had broken into realms — aye, and had trodden them lordlily — into which neither of those two archangels of song, Shakespeare and Milton, had ventured before him; that were quite unknown to Wordsworth and unattainable by Shelley; and into which Tennyson himself — for whom, as for all future nature-poets, Keats had blazed the great new trail into Fairyland — even Tennyson, great master of his art as he was, and supreme self-critic, hardly was to penetrate so deeply. Poetry now had forced her way into the world; and proposed to kindle, of this one frail personality, a beacon of unearthly splendor: such a fire of loveliness as had not burned in England until then. But 'twas a proximity that only a serene impersonalism or a God's Warriorhood might endure; and this Keats was Icarus, who flew too near the sun. Came a wild passion of love; came consumption; and the grave in Rome with the sad personal epitaph that time delights to belie. Only two years after the wonder year.

Then in 1820 Shelley, then twenty-seven, came into full bloom. As a poet, he is by no means to be compared to Keats. He was too conscious altogether: too much a thinker and philosopher, concerned with preaching the views of his mind, to allow the great Artist, the Soul, fully to speak through him its resonant and comfortable words. That is to say, he confounded poetry too much with philosophy; he might have written three parts of his work in prose and no objection raised. Yet he did achieve twice at least, adding something in verse to the slender aristocracy of perfection. His *Hymn of Pan* is a piece of Hellenism, lovely and lyrical; through which, too, I think, a little wind from the Hills of Magic blows and wanders:

Liquid Peneus was flowing,
And all dark Tempe lay
In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing
The light of the dying day,
Spurred by my sweet pipings.

—This Hellenism, you see: this fragrant light of Greece: is no cold and and marble thing merely. The white statue against a black background, which I imagine is what is commonly called up before the mind's eye when we hear talk of the Greek spirit in art, whispers only of the chasteness, the poise of its beauty; to realize its full significance, you have to apply that chasteness, that exquisite poise, to the sunlight and the mountains and the blue Aegean sky; to

Tempe and the dales of Arcady;

to

The wind in the reeds and the rushes,
The bees in the bells of thyme,
The birds in the myrtle bushes,
The cicale above in the lime;

— to the fountain Arethuse; to liquid Peneus, and the shadow of Pelion in the vale. Shelley here has used the Greek note, as Wordsworth and Keats did; though he has made it wonderfully warm and living, whereas Keats, in his supreme example, left it lovelily frozen and still; and he has used it with a sun-soaked richness of scent and color such as Wordsworth never knew. And if we compare the lines just quoted with Shakespeare's *I know a bank*,— a passage very like it in feeling and matter — I think we must own that in point of vision there has been a marvelous growth.

We noted the presence of a certain skyish quality in *L'Allegro*: an empyreal magic which, appearing in a few lines, serves to lift and inspire the whole poem: to make it airy, buoyant, perfect. No harm to recall the lines in which it occurs. Milton speaks, you will remember, of hearing —

the cock with lively din
Scatter the rear of darkness thin;

and the lark that

Singing, startles the dull night
From his watchtower in the skies;

and of the sun beginning his state

Robed in flames and amber light;

— thereby giving us a feeling, not only of the immensity of the skies, but of their being, in some vague way, the seat of the vast elemental activities: pageantries and warfares of which we get only a hint, a whisper, of news. Now hear how far Shelley, in the few lines that are his supreme utterance in the domain of nature-poetry, has gained in definite sky-consciousness over his so much greater predecessor. 'Higher still, and higher,' he sings to his skylark,

From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire

The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest—

— and we are no longer merely conscious of the sky, or even only looking up into it; but out in it and free, soaring upon song, feeling that anything may happen, and prepared for the sky-magic that is to come. And come it does with:

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run. . . .

—There . . . it is the full flood of delirious wonder: to be rightly called vertiginous lyricism, or by any other most extravagant term. True, there is no hint of the pageantries and warfares — the special prerogative of the Poet of the War in Heaven — but . . . there is no going farther, in that direction, than “in the golden lightning of the sunken sun . . . thou dost float and run.”

He lingers for a moment in altitudes scarcely less dizzy with —

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;

then descends, *more suo*, if slowly, into what one may be allowed to call *brainmindizing*. But having written those lines, Shelley donned immortality. They are to be treasured, like Keats' *Magic Casements*, among the crown-jewel of nature-poetry; they are magical utterances, spells as potent as any enchanter used of old. That which Milton, himself a pioneer, just suggests half consciously, Shelley here revels in with whole-souled ecstasy. And it is not merely that he caught the sunset and evening sky in a net woven of a few little words. You might set down all that the eyes can see of flash and color, glow and softness, and be miles and miles from getting this. He gave — and herein lies the secret of it — a core and sentient center to his flamey heavens: sent the lark up into them, and went himself on her song and wings; again it is that our human consciousness is floated out into the boundless consciousness. Poetry, the Magician, has spoken her words of power, and we are transformed.

Would Shelley have grown from this? One does not know. He had caught the philosophizing habit over young; and it is one that is apt to grow with the years, drying away the springs of lyricism. Would Keats himself have grown? One was speculating on that just now; but again, after all, one does not know. His case was different from Shelley's; it was not the brain-mind that troubled him. But I am thinking that perhaps the great Daemon, Poetry — the urge behind all the poets of the day — knew what it was doing when it allowed its servant Keats to take flight. Perhaps it saw that racial vision had attained a climax, and must

recede: that things, during that cycle, could be brought to no outpost nearer the Wonder-Light in the Heart of Things than those magic casements opening on the foam of fairyland. And so it dismissed him, that he might cross the perilous seas once more, and beyond them abide at peace for an age or two, in the Fountain of Wonder, the rainbow-shadowy fountain of poetry on the other side of death — there to fortify himself with new and still more glowing mysteries, that he should reveal here in literary cycles to be. Wordsworth was falling away at that time, or preparing to; and the one hope of the age was Tennyson, though he was hardly yet in sight, except of Poetry and the Gods. A boy of ten in the wonder year, he was not yet twenty-four when he wrote *The Lady of Shalott*: he was within fourteen years still of the crest of the cycle. It is, perhaps, on the whole, the finest poem of nature-vision in the language; because in not one single line is its high perfection relaxed. The three notes or modes are present, almost throughout: it is all faithful; and bathed in a clear light, eclectic, finished, artistic: and much of it is at least suggestive of magic. It is a more perfect work of art than either the *Ode to a Nightingale* or *La Belle Dame sans Merci*: as if an older and more expert hand had written it. But it contains no such radiantly lovely flashes of vision; nowhere at all does it carry our sight over the perilous seas into fairylands forlorn. A knowledge of form greater, perhaps, than that of any of his predecessors, enabled Tennyson here to make the utmost use of a vision less free, less spiritually imaginative than Keats', possibly than Shelley's. The cycle of magic had ebbed a little, in those fourteen years --- while the knowledge of form had grown. Is it the Racial Soul that creates or arranges for these things? Are they spoken through, rather than by, the individual poets?

Tennyson's aftergrowth, in respect to vision, was not on the whole towards the heights. Only once did he surpass *The Lady of Shalott*: in the *Morte D'Arthur*: and then only in snatches, not in the finished excellence of the whole. He clung too closely to the ground, as a rule; was too exact, minute and painstaking to see, as you may say, supernaturally. His main significance was in other things than vision; though in that, too, he was great. Often the wonderful tone or uplift in his lines would deceive us into thinking the vision in them greater than it is: to calling it Greek or Celtic, when it is no more than exact. There are poems splendidly suffused with the Hellenic atmosphere; though I think that his very painstaking exactitude stands between him and supreme triumph even here. One hardly finds for example, in *Oenone*, such perfect Hellenism as in the *Ode to a Grecian Urn* or the *Hymn of Pan*. Not that he is not constantly artistic; he is, and in a very high degree. But it is an artistry that presents its pictures in detail, not generally leaving you to guess and feel the

greater part of them; so we miss the luminosity of the Greek, as well as the magic of the Celtic note. Perhaps he saw too much — outwardly. As if the Spirit of the Age (much given to peering through a microscope) had taken hold on his perceptions, as it had largely on his thought. The greatest art reveals most by suggestion. Its business is to awake imagination and the slumbering faculties of the soul; not to dose the brain-mind with philosophies, nor to lull the senses with sweet things. It calls out to the inert creator in us: *Rise you, and do your part*; and by magic, gets its command obeyed.

I think the vision of the race was ebbing from the beginning of the eighteen-twenties; but the ebb was not swift or sudden. *The Lady of Shalott* came in the early thirties; the *Morte D'Arthur*, in which Tennyson reached his highest peaks, not until the forties. In this is wonder upon wonder, vision wholly magical; high and potent calls to the imagination are here, and immense revelations in a pregnant phrase or line. There is nothing in the earlier poem, or elsewhere in his work, to compare to such passages as this:

The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him. . . .
 And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
 A broken chancel with a broken cross,
 That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
 On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
 Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

—A landscape wildly beautiful: the Ocean, and the great water, and the full moon: but it is that timeworn relic of ancient and forgotten humanity — the broken chancel with the broken cross — that makes it magical. A ghost's touch is on our inward selves, and slumbering racial memories quiver into half awakenment; since there, in that wild loneliness, we come so startlingly on the works of consciousness akin to our own, but forgotten, unknown and unknowable. — Or this:

Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
 Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
 Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam.

— In which the same magic is wrought, and by the same means; or this most wonderful of all:

The great brand
 Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon

So flashed and fell the brand Excalibur;
 But, ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
 And caught him by the hilt, and brandished him
 Three times, and drew him under in the mere. . . .

— in which the Great Mystery actually obtrudes itself visibly before our eyes: reaches up out of that lone water: and the picture is pregnant with a sense of unwhisperable things — of destinies immemorial, high and solemn tragedies whose echoings stop not upon the hither borders of humanity, but run in through world behind world of Gods and Fairies and the Masters of the Arcana. Here you may contrast two modes, if you will: Thetis wins from Hephaestus armor for her son Achilles; this Thetis and Hephaestus we call Gods, but they are creatures with parts and passions like ourselves; we can understand them very well, and fathom all their motives. Unknown worlds, prophetic and mysterious, would provide a Sword Unconquerable for Arthur; and here you shall see no wheels and cogs of passion working, none of the cheapness of personality; but

an arm
 Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
 Holding the sword.

It is the reticence and impersonality that make the wonder of it; the assurance of a superior and mysterious consciousness that is left unguessed at because unguessable.

Thus twice the young Tennyson, turning for inspiration to the wonderland of Welsh romance, struck the highest notes in vision; he was to seek in the same sources again and again, after another decade or so had passed; but to find, or to reproduce, nothing like this. And even here, in the *Morte D'Arthur*, in a sense, a certain deterioration is to be noted. The vision never flagged in *The Lady of Shalott*; here you cannot depend on it. There, all was pure poetry; here there is much that is not — much that is rather of the brain-mind than of the Soul and imagination. Sir Bedivere's arguments with himself over the throwing of Excalibur, for example; and still more, and certainly, Arthur's last speech from the barge, with its command that Bedivere should pray for his soul; an idea that has no place whatever in the fairylands forlorn. —About twenty years separated the *Morte D'Arthur* from the next written of the Idylls; and one has but to compare them to know that vision had receded, and how very far.

It was not until towards the end of the century that it showed signs of rising again; with such lines as Stevenson's

Yet shall your ragged moor receive
 The incomparable pomp of eve;

or these from Watson's magnificent sonnet:

— and over me
 The everlasting taciturnity,
 The immense, inhospitable, inhuman night
 Glittering magnificently unperturbed.

Or the wonder-work of the poets that arose in Ireland in those days; some of whom are song-rich still, and some, alas, dead or the equivalent. Latterly one has heard more than is comfortable of singers in love with the sordid and hideous, or of the grotesque; they may be heralds of another dark age and night time of poetry. But criticism sees the better for a certain perspective of time; and we need go no farther than Tennyson.

There will be other cycles, ascents and descents; and always, ultimately we shall advance. The great evolution will go forward when English has gone the way of Sanskrit, Latin and Greek. Poetry, whose true vision is never of a mirage, but a real insight in towards the Heart of Things and the inmost beauty of the Sanctuary, will reveal more and more of that beauty to our gaze, as we become capable of perceiving it. Beauty is not a fashion of the eye, as cynics suppose; it would be there were there no eye to behold it, and most of it is unbeheld by any eye. It is the impress of the Spirit on matter; it comes of the great Inbreathing; it is the light kindled when the Divine Essence takes hold upon the clay, and first molds it into form, then fuses it to transparency, and shines perfectly through. That is why the path of the poet must lie in the light: why, when the beginning has been in a faithful, but optimistic and upward-tending vision, the beauty of things seen must become with every succeeding cycle more diaphanous; and the faithful becomes artistic, and the artistic grows lit with wizardry from within. Philosophy tells you that there is a light at the heart of Nature; philosophy gives you a botanist's description of a rose to delight your senses withal; but poetry is in some sort a mirror, wherein we may see reflected some traces at least of the lovely outline, the wonderful color, of the 'Rose of all roses,' the 'Rose upon the Rood of Time.' As this note of Natural Magic grows and strengthens, it hints to us more and more insistently that there is a

Secret Presence through creation's veins
Running quicksilverlike;

— a wizard consciousness that peers at us over mountain and forest horizons; that ponders in the desert and rollicks on the sea; that broods in shadowy places and haunts the abodes of ancient trees: a quickening, daedal, lonely Enchanter: universal, quiet, omnipresent: a Laughter unseen and unheard. From the nineties, and from one of the Irishmen — A. E.— comes this:

About me, in the thick wood netted,
The wizard glow looks humanwise;
And over the tree-tops barred and fretted,
Ponders with strange old eyes;

— which says exactly what poetry is always trying to say. The Spirit is

here, here, here; God walks in all gardens, and whoso will may talk with God. But you must put dogma away first; you must forget the God you have heard and read about, and to whom the litanies are sung, or you shall not find this Other; this companionable Aloneness, this unsilenceable Quietude. "This is the Real, this the True; That thou art!" says the Upanishad; and again: "He who knows this, knows the Brahman,"—the All. He who knows, look you; not guesses dimly and occasionally; who is everlastingly haunted by it — not who can formulate it philosophically in a phrase or dissertation; who dwells with it face to face, and is soaked through with its essence; not who sees it pass, as Moses saw the Lord on Mount Sinai; or hears its voice, once or so in a lifetime, out of the Burning Bush of visible things. This much — and this much only — some of these nature-poets have achieved; they are, in their degree, the teachers and pioneers of the race. We shall follow them onward and up towards Eternal Beauty; we shall feed commonly upon their honeydew and milk of Paradise. We shall see the light of Deity shining lovelily in the flowers, and know the mountains pregnant with Verigod. The mountains — aye, and our own hearts too.



THE RELEASE OF DEATH

From the Ancient Egyptian

DEATH is before me today

Like the recovery of a sick man,
Like the going forth into a garden after sickness.

Death is before me today

Like the odor of myrrh,
Like sitting under the sail on a windy day.

Death is before me today

Like the course of a freset,
Like the return of a man from the war-galley to his home.

Death is before me today

As a man longs to see his house
When he has spent years in captivity.

ERNEST W. KEYSER: AN AMERICAN ARTIST

by Carolus

THE American school of sculpture has risen to a prominent position in the world of art; it is even possible that it is now the leading national school, though, while Rodin retains his active powers in France, the balance may still incline in that direction. St. Gaudens has passed away, but Barnard, Loreda Taft, Manship, McMonnies, and other strong men are working in the fullness of their powers; such as these would be distinguished at any period.

Ernest W. Keyser, of Baltimore, but now living in New York City, is a worthy representative of the younger generation of American sculptors, and he has already attained substantial and gratifying recognition at home and abroad. He is an artist with marked originality, with ideas of his own which his great skill in modeling enables him to express boldly and effectively. At the age of eighteen he went to New York and worked for two years under St. Gaudens. Under the advice of that great sculptor he then went to Paris and studied for four years at 'Julien's' under Damp and Puesch. His work immediately attracted attention and was regularly accepted for exhibition at the Salon. The marble bust of *Ophelia*, illustrated herewith, was executed at this time and was immediately purchased by a Parisian art collector. Mr. Keyser has been called upon to make several replicas of this beautiful and pathetic work. In 1898 Mr. Keyser returned to New York in order to execute a number of commissions, principally of memorial tablets, busts and reliefs. A few years later he started for Europe again, where he spent three years in further study in the galleries of Italy and France, and in original work. During this period he entered a competition for the Harper Memorial at Ottawa, Canada, and received the commission. The monument was erected by public subscription in Ottawa to commemorate the heroism of Henry A. Harper, a brilliant and very popular young journalist, who plunged into the ice-covered waters of the Ottawa river in a desperate attempt to rescue a girl who had fallen through the ice. Both lost their lives. The people of Ottawa were greatly moved by the tragedy, and the figure of Sir Galahad was chosen as a fitting subject for the memorial. At the unveiling ceremony Earl Grey said:

I congratulate the sculptor on the skill with which this statue of Sir Galahad indicates those qualities of energy, fearlessness and service of which young Harper was the incarnation; and I hope that this statue may be only the first of a set of noble companions which, in the course of time, will make this street the Via Sacra of the Capital.

As will be seen from the illustration, the figure of the the hero who cried, "If I lose myself, I find myself," is modeled on vigorous lines, and is full of action, without a trace of exaggeration. The sword is ready to use for defense of right, but the impression conveyed is that Sir Galahad

trusts rather in the spiritual than the material weapon; illuminated by the mystic vision of the Holy Grail, he has wisdom and strength beyond that of man.

A small replica of this monumental figure was shown at an exhibition of Mr. Keyser's works lately held at the Folsom Galleries, New York. The sculptor has frequently chosen subjects which deal with the permanent values of life. When in Paris he began a heroic-sized group of *The Soul struggling against the Weaknesses of the Flesh*, and *Man and his Conscience* is a very impressive and original treatment of a fine subject. The student of Theosophy would be tempted to re-name this interesting work, and to call it 'The Personal and the Immortal Man,' the latter, the man "for whom the hour will never strike" (H. P. Blavatsky) being represented by the half-hidden face faintly coming into view under the veil. Even in the 'Aviation Trophy' awarded to Glenn H. Curtis by the Aero Club, the subject is treated in an unusual way, symbolic and expressive of more than the mere physical conquest of the air. There is a suggestion in the sweeping lines of the composition of the possibility of mankind rising above the attraction of earthly desires to fly straight to the empyrean. In place of the conventional aeroplane as the chief object in the design, a youthful figure, crowned with laurel and with hand closing upon a seagull in flight, springs lightly from a globe; the Force of Gravity as a male figure falls conquered beneath him, and a female figure represents the contrary winds, also surmounted. The suggestion of movement and wind is well carried out in this delightful work.

Another fine work of imagination is *Memory*, a bronze door to a Columbarium at Baltimore, the principal feature of which is a figure with bandaged eyes and a wing-like glory. The memorial tablet to Peter F. Collier, the publisher, is very classical in feeling and an excellent example of restraint.

The illustrations from Mr. Keyser's portraits of Sigismund Stojowski, the pianist and composer, Pablo Casals, the 'cellist, and the two girls, give an excellent idea of his ability in this line.



WHILE Basilides, founder of one of the most philosophical Gnostic systems, claimed he had all his doctrines from Matthew and from Peter through Glaucus, Irenaeus reviled him, Tertullian stormed at him, and the Church fathers had not sufficient words of obloquy against the 'heretic.' And yet on the authority of Jerome himself, who describes with indignation what he had found in the only genuine Hebrew copy of the gospel of Matthew which he got from the Nazarenes, the statement of Basilides becomes more than credible, and if accepted would solve a great and perplexing problem. His twenty-four volumes of *Interpretation of the Gospels* were, as Eusebius tells us, burnt. Useless to say that these gospels were not our present gospels. Thus, truth was ever crushed.—H. P. Blavatsky

NOTES ON ANCIENT EGYPT: by C. J. Ryan
PART TWO

THE Egyptians were essentially an artistic people; they took great pride in their works of art, and the social position of the artist-craftsman was respectable; the architect was the most highly esteemed. During the Old Empire, the high priest of Memphis was called the 'Chief Leader of the Artists,' and, as the principal ecclesiastic of the god Ptah — one of the personifications of the Creative power of Divinity — his duties included the guardianship of the creative arts. Throughout the whole course of Egypt's long career art remained an integral part of the life of the people, and Egyptian art, notwithstanding its individual and, not infrequently, idiosyncrasies, a conservatism of which is demonstrated by differences between styles of architecture separated by thousands of years are less than those between medieval and modern styles only a few hundred years ago. The fact that the hieroglyphics — between styles of architecture separated by thousands of years are less than those between medieval and modern styles only a few hundred years ago. The fact that the hieroglyphics — between styles of architecture separated by thousands of years are less than those between medieval and modern styles only a few hundred years ago. The fact that the hieroglyphics —



COLONNADE IN THE TEMPLE OF LUXOR

of Egyptian history. What is left on a large scale consists chiefly of buildings, carvings and paintings devoted to religious or funereal purposes. In style the artists were mostly confined to set forms and governed by strict conventions, but "in architecture, as in sculpture and painting, side by side with the stiff and conventional style, a more living art was developed, which shook itself free from the dogma of tradition; unfortunately it is almost unknown to us, as it was exclusively employed in private buildings which have long since disappeared."* Little or no really bad art has been preserved, and the Egyptians seem to have had reasons, though obscure, for their curious conven-

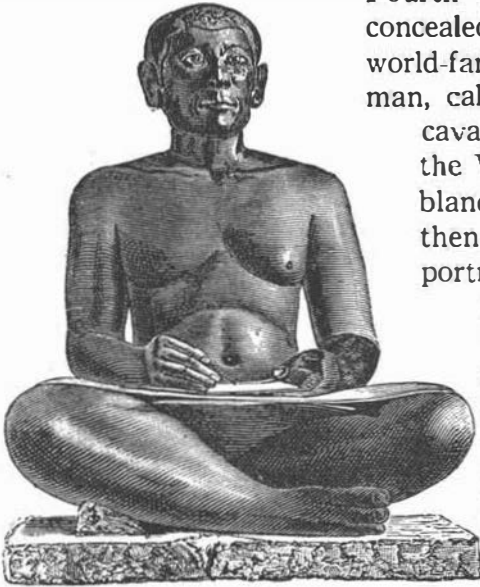
ty — his duties included the guardianship of the creative arts. Throughout the whole course of Egypt's long career art remained an integral part of the life of the people, and Egyptian art, notwithstanding its individual and, not infrequently, idiosyncrasies, a conservatism of which is demonstrated by differences between styles of architecture separated by thousands of years are less than those between medieval and modern styles only a few hundred years ago. The fact that the hieroglyphics — between styles of architecture separated by thousands of years are less than those between medieval and modern styles only a few hundred years ago. The fact that the hieroglyphics —

tory. of Egyptian art

* *Life in Ancient Egypt*, Erman.

tions. These included, in reliefs and pictures, the artificial postures of certain of the human figures, the absence of front-faces and the calm expression of the profiles even under excitement, the neglect of perspective, the absence of light and shade in painting, the 'hieratic' position in full-length figure sculpture, and other peculiarities. From the occasional abandonment of some of these in favor of naturalism it seems to be proved that the artists were perfectly aware that they were conventions.

If it were not for the furnishings and decorations of the tombs many departments of Egyptian life and some of the best art would be unknown. For instance, the greatest portrait-sculptures of all — those of the early



STATUE OF A SCRIBE, LOUVRE
From the Fifth Dynasty

Fourth and Fifth Dynasties — were found concealed in tombs. Among these are the world-famed wooden statue of an unknown man, called by the native workmen who excavated it the Sheik-el-Beled (Mayor of the Village), because of its strong resemblance to the local functionary living then. There are also the marvelous portrait-statues of Prince Ra-hetep and

Princess Nefert, and many others who lived about six thousand years ago. Crystal and metal are inlaid into the eyes of some of these, and they are so lifelike that when the tombs were first opened the Arabs thought they were Jinn, supernatural beings, guarding treasures. To protect themselves from the spirits, the Arabs have mutilated more than one priceless statue. At the period we are considering, the stiff, conven-

tional treatment, commonly associated in our minds with Egyptian sculpture, was not adopted in funerary statues; a bold realism was aimed for. Though some are imperfect in a few technical details, these figures have an extraordinary, almost magical power of impressing the spectator that they are symbols of the soul; they are spiritually as well as physically realistic.

It may be that these portrait statues were publicly exhibited during the lifetime of the sitter, but they were rarely, if ever, intended to be seen by human eye after being set in their concealed place in the tomb. Yet it was important that they should be as lifelike as possible; they must not be conventionalized in the manner of those that were exposed publicly in honor of kings or high officers of state, or of those that formed integral portions

of the architectural design of many temples. At first sight this seems a curious thing, but it is explained when we learn of the Egyptian belief in a semi-material image or duplicate of the human body — an 'astral



PRINCE RA-HETEP AND PRINCESS NEFERT;
FOURTH OR FIFTH DYNASTY

body' of some sort. This Double, which existed before birth and lasted after death, was called the *Ka*, and its preservation was necessary for the comfort and, it would almost seem, for the very existence of the ordinary *personality* of the deceased for a while after death. The chief seat of the vitality of the *Ka* was the mummy itself, but this was liable to accidents. In such cases a statue was the best thing to fall back upon; hence the necessity of the greatest realism, so that the unfortunate *Ka* should not find the artificial bodily supporter a misfit! More than one *Ka* statue is frequently found, as an extra measure of precaution. But if everything else

was destroyed, there still remained a last resource in the pictures upon the walls of the tomb. This is the accepted explanation of the multitude of *Ka* statues and the innumerable representations of the deceased painted on walls in his familiar surroundings; all hermetically sealed from intrusion. Pictures of the life of the people are found in the Etruscan tombs, and an explanation different from the above has been advanced to explain them. It is suggested that they represent the happy future life on earth of the soul of the deceased when reincarnated after the long sojourn in the subjective world. It is not unlikely that the Egyptian desire to preserve the

Ka has some more pregnant meaning than that mentioned above, for our archaeologists, trained in modern methods of thought, naturally find it difficult to enter into the mental attitude of a race so far removed from us in time as the ancient Egyptians. The Egyptians certainly did not believe the *Ka* to be the immortal Ego; that had a very different



GRAECO-EGYPTIAN PORTRAITS FROM MUMMY-CASES: FAYÛM

experience to undergo. The whole subject is obscure and full of pitfalls, particularly for those who approach it from a commonplace, materialistic standpoint, and are not prepared to acknowledge that the ancient Egyptians possessed a knowledge of the inner forces of life which has almost disappeared in a civilization principally concerned with external phenomena. A modern trace of the ancient belief in the *Ka* is found in Upper Egypt, where the people often put a vessel of water on a grave to quench the thirst of the departed.

In the latest days of Egypt, under the Ptolemics, painted portraits of quite modern appearance were placed with the mummies in the Fayûm:

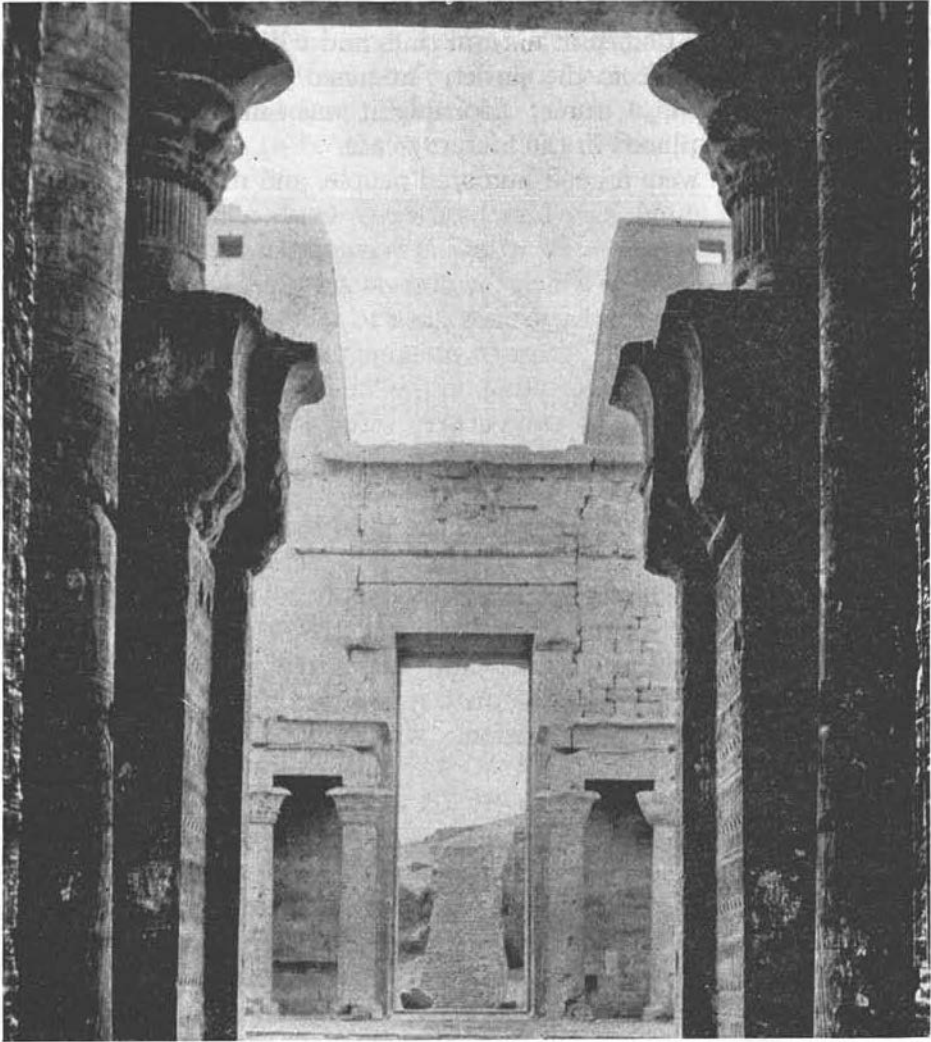
the materials used were encaustic or tempera; they were executed by Graeco-Egyptian craftsmen in natural tints and with realistic shadows in a very different style from the earlier, flat-toned profiles. One has been discovered enclosed in a frame; probably it was hung on the wall of a house before being placed in the mummy-case.

The Egyptians were a good-humored people, and many amusing caricatures have been found. One famous one represents a lady improving her complexion, and others depict battles between armed and drilled cats and rats, and games of chess in which the players are donkeys, etc. Notwithstanding the attention the Egyptians gave to religious and other-worldly matters, it would be a great error to imagine they lived in funereal gloom "sitting around on ruins meditating on the vanity of all things."

Egyptian architecture in comparison with other antique styles may fairly be called ascetic or spiritual. The Greek, which followed it as the next sublime expression of the potentialities of the human soul, is the more graceful demonstration of truth through pure beauty, and the Roman, the latest, although strong and vigorous, is certainly the most material and luxurious. To a degree this orderly flow of the building impulse was repeated in a measure in the Christian cycle: the Gothic, with its ascetic tendencies, followed by the classic beauty of the Renaissance, declined into the extravagances of the Rococo. At the present time we are in an interregnum, fishing vainly for inspiration. Will reinforced concrete suggest a new, natural and effective style?

The Egyptians depended largely upon the impression produced by great size and weight. In this way they obtained repose and dignity, and any heaviness was relieved by the charm of decorative color, an essential part of everything they touched. They were masters of flat color, and even the most vivid hues were skilfully used by their designers. The brilliantly painted decorations of the dim halls and corridors in the temples took away the sense of gloom, while leaving the grandeur undiminished. The Greeks followed the example of their Egyptian masters and painted their temples, and the Saracenic architects made strong color an integral part of their compositions; even the medieval Gothic buildings were brilliant with painting or mosaic, at least within, as recent discoveries have proved. Modern designers have lost the ability to use color in architecture with the skill of former ages.

An interesting topic in the study of ancient art and philosophy is that of Egypt's influence upon Greek and thereby upon all subsequent culture. That the Greeks were acquainted with Egypt and Nubia as early as B. C. 600 is proved by the archaic Greek inscriptions carved upon the Colossi of Rameses the Great at Abu-Simbel, in the reign of Psammetik II. There has been much difference of opinion on the degree in which Greece

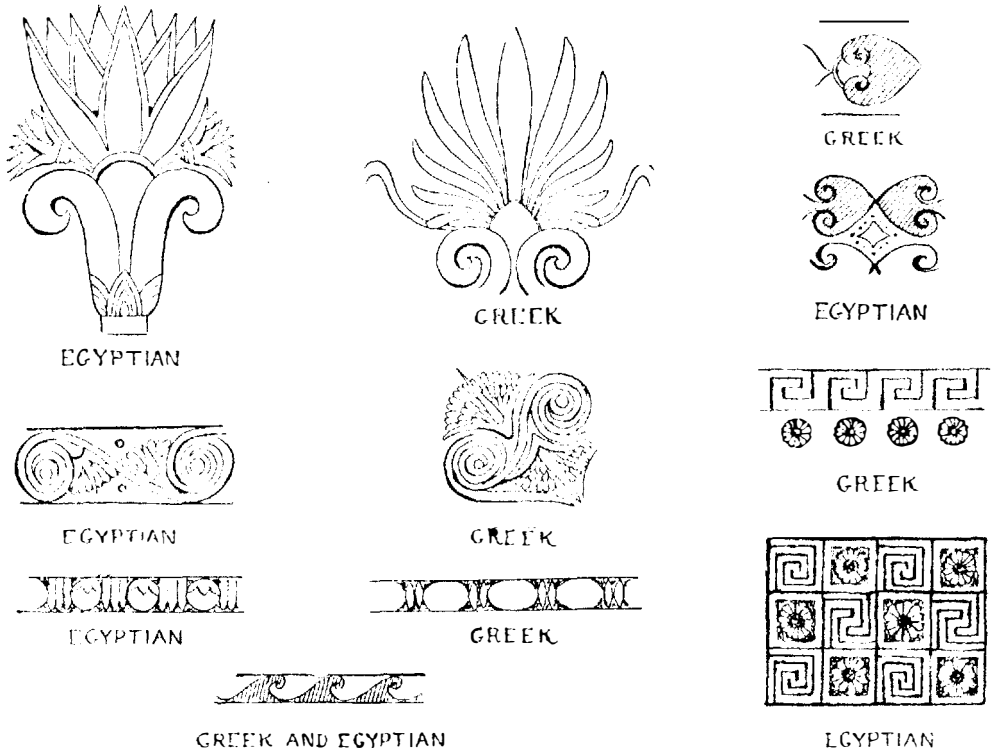


TEMPLE OF EDFU, LOOKING TOWARDS THE PYLONS

was influenced by Egypt. It is undoubtedly true that historic Greece derived a few art motifs from the prehistoric Aegean civilization, such as the Doric frieze with triglyphs, but this in no way militates against a powerful influence from Egypt, either directly or through the Aegean and Mesopotamia. If, as H. P. Blavatsky tells us, Egyptian civilization was in an advanced state thousands of years before the so-called Pyramid Age, it seems only reasonable that it should have strongly affected all the surrounding nations. In the case of the Greek Doric column we have no reason to believe it was derived from the Aegean column, inverted in

appearance with its smaller end down, but in Egypt shafts closely resembling the Doric and with round or square capitals had been in constant use for centuries before the earliest known Doric in Greece. They are found at Karnak, Deir-el-Baharí, Beni-Hassán and Kalabshe. They were thick and short, like the pillars of the early temple of Corinth.

Among the supreme refinements of Greek architecture we find subtle curves and other modifications of apparently straight lines, and certain irregularities in the spacing of parts, all evidently intentional. It used to be taught that these were all designed for the purpose of correcting



GREEK AND EGYPTIAN ORNAMENTAL DECORATION, SHOWING SIMILARITIES

optical illusions, but a newer and better hypothesis suggests that most of them were devices to give the sparkle and movement of life to an otherwise rigidly mechanical structure. The Greeks followed the example of the Egyptians in this, for similar artifices have been found at Medinet Habu and elsewhere. The columns of the great Hypostyle Hall at Karnak are slightly irregular in spacing — just sufficiently so to take away the monotony without attracting attention to the means employed. As Dr. Sirén says,* the influence of the Egyptian temple upon the Greek is

*THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, October 1912

unmistakable. Some of the single-celled Egyptian temples (the Mam-misi) are almost identical in design with the simpler Greek forms.

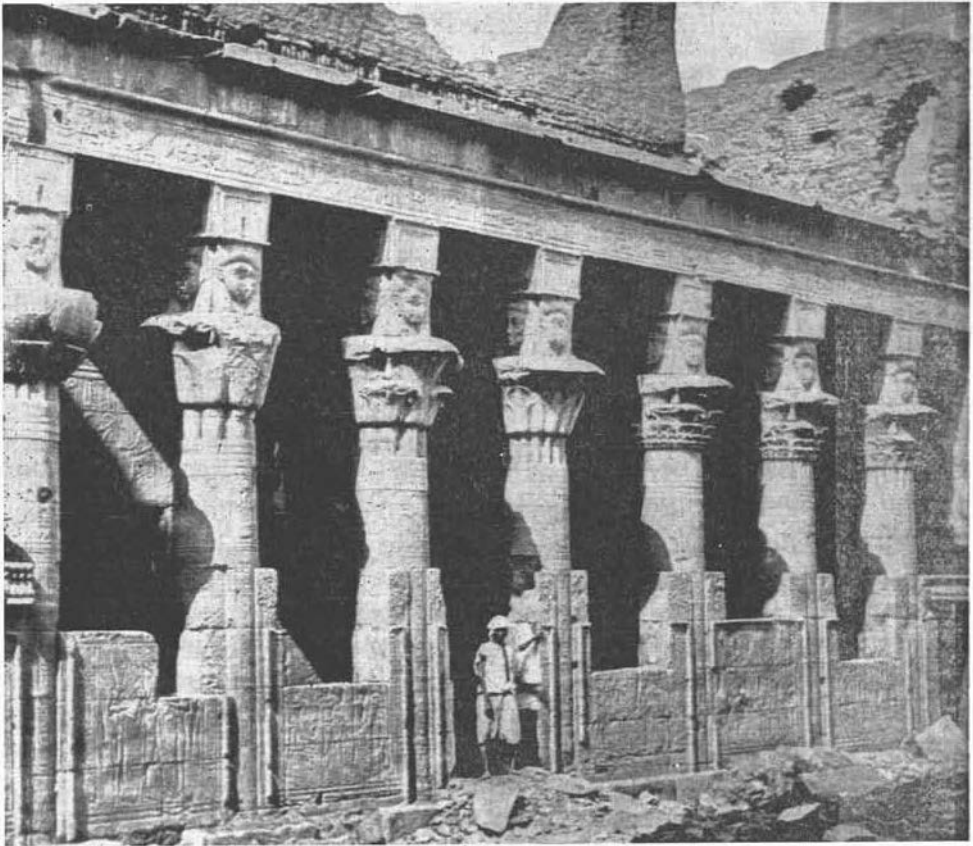
It is not easy to deny the Egyptian influence in decorative art. The lotus plant so extensively used was not only an admirable motif for design but it had a profound meaning in symbolism. We find ornamental



COLONNADE IN THE MORTUARY TEMPLE OF MEDINET-HABU
NEAR THEBES

forms derived from it, such as the anthemion, widely distributed in western Asia and eastern Europe. The fret, the Mycenaean 'heart-leaf,' the astragal, the rosette and other patterns formerly supposed to be essentially Greek are all found in earlier Egypt. The palm-leaf capitals at Philae somewhat resemble the Greek Corinthian of the Temple of the Winds, and the rich floriated capitals of Kom Ombo are very like the fully-developed Corinthian. In the Minoan paintings of the human figure with flat feet, twisted shoulders and profile faces, and in the archaic Greek figure sculptures which stand in the conventional Egyptian 'hieratic' position, the traces of Egypt are unmistakable. In so-called primitive races away from the Mediterranean, we do not find anything like so many points of resemblance between their artistic conventions and those of Egypt. These conventions,

in fact, are *not* necessarily the ones that beginners would fall into. In the very earliest known carvings in Europe — the human figures from the Quaternary caverns in the Dordogne, France, — the attitudes are not abnormally twisted, nor conventionalized, but are clumsy attempts at realism. Nor are Egyptian conventions found in the Far East.

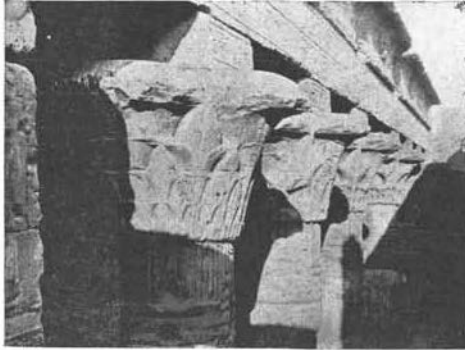


COLONNADE AT THE TEMPLE OF PHILAE
THE CAPITALS SOMEWHAT RESEMBLE THE GREEK AND ROMAN CORINTHIAN

The Greeks having no such long sacerdotal tradition behind them as the Egyptians, soon dropped the formal poses of the archaic type and developed into a perfection which transcended even the naturalistic portrait sculpture of the Fifth Dynasty.

The principle of the round arch was well known to the Egyptians, though like the Greeks, they preferred the flat lintel. A leading architectural principle common to both peoples was stability. The upper parts of their buildings rested firmly upon the lower; no part was balanced in unstable

equilibrium; no buttresses or thickening of walls was necessary to prevent roofs or arches collapsing by their outward thrust. Compare this fundamental principle of permanence with its dignity, with the unstable feeling produced by even the finest ecclesiastical Gothic of the Middle Ages. Beautiful and fanciful though it be, a Gothic cathedral of the fourteenth century is a fragile structure of conflicting stresses, the roofs and



EGYPTIAN PAPYRUS CAPITALS
From the Temple of Esneh

pointed arches trying to push out the walls, which the buttresses and flying buttresses reinforce by their counter-resistance. The calmness and repose so characteristic of Egyptian and Greek religious architecture could not exist under such uncertain conditions.

The Egyptian climate compelled certain principles to be adopted that are not so desirable in the Gothic style of the grayer northern regions. In the blazing, southern sunshine, large, simple masses and flat planes are more effective than the spires and pinnacles and intricacies of fretted detail which give interest to buildings illuminated by the subdued and diffused light of more foggy latitudes. The Moslems in Egypt instinctively followed the same principle in their Mosque architecture; they delighted in large and simple features, well proportioned, with here and there a concentration of rich and elaborate detail.

As Egyptian art was an integral part of the life of the people, the architecture was not always ponderous and solemn, but was modified into lightness and gaiety for domestic and other familiar uses. In sculpture when realism was demanded it appeared, as in the *Ka* statues in the tombs, but when not specifically needed, as in the reliefs and statues in the temples, conventional forms were largely adopted. It would be a mistake to imagine that the conventionalized carvings were indifferently executed or that their peculiarities arose from incapacity. Maspero says:

The peculiar properties of the bas-reliefs are soon revealed to anyone who examines them with close attention, and he then almost despairs of reproducing them adequately by any ordinary means. The line which encircles the bodies with so precise a contour is not stiff and inflexible in its whole length as it appears at a first glance, but it undulates, swells out and tapers off and sinks down to the structure of the limbs it bounds and the action that animates them. The flat parts it defines contain not only a summary definition of the anatomy and of the flesh surfaces, but the place of the muscles

is marked by such minute excrescences and hollows that we marvel how the ancient sculptor could produce them with the rude tools at his disposal. It required the suppleness of the white limestone of Tourah to enable them to work in a relief some ten-thousandth of an inch high, a thing that modern pen, pencil or brush is impotent to transcribe exactly on paper.

The two chief styles of Egyptian relief carving are shown in the accompanying cuts. In the wall-picture of Isis nursing the Child, from Abydos, the plain, bold reliefs resemble in the method of cutting, the ordinary principle adopted in ancient and modern times. Concerning the subject of this picture, Dr. Budge, in *The Gods of the Egyptians* (II, 220) says:

There is little doubt that in her character of the loving and protecting mother she appealed strongly to the imagination of the Eastern peoples. . . . and that the pictures and sculptures wherein she is represented in the act of suckling her child Horus formed the foundation for the Christian figures and paintings of the Madonna and Child . . . and if the parallels between the theological history of Isis and Horus and the history of Mary and the Child be considered, it is difficult to see how they could avoid perceiving in the teachings of Christianity reflections of the best and most spiritual doctrines of the Egyptian religion. . . . The knowledge of the ancient Egyptian religion which we now possess fully justifies the assertion that the rapid growth and progress of Christianity in Egypt were due mainly to the fact that the new religion, which was preached there by St. Mark and his immediate followers, in its essentials so closely resembled that which was the outcome of the worship of Osiris, Isis and Horus, that popular opposition was entirely disarmed.

The second, less costly and elaborate style, the intaglio, in which the figures are nearly flat, and only distinguished in outline by a deep groove, was introduced by Rameses II about 1200 B. C., but finally a return was made to the older and more effective method. The Egyptian artist made no attempt at perspective as we understand it; he represented nature in the Oriental way, and, accustomed as we are to our photographic style, the Egyptian compositions are confusing. The distant objects are placed above, or, as in rows of figures, slightly in advance of the nearer ones, and the most important persons are usually made larger than the rest, irrespective of distance. The decorative effect, in composition of masses or colors, is always good. The hieroglyphs, quaintly picturesque in their forms, gave the artists unusual opportunities, and, like the Arabic inscriptions on the Moslem mosques of a later date, were utilized to add to the beauty of the decorative scheme.

The large figures in low relief on the outside walls of Egyptian temples are very striking, and colossal statues were used as architectural features more frequently and boldly than we find elsewhere. Unfortunately the only remaining specimens of the most gigantic of these architectural statues, the Colossi of the Plain of Thebes, have lost the backing of the

great temple to which they were attached, so that we cannot judge of the full majesty of the design. The rock-cut temples of Abu-Simbel in Nubia, impressive though they be, only give a partial idea of the combination of gigantic figures with architecture, because the main part of the building is concealed within the hill. It is clear, however, that the Egyptians showed better judgment than the Greeks in the use of architectural figures; their statues did not support any superincumbent weight, but stood or sat in



TWO OBELISKS AT KARNAK

front of the wall; they never gave the spectator the idea that they must be getting tired or that they might soon be crushed by the pressure above — an impression conveyed by the Greek caryatids or telamones upon which the superstructure directly rests.

The hieroglyphic inscriptions on temple walls are not the only remains of Egyptian literature. Books were widely read. In the scanty relics that have survived the ages we find religious rituals, treatises on magic, state papers, books of travel, medical, astronomical and mathematical works, fairy stories and ro-

mances, poems and love-songs. No regular historical work has yet been found, but there are several poetical accounts of famous campaigns and victories. Rameses the Great was never tired of representing his victory over the Hittites in Syria in hieroglyph and bas-relief. The enemy cut him off from the main part of his army and it was only by his own personal valor that he saved the day and so kept the northern frontier of Egypt



THE COLOSSI OF RAMESES THE GREAT
IN FRONT OF THE GREAT ROCK TEMPLE AT ABU SIMBEL

from invasion. After peace was made he gave the Hittite king his daughter in marriage and a treaty was made and adhered to. It shows the high state of humanity of the conflicting peoples, and is a remarkable example of international law more than three thousand years ago. It arranged for the return home of prisoners of war and civilians who had been held by either government. The humanity of the Egyptians in war is shown in the pictures wherein they are seen saving and resuscitating their drowning foes. Rameses II is erroneously branded by some as a bloodthirsty conqueror; as a matter of fact, after making his northern frontier safe, he settled down for the remaining forty-six years of his life in peace and devoted his energies to government and architecture.

An interesting side-light into ancient Egyptian life is contained in the unique temple of Queen Hatshepsut at Deir-el-Bahari. The wall-pictures represent the main incidents in the maritime expedition that great ruler sent to Punt in eastern Africa near the entrance to the Red Sea. Punt, now usually (and perhaps wrongly) called Somaliland, was an incense country, and Egypt greatly needed pure incense, undefiled by the hands of vulgar

traders, to honor Amen-Ra and the other gods in fitting manner. The expedition left and returned to Thebes in several large ships, and it is an unsettled problem how it reached the Red Sea. It cannot have circumnavigated Africa,* and the only apparent way is by some canal joining the Nile and the Red Sea. Such a canal was certainly in existence a little later than the reign of Hatshepsu, and has been attributed to Seti I, but with very little reason; it is well within the bounds of probability that the energetic queen built it to open the trade route to Punt; such a feat would be quite in accord with her enterprising character.

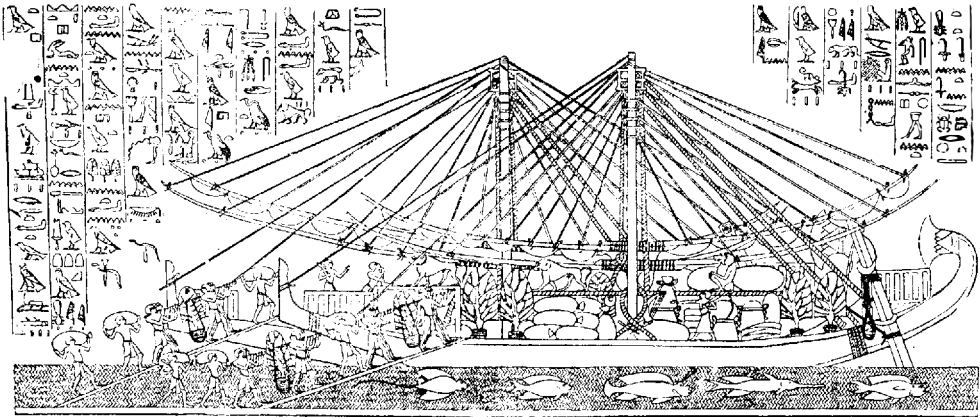


THE RAMESSEUM, MORTUARY TEMPLE, NEAR THEBES

On reaching Punt a river was ascended and the expedition landed from boats. In one picture we see the leading ships furling their sails while the rest still come on. In another the Egyptians have landed and are bartering with the native chief. The commander displays fifteen bracelets, two golden collars, eleven strings of glass beads, poniards, battle-axes, and other treasures. The natives — who are not negroes — ask with amazement: "How did you reach this unknown country? Have you descended from the sky?" A bargain is finally made and clinched at a sumptuous banquet. A later picture shows the Egyptians loading their vessels with great stores of incense, elephants' tusks, gold, ebony, myrrh, cassia, leopards, baboons, apes, greyhounds, oxen, even a giraffe; slaves, and best of all, thirty-one incense trees carefully packed to protect the roots. In

* Nine hundred years later an Egyptian expedition actually sent by King Nekau performed the daring feat of circumnavigating the continent.

the hieroglyphs we read scraps of conversation between the men. One says: "Do not throw so much weight on my shoulder," and his comrade retorts that he is a lazy fellow. The whole story is amazingly modern. A great festival was held when the ships safely arrived at Thebes. The incense trees were planted at Deir-el-Bahari and grew well, and the Queen gave most of the perfumes to the great temple of Amen-Ra at Thebes,



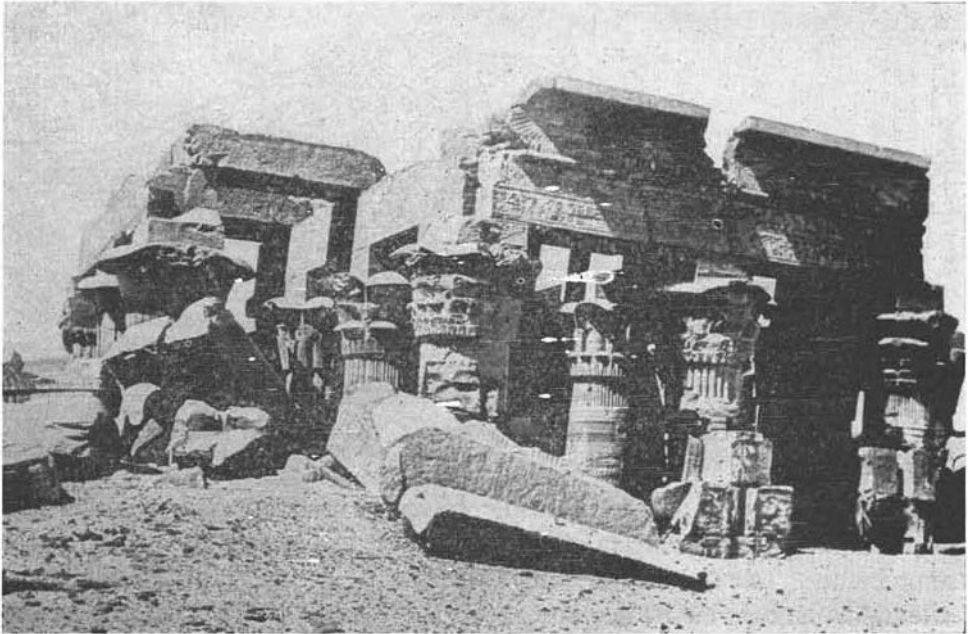
SHIPS OF QUEEN HATSHEPSET'S NAVAL EXPEDITION TO PUNT

though she reserved some for herself. In the British Museum is preserved the magnificent throne of Hatshepset; it is not interesting alone for its extreme beauty, but on account of its material – a rare red wood which is believed to have come from Punt.

A great development in navigation took place soon after Hatshepset's time, and it may be rather a surprise to many to learn that Egypt was fighting naval battles in huge warships a thousand years before King Alfred of England gathered the primitive nucleus of the British fleet. Ptolemy Philopater possessed a ship four hundred and twenty feet long. It was rowed by four thousand sailors, and had several banks of oars; four hundred others worked the sails, and it carried three thousand soldiers. The royal *dahabiyeh*, three hundred and thirty feet long, was elaborately fitted and had state-rooms of considerable size. Another vessel contained, in addition to the ordinary cabins, large bath-rooms, a library, and an astronomical observatory. From its eight towers machines could hurl stones weighing three hundred pounds, and arrows eighteen feet long.

In the region of romance a number of Egyptian stories of great antiquity have lately been found which resemble popular tales current still, such as Cinderella, and some of the tales from the Arabian Nights. One story of the Twelfth Dynasty partly resembles Sindbad the Sailor. The hero is wrecked upon a fairy island of incense and delights where he meets

a talking serpent, a friendly beast who turns out to be the magician king of the island. After various adventures on the island, which ultimately vanishes, the Egyptian Sindbad returns safely to Egypt with many treasures. This tale is said to have an inner meaning. It symbolizes the voyage of the soul after death to the happy Otherworld, its meeting with the purified and wise, and its return to earth-life.



TEMPLE OF KOM OMBO

'The Two Brothers' is another curious fairy tale with a distinct philosophical meaning. The first part treats in a simple and touching manner of life in a farm. The character of the younger brother, Bata, a lovable youth, is charmingly drawn. A leading incident reminds us of the Bible story of Joseph and Potiphar's wife. The latter part is obviously mystical; it brings in the reincarnation of the hero in an unusual manner, but which is found in some Irish legends — another hint of the connexion between ancient Egypt and western Europe, now well established.

Two volumes of curiously interesting Egyptian tales, published by Dr. Petrie, and another by Professor Maspero, containing true as well as fictional stories, are to be found in the public libraries.

As no serious, consecutive history of Egypt by any native historian has been discovered, it is with great difficulty that even an approximate record of the reigns of the Pharaohs has been constructed in modern times. The two schools of Egyptian archaeology differ greatly about the

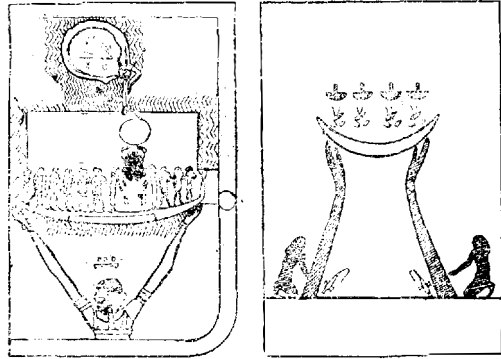
dates preceding B. C. 1500. The uncertainty chiefly arises from the Egyptian method of reckoning one of the fundamental cycles of time. This started on a certain day when the star Sothis (Sirius), 'the home of Isis,' first appeared in the eastern sky at dawn after being hidden behind the sun. Owing to the ignoring of the extra day in leap-year, the nominal date on which this beautiful celestial phenomenon took place annually did not remain long the same. It recurred, however, on the same nominal day of the Egyptian year after 1460 years, which therefore constituted a Sothic Cycle. Events were dated as having occurred in such a year of such a Sothic Cycle. As the successive Sothic Cycles were not separately distinguished by the Egyptians, there is confusion about early dates which cannot be checked by independent records. This should always be borne in mind when we hear positive statements about the age of the Great Pyramid and the early Empire.

The Egyptians, in common with other nations, far and near, believed in a primitive Golden Age when Divine Beings ruled, followed by declining periods of Demi-gods and ordinary human kings. The length of the reigns gradually diminished from thousands of years to normal human periods at the beginning of the historical age. According to Plato, the Egyptians knew of the destruction of Atlantis by water, and in the tomb of Seti I there is a written account of the destruction of mankind in a deluge of blood, which strongly reminds us of the deluge of the blood of the giant Emer, out of which the new earth emerged, in Scandinavian mythology. These legends may be allegorical in detail, but they stand for actual events. The reigns of the Gods and Heroes refer to the earlier races of mankind, less material perhaps, from which evolved the purely human through stages or steps downward into greater materiality, out of which we have ultimately to rise. In tracing this illuminating and fundamental principle of the descent into matter, a Theosophical concept strongly accentuated in Egyptian, Greek, Chinese, Indian and other philosophies, we may find some profitable suggestions, with a practical bearing upon our own lives.

Though we have no complete Egyptian works on their philosophy, enough scattered material exists to enable the leading features to be distinguished. We must use the comparative method in the light of Theosophy, which unlocks the more or less Secret Teaching or Doctrine of antiquity, partly revealed under the popular forms of religion, partly concealed either intentionally or by the fabrications of inferior minds.

One of the widest generalizations of the Secret Doctrine is that of evolutionary progress through emanation and reabsorption. One after another, the great Life-Cycles proceed from their spiritual origin 'downwards' through gradual stages of materialization into the objective and

material, and then take the upward curve again to a higher level, rich with experience, and so forth in eternal progress. Smaller cycles are contained within the greater. Here are two singular diagrams which illustrate the principle of emanation in the universe and in man. The first from the tomb of Seti I, and reproduced by Dr. Budge in his learned work, *The Gods of the Egyptians*, is the 'Creation.' The zigzag groundwork is dark green, and represents the mystical 'Waters of Space,'—'Chaos'—the container of all the potentialities of existence, from which all proceeds. Thales of Miletus, called the founder of Greek philosophy, studied in Egypt and adopted the teaching that the primeval 'Water' is the substratum of the universe, placing it earlier than the active

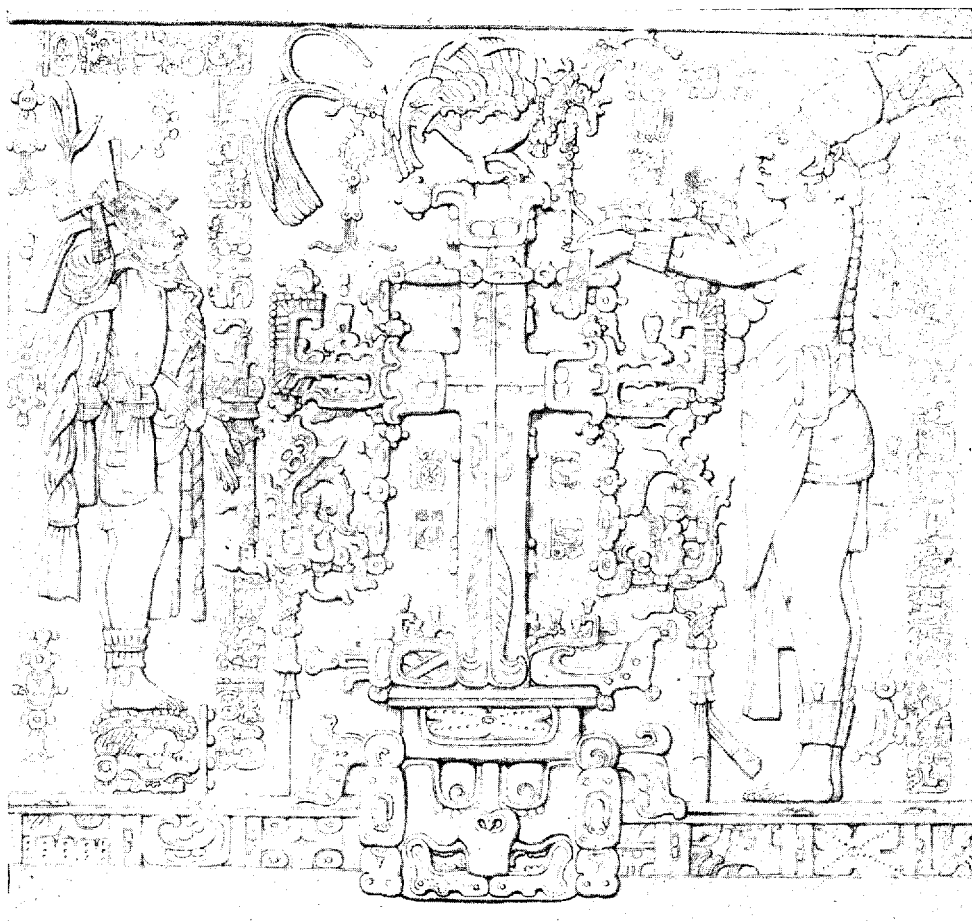


TWO HIEROGLYPHS: THE 'CREATION'
AND THE 'SEVEN PRINCIPLES OF MAN'

principle 'Fire.' From what Thales learned in Egypt later Greek philosophers developed their systems. In the diagram, the god Nu, holding up the Solar Boat, is a personification of the celestial Waters. The body of Osiris is bent into a circle, inclosing a White Space, symbolic of the Divine Unity; his body may also be taken as forming the border of the Underworld, *Tuat*, the inner kingdom of forces. Notice the inverted position of Osiris. Descending still more in evolution is a goddess, Nut, springing from the head of Osiris, and also inverted. She touches the Solar Disk, Ra, the Egg with the seeds of life associated with the Scarabaeus Beetle of Khepera, the symbol of ever-renewing life and reincarnation. Many other indications can be found in this remarkable diagram, such as the Circle, the Square, and the Triangle, in significant arrangement. The Triangle—the arms of Nu—is inverted. The Solar Boat or Ark with the ten fructifying gods is also of great interest to students of universal symbolism. The picture may also be taken to represent the apparent passage of the sun across the skies—perhaps its real journey through space. We know by the texts* that in very early times the Egyptians knew of the rotation of the Earth and its movement in space.

The hieroglyph to the right is another symbolic representation of evolution or emanation from the spiritual to the physical; it stands for the complex nature of man. It is taken from an article on 'The Wisdom of

* See Chabas, *Zeitschrift für Aegypt. Sprache*, 1864; and Leiblin, *Transactions of the Provincial Congress of French Orientalists*, I Bulletins, Vol. II.



ALTAR WITH CROSS AND SACRED QUETZAL BIRD, PALENQUE, MEXICO

the Egyptians,' in the *Sphinx*, of Munich (1883), by Franz Lambert. The article deals with the Egyptian and Kabalistic teachings about the 'Seven Principles of Man,' and is referred to with high approval by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*, where she recommends the study of the facts given.*

The diagram represents what has been called, in a misleading fashion, 'The Seven Souls of Man, according to the Egyptians.' Several lists of these 'souls' have been recorded and discussed by archaeologists without much result, but if attention had been paid to the similar divisions of the principles of man recorded in other philosophies, the meaning would have been clear, for the comparative method is the key to many mysteries. The separate symbols in the diagram represent the components of man's nature, the permanent, reincarnating part, and the temporary emanation.

* *The Secret Doctrine*, Volume II, page 633.

The Egyptians fully believed in the reincarnation of the immortal spirit of man in successive lives on earth, with intervals of rest in Devachan or 'paradise.' But there have been misinterpretations of the real teachings. For instance, as Lambert says:

A passage in Herodotus undoubtedly speaks of migration of souls in the sense that the soul of the deceased undertakes a journey through animal forms, entering anew into the human form at the end of 3000 years. But this certainly contains a misunderstanding. [Herodotus was occasionally misled by his native guides and sometimes deliberately concealed what he was told by higher authorities, as he himself says.] Thus it is related in Stobaeus that the Egyptian doctrine was that the soul accomplishes this evolution through animal forms *before* entering the human body for the first time; and



LUXOR FROM THE NILE

in the book of Hermes Trismegistos the contrary is also stated and repeated, *i. e.*, that the human soul *cannot* enter the body of an unreasoning animal, and that a divine law protects the human soul from such an outrage. In the same way the Twelve Metamorphoses into animals and plants must not be taken literally, but in their symbolic relation to the twelve hours of the day and of the night, as has been shown by Dr. Brugsch. . . .

Let death touch a being dear to some educated man quite modern and scientifically full-grown; he believes that a chemical process has begun to destroy the body and that all the physical manifestations that belong to the body are for ever annihilated. An intimate conviction may perhaps arise in him that there is another meeting; an unknown feeling may actually begin to speak softly to him like some antique legend, half-faded, of a survival after death; but he must dismiss that consolation in the spirit of resignation

because it is not 'scientifically demonstrated' up to date; and as for the innate conviction, that is easily explained by a nervous relaxation or a reflex action from the grief that has been aroused.

Quite different was the intuition that the peoples who lived at the edge of prehistoric times formed of death, races which had not been inoculated with teachings like ours. At that time a simple faith spoke, which observed, and from these observations drew conclusions whose correctness was directed by the natural healthy intuition.

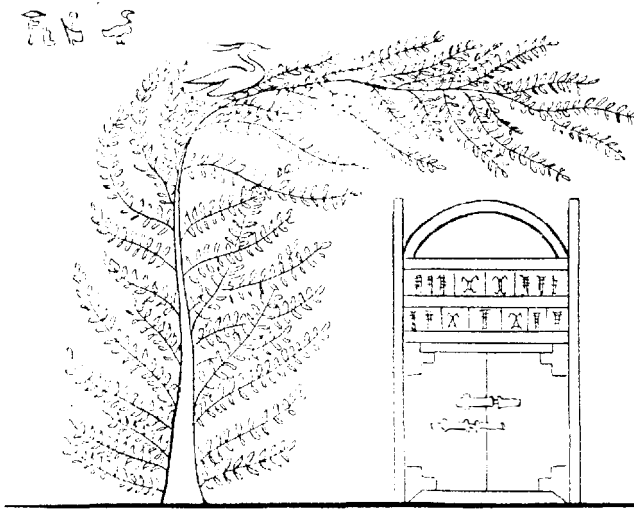
According to the ancient Egyptian Theosophy, death is not the destruction of man, nor is it even the flight of the individual soul from a corruptible body straight to eternal salvation in Osiris, or to eternal punishment. It is the more or less temporary separation or dispersion of the elements, some of which will reunite in the Beyond and will return to earth to take up another body. As H. P. Blavatsky says: "Every time the immortal Ego reincarnates it becomes, as a total, a compound unit of matter and spirit which together act in seven planes of being and consciousness."

The hieroglyph to the right is divided into two parts. The four lower consist of *Khat*, the two human figures: the Body; *Bas*, the non-descript fish-like objects: the Life-principle; *Ka*, the two arms: the organizing or formative principle; and *Ab*, the crescent: the middle principle. The upper part has two visible subdivisions: *Ba*, the four birds *inverted*: the Higher Manas of Theosophical terminology; and *Khaibit*, the four swarms *inverted*, the Buddhi principle of Theosophy. These two principles belong to the Higher Spiritual Triad; in this diagram the third and highest member of the upper group is not shown: its place is left suggestively blank. In another figure it is shown - a plain circle, *Khu*, the supreme illumination. These seven constitute the so-called 'seven souls,' a misnomer. In some texts two other principles are mentioned. One stands for the *name* of the person; the other is obscure.

The ingenious device of the inversion of the two upper hieroglyphs reveals the great principle of the Emanation or Evolution downwards of the higher into the lower manifestation in the case of Man. The Circle of the Overshadowing Divinity cannot, of course, be inverted, nor is it necessary that it should, for it permeates everything.

The central object, *Ab*, the crescent, is very important; it is the link between the higher and the lower, and belongs, in a measure, to each. The word *Ab* means 'heart,' and in the Judgment Scene from the *Book of the Dead* it is seen as a heart or heart-shaped vase being weighed in the presence of Osiris. It seems to represent the *personal* intelligence, the feeling and emotions of man and to stand in close relationship with the divine. It may be more than this. Of the four lower principles, the *Ka*, symbolized

by the arms and hands (*i. e.*, the constructive members), is that which the Egyptians tried to preserve by taking care of the mummified corpse, and by providing artificial bodies in the form of statues and paintings. It is



THE 'BENNU,' OR EGYPTIAN PHOENIX, SEATED IN THE TREE OF MANY LIVES, WITH THE TOMB BELOW
The inscription reads 'Soul of Osiris.'

the formative astral mold or model around which the material body is built, and it is not immediately destroyed with the death of the body. It is probably analogous to the *manes* of the Romans. One of the reasons for the great endeavor the Egyptians made to preserve it safely within the tomb was to prevent the undesirable consequences to the living of having it around loose. In

common with other antique peoples they understood that the lower principles, unpurified, did not enter the 'Fields of Aalu (Aanru)' — the Elysian Fields — and the semi-conscious *Ka*, left behind when the freed soul disentangled itself, was a danger to the living unless restrained. The 'manes' or astral remains which haunted the neighborhood of abandoned tombs, were, as Professor Maspero says:

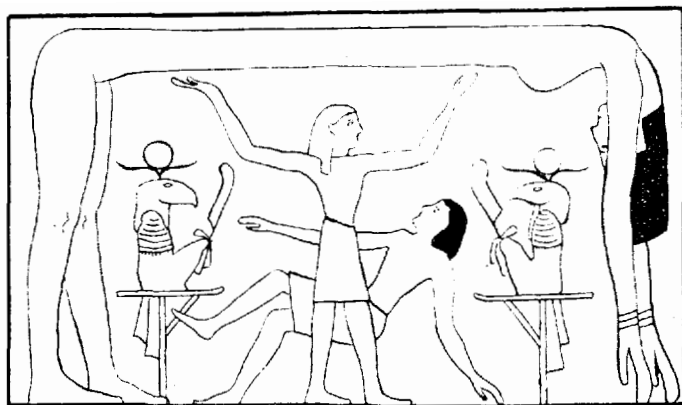
Excellent tools in the hands of the sorcerers, especially the souls of suicides, of murdered persons and criminals, of all who died a violent death before their time, and who had to live near their bodies till the period destined for their earthly life was accomplished.

Mr. Weigall, late Inspector of Antiquities for Upper Egypt to the Egyptian Government, in the *Treasury of Ancient Egypt*, writes of many extraordinary stories brought to his notice by Egyptian gentlemen of the highest position and modern education (in our sense of the word) which support the claim that traces of the ancient knowledge of Egypt which was called magic are still to be found by those who know where to search, and that there are still living men in Egypt possessing unusual powers. He gives accounts of recent occurrences closely resembling certain strange

incidents spoken of by H. P. Blavatsky in *Isis Unveiled*. Upon the subject of the *Ka*-soul of executed criminals and the annoyance they can give, Mr. Weigall says: "At Luxor lately, the ghost of a well-known robber persecuted his widow to such an extent that she finally went mad. A remarkable parallel to this, dating from Pharaonic days, may be mentioned here. It is the letter of a haunted widower to his dead wife, in which he asks why she persecutes him, since he was always kind to her during her life, nursed her during illnesses and never grieved her heart."

Modern materialistic psychology has fallen into the error of thinking that suicides and executed criminals are annihilated by death, and have no further influence for evil upon the minds of the weak and impressionable. The Egyptians knew better, and took what they believed to be adequate means of precaution.

An interesting survival of the Egyptian form of the doctrine of the complex nature of man has been found among the intelligent African Ekoi



THE 'DUAL NATURE,' FROM THE TOMB OF
HER-UR, PRIEST OF AMEN

tribe; even the word 'Ka' can be recognized in the Ekoi word *Kra*, which signifies the same thing.*

Some modern schools of psychology, from observation of the weird phenomena of so-called 'multiple personality,' during which rapid changes of character occur — loss of

memory and loss of identity—have almost gone to the extreme of doubting a central co-ordinating Ego in man; but the Egyptians never lost sight of the permanent, immortal Ego, nor confused it with the superficial manifestations of the lower nature. A frequent Egyptian symbol of the Higher Self—the Osiris or Christos principle—was a bird, the 'Phoenix' or *Bennu*, which when old was reputed to rejuvenate itself by passing through fire. In one picture we see it sitting in the Tree of Lives, the branches of which stand for separate incarnations. At the side is the Tomb of Osiris, the whole undeniably referring to the descent of the divine spirit

* *In the Shadow of the Bush*, by Amaury Talbot.

into the sepulcher of material life. The inscription above reads "Soul of Osiris."* Lambert writes:

The separate personalities into which the ultimate essence incarnates have been likened to a necklace of pearls, through which the Higher Self passes as the string which unites them. More beautiful is the Egyptian comparison of a tree whose trunk is rooted in the earth and which lifts itself towards the Divine Sun and produces branches, leaves and fruits. This emblem of the Tree of Life finds many representations among the Egyptians, Babylonians and Assyrians.

The Bird, as an emblem of the Divine Spirit, is found in many regions, even in ancient America, where the Quetzal bird is seen surmounting the Cross in the altar tablets at Palenque. The Morning Star, Venus or Lucifer, is the planet of the *Osiris-Bennu*.

Our last illustration, taken from the mummy-case of Aroeris-Ao, priest of Amen, shows the dual nature of man in the most elementary form. The standing figure, colored blue, aspires toward the goddess of the heavens, *Nut*; another form of *Nu*, the Primeval Waters of Space. This design is almost identical with others which show the sky-goddess being held away from or above the earth-god (the recumbent *Seb*) by *Shu*, the intermediate link in the Triad, but in this figure the characteristic attributes of the gods are absent.

In the two papers, of which this is the second, an effort has been made to present a few points, selected from a rich field, to support the assertion that the civilization of ancient Egypt was a mighty development of human intelligence. As H. P. Blavatsky says in *Isis Unveiled*:

Let us honestly confess, at once, that we really know little about these ancient nations, and that so far as purely hypothetical speculations go, unless we study in the same direction as the ancient priests did, we have as little chance in the future.

The School of Antiquity has been founded, in part, for such study, the first step in which is the abandonment of the limited conceptions of the knowledge and wisdom of the ancients and the recognition that the Egyptians and their contemporaries did not live in the 'childhood of the race,' but were the heirs to ancestral wisdom that came to them from periods compared with which that of the Pharaohs is but yesterday, and from lands that are submerged beneath the ocean waves.

* *Life in Ancient Egypt*, Erman.

FRIENDS OR ENEMIES IN THE FUTURE:

by Eusebio Urban (William Q. Judge)

THE fundamental doctrines of Theosophy are of no value unless they are applied to daily life. To the extent to which this application goes they become living truths, quite different from intellectual expressions of doctrine. The mere intellectual grasp may result in spiritual pride, while the living doctrine becomes an entity through the mystic power of the human soul. Many great minds have dwelt on this. Saint Paul wrote:

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and though I have faith so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

The Voice of the Silence, expressing the views of the highest schools of occultism, asks us to step out of the sunlight into the shade so as to make more room for others, and declares that those whom we help in this life will help us in our next one.

Buttresses to these are the doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation. The first shows that we must reap what we sow, and the second that we come back in the company of those with whom we lived and acted in other lives. St. Paul was in complete accord with all other occultists, and his expressions above given must be viewed in the light Theosophy throws on all similar writings. Contrasted with charity, which is love of our fellows, are all the possible virtues and acquirements. These are all nothing if charity be absent. Why? Because they die with the death of the uncharitable person: their value is naught, and that being is reborn without friend and without capacity.

This is of the highest importance to the earnest Theosophist, who may be making the mistake of obtaining intellectual benefits but remains uncharitable. The fact that we are now working in the Theosophical movement means that we did so in other lives, must do so again, and, still more important, that those who are now with us will be reincarnated in our company on our next rebirth.

Shall those whom we now know or whom we are destined to know before this life ends be our friends or enemies, our aiders or obstructors, in that coming life? And what will make them hostile or friendly to us then? Not what we shall say or do to and for them in the future life. For no man becomes your friend in a present life by reason of present acts alone. He was your friend, or you his, before in a previous life. Your present acts but revive the old friendship, renew the ancient obligation.

Was he your enemy before, he will be now, even though you do him service now, for these tendencies last always more than three lives. They will be more and still more our aids if we increase the bond of friendship of today by charity. Their tendency to enmity will be one-third lessened in every life if we persist in kindness, in love, in charity now. And that charity is not a gift of money, but charitable thought for every weakness, to every failure.

Our future friends or enemies, then, are those who are with us and to be with us in the present. If they are those who now seem inimical, we make a grave mistake and only put off the day of reconciliation three more lives if we allow ourselves today to be deficient in charity for them. We are annoyed and hindered by those who actively oppose as well as others whose mere looks, temperament, and unconscious action fret and disturb us. Our code of justice to ourselves, often but petty personality, incites us to rebuke them, to criticise, to attack. It is a mistake for us to so act. Could we but glance ahead to next life, we would see these for whom we now have but scant charity crossing the plain of that life with ourselves and ever in our way, always hiding the light from us. But change our present attitude, and that new life to come would show these bores and partial enemies and obstructors helping us, aiding our every effort. For Karma may give them then greater opportunities than ourselves and better capacity.

Is any Theosophist who reflects on this so foolish as to continue now, if he has the power to alter himself, a course that will breed a crop of thorns for his next life's reaping? We should continue our charity and kindnesses to our friends whom it is easy to wish to help, but for those whom we naturally dislike, who are our bores now, we ought to take especial pains to aid and carefully toward them cultivate a feeling of love and charity. This adds interest to our Karmic investment. The opposite course, as surely as sun rises and water runs down hill, strikes interest from the account and enters a heavy item on the wrong side of life's ledger.

And especially should the whole Theosophical organization act on lines laid down by St. Paul and *The Voice of the Silence*. For Karmic tendency is an unswerving law. It compels us to go on in this movement of thought and doctrine; it will bring back to reincarnation all in it now. Sentiment cannot move the law one inch; and though that emotion might seek to rid us of the presence of these men and women we presently do not fancy or approve — and there are many such in our ranks for everyone — the law will place us again in company with friendly tendency increased or hostile feeling diminished, just as we now create the one or prevent the other.

What will you have? In the future life — enemies or friends?

Tried in the Balance.

CHAPTER I

THERE was a knock at the studio door. This was unusual; for visitors seldom climbed so far unless they were sure of a welcome when they reached the top of the interminable stairs. It is no more a misuse of language to speak of reaching the top of an interminable flight of stairs than it is to couple the idea of stairs with that of flight; why not speak of a crawl of stairs? No! that staircase was interminable; for when you had reached the top there was the memory of the climb, and that was enough to carry on to the occasion of the next ascent. Then when a visitor did come to the studio he was usually of the kind that walked in unannounced, or kicked the door if it happened to be shut, and perhaps accompanied the kick with an expletive. But this was a polite knock unaccompanied by vocal appeal. It was pathetic in its bald simplicity, it spoke of a nature free from assumption or unfamiliar with the manners of bohemia.

The artist was too much surprised to answer, and found himself almost unconsciously making frantic efforts to hide the remains of a rude meal, by the simple device of laying his palette on the fragments that littered the chair beside him. Then he snatched a coat from a nail in the wall, passed his hand over his hair, and stepped to the door just as the visitor timidly knocked again.

He opened and saw a pair of big brown eyes looking up at him intently as a dog looks: they were deep and earnest; their gaze thrilled him strangely, so that he almost forgot his wonder in a peculiar sense of recognition.

He smiled, and said "Come in," with an unusual gentleness.

She came in, and he shut the door.

She looked about her, and he looked at her, in silence. He waited for her to speak, though he was not conscious of waiting, only he wondered; and at last she looked at him and said: "I thought you might want a model, so I called."

Want a model, indeed! Oh yes, he wanted a model badly, but he wanted even more the means to pay for one. No models ever came to call on him now; they all knew there was no money in his pocket even to pay the rent with any degree of punctuality. The concierge was not malicious, but was inordinately communicative, and thought it a duty to warn the unwary against the wiles of the impecunious. So it was no wonder that the interminable staircase seldom creaked to the tread of a model.

The artist saw at once that this was no ordinary visitor, and his wonder deepened. He made no effort to hide it, but asked: "Who are you?"

She repeated, "I thought you might want a model: so I called."

"Sit down, won't you?" he said, offering the chair he had been using and pushing the other out of the way.

She sat down silently, and looked at him as if in wonder at his making no answer to her offer.

He was embarrassed by those steady eyes. They were not like any he had seen before. She was of another world. A model? He had known many, but never one like this.

"Are you a model?" he asked.

"I will sit for you if you have need of me," she answered.

"But I cannot pay models now — that's why I can't finish my picture."

"I know," she said simply. "That is why I came."

He opened his eyes in amazement, and almost gasped.

"You knew? How could you know? Who are you?"

She smiled and answered naturally enough, as if there was nothing in the least unusual in the situation.

"My father spoke of you, and Monsieur Talbot told us you were in trouble with your picture, which he said was really a great work; then I heard you wanted a model, and I thought I might help you, as I have sat so much for my father. He is an illustrator, and I sit for all his figures: old men and babies, and even animals sometimes. I think I know how to take a pose and hold it too, so that if I am at all like what you want I am sure I can help you, and I should like to do it. I can't paint myself, and the next best thing is to help someone who can."

"But your father?"

"He does not want me just now, and I can spare a few hours on several days a week, if that is any use."

Martin Delaney stood up and shook himself as if he expected to wake up and find that he had been dreaming; but the dream did not vanish; it sat there and looked at him smiling calmly. To save him from his evident embarrassment, she asked:

"Is that the picture? May I see it. I won't criticise or make suggestions."

There was a big canvas on an easel turned towards the wall. The artist promptly caught hold of it and turned it round so that it faced the girl.

"Yes, that is the picture, and you can see for yourself that Talbot was right when he said I was in trouble with it."

He looked at her eagerly to see what impression it made on her, and grew restless as she sat silently absorbed in the great work that seemed to her to be crying out for birth. It had been evoked from the realm of great

dreams or past realities, from the spritual record of antiquity, and was halted, as it were, at the threshold of pictorial existence; like a thought that seeks expression in words and haunts the fevered brain with the incessance of its demand for birth into the world of human creations. But the creator stood there impotent to accomplish the creation, and she had come to help him; the glory of the work filled her with enthusiasm.

She did not praise or criticize, but her deep eyes glowed, and there was a thrill in her voice as she said:

“Well, will you let me help?”

“You will?”

“That is what I came for.”

The sun flashed through the clouds and filled the studio with a glamor that made the unfinished picture seem palpitant with life.

“You will help me?” he said slowly, as if he could not quite grasp the truth of this wildly improbable proposition. He knew one or two models who would have helped him out if he had asked them, but this he could not do, even if their help would have been what he needed, for he had his own code of honor, and also a pride that was most sensitive. Besides, the difficulty was beyond the reach of such help as they could give and their assistance was beyond the range of his ability to pay for in any legitimate fashion; and any other payment or substitute for such was unthinkable to him. Some of his friends thought he was too hard on women generally in his unconcealed contempt for those that were the associates of his brother artists. But there were one or two of the women themselves who read his character differently, and thought that he was too high-flown in his idealism for such a world as theirs, and perhaps half regretted that his little world was so far beyond their reach.

The picture was boldly laid out, and even carried to some degree of completion, but the female figure and that of what looked like an apparition were hardly so much as indicated. The girl said:

“If you have any materials for the dress and will show me a sketch, I can soon put it together, or pin it up, so that you could get an idea how it would look; and perhaps you could get on with the head, if you think you could use me for it.”

She went over to the model-stand and took up a pose as near to that of the sketch on the canvas as she could, while he stood looking at her with an intensity that made all speech unnecessary. She understood, and began to enter into the feeling of the woman she was to impersonate. A word escaped him —“Good!” He picked up a large sketchbook and a pencil. The girl threw herself wholly into the situation, as she conceived it from her short study of the painting; and felt herself the Queen of Egypt surrounded by the hierarchy of the temple, witnessing the initiation of the

Great Caesar into the sacred mysteries. The Queen herself appeared to be the real hierophant; while the ruler of the Roman Empire bowed before her as to his spiritual superior.

The artist sketched rapidly, and the light faded as the day died, but the glow lingered on the face of the great Queen, and the place was full of mystery.

At length he closed the book and said simply: "Thank you."

Slowly the great Queen vanished, and the girl stepped down from the dais. Picking up a piece of old oriental embroidery that lay there, she examined it critically and said: "This might do, but it is hardly the thing, is it?"

"No," he answered, "but I can borrow a costume that would do for a start, if you will not mind wearing it. I think it will be clean."

She laughed frankly.

"Yes; that is the trouble with borrowed costumes. That is why I generally make up things myself for my father. I will bring something along next time. I think I know what you want. I will come, no, not tomorrow, but next day in the morning at eight, if that will do, and stay till noon. How will that be?"

"I don't know how to thank you. I never dreamed -- yes, though -- I did dream that Cleopatra herself came to me and told me to paint this picture, and promised to help me if I would do my part. I thought it was only a dream -- I had not faith enough -- and yet --"

He looked at her; and she said, quite seriously: "They do not forget their promises: good-bye for the present."

She moved towards the door. Martin Delaney quickly went before her to open it and bowed her out with a politeness that was more like reverence and awe. It seemed to him the Great Queen passed from the temple, and he bowed before her as she passed.

Next day the studio underwent such a cleaning as it had not experienced for months, and the door was kept shut with the spring latch, which was usually considered unnecessary. Latterly visitors had been so rare that there was no need to fear intrusion; but something had happened. Once more the studio had become a temple, and there must be no desecration of the mysteries. Usually it was enough to turn the picture to the wall in order to change the atmosphere from that of a holy place to that suited to the temperament of an ordinary bohemian. The completely profane person naturally never came near the threshold of the sanctum, for the artist was as yet quite unknown; nobody knew of his existence and his aspirations, nor cared to inquire as to his work.

But something extraordinary had happened, and the ordinary bohemian now appeared to the tenant of the neglected studio as utterly pro-

fane. Henceforth he might try the door in vain. The very staircase seemed sanctified, and that was going far: that staircase was a terror; the lower degrees were polished regularly, and were dangerously slippery; but as you went higher it grew darker; consequently the steps were not polished at all, though they were occasionally swept; the dust was violently moved around and part of it removed, but the condition of the last flight was unknown, for those who used it never gave it a thought. But on this occasion that upper stage was actually cleaned and dusted, for it formed the pronaos of the temple, although it was not so stated in the lease. Promptly at eight o'clock there was a knock at the door and the artist hurried to open it.

The brown eyes had a more decided look, and there was a certain dignity about the girl that had not been noticeable when she made her first appearance there. There was no timidity now in the glance, but a quiet concentration, that at once affected Martin Delaney with a sense of actuality. He was ready to start before, but now he felt as if he were losing time in not being already at work.

Most visitors spent a short time cursing the stairs and regaining breath after reaching the top: but the girl before him seemed to be entirely oblivious of everything but the work in hand.

She was wearing a long cloak and a shawl over her head, and carried a marketing basket, just like other women of the neighborhood when they went for their morning purchases. But when the cloak was removed, there stood the Queen: the market basket contained sandals and a head-dress. The whole costume was but an extemporized affair, but it was so perfectly adapted to its purpose, that the painter clapped his hands with the delight of a child. It was so intelligent, so suggestive of magnificence, and yet so utterly simple that it was a work of genius. Evidently she understood exactly what an artist wants in a costume, and had not troubled with details. And it was not the kind of thing a theatrical costumer would have devised, nor was it the apology for a dress that some painters would use as a means of displaying the greatest amount of nudity. It was regal, and it had a suggestion of sacerdotalism in its folds.

She spoke of nothing but the work in hand and in the fewest words.

At once the atmosphere of the temple seemed to pervade the studio and grew more living as the hours flew by. Hours? They were but moments to the artist, who had set up a panel on an easel and was concentrating his whole energy upon the attempt to complete an oil sketch of the figure in the one sitting, knowing well the value of a study, done in the right mood, never to be retouched or corrected, but to be religiously preserved as a reference, or rather as a means of recalling a vision.

From time to time she rested, but never left the stand nor broke the tension of the 'atmosphere' created; so that the artist did not lose the inspiration, and could keep up the fire of his enthusiasm till the clock told them it was noon. Then the model sat down on the edge of the dais, slowly moving her limbs to recover the circulation and get rid of the cramp that a model has to endure as a part of the day's work.

The artist did not disturb her, but set his sketch in front of the large canvas and tried to see the figure in the picture; and as he looked at the canvas he smiled triumphantly. It lived, it awoke to life. The miracle was already accomplished.

He could not contain himself, and called her to come and look. She rose a little stiffly, but straightened up and smiled at his enthusiasm with a kind of calm assurance. She had taken his measure at the first visit, and knew that he was capable of something great; she expected him to rise to the occasion, and the sketch showed he had done so. She stood looking from the sketch to the big canvas, until she too saw the figure in its place and she was satisfied. "Yes, that is it," she said.

"It will be a great picture. I am glad I came in time." "I had almost lost hope," he answered. "At first I felt as if nothing could stop me, and the picture would be finished in no time. Then there was a week or two of fog, and it seemed as if I could not find the way through

the cold dull air into the atmosphere of Egypt. The door was shut; and so I turned the picture to the wall, and went out sketching street scenes and bits of actual modernity; and every now and then I tried to take it up again. But then I could not get a model for the Queen. I hunted all the public places, hung about the theaters and the 'Bois,' hoping to see some type I might remember. I made notes and sketches and burned them



all. She never came again to me in dreams. I came at last to think that I had been 'tried and found wanting.' Then I began to think I had offended her by trying to paint the picture before I was fit for it. You see it is not a conventional treatment of the characters, but a kind of revelation of the truth. I know it is true as I saw it, and at the time I understood it. But then I am not an initiate in those mysteries, and perhaps the guardians of the temple saw me prying into their sacred ceremonies and closed the door. Does that sound unreasonable?"

"No. I understand."

"Yes, of course you understand, or else how could you be here? Now the veils are drawn aside again, and I too understand. Now the message will be given to the world. She has been slandered for all these ages; but the day will come when she will be known as one of the great ones of the world; and then perhaps will come a revelation of the ancient wisdom, that she tried to teach the Caesars in the height of their temporal power and the depth of their spiritual ignorance. She the Queen of Egypt, the lamp of the world! And they have made of her a wanton. Oh! the infamy of history: that tissue of lies woven around the tombs of the great unrecognised who tried to save the world from barbarism —"

He broke off suddenly, aware of having spoken his most secret thoughts to one who had not asked for such a confidence. He became self-conscious and began to thank his model rather clumsily.

She seemed to feel that it was over and she must be gone. He helped her to put on her cloak and she, glancing at the clock, gave him her hand and said:

"I must be off. — Tomorrow at the same time? Yes, very well — good-bye."

And she was gone.

The darkness of the staircase closed upon her and she vanished into the underworld of daily life. Her father's flat was in the same courtyard, but up another staircase, so that she could reach her rooms without passing the lodge of the inquisitive concierge, which was at the foot of the staircase that gave access to the front part of the building. This arrangement was a standing grievance to Mme. Joubel, the *de facto* concierge: her husband was actually the incumbent of that office, and was *de jure* the responsible tyrant of the house, but no one questioned the authority of his usurping spouse. She had in vain pointed out to the proprietor that she could not properly protect his interests so long as she was unable to see who passed up and down the several staircases of the old group of houses which faced on the Rue Baroche, and which stretched back almost to the square behind. It was one of the rabbit-warren style of houses that have been now largely cleared away. It thus happened that the artist and his

Cleopatra had never met, though they had lived so near: and even now he did not know her name. He could have called to see his old friend Talbot, but he shrank from the thought of making inquiries about his good angel. It seemed to him something so marvelous that she should have come to save his picture, something mysterious and altogether beyond the range of ordinary experience, and yet so simple, so inevitable, now it had happened, that indeed he had no need to know her name. He knew far more than that, more almost than he dared to admit to himself. For now again the veils were drawn aside, and what he knew was known to him by right of direct perception of the truth itself; it needed no support from human testimony. He would not seek to know the name she went by here. He knew her as she was; he was content.

(*To be continued*)

MYTHOLOGY: by H. T. Edge, M. A.

IT will be proper to introduce this paper by a brief outline of its scope and purpose. We shall devote ourselves this evening to a consideration of the subject of mythology in general, leaving the ground open for a subsequent treatment, should the occasion prove favorable, of particular myths considered in greater detail. Mythology has been dealt with at great length by a multitude of learned scholars; and we can scarcely expect to enter adequately or at any length into the innumerable ramifications and details of our vast subject. Nevertheless, we shall be able to present something better than a mere popular summary of the matter; for we shall be able to throw upon it the light of Theosophy; and, by adducing the invaluable information given by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*, to make clear many points which have proved a great puzzle to those who have sought to unravel the problem by the light of conventional theories. In the light of current theories of history, anthropology and evolution, it has been extremely difficult to explain satisfactorily the existence of myths, their peculiar character, their universal diffusion, and their singular uniformity wherever found; indeed we may say it has been impossible to give an adequate explanation of these things in the light of current theories. The facts which scientific diligence has accumulated do not square with the theories which scientific ingenuity has formulated. But we shall be able to show that, in the light of Theosophy, with its views of history and anthropology and evolution, the myths not only become explicable but they fit themselves harmonious-

ly into the general scheme, and elucidate, instead of contradicting, the doctrines concerning human history which Theosophy propounds.

The word 'myth' is derived from a Greek word signifying primarily a story, but secondarily a particular kind of story — namely, a poetic or legendary tale, as opposed to a formal historical account. Myths are legends of cosmogony, and of gods and heroes. The ordinary view, of course, has been that these tales are purely imaginary and fanciful; and so deeply has this view become graven upon the mind that the word 'myth' has thereby acquired another meaning, and is commonly used as equivalent to a falsehood. This tertiary meaning has again become reflected upon the original meaning, and causes us involuntarily to regard myths as falsehoods; a tendency of which we must beware, as it constitutes a prepossession fatal to the necessary openness of mind wherewith the subject should be approached.

To bring our topic more clearly before the eye, it is advisable to pass from the abstract and general to the concrete and particular, by adducing a few examples of myths. We may begin with what are probably the most familiar instances — the myths of ancient Greece and Rome, so well known to us from our schoolbooks and from constant allusions in literature. For instance, there are the twelve members of the celestial council, the six major gods: Zeus or Jupiter, Poseidon or Neptune, Apollo or Phoebus, etc., and the six corresponding goddesses, Hera or Juno, Aphrodite or Venus, etc. Besides these, the Olympian Twelve, were a vast number of lesser deities and cosmic powers, such as Hades, king of the nether world; Iris, the rainbow; Nemesis, the goddess of retribution; Aeolus, god of the winds; the nine Muses, the three Fates, etc. To each of these divinities attaches a wealth of legend descriptive of their doings and adventures. Thus Hercules performs his twelve labors, Prometheus brings fire from heaven to mortals, or Phaethon drives the chariot of the Sun God and brings disaster to the world. It is needless to take time illustrating details familiar to all our memories. But classical myths are but humble members of a very large family; for wherever we turn, wherever humanity dwells or has dwelt, we shall find myths — myths of the creation of the world, myths of the gods and heroes. We have the myths of ancient Hindûstân, China, Assyria, Egypt, Scandinavia, Australia, the Maoris of New Zealand, the Red Men of the Americas, the Bushmen of South Africa, the numerous inhabitants of Polynesia — to mention only a few. While, nearer home, we can point to the figurative narratives in the earlier part of the Hebrew-Christian Scriptures, to such legends as that of King Arthur and the Holy Grail, and even to certain nursery rhymes and fairy-tales — which scholarship has proved to be common to many widely-removed nationalities. Their origin, or derivation, is an interesting question.

Having thus roughly classified myths by nationality and geography, we may then classify them according to their subject; distinguishing, for example, myths of the creation of the world, myths of the great gods, myths of the weather and meteorological phenomena, myths of the origin of fire, myths of earth, air and water, and so forth; the whole tending once more to indicate the ample range of the subject. To bring the matter before the eye, and thus make subsequent remarks clearer, let us take one or two myths in detail. The Masai, a people of East Africa, have the following Creation story. In the beginning the earth was a barren desert, in which there lived a dragon. Then God came down from heaven and fought against the dragon and vanquished it. Where God slew the beast there grew a Paradise, luxuriant with the richest vegetation. Then God created by his word, sun, moon, stars, plants, and animals, and lastly the first human couple. He commanded the couple not to eat the fruit of a certain tree; but they ate it, the woman being tempted by the serpent, which had three heads and was thereafter condemned to live in holes in the ground. The pair were driven out of Paradise by the Morning Star, who thereafter stood guardian at the gate. After this, the human race multiplied, until the first murder was committed, when there came a flood, and Tumbainot was commanded to build a wooden chest and betake himself into it with his belongings and animals of every kind.

Among the Ainus of Japan we find that God sends the water-wagtail to separate the water from the land. The deity then carves out the hills with mattocks, and when he has finished, throws away the mattocks, which become demons. God takes mud and molds the human form, putting a willow-twigg in his back for a spine. Then God has to leave his work and go back to heaven. So he calls the Otter and gives him instructions as to how man is to be finished, telling the Otter to give these instructions to a second god who will presently come to give life to the model. But the Otter forgets, and so the second god bungles the task and leaves man imperfect.

These are Creation myths. The first is very like the one in the Jewish bible. If it be asked, Whence did the Masai obtain it, we may retort with the query, Whence came the Bible story? We know now that the Bible stories existed in the Mesopotamian basin among peoples that dwelt there long before those to which the Bible refers. We know, too, that very similar stories of creation, with Edens, forbidden fruits, floods and arks, are to be found among the tribes of Red Men on this continent. It is clear, then, that the common source of these stories is very far back in human history. But of this more anon. The other story quoted contains a reference to the dual creation of man, which we must notice here briefly in passing. Man was first created by one god, and then finished by another

who imparted to him animation. To this we shall find many analogies among the myths of the creation of man. It refers to the universal doctrine that man is a twofold being, and that his nature was not complete until the natural evolution from the lower kingdoms had been supplemented by the communication to him of the higher intelligence, which gave him full self-consciousness and made him a potential god.

Let us now turn to the explanations generally given of myths. They are based on current theories of human history. These theories regard man as having evolved upwards from savagery to civilization in a single upward line of ascent; so that the world is supposed at one time to have been occupied exclusively by savages, and to have become at successive subsequent times the home of more and more civilized peoples, culminating with the civilizations of today. The problem is to fit the facts onto this theory. Theosophy says the theory is wrong, and that that is why the facts will not fit. Theosophy supplies the real teachings as to history and evolution, and these are found to be agreeable to the facts about myths. There you have our position in a nutshell.

According to usual ideas, then, the myths were *invented* by the savages, and it has even been solemnly said that the human race has passed through a period of *madness*, during which it elaborated the myths. The poor bewildered savage, it is supposed, found himself not merely confronted with a wonderful world, but also consumed with an itching desire to explain that wonderful world; and for this purpose he invented the myths. And it is further supposed that, as man is constituted in much the same way everywhere, and is surrounded by much the same natural phenomena, he naturally has invented much the same myths everywhere. Such is the accepted theory in broad outline; the inquisitive are invited to fill in the details by reference to the authorities, among whom I would particularly mention the late Andrew Lang, who has contributed a very good article on the subject to the ninth edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. The very reasonable objection has, it is true, been made that men living in a primitive condition do not usually trouble themselves about the origin of things, but take them for granted as they find them; and it may be added that even we ourselves did not worry as to the laws of gravitation, though compassed about with their workings day and night, until that more or less mythical apple is said to have struck the pate of Sir Isaac Newton as he sat under his tree. Again, to maintain that the savages invented the myths, we must attribute to those simple people a power of invention and imagination that would be truly marvelous in any people, let alone primitive uneducated barbarians. Finally, it is really too much to suppose that people of every age and clime would invent precisely the same myths, sometimes down to minute details, such as the double creation, the tree

and forbidden fruit, the flood and ark, and even the birds sent out from the ark. Yet such uniformity does really exist, as can be seen from a study of comparative mythology. (See, for instance, Daniel Brinton's *Myths of the New World*.)

Agreeably to this absurd explanation the myth of Prometheus, the god who steals fire from heaven and brings it down in a hollow stick to help mortals, has been supposed to have been derived from the art of making fire by rubbing two pieces of wood together; and to support this theory, a philological theory has been devised, to the effect that the name 'Prometheus' is derived from the Sanskrit Pramantha, which means a stick for making fire. Let us quote from Lang's article:

Man's craving to know 'the reason why' is already 'among rude savages an intellectual appetite.' . . . How does he try to satisfy this craving? Mr. Taylor replies, "When the attention of a man in the myth-making state of intellect is drawn to any phenomenon or custom which has to him no obvious reason, he invents and tells a story to account for it." . . .

We have now shown how savages come to have a mythological way of trying to satisfy the early scientific curiosity, their way of realizing the world in which they move. But they frame their stories, necessarily and naturally, in harmony with their general theory of things, with what we may call 'savage metaphysics.' Now early man, as Mr. Müller says, "not only did not think as we think, but did not think as we suppose he ought to have thought." The chief distinction between his mode of conceiving the world and ours is his vast extension of the theory of personality. . . . To civilized man, only human beings seem personal. . . .

In short, Lang says that the savage personifies everything, attributing personality to the winds and making the sun a person, and so forth. The name given to this habit is 'animism'—the habit of endowing inanimate things with life. But is it not we, the civilized people, who have *depersonalized* things? We deal in abstractions; we speak of force and energy and matter and tendencies and evolution—all abstractions. But mankind will never accept a universe created and maintained by abstractions. There must be living intelligences at work in the universe. The savage was nearer the truth than we; he saw that orderly works must be the outcome of intelligent beings.

The point to which I wish specially to direct your attention is that these difficulties vanish when we accept the Theosophical view of human origins and history. It will be seen that the difficulties have arisen almost entirely from an attempt to square the observed facts as to myths with certain theories held by modern scholars as to humanity; and it is the conviction of Theosophical students that these theories as to humanity are wrong, wherefore it is not difficult to understand that there should be a conflict between the theories and the facts.

The scholars seem to have matters wrong end first, or hind before, and to have frequently made the familiar mistake of putting the cart before the horse. For what are the peoples generally called 'savages'? I would suggest that they are the decayed remnants of former civilized nations, and that the curious and often unintelligible myths which they preserve are the faint memories of the religious and cosmogonical teachings of their highly cultured but remote ancestors. The confused and degenerated form which so many of these savage myths and customs and rites and ceremonials display is simply the consequence of the gradual degeneration of the people from a state of high culture and civilization to one of simple tribal life. Their myths are decayed memories. But many of the scholars look at the matter from quite an opposite viewpoint. To them the savage is a primitive man on his way upwards towards civilization; and instead of regarding his myths as being the decayed memories of former culture, these scholars regard the myths as being the *origin and beginning* of culture. This is in accordance with the familiar evolutionary theories of today, which seek to trace everything from the simple to the complex. Our present highly elaborate religions are supposed to be evolved from the crude notions which the so-called primitive man is imagined to have held. According to these scholars, then, the myths are simply the crude attempts of the savages to explain the mystery of life and the phenomena of nature. According to Theosophy, the myths are all that the savage remembers of a former culture embracing both religion and science. According to the above-mentioned scholars, the more refined and elaborate myths of such people as the Greeks are the evolutionary product of the crude myths of the savages; but according to Theosophy it is the other way about. It is important to keep this distinction in mind.

The various kinds of explanations that have been given of myths include that of Euhemerus, who held that they were history in disguise, and that the gods were once men. Other explanations are classified as the physical, the ethical, the religious. The myths may have been moral teachings conveyed by symbols and fables, say some critics. Some Christian writers have regarded the myths as a distorted form of an original pure divine revelation, whose pure form is to be found in the Jewish bible. A brief examination of the science of mythology suffices to show that the theories are numerous. But among them we must not forget to mention the famous 'solar myth' theory, which holds such a favorite place among the speculative explanations of myths. According to this, the myths are representative of natural phenomena, especially of those phenomena that depend on the apparent movements of the sun — namely, the recurrence of dawn and darkness, the alternation of the seasons, with the death of the year in winter and its rebirth in spring. Hence the name 'solar' myths,

although the term includes myths that are similarly supposed to celebrate the movements of other celestial bodies: and if the name is taken in a narrower sense, it may be supplemented by such terms as 'lunar' myths, referring to the moon; sidereal myths, referring to the stars; and so on. For an instance, take the labors of Hercules: Hercules is supposed to represent the sun, and his twelve labors are the passage of the sun through the twelve signs of the zodiac. Or again, take the case of the twin-brothers Castor and Pollux, who, according to this theory, are supposed to represent night and day, which alternate with one another just as the twin-brothers were said to spend their time alternately in the upper air and in the underworld. These are examples of what are called solar myths. On this theory, the late eminent scholar and poet, Gerald Massey, who is quoted with approval by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*, makes the following ironical comments:

They [the solar-myth people] conceive the early man in their own likeness, and look upon him as perversely prone to self-mystification, or, as Fontenelle has it, "subject to beholding things that are not there." They have misrepresented primitive or archaic man as having been idiotically misled from the first by an active but untutored imagination into believing all sorts of fallacies, which were directly and constantly contradicted by his own daily experience; a fool of fancy in the midst of those grim realities that were grinding his experience into him. . . . The origin and meaning of mythology has been missed altogether by these solarites and weather-mongers! Mythology was a primitive mode of thinking the early thought. . . . Mythology is the repository of man's most ancient science. . . . When the Egyptians portrayed the moon as a cat, they were not ignorant enough to suppose that the moon was a cat; not did their wandering fancies see any likeness in the moon to a cat; nor was a cat-myth any mere expansion of verbal metaphor; nor had they any intention of making puzzles and riddles. . . . They had observed the simple fact that the cat saw in the dark, and that her eyes became full-orbed and grew most luminous by night. The moon was the seer by night in heaven, and the cat was its equivalent on earth; and so the familiar cat was adopted as a representative, a natural sign, a living pictograph of the lunar orb.— Vol. I, page 304

Yet it is quite obvious that many of the myths do have an astronomical significance. What, then, is the real state of the case? It is that this astronomical meaning is only one out of many different meanings. This, in short, is what is called the *astronomical key* to the myth in question; but it has other keys as well. A myth represents what scientific people would call a generalization; that is, a general principle applicable to a variety of special cases. For example, a certain myth may be intended to represent rebirth, regeneration. In that case, it represents the rebirth of the day after night, or of the year after winter, and it depicts the rebirth of the immortal soul of man after the death of the body, or the rebirth of races

that have been before, or the spiritual rebirth of a candidate for wisdom after his mystic death, or the return of great geological and chronological cycles; in short, rebirth in any and every form; and therefore the symbol is susceptible of as many different interpretations, each scholar laying hold of perhaps only one of these meanings and holding forth a dogmatic opinion on that. The myth of the Twelve Labors of Hercules does correspond with the cycle of the sun through twelve solar mansions, yet with much more besides; and it may be said that this passage of the sun is itself a symbol, the labors of Hercules and the path of the sun thus being parallel symbols of one and the same general truth. One key of this myth is that of the labors or trials which have to be undergone by all men in the course of that probation which leads them eventually to wisdom and self-mastery. We find precisely the same idea represented in those innumerable stories of heroes fighting with dragons in order to win fair ladies, or having tasks imposed upon them by tyrants in order that they may win a golden fleece. It is the eternal drama of the human Soul in its great quest for wisdom — a thing far more worthy, surely, of celebration than the mere celestial phenomena of the sun and seasons. And again let us ask whether such a momentous allegory is to be attributed to the superstitions of a primitive man, or whether it is not far more likely that this so-called primitive man inherited the myth from his cultured ancestry. It has, as said above, been seriously supposed by some writers on mythology that the human race passes through a period of madness in the course of its evolution, and that in this period of madness it invents myths. If so, one can only say with Polonius: “Though this be madness, yet there is method in’t.”

Now, to make another important point, let us see what H. P. Blavatsky, presenting the Theosophical point of view, says on this head. She states that every myth and symbol has *seven* keys, and that it is necessary to turn every one of these keys before the whole mystery is unlocked. So the various theorists are sharing these seven keys among them, and each one has hold of the truth by one of its seven ends. Myths are indeed historical, but not *merely* historical; though they are symbolic of moral truths, that is not their sole function; they embody facts in natural science, it is true; but they embody much more besides.

H. P. Blavatsky says that she is one of those who believe that —

No mythological story, no traditional event in the folklore of a people has ever been, at any time, pure fiction, but that every one of such narratives has an actual historical lining to it.—Vol. I, page 303

Again —

The point to which even the most truth-loving and truth-searching Orientalists . . . seem to remain blind, is the fact that every symbol in papy-

rus or *olla* is a many-faced diamond, each of whose facets not merely bears several interpretations, but relates likewise to several sciences. This is instanced in the just-quoted interpretation of the moon symbolized by the cat — an example of sidereo-terrestrial imagery; the moon bearing many other meanings besides this with other nations. (I. 305)

A learned Mason is quoted as saying that —

All esoteric societies have made use of emblems and symbols, such as the Pythagorean Society, the Eleusinian, the Hermetic Brethren of Egypt, the Rosicrucians and the Freemasons. Many of these emblems it is not proper to divulge to the general eye, and a very minute difference may make the emblem or symbol differ widely in its meaning. The magical sigilla, being founded on certain principles of numbers, partake of this character, and although monstrous and ridiculous in the eyes of the uninstructed, convey a whole body of doctrine to those who have been trained to recognise them. (I, 306)

And again —

The religious and esoteric history of every nation was imbedded in symbols; it was never expressed in so many words. All the thoughts and emotions, all the learning and knowledge, revealed and acquired, of the early races, found their pictorial expression in allegory and parable. (I, 307)

Again the author speaks of

A language and system of science imparted to the early mankind by a more advanced *mankind*, so much higher as to be *divine* in the sight of that infant humanity. . . . These strange records lie imbedded in the 'Mystery language' of the prehistoric ages, the language now called SYMBOLISM. (I, 309)

These quotations conduct us to the close of this introductory paper. The summary just given of the science of mythology is of course inadequate, as must necessarily be the case in view of the limits of time and space that we have imposed on ourselves. But, as it has not been our purpose to give an exhaustive treatment, we have merely reminded ourselves of the salient points, and have assumed a wider acquaintance with the subject, either already in our minds or at least available by reference to standard works in our libraries. Hence the above may be deemed sufficient for our main purpose, which is to introduce the Theosophical point of view, and to suggest lines of inquiry for those who are sufficiently interested.

In mythology and symbology we find ourselves at the portals of a very mighty science — that archaic science variously known as the Secret Doctrine, the Wisdom-Religion and the Arcane Science. It is this that forms the main thesis of H. P. Blavatsky's work above quoted. Human civilization is very ancient and must be counted in millions of years. Race has succeeded race, and great empires and cultures have risen and fallen, time out of mind, as the geological ages have succeeded one another. Knowledge is preserved to mankind by transmission and handing down of

the light from race to race. Always we shall find ancient peoples speaking reverently of their Instructors and of gods and heroes who founded their race and taught to their descendants the arts and sciences and the sacred knowledge concerning the creation and ordering of the universe and the nature and life of man. These sacred teachings were expressed in symbol and allegory, for they deal with general truths and laws so vast in their scope that verbal and literal language is inadequate to cope with them. Moreover the literal recital of events connected with this great knowledge was purposely eschewed, in order to prevent its abuse. Hence the teachings were given in special schools of the Mysteries, and only to duly prepared candidates. To the public the teachings were given in allegorical form, or enacted as dramas — which fact may be discerned as the true origin of the drama.

It is by a careful study and comparison of the myths of various peoples that we arrive at a knowledge of what is essential in them, and are able to pick out the kernel of vital meaning from all the incidental circumstantial details. We see that Prometheus is not a mere poetical account of the making of fire by friction, but an allegory of the communication of the divine influence to man, and also a historical memoir of the early races of humanity on this globe, at the time when certain unintelligent races acquired the power of self-consciousness and unlimited possibility of development towards the supreme knowledge. We learn that the heavenly twins, Castor and Pollux, are not merely two stars in the Zodiac, but stand for the two halves of the human mind, one of which is mortal and terrestrial, and the other immortal and celestial; while the heavenly brother sacrifices himself in order to dwell with his twin-brother on earth and help him. Thus we learn not only the archaic history of humanity, but also we understand mysteries connected with our own nature. In H. P. Blavatsky's *The Secret Doctrine* the myths are gone into exhaustively and elaborately, and it is clear that the author had an immense treasury upon which to draw for her enormous erudition and knowledge. The ancient science embraced every possible department of human knowledge, and the myths and symbols are interpreted astronomically, numerically, geometrically, physiologically, historically, ethically, etc. To comprehend the whole scheme is the work of an indefinite progress in knowledge. The world has to understand that this vast and luminous knowledge did actually exist in antiquity and that it is destined to be revived, that it may live with us again. Hence the importance at this time that the work of the School of Antiquity should contribute its share to the diffusion of this understanding. In subsequent addresses it is expected that particular myths may be dealt with separately and in greater detail, and that thus the general remarks made in this preliminary paper may receive illustration and amplification.

VIVISECTION: by Joseph H. Fussell

IN the present session of the California Legislature there has been presented in the Assembly a bill, No. 798, called the Prendergast Bill, which provides for the sale of unclaimed animals in the public pounds to medical colleges and laboratories for the purposes of vivisection and animal experimentation. Mme. Katherine Tingley and the Men's and Women's Theosophical Humanitarian Leagues, and the members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society generally throughout California, also the State and other Humane Societies, and the two Anti-Vivisection Societies of Northern and Southern California, have actively opposed the passage of the above-named bill. Petitions were circulated against the passage of the bill, and many thousands of names secured.

Madame Tingley, finding that an opportunity would be given to her to speak at the final hearing of the bill in committee (the Medical and Dental Committee, to which the bill had been referred) made a short visit to Sacramento for that purpose, and owing to her absence from the International Headquarters at Point Loma, she was unable to fulfil her promise made in response to the request of the Editor of the *La Jolla Journal* to reply to Prof. F. B. Sumner of the Biological Station at La Jolla, (a few miles north of San Diego), and she therefore asked the undersigned to undertake this.

Owing to limitations of space, it was impossible to answer in detail all the points taken up by Professor Sumner, and I therefore confined myself to what I considered to be the main line of argument. A full discussion of the whole vivisection will be made in a pamphlet on the subject, to be issued shortly.

(Signed) J. H. FUSSELL

April 20, 1917.

BIOLOGISTS URGE PRENDERGAST BILL

From the *La Jolla Journal*, March 23d, 1917

ADVOCATES of the Prendergast Bill who would introduce into the Legislature a provision for the vivisection of animals for experimental purposes, gathered at the Community House Tuesday evening and listened to an address by Prof. F. B. Sumner, of the Biological Station. The biologists and medical fraternity request that the address be printed in the *JOURNAL* as a whole. It will be answered in next week's issue by Madame Katherine Tingley, Foundress-Directress of the Woman's International Theosophical League, of Point Loma, who is opposed to vivisection.

By F. B. SUMNER

DOES it not seem a bit ludicrous that we, who are just entering upon a sanguinary war, in which thousands of our best citizens will be ruthlessly slaughtered or maimed, should be so exercised over the fate of a few hundred

stray cats and dogs? It is this same lack of sense of proportion which characterizes the anti-vivisection movement everywhere. The sensitive soul shudders at the whines or groans of a half-conscious cur in the laboratory, and is deaf and blind to the untold agonies of countless men, women and children, many of whom can be relieved through a very moderate sacrifice of animal life.

Indeed, if the Prendergast Bill were the only point at issue, if we were concerned merely with the disposition of a few unclaimed animals at the public pounds, none of us would have taken this occasion to call a meeting for public discussion of the matter. But the question is really a much broader one than that. The Prendergast Bill is simply an incident in a nation-wide struggle for scientific freedom. The rank and file of the anti-vivisection sympathizers we credit with genuine motives of humanity. They are simply victims of deception or of over-wrought imagination. But the leaders, or many of them, are persons who are indifferent or hostile to scientific progress, the enemies of biology and the enemies of modern scientific medicine. Let me tell you, it is no mere accident that the most active local agitators on this question are a group of persons who profess a scorn for the lower orders of knowledge, achieved through the eyes and ears and brain, and one of whose cardinal doctrines is the transmigration of souls from human beings to animals. And it is against the Prendergast Bill an argument based upon the venerable superstition of prenatal impressions, a belief which modern biology has long since discarded as unsupported by evidence.

It is my part in the present discussion to say a few words on the relation of biology to the so-called vivisection question. It is hardly necessary here for me to define biology. It is the science of life. Not Life, spelled with a capital letter and surrounded by seven mystic veils, but life in the sense of the phenomena displayed by the living things about us, with which we are familiar. LIVING THINGS, mind you, not dead ones. Much can be learned, it is true, by going out with a collecting-bottle and popping specimens into alcohol. Even more can be learned by taking these dead specimens and cutting them up and studying them with our microscopes. But still we see nothing of life. Life is activity, Life is doing things; and we can only see them while they are doing.

Now, we poor, earth-born biologists are unable to go into a trance and see through the mysteries of existence without any use of our normal faculties. And we do not have recourse to the sacred literature of India or Persia. We are bound down to the time-honored, clumsy methods by which humanity has in the past climbed from savagery to a certain level of civilization — the use of the senses, supplemented by the use of the reason.

The word 'vivisection' is an epithet, intended to prejudice the case against us. Biology, like physics and chemistry, has become experimental. We place animals and plants under exactly known conditions, and subject them to particular influences, to note the effects of these. The great majority of these experiments involve no pain to the living being concerned, and the great majority involve no cutting of living tissues.

In one class of experiments, selected animals are mated, and the character of the offspring is observed. Here we have nothing different from what is done on an immense scale by the commercial stockbreeder. Or, animals are fed with special foods, commonly not harmful, or subjected to changed con-

ditions of temperature or light. Their behavior in the presence of various objects or sensations is noted. Thus a great mass of impressive knowledge is being acquired relative to the properties of living beings. Other cases demand slight incisions, amputations, injections, inoculations, and the like. These, for the most part, are carried out upon low forms of life whose sentience is doubtless feeble. Commonly they may be assumed to be painless, though in some cases discomfort or sickness may result.

Finally, we have those cases to which the name vivisection may be truly applied. It is these that furnish the basis for the widespread agitation on the subject. I have tried to point out, however, that they cannot be considered apart from animal experimentation generally. If we are to understand the workings of the human and animal body, we can scarcely ignore what occurs within its interior, since here the most important organ systems are located. Do those who get their information from the illustrations and printed pages of the text-books on anatomy and physiology realize the actual sources of this information? Do they even imagine the years of unremitting toil on the part of hundreds of observers and experimenters who have gradually built up the very incomplete science of physiology as we know it today? Every little detail of the organic process, the secretion of the salivary glands, or the flow of blood through the capillaries, has been the theme of scores or hundreds of printed articles by highly trained experts. We possess no mental faculty or intuition by which we can think these questions out in our own heads. We must have recourse to the interior of animals, yes, of LIVING animals. For one to assert that experiments on living animals has led to no useful knowledge is so amazing a perversion of the truth that one is hardly called upon to refute it before a group of intelligent people. 'Authorities'—so-called—are cited in support of this assertion. There are persons—some of them outside the walls of asylums—who still assert that the world is flat. To call such crack-brained individuals 'authorities,' and to say that scientists differ on this important point in geography would hardly be a fair statement of the case.

To cite but two instances out of hundreds in refuting this assertion we need mention only the centuries-old discovery of the circulation of the blood by Harvey, and the more modern discovery of the diphtheria antitoxin. Either of these achievements would have been utterly impossible without cutting into the bodies of living animals. But I must dissent from the point of view which would emphasize, to the exclusion of all else, the advantages of animal experimentation to medicine. Greater, possibly, even than these is to be rated the higher understanding of nature and of man's place in nature which biology has gradually brought us. To make the world a more interesting place to live in is, I believe, as high an achievement as the prolongation of life itself.

There are those, perhaps, who may accept these latter propositions, but who will none the less be disposed to retort: Yes, but even these great treasures of knowledge should not be purchased at the price of animal suffering.

This is a large subject and one which cannot be answered in a few words. But certain lines of reply may be indicated.

(1) The amount of suffering has been grossly exaggerated. The assertions of the anti-vivisectionists have been refuted over and over again by men of the highest standing. The professional agitators have not hesitated to make use of garbled quotations and of false or misleading statements. One prominent

English anti-vivisectionist was convicted a few years ago of criminal libel against a prominent physiologist. Many of their illustrations of cruelty are drawn from the work of Magendie, Claude Bernard, Brown-Sequard, Manteazza and others long since dead. Some of these men lived before the days of surgical anaesthesia. (Reference to pictures of animals tied in 'instruments of torture,' etc.)

(2) Contrary to the flat assertions of the propagandists is the fact, well known to any biologist or physician of experience, that anaesthetics are almost invariably administered in such operations. Doctor Whipple, head of the Hooper Medical Foundation in San Francisco, states that he has never seen a case of experimentation upon an animal in which anaesthetics were not used. He admits, however, that such procedure may rarely be necessary.

(3) While we may allow the existence of occasional wanton cruelty to an even greater extent than biologists will commonly admit, we do not for a moment concede that this fact would justify the suppression or serious restriction of experimentation upon living animals. As well might we argue against permitting the use of saddle-horses, from the brutality of an individual rider. As well might we legislate against milking, butchering, or even the keeping of domestic pets.

(4) Who, we may ask, is this group of brutes and fiends upon whom your vials of wrath are poured forth? Who are these men with pointed beards and Mephistophelian countenances who gloat with diabolical glee at the writhings of their victims? Men like our own Professor Ritter, prominent and honored physicians and scientists, members of university faculties in this and every other state. From a lifelong association with this particular group of persons in several of our chief centers of scientific research I can say with full deliberation that I do not know of a more moral or a more humane class of men and women. If we count in our ranks a few cruel or callous natures, it is not because of any brutalizing influences of our scientific studies. No profession is free from its black sheep.

(5) Why do the anti-vivisectionists single out this particular class of alleged cruelties as deserving the execration of mankind? Why are they not moved by the barbarities inherent in stock-raising and slaughtering as practised at present, or by the castration of adult or half-grown animals to render them more fit as food or as pets? Are anaesthetics given here? Ask any cattle-raiser or horse breeder, and he will laugh you to scorn. No, these sensitive parts are torn out by methods that would justify some of the most lurid language of the opponents of science. Have you ever raised your voices against the shooting of highly-organized birds and mammals as sport? — the tearing of flesh, the breaking of legs and wings, the lingering death from starvation? Do you wear furs, and if so, do you realize that nearly all of these animals are caught in sharp-toothed traps which mangle the limbs of their victims and hold them — perhaps throughout the length of a cold winter's night, to die of slow torture? If you really want sobs, we can give you something to sob at, and all this without departing from the facts.

If anyone will start a serious movement to forbid the shooting of wild animals, except in very exceptional cases, to suppress the use of steel traps in the capture of fur-bearing animals, and to enforce the use of anaesthetics during castration or other cruel operations upon domestic animals, I think I may say

for the majority of biologists we will get out and fight with you side by side. But do not single out for your attacks the few and dubious cases of cruelty which arise in the course of our struggle to increase our knowledge of life.

It must be admitted that we biologists are, to no little extent, responsible for the suspicion with which we are regarded by certain elements of the community. It is charged that we work in secret, and that this veil of secrecy is the covering for a multitude of crimes. We may reasonably smile at the latter aspect of the charge, but it might be well to consider for a moment whether the first count in the indictment has not a considerable measure of truth. Are we not working in too much secrecy? Should we not, to a larger degree, take the public into our confidence?

There are reasons in every community why more effort should be made in this direction. But here in California, especially, where we have direct legislation through the initiative and referendum, we need to keep the public informed of our activities for our own sake, even more than for that of the public. If the electorate is led to believe that we students of nature are fiends of cruelty, it is high time that we should step into the arena and refute the charge. Otherwise, we may find ourselves legislated out of existence.

But the demand that surgical work upon animals should be open to inspection by irresponsible persons — whether or not they represent ‘humane’ societies — is not a fair one. Such work upon animals should be shielded from intruders for the same reasons as apply to human surgery. The work would suffer. Moreover, an untrained person especially, one of an emotional nature, is not qualified to be a dispassionate witness at such an operation. The peculiar guttural sounds resulting from the inhalation of ether will be reported as the “stifled groans of the victims.” The first sight of blood at an operation causes some persons to faint.

But personally I welcome intelligent inquirers at the laboratory, and am quite ready to discuss and describe my work, even such of it as may be referred to as ‘vivisectional.’ To convince you of my sincerity in this matter, rather than to exploit my own scientific activities, I will say a few words regarding this side of my present studies. I am trying to throw some light on the time-honored problem of the inheritance of acquired characters, a question that is far from being settled yet, despite all claims to the contrary. The final solution of this group of problems is highly important for the welfare of the human race. The outcome would determine very radically our personal conduct and our social usage.

In my experiment, I am using mice as my working material. For reasons which would take too long to state, I adopt the plan of crippling one or the other hind leg, either by amputation, or by cutting the sciatic nerve. These operations are all performed under the influence of ether. In our laboratory we even administer ether when we come to make the various identification marks on the ears and toes corresponding to the brands set on cattle. (Parenthetically I may ask how many stock-raisers administer ether when they apply a red-hot iron to the skins of their victims. I will also ask how many of the anti-vivisectionists have raised any protest at this barbarous practice.)

To return to the operated mice. A few minutes after their recovery from ether, they are running actively around the cage. A few days later the wounds have healed and the mice are very slightly interfered with by the treatment

they have received. These operations have been performed on several hundred mice, and upon several successive generations.

The offspring of such operated animals, before being subjected to any surgical treatment themselves, are tied upon a frame, in a manner calculated to give little discomfort, and are tested in a special apparatus to determine the comparative strength of the pull of the two hind legs. The work has not been in progress long, so that only seventy-five animals have been so tested. Unfortunately, I have not yet gone far enough to obtain decisive results in respect to the main problem. But sufficient has been done to give me considerable encouragement and determine me to see the thing through to the finish one way or the other. When I have reached a decisive conclusion, or have shown the futility of my method for reaching such a conclusion, I shall report upon these experiments in full. Before closing, I wish to read you extracts from the remarks of a few persons in whose opinion you may be more disposed to have more confidence than in mine. They are taken from a little volume entitled *Animal Experimentation*, published by Little, Brown and Company, of Boston, in 1902, and containing brief statements of the views of thirty prominent citizens of Massachusetts in various professions. Another valuable work to be consulted by those who seriously wish to know the truth in this matter is one by Dr. W. W. Keen, entitled *Animal Experimentation and Medical Progress*, published by Houghton, Mifflin and Company in 1914.

(Also recent address of Dr. Whipple.)

HOT REPLY TO SUMNER

From the *La Jolla Journal*, March 30th, 1917

By JOSEPH H. FUSSELL

Secretary, Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

I QUESTION sometimes if vivisection and animal experimentation do not blunt the reasoning faculty and obscure the sense of proportion and of the fitness of things. I say this for the reason that so many articles defending vivisection contain 'arguments' (?) that have nothing to do with the case. "If you have a weak case, abuse the opposing attorney"; and it is a common psychological trick, if you cannot meet an argument squarely, to seek to divert the attention to side-issues or to issues entirely foreign to the one under discussion.

Vivisectionists however claim to be scientific, and as Professor F. B. Sumner of the Biological Station, in the *La Jolla Journal* of March 23d, declares the Prendergast Bill to be but "an incident in the struggle for scientific freedom," he cannot object to our viewing any statement that he makes from a strictly scientific standpoint.

Now science above all things seeks the truth, and will have nothing whatever to do with misrepresentation or falsehood. Further, a true scientist will not seek to befog the issue by introducing arguments which are not pertinent. Yet is not this what Professor Sumner does in his first paragraph, and also in paragraph 5, in which he refers to stock-raising, shooting of birds and animals, the castration of adult or half-grown animals, the shooting of highly organized birds and mammals as sport, the trapping of animals for their fur, etc.?

He asks, why are not protests made against these. Is he ignorant, or does he wilfully ignore the fact that in practically every state of the U. S. A. there are Humane Societies which voice a continuous protest against all forms of cruelty to animals? Is Professor Sumner's object in introducing these other issues, to turn the attention of the public from that of vivisection and animal experimentation? To call attention to another evil is no argument against the consideration of the one before us.

Still more beside the question, and utterly reprehensible from a scientific standpoint, is Professor Sumner's attempt to befog the issue by referring to a "group of persons who profess a scorn for the lower orders of knowledge achieved through the eyes and ears and brain, and one of whose cardinal doctrines is the transmigration of souls from human beings to animals." He declares that it is not mere accident that the most "active local agitators" on this question form a group of people who make such professions.

Will Professor Sumner kindly state to whom he refers, or is he too modest to do so? Some ignorant people think that Theosophy teaches "the transmigration of souls from human beings to animals"; but it is only the ignorant or those who feel it to their interest wilfully to misrepresent Theosophists who will say so.

Professor Sumner then declares, "we [*i. e.* vivisectionists, I suppose] do not have recourse to the sacred literature of India or Persia." Surely the loss is theirs, for if they knew even a little of this ancient literature, as well as that of Egypt and China, and the teachings of Jesus, Buddha, Zoroaster and the other great teachers of the past, their life would be vastly enriched; it would mean so much more to them; they would become imbued with the principles of kindness, mercy, and humane treatment of all living things; they might even learn something of the responsibility of humanity to the other kingdoms of nature. If a little more attention were paid to the wisdom of the ancients, modern science would, I venture to say, find many of its problems solved, and would find also that vivisection and animal experimentation are not the way of true knowledge.

Is it because Professor Sumner's case is so weak, that he introduces these extraneous matters?

Now, like nearly every other pro-vivisectionist, Professor Sumner endeavors to impress upon the public that there is no cruelty in vivisection and animal experimentation, and very little suffering on the part of the animal. Regarding animal experimentation "by injection, inoculation and the like" he says this for the most part is carried out "upon low forms of life whose sentiency is doubtless feeble." He does not know that their sentiency is feeble; he is merely guessing when he says "doubtless." He says further, "commonly they may be assumed to be painless though in some cases discomfort or sickness may result." The reader will be able to judge from what follows whether the case has been fairly and squarely presented by Professor Sumner.

Is it because he wishes to discount any records of cruelty that he says "no profession is free from its black sheep"? Would he apply this term to Professors Gotch and Horsley, whose experiments are reported in the "Croonian Lecture," (1891), from which we quote? Photographs of actual experiments are given, which were made upon 120 cats and monkeys. No more fiendish

torture could be imagined than is here depicted. The following is the report of one experiment:

“The back of the cat was opened and the muscles cut away, exposing the back-bone. This was cut into by fine bone-cutters and the spinal cord lifted out, the back-bone being held by special contrivances. The cord was then divided longitudinally, and electrical registering apparatus affixed. It was afterwards totally severed, and appliances applied throwing electrical currents into different branches. The final results as summarized seemed to be doubtful ‘without further experiment.’ The authors frequently refer to numerous other authors who have made similar experiments, some of them under curare alone, and some without the use of any anaesthetic to lull the terrible pain.” For the information of my readers it should be stated that curare is a drug which paralyses the voluntary motor nerves but not the sensory, so that while unable to move, the poor dumb animal suffers all the pangs of torture. It is the most fiendish, devilish drug known.

But Professor Sumner declares that “anaesthetics are almost invariably administered,” and he may object that Gotch and Horsley’s experiments were performed twenty-six years ago. So let us come down to more recent times. One of the assistants in Dr. Flexner’s laboratory in New York, in answer to a question put by a fellow-physician as to whether anaesthetics were used, said: Ususally, unless we wish to study symptomatic effects, in which case we would require the animal consciousness.

In inoculation experiments, animals cannot be kept under anaesthetics, seeing that such experiments extend often over weeks and sometimes over months. Let me give an instance, taken from an account of Professor Koch’s experiments in connection with sleeping-sickness, published in the *Journal of Pathology*, March, 1906:

“Dog No. 1 became a veritable skeleton and blind. It was found dead three weeks after inoculation. Dogs Nos. 2 and 3 showed signs of wasting, the head became swelled and dropsical, also the forelegs and paws; blindness ensued in both eyes; and two days before its death it refused food and seemed very thirsty. It was found dead nearly a month after inoculation. Dog No. 4 suffered anaemia, emaciation and drowsiness. The animal became a living skeleton, with drooping head, sightless eyes and every bone standing out on its emaciated body.”

Is Professor Koch also a ‘black sheep’?

Allan N. Benson, in an article, ‘The Common-Sense of Vivisection,’ states that he was informed by Dr. Flexner himself, in regard to inoculation experiments, that “there is only a quick prick with the needle and little or no pain.” Did he tell the whole truth? What of the after-effects? In 1909 in Great Britain alone, 82,389 inoculation experiments were performed. How many in the rest of Europe, and how many in America?

Shortly before the war broke out, in a German scientific journal, *Umschau*, was published an account of experiments subjecting rabbits to long exposure to radium, by London, a Russian physiologist. Is he also a ‘black sheep’? I quote from the account:

“For the first two weeks of the exposure no result was noticed. Then red spots appeared on the animals’ ears and elsewhere. Several weeks after the red spots, which had become bald, ulcerated. The ulcers remained and became

worse and worse during many months. The rabbits' hind legs became paralysed until at last they could only drag themselves about on their bellies by movements of their forelegs. The retina was destroyed and the eyes closed with a thick secretion."

But vivisectionists would have the public believe there is no cruelty, practically no suffering, merely a little discomfort. They would have us believe that animals do not suffer acutely. Read the evidence of William Pritchard, M. R. C. V. S., F. C. S., late Professor of Anatomy at the Royal Veterinary College, given before the Royal Commission on Vivisection in London. He stated that he had performed some thousands of operations on horses and dogs, but had never been able to detect any difference in sensation between them and the human subject. The following is a question put to him and his answer:

"And you think as regards the mere physical sensation of pain, it would be equal to that in a human being?" "Yes, I have never seen anything to lead me to think otherwise."

In the last analysis, the sole argument for the practice of vivisection and animal experimentation is that the end justifies the means. Let us see what have been the results that have accrued from animal experimentation in the following cases: first, in regard to what is now one of the greatest scourges of modern civilization, tuberculosis; and second, in regard to the most terrible of all diseases, cancer. In each of these cases it has been declared again and again by vivisectionists that only through animal experimentation can a cure be found for these and other diseases. In other words, the advocates of vivisection and animal experimentation lay claim to absolute knowledge and presume to set limits to human possibility and research. We have only, however, to turn to facts as presented in official records, to see the absurdity of such statements.

For instance, Trudeau, of whom it was said that he, better than any man in America, was qualified to speak authoritatively on the subject, declared: "Everything that we know today of the etiology of tuberculosis, everything that has a direct bearing on the prevention and control of the disease, we owe to animal experimentation." Trudeau doubtless had a right to speak for himself, but as regards the knowledge of other equally reputable physicians, his statement is absolutely false.

But Trudeau himself, shortly before he died, wrote to Dr. E. S. Bulloch, Physician in Chief of the New Mexico College Sanitarium:

"After thirty years of active tuberculosis work, I am convinced that there is no such thing as a real immunity in tuberculosis, nor possible of attainment; and if I had my life to live over again, I would devote it to the search for some chemical substance that would kill the tubercle bacillus without undue injury to the affected organism." Regarding which statement Dr. Bulloch says:

"If this brief but pregnant statement turns out to be a fact, as well as an opinion, it practically discards, as regards tuberculosis, all the bacteriological delving of the past thirty years."

And in spite of countless vivisectional experiments and the sacrifice of hundreds of thousands of animals in attempts to prove its efficiency, tuberculin was definitely acknowledged to be a failure at the International Congress in London in 1913; and the *British Medical Journal*, after a review of the

evidence, was constrained to admit that the treatment of any individual case with tuberculin was "a leap in the dark."

In regard to cancer, another absolute statement was made by N. Manthei Howe in the *New Age Magazine*. He says, "Animal experiments are absolutely essential if we expect to find a remedy for cancer." But let me call the attention of my readers to that "colossal failure," as it has been called, the Imperial Research Cancer Fund of England, subscribed to by a credulous public to the amount of a million dollars, and in connection with which "tens of thousands of defenseless animals have annually been immolated on the altar of so-called science"—to quote from Dr. Robert Bell, President of the Medical Reform Union. He asks: "What has been the outcome of all this cruelty? Nothing of the least value to medical science, either in regard to pathology or the treatment of disease. Indeed, any advancement that has been made in these respects has been accomplished by those who have discarded vivisection in any shape or form."

So also Dr. Adelaide Brown, chairman of the Public Health Committee of San Francisco, in her defense of the Prendergast Bill, recently declared that "animal experimentation is the basis for any possible advancement in saving or prolonging human life." Dr. Brown also declares that "diphtheria has been changed from a human scourge to a disease controllable and comparatively easily handled with antitoxin." But in the *New York Globe*, July 21th, 1916, Alfred S. McCann says:

"A special inquiry by the Department of Health has shown that the discovery and widespread use of diphtheria antitoxin since 1907 has not materially reduced either the prevalence of the disease or the percentage of deaths. June 12th, 1916, the *New York World* published Health Department statistics revealing the failure of diphtheria antitoxin to do the work which the laity has been led to believe it is accomplishing."

In the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, October 28th, 1916, is the following:

"The Bureau of Health of the State of Pennsylvania, in its annual report for 1914, states that during the last ten years the case death-rate of diphtheria has not changed more than one per cent, notwithstanding the use of antitoxin."

And in the *Journal of the A. M. A.*, May 13th, 1916, we find a German authority quoted as saying: "It is possible that the question of immunity to diphtheria, which seemed to have been settled, will have to be taken up and studied anew." In fact, the stress laid upon the value of animal experimentation as an aid in combatting diphtheria absolutely falls to the ground when we compare it with the other infectious diseases which at present draw upon no such aid. In other words, the appalling sacrifice of animals, with its attendant cruelty and suffering, has availed naught in these three dread diseases; it has not even the excuse of that saying of questionable morality, "the end justifies the means." Is it any wonder that an enlightened public is protesting against further animal experimentation?

Whither is vivisection tending? According to Professor Sumner, the question at issue concerns only a few hundred stray cats or dogs. This may be true of the Prendergast Bill, and it may also be true that the present effort is simply an 'incident.' But there is a principle involved, and it is well that the public should be informed of what is not only a possibility but an actuality;

and I do not quote from any layman or any 'black sheep' but from a physician who stands high in the profession. The following is a statement by Dr. Herbert Snow, an English surgeon and cancer specialist of the front rank:

"Vivisection is useless in cancer research. I have found it entirely so. *In the last analysis the final experiment must be performed on man*, no matter how many tests have been previously practised on living animals. For this very reason *so-called human vivisection is secretly practised in hospitals on an extensive scale*. So as a matter of fact, *in spite of wide-spread experimentation on animals, we should not escape from the attempts of surgeons to practise upon us.*"

Please note that Dr. Snow declares that human vivisection is practiced on an extensive scale. Professor Slosson, while professor of chemistry in the University of Wyoming, 1895, declared that "a human life is nothing compared with a new fact in science." And it is reported that Professor H. A. Gehring, of the Michigan Agricultural College, at the beginning of the year, 1917, in this age of 'enlightenment,' announced his intention to introduce a measure in the Michigan Legislature that will provide for the vivisection of prisoners.

If these statements of Dr. Snow and others be false, *viz.*: that human vivisection is secretly practised in hospitals on an extensive scale, they should be so proven *conclusively*; not by a mere denial, but in such a way that the whole world may know. If not so proven, they must stand; and they will stand *until an intelligent public takes such means as shall make not only human vivisection but animal vivisection and experimentation impossible*.

Professor Koch, the discoverer of the tuberculosis bacillus, declares that "an experiment on an animal gives no certain indication of the result of the same experiment on a human being," taking the same position as Dr. Snow. And the public should know these facts, for unless they take a stand, and not only prevent the passage of such a bill as the Prendergast Bill, but make impossible the practice of vivisection and animal experimentation, they will have to face, and are already facing, the inevitable result: human vivisection and human experimentation; and what guarantee have you that the vivisectors will not experiment on your wife or child or on yourself?

Let me quote here Mme. Tingley's words, and ask: Do we want a vivisector by the bedside of the sick? Do we not want, more than anything else, that the consciousness of the physician should be the highest order, incapable of the slightest prompting from below? And this not only on general grounds, but because it is from the higher nature that come those flashes of genius and intuition which may mean perhaps the salvation of an apparently hopeless case of sickness.

The fact is that vivisectors and animal experimenters dare not take the public into their confidence, and that their defense -- for they acknowledge that they are on defense by the publishing of 'Defense Research Pamphlets' -- is but a partial and garbled statement. They further seek to convey the idea that anti-vivisectionists are anti-progressive and incompetent to express an opinion; yet some of the most eminent physicians of the present day are absolutely opposed to vivisection. These latter, in their high ideals of the profession and of their responsibility, are turning their attention more and more to the prevention of disease; and in fact, not only abroad but in this country, it is being more and more acknowledged that the greatest factor in

the reduction of the number of cases of the diseases of typhoid, typhus, yellow fever and malaria is sanitation, isolation, hygienic measures generally. Even Professor Elie Metchnikoff of the Pasteur Institute, Paris, declares that "to diminish the spread of tuberculosis, of typhoid fever, of dysentery, of cholera, and of many other diseases, *it is necessary only* to follow the rules of scientific hygiene, without waiting for specific remedies." (*Nature of Man*, p. 213) And Sir B. W. Richardson in *Biological Experimentation*, p. 125, says: "I could put all the answers (to the question: How to prevent disease?) into one word: cleanliness." And again he says: "Purity of life is all-sufficient to remove what disease exists."

The case against vivisection rests on the ground that the evidence furnished by vivisectors themselves, in reports published in the standard medical journals, proves that in innumerable cases extreme cruelty is practised, and has to be practised in order to get the results desired; and that the results, even if as claimed, do not in any way justify this infliction of cruelty. The sole basis on which the vivisectors make their claims is that the end justifies the means. I contend that the means employed are immoral, unworthy of the true dignity of manhood, degrading to those who employ them, blunting their finer sensibilities, and having a psychological influence upon the race that will have to be met even in this generation, tending as it does to the degradation of character. Vivisection and animal experimentation are a violation of nature and natural law. Health will never be attained by such means, but only by acting in conformity with natural law.

In conclusion, let me quote the words of Mme. Katherine Tingley: "I think that we should be slow in condemning those who are even today earnestly engaged in vivisection, for the reason that while we may condemn the action, many of those same men may in other lines of their profession have accomplished a great deal of good; but the fact is that they are confronted by something which they cannot understand, and that in their *materia medica* the great secret is lacking, the key to which is a recognition of the essential divinity of man and the interdependence of man and the kingdoms of nature."

'COME-BACK' AT THEOSOPHISTS

. From the *La Jolla Journal*, April 6th, 1917

BY PROF. F. B. SUMNER, Scripps Institution, La Jolla, Cal.

WHEN the Secretary of a 'Universal Brotherhood' so far forgets himself as to administer a good old-fashioned scolding to an erring fellow-mortal, is it quite fair that he should add a question mark when he speaks of the 'arguments' (?) which have so roused his ire? The anti-vivisection movement is never lacking in its comic aspects, but it is not these that I care to dwell on at present. For the matter is a very serious one, as we attempted to show in our recent discussion at the Community House. Indeed, it is only a realization of its seriousness that leads me to take any notice of the article in last week's *Journal*. The confident tone of that article and the pretense from authoritative sources gave the statement a certain plausibility to deceive an uninformed reader.

It is not my intention here to reply to Mr. Fussell's entire argument, nor is it my purpose to keep up a newspaper controversy with him. If the Pendergast Bill is passed, as we have reason to hope, and if it is held up by a referendum petition, as seems equally probable, I shall not shirk my duty in explaining the issue to the public. It is much to be regretted that no report was made in the *Journal* of any of the addresses delivered at the Community House except my own. Strong arguments were ably presented by Messrs. Voorhees and Crandall, and by Dr. Parker. In accordance with previous agreement, my own statement represented only one aspect of the discussion. For that reason I scarcely touched upon the achievements of experimental medicine, this field being covered by Dr. Parker. I did, however, offer what I believe to be sufficient evidence for the necessity of animal experimentation for an understanding of the living world. And it is significant that the Theosophical Society's secretary makes no reply whatever to this line of argument. It is perhaps because he regards knowledge gained by the 'brain-mind' as distinctly a minor matter in the life of man.

In fact, the irate Secretary indicates exactly where the shoe pinches, in the quotation from Mrs. Tingley, with which he concludes the article. After graciously granting that we 'vivisectors' may not be wholly bad, the Point Loma leader remarks: "The fact is that they are confronted by something which they cannot understand, and that in their *materia medica* the great secret is lacking, the key to which is a recognition of the essential divinity of man and the interdependence of man and the kingdoms of nature." It is the same old sneer against '*materia medica*' which for years, in various forms, has opposed vaccination, public health ordinances, and the advancement of medical knowledge.

We will gladly leave the savants of Point Loma to expound the different between 'transmigration and reincarnation.' What is really pertinent to the present discussion is their avowed hostility to the basic principles of modern medicine.

And now for some of the Secretary's specific arguments. I cannot consider them all.

(1) Tuberculin is admitted by the medical profession to have a quite restricted application as a *remedy*, though even as a remedy its importance is not negligible. Its chief importance, however, is as a *diagnostic test*. Presumably every reader of this article has heard of 'tuberculin tested' cattle. Many cities and states require that consumers of milk shall be safe-guarded against infection by means of this test. As regards its use in human subjects, Dr. H. P. Elsner (*Monographic Medicine*, Vol. VI, 1916, p. 239) says: "The subcutaneous injection of tuberculin remains the very best method in use today for the detection of hidden tubercle deposit in the body." Tuberculin, needless to say, is an outcome of animal experimentation.

(2) The case for diphtheria antitoxin is established to the satisfaction of practically all students of scientific medicine. That dissenting opinions may be cited does not prove that the case is really still open. A typical expression of existing medical opinion is the following from Dr. Wilbur A. Sawyer, director of the Hygienic Laboratory of the California State Board of Health: "The introduction of diphtheria antitoxin into general use in 1894 was followed in the next few years by a rapid decline in the mortality from the dis-

ease. The number of deaths from diphtheria decreased by from 50 to 75 per cent." This antitoxin is prepared by inoculating horses.

(3) In the short space available, I can discuss the allegations of cruelty only in a very general way. By searching the literature of medicine and physiology with a fine-toothed comb, by carefully selecting painful and disgusting details and neglecting to report any others, and by presenting these, without their context and suitably loaded with adjectives, quite a thrilling chamber of horrors may be exposed to our view. But anyone in the least familiar with present conditions in experimental biology knows that this painful and repulsive aspect characterizes a very small proportion of our work. Yet the 'Universal Brotherhood' would suppress 'animal vivisection' in general. A vastly greater proportion of suffering and wanton cruelty characterizes most of the commercial pursuits which deal with animals. The anti-vivisectionist strains at a gnat and swallows a camel.

Finally, I wish you to consider why it was that Dr. Alexis Carrell, experimentalist of the Rockefeller Institute (one of the chief 'vivisection hells' of the world) was chosen for an important hospital post in France during the present war. It was owing to the surgical knowledge and skill which he had acquired in 'vivisectioning' animals!

FUSSELL ANSWERS SUMNER

From the *La Jolla Journal*, April 13th, 1917

BY JOSEPH H. FUSSELL

FIRST, my thanks to the Editor for having courteously placed at my disposal one column of the *La Jolla Journal* in which to reply to Professor Sumner's article of April 6th.

Is Professor Sumner again seeking to befog the issue by the introduction of irrelevant matters? What, for instance, has the difference between 'transmigration and reincarnation' to do with the question of vivisection? And who are the "savants of Point Loma" who have "avowed hostility to the basic principles of modern medicine"? Innuendo is not argument, and I challenge Professor Sumner to give the names of these 'savants' and prove such avowal. As a gentle hint, let me suggest that he consult a dictionary as to the difference between 'methods' and 'basic principles.' As to the "comic aspects" which Professor Sumner speaks of, for may part I am willing to leave these to the public to discover — or to Professor Sumner, if he wishes.

Regarding his reference to Mme. Katherine Tingley's words quoted in my previous article, and in part again quoted by Professor Sumner, while I hold that these need no defense, I deny absolutely that they contain directly or by implication any 'sneer' which Professor Sumner claims to see in them. In fact, in that quotation, even standing alone, and more clearly in her whole speech from which it is quoted, Mme. Tingley showed her appreciation of the problems with which physicians are confronted, and further gave credit for sincerity of purpose even to vivisectionists who are really seeking to solve these problems, though she condemns their methods. Is Professor Sumner justified in calling this "the same old sneer"? Does he claim that the secret of '*materia medica*' has been found? Does he think it lies in serum therapy? Why, then, the so often heralded new serums, so many of which a few months

later have to be placed in the category of failure? Of course it is but natural that Professor Sumner and other pro-vivisections should call attention to those serums which they claim are successes, but to be absolutely just to the public, should they not also state how many serums once heralded as successes have later proved to be failures?

Professor Sumner speaks of "the pretense which was made of citing facts from authoritative sources." Wherein lay the "pretense"? If what I cited were not *facts*, and the sources not *authoritative*, it surely should not be a difficult matter to prove this. But until proof is given I think that, in the eyes of the intelligent public, at least, they will stand.

Referring to Professor Sumner's numbered paragraphs:

(1) Regarding tuberculin as a remedy, does Professor Sumner seriously put his opinion against that of the International Medical Congress in London in 1913? But, he says, "its chief importance, however, is a *diagnostic test*," and cites (or does he make a pretense of citing?) Dr. Ellsworth's words (1916): "The subcutaneous injection of tuberculin remains the very best method in use today for the detection of hidden tubercle deposit in the body." Is Professor Sumner aware of the more recently expressed opinion of S. Adolphus Knopf, M. D., Professor of Medicine, Department of Phthisiotherapy, at the New York Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital, published in the *Medical Record*, Jan. 6th, 1917, as follows: "May I frankly state my personal opinion on this delicate subject? Namely, that *I thoroughly disapprove of the classic tuberculin test hypodermically administered*. I consider the reaction even in the mentally normal individual as *an undesirable phenomenon and not without danger!*" And other equally prominent physicians disapprove of *other methods* of administrating the tuberculin test.

(2) Professor Sumner may deny that the case for diphtheria antitoxin is "really still open," referring us back to reports of 1894 and a few years later. But the New York Health Department statistics (1916) and the Pennsylvania Board of Health Report (1914) show it to be very much open. I refer the reader to my previous statement, and will give further proofs later.

(5) Regarding cruelty, the cases cited by me are typical. I flatly deny that they were obtained as insinuated by Professor Sumner. They show extreme cruelty and were chosen for that reason; nor can any adjectives of mine add to the picture, though they may help to express my opinion. If the context of my citations in any way mitigates the picture, let Professor Sumner quote the context. However, he virtually acknowledges this cruelty when he says: "This painful and repulsive aspect characterizes a very small proportion of our work." But there is overwhelming evidence that it characterizes a *very large proportion*, and the vivisector's greatest difficulty lies in persuading the public that it is otherwise. They are thoroughly on the defensive—they neither state all the facts, nor, as I said before, dare they do so.

Try again, Professor Sumner; but, with all due respect to your scientific attainments, if it were not that I seek to stem this tide of cruelty, by helping to put the case squarely before the public, I would not answer you.