FREELIGHT.

MAY, 1872.

THE SHADOW OF LEVI.

A Mystical Romance, in Three Phases.—By Edith Heraud.

Phase the First. Chapter the Fourth.

REUBEN'S FOLLOWING.

(*Continued from Vol. I., p.* 431.)

Unconscious of everything but his bitter sorrow, Reuben remained prostrate on the ground for several hours after Rachel and her handmaiden had departed from the tent. At length when the sun began to wane, and slowly make his detour towards the Western Horizon, Reuben raised himself from his supine position, and began to look about him for his missing sister. Not finding her at her customary post, he went to the opening, and strained his eyes to catch her figure in the distance—she might be lingering about the exterior of the neighbouring tents. Not so; there were the Israelitish dwellings, with their white tops, shining out lovingly and peacefully in the mellow evening light; but the form of Rachel was nowhere visible along the prospect. Filled with a sudden, undefined terror, Reuben raised his voice and called her name forth into the advancing night. He paused and listened: his effort was rewarded by the faint mountain-echoes answering back the name of Rachel. More and more perplexed, and filled with a still deeper anxiety and distrust, the brother issued from his tent, and inquired for the truant among his Jewish brethren. His questions were evaded or unsatisfactorily answered. They had noticed her absence, had speculated on the circumstance; they knew not of her whereabout; they had not seen her since the sun's meridian. The hours sped; night advanced her shadows; the last streaks of the setting sun disappeared in the horizon; the twilight deepened; the

stars shone forth in myriad particles, bathing the shrubs and valleys, and gaunt mountain-sides, in a sheet of glory; and still was Reuben wandering about the wild spectral region searching for his sister Rachel. Faster and faster sped the hours, till midnight spread her sable mantle around the sleeping fraternity, and Reuben stood alone and unsolaced at the foot of Sinai, in his extremity seeking relief in the shadows of a by-gone glory. But the shades of the departed came not to succour him in his huge heart-agony; and uttering a cry of anguish, he buried his face in his hands, and wept aloud.

"Where is Rachel? She is gone!" said a voice beside him, as Reuben in his despair called forth the name of his lost sister. "This day at noontide she departed from thy tent, impelled forward by the Spirit on a divinely-appointed mission."

Roused from his stupor by the strange sepulchral voice, Reuben turned round, and found himself confronted with the Holy Man of Sinai.

"Father, is it thou? This meeting is propitious; thy ghostly counsel may assuage my grief. Know'st thou of Rachel?"

"Said I not," repeated the hermit, "she hath gone forth on a divinely-appointed mission?"

"A divinely-appointed mission?" queried Reuben. "Be more explicit in thy meaning."

"She hath been favoured with a revelation," said the Holy Man, by way of explanation, "which, after the pattern of the olden patriarchs, hath presented itself to her in the semblance of a vision. She came to me for the dream's interpretation; I shadowed forth its meaning according to the imperfect lights within me. She is gone."

"Gone!"

"Gone," said the Holy Man, fixing his eyes keenly on those of his interlocutor. "And it is in the decree of Providence that whither she hath gone, thou shalt follow."

Reuben started.

"I see thou understand'st me—thou art also divinely called. Thou wilt not shrink to share the perils of thy sister's pilgrimage. All is predestined. Thou shalt not return till the end is consummated."

"Which way took she?" said Reuben suddenly, his voice sounding strange and hollow in the stillness.

"That way—through the desert," said the Holy Man, pointing his hand in the direction of the wilderness. "I watched her departure from the hermitage. The God of our people preserve thee, and enlighten thy understanding to perceive the truth."

The Holy Man was gone; and Reuben, stemming the torrent of his surging grief, turned his face in the direction indicated by the hermit, and girding up his loins for the appointed travail, set forth in quest of his sister Rachel.

END OF PHASE THE FIRST.

PHASE THE SECOND.—CHAPTER THE FIRST.

IN THE DESERT.

INTO the gaping wilderness, over the scorched and crackling sands, went Rachel the Jewess. It was a dreary landscape, set in the midst of desolation, whose dull monotony knew no change. A dreary, dreary landscape, presenting nature devoid of life. The feeling was one of utter isolation. She seemed cut off from her species—an immeasurable space interposing itself between her and the animate creation. Through the dry, parched atmosphere, the sun's burning rays descended on the earth, which afforded no shelter from their blackening glare. As she gazed to the right or the left, to the front or the rear of her, her eye was arrested by level plains of sand, whose distance seemed interminable, stretching away towards the horizon, and thence losing themselves in the immensity of space. Rachel had heard travellers speak of these sandy wastes—how, when stirred by the wind that blew across the desert, they would upheave themselves like the surging waves of the ocean, and rolling onwards with resistless force, overwhelm in their progress whole caravans of travellers, who never reappeared on the troubled stage of life. Should such a catastrophe await herself and her faithful handmaiden! Verily, a dreary landscape, terror and desolation around and in the midst of her, and the haven afar off in the distance, where no human eye could ken. What if they should be molested in their journey by any of the wandering Arab tribes, descendants of Ishmael, proud sons of the desert, mighty, fierce, and free, who claimed the wilderness as their natural inheritance, and who (the terror of wayfarers) infested the wastes with their marauding expeditions? A contingency too terrible to be contemplated. But Rachel's faith was strong. She had set forth upon a mission to which she believed herself to have been divinely called; would she not be also divinely guided to the issue? Nothing could happen but by Divine appointment; and against the Eternal ordinances who durst murmur? So Rachel traversed the wilderness with a firm faith and dauntless heart; fortifying herself against the perils of the way, never pausing to

look forward or reflect upon the magnitude of the task allotted to her weakness.

"How the sun pours down upon us," said Sara, as she followed her mistress over the burning sands. "Is there no water to allay our thirst?"

"There are springs in the desert," said Rachel. "They bubble up beneath she shade of palm trees; in God's own time we shall descry one, Sara."

"May God in His mercy hasten us towards the refreshing spectacle!" piously ejaculated Sara. "Oh! it is a weary waste to traverse! My eyes are blinded, and my feet are blistered. Much I extol the wisdom of those who remain stationary in their tents beneath the giant brows of Sinai."

"We have received the call of the Spirit," said Rachel, "and shall fleshly yearnings prevail against it—soul succumb to body? Call to mind the traditions of our faith—the burdens borne by our people in the days of yore."

"Verily they were mighty, and oftentimes too heavy for the backs that owned them," responded Sara. "God forefend our backs should break beneath the burden now imposed upon them!"

"They shall be strengthened to sustain it," said Rachel. "Falter we not in our mission; we are safe."

"It is a lonely waste," said Sara, gazing ruefully around her.

"The Spirit of God abides in the wilderness, and shall prepare the way before us."

"Ye are firm in faith," said Sara.

"As a rock," said Rachel.

As she spoke they approached a group of palm trees, beneath whose pleasant shade a stream or spring of water, partially choked by sand, burst forth from the heated soil, offering a refreshing beverage to the parched and wayworn pilgrims. Sara rushed to slake her thirst at the friendly pool, while Rachel sank upon her knees, and offered up a prayer of thanksgiving to her Maker, who had thus graciously and unexpectedly administered to their necessities.

"Verily thou speakest sooth," said Sara, as she allayed her thirst at the pool; "the Spirit of God breathes in the wilderness, and hath opened this friendly stream to alleviate our wants. Maybe we shall be next favoured with quails and manna, like the Israelites of yore."

"I have food in my basket," said Rachel; "we have not yet consumed it all. Wilt thou partake of what is left?"

"No; we must husband our means," said Sara. "Moreover, the

heat of the desert produces thirst, not hunger. This night we must pillow our heads in the wilderness."

"Even so."

"This night and many succeeding ones," said Sara, sighing as she thought of the repose and luxury of their Sinaitic dwellings.

"It is in the hands of the Eternal," said Rachel. "Our state is but probationary. When the end is accomplished, He shall release us from our passage."

"May it be speedy!" ejaculated Sara. "What is that?"

Rachel gazed in the direction indicated by her handmaiden, and perceived a redness in the atmosphere, which, accompanied by a general heat and pressure, warned her of the approach of the fatal simoon. Throwing her arms forward, she prostrated herself in the sand, exclaiming as she did so,—

"The simoon, the simoon! Fall with your face downwards, Sara."

Sara did as she was bidden; and the poisonous wind, surnamed by the Arabs *Angel of Death*—the terror of the desert—sped its course, leaving the two pilgrims uninjured by its passage.

"The Lord be praised for our deliverance!" ejaculated Sara, raising herself from the ground. "Hadst thou not been acquainted with the signs, Rachel, we must have perished."

"We cannot perish till our work is completed," said Rachel quietly. "We must pass greater perils yet, Sara."

"Oh! they must be mighty indeed, then," observed the handmaiden.

Having duly rested and refreshed themselves, the pilgrims left the friendly stream and pleasant shade of the palm trees, to penetrate still further into the barren, rugged interior of the desert.

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Night spread forth her sable mantle over the wilderness. The cold light of the stars shone down upon the bleached and thirsty plains, giving them a spectral appearance, that recalled vividly to the recollection those old time-worn legends of ghouls and goblins, with which man's vain but subtle imagination has peopled the solitudes. The moon shed forth her lustre, also cold and cheerless (for in these dreary wastes the tropical heat of the day is only equalled by the intense cold of the night), bathing the naked rocks and mountain precipices, the only scenery that diversified the burning white glare of the sands, in a flood of light. And there was, permeating the grand solitude, strange and mystical, a voiceless utterance, that spoke enigmatically to the soul of Rachel, acquainting her with mysteries beyond the grasp of human

intellect, generating in her new thoughts and impulses, filling her with those vague, spiritual yearnings, that assure the soul of its own immortality, and lifting her to closer communion with that higher existence towards which she, and all her brethren in the flesh, were tending.

And the Spirit of God was in the wilderness; and Rachel felt the Spirit—that it was above and around her—on all sides hemming her in from outrage and disaster. And Rachel was filled with a novel ecstacy, and she gave vent to her feelings in a prayer of gratitude; and the desert heard her prayer, and repeated it after her, not audibly, but consciously, as was manifested in its hushed breathings and lulled atmosphere. And the great heart of nature responded to the desert, and seemed to heave with its huge sympathy. And the cold moon and the cold stars shed their cold light upon the thirsty plains; and Rachel lay sleeping on the plains, her head pillowed in the sand, the last words of pious thanksgiving speeding from her lips; and the desert was silently repeating the utterance, and the heart of nature responding to the desert; and the Spirit of God, that abides in the wilderness and fills the universe, the Creator and Disposer of all things, who formed matter from chaos, light out of darkness; He, the Everlasting and the Infinite, Omnipotent, Omniscient, and Omnipresent, He was above the moon and the stars, and the desert, gazing down upon the weary pilgrim, appointing and directing all!

Chapter the Second.

A company of Islamites.

"Hush! she awakes. Allah, defend us! two lonely females in the desert without escort or protection. In the name of the Holy Prophet, what marvel is this?"

These were the words that greeted the ears of Rachel, when, at daybreak the next morning, she awoke from the slumber into which she had fallen on the preceding night. Raising her head from its sandy pillow, she looked up, and found herself surrounded by some ten or twelve brawny-looking men, whom, from their general characteristics, she perceived to be followers of Islam. In the background, a little apart from the others, distinguishable by their costume, stood two Bedouin Arabs, who were apparently acting to their companions in the capacity of guides through the desert. Directly opposite to her, in the wild dress of his order, stood a holy man, or dervis, from whose lips

the above sentences had emanated, and whose hollow eyes and sharp, rigid features, bespoke a life of austerity, long penances, and watching.

"Art thou mad, damsel," said the Mohammedan recluse, "thus to expose thyself unveiled in the desert? But by thy dress I perceive thou art not of the true faith. Ah, verity of verities, thou art but a Jewess!"

"I follow the profession of my fathers, which, as I take it, is the only true faith," said Rachel, rising from the ground, and awaking her handmaiden, Sara, from her slumber. "For the rest I have no fear. I traverse the wilderness without veil or escort. The God of Israel will protect me."

"Thou art courageous for thy sex," responded the dervis; "but I have heard such things of thy people. The women of Judah hesitate not to dare the blasts of the tempest, and the temptations of the world's wilderness, with no other protection than that afforded by the shield of their own immaculateness—a form of test of female purity which is not permitted to the true Mussulman believer. But in what direction art thou journeying through this vast desert? Surely thou must have an object in thy wandering."

Rachel shook her head.

"I go in the direction of the Spirit," she said; "whither it leads I follow. I know not the goal, where it lies, or how attainable; but I have been appointed to the task, and I shall not weary till the labour is accomplished."

As she spoke, the eyes of the dervis were upon her, quick and penetrating, from their hollow sockets gazing at the pilgrim with a strange earnestness that caused a thrill of awe, or some subtle feeling to pass through her. Brought up in all the austerity and severe asceticism of his order, there was about the Mohammedan recluse an appearance of sanctity that at once elicited the respect and confidence of the Jewish maiden. Still fixing his eagle glance upon the stranger, the dervis said:

"Ah! thou art called of the Spirit, art thou? Thou hast a mission, but thou knowest not the manner of its accomplishment; there is a haven somewhere in the distance, but thou possessest not a clue to guide thee in its right direction. Thou art like a mariner without his compass, tossing about on the wild ocean, knowing there is land to reach, but never finding harbour. Like him, thou mayst be buried in the waves before thou spy the shore. Have faith in me, daughter of Judah; tell me thy history. It may be given to me to show thee the way to the accomplishment of thy mission."

"Ye have risen before me in the desert," said Rachel, yielding to the feeling of awe with which the dervis inspired her. "I sought thee not, and thy coming was unannounced by sign or token; but thou art sent for some purpose, or the God of my fathers had not permitted thy presence here. It is a strange story; but thou shalt hear it. Let us sit down upon the sand, and I will repeat the enigma to thee."

The dervis—whose costume, though picturesque, presented an appearance of nudity, it being the custom of his order (as a sign of poverty and humility) to go bare-legged and open-breasted—threw himself upon the stony soil, and prepared to listen to the Jewish maiden's recital.

He (the dervis) listened intently to the strange narrative, reserving to its termination all remarks and interpretations of his own. He saw, or thought he saw, the true solution of the mystery. But he waited till the last tones of Rachel's voice died away in the desert air; he then turned towards her his quick eagle glance, saying:

"Thou hast finished, maiden—thou hast no more to say?"

Rachel shook her head.

"I have told thee all I know. The rest is enveloped in shadow—I cannot penetrate it."

"Thou hast not the whole truth to guide thee," said the dervis; "thou hast a portion, but it suffices not. Thy creed is too imperfect to lead thee to the light."

"I follow the creed of Moses and of Abraham, and the holy men that have gone before and after them," said Rachel. "I believe in the Law and the Prophets, and the Divine institution of the Sabbath. I know there is one living God, the Creator and Provider of all things. His spirit pervades the universe, and is the source of light and vegetation. Without Him there could be no morality, no religion; matter itself would be reduced to its first chaos. I know that He has revealed himself at different periods to certain of His chosen people, and elected them as instruments to carry out His grand providential scheme for the good of his creatures. This is the creed of my fathers, the creed in which I was born and educated, and—it is perfect."

"To thee," said the dervis, "because thou knowest no other, or thou hast not advanced far enough to grasp the truth in its entirety. Thy creed has truth at its foundation; but it is imperfect."

"Explain thyself," said Rachel.

"As concisely as possible," said the dervis: "Thy creed is imperfect because it embraces only a portion of revealed truth. It

stops with the Law and the Prophets, and takes no cognizance of the actions of divinely-inspired men that have come after them."

"Say on."

"There is after Abraham, and Moses, and the Prophets, a greater still—one comprehending in his own person all the attributes of the others, with many superadded excellencies besides: the last and greatest of the prophets, whose mission was grandest and whose work was final."

"To whom alludest thou?"

"Mohammed."

"Mohammed?"

"Even he; the man of inspiration who received his prophetic mission from the lips of the angel Gabriel. Alone, in the cave of Mount Hara, during the silent watches of the night, he received the angelic visitation. Departing, the angel testified to the prophet's work in these words: 'O Mohammed! of a verity thou art the prophet of God, and I am His angel Gabriel.' Did'st never hear of him, maiden?"

"I have heard of Mohammed," said Rachel; "he was a man of blood, and Israel has suffered much from the hands of his followers; but our teachers forbid us to look at him in other light than that of an impostor."

"Ha!" exclaimed the dervis, his eyes flashing as the term of ignominy escaped the lips of Rachel, "but they teach after the manner of their folly and their ignorance, and are not worth the indignation of the faithful. But thou, maiden, hast been singled out from amongst thy people to serve a higher and more exalted destiny. Thou hast been made the subject of a special revelation; that revelation points far away from thy imperfect Judaistic law, to a higher and more plenary dispensation—the faith of Islam. To enable thee to accomplish the great end and object to which thou art predestined, thou must become a disciple of Mohammed."

"Quit the faith of my fathers!—the law of Moses and the Prophets? That were apostacy," said Rachel.

"I do not ask thee to renounce so much," said the dervis; "nay, I ask thee to relinquish nothing—nothing of thy old belief as writ down in the sacred annals of thy people. I only ask thee to extend thy faith—to carry it onward with the great march of human events, and add thereto the tenets of Islam—the long line of Prophets commencing with Moses, culminating in Mohammed, the greatest of them all. Thou perceivest, without detracting from thy old, I give to thee a new and satisfying creed. Dost understand me?"

"It is a difficult problem, and requires reflection," said Rachel. "I must think."

"Come with me to Mecca," said the dervis. "I and my companions are thither travelling on the holy pilgrimage, this being the sacred month set apart for that purpose. This pilgrimage is enjoined on all good Mussulmans once in their lives, or they forfeit the delights of Paradise. But thou at present knowest nothing of our customs. Come, join our caravan; in the sacred city make thyself acquainted with the mysteries of our faith. I pledge myself, by the bones of the Holy Prophet, thou shalt come to no indignity or harm, but shalt, if so disposed, be permitted to return back to thy own people. Come."

He fixed his eyes upon her with such a zealous earnestness, that Rachel could entertain no doubt of his sincerity. She yielded, and consented to become the companion of the dervis's pilgrimage, reserving to herself the right to retrace her footsteps if dissatisfied with the provisions of the new faith, or in any way disinclined to embrace its doctrines.

"Come, then," said the dervis, "let us partake of our morning meal, and then prepare our camels and pursue our pilgrimage. Fear not, maiden, thy journey to Mecca shall be safe and expeditious."

"I know not whether I am right or wrong," said Rachel. "The Spirit has ceased to guide me; its voice is silent; around me is nothing but the shadow. I am a passive instrument in thy hands, but I will follow thee."

Chapter the Third.

IN THE SACRED CITY.

They entered it at last; after a long and toilsome journey they—the dervis and his companions—entered the city of Mecca, for ages the object of Mussulman veneration as the birthplace of Mohammed. The dervis and his followers, observing the prescribed Mohammedan custom, had donned their pilgrim's garb outside the gates of the sacred city. They were thus prepared to proceed at once to the Caaba, or House of God, to visit whose hallowed precincts they had traversed the weird and arid desert, in honour of their prophet. The city itself was placed in the midst of a barren plain, and, except for its associations, presented but few attractions to the observant wayfarer. It was the hour of the Mussulman call to prayer, and the first sound that greeted the ears of Rachel on her arrival in the city, was the voice of the crier, who, from the top of the nearest mosque, in these words summoned

the townspeople to their devotions, "There is no Deity but God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God." Rachel turned towards the dervis, who, anticipating her inquiry, said,

"The disciples of Mohammed consider the intelligent human voice as the only fitting summons to their devotional exercises; bells are accounted abominable. In Mohammedan countries we deny that custom even to the Christians, though it constitutes a part of their ceremonial. The words you heard but now issue from the mouth of the crier form in their substance the Moslem profession of faith, 'There is no Deity but God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God.' We have spoken of this before."

Rachel remembered that he had. During their journey through the desert the dervis had been at considerable pains to instruct his young companion in some of the leading tenets of the Mussulman faith. Rachel had listened, imperfectly comprehending what she heard. That the Moslems believed in the one true God and eschewed idols, therein assimilating closely to her own Jewish worship, were the only points in the venerable man's exposition that pierced her understanding. The variety of extraneous matter which garnished these two fundamental principles (for an adequate description of which we refer the reader to the Koran) fell on her ears unregarded. With a full and detailed account of the traditive history of the Caaba, the temple at Mecca, the dervis had also presented her. This history is a simple perversion of the truth, as revealed to us, concerning the origin of man. Stripped of all its ornamentation, the dervis's lengthy disquisition on this subject may be summed up by us in a few sentences.

Being cast forth from Paradise, after their first disobedience, Adam and Eve alighted on separate parts of the globe. For two hundred years our great progenitors traversed the earth in quest of each other, till they met at last on Mount Ararat, near to the site of Mecca. Having thus recovered Eve, Adam, in the fulness of his joy and gratitude, raised his hands to heaven and implored of the divine clemency the restoration of another forfeited blessing. In Paradise there had been a shrine at which he, Adam, worshipped, and around which he had seen the angels move in adoring processions. The restoration of this shrine now formed the substance of Adam's petition. His prayer was granted. The heavens opened, and a tabernacle of clouds, radiant with glory, was thence propelled by the hands of angels. This tabernacle became thenceforth the altar at which our forefather worshipped, who performed daily seven circuits around it in imitation of the movements of the adoring angels.

Adam died, and the tabernacle disappeared, being drawn back into heaven by the same hands that had impelled it earthwards. A corresponding one of stone and clay was afterwards erected on the same site by Adam's son, Seth, which was subsequently swept away by the Deluge. Many ages afterwards Ishmael, the son of Abràham, received the divine command to rebuild the Caaba, which he did, his father Abraham assisting in the work. While engaged in their pious labour they were interrupted by the angel Gabriel, who presented them with a stone (supposed to have been one of the precious stones of Paradise) which they reverently inserted in an aperture made for that purpose in the exterior wall of the Caaba. To this day the stone remains, an object of devout veneration to the hadj, or pilgrim to Mecca.

Such was the pith of the dervis's detailed account of the history of the Caaba, to which Rachel had listened with an apathy that did not escape the notice of the Mohammedan recluse. That he had failed to arouse the maiden's enthusiasm in the Moslem profession of faith was evident. She was a passive listener and no more. Still, he did not despair. He trusted that after visiting the Caaba and being an eye-witness of its mysteries, the damsel's mind would receive the impetus which it now wanted to render her a zealous convert to the cause he advocated.

"We have spoken of this before," said the dervis, taking up the thread of the conversation where he had left it off, "and I have done my best to indoctrinate you in the leading tenets of Mohammedism, and have pictured to you the rich rewards of Paradise which await all those who faithfully enrol themselves under the banner of the Prophet. I am now about to procure you admission into the Caaba, the holy Mohammedan temple."

"I thought that admission into that sanctum was denied to the unbeliever," said Rachel.

"Right, damsel," explained the dervis; "but I have influence with the guardian of the Caaba and the civil authorities of Mecca. I have made many pilgrimages hither, and am a successful propagator of our holy religion; many hundred proselytes are known to have followed in my teaching. A word from me, and the officials will allow you to pass unquestioned. They know I do nothing without an object, and that it is inseparable from the interests of the true faith. You cannot take part in the rites—that would be desecration; but I will place you in an obscure corner of the temple, where you can see, unseen, and arrive at a full appreciation of what is there exhibited. Do you understand me, damsel?"

"Yes," said Rachel passively.

"I pledge my word a second time, by the bones of the Holy Prophet, that no harm shall come to you," said the dervis, "not even from the irregularity (committed at my instance) of obtaining surreptitious entrance into the Caaba. Have you faith in me?"

"I have," said Rachel.

The dervis and his pilgrim train, accompanied by the Jewess and her handmaiden, now proceeded in silence through the streets of Mecca till they arrived at the Caaba, or House of God. Here the dervis made a sudden halt, and, glancing at the handmaiden, he turned to Rachel, saying:

"We must leave this woman outside the Caaba; I cannot procure her entry. She can rejoin you as you pass out."

Rachel nodded acquiescence.

"Sit on that stone," said the dervis to Sara, as he spoke pointing to a projection in the exterior wall of the Caaba. "Remain in wait for your mistress—she will soon return."

"Pray God she may, and receive no hurt of body or soul from this strange vagary!" was Sara's pious ejaculation.

"She is in honest keeping," said the dervis, at a sign from whom the whole pilgrim-train, including the Jewess, placed themselves in reverential postures, and entered the Caaba.

The temple of Mecca is enriched with forty-two doors, and is open in the middle, forming a convenient inlet for the entrance of the pilgrims. The spirit of apathy that had now taken complete possession of Rachel, rendered her indifferent to, and partially unobservant of, the things around her. She noticed, however, as she moved along, that her feet fell on a soft gravel foundation, except at certain points, leading through partially-closed doors to the Beat-Allah, or holy shrine, where she perceived a variation; the ground in these places being paved with stones. All around the building were cloisters or small cells, which she rightly supposed were erected for the use of those pious devotees who preferred a monastic to a secular life. Her eyes wandered listlessly round the sacred edifice, till they rested on the Beat-Allah, the famous Mohammedan shrine, and principal object of the Moslem pilgrims' devotion. It was a square structure, erected in the middle of the temple, measuring, at a rough calculation, about twenty-four feet high, and twenty paces long. It was protected or covered all over with a rich veil of silk, the middle of which was embroidered with significant golden letters. The door was decorated with silver plates, and had suspended before it a long massive curtain, which, after the pattern of

the veil, was richly embellished with gold embroidery. She could not perceive the interior of the Beat, the door and long hanging curtain effectually screening it from observation. Perceiving that at this point the dervis paused, Rachel turned towards him a look of inquiry, saying,

"What is it?"

"The sacred shrine, erected where it stands by our forefather, Abraham," said the dervis. "Thus far, damsel, ye have been permitted, at my solicitation, to pass unquestioned through the sacred precincts of the Caaba. I thought my influence would have sufficed to procure your admission into the Beat, where you might have stood by and witnessed our ceremonial. My petition to that effect has met with a flat refusal. I miscalculated my power. Did you not perceive me but now speaking to the chief official on the subject. He expresses his regret, but he dare not allow the presence of an infidel in the sacred shrine. But possibly you did not observe me, you were absorbed in your own thoughts."

"I did not observe you," said Rachel. "But it matters little. Instruct me in what I am to do."

"Remain where you are," said the dervis. "When they draw the curtain, and throw open the door for the entrance of the pilgrims, you will perceive for a few seconds the interior of the Beat. With this cursory view you must be content. It is all the favour our stern Mohammedan law will grant you. Do not attempt to follow me when I and my companions issue from the shrine—we have a further ceremonial outside. I will send one who will conduct you in safety. Follow him without fear."

As the dervis finished speaking, the curtain was drawn aside, and the door opened by an unseen hand; the pilgrims accepted the sign, and prepared themselves to enter the Beat. As the dervis had predicted, Rachel was thus enabled to obtain a cursory view of the interior of the fane. There was, after all, but little to invite the eye, or excite in the mind a spirit of inquiry. She could perceive that the walls were formed of marble, covered with silk, which was drawn aside when the pilgrims entered. In the centre of the Beat the roof was supported by two wooden pillars, with a bar of iron attached, from which were suspended three or four silver lamps. The dim light of these reservoirs reflected itself in the faces of the pilgrims, investing them with a kind of supernatural lustre, the effect of which was heightened by the pure white virginal robes in which they were attired. At the distance of twelve paces from the centre, she perceived a sepulchre, which, she afterwards learned, was devoted to the memory

of her forefather, Abraham, who, the Mohammedans affirm, erected, or assisted in erecting, the Beat-Allah. More she could not perceive, as the door closed and the curtain fell; and the devotional ceremonial of the sacred Beat remained to her an undivulged mystery.

She had not remained long in her position, when she perceived one (a Mussulman) approaching her in a direction opposite to the Beat. The new-comer tapped her lightly on the shoulder, and said in a half-whisper,

"The dervis instructed me to come for you. Follow me."

She recognized the man as one of the party of Arabs who had been their guides through the desert. This fact, coupled with the dervis's own instructions to follow one whom he should send for her, relieved Rachel's mind of any doubt it might otherwise have entertained of the man's honesty, and she unhesitatingly followed him.

Outside she was rejoined by Sara, who, perceiving her mistress issue from the Caaba, vacated the seat on which she had been resting, and resumed her post by the side of Rachel.

The man cast side-glances, full of daggers, at the unwelcome intruder, but, abstaining from comment, he drew his turban further over his brow, and walked on in silence.

As they passed on to a narrow side-street, the houses of which were low and dirty, at a sign from the Arab, two men suddenly issued from an opening, and seizing Rachel, heedless of the cries and exclamations of her handmaiden, placed a gag upon her mouth, whipped her up in their arms, and bore her——she knew not whither.

Chapter the Fourth.

A HUGE DANGER.

The shock of the sudden assault, an account of which has been given in the last chapter, proved too much for the sorely-tried strength of Rachel, and she fainted in the arms of her captors. When consciousness returned to her, she found herself in a room of one of the houses of Mecca, the furniture of which, as might be expected, was strange and novel to her. By her side stood a man, whose rich Persian costume betokened his nationality, and who, at the time of her awakening, was assisted by an aged female domestic, sedulously applying restoratives to her mouth and nostrils. Pushing aside the phials presented by the strangers, Rachel gazed around her with a look of terror, exclaiming,—

"Where am I?—for what purpose have you brought me here?

Alone, in a strange land, amid a strange people. May the God of my fathers, of Israel, protect me!"

"Thou needest no protection, damsel," said the Persian, whose eyes seemed to gloat on the rare beauty of the Jewish captive. "Thou art in the charge of one who will give his right arm to protect thee from danger."

"I know thee not," said Rachel; "thou hast brought me into danger. By what right dost thou detain me here? If thou would'st befriend me, deliver me safe back into the hands of the dervis."

"That were to stab my own heart, and place out of its reach the object of its craving," said the Persian. "I cannot return thee back into the charge of the dervis, because my heart is enslaved by thy exceeding beauty, and I design thee, as the wife of Kadmor, to add grace and lustre to my Persian home."

"Ah! no, it is impossible," said Rachel, with a shudder. "I am a Jewess!"

"I know it," said the Persian. "I saw thee in the streets of Mecca, accompanying the pilgrims to the holy Caaba. My eyes rested on thy features, fairer than those of Circassian maidens, and I determined to become the possessor of such surpassing loveliness. I overheard thy conversation with the dervis, and I learnt that thou wert a Jewess, and were about to obtain surreptitious entrance into the Caaba. I bribed one of the Arabs, whose face was familiar to me, to bring thee, unhurt, into my power. He found means to execute my mission. Thou art at my mercy. Thy surreptitious entrance into the Caaba, were it known to certain persons in Mecca, would cost thee thy liberty, perhaps thy life. Yield to my love, and I will fly with thee beyond the reach of danger, and bear thee to a home where thou shalt bask in the sunshine of love and happiness for ever."

A cold chill passed through the veins of Rachel as the Persian thus acquainted her with the destiny his exotic passion had mapped out for her. It quickly passed away, and she seemed miraculously endowed with strength to bear her through the crisis now pending. Fixing her eyes on those of the Persian, she said, mildly but firmly,—

"I will not follow thee. I will rather die."

"Thou know'st not what thou talk'st of, damsel," said the Persian. "Life is sweet to the young, and thou assertest in ignorance of thy own feelings when thou say'st, than follow me thou would'st rather die. I give thee till to-morrow morning to reflect upon my offer. I leave thee in the charge of yonder female," pointing to the attendant, "she will wait upon thee, and see thy wants supplied. To-morrow

thou must be prepared to undertake a journey. Till then I take my leave."

So saying, the Persian disappeared, and Rachel was left alone with her attendant, whom she also looked upon in the light of an inspectress of her actions.

Overwhelmed with terror and anxiety, and needing solitude to reflect upon her situation, Rachel intimated to her companion her desire of privacy. The woman immediately rose from her seat, and quitted the apartment.

For several hours Rachel remained alone, brooding on the horrors by which she was surrounded. When at last the silence became oppressive, and she was about to ring for her attendant, she heard a shuffling of feet on the outer landing. The next moment the door of her room was thrown open. Rachel turned round to confront the newcomer—it was the dervis.

With a cry of joy, Rachel rushed forward, but started back as she perceived her Eastern female attendant following in the footsteps of the recluse.

"Do not fear, damsel," said the dervis, "this woman is a friend, and will help thee to freedom."

"Ah! then thou com'st to rescue me?" said Rachel.

"Even so," replied the recluse. "Thy handmaiden, Sara, met me as I came from the Temple, and informed me of what had happened. She also acquainted me of the Arab's treachery. I sought the man, and forced him, under pain of religious penalties, to divulge the plot. He directed me hither. Yonder woman," pointing to the attendant, "yielding to my solicitation, hath consented to connive at thy escape. There is no time to lose. It is bruited abroad that an infidel woman (a non-believer in the Prophet) has not only entered the sacred territory of Mecca, but has penetrated into the interior of the holy Caaba. The same is an outrage of Mohammedan law. The offence was mine; but it had a laudable object—so laudable, that the guardians of the Temple connived at the practice—the propagation of our holy religion. But the townsmen, should they discover thee in the streets, will tear thee to pieces. Quick, delay not, or thy life will be in danger!"

Struck dumb with terror, Rachel did not answer, but covering her face, followed the recluse down the low, narrow staircase, out into the street, where she was speedily joined by her handmaiden, Sara.

They then proceeded, at a brisk pace, through the dark deserted thoroughfares, avoiding the frequented roads, never pausing till they

stood, panting and exhausted, but secure from the fury of the populace, outside the gates of Mecca.

"Now we can breathe securely," said the dervis, as the sacred city rose behind them. Then turning to the Jewess, he proceeded, "Wilt thou, damsel, after what thou hast seen, become a convert to the faith —the tenets of Islamism?"

"No," said Rachel with a shudder. "The Spirit moveth me against it. I retain my creed."

"As I suspected," sighed the dervis. "I induced thee hither, bound by a promise, should'st thou desire it, to convey thee safe back to the spot whence I took thee. Our caravan returns to the desert near to Sinai. Wilt thou form one of the company?"

Rachel nodded acquiescence.

"Unwittingly I placed thee in jeopardy," said the recluse; "I now perform an act of duty, that thou may'st not report to the world that a dervis neglected to fulfil his contract."

* * * * * * * * * *

Outside the sacred city, beneath the shadow of its walls, stood Reuben. To this point he had tracked his sister's course, after much time and toil expended. By the aid of the Arabs, who were conversant with the movements of all in the desert, he had been enabled thus far successfully to follow the fugitive. He also had joined a caravan travelling to the neighbourhood of Mecca. Arrived there, as a non-believer, one not happily shrouded, like Rachel, by the revered presence of a dervis, Reuben was unable to obtain admission within its walls. Making inquiries of some Arab wayfarers who crossed his path, he received the information that a Jewess, answering to the description of Rachel, had fled from the city in the care of a dervis, and, together with a party of Moslem pilgrims, had proceeded on a journey to the desert near Sinai. Accompanied by the shadow, which had preceded him in his travail, everywhere casting its reflex on the ground he traversed, Reuben turned his face from the city, and still in search of his sister Rachel, through the long, toilsome intervening space, retraced his backward course to the desert near Sinai.

END OF PHASE THE SECOND.

THE HIGHER COMMUNISM.

By Goodwyn Barmby.

You may hedge and wall it in, but you cannot keep me out;
I can see, and yet not sin—from the green hill round about:
Through the moist air's lilac tint, o'er the grassy dewy lawn,
Your huge trees boldly print themselves against the skies of dawn,
And your bending crops of grain where the fields so gently fall,
And the deep rich crimson stain of the vines upon your wall,
And the greenness of your grass, as beneath a saffron sky,
The red cattle stallward pass and the staring sheep stand by,
And I drink the beauty in, and I feed upon the scene,
And I count it not a sin, that what still is yours has been
Metamorphosed into me and become a part of mine,
By an act of Deity—by an alchemy divine!

You may spread before me stores of your crystal and your plate,
Of cut stones and rich chased ores, of your taste and of your state,
And your doors you then may bar, but the moment I get out,
Best of all your wealth by far I will bear with me about;
Lovely shape and glancing hue in my spirit shall remain,
And mine henceforth jewel blue and choice glass of ruby stain,
And mine henceforth vase and gem—porphyry veined and topaz bright—
Flower-like cup and tendril stem, twined in gold or cut in light;
And your opal, jasper, pearls, and the pictures in your halls,
Landscapes rich and sunny curls—I will bear beyond your walls,
Metamorphosed into me and become a part of mine,
By an act of Deity—by an alchemy divine.

CREATION, OR EVOLUTION?

We are wiser now than were the old cosmogonists. We have left the mere imaginings of the childhood of the race for the facts as they are known to us. Let us take the fact of light, and see how much it tells us. We have first a sensation of light, derived from the sense of sight; this sensation is derived from masses of grey matter at the back of the brain, and this is all that some of the lowest animals experience; but in man and the higher order of animals this part of the brain acts only as a sort of chamber of reception, through whose medium the original sensation of light is distributed to the cerebrum; and as the spectrum

divides light into its primitive colours, so that force constituting the sensation of light is divided over the whole perceptive region of the brain, calling each perceptive faculty into action, and eliciting from each its characteristic idea. But let us for the present confine ourselves to light; what was light in the lower region is colour as it rises into the higher region of the brain. The atoms of luminous bodies vibrating, Tyndall tells us, communicate their vibrations to the ether in which they swing, being propagated through it in waves; these waves enter the pupil, cross the ball, and impinge upon the retina, at the back of the eye; they then pass along the optic nerve and announce themselves to consciousness as light, and afterwards as colour. It would take 57,000 waves of violet colour to fill an inch, and as light travels at the rate of 192,000 miles a second, it would take 699 million of million of such waves to enter the eye in a single second to produce the impression of violet in the brain. Here at last then we get our idea of violet, other colours taking, we are told, some million less vibrations to produce. It is certainly rather a complicated arrangement, and if it has taken some millions of years to produce, which apparently it has, it is worth all the time that has been bestowed upon it, for what would the world be without colour!

As the stars suggest to us the infinitely great, so the complexity of this arrangement to produce an idea suggests to us the equally wonderful and important character of the infinitely little. Atoms may be worlds, and as probably inhabited as the worlds in space. Six hundred and ninety-nine million of million of waves in a second, any more or less, and we have no consciousness of anything taking place, or if we have, it is through the aid of other faculties. The optic nerve, like a musical string, responds to the periods with which it is in accordance, while it refuses to be excited by others of almost infinitely greater energy, which are not in unison with its own. The different colours of light are due to waves of different length.

We have rays of too high and too low a pitch to be visible, i.e, they are incapable of exciting any sensation or consciousness of colour. The same may be also said of other senses—of sound, for instance, and sounds may be heard by insects and other animals that altogether escape our duller sense, and both as regards light and sound, our organs of sight and hearing embrace a certain practical range, beyond which, on both sides, though the objective cause exists, our nerves cease to be influenced by it.

Tyndall confines this to the sense and to the more or less perfection of the organs, but it is equally applicable and infinitely more important

when applied to ideas and feelings and to their organs in the brain. Thus, our ideas of colour depend, not upon the perfection of the eye alone, but upon the molecular motion of a particular portion of the brain, and if that part of the brain is not there, although the objective cause may exist, we have no idea of colour; and it was ascertained by Sir David Brewster that about one person in eighteen cannot distinguish some colours from others, and that one person in about eighty-nine is colour blind. In these cases there is always a marked absence of a particular part of the brain. It is the same with all our other faculties; whatever may be the complicated external arrangement required to produce a consciousness within us of certain ideas, if the brain is not there, or if its molecular action is interfered with, we have no ideas,—and ideas are vivid and precise exactly in proportion to the amount of brain there is there.

The sequence is this: we have a nervous sensibility or idea which we call colour, this is dependent upon the brain, the action of the brain upon the optic nerve, the nerve upon the eye, the eye upon the millions of wave motions that enter it, and lastly these waves upon the object—the vibrating body. Now colour is commonly supposed to belong to this vibrating body; the different colours, says Tyndall, are due to the waves of ether being of different lengths; but can the most fanatical Realist assert that there is, or can be, any possible resemblance between our sensation or idea of colour and the vibrating body or the waves of ether?—and yet we are confidently told that "human knowledge is the conscious reflex of realities." We perceive—that is, we are conscious only of—the idea of colour, and this consciousness is all we know—knowledge and consciousness are the same thing. This consciousness tells us nothing of its own nature or essence, or of the nature of the object which produces it; the sequence or correlation of force is alone known to us. This sequence is a wonderfully complicated one, and if any link, or any part of a link, any of the million of million waves of ether are absent, we do not get the idea of colour, for the conception or memory of colour has but a faint resemblance to the original perception. The same may be said of all our other ideas of form, size, distance, order, number, &c. What we call matter must be regarded as created, by the perceptions, by the action of these faculties; but there must be something independent of these perceptions that acts upon the faculties, and therefore an external world. Our perceptions arise not entirely from within ourselves, but are the result of the union of this independent something without us with some element within us. This something that acts upon us is Force, and all force is the force

of God, and here therefore Materialism and the Idealism of Berkeley meet.

The brain, however, is the most important link in the series, for upon its peculiar structure and molecular action our ideas and feelings depend, and in proportion to the importance of its function has it taken long ages to produce. Of course a world of which no creature was conscious, would be the same as no world at all; and the nervous system is the organ of sensibility, and consciousness of the world has increased as the nervous system has been very gradually developed and perfected. There is a long chain of being between the primæval slime or protoplasm that covers the bottom of the ocean and man; but as we rise in the scale of being we always rise in the weight and complexity of the nervous system. The proportion of brain to body, according to Seuret, in fishes, is 1 to 5668; in reptiles, 1 to 1321; in birds, 1 to 212; and in mammals, 1 to 186. The brain of a fish, Hugh Miller tells us, bears the average proportion to the spinal cord of not more than 2 to 1; the reptile of 2½ to 1; the bird, 3 to 1; the animal, 4 to 1; and man, 23 to 1. To produce this increase and improvement in the organ of sensibility or mind, has taken—according to Professors William Thompson and Huxley—at least 100,000,000 years, and it has been passed on in an improved state through every form of animal life with which we are acquainted. To go into the mode of such transmission would make this paper too long for your magazine, suffice it to say that there is in living bodies an incessant tendency to vary; that such varieties are transmitted; that when they are desirable, they are retained on the principle of natural selection which preserves the fittest; the weakest always going to the wall, or being squeezed out of existence to make room for the stronger—for the one which has the greatest capability for enjoyment. Species have thus been evolved by variation, aided by natural selection, sexual selection, hereditary transmission, and probably by the conscious and voluntary action of the highest will-power, *for all power is will-power, conscious or automatic.* Every animal and every organic part passes through conditions common to all, and every animal, however apparently different, from the oyster to man, is organized upon one or other of about five plans under which they may all be classified.

In complexity of brain and nervous structure the highest animal comes very close to the lowest man: and if additional parts have been added to the brain of man, so have additional parts been added to the brain of every animal as it has risen in the scale of being. Besides, civilization has increased the size of the brain thirty per cent. above

the savage, and that is about as much as the savage brain differs from the brute, and Dr. H. Maudsley tells us that "we might, if we chose, arrange a series of human brains, which should present a regular gradation from the brain of an ape to that of a well-developed European."* In comparing savages with the highest brutes, if we may judge by the accounts of savages given us by Sir John Lubbock and others, it would seem as if reason in its first exercise rather lowered the man than raised him above the instinct of the animal; and as Wallace says, "whether we compare the savage with the higher developments of man, or with the brutes around him, what is there in his life but the satisfyings of the cravings of appetite in the simplest and easiest way; what thoughts or actions are there that raise him many grades above the elephant or the ape?" "The native Australian, who is one of the lowest existing savages, has no words in his language to express such exalted ideas as justice, love, virtue, mercy; he has no such ideas in his mind, and cannot comprehend them. The vascular neurine, which should embody them in its constitution and manifest them in its function, has not been developed in his convolutions; he is as incapable, therefore, of the higher mental displays of abstract reasoning and moral feeling as an ape is, and for the like reason."† "The position of women in Australia seems indeed to be wretched in the extreme. They are treated with the utmost brutality, beaten and speared in the limbs on the most trivial provocation. Few women, says Eyre, will be found, upon examination, to be free from frightful scars upon the head, or the marks of spear wounds about the body. I have seen a young woman, who from the number of these marks appeared to be almost riddled with spear wounds. If at all good-looking their position is, if possible, even worse than otherwise."‡ It can scarcely be said that any of the other brutes treat their wives as badly as this. Man's claim that the world was made for him and belongs to him, in face of facts, seems to me supremely ridiculous. Other animals were in possession millions of years before he made his appearance, and comparatively may be said to be in possession now. One of the islands in the Pacific, Mr. Wallace tells us, is almost entirely inhabited by birds of paradise, and with their exquisite plumage, and under that tropical sun, they appear much more appropriately in possession than the few ugly savages inhabiting the

* "Body and Mind," p. 60.

† "Body and Mind," p. 56, by Dr. Maudsley.

‡ "Origin of Civilization," p. 60, by Sir John Lubbock.

coast. Again, in the largest island in the world, Borneo, there are thousands of square miles of primæval forest, inhabited by an animal very like man, the Ourang Utan. He lives on the tops of the trees, along which he moves faster than a man can walk, or even run, along the ground. He builds his house in the trees, and very seldom comes down to the ground, and seems altogether a more loveable beast than the few scattered savages that inhabit the ground underneath these trees in the interior of the island. Speaking of these wild men in the interior of Borneo, Mr. Dalton says, "that they are found living absolutely in a state of nature, who neither cultivate the ground nor live in huts; who neither eat rice nor salt, and who do not associate with each other, but rove about some woods like wild beasts; the sexes meet in the jungle, or the man carries away a woman from some cumpong. At night they sleep under some large tree, the branches of which hang low; on these they fasten their children in a kind of swing; around the tree they make a fire to keep off the wild beasts and snakes. They cover themselves with a piece of bark, and in this also they wrap their children; it is soft and warm, but will not keep out the rain. The poor creatures are looked on and treated by the other Dyaks as wild beasts."*

"Life," Herbert Spencer says, "is the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations,"—this at least we know to be the conditions of its existence. It has taken millions of years to effect this adjustment in the higher animals; that is, it has taken millions of years to make an ape. Have we any reason to suppose that a man could be made in less time, except by the transmission of such "adjustment" from one animal to another by the law of hereditary descent? When the missionary asked the black man what man was made of, he said mud; the missionary corrected him and said he was made of dust. Like Bishop Colenso's Zulu, this was more than the nigger could believe; he, therefore, replied, "Oh, no, Massa, him no 'tick together;" and we ourselves think that the hypothesis, at least, of the Anti-Darwinian will not stick together, and that although the Darwinians, in the present state of our knowledge, may not be able to show man's exact descent, yet it is much more probable that the differences between him and other animals have been effected in the same way as those existing between other species than that he should have required a special creation.

The view we have at present taken is entirely materialistic, and

* "Origin of Civilization," p. 8.

many people stop there; it is, however, only one half of the subject; the spiritual half has been left out, and that will probably prove, with increasing knowledge, by far the most important. Invariable sequence is all we have at present considered, and causation is a very different thing. Causation is where the mind perceives a necessary connection based on purpose. The comparatively new discovery of the Persistence and Correlation of Force has thrown new light on this subject. "Cause and Effect" is the transformation or correlation of force. The persistence of force, or the conservation of energy, shows that force is indestructible and, therefore, an entity; that is, force is inseparable from that of which it is the force—from entity, as motion is from the something moved. Here motion has been confounded with force, action with the agent, the sign with the thing signified. It is said motion, which is the *sign* to us of the active agent, or power, producing motion, is indestructible, and motion is, of course, inseparable from the thing moved. But the thing moved or moving is not the cause of its own motion; the cause of motion is force, or the spiritual entity it represents. It is this erroneous way of viewing things that is the cause of the muddle in the minds of most scientists of the present day on this subject. It used to be thought, and is now by old and obsolete materialists, that this force belonged to matter, but this has proved to be a mistake; no more force ever comes out of matter than has first been put into it. Matter is merely the medium of the correlation or transformation of force, and the qualities of matter are the force put into matter thus transformed.

Heat, light, magnetism, electricity, attraction, repulsion, chemical affinity, life, mind, pass readily from one into the other; we infer, therefore, that they are modes of action or manifestations of the same force, the difference in their manifestation depending upon the matter, structure, or medium through which they pass. But what is this force? Of its real nature or essence we know nothing. We can only liken it to something else. The force most clearly represented to us in our consciousness is that of our own wills, what we call will-power; and as we have seen that all force is one, and always tending to purpose, we infer that it is intelligent, and if intelligent, conscious, and the conscious action of power is will. All force or power, therefore, is will-power, conscious or automatic, and we come, I think, legitimately to the conclusion thus expressed by W. R. Grove, that "Causation is the will, creation the act of God."

All will-power, or mental action, is not always conscious; in the course of time and by frequent repetition and by the aid of structure,

an act passes from the strictly voluntary or conscious state into the unconscious or automatic.

If this be so, what we call matter cannot be *essentially* different from force; and consequently we find that the closest analysis resolves matter into a balance of forces, and, as Huxley expresses it, "every form is force visible; a form of rest is a balance of forces; a form undergoing change is the predominance of one over others." Force represents to us the active principle in the universe and matter the passive; but nothing is passive; in each molecule of organic matter are now recognized (by aid of spectrum-analysis) as many parts and as varied motions as in the visible heavens.

Now let us apply this knowledge of the persistence and correlation of force and of the probable spiritual nature of force—what is called physical force being automatic will-power—to the case of mind and body we have been considering. The body is supplied by the food with a certain amount of force; this undergoes condensation by that most perfect of all condensers, the animal body: one equivalent of chemical force corresponding to several equivalents of inferior force. Vital force is stronger than chemical, nervous than vital, until we arrive at mental force, which is the strongest of all. By the aid of the nervous system, which it has taken countless ages to produce, automatic mind, or physical force, again resumes its consciousness. "Our thoughts are the expression of the molecular changes in that matter of life which is the source of our other vital phenomena;"* and "consciousness and molecular action are capable of being expressed by one another, just as heat and mechanical action are capable of being expressed in terms of one another" (Huxley). The molecular action, however does not produce this force, but the force the molecular action, and the amount of force required and appropriated is in proportion to the vividness or strength of the idea or feeling. But although the molecular action does not produce the force, the speciality of the action produces the speciality of the idea or feeling. The speciality of the mode of action of the brain is derived from the action of force from without through the medium of the sense. Thus, as we have seen, the vibrations of bodies communicate their vibrations to the ether, and six hundred and ninety-nine million of millions of such vibrations acting through the optic nerve upon a particular part of the brain produce that molecular action which gives us the impression or idea of violet colour. All our other perceptions are formed in the same way by the specialized action of force from without

* Huxley.

producing a peculiar molecular action upon parts of the brain within. These parts of the brain, once set in motion through the senses, act upon other parts of the brain, and together they produce the world as it is thought of and believed in by us. When once the specialized action of the brain has been produced, it reproduces itself, faintly, in conception, in memory, and in dreams, without external stimulant. Our perceptions of individuals, of form, size, weight, colour, order, number, locality, are instincts or intuitions, that is, transmitted experience through organization, and they act more or less perfectly from the first, not in proportion to any training they may require or receive afterwards, but in proportion to the size and quality of the part of the brain with which they are connected. Phrenologists have proved this nearly a hundred years ago, and it admits of ready confirmation by all who choose to observe. If this be so, then Berkeley is wrong. He is supposed to have proved, as Mill tells us, "that the perceptions of sight are acquired; that the most important part of what our eyes inform us of, and in particular externality (individuality), distance (locality), and magnitude (form and size) are not direct perceptions of the sense of sight, but judgments or inferences, arrived at by a rapid interpretation of natural signs, the signification of which signs is taught to us neither by instinct nor reason, but by experience. Whatever may have been the amount of experience required in the original formation of these perceptions, they are certainly instincts or intuitions now, acting very perfectly directly either animals or men open their eyes; and there is no evidence that either animals or men now require to draw any judgments or inferences from any natural signs whatever. We do not require to take our kittens and puppies, as soon as they can see, and educate their sense of externality, distance, and magnitude, before they are allowed to go about; and bats, as Spallanzani proved, have a correct perception of these things without any use of their eyes at all, and so have somnambules. The little partridge just out of the egg does not require to be taught to walk, or the calf to suck. It used to be thought that the perception of colour depended upon the eye, and that colour-blindness was an imperfection of the sight; but all that has long passed away, and the perceptions of distance and magnitude, it is now known, no more depend upon the eye than colour does. They are mental intuitions or instincts—that is, bottled-up experience dependent on brain structure. Perhaps we have no greater instance on record of mental "reversion" than that from the inductive cerebral physiology of Gall to the metaphysics of Berkeley which seems to have taken place in the present day.

Now if I have correctly described individualized mental action, we find it is the joint result of organization of the nervous system, and of a most complicated action, or modes of motion, from without acting upon that. Individual mind is the result of this relationship which it has taken countless ages to bring about, and man is the "heir of all the ages." What, then, is a spirit? The vital spark, life, as far as we at present know, is received only from life. By its means the forces of nature are confined within definite limits, and work towards a given object, and that object the production of mind, and we do not know that mind *for special purpose* can be produced in any other way. But a spirit is supposed to possess all these mental attributes; if so, how are they produced? where do they come from? The idea of spirit originated in the earliest ages. During sleep, when the brain is often spontaneously active, it was supposed the spirit quitted the body and visited the people and places dreamed of. It was obvious the body took no part in these nocturnal adventures, and therefore it was concluded that we had a spirit which could quit the body. Departed friends often appeared in dreams, and as their bodies were buried it was concluded that the spirits of the deceased still existed; and in China, in Africa, and in half the world people still live in extreme dread of such spirits. Nothing can be more silly than the description Andrew Jackson Davis, the Spiritualist seer, gives of the birth of such spirits when, at death, it is supposed they leave the body; the mist which collects over the head of the dying person gradually forming itself into the shape of the dying person; the umbilical cord, and the angels assisting, &c. As thirty-three millions of people at least die annually, these angel midwives must have quite enough to do.

But mind is force in its most condensed form, and force is mind; that is, all power is will-power, conscious or automatic. All consciousness, every idea and feeling, consumes so much force in proportion to its intensity; and as force is persistent or indestructible, the question arises, After having thus become conscious, what becomes of it? There is no doubt it leaves its traces in the brain, according to the susceptibility of that organ, and so causes memory. In later life the organ is less susceptible and the memory is weak and faint, and early memories, when the impressions were deeper, return. What becomes of this brain-power, although neglected by men of science generally, is perhaps, the most interesting and important problem of our time. If we can but get rid of the "spirits," and such men as Mr. Crookes will pursue the investigation in the way he has begun, we may expect the most important results. How far and to what extent can will-

power act beyond the body? What is the nature of the psychic force by which bodies may be charged, and through which the will can act? What is the nature of the nervous atmosphere which even Dr. W. B. Richardson now admits surrounds all persons? Under what conditions can conscious brain force, or ideas, become visible, creating ghosts, &c., and can they be photographed, as the Americans affirm? The body being a most powerful condensing apparatus, under what circumstances and conditions does this force escape like steam from a defective steam-engine, causing all sorts of mysterious effects and diseases? These and many other questions connected with mesmerism, somnambulism, electro-biology, and other abnormal conditions of mind, all require investigating, and will, I have no doubt, admit of explanation on the hypothesis I have laid down, based on the facts already known.

I had called this essay originally "Creation" only: I then thought that "Evolution" would have been a better title; that is, if I had nothing to say of a Creator. At any rate the question is—Do we know, or can we know anything of a Creator? No, is the reply generally given by most men of science of the present day. Indeed, if we are to form an idea of Supreme Power and Intelligence, we must lay aside pre-conceptions, which are all, more or less, anthropomorphic, and abide strictly by what we know. It has taken some million years to bring this world to its present state of perfection, and we have no right to suppose God could have done it in less. To suppose otherwise would be to limit His moral power, and if we are obliged to choose between the limitation of His physical or moral power, I prefer the former. The fact is, such terms as Omnipotent, Infinite, &c., are words of no definite meaning, and merely imply without limit or beyond the bounds of our comprehension. An Infinite, All-perfect, First Cause, is a contradiction. If all were perfect, where is the necessity for change or causation at all? For the good of His creatures it may be said: then surely the good of His creatures adds nothing to his perfection as their Creator. Science now shows us but One Force, the active cause of all things. What we call force is the only entity, and all things are correlations, transformations, or manifestations of it. It tends always to some given purpose or particular result, and we infer, therefore, that it is intelligent; but intelligent force is mind, or will-power, and we find everywhere universal mind. When we view the world as one universal effect, we are at once led to the contemplation of a universal Divine agency. Does not the Infinite act on every atom? God never delegates his power; He cannot transfer divinity to a substance: there is no power, therefore, separate from himself. In Him all things have

their being. Men of science find only laws of Nature, and rest in them. But what are they? Only mind passed into the unconscious or automatic stage through the medium of structure or organization, which we call matter. Judging by analogy—and, as we cannot know things in *themselves*, we can only show how one thing resembles another—the human body must be viewed as our Cosmos. The spinal cord, on its first appearance, in the lower animal scale, governed the body consciously and intelligently, as the brain does at present; it now governs the body intelligently, but *not* consciously; its work, however, is done as well as if each motion were the result of conscious volition. So in the world the laws of Nature act in the same way intelligently but not consciously. As our body has a centre of active volition and intelligence, so may the universe have. We move round the sun, and all power comes to us from thence, but the sun moves round some other centre, and that again round another, until we approach the great centre of all, where God's power probably is more directly and consciously manifested. Here, in the extremities, God's power has passed much of it into the automatic, but as we approach the centre we shall come into the more immediate presence, where God consciously governs all. But we have to do at present only with this world, and with the facts around us. Here we find mind universal—conscious and automatic, and through countless ages one object seems to have been pursued, viz., the elaboration and organization of a nervous system, through which unconscious mind should again become conscious in all the varied forms which life has yet taken on this earth. To each being is allotted a nervous system, by the action of which, a world of ideas and events is created for its special benefit, and fitting it to take its specially appointed place at the common table of enjoyment. As each of the countless cells in the human body has a separate life and yet together make one body, so the aggregate of individual creatures makes one great nervous system, every heart-beat of which produces intense enjoyment. In so great an aggregate of pleasures the necessary pains would not be felt.

> "And what if all of animated nature
> Be but organic heaps diversely framed,
> That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps,
> Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,
> At once the soul of each, and God of all?"
>
> COLERIDGE.

*** We are obliged to our unknown contributor for this thoughtful paper, and trust to some other correspondent for an equally elaborate replication.—E. F. L.

THE MATE OF THE LARGE SHIP.

"So you tell me that you've had doubts about Providence," quoth the mate. "I can't say I ever had much doubt of a great Captain aloft, and that he steers the vessel in which we're embarked. When we don't do our work well, what can the Captain do but let us taste the sharp end of the stick? You say there are old sailors past work, you think some youngsters and girls are badly treated, and such lots of babies die or are killed! It's true enough. What then? Does that prove the great Captain doesn't mean they should get into port? I know better than that. We are all going to the right place. Talking of babies being killed, I knew a sad thing once, that happened when I was at Southsea in lodgings—it's a good many years ago, when I was almost a young man—*almost*, I say. The old gentleman that kept the lodging, in which I had a room or two, had seen better days. He had been a good painter of animals and portraits; but at sixty years of age his sight began to fail. He had a wife and daughter. The wife was still a pretty woman of forty; the daughter was sixteen. The old gentleman, being sixty-two, was growing rather feeble, for he was a weakly man, and didn't look to have much life in him; but on Sundays he held forth in a little dissenting chapel, and preached doctrines that I don't think were what is called orthodox. He believed in a good many things that other Christians do, poor fellow! He believed in the Trinity—O yes; but he didn't believe in the devil. He didn't believe in evil spirits tempting us. He was what is called a Universalist, and from him, perhaps, I got some of the notions that I still hold.

"There was a young fellow, a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, about ten years my junior—by name Oscar Mordaunt—who occupied the best rooms in the lodging I speak of. He was a baronet's second son, and a very fine handsome fellow—clever, too—but wild and sceptical. I never saw a much finer-looking man of six-and-twenty; and he stood five feet ten in his stockings; and his build was almost that of Hercules. He had been at the university; but, when he was about eighteen, he was what they term 'rusticated' for some of his rigs—staying out at nights, and the like—and went into the navy, his father being one of the Lords of the Admiralty, and his elder brother a captain, though very young, through such influence. He had sailed under his brother, had had a quarrel with him, and was in deep disgrace with his father, Sir James; so he was lodging with Roger Williams, the old artist, at Southsea.

"I recollect one Sunday night standing looking at the Isle of Wight, as the sun went down in crimson glory. I gazed up, and

there was Lieutenant Mordaunt, looking magnificent, at my side, and he pointed to the beautiful harvest moon that was just visible.

"'I never saw such a moon,' said he, in his deep voice; 'it's so clear. Not but that you and I, Mate, have seen more in foreign lands than this.'

"'Beg your pardon, Lieutenant,' says I, 'but I think England is as beautiful as anything on the face of the earth. Here's a sea now; why it's an emerald! But you gentlemen of birth, education, and breeding, run down your own land.'

"'I think its women are lovely, Mate.

"'You've just been to the chapel with Mr. Williams and his daughter,' says I; 'for my part, I generally stick to the old church of my fathers.'

"'I seldom go to any church,' says the Lieutenant, with a sort of sneer; 'and to tell the plain truth I think we hear a great deal of humbug, that imposes on the vulgar. A God there may be, it's impossible to say: a future life—pooh!'

"I looked very hard at the Lieutenant. 'Mr. Mordaunt,' says I, 'I'm sorry for you. That good old man, who is now almost blind, whose prayers you've been listening to, derives the only comfort he can feel in this world from religion. He believes that at last we shall all live above the skies and be happy.'

"'What! when nine out of ten are infernal scoundrels and incorrigible rogues?' says the Lieutenant. 'What's the use of existence? What's the use of misery? Why have we fierce passions, that we never asked for? Who would come into life if he could help it? I say, with Byron, "This hard decree"'—there he stopped.

"'I was reading that very passage the other day,' says I; 'for, since I've been mate of my ship, I've had time for study and thought. Lord Byron ought to have been ashamed of himself to have so written. You think like his lordship, do you? I'm content to be a Christian, and to feel sure that the Lord takes care of us.'

"'I thought you were a sensible man,' says the Lieutenant, and walked away.

"Well, the very next morning I heard that Mr. Mordaunt, who had an ungovernable temper, was wounded in a duel. He was not *very* badly wounded, but he had killed his man, and had run off to the Continent. It seems that he had seduced the wife of a naval surgeon, and that was the last duel almost that ever took place without severe punishment being the consequence to the survivor. As it was, Lieutenant Mordaunt had to stay abroad for some time.

"I went away to London soon afterwards. I should think it was two months after that duel that I happened to be at Drury Lane Theatre, seeing Mr. Kean—the young Mr. Kean—but I remember his father, who was a much greater fellow. Well, it was at the end of the third act of Hamlet. I was in the upper boxes, for I had gone with a friend of mine, who was a critic on a newspaper. He was looking through an opera glass, and says,

"'Mate, there's a pretty girl yonder; it's a pity she should be there.'

'Yes, I looked, and saw no other than little Lucy, the daughter of my friend, Roger Williams, seated alone, and dressed out as modest girls are not dressed, and I almost groaned. So I went to her presently, and she gave a start, and cried,

"'O! I've been in sad distress! My mother found out something that I can't tell you, and I've run away.'

"'My dear,' says I, sadly enough, 'God help you if you've come to this. Lucy! Lucy! I never saw a sadder sight than you are.' So I took her out of the theatre; and when we were in a private room in a coffee-house, she wrung her hands and sobbed, and at last told me, with a bitter cry, that she might have an infant in two or three months, but that she had been promised marriage by Mordaunt. I was deeply shocked, as you may well suppose; and I persuaded her to go to a decent lodging, and gave her a pound or so. I thought she would be safe there, and wrote off to her parents at once; but when I went to see her the next day, she had gone, and left no trace, poor child. Her father came up, almost broken-hearted about her, and we searched everywhere for her in vain.

"It was a few weeks after that that a child was found dead in the suburbs of London, and the police traced the unhappy murderess to a lodging at Highgate. To make the story short, it was Lucy; she was mad, quite mad, and she was tried, and sent to a criminal lunatic asylum, where she died in about a year. Long after that, when I was in America, at the time of the beginning of the war between the South and the North, I met Lieutenant Mordaunt, who was a Southern officer under Stonewall Jackson. He was altered—much altered—so that I hardly recognized him. He said that he was ill; but that he held on, hoping to die on the field of battle. Then I related to him all that I knew about Lucy.

"'I behaved like a devil to her, Mate,' said the Lieutenant, 'and have been in hell ever since I heard of her fate. My views are entirely altered; I know that I have committed the unpardonable sin. Her parents are dead, you say? I have murdered them all.'

"'But why are you fighting here—you, an English officer?' I demanded.

'"Because I should go mad, like that poor girl, if I had not the fierce excitement,' he said. 'I was dismissed from the service after that duel. My father died leaving me a beggar, and I am of no country now. I have given up all my gross ideas, all my passions, all my earthly thoughts, and am, as you see me, a hopeless sinner, a desperate reckless creature, who would welcome annihilation as the best boon that heaven could bestow. I shall die, perhaps, in the next battle. You say her poor father forgave me?'

"'Yes; he was a true Christian,' said I.

"'But I don't forgive myself. Ah! you don't know the awful passions, Mate, of which I've been the victim! You don't know the terrible temptations that assailed me from my boyhood. Still I was a wretch, a devil to her!'

"That Lieutenant Mordaunt was for some time one of the pillars of the Southern cause. He lost a leg, then he was mortally wounded in one of the last battles, before the collapse of the South, and, I heard, suffered excruciating agonies. But perhaps he deserved all that he had to endure; and perhaps he expiated his crimes. God knows what we *ought* to suffer; and I don't know how the evil in our nature can be got out of us except by pain. Now it *does* seem to me that unless a man has faith in the Lord, and love of his fellow mortals, he *must* be a beast. If we *don't* trust Providence—if we give way to our passions—we *must* reap as we sow; that's my religion. It won't do to say we must follow the dictates of nature. No such thing! Nature is sure to lead us astray. I know what it is to wrestle with one's inclinations. I know what it is to subdue the flesh, and not to despair of the soul.

"So you see this sceptical fellow was brought to a sense of his sins, which I know were manifold. Yet he was never brought to a *proper* sense of religion; or why did he think of seeking death, as he *did*, in battle, instead of doing something (as all of us ought) to diminish the evil in the world? I've fought on occasion myself—have given and taken blows; but the hardest fight of all is to subdue the evil in one's own heart—that heart in which there is always, to the end of our days, a struggle between this world and heaven. There it is—there is the battlefield that we have to go through before we can be soldiers of the great Commander who ordains everything in the universe.

"For my own part, I don't believe in unpardonable sins. Mercy is God's 'darling attribute.' We are all his children, and he is wiser better, kinder than the best of men can be."

SCENES FROM THE FAUST OF GOETHE.

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

THE LORD.

THE HEAVENLY HOST.

Afterwards, MEPHISTOPHELES.

Three Angels come forward.

RAPHAEL.

THE sun is, as of old, o'ervoicing
Of brother spheres the rival song,
His pre-ordainèd course rejoicing
Fulfils, and thundering speeds along.
His sight to Angels strength is lending,
Though none his mystery may invade;
Thy works sublime, all thought transcending,
Are glorious now as when first made.

GABRIEL.

And fleet, transcending thought in fleetness,
Revolves the earth in pomp and might,
And paradisal Day's completeness
Alterns with deep and dreadful Night.
Upfoams the Sea! broad billowy Ocean
From the deep base of Rocks appears;
And Rock and Sea whirl forth in motion
Eternal of the rolling spheres.

MICHAEL.

And Storms roar as in rival clangour,
From sea to land, from land to sea,
And work around a chain, in anger,
Of deepest impulse, ragingly,
Ay, flames a flashing ruin thither
Before the thunder's pealing path:
—But, Lord! thy Missives* worship hither
Thy Day that lapses without wrath.

* MISSIVES.—This word *Boten* (messengers or angels) puzzles some critics. It is, however, the key to the meaning of this splendid hymn, as it is called, which must accordingly, with it, be misunderstood. The three angels who speak are the individual messengers alluded to themselves, and they have just returned to give an account of their charges, and in these lines deliver in their report that the goings on of Creation yet continue constant and uniform, in a state however

THE THREE.

Thy Sight to Angels strength is lending,
Though none thy mystery may invade,
And all thy works sublime transcending
Are glorious now as when first made.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Since thou, O Lord, approachest once again,
And askest how with us are matters wending—
And wert at other times to see me fain,
Thou see'st me now among thy menials tending—
Forgive me, of high phrases I'm no grafter,
Though the whole circle may think scorn of me;
My pathos, *certes*, would provoke thy laughter,
Had laughter not been long given o'er by thee—
Of suns and worlds I've nought to say perplexing,
I only know how men themselves are vexing—
The little god o' the world remains the same alway
And quite as quaintly acts as on the primal day—
A little better guise he'd live in—
A glimpse of heaven's light hadst thou to him not given—
That Reason, which sole uses he
Only more brutal than the brutes to be—
I liken him, your grace's leave between us,
To one of the long-legged Cicada genus,
Which ever flies, and flying springs,
And in the grass its old song sings—
And would but in the grass he'd aye be dwelling—
But at each dirty mess he will be smelling!
* * * * * * * * *

"GATHER THE ROSE-BUDS."

BY WILLIAM HITCHMAN.

ATTUNED to mirth or sadness, such words as those of Robert Herrick touch chords which vibrate in each pensive heart,—ay, like the softest, sweetest strains of witching music, or the exquisite melody of some distant flowing river that echoes nature by wood and dell—a feeling of pathos and tender sentiment is *there*, at once serene, cheerful, happy,

of strife and rivalry, exhibiting a contrast to the placid processes of the Divine Day—that Vision of the Eternal in which they now worship—and their return to which they conclude with recognising.

and picturesque. "Gather the rose-buds while ye may," are indeed a choice specimen of happy thoughts amid the natural tears of our truest and best lyric moralists. They linger long and lovingly, as precious friends that *cannot* die, even upon the silent shore of memory. Welcome, then, all blessings for suffering humanity, though they be but the sparkling dew-drops which a setting sun impearls on the last bright leaf of the book of life, for they once more illumine and direct, as with the free light of heaven, the genial soul whose guide is Providence, hand in hand, over the charming landscape of a short summer—a face of beaming joy and golden sorrow—yet wandering in the radiance of by-gone scenes, when fragrant rosebuds grew unset with *lasting* thorns, and youth was crowned with flowers of freshest verdure in a land of love, beauty, and song. Never stand to doubt.

> "Gather the rosebuds while ye may,
> Old Time is still a-flying,
> And this same flower, that smiles to-day,
> To-morrow will be dying."

Theology, science, philosophy, concur to assure us, in their oldest, newest, and best teachings, that the only "rosebud" and sole prerogative of the human race, in all the structural affinities of animated nature, is the eternal gift of pure reason, that glorious ray of divine intelligence, by virtue of which God has made man a deathless spirit or beam of heavenly light "that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." Say not, gentle reader, that your soul is materially built up by the exclusive actions of five external senses, and belongs entirely to the molecular generation of animal organization, and, therefore, has *no* destiny but to be annihilated at death, or finally to cease, like mortified self-love, in first-class manure, from whence it originally sprang. "Gather the rose-buds!" In the proper, lawful, and righteous exercise of this heavenly power, the God-like living soul—for indeed it *is* heavenly—a faculty of self-consciousness that has no original stamp of mother earth or protoplasm upon it at all—man looks not merely upon the physical objective phenomena of the material universe, or natural chemico-vital forces without—albeit a living being on this planet must have its organic apparatus—but upon the incomparably more important world within. To write or speak of spirit as "wholly" dependent for its manifestation in this life upon electricity, textural microcosm, or elementary particles combined by affinity or attraction of its constituent parts, is philosophically absurd and unworthy of that truthseeker who claims a passport of admission into

the temple of universal knowledge, whose builder is God. There is a sublime continuity of natural law; in fact, the chief enlargements of our *scientific* knowledge in this century are our increased certainty of the same kinds of matter and of law throughout the universe—stars, comets, remotest nebulæ, and nearest meteors which graze our terrestial atmosphere, contain exactly the *same* substances which form our earth. They shine with the same free light, and all their forces are mutually convertible; in short, there is precisely the same continuity of beneficence and wisdom, and spirit is correlated with spirit. Like roses they twine, human and divine. Mind is capable of passing beyond physical science by facts already irrefragable, in the metaphysic of matter, and is full of certainty as to future results. Protoplasm alone cannot stretch forth its exclusive molecular force, and spread itself over all the pre-existent experience and observation of soul, and this, too, in the midst of disintegration and death of the very matter concerned in mental action, and what is more, the germinal molecules of the nerve-cells of the human brain exhibit no special characteristics. The highest and most complex being in the world, therefore, cannot be scientifically distinguished from the germ of the simplest, meanest reptile in existence. What is the just inference, then, in regard to the systematic position of man, the monarch of organization? Is he a unit among the myriads of atomic animals? Is this organic "descent" from simian apes one of the kingdoms of nature or one of the principal divisions? An order of the class mammalia, a family, a mere genus of primates—nay, rather a veritable species of a genus in which man does not stand alone, but as one among many animals having a truly oblique *pose*, of downward tendency, allied to quadrupeds? "Gather the rose-buds!" Man crowns the whole by virtue of his spirituality —a godlike faculty—which ceases when the animality ends? Nay; theology, science, philosophy cry aloud with one consent throughout all the earth. The kingdom of human nature is distinguished from apes and lemurs, *not* by structure, but by faculty—intellectual, moral, religious. Already the measure of atheistic contradictions is so full that no room is left for another either in the horizontal posture of the lower quadrupeds, the erect posture, vertical position, or an intermediate attitude; the last and the first are alike incapable of withstanding the criticism of fair play and the meting out of justice to the interests of eternal truth. Such, in fine, is the inexorable force of God's divine government that whenever England, as the English people, gives up its adhesion to spiritual philosophy, and ignores or denies the "higher Pantheism" resulting from a knowledge of the facts of the human

constitution, the seal of its wisdom will be broken, and the mark of folly will be upon it for ever and ever.

"Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning dew,
Ne'er to be found again."

Abstractions, fancies, mere verbal sophistry, and metaphysical subtlety, exclaims the captious materialist. There *is* no spirit in God or nature. Breath is the only life, and that is Greek wind (ανεμος), Hebrew ruach (רוּחַ). Spirit comes from the Latin *spiro*, to breathe, and this respiration is the only true original, or sensible objective or subjective soul in existence. At our birth we die, and the end, like the beginning, lands us in the dreary desert of Atheism—a world without an oasis, past, present, or future. "Gather the rose-buds." Philosophy tells us that *true* knowledge has its flowers of transient fragrance as well as its trees of stately growth, and its laurels of eternal verdure. Were this not so, humanity with its inexorable aspirations after celestial beatitudes must terminate in the miserable slough of a dead soul, and that, too, merely to prove that universal nature is a mocking, delusive, merciless fiend, from everlasting to everlasting. After all, the intuitions called time and space belong not, of necessity, to the Eternal Spirit—they are only the molecular conditions of organic intelligence. Meanwhile the lowest man's skull has twice the capacity of that of the highest gorilla in Western Africa, 1872, or the gibbons and orangs of Eastern Asia in the Miocene age of geology. "Gather the rose-buds." Science has dissected the rainbow, and minutely analysed the planetary system—sun, moon, and stars; weighed other worlds as in a balance; circumnavigated the globe, esoterically and exoterically; drawn vivid lightning from clouds of utter darkness; foretold both wind and weather, and examined life and death from the depths of ocean's wave. Withal, the spirit of man may yet triumph over his material abode—angels of light are still messengers from heaven to earth. Milton, as of old, truly sings of "sea without a shore"—if physically regarded by the materialist as a geographical untruth—and though men hear not the special voice of Deity in thunders of atmospheric deflagration, or see practical Providence in a recovered Prince, *when the fever was over*, God is none the less circumstantial and palpable in human thought and feeling. Turn on free light; the dawn of day is yet dark, and the watchman of physical science knows not of the rising morn. "Gather the rose-buds" in singleness of heart and intellect. Eden waits like a spiritual bride.

"THE JOYFUL SOUND."

"Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound."—THE BIBLE.

THERE is a joyful sound; and that, too, not in some far-off spiritual region only, but here and now. There is a joyful sound, whatever Pessimists and Calvinists may say to the contrary. There is a joyful sound, which may be heard now by every devout worshipper of Nature—that is, of God—as truly as in those early ages of our race, when, to the quickened senses of mankind,

"The spheres to music rolled along."

A grand notion that of Plato and the Pythagoreans, and indeed of all true poetry and philosophy, ancient and modern—that a soul of music animates dead matter, as it fills the human breast; a notion which I cannot but think as true as it is beautiful: for what does music mean but rhythm, harmony, exquisite balancing and counterpoising of opposing forces? And to the ear of faith, realizing God in all things, and all things in God, is not the very silence of nature's complex harmony vocal with a sublime significance? "The music of the spheres:" how meaningless and trite the phrase has become! As ordinarily used, it means nothing; but to the ancients, looking out on nature with the simple faith of childhood, "believing where they could not see," it was a truth, nay the truth of truths. To them Nature spoke, as she now speaks only to the higher and more childlike spirits of our race. It was no mere poetic fancy, no sentimental maundering, which heard in the movements of the heavenly bodies transcendent music. A vague and mystical belief, I grant you, but none the less true and credible on that account: rather, if you will, an impression than a belief, yet an impression which is worth ten thousand creeds.

How shall we prove that this sphere-music is no poetic fiction, but a sober truth? Certainly not by mathematic demonstration, by scientific experiment, by any of the rule-of-thumb arguments which are so omnipotent now-a-days. To believe in the melody, we must hear it, must have our souls saturated by it, must give up our whole being passively to its influence. Otherwise, I fear, we shall never be convinced that Plato's sphere-music is a fact and not a dream, still less a mere figure of speech. Yet I venture to suggest one thought, which may help others, as it has helped myself, not indeed to understand this eternal fitness and harmony of things—for that we cannot hope to do—but to obtain some hold upon the truth underlying it.

There is confessedly no art which has so subtle a form and condition, no art in which "mere outward sense has so fleeting a share," or which has so precarious a mode of outward expression, as the art of music. And in this very fact we discern its intrinsic excellence, and obtain an insight into the causes of the marvellous power which it exercises over the human mind. There must be something essentially human, and therefore Godlike, in an art which, while it affects us so profoundly, depends so little on outward expression, and has such limited material resources. This has been finely expressed by Browning:—

"But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can,
Existent behind all laws, that made them, and lo! they are!
And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allow'd to man,
That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star!
Consider it well: each tone of our scale is nought;
It is everywhere in the world, loud, soft, and all is said;
Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought,
And there! Ye have heard and seen; consider, and bow the head!

It is because music has so slender an outfit for so vast an enterprise, that the results which it accomplishes excite our wonder and admiration: it is because its outward manifestations are so insignificant in comparison with the emotions which they evoke, that it makes such a profound and lasting impression upon the human mind, and takes rank as the most powerful agent in aesthetics, and the highest and truest exponent of devotional feeling.

Now suppose the constitution of things to be so changed, that music could accomplish all the results which it accomplishes now, with say one-half its present stock of sounds or combinations of sounds, would not our wonder and enjoyment be proportionately increased? Reduce that stock to a minimum; reach the point where sound is just ceasing to be sound, and is becoming silence: we can conceive that out of these excessively limited resources might be evolved a music, which should, in its effect upon the mind, be as much superior to our present music, as the Coronation Anthem is superior to a street-ballad. Nay, *must* we not believe that music so constructed would far transcend all that the ear has heard, or the mind conceived?

The transition is not difficult to *absolutely silent* music—silent, that is, so far as outward audible expression is concerned. And what is this but the sphere-music of Plato and of the poets—a music which, with no material resources, is independent and incapable of sensuous expression?

We have thus reached the apparently paradoxical position, that perfect silence is the highest conceivable form of music. Understand me, however: I do not mean by silence simply absence of sound. That would be a mere negation; but the silence of which I speak is something positive. Conceive of these heavenly bodies as working out in their orbits, "by self-repetitions and answers from afar, by counter-positions, by mysterious combinations," a subtle and elaborate music, which, *losing nothing by translation into the medium of created sound*, comes directly to the soul of man; and you have the main idea of this sphere-harmony.

Every one who has at all entered into the spirit of our modern poetry must have been struck with the place which it gives to this Platonic sphere-music. I need only instance Browning, Tennyson, Emerson, and our great woman-poet; especially the latter, whose poems abound with references to it, and illustrations derived from it. On this account it is of some importance that we should have as clear a notion as may be of that which is before the poet's mind. But not on this account only; for, rightly viewed, is not this great universe but a vast Æolian harp, sensitive and responsive to every breath of the Master Spirit?—or rather, is it not at once Musician and Instrument, a living incarnation of highest Thought? It is through a profound and worshipful perception of this great truth, that we enter into sympathy with the movement, by which the poetic consciousness of the age is gravitating towards a higher and purer conception of the universe than any hitherto formed.

It is a great truth, this of the sphere-harmonies, and capable of manifold developments and applications. Call it not vain, that notion or belief which, shadowed forth in ancient poesy or dim tradition, has in all ages led men to feel that stars and planets and systems are ever rolling along to a celestial tune. On the wings of every sunbeam, of every ray of light which reaches us from distant worlds, there come "authentic tidings of invisible things," intimations not obscure that in the vast movements of elaborate systems, yea, even in the convulsions and disturbances which we think discords, the all-wise Universe is ever working towards a grand ideal. Blessed are they who know this joyful sound!

H. C. A.

HISTRIONIC EXPERIENCES.

By a Thespian.

I would be an actor: there was no help for it. My parents did all they could to dissuade me from my project, but finally they yielded to my wish. With some difficulty they obtained for me a letter of introduction from a great London actor to a provincial manager; and armed with this important credential, I proceeded forthwith to the town of M———, in Yorkshire. I arrived in the town late on the night of Sunday, March the 13th, 18—, and presented myself, note in hand, at the stage-door of the Theatre Royal, early on the following morning. I delivered the letter of introduction, with the accompanying bribe of half-a-crown, to the individual who officiated at the stage-entrance, laying upon him the strictest injunctions not to surrender the precious epistle into other hands than those of the august personage to whom it was directed. With an intelligent nod and a wink the man departed, and presently re-appeared, turning towards me, and addressing me in the concise, characteristic phraseology of "Please walk up." Obeying the fellow's instructions, I followed him up a dirty, ricketty staircase, across the back labyrinth of the stage, through several dingy passages, till we arrived at the door of a small chamber which stood conveniently open, and into which the curt individual who preceded me bade me significantly to "enter."

The manager was seated at his desk, engaged in perusing what appeared to me a whole hecatomb of musty manuscripts, when I made my appearance in the room. To my surprise he did not regard me, or appear in any way to be conscious of my presence. There had been no mistake in the delivery of the letter, for there it lay open before him on the table. Still he did not regard me. While I stood, hat in hand, waiting for a sign of recognition from the manager, a third inmate was added to the apartment, a grave, official-looking personage, very lank, and exceedingly fussy, with a pen stuck behind his ear, and a pair of ill-shapen, time-worn spectacles across his nose. This grim specimen of humanity walked up to the side of the managerial throne, and coughed a dry, expressive cough.

"Well, what is your business?" said the manager, without lifting his eyes from the manuscript he was so carefully perusing.

"If you please, sir," said the prompter,—for it was that important official who now addressed his employer,—"if you please, sir, Miss

Heritage, our leading lady, says her name has been omitted from the cast of characters in to-night's play-bill, and as she looks upon the omission as an intentional personal insult, she throws up her parts, and refuses to appear in the dramas this evening."

"Oh, she does, does she?" said the manager, with an imperturbable countenance. "Be good enough to inform Miss Heritage in my name, that if she refuses to fulfil the conditions of her contract, she forfeits her engagement."

"I have already told her that, sir," said the prompter; "and she says she doesn't care—she can easily procure another."

"Oh, she can! can she?" said the manager, with the same imperturbable countenance. "Very well. She will act according to her discretion. I can easily procure another leading lady."

The prompter smiled a grim smile.

"I will deliver to her your message, sir."

"Do so. Stop!" ejaculated the manager, recalling the prompter, as the latter was departing on his errand. "You can also mention to Miss Heritage, casually—only casually, that the omission of her name from the play-bills was involuntary on my part. Our fool of a printer —blundering, always blundering—his mistake, sir; you understand—unquestionably his mistake."

"I perfectly comprehend, sir," said the prompter, and disappeared from the august presence.

The manager becoming once more absorbed in the perusal of the manuscript, I imitated the example of the prompter, and coughed a dry, expressive cough.

The manager withdrew his eyes from the open page of the manuscript, and glared up at me with evident astonishment.

"Dear me! I didn't know anyone had entered. Why didn't you open your mouth, man? and what may be your business with me, sir?"

He looked very awe-inspiring did this same manager, sitting there on his high-backed chair, his legs crossed, his arms dangling at his sides, and his large eyes peering at me with their shining politic light.

I began to feel uneasy. It was, after all, a nervous piece of business. I had refused to credit the fact beforehand, but I fully realised it now. Pointing with my hand to the open letter on the table, I stammered forth somewhat incoherently,

"If you please, sir, the letter from Mr. —— states my business. I wish to become an actor, and if you have a vacancy, I—I——"

"Hum! I see," said the manager, taking up and reading the letter. "A new candidate for histrionic honours. An introduction from an old friend, eh! I suppose I must attend to it. Well, sir," turning round, and eyeing me with appalling condescension, "You wish to become an actor; and what are your qualifications?"

This was a question for which I was not exactly prepared. The answer was difficult. I cannot say that I had thought upon the subject of "qualifications." I was an enthusiast, not quite understanding the nature of my own aspirations, but feeling that I was endowed with the capacities which would one day mould me into a great actor—that was all. No wonder that the above question staggered me. I stammered—hesitated—grew red in the face—stammered and hesitated again. The manager sat in his chair, and eyed me with an expression which was not, I thought, altogether satisfactory. In after years, when I became better acquainted with theatrical grandees and green-room politics, I discovered the expression to be purely "managerial." In the present early stage of my noviciate, however, it disconcerted me; and it was not until the manager repeated his question, that I gave utterance to the following egotistical assertion. "My first and highest qualification is that I can act, sir."

"Ah! indeed," said the manager, leaning back still further in his chair, and looking particularly dignified and pompous. "That is the assertion of all young gentleman before they have encountered the difficulties of the art. Acting is not so easy a thing as you may imagine, sir. People do not jump down from the skies perfect actors and actresses, neither can they step from the drawing room on to the stage in anything like a state of competent proficiency. It requires a long probation, sir, years of study, toil, and sacrifice. What line of business do you propose to take, sir?"

"Tragedy, sir, leading juvenile tragedy, if you have a vacancy in that department."

"Of course," said the manager, still eyeing me with a composed and dignified stare; "a disciple of Melpomene. All young beginners are disciples of Melpomene. There is a romantic fascination about her tragic ladyship which irresistibly attracts the novice. So, sir, your first and highest qualification is that you can act. Well, we shall test the truth of that asseveration all in good time. And what character, sir, do you select for your first appearance?"

"Hamlet, if you please, sir."

"Of course," chimed in the manager. "All neophytes choose Hamlet for their 'opening' character; and why?—because it is the

most difficult assumption in the whole *répertoire* of the drama, and the one in which a neophyte is least likely to succeed. But then all neophytes are rash enthusiasts, and fancy they are about to take the world by storm; an excess of fervour which time and difficulties considerably modify. And now, sir," placing himself in an attitude of attention, "be good enough to favour me with a taste of your quality."

I started up with alacrity.

"Certainly, sir, if you mean thereby a recitation."

"Yes, sir, I mean a recitation—a recitation from 'Hamlet.' Be good enough to begin."

Thus admonished, I placed myself in a becoming posture, and recited, accompanied with appropriate gesture and action, the whole of the scene commencing with Hamlet's celebrated soliloquy of "To be or not to be."

Having arrived at the termination of my labour, I sank exhausted into a chair.

"Well, that's not so bad," said the manager, with grave composure, "not so bad by any means. I think there is stuff in you, sir: yes, decidedly there is stuff. The germs of an actor are dimly perceptible through the crudenesses of a novice. I think you may do, sir; yes, with time and experience, I think it probable that you may do."

"You think so, sir?" I said, speaking with eagerness. "Then there is nothing more to discuss between us except the question of salary, which, of course——"

"Salary," iterated the manager, breaking in upon my voluble utterance. "Yes, of course! We will discuss that question hereafter, sir; we will discuss it hereafter. Now, then," making a slight movement in his chair, "you have told me in what consists your principal qualification: will you allow me, without any wish to depreciate your talents, to place a check upon your self-sufficiency, by summing up the tables of your shortcomings?"

"Certainly, sir. Pray proceed."

"In the first place, sir," said the manager, turning upon me a very awful countenance—"in the first place, you will require to be instructed how to walk."

I do not know how far the fact may appear credible to the reader; but certain it is that upon hearing this sage remark of the manager, I felt an inclination to laugh. Controlling myself, however, I simply answered,

"Pardon me, sir, as far as the capacity for active exercise is con-

cerned, I have always been considered from my infancy upwards a singular adept at walking."

"Street-walking, sir, probably yes—stage-walking, decidedly no. You have misunderstood me, sir—another proof of your extreme noviciate. There is a pecular kind of walk, sir, which is denominated the 'stage-walk,' and which is different from any walk used for other purposes than stage purposes. In the first place, it is requisite that you should walk from your hip, sir, the top of your hip, and not from your knees, in the niminy-piminy manner which constitutes the fashionable street-walk. Then you must be able to put out your feet like a great horse, taking long, measured strides, two or three of which will carry you from one extremity of the stage to the other, without any perceptible inconvenience to your person. Then, although you are required to put out your feet like a great horse, the action must not suggest that simile to the audience, but must be done in an easy, graceful manner—art so artistically rendered as to conceal itself, and appear like nature. A very difficult thing to accomplish, I assure you, sir. Now, I flatter myself, sir, that you are not prepared to give a practical proof of your proficiency in this characteristic 'stage-walk.'"

I bent my eyes upon the ground, and after a few moments' due reflection, frankly admitted that I was not.

"Good!" said the manager, letting his hand fall heavily upon the open sheet of his manuscript. "Then it is an acknowledged fact between us, that I, or my stage-manager, will have to instruct you how to walk."

I nodded acquiescence.

"Then with respect to standing, sir; you will require to be instructed how to stand."

I looked up amazedly at the manager.

"Oh! I can assure you, sir, I am a proficient in the art of tanding."

"Standing in a room, sir—undoubtedly you are; but standing in a room and standing on the stage, are two vastly different things. Ask any old actor, sir, from the immortal Garrick (though he does not happen to be at present in existence), down to the lowest performer on the stage, and they will tell you the same thing, that the art of standing, especially of standing still, is one of the most difficult parts of the profession. To begin with, you must be unconscious that you are standing; for any consciousness of the fact will cause your figure to assume such an ungainly appearance as undoubtedly to call down upon you the gibes and jeers of the audience. Difficult thing that, sir—more

difficult than you suppose. Then you must keep your fore-leg slightly bent, sir, rounding off into a nice delicate curve, and your back leg straight—not straight like a poker—but easily, gracefully, and naturally straight. Then you must keep your body in perfect equilibrium, neither swaying to the right nor to the left; if you allow the motion of any portion of it to be perceptible to the audience, you destroy the effect of your artistic *poses*. Now I flatter myself, sir, that, like the case before adduced, you are not prepared to give a practical illustration of your skill in the art of 'standing.'"

I candidly confessed that I was not.

"Good!" again responded the manager, inserting his two front fingers in his waistcoat pocket. "Then it is also an established fact between us that I, or my stage-manager, will have to teach you how to 'stand.'"

Again I nodded acquiescence.

"Then," pursued the manager, with the same ruthless tone and manner, "you have to be initiated into all the mysteries of stage-business—fights, struggles, seizures, exits, and entrances; the effective working-up of melodramatic situations, &c., &c., with which, of course, you are at present totally unacquainted."

"Certainly," I assented. "As you say, of course, I know nothing of all that."

"Good!" for the third time ejaculated the manager. "Then it is also evident that I, or my stage-manager, will have to teach you the whole routine of 'stage-business.'"

For the third time that morning I nodded acquiescence.

"Good!" again exclaimed the manager, turning upon me a countenance terrible to contemplate. "Then do you, young gentleman, expect me to pay you a salary for the extreme honour of teaching you your business?"

This old Socratic mode of arguing from induction was not the sort of thing I had expected from so unphilosophical a person as a theatrical manager. It took away my breath, or, in more expressive phraseology, it completely flammergasted me. I could offer no opposition. I could neither refute his premises nor the conclusion he had drawn from them. I was nonplussed, or, as vulgar people term it, "shut up." I felt I was not entitled to a salary, and that it had been a piece of gratuitous impertinence in me to institute a demand for it. I considered myself a culprit. I fixed my eyes upon the ground, and looked, I dare say, what I felt myself humiliatingly to be, a most egregious coxcomb.

"You see, sir," pompously resumed the manager, no doubt per-

ceiving my confusion, "under the circumstances I am not justified in offering you a salary. Some managers in my position would require from you a sum of money—a sort of apprentice-fee; but I do not, sir; I simply stipulate that you extend to me your gratuitous services during the period of your initiation. Mine is a generous offer, sir; do you accept it?"

In my then state of mind I considered it a generous offer, and I accepted it accordingly.

"On Thursday week then, sir, you shall make your first appearance on any stage, in the character of Hamlet. Good morning."

And the manager very politely bowed me from the room.

I passed the prompter in the doorway, and before I reached the middle of the passage, I heard him make the following statement to the manager.

"Miss Heritage is perfectly satisfied with your *explanation*, sir. If it is a printer's mistake, she suppresses her indignation, and begs you will trouble yourself no further with the matter."

"Very well," said the manager, "that will do."

And I heard no more.

The Confessional.

HOME.

To the Editor of FREELIGHT.

SIR,—Bunsen points out* that the root-idea of the Teutonic mind is *home*. This is the nucleus round which cluster the correlative ideas of Church, Nationality, Humanity, finally, the Universe. The preservation of this idea in its integrity is the trust committed to woman, and she is specially qualified for it by these (among other) characteristics:

First.—The necessity of clinging to some external support. You may make a vine stand alone by clipping it to the height of a gooseberry bush, but to attain its natural grace it must climb and cling. Hence the religious instinct (for reason has often little to do with it) which is so strong in the feminine mind. When home and home relations are found to be imperfect or wanting, the required support is sought in

* "God in History," vol. ii. ch. 25.

religious symbolism. And the heart may penetrate much deeper than the mere symbolism, though the intellect do not.

Secondly.—What has been called "the High Prerogative of Suffering" seems to belong in a special manner to women. We all suffer, but woman's sufferings are mostly vicarious, borne through or for others, not retributive. We might almost say that no woman rises to the full height of womanly sweetness and dignity until she has experienced severe suffering, for only then can she fully sympathize with others who suffer.

Thirdly.—All women need something to pet and fondle. We see it in the ploughman's little daughter nursing her father's old shoe wrapped in her mother's apron, or in older children washing and dressing their unlucky kittens and rabbits. We see it in the birds and lap-dogs of unmarried ladies, and, most of all, in the universal love of children which is natural to all women.

We might say much more; but this is sufficient to show that, wherever there is suffering to be alleviated, wherever there are children to be educated, wherever there are minds wearied or embittered by the hard struggle of living and in need of softening influence, there is woman's sphere. Not as the supplanter, but as the aid and complementary of man's work, she may, in the dignity of her pure womanhood, enter upon any scene and perform any action included in this sphere; but, once let her lay aside this safeguard, be it but for a moment, and, so far, she is false to herself and loses position and influence accordingly.

I am,

AN ADVOCATE OF WOMAN'S HIGHEST RIGHTS.

PRESERVATION OF THE PENTATEUCH.

THE most careless reader of the Bible, if a believer in its contents, must recognize the importance of such a record, in relation to the periods of history which have no other voucher. The narratives of the creation of the world, of the antediluvian patriarchs, and of the origin of the earliest nations, have an interest and value as data, both to the chronologist and moral philosopher. Above all, the religious man sees in them the proofs and the assertion of a presiding Providence, as well as of a Divine Creator. Whether great or small, all things have God for their author and preserver.

Had the world lacked the so-called Mosaic books, what a dreary

chasm would have met and shocked the contemplative mind! What a loss would the imagination have suffered! In what a barren vacuity would the fancy have wandered! Now, in them, the reason has subjects of enquiry; poetry, topics for illustration; and story, incident of action and progress. So much of example, of experience, is now preserved—calculated both for imitation and avoidance—which had otherwise perished from memory. That it might not so perish, the record has been specially protected from a comparatively dateless period to the present, and, in all probability, will be so guarded and transmitted to remote posterity.

Whatever the probability of the *à priori* guesser at truth, predicating the same principles in relation to it, without the record, it cannot be denied that the matter-of-fact corroboration which it affords is of immense value. There is, indeed, a conviction in every mind which shows to every individual how far short he falls, in actual conduct, of the sublime possibilities of human nature. But there are men who will reason rather from the state of society about them than from the voice of conscience within them. To such it will appear that, so far from having descended from a better condition, man has been, and still is progressively rising to an improved level. The latter proposition may be true, but the former is still more true, and demonstrably so, though not admitted with equal readiness by the empirical observer. Conscience presents us all with a Standard of Morals to which none of us has yet attained.

SPIRITUAL INTERPRETATION.

According to some the value of these documents is not so much historical as spiritual—that is, allegorical or symbolic. This is the notion of the Swedenborgians. A recent lecturer thus states the case—"The application of his law of Correspondence to the interpretation of the Scriptures, affords a sober intellectual means of appreciating his gift, but to enter upon this field would be to descend to particulars of doctrine which it is not our present province to discuss. Suffice it to say, that by the key of Correspondence, Swedenborg proves that every sentence of the inspired word contains within it a consistent and continuous spiritual sense worthy of its author and of man. He emancipates it from being a text-book of geology or of Jewish history, of astronomy, or of any mundane science, and elevates it into a luminous history of the soul of man, and of the spiritual laws of the Infinite."

MOABITE STONE.

Of the manner in which the Hebrew scribes embellished the events they chronicled, an example is given in this day's (April 13) *Athenæum* in a letter signed Richard F. Burton, concerning the Moabite Stone. This "first fragment of Moabite literature" is the "only pre-Maccabean document in a language almost identical with Biblical Hebrew; and its style has been pronounced to be older than two-thirds of the entire Old Testament, and purer than that of the other third. Finally, it shows us the very characters in which, possibly, the Law was written, and in which, probably, appeared the psalms of David and the correspondence of Solomon with Hiram." From this stone we "obtain a view of sacred history almost identical in terms, but in tenor very different, from that offered by 2 Chronicles xx., by 2 Kings i. 1, and especially by 2 Kings iii." "To measure the amount of difference," Captain Burton continues, "let us compare the statements found in 2 Kings iii. with the Moabite Stone, this chapter of realistic local history; the collation will prove how much the latter corrects and supplements the former:—

2 *Kings iii.*	*Stele.*
4. And Mesha King of Moab was a sheep-master, and rendered unto the King of Israel an hundred thousand lambs, and an hundred thousand rams, with the wool.	Lines 4 and 5 mention only despoilers, enemies, and Omri, his son and his grandson, the oppressors and destroyers.
6—9. And King Jehoram went out of Samaria the same time, and numbered all Israel. And he went and sent to Jehosaphat the King of Judah, saying, The King of Moab hath rebelled against me; wilt thou go with me against Moab to battle? And he said, I will go up: I am as thou art, my people as thy people, and my horses as thy horses. And he said, Which way shall we go up? And he answered, The way through the wilderness of Edom. So the King of Israel went, and the King of Judah, and the King of Edom; and they fetched a compass of seven days' journey. . .	Lines 7 and 10 mention only Israel and the men of Gad.

2 Kings iii.	*Stele.*
17. For thus saith the Lord, Ye shall not see wind, neither shall ye see rain; yet that valley shall be filled with water, that ye may drink, both ye, and your cattle, and your beasts.	No mention of this miraculous water-supply.
22—24. And they rose up early in the morning, and the sun shone upon the water, and the Moabites saw the water on the other side as red as blood.	No mention of this phenomenon, which is recounted as if the semi-Bedawin Moabites had never seen a mirage.
And they said, This is blood: the kings are surely slain, and they have smitten one another: now therefore, Moab, to the spoil.	
And when they came to the camp of Israel, the Israelites rose up and smote the Moabites, so that they fled before them. . . .	
25. And they beat down the cities, and on every good piece of land cast every man his stone, and filled it; and they stopped all the wells of water; and felled all the good trees; only in Kir-haraseth left they the stones thereof: howbeit the slingers went about it, and smote it.	No mention of the barbarous tactics referred to by the sacred writer.
26. And when the King of Moab saw that the battle was too sore for him, he took with him seven hundred men that drew swords, to break through even unto the King of Edom: but they could not.	No mention of a failure more glorious to a warrior-king than many a victory.
27. Then he took his eldest son that should have reigned in his stead, and offered him for a burnt-offering upon the wall. And there was great indignation against Israel: and they departed from him, and returned to their own land.	No mention of this sacrifice.
No mention of this terrible loss to the tribe of Gad.	Lines 11—12. Storming of Ataroth by Mesa, slaughter of the warriors, dedication of the spoils to Chamosh, and re-colonization by the Moabites.
No mention of this terrible loss to the Israelites.	Lines 14—18. Capture of Nebo, slaughter of 7000 men, women, maidens, and vessels of Jehovah devoted to Ashtar-Chamosh.

2 Kings iii.	*Stele.*
No mention of this terrible loss to the Israelites.	Lines 19—20. Capture of Jahaz, which had been fortified by the King of Israel.
Ditto.	32. Attack upon the Horonaim, allies of the Israelites.

"The 'strong remark' that the Moabite Stone reads like a page of the Bible might have been made stronger. It is evident that in the Book of Kings we tread upon enchanted ground, whereas, in the stele, we find a chapter of realistic, local, and contemporary chronicle. The former offers, in a single chapter, a 'prophet,' a miracle, and a phenomenon so inexplicable as to be *quasi*-miraculous; the latter deals throughout with the world as we still know it. And the unprejudiced will find no difficulty in answering the question, Which is history, and which is the romance of history?"

We have received Sara S. Hennell's "Comparative Metaphysics, I.," but we find that it refers to a previous work, or "treatise already published," and that probably to one still earlier concerning "Present Religion," for principles of which we must see the statement, before we can possibly judge of the argument contained in the *brochure* before us. If the eloquent authoress will forward us the means, in the shape of all the treatises in which she has developed her system, we will do our best to understand it, and to interpret it to our readers.

METHODICAL PHILOSOPHY:

OR AN ATTEMPT TO CONNECT THE FACTS OF MENTAL SCIENCE SO AS TO FORM A CONSISTENT CHAIN OF DEMONSTRATION.

By John A. Heraud.

BOOK I.

Intuition of Deity.

§ 1. To prosecute, with accuracy and advantage, any process, whether of thought or action, Method is indispensable; and particularly in respect to philosophical investigations. It is desirable that in these we should adopt the most convenient form that can be invented. More than one have been suggested or practised by thinkers of various

schools, and out of these various systems have been developed; such, for instance, as the Sensational, the Ideal, the Sceptical, the Mystical, and the Eclectic. To these, many years ago, I proposed to add another,—the Prothetic,* which should better supplement and complement them all.

§ 2. An historian of Modern Philosophy, after going through all these systems except the last, commends to us, as the result of his Eclectic method, the following observations:—

"Fraught with the great ideas which spiritual contemplation affords, we approach nature as essentially a system of Living Forces, embodying in its forms and processes the thoughts of a vast and eternal mind. Taking wing from this thought, we soar above the soul and nature alike, to the great centre of all *power*—the great moral exemplar of all *mind*—to God himself. Looking down from that elevation, we again scan the realms of creation with a new light upon them—we see *thought* exhibited in the very lowest organic structure—and trace it becoming more expressive of form and beauty in the plant. In the animal kingdom we see it exhibiting a still more distinct purpose—and at length, in man, giving an image of the very mind from which it sprang. History developes the infinite in man still further; and religion, in its onward progress as a *divine life*, seeks to make its expression more pure and perfect, till in the new creation the divine nature shall shine forth from the very mainspring and energy of the human will." †

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* See Monthly Magazine, 1841, in a series of articles, entitled "Foreign Aids to Self-Intelligence."

† "An Historical and Critical View of the Speculative Philosophy of Europe in the Nineteenth Century," by J. D. Morell, A.M., pp. 292, 293, vol. i. The writer, in the same paragraph, proceeds to observe that, "by separating, on the contrary, the realms of human contemplation from each other, they lose their deepest significancy. We look then upon mind as a series of facts, the clue to whose right understanding is lost by their entire isolation from everything else in which the *divine thought* expresses itself. We look upon nature as a wondrous dance of atoms; but, separated from mind, we see not that every beauteous form is the articulate expression of some great idea; yea, and when we look up beyond the creation to Deity itself, we are chilled by our utter isolation,—until we begin to perceive the divine thinking, all within and around, and learn of a truth that 'He is not far from every one of us.' In this way, then, we would seek to rise into a loftier region of thought, to a kind of *prima philosophia*, where the sciences of mind, of matter, and of Deity all unite in one." I am indebted to Mr. Morell for his recognition of my series of papers under the head of "Foreign Aids to Self-Intelligence," in the Monthly Magazine of 1841, which, with some papers from Fraser's Magazine of a prior date, I am desirous of reprinting. Mr. Morell has two references. I copy them both:—1. "The great work of Poiret is

§ 3. The science of Method which we have denominated Prothetic requires that we should start from the elevation above predicated. We assume as given a power whose twin poles are Being and Knowledge, and then construct upon it a Formula requiring two worlds for its proper representation as a Triad of Principles, even as Euclid, in his first proposition, raised upon the finite right line which he postulated the figure of a Triangle, by means of the duplicate circles of which the two extreme points of the line became the two centres. The power * thus assumed is the Conscience, which as Self-Knowledge is the obvious synthesis, or identity of Being and Knowledge. Each is the centre of a distinct Cosmos; the latter that of an Objective or intelligible world, the former of a Subjective or intelligent one. These circles necessarily intersect at a point, which we have named Pre-science; and which point, Proclus and Plotinus, in their metaphysical interpretations of the mathematics, preferred to take as given rather than the finite right line, which latter they thought better suited to a material than to a psychological proposition. To them it was the Prothesis, or Antecedent Unity, of which the resulting diagram was the product and development.

§ 4. It is with this point that the Mosaic theogony commences, under the appellation of the Elohim, as the productive, but nameless Eon, to whose mysterious operations the Heavens and the Earth are indebted for their creation. The Unity thus predicated as prior to all position,

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entitled 'Economie de la Divine Providence' (1649). The origin of Poiret's mysticism appears to have been his acquaintance with the writings of Mad. Bourignon. For a very interesting account of the French mysticism of this age, see 'Foreign Aids to Self-Intelligence,' a series of highly philosophical articles in the Monthly Magazine, by J. A. Heraud, Esq. On this subject, see No. 27 (March 1841)." 2. "One of the best expositions of the Swedenborgian philosophy is given in the 'Foreign Aids to Self-Intelligence,' by J. A. Heraud, Esq. (Monthly Magazine, No. 29)"—pp. 314 and 323, vol. i. of Mr. Morell's elaborate work, which contains more information than any other history of philosophy that I know. I can also commend to the student the "Historical Survey" of Heinrich Moritz Calybaeus, and "General Principles of the Philosophy of Nature," by J. B. Stallo, A.M.

* Pre-science, or the Prothesis.

Subject,	Object,
or the Mesothesis.	or the Hypothesis.
Being	Conscience . . . . Knowledge,
or the Thesis.	or the Synthesis. or the Antithesis.

Consciousness, or Prosthesis.

contains a potential Plurality,* and therefore by the Hebrew cosmogonist is distinguished by a plural noun, to which he relates a verb in the singular number, thus intimating at once what certain theologians afterwards accepted as the doctrine of the Trinity in the Unity and the Unity in the Trinity. Our pre-scient unity, therefore, intersected by the circles of the two worlds, the subjective and the objective, or rather, at the point of apparent intersection, pouring them forth as it were from the fountain of his everlasting and overflowing Love,—this pre-scient Unity, an invisible point, is none other than "He who was before all worlds," and whom we name God. The Hebrew word Elohim, however, is not correctly translated by that Saxon term. Hutcheson has shown that the word implies persons who have taken an Oath or made a Covenant together, and there can be no question that such an interpretation is in harmony with the spirit of the Old Testament, which means the Old Covenant, even as by the New Testament a New Covenant is intended. Here, the Covenant implied is a determination to give birth to the heavens and the earth. The Plurality involved in the Unity is supposed to take an Oath to that effect. And this agrees with the statement made in the pseudo Book of Enoch, which gives the name and the terms of the Oath as follows:—

"This is the number of the Kesbel; the principal part of the oath which the Most High, dwelling in glory revealed to the Holy ones. Its name is Beka. He spoke to holy Michael to discover to them the secret name, that they might understand that secret name, and thus remember the oath; and that those who pointed out every secret thing to the children of men might tremble at that name and oath. This is the power of that oath; for powerful it is, and strong. And He established this oath of Akae by the instrumentality of the holy Michael. These are the secrets of this oath, and by it they were confirmed. Heaven was suspended by it before the world was made for ever. By it has the earth been founded upon the flood; while from the concealed parts of the hills the agitated waters proceed forth from the creation to the end of the world. By this oath the sea has been formed, and the foundation of it. During the period of its fury He has established the sand against it, which continues unchanged for ever; and by this oath the abyss has been made strong, nor is it removable from its station for ever and ever. By this oath the sun and moon complete their progress, never swerving from the command given to them for ever and ever. By this oath the stars complete their progress,

* Plato, too, regards Deity as an Assemblage of Eons.

and when their names are called, they return an answer for ever and ever,"* &c.

§ 5. It is easy to identify this ante-mundane Oath with the Logos, or the Word, "by whom all things were made, and without whom was not anything made that was made." And to the oriental imagination it was equally easy to elevate both Oath and Word into a divine person, forming a member of the Triad that entered into the Covenant of Creation. That Triad represents the sum and totality of the Divine Eon; which, from the nature of the case, *must* be potentially both Subject and Object, that is both intelligent and intelligible, both Being and Knowledge; these when manifested finding their coalescence or identity in Self-knowledge. For the Divine Eon intended is nothing less than the ineffable ante-mundane Deity, whose object of contemplation (there being no other) *can* only be Himself;—that infinite Object involving the possibility of other objects as their root and fountain. The Triad, which completes the All, includes therefore the Many and the One;—the latter, ineffable in itself, being pronounced in the former, as Subject and Object, as Being and Knowledge. For what we term the Pre-scient is implied in the Conscient, as the nameless original of Being and Knowledge;—their Prothesis, indeed, and therefore, in

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* Book of Enoch, as translated by Richard Laurence, LL.D., Archbishop of Cashel, chap. 68, v. 19—30. I have transferred this Oath to "The Judgement of the Flood," Book xii. 1111—1129, where it will be found rendered in the following manner:—

"He hath heard
The Almighty Oath whereby the heavens were hung,
Ere the worlds were that orb the eternal depth—
And the firm earth was founded on the flood,
And from the secret fountains of the hills,
Rivers, from time's beginning to his end,
Issued in ceaseless motion, and flow on,
For ever, and for ever. By its power,
The sea, and his deep bed, were formed; and fixed
The limitary sands that should restrain
His fury; and therefrom the great abyss
Received her strength, to keep her stated place,
Aye irremovable. Thereby the Sun,
And Moon, and Stars are ordered, and obey
Unswerving high command; also the Winds,
The Thunders, and the Lightnings, Hail and Frost,
Treasures of Dew, and Snow, and Rain, reserved
For Judgement, and for Mercy—by this Oath
Are they established, guided, and preserved."

logical order, prior to both the Thesis and Antithesis, to be called properly neither Being nor Knowledge, but, as Plato contends, to be acknowledged as Ineffable. But its perpetual desire is to name itself, and become manifest, which it does in Self-Knowledge. Now here we must note that, though in logical order, the presciency, so to call it, is prior to its manifestation in the duality, or many, or in the trinity as their summation and synthesis, yet in truth neither is "before or after the other," for the sphere of action here contemplated is not Time but Eternity.* That desire for manifestation of which we have just spoken is therefore no elder than the manifestation itself;—they are coeternal. The Subject is everlasting and the Object infinite. And here Euclid's finite right line necessarily deserts us, and we have to transcend the diagram, which nevertheless has helped us to some conception, or feeble illustration, of a recondite verity, and ought therefore to be respected for the service it has rendered. But now we stand in the Light of the Divine Presence, and need no help but that which it will itself impart, if we be faithful to the revelation mercifully vouchsafed.

§ 6. The sum of the Many and the One is then the Three, or *All*. But this All is not a result merely; having been necessarily involved with the Many and the One, in the Prothesis itself, and therefore merely reproduced or developed in the Synthesis. The Many and One are the contents of the Creative Omneity. Accordingly, in the All we must not fail to recognize the productive Eon in the perpetual act of his Self-manifestation. And like to him is the Creation projected; it is that of "the Heavens and the Earth,"† or, as will be seen, the created Many and the created One, meaning thereby the Universe, visible and invisible. Thus, in the beginning, God is portrayed to us as the All in All; even as in the end, when "the Son himself shall be subjected unto him who put all things under him, that God may be All in All,"‡ the same idea is referred to by the inspired Apostle. And also thus the Trinity in Unity and the Unity in Trinity, of the popular creed, may be substituted with advantage by the All in One and the One in All of modern philosophy.

§ 7. Other nations agreed with the Hebrews in attributing the Origin of Creation to a Divine Intelligence, or rather divine Intelli-

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* One = 1
Many = 2
All = 3

One—Being; the Conscient—All; Knowledge—Many.

† Our translation has "the heaven and the earth," but this is a gross error.

‡ 1 Corinthians, xv. 28.

gences, for the plural Elohim was the name for the various divinities of the heathen, and also for their kings and great men. But the Hebrews themselves at length discovered that an element had been omitted in the proposition, however right in the main and in its results. The idea of Intelligence stood alone, or rather seemed to stand. They soon perceived that it required support, and ultimately accepted an improved philosophy. The noun required a verb; "Intelligence *is*:" and the idea, therefore, required the co-ordinate one of Being. Their legislator Moses takes, or is made to take, credit to himself for supplying the want, and is said to have added the name of Jehovah, as needed for the completion of the affirmation, and also for the assertion of the Divine Unity in the Multeity or Omneity of the Elohim; even as contained in the scriptural formula—

"Jehovah, our Elohim, is one Jehovah."

Jehovah means the Self-Existing, as Elohim means the Self-Knowing. "I," said the Voice that had spoken from the flaming bush,—"I am the Lord; and I appeared unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, by the name of Elohim Shaddai (The Intelligence Almighty); but by my name Jehovah (The Self-Existent) was I not known to them. And I have also established my *Covenant* with them." Here are contained all the ideas required, the Covenant-making (*i.e.* intelligent) Power, and the Eternal Being, in which it subsisted. Our prothesis demands, therefore, not only the Pre-knowing but the Pro-being, which in its potential movements becomes developed in Unconditioned Being on the one hand and in Absolute Knowledge on the other, the former Eternal and the latter Infinite. The two poles, of which the divine Conscience is the synthesis, lose themselves therefore in eternity and infinity, and leave the power of which they appeared as the extreme points equally without beginning and without end. But in assuming these opposite positions in its downward descent, the prothetic unity overtakes on its way the percipient subject and the perceived object, both of them transcendent representations of itself, as a Subject-Object, as the percipient and the perceived, in one and the same intelligent and self-existent identity. Processes these, which require not the element of time in their manifestations, but are always co-operating from everlasting to everlasting in one and the same revelation of self-conscious Deity.

§ 8. Having thus secured the loftiest elevation of which the human mind is capable, we contemplate the MOST HIGH in the pure light of his super-essential glory, albeit dazzled to blindness by its excessive radiance. From the depths of eternity the Everlasting still evermore

arises, and penetrates with his glory the innumerable circles of the infinite. The "unknown deity whom we ignorantly worship" makes himself known to us as to himself, and the dawning heavens declare the beauty of his presence. The mystery that concealed him in the prothesis dissolves, and the soul, awakened to the fact of her and His intelligence, finds herself in the midst of an intelligible universe. Nay, more, from the midst of the throne where he sits in unapproachable state, comes the voice that is never silent: "I AM THAT I AM. Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, I AM hath sent me unto you." (Exodus iii. 14.)

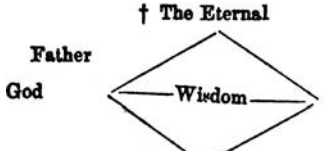
§ 9. The terms Subject and Object have now become familiarised in English composition. They are generally understood to indicate, as already hinted, the Percipient and the Perceived; but these terms are appropriated to two distinct factors in popular usage. Here they unite in one Self-known agent, such as God or Man, each a Subject-Object, because capable of self-perception. In their ultimate manifestation, they become a determinate Reality, having on the one hand Being as the Thesis, and Knowledge as the Antithesis on the other; the centre position or synthesis, being occupied by Conscience or Self-knowledge. The technical terms appropriated to the Subject and Object are Mesothesis and Hypothesis. The Prosthesis exhibits them in Apposition or ultimate Unity;* and in these seven terms the whole Method necessary for the conduct of philosophical investigation may be comprised.

§ 10. Such terms are in themselves dead until the spirit of life is infused into them, and then the dry bones become quick and full of significance and beauty. The religious imagination attributes personality to both the subject and the object, relating them under the endearing appellations of Father and Son.† This is not only done in the New

* Perhaps it will be as well to present these terms in English equivalents derived from the Latin—

	Proposition	
Disposition		Subposition
Position . . .	Composition	. . . Opposition
	Apposition.	

† The Eternal



Spirit.

Testament, but even the apocryphal book of Enoch, to which we have already referred, is explicit on this head. For the sake of novelty we prefer to cite the latter; besides, the reader will soon perceive there are other reasons for the preference. Referring to the involution of the Object, as well as the subject, in the prothetic mystery, the writer of the Book which St. Jude has commended to our notice, tells us that "the Elect and Concealed One existed in the presence of the Lord of Spirits, before the world was created, and ever." But he was destined to be revealed; the Elect One shall sit upon a throne of glory, and dwell in the midst of those who seek his protection. Enoch "beheld the Ancient of Days," as Daniel did in the after world, "and with him Another, whose countenance resembled that of man;" he was indeed called "the Son of Man, to whom righteousness belongs, and who will reveal all the treasures of that which is concealed;" who, moreover, "shall raise up kings and the mighty from their couches, and the powerful from their thrones; shall loosen the bridles of the powerful, and break in pieces the teeth of sinners. He shall hurl kings from their thrones and their dominions." His name, also, is "invoked before the Lord of Spirits, and in the presence of the Ancient of Days. Before the sun and the signs were created, before the stars of heaven were formed, his name was invoked in the presence of the Lord of Spirits." "In his presence the kings of the earth and the mighty men shall fall, and not be raised up again, nor shall there be any one to take them out of His hands and to lift them up, for they have denied the Lord of Spirits and his Messiah." Such are some of the descriptions by Enoch of the Son of Man, whom he likewise calls "the Son of Woman," adding that trouble shall seize the wicked when they shall behold him "sitting upon the throne of his glory. Then shall the kings, the princes, and all who possess the earth, glorify Him who has dominion over all things, Him who was *concealed; for from the beginning the Son of Man existed in secret*, whom the Most High preserved in the presence of his power, and revealed to the Elect."

§ 11. These passages are remarkable as found in a book, nearly a century older than the Gospel of St. John. The Pre-existent Logos, as "the Brightness of the Father's glory, and express Image of His person," emerges evermore as the living Object of His contemplation, with "a countenance resembling that of man," in fact, as the Ideal Man, simply regarded as "the Son of God." See Luke iii. 38. All, however, is spiritual, the Object as the Subject, the Perceived as the Percipient; the former comprehending the Many in the infinitude of its manifestation, so that prophets like Enoch behold the Most High, con-

sidered as prior to the heavens and the earth, as already the Lord of Spirits and the Ancient of Days. And this must be so, for an Eternal Creator must always be related to a Creation. Such creation is, in fact, spiritual, consisting of Noumena, as Kant likewise remarks, of which the phenomenal universe is constructed. "The things which are seen were not made of things which appear." (Hebrews xi. 3.) And this Many contained in the Divine Object justifies its contemplant in regarding the Knowledge which it produces as an Antithesis,—a state of being in which each particular takes its distinct position, though not like phenomena to the exclusion of each other; since, in the purely spiritual, all is *in*tensive, not *ex*tensive. Schelling forgot this when he wrote that "before the time when creation began, we may imagine that an infinite Mind or essence or thought filled the universe of space." Now neither the mind of man nor of God fills space, which is but a form of such mind, within it not without it; nor would such mind be infinite if bounded by it. Indeed, it would not be proper to say even that the Divine Mind ever filled Infinity or Eternity, for these, like Time and Space in regard to the human faculty of sense, are the included forms of the Divine percipiency, the inherent laws of the Creative intelligence. In Him, time and space, infinity and eternity, and all that they contain, live and move and have their being. The intellectual intuition (intellectual *anschaung*),—that is, the faculty by which we have an immediate knowledge of the Absolute, has a higher value than Schelling has supposed. In gazing at once by the eye of the mind upon the eternal principle itself, from which Subject and Object proceed, and in which thought and existence are absolutely identical, we surmount all considerations of space. True it is that from that Original Essence every thing is derived, both the unconditioned Subject, or *natura naturans* and the absolute Object, or *natura naturata*, as correlatives, however, not as products one of the other; equally true that it is an infinite, acting, producing, self-unfolding mind, not, however, as the living soul of the world, but as an eternal fountain of all life, the productive spirit of Love, before and above and distinct from the world and its living soul. The organ by which man beholds the Vision of the divine beatitudes, and *realizes* the Intuition of Deity, is his Conscience; —which to him is not the synthesis of his development, but the prothesis from which it proceeds. As the Pre-scient is in the paradigm of the Godhead, so is the Conscient in that of the Manhood. The conscience is the Voice of God in the human cosmos which has for its synthesis the consciousness, or the coalescence of the Practical and Theoretical Reasons, the former declaring the Moral Laws of our individual Being

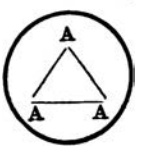
and the latter the ideas suggested by such laws and having their correlatives in Other Being, such correlatives subsisting as the laws of the physical universe. The Self-intelligence of God is the origin of Self-knowledge in Man; what is the synthesis of the former is the prothesis of the latter. It is, in fact, the communication of the Logos to the creature; —"the true Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." In seeking to see God through the medium of our Conscience, we are proceeding most scientifically, taking as given the bipolar power on which we may erect the structure by whose means we climb the mount of Vision, and behold God manifested to our spirit, as Unconditioned Being, as Absolute Knowledge, and these again as referable to an Ineffable Source, where all Knowledge is refunded into Ignorance and all Being into Nothingness.

§ 12. "Clouds and darkness are round about him: righteousness and equity are the habitation of his throne." But those clouds and that darkness are the result of the excess of Light, for which the organ of our conscience is not sufficiently strong. Hence our relative ignorance and the predicate of Nihility. But that Pre-scient Ignorance is the summit where all knowledge culminates, and that Prothetic Nothing is the All out of which the Many and the One are perpetually evolved. They find their expression in the Conscience. Hence Self-knowledge is the proper theme of Philosophy, which is properly the desire of Wisdom, or Self-knowledge, as distinguished from the knowledge of Other Being, the proper theme of Science.

§ 13. Wisdom, in this sense, is personified in scripture, even as the Word is also personified; and, as the Logos is called the Son, so is eternal Wisdom named "the Daughter of the Voice." The Proverbs, and the two apocryphal books of the Son of Sirach and the Ecclesiastes, abound in descriptions and commendations of such Wisdom, and the Canticles of Solomon are devoted to the celebration of the pastoral loves and mutual dalliances which are dramatically depicted as passing between the Word and the Wisdom, while the book of the Apocalypse foretells their bridal as one of the incidents in the consummation of all things The same impersonation prevails in the Book of Enoch. "Wisdom," he says, "found not a place on earth where she could inhabit; her dwelling therefore is in heaven. Wisdom went forth to dwell among the sons of men, but she obtained not an habitation. Wisdom returned to her place, and seated herself in the midst of the angels. But iniquity went forth after her return, who unwillingly found an habitation, and resided among them, as rain in the desert, and as dew in a thirsty land." (Enoch xlii. 1, 2.) "Wisdom is

poured forth like water, and glory fails not before Him for ever and ever." (Ib. xlviii. 1.) "With Him dwells the spirit of intellectual Wisdom." (Ib. 3.) "In those days shall the Elect one sit upon his throne, while every secret of intellectual wisdom shall proceed from his mouth; for the Lord of Spirits has gifted and glorified him." (Ib. l. 3.) Apologues like these may well be permitted to relieve the severity of abstract argument.

§ 14. Schelling advanced towards these prothetic ideas, as far as his different method permitted; but he could not command the position, having approached it from the sensuous side. For what he actually achieved, he shares the credit with Fichte. Both, in searching after an absolute principle of knowledge, find it in the same formula A=A, and recognise three movements both in the subjective mind and the objective



nature. The prothetic method acknowledges the antecedent unity, and accepts the whole diagram as representative of one and the same identity. The philosophy elicited from the inquiry agrees with the theosophies of that theological age, which M. Comte accounts as the first stage of human development. We propose at once to presume what Schelling sought by an upward process to prove, and look down upon him from the top of the cliff, while he is yet employed in laboriously climbing the sides. Man they regarded as the summit of creation. We accept him as such, and as God's image; and, through him, we seek acquaintance with the Original, which he resembles. So far as they are like, we secure the fruits of that acquaintance; but where they differ, *i.e.*, in those points in which the Original necessarily transcends any possible copy, by reason of its unattainable excellence,—we are fain to acquiesce in inevitable disappointment. Man, who by self-contemplation can apprehend and, as it were, intuite the Deity, we religiously regard as the Son of God, and reverently receive from him the revelation of the Father, which can be obtained in no other manner than through him. To every human intelligence this revelation is made; but with many "the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehendeth it not." We therefore accept as our ideal the Archetypal man, male and female, of the Elohim document; rather than the terrestrial man, "of the earth, earthy," described in the Jehovah refacciamento; namely, the man whom God created in his own image;

"in the image of God created He him; male and female created He them." (Gen. i. 27.) Such ideal man, wherever he exists, receives the true light of the Logos, and cultivates it sedulously; and to all who do this the Logos gives power "to become the sons of God; born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." (John i. 13.) Our ideal man is then in reality God-man, and the intuition of Deity is only granted to those who have received the power to become related as favoured children to the Father of Spirits.

§ 15. No doubt, therefore, the capacity to realize the Intuition of Deity is a privilege. Those who thus avail themselves of the organ of Conscience, and the presence of the Word alway resident there, are fitly termed the children of Wisdom, and it is of these that the true Church is composed. It is the Wisdom that developes the Word in the self-consciousness of man. The rest of mankind, albeit receiving as men the Logos, are excluded from the assemblies of the Elect, because they have not improved the common gift, and have ignominiously yielded to that fatal indolence which suffers the best things to fall into desuetude and decay. Only such children of Wisdom, indeed, were considered by Socrates to be rightly called philosophers, and were alone regarded as the Saved Ones in the Elysium, towards which the Wise were constantly progressing, and whose gates could alone be opened by the hand of benevolent Death. The Gospels republish the same doctrine. To such alone, therefore, the work which I now place in the hands of the British reader properly appeals. By such alone can the question be correctly answered, whether such an intuition of *Deity* as we have predicated is possible?

§ 16. In a land of Christian men, surely there must exist numbers who have cherished their privilege, and improved it far enough to testify to the fact of its acceptance. We have seen that many of our savans by their unaided reason have almost ascended to the platform on which the vision is exhibited. To the religious mind the task ought to be facile indeed; for both the doctrine and the idea are familiar to pious thinkers, and if the Intuition be wanted there is some obstacle to the development which ought to be removed, and by which "the Spirit of God has been hindered;" perhaps prejudice, perhaps want of faith.

§ 17. Amongst philosophers, Hegel had a prejudice against the presumption of an intellectual intuition of the Absolute, as a principle which tended to Mysticism, and proposed instead a method purely logical. He commenced with the Zero or Nothing, to which we have already conducted the reader, but took his stand on the Synthesis as the relation of two opposites. In every idea the antagonism with him

arises afresh, and a contradiction is produced, which is reconciled in their combination. Our prothesis and thesis stand with him as two opposite poles, Nothing and Being; and the subject, as the mesothesis, or point of indifference, is considered by him as the synthesis or relation constituting the Becoming, or mid-point of the predicated polarity. Our Euclidian diagram may therefore serve to indicate the transition, as he postulates it, of Nothing into Being; or, as we should rather describe it, of the All into the One. The union of subject and object is implied in the Hegelian idea, which idea is considered as Life, Intelligence, and the absolute Deity; by which terms the author seeks to trace "the evolution of thought upwards, through its more empty and abstract forms; enriching it," says one of his expositors, "with a greater fulness of meaning at every step, until we have arrived at the conceptions which we find embodied in nature and the soul—those Platonic archetypes, pure thought in themselves, to which the universe itself is perfectly conformable."* We start, on the contrary, at those higher rounds of the ladder, where meaning exists in its greatest fulness, nay, even at the highest round, "the intellectual intuition of the Absolute," possible to all, though claimed as the privilege of the few; and find that the descending series has advantages over the ascending, in an improved method of philosophizing, such as we desire to employ in conducting the argument of the present treatise.

§ 18. But to Conscience in its various states the Vision presents more or less according to the degree of strength with which the former has been taught to bear the glorious revelation. The fiat has been uttered, and what appeared as Darkness has been cleared away from the faces of the deeps, and the heavens have shone on the eye of that divine faculty, in the created Light, in the human Intelligence, which awaited the utterance of the Word in order to its possible manifestation;—but it is by steps that it is manifested. It has its evening and its morning, and the Day consists of the various degrees between the initiate and the final state so named; also, while the light vouchsafed is called Day, what remains unperceived, whether the darkness proceed from the excess of revealed glory or the weakness of the organ of perception, is denominated Night; and the Eye of the Conscience bears witness both to the one and the other. But day by day shall that Eye be strengthened, and increased Light be received; hence the revelation shall grow just in proportion as the attention is continued, both in a subjective and an objective sense, the Light in the Eye becoming

* Morell, vol. ii., p. 178—9.

stronger and fuller to bear more and more of the Light which the Vision in itself contains, proceeding as it does from an inexhaustible fountain of luminous intelligence. The process, therefore, on the part of man is wholly subjective, and becomes richer and richer, as each individual perseveres in the contemplation, by means of which the primitive Teachers of the Race were enabled to declare those sublime verities which are only questioned by those who neglect the discipline needful for their adequate perception. As an aid to that discipline the present work is projected.

§ 19. In one respect we may borrow a valuable lesson from Hegel's philosophy. Logic, with him, was not a mere formal system, but part of the process by which, as well as according to which, the physical universe is constructed. In like manner, the Affirmations just made must be regarded as Living and Personal, not as merely theoretical. The Intuition of Deity obtained through the Conscience is a real essential Vision, and the being and the intelligence which meet in it, both subject and object, are the infinite poles of a Divine Manifestation, in which the Voice is still heard, "I am that I am; I know myself to be." In his own consciousness, too, man repeats the affirmation, as an image and an echo, but still as a distinct being, though not as independent of his creator.

§ 20. Our intuition of Deity is therefore in accordance with the states of our souls, and capable of everlasting development, increasing in light more and more to the perfect day. But in the most perfect mind, the night also will be recognisable, and a point be approached in which Deity must prove to be Nothing to us, albeit All to Itself. Suffice it, that in that All, the One and the Multiple are comprehensible, however partially the All may be knowable. The consciousness of man, individual or universal, may daily advance; but this process implies no limitation of the Divine Intelligence, which is what it is from eternity to eternity in infinite plenitude, quite irrespective of human action. Humanity may be regarded as a process ever going on, and never accomplished; but its divine author is a conscious Being absolutely perfect, an Intelligence requiring no further knowledge. The Prothetic Method requires this assumption from the beginning; whereas in the ascending series preferred by Hegel, and other German transcendentalists, the limitations that pertain to the human and natural are erroneously ascribed to the divine.

§ 21. We must be content that at the summit of our knowledge, however wise we may be, something should remain unknown. We must either begin or end with a Mystery, which mystery is at one with a

Revelation; for, as we have shown, it is the very Light that is imparted that dazzles the organ of vision. We must, therefore, always assume the Pre-scient, not as such in itself, but relatively to us. The younger Fichte has shown that, even in our sensuous perceptions, this is the case; but he has wrongly assumed that the unknown beyond their limits, is also beyond the limits of consciousness. As illustrative of the general position, we may bestow a few words on his theory.

§ 22. The theory itself may be expressed in a few words: namely; that mind refers to a kind of pre-existence, anterior to its own conscious life; nay, also, that in relation to the whole range of natural science, we are constrained to form a universal idea of pre-existence, of which that of mind is only a particular instance. Every distinct or individualised existence, he tells us, must have eternally pre-existed, if it is possible that it should realise its individuality in time; for none of these individualities can be regarded as being indifferently of one stamp or another, just as we please, or as only having a temporary and fortuitous origin; but each in its kind is an integral part of a united whole, and must have been eternally planned in relation to the particular as well as the universal harmony of the universe. But, to become endowed with consciousness, the human monad requires the organic process of incorporation; then the originality of the mind is developed and comes to itself. Thus it is that in the human consciousness there is an à priori element, which precedes experience, and by means of which alone experience becomes possible. The soul becomes through its development for itself what it already is, in a pre-existent sense of itself, but unconsciously. Into this state, even after incorporation, it may be thrown, and its activity reduced to an *instinct* for thought, in place of thought itself, or a sort of *unconscious thought;* serving indeed to show that no opposition but only a distinction in degree exists between the subjective and the objective, the conscious and unconscious world. This the younger Fichte calls the Pre-conscious state of the Soul, which he describes as essentially and specially a process of thinking, without, however, its thought as yet touching the threshold of consciousness;—adding that the whole of the morphological and organic processes, up to involuntary movements and habits, bear the common character of instinctive action. He then explains that instinct is an original impulse of the soul directed to something definite out of itself, but previously comprehended, in a kind of dim anticipating perception, and defines it as an impulse guided by an à priori and unconscious thought.

§ 23. Now this theory assumes that as sensation is the principle by which consciousness is awakened, this instinctive thought which pre-

cedes sensation must have remained unconscious. We must raise ourselves above this view. Such phrases as "unconscious thought" are self-contradictory and therefore objectionable. What is named by the author "the Pre-conscious state" is properly the Self-conscious state, and will have to be separately considered when we come to treat of Conscience as a prothesis. In what he calls the instinctive Pre-conscious state, the Soul is awakened to a recognition of her own being, not because of the spur of sensation, but in order that the state of sensation may be itself possible. Self-consciousness, or Conscience, is an à priori process without which such result were not attainable. It is true, that such pre-conscious state, not manifesting itself in time, may have no record in the memory; this, however, arises from these Self-communings occurring in eternity. The possibility of Self-Intelligence prior to, and independent of sensation, is all that is witnessed to by the phenomena, not any state of unconsciousness whatever, though the word "instinct" may be permitted to stand.

§ 24. Even in the Pre-scient state, which we have above prothetically described, we recognise the fulness of knowledge, acknowledging it to be All in itself, even when Nothing to the human contemplatist.* Likewise in the so-called "Pre-conscious state," the mind is not limited by the conditions of its observer, who only perceives that it has become more or less unconscious of the world of the senses, not that it has ceased to regard the intuitions of the conscience, and that inner world which is its peculiar province. True it is that that same organ or faculty of Conscience introduces us to a state of pre-existence — in other words, transports us into eternity,† where only the spiritual intelligence of man can recognise itself as a *homo noumenon*. As such Eternity, the state of self-consciousness precedes constantly any and every act of the sensuous perception, and furnishes the à priori element recognised by the transcendental philoso-

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* I recollect that in one of his works, Jacob Boehme treats this point at full, and in a masterly manner.

† Ideas, in the Platonic theory, are regarded as "recollections" of knowledge gained in the State of Pre-existence. To that state modern philosophy has attached a more elevated meaning. "Plato's doctrine of Pre-existing ideas," says Dr. Whewell, "is replaced among the moderns by the doctrine of Innate Ideas." These innate ideas are now regarded, not as memories, but as eternal presences, and as belonging to the eternity in which the human spirit subsists, and in virtue whereof an ideal process *precedes* all our sensible experiences, as needful to render the latter possible. From this doctrine of the eternity of the human *spirit* that of the Immortality of the *Soul* proceeds naturally.

pher as even necessary to its initiation. Of Other Being, indeed, the self-contemplant Soul is, by immediate contact, evermore and invariably conscious. That Being is God himself, in whose fatherly bosom she has from eternity reposed, and whose commission she bears when preparing to set forth on her travel of experience. It is he who awakens her to consciousness, and enables her to produce in time what he has planted in her from all eternity. Here we can sympathise entirely with the younger Fichte, when he lauds the great Leibnitz and commends what he calls "the pregnant Idea, that the human consciousness is the depositary of eternal truths." In so far as man is God's image, he is the Revelation of the Deity; in so far as that image falls short of its divine Original, the Author of Being is ineffable. But even when ineffable by us, he speaks by his Word, who is with him in the beginning, never silent, but creatively affirmative from everlasting to everlasting.

§ 25. Those "eternal truths" are stamped on the soul of every man; that Word is sounded in the depths of the being of each one of us—unfathomable depths—whether heard or not. But to not a few it is audible; and not to all is the light darkness. There are many who have practically testified to a religious sensibility; and from these in every age we have received the facts which form the subject-matter in the sacred records of all nations. All concur in the conviction that "God is not far from every one of us," to which conviction we have also the witness of our own spirits. And this is what is meant by inspiration, when we use the term advisedly; not the result of thinking, or long trains of thought, but the presence of impressions in those serene places of the soul whereon a peace that surpasses all understanding dwells for ever. Those impressions are the intuitions which we have been describing; and these are imprinted on the soul by the hand of that God "whose epistles we are." We are as books written by him; and what we find inscribed by him there is matter of which no other author were capable. We are, however, living Books, filled with that Personal Word from whom all that is individual and personal in us proceeds. All this the simple believer proclaims. The theologian, however, in constructing a science out of these facts, frequently ignores many of them, and cautiously admits no more into his system than he thinks the world will accept. Especially he dreads the charge of mysticism; but many of the pietists who have fallen within that category are men and women of genius, who have a right to assert of themselves, as religious individuals, what many an artist is permitted to claim, as an æsthetic professor, without question or doubt. We

should not go far wrong if we accepted Jacob Boehme as the Shakspere of Theology.

§ 26. It is to the believer rather than to the theologian or philosopher that we are indebted for the identification of the Object in the divine intelligence with the Archetypal Man, thus raising the latter to a divinity, sharing with the Eternal Father the dignity of the Pre-existent state, and imparting himself to the numerous individualities included in himself as the Infinite Object of the Paternal Love, with the power to make of them the Sons of God; and as such, "born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." Faith in this gave the believer the right to enter the Holy of holies, as one of the Elect in the perpetual Church, of which the temporal image only might exist on earth, even in "the Jerusalem which is above." It was thus that in them and their great teacher the incarnation of the Godhead was conceived to be possible; and that in the East, in more than one religion, the convenient principle of anthropomorphism was admitted, thus bringing the Deity into fellowship and sympathy with suffering man. The hypothesis was readily accepted, for it had a living nexus which associated itself with the heart of every man, and drew him heavenward by the attraction of a common nature. It was soon adopted by poets and philosophers, who—both in Judæa and in Greece—embodied it in mythologies and theories that have subsequently become the occasion of much criticism, in which great ingenuity has been displayed, but little satisfaction realised. The former have become institutions, but the latter still remains without authority.

§ 27. This inevitable principle of anthropomorphism Hegel has admitted into his system, but he has misapplied it by representing Deity as becoming conscious in human history, and growing with the growth of human intelligence. It is true that the human intelligence thus grows, and gradually acquires more and more perfect ideas of the divinity. Tracing such human intelligence upward, from the field of the senses and the carnal appetites to that of the reason and the spiritual aspirations, those ideas unfold themselves more and more; but these represent the degrees of human perception, not the development in itself of the Eternal Creator. By starting at the prothetic elevation, we present the Infinite God in the plenitude and perfection of his essence, already thoroughly self-known, however partially apprehended by his creatures. The fact is true, as Hegel states it, that to man God appears to be gradually unfolded, and all that he says of history on this point is sufficiently correct; but this is an appearance owing to the method adopted—it is not the reality as it exists independent of the

method. Exchange the ascending Method for the descending, and we plainly perceive that the growing development is that of the human intelligence, gradually strengthening its vision by means of the divine light which it constantly receives, and subjectively increasing its capacity by daily education and exercise.

§ 28. The importance of Method cannot be made more evident than by the fact, that, simply owing to his Method, Hegel's prelections are liable to be charged with pantheism, from which by our Method they are entirely relieved. The younger Fichte, too, solely by his Method, is led into the use of contradictory terms which our prothetic process altogether avoids. His entranced patient, according to the latter, has entered into another state of Consciousness, that is Self-Consciousness; —not, as he will have it, into a state of "unconscious thought" or blind instinct. Such instinct, indeed, is not really blind; but, as he suspects, a divine Inspiration, which, in the Conscience, acts as directly as the so-called natural instinct does, in the senses both of men and animals. The "pre-existent powers of the mind," as he calls them are, when not conscious of specific natural objects, still self-conscious; and can, therefore, extend the act of consciousness thus initiated to the contemplation of alien objects. Such self-consciousness is an eternal act; always ready to take note of any object in time.

§ 29. "Retire—the world shut out—thy thoughts call home." Rise even above all thought,—and time; for the sphere of theistic intuition is Eternity. We have already said (§ 23), that therein the memory which holds of time has no proper place, for all such intuitions are conditioned by an infinite perpetual presence. Even the Clairvoyante, on reawaking, has frequently no remembrance of any incident during her state of abstraction; yet all the while her attendant friends have been asking her questions and receiving answers—proof enough that consciousness was not entirely suspended, however we may resolve the responses obtained into "instinct" or "inspiration." The absence of Memory may suggest the state of contemplation in which Nothing is All and All is Nothing; but cannot disprove the State itself, in which the privileged Spirit may commune with her own being and with God. But it is not to be denied, that many who have been lifted up into this state of vision have professed to give an account of their experience. Ezekiel describes the state as one of "astonishment" in which he continued for seven days (iii. 15). On another occasion (viii. 1), he describes it simply as seizing him while companioned with others who probably had come to consult him during the fit. "In the sixth year," he says, "in the sixth month, and the fifth day of the month, *as I sat*

in my house, and the elders of Judah sat before me, the hand of the Lord God fell there upon me. Then I beheld, and lo, a likeness of the appearance of a man; from the appearance of his loins even downward fire; and from his loins even upward, as the colour of amber. And he put forth the form of a hand, and took me by a lock of my head; and the Spirit lifted me up between the earth and the heavens, and brought me in the visions of God to Jerusalem." Whether those who assisted at this seance took down in writing the words of the seer as descriptive of these visions, and it is to them that we are indebted for their record, we know not. However we suspect that this was not the case; for St. John at Patmos when "in the Spirit on the Lord's day" was alone, and therefore must have written the Apocalypse himself. Moreover, it is evident that in neither case do we owe the revelations afforded to the inner consciousness of the prophets, for the imagery of both is borrowed from existing sources. The Cherubim and Seraphim are due to the Chaldean and Persian mythologies, to which the Jews, especially after the Captivity, resorted for instruction. The productions in question then, as poems, imply the exercise of the fancy or imagination, neither of which can intrude into the state of contemplation above predicated. We are quite willing to allow, however, to the younger Fichte, what he claims for the fancy as a faculty of the mind, that it is a creative power, "à priori in its character, and anterior to all sense-consciousness, reaching down to the very first commencement of our vital existence," —"one which operates according to the types and fundamental characteristics of our inborn reason, *i.e.*, with perfect design,"—so that "our conscious states must be modified and coloured by the condition of the fancy in relation to the organism." There is no reason why the term should be used only in its æsthetic signification, and not "brought into connexion with that plastic organic activity, which belongs to the lower region of the soul." But the prothetic elevation requires an abstraction even from such pure and subtle activities, which are inconsistent with the passive relations in which Man stands towards Deity, when brought into the presence of his Sovran and his Creator.

§ 30. But we must be on our guard against the supposition that human personality is in these ecstacies absorbed and lost in Deity. Oriental sages, doubtless, verbally hold this; but sometimes, we think, that the doctrine may have been misinterpreted. Buddhism, for instance, is supposed to deny the immortality of the soul, because it teaches its annihilation by its absorption into Deity. But may not the two doctrines be identical? After what we have said of the Nothing and All, is it not conceivable that the nihility presumed by the Buddhist

is the highest possible realisation of the soul's being? The Personality of the soul lies in the Will, and if the human being, when restored to the bosom of the Eternal Father, retains that faculty his personality is secured. But even suppose the Buddhist denies this, he may only mean that the human will has become so submissive to the Divine will that no antagonism remains between them. But is then the freedom of the will suspended? We might as well suppose that the final state of society as expected by Hegel, in which the will of the individual shall so go along with the requirements of the reasonable laws then established, that the mere contingent will of the subject shall be subjugated to the Objective Law, which law will be also Objective Freedom;—we might as well suppose, we say, that such state must be one of slavery, instead of being the highest and ultimate development of the Idea of Liberty. No—the human Will when perfectly concurrent with the Divine, is then in its most free condition. Wherefore, in this supposed annihilation or absorption the highest Personality would be attained. It is, accordingly, with the utmost willingness, that we concede to the younger Fichte that, in what he calls the "pre-conscious," and we the "self-conscious," state of the soul, the source of individuality is to be recognised. In those supreme moments when Man communes with himself and his God, then has he risen to the highest state of personality and liberty of which he is capable, and by the voluntary sacrifice of his will has secured its utmost freedom.

§ 31. "The intellectual life of the mind," says the younger Fichte, "in its emancipated states is not extinguished or restricted; it is not even changed or weakened, or the consciousness of our personal identity destroyed; but the very opposite to all this presents itself, namely, elevated intellectual power, deeper self-consciousness, and the personality more thoroughly enlightened by the consciousness of self." In the theistic intuition of which we are writing, the soul is thoroughly emancipated from the body, (though whether "in or out of the body," like St. Paul we may not be able to tell,) and the revelations it then receives it might "not be lawful to utter," even supposing they were utterable.* A substitute, however, has been frequently found in the suggestions of fancy. Both in the Hebrew and Greek mythologies, we have legends of angels, gods, demi-gods, and heroes, standing in place of the direct action of God upon the conscience. Instead of a Personal relation between God and Man, demonstrating to the human soul the constant flowing forth of his Providence towards the individual who is capable

* 2 Cor. xii. 2.

of rising to a contemplation of Deity, a series of agencies has been imposed on the popular belief, throwing God himself to a distance from us, and indeed only to be reached by means of innumerable celestial hierarchies. Theism, accordingly, had to give way to Polytheism in the ancient world, and in the modern the invocation of saints has come to be preferred in the Church of Rome to the simple prayer that addresses at once the Father of Spirits, notwithstanding that the advent of the Christ had directed the current of thought to that One Logos, as "the true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." The communication of the Divine Intelligence directly to man, as man, raised him at once to the dignity of Son of God;—perhaps to a higher appellation. "Jesus answered them, Is it not written in your Law, I said, Ye are Gods? If he called them gods, unto whom the Word of God came (and the Scriptures cannot be broken); say ye of him, whom the Father hath set apart, and sent him into the world, Thou blasphemest; because I said, I am the Son of God."* The gods and angels of the world's youth, both in sacred and profane history, were the men who have been the messengers and ministers of truth to their less favoured brethren. The angels of the scriptures indeed, are primarily incarnations of theological ideas, the Persons of the Trinity embodied and supposed to appear occasionally on earth for the guidance or protection of nations or individuals, though secondarily intending created beings. It is Jehovah himself, not a mere deputy from him, so to speak, whom we find talking to Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Moses; and thus the doctrine of immediate and special providence is enforced and illustrated. But the more spiritual doctrine of the Logos brings Man into more intimate relationship with Divinity, by immediately transmitting to him the light of the divine intelligence, and thus uniting both by a common nexus. The communion is thus transferred from the senses to the soul, and the belief in apparitions belongs rather to the superstitous creeds of the past than to the religious faith of the present. The sense of immediate providence is identified with the Inner Life, and the pure Intuitions of the Conscience, presented in the sublime forms of Eternity and Infinity, as the direct product of the Christian's communion with his Maker. We cease from the vain search of finding out God even in Nature, but look inward for evidences of his Power, Wisdom, and Goodness, which are given precisely in proportion as we are individually more or less his images. These evidences are wholly moral, not material, and as they are individual, they are essentially special.

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* John x. 34—36.

The spirit of each man is their witness, truly co-operating with the Spirit of God, each assuming a personality perpetually interacting, and so doing by reason of their mutual freedom. We seek not then a Divinity beyond the stars, for we find him "in the midst of us," inspiring and informing us with ideas which often initiate, as it were miraculously, new historical periods. Nor do we need for this communication the intervention of saint or angel; for we have the Logos himself:—still less do we need the aid of foreign gods; for we are ourselves "gods," the Word of God having come to us, and being ever-present with us.

§ 32. Every man is capable of this intuition of Deity, and becoming himself a Revelation of Divine mysteries; but every man is not diligent to cultivate the gift. "The Vision and the Faculty divine," accordingly, become the privilege of the few who desire to employ the one and to realize the other, and who, like the beloved disciple, rejoice in the inward light by which spiritual verities are alone discernible. It is this intuition which the Scriptures take for granted, not pausing to explain the Elohim by whom the universe is projected, but assuming that the being so named is universally apprehended. The special revelation to each individual is the same to all, therefore general, and might be universal, if by all it were equally valued. The divine Affirmation "I am," is repeated in the human Conscience, as the echo of the Voice sounding and resounding throughout Eternity, and filling the Infinite with never-silent oracles. Faith comes by the hearing it, and the hearing itself by the Word perpetually uttered, even as seeing is dependent on the constant influx of light, and is progressively strengthened by it. It is thus that the Subject is beneficially acted on by the Object, and each grows in clearness by conscious communion with the other. Such communion will be carefully cultivated by every truly philosophic mind, having faith in its own pure intuitions.

§ 33. Modern psychology, it appears, is willing to admit that mind may act without co-operation with the brain, and allows that consciousness is so little the product of body that it is only in states where body loses its power, that consciousness is found in full strength and peculiarity. It is stated to have been found probable, by means of the most extended inductive proof, that the more intense and fully developed states of dream-waking, clairvoyance, vision, second sight, &c., take place without the co-operation even of the sensory apparatus. But our Method is little concerned with these concessions, and indeed exists independently of them altogether. It assumes, or presumes, a state of Self-consciousness, prior to any cognition of body, and in which time is not an element. Such state is far elevated above memory, but not

above knowledge;—that condition of it, in which the subject is its own object, each perpetually present to the other, as eternal correlatives. Equally elevated is it above the possibility of explanation by analogy which relates to the knowledge of Other Being in its physical relations; whereas this relates to the Self-intelligence as it *is* in itself in its spiritual identity, and as it is confessed to pre-exist all inferior acts of knowledge in time, in which the subject and object are foreign to each other. Rather these lower instances should seek for their explanation in the higher, and be brought into analogy with them, as the intelligible conceptions of an ideal or intelligent power. Only here, in this transcendental region, may Intelligence itself be demonstrated, whether as a Truth or as a Being, dynamically capable of infinite objectivity. We should start from this as the most certain datum obtainable, and as giving to any inferior series of facts all their ontological value.

§ 34. Our prothetic Method, moreover, avoids that terrible hiatus which is found in Kant's system, between his philosophy of the Practical Reason and that of the Speculative; because starting at an elevation equally above both, it is provided with principles applicable to either, as contained and reconciled in the Prothesis, however opposite in the synthetic development. By the Aristotelian process which the Sage of Königsberg adopted, Kant necessarily came to the margin of a great gulf by which the physical and moral were separated. Not being able to bridge it over, from the physical side, he ventured to leap it, and fortunately landed safe on the further shore.* Our Method, proceeding from the apex, prescribes the laws of the Subject as the content of the Practical Reason, and the laws of the Object as that of the Speculative, albeit in the latter only as ideas which are, as it were, the anticipatory correlatives of the laws whereby nature is governed. The laws in the Practical Reason are autonomies, inherent in the sub-

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* In the Monthly Magazine of 1839 I made a reference to this gulf, illustrating it in the following manner:—

"Certain phenomena lead the metaphysical enquirer to certain 'ultimate facts,' as they are called by Professor Dugald Stewart, 'of the human mind;' and there his analysis ends. A great gulf is fixed between such facts and the laws of which they are expressions; nor is the way bridged over, neither can be, from *this* side of the wide intermediate fosse. On *the other*, indeed, a castle well fortified is already erected, evidently too with a drawbridge, whereof the owners may let it down whenever they are so disposed, and make incursions into the land of experience at their pleasure."

We have transported the reader to that side of the fosse which has command of the drawbridge.

ject itself, indeed the subject itself revealing itself in action. Like laws, we hence infer, are in nature regarded as a subject, and are accordant with the ideas contained in the theoretical reason of the human percipient. The idea of law proceeds from the fact of law, as identical with that of our moral or spiritual being, which acts in a special manner prescribed in its constitution. These ideas, therefore, in reference to the objects of the theoretical reason are regulative only; but in regard to those of the practical or moral reason they are constitutive. The human Consciousness is the synthesis of these two reasons, so to speak; the moral or practical representing a subject-object, in union, however, with an object-subject, or intuition of the Absolute, and the theoretical regarding nature, or the universe, as an object-subject; that is, as a phenomenon that exists only because it is really substantiated in a noumenon, however the latter may be unknown, and even beyond the limits of knowledge. Under the light of this Method, the contradictions and paralogisms which Kant finds in the speculative reason, when it endeavours to attribute objective truth to ideas, vanish and disappear. They are solved by reference to the autonomies which are the constituents of the practical or moral reason, and the correlates of its subjective elements.

§ 35. Already had Jacobi and Herbart discovered that recognition was wanted of higher powers than had been admitted, and the present writer had always felt that additions were needful of the faculties of Will and Conscience to those acknowledged by the Kantian system. By means of these faculties, intuitions of the eternal and infinite are as certainly attainable by the practical reason as by the speculative: those of the temporal and spatial are obtained through the understanding from the sense. The needed object is present to the Conscience and is transferred by the Will to the Moral Reason; and thus the truth of the mind finds as readily its correlative in Being, as the phenomenon in sense implied its noumenon in an independent universe. The only difference is that in the one case, the intuition is given in experience, in the other by inspiration. By Jacobi the latter was named a feeling or sentiment;—by Herbart a self-subsistent essence or reality which is above us, but also stands in a certain relation to us, and to be recognised as a Spirit of Order. We may more correctly recognise it as a percipient Ego which knows itself, and to which the object is wholly the same as the subject, together with also an Absolute Ego of which the percipient Ego is the Eidolon, the representative; thus Man never knows himself apart from God, or God separated from himself;—the image and the original are perpetual correlates; yet distinct, mutually percipient

beings, whose spirits reciprocally witness one to the other. That is, the Absolute Ego is to the human an Object-subject, spiritually discerned, not as an intuition in space or time, but one in Infinity and Eternity; —correlated with a Real Being in whom these forms are comprehended as inherent and essential laws, not however as necessary but free conditions, not as bounding but as being contained within the circle of the Reality correspondent with the intuition. Every reality, according to Herbart, exists in a state of absolute simplicity, immutability and freedom from quantity, or space and time, occupying an absolute position excluding every character of relation, dependence and limitation of the being. For the Real is the absolutely Self-subsistent, that stands in need of nothing else, and being immutable cannot undergo any internal change. Most eminently true is all this of the first and highest Real, which we denominate the Eternal and the Infinite, and in consideration of our union with him, as spiritual powers, self-conscious souls, and intelligent beings, call further by the names of the Omnipotent, the Intelligent, and the Self-existent. Herbart connects with these the Ideas of Beauty and Virtue, which are the Greek substitutes for the Word and the Divine Wisdom,* or Self-knowledge, a faculty partaken by man, and through which man alone arrives at a knowledge of Deity. Conscience is, in fact, a living link of Sympathy between Man and his Maker; an Axiom vitally not verbally uttered, containing at once the oracular Affirmation and the ever-triumphant Response—

"I AM"—

"FATHER, THOU ART; AND I IN THEE."

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* Socrates, however, recognises wisdom as Self-Knowledge, including a perception of spiritual objects. "When," it is said in the Phædo, "the soul considers objects by the help of its own powers alone, it is then drawn to that which is pure and eternal, and immortal, and uniform, and feels that it is of the nature of that. Its wanderings end; it becomes steady and uniform like its objects, and this condition is called *Wisdom*." See also the final sense in "The Republic," in which Plato takes the meaning of *Sophia* (Wisdom) and *Sophrosyne* (Virtue) to consist. A remarkable passage occurs in Xenophon. "Socrates," he says, "refused to recognise a distinction between Wisdom and Virtue (Sophia and Sophrosyne). For he said that he who knew what was good and knew how to do it, he who knew what was vile and avoided it, was wise and virtuous." He was asked whether those who knew what was right and did the reverse were wise and virtuous; he replied that "they were unwise and vicious; for the evidence of what men know is what they do. If their wisdom do not appear in their acts, they are no more wise than they are virtuous." John, the platonic Apostle, teaches the same (vii. 17).