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THE

IDEAL REVIEW.

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THE GREAT AWAKENING.

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON—*Bengal Civil Service, Retired.*

"As a marvel one beholds this; as a marvel another tells of it; as a marvel another hears it; yet even he who hears it, knows it not."—*Bhagavad Gita, II.*

The theme of the Songs of the Master is the theme of all the great Scriptures of the world; something so wonderful that it can hardly be told in the simple human speech at all; yet something so dominant that the sense of it underlies all human speech, without any exception whatever. The Scriptures of all lands have dealt with no other matter, for it is the presence of this wonderful theme alone which gives a book the right to the name of Scriptures; yet, though all tell of it, one may read them all and not surprise the secret; there must be another to teach, an answering revelation in the reader, illumining what he reads, or he will read in vain.

According to national and individual character, each great nation, each nation which has added something to the eternal treasure of man, has put on record its insight into this great secret; it cannot be expressed in words, so that he who runs may read, but it can be

expressed in symbols, which endure better than words; yet they will ever be understood only by him who has the key to the symbol. Most of the nations, most of the great men, heroes and sages, who have drawn near to the secret, have put their vision on record in terms of their personal and national history, using these as the symbols of their script; and the careless reader whose eyes have never been opened to the all-present mystery will take that record to be history only, as though a barbarian were to see in a picture only so many spaces of color, failing to understand or suspect the presence of the picture which these color-spaces made. In this the Bhagavad Gita is like all the rest; it is much easier to miss the message than to find it, for the essence of the matter is that this secret can be revealed only to those who have some inkling of it already: some insight born of the ripening of their souls.

In the Eastern Books there is a wonderful word which, for those who have ears to hear, almost flashes forth the heart of the message. The sage is spoken of, not as seer, prophet or teacher, but quite simply as "he who has passed over, who has crossed to the other shore." In the same way the Saviors of mankind are spoken of as "those who have crossed back"; as though there was on that sacred shore an august company of immortals, the real and divine humanity, from whose being our human life alone draws its purpose and significance.

For there is a river, an ocean, bordering this our human life, and there are those who find their way across to the other shore. In comparison with this event all other happenings in human history are as the glinting of glow-worms to the shining of the noonday sun. Yet so easy is it to pass by this great central truth that you may read all the accepted records of the historians, all the annals and chronicles of human events, and never suspect its presence, or know that, for the flower of our race, this mystery has been an open secret from the beginning.

Take what is received as our history: the dim, pre-historic ages, through which, shadowed by the huger forms of mammoth and cave-

bear, mastodon and sword-toothed tiger, by glacial ranges and pleistocene lakes, wandered man paleolithic, and then his younger neolithic brother; take the twilight period where states and cities began to be born, and the dim, unfathomed vast, whence issue archaic Egypt, the old Chaldean days, the first stirrings of India and China; add Copan and Palenque, the ruins of lake Titicaca, and all that lies behind the oldest days of Inca and of Aztec. Pass from these earliest ages to the more familiar classic times of Persia and Phœnicia, of Greece and Rome. Then, amid a newly gathering darkness, watch Alexander's empire totter into ruin, with the thrones of the Cæsars following it, whether in venerable Rome by the Tiber or in that newer Rome which grew up in pillars and porticoes by the Golden Horn. Byzantium and the once mistress of Italy suffering eclipse, and the Goths and Huns and Vandals sowing amid blood and rapine the seeds of the modern world. Then from this great kneading-trough, as the leaven works, come forth visible heroic figures to prepare the way for what is to come: Charlemagne, William the Conqueror, the first Hapsburg; all the makers of an epoch of the world. These again touched with the dawning sunrise of modernity as the Renaissance of Old Greece began to light the summits of the Appenines, and Italy broke forth into art and beauty, awakening knowledge and a sense of the fair outer world. Take then the next great event in the world-story: the tracking of the pathless ocean, the opening of the Seven Seas, Columbus, Magellan, Vasco da Gama, and a thousand others, furrowing with their keels the bays and inlets of new worlds, and finding new fields and forests ready for the works of man. And now, in the full blaze of modern days, we come to the great era of uprising, the revolutions, reforms, universal suffrages, that speak the coming of democracy, the gospel of earth's newest day. Such is our accepted chronicle, yet in all of this, from the first chapter to the last, there is no hint of our real history, no hint of that ocean forever echoing on our shores, of that river which seers and heroes have crossed over, passing to the other side.

Or we may take human history in quite another way, beginning

with the separate life of each of us; our birth and childhood, our youth and maturity; marryings, christenings, sickness and sorrow; meetings and separations; successes and failures, wealth and sharp privations, and at last inevitable death, and the sad pilgrimage to the final resting-place; we may tell the tale of a thousand men, the loves of a thousand women, with the minute truth of microscopic scrutiny, and miss the whole secret, passing by unspoken the magical heart of life.

Life has been compared of old to the flowing of a river, and we can take this world-old symbol now, to press the self-same moral home. You can trace the river from its sources to the sea, from the first rocky fountain or velvet-green morass whence it issues forth; mark every turning and eddy of its course; tell the tale of what fields it flows through, what forests, among what hills, along what valleys; recount its tributaries on right and left, the steepness or levelness of its banks, the flowers that grow on them; adding a deeper knowledge of the rocks and soils it passes through, with the story of their ages, and the deep-hidden histories written in their hearts; you may come at last to the shining sea, where the stream offers its treasures to ocean, mother of all, and mingles its sweet waters with the waves:—yet telling all this, you have told nothing, have indeed left out the one thing worth telling, the heart of all the rest.

For before you come even to the source of the stream and its hidden fountains, there is a high history to unfold; there is that magical power which has drawn every dewdrop forth from among the billows, distilling its sweetness from their salt; that power which, using the sightless winds as its messengers, has carried the dewdrops sublime through the pathless upper air; that power which, perpetually upbearing them, yet relaxing something of its intensity, has let the dewdrops rest condensing on some summit peak, to steal at last through hidden ways to the birthplace of the river, the green upland meadow, or the crevice of the riven rock; that self-same power which still holds with steadfast firmness every drop in all the river,

till it runs its course and once more is lost in the sea, yet not lost for the smallest division of an instant to the all-guiding, all-upholding power of the sun.

What the sun is to the river, the Soul is to the life of man; the power hardly spoken of, overlooked, ignored by the accepted histories, yet whose withdrawal, if it were possible, would mean instant and inevitable death; the river frozen hard as granite; the life of man deader than the rocks. You draw the chart of the river, leaving out the sun; yet the sun is present everlastingly; the sun's minister, the wind, moves every ripple, the sun's even or broken beams make the myriad shades of blue or brown or silver-gray across the face of the waters; the sun's more occult power holds each separate water-drop in firm, gentle grasp, the very life of the sun is what keeps each drop alive. Who but the sun, too, has gathered the rains which gave the river birth? Who else has spread the green canopy along its banks? Who has nourished and strengthened the forests, and, finally, given the soul-breath to every living thing, from minutest ciliated specks of quivering atomies, to the greatest and most enduring creatures who bless their daily lives with its wholesome waters?

Thus the charting pilot of the stream leaves out the sun, and the historian and chronicler of man leaves out the soul. But the sun and the soul do not leave themselves out; they are ever-present, everlasting. At heart, in the inmost essence of the Life that throbs within them, they are one, and that One we are, each in perfect fulness, each in boundless plenitude.

Between the naïve realism of our historians and the splendid reality of the seers and heroes, there is a great gulf fixed; this is indeed that mystic river, that hidden sea, which beats forever along our mortal shores; and whoso crosses it, becomes immortal. There is the old-world and unregenerate view of life, which sees in man, or living by which man sees in himself, nothing but an adroiter animal, with all the fears and desires of the beast, and with the beast's doom of irremediable death. And there is the new vision regenerate, by

which illumined we behold ourselves as the one immortal Soul, the everlasting Life, which throbs forever, everywhere, in all things. From this shore to that, each of us must pass, to inherit our immortality; and it is this passing, and the means by which it must be encompassed, the dangers on the way, the pitfalls, the hidden rocks and shallows—with the knowledge of the fair tides which help, and the fittest times and seasons for setting forth—it is this which constitutes our real history, the theme of all true Scriptures, the divine epic of man.

We are many-sided beings, with many wonderful powers. And for each side of us, for every power, there is its own regeneration, its own share in the great awakening. There is the intuition first to be illumined, that superb vision of the very being of the Soul itself, which is the hidden heritage of all. Then the reasoning mind, which serves as the ministrant of the Soul in bodily things, the go-between linking earth and heaven—the mind too must be instructed in the Mystery. Last comes act, that perfect action springing from the intuitive soul, through the instructed mind, and expressing itself in noble deeds, whether in works of enduring power and beauty, or in the bodily service of our other selves. All must have their share; in every true Scripture each has its share, and the Songs of the Master are no exception to the rule.

If we hold this larger vision in our minds, and look again at human life, we shall see everywhere the visible working of the Soul. It is throughout all history; it is present in every act of each personal life. And among the races of men—or, to speak more truly, among the epochs and divisions of our one human race—there have ever been those which drew nearer to one or another part of the Mystery; those who were eminent in intuition, or in the instruction of the mind, or in act, the visible embodiment of the Soul. The singular and pre-eminent virtue of archaic India is this: that her sons stand a head and shoulders above all the rest in power of intuition; that they surpass all the children of the earth in direct vision of the Life which palpitates through all life.

We, on our part, have almost lost the light of intuition. We are wise, neither in intuition nor in instruction, but in act; we have the instinct of handling the powers of our mother earth hand to hand and face to face. So far the will in us is wisdom; but the moment we go beyond mere instinctive act, the mere impulse to replenish the earth and subdue it, that moment we fall. Our acts are led, not by intuition, nor by the instructed mind, but by mere vanity and ambition, the silly desire to be envied or admired, the longing to be talked about, to be saluted with sweet and gratifying words; the moment we leave unconscious instinct, we become insubstantial as shadows, of no permanent value to the real world at all.

We are therefore very much in need of such vision as shall restore our intuition, and bring us back from futility to the healthy heart of life. Our whole civilization has fallen into dotage, so far as any sane recognition of life's real purpose goes, and we must either recover wisdom or consent to drift into hopeless moral madness. This is India's gift to us; the restoration of the intuition; of that inner spiritual will which holds us to the living heart of things, just as the power of our muscles holds us to the visible frame of the world. But great and beyond value as this gift is, India can do still more. And this, in virtue of her marvelous history, and of that destiny which gathered together into one land races of singularly potent genius, yet races not uniform but contrasted and complementary, whose different geniuses have wrought a single whole, a message of will and wisdom such as no other land in this world can bring.

For after that archaic age of India's sunrise, when the great Mystery was understood and held by the direct vision of the soul, there came later ages, though still very remote from us, when the keenest powers of intellect were bent upon the older records of vision, and every step was taken, every foothold of the way assured, whereby the mind can do its part as worthy ministrant, as servant and interpreter of the wordless soul. There were, too, epochs of personal religion, when leaders, shining in their present divinity, drew forth the warmest devotion of human hearts; devotion not to themselves, but to the

nameless divinity which lit up their human lines as the lamp within lights up the alabaster vase. The record of personal religion gleaned from the lives and teaching of these, fills and completes the perfect treasury of wisdom already enriched by the lore of intuition and the bright work of trained and illumined understanding.

All these elements are summed up in the Bhagavad Gita, the Master's Songs. This marvelous book stands, indeed, as the record and monument of India's achievement for the world; it has its secrets even for sages, yet it speaks direct to every devout heart of man. The central figure of the book is Krishna, the Savior or Avatar, who has "crossed back from the other side." He has been for millenniums the ideal of millions of worshiping hearts, the idol of a warm and enthusiastic personal religion. The precepts of Krishna, thus regarded as a divine teacher and savior, are the purest unselfishness and love, the gentlest consideration for human needs, the wisest insight into human weakness. So that the elements of personal worship are found here, for all who live rather in act than in intuition; there is a path for them, which will lead them to the heart of the Mystery; and that path is abundantly made clear.

But Krishna does more than merely stand as a miraculous teacher, an object of worship and devotion. He is the supreme sage, the perfect philosopher, from whose lips come the ripest and mellowest pronouncements of wisdom, the fine fruit garnered after a thousand years of intellectual ripeness. He stands for the perfect expression of reason, of the instructed mind, summing up in a few principles all that was seen by the sages who went before him, those whose piercing vision lit up the darkness.

Last of all, Krishna stands for the intuition, speaks for the Soul itself; and it is in this that the Songs of the Master find their best and most authentic purpose. So potent, so full of inspiration, are the sentences wherein he teaches concerning the Soul, that the mere reading of them will awaken the intuition, and bring to the birth that power of the Soul which is the theme of their teaching. It is not as though the vision of the Soul were some tedious science, something

very hard to be learned, and needing painful research, exploration of remote and unvisited lands, the crossing of the pathless seas; it is not as though we had to build up the fabric of our salvation, like some mighty cathedral which only consummate science, boundless resource, and endless industry can lead to completion. The Soul is not the pillared aisle of the cathedral, the soaring cupola set with mosaics; it is the august canopy of blue, arched over us all, and set with shining stars, to which no man can add anything; from which no man can take anything away, but which nevertheless is freehold for every man, on the one condition that he shall open his eyes and see.

It is this opening of the eyes—the eyes, not of the body, but of the spirit—which is the supreme work of Eastern wisdom; those eyes which cannot be opened until the bodily eyes are closed; those eyes which can view undaunted the things of our immortality. This is the first task of the Songs of the Master, this opening of the eyes; every note is struck which can draw forth an echoing note in us, making our souls resound to the music of the Soul. Every instinct of the awakened will in us is touched, till our souls gain the power to lay hold on the inward Power; the divine fire in us, first a dim, uncertain sparkle, is kindled into flame, the flame which shall illumine the worlds and cast its gleaming light across the dark pathway of death.

Thus all our powers are trained; intuition, mind, and will, the priceless power to turn thought into act, the power without which we cannot breathe or move a finger; the power which, working in us magically, weaves the fabric of our daily lives. We shall try to show what is the message of the Songs of the Master, to each of these three powers: intuition, mind and will; and we shall not be satisfied with only repeating the world-old words or wisdom, but shall attempt further to render them anew, so that the Mystery of old may find a place in this our modern world.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

THE METAPHYSICS OF MATTER.

BY DOCTOR ALEXANDER WILDER.

If I were asked to define the meaning of the abstract term "matter," my reply would be that it denoted a principle at the very foundation of things, of which the existence objectively is implied and conjectured, while the real truth in relation to it is not known. It is true that at first thought it seems to signify everything that is tangible, that comes within the purview of our senses; and the great multitude, being in the habit of regarding things in that way, on the surface only, would consider it far-fetched reasoning, or stupid and absurd outright to question the accurateness and sufficiency of this explanation. Byron has spoken for such:

> "When Bishop Berkeley said 'there was no Matter,'
> And proved it—'twas no matter what he said."

He and others like him find it convenient to dismiss such problems with a jest or a sneer. But we may not be abashed by levity and light-mindedness and deterred from profounder inquiry. In the fable of the cock in the barn-yard we are told that he chose a kernel of corn in preference to a precious gem, and we may leave individuals of that character to their tastes. Our attention is directed beyond affairs of sense. These are in seeming only, and actually deceptive, and we are seeking the truths that transcend them and lead to the portals of Wisdom itself.

Only relative subjects can be debated and explained. Those which are positive, which denote absolute facts, must be accepted without question. Life itself is of this character. We may think at first glance that we know all about it; but when we attempt to tell what it is, we are certain to find ourselves utterly at fault. The dictionaries and books of science do not help us out. We know that it is in some occult way identified with our very being, but how or even why is beyond our ken. It is well enough for us to speculate upon the subject, and to endeavor to ascertain what we can, but there is no occasion for chagrin that the solution evades us.

We may with a similar feeling engage in the inquiry respecting Matter. What we know of it is known as we know of other things, by the manifestations that come within the purview of our cognizance. It is in such manifestations and seeming demonstrations that that knowledge consists which is so commonly distinguished by specialists as "science." It begins with an hypothesis, the assuming that there is some primordial fact or substance; this, however, having never been shown by demonstration or experiment. From this starting-point are deduced the various innumerable theories and conclusions. It is a necessary mode of procedure. Without the absolute foundation-principle thus accepted as true, all our appliances and facilities for investigation would be vitally lacking. Whether it were the study of planets and far-off worlds, or the making of discoveries in the depths of the earth, or the descrying of the genera and peculiarities of micro-organisms, we could in such case be only groping our way from No-whence to No-whither.

Such an outcome, such a conclusion for our investigations, would signify only that all existence is purposeless. The mere surmise that the world of Nature about us is only a series of changes, of evolutions and revolutions that are without aim or object, would utterly dismay us. We instinctively repel it as unworthy to be entertained. We look intuitively for an origin, a Source or principle, by which and by means of which all is set in motion and kept in operation. As our quest extends beyond the limitations which we recognize as Time and Space, we apperceive that origin to be in Eternity. The constant changes which we observe as pertaining to things of sense, actually relate to the world which is beyond sense, to the principle or force which set them in motion and maintains their activity. This would not be the case, however, except that that which is moved and undergoes changes is essentially connected and at one with the cause, with the force or principle that effected it. Hence, as at the present time all things which are objects of sense are denominated "matter," and as their operations are explained as being induced by the "laws of nature," we are again at the starting-

point of our inquiry, the cause and source of these changes and manifestations. We are led to comprehend the creation itself as a work that is always going on, beginning in eternity; but the *something*, the objective material upon which it operates, yet remains to be accounted for and in some way explained.

So far as we venture to speculate upon Divinity, we apperceive it as *One* and yet likewise as the All. But when we contemplate it as Being, in activity, we apprehend the presence of a Second and then of a Third. This Second Principle, whatever it is, proceeding from the One to the manifold, operates in some occult way to divide or segregate the objective element from the essential, somewhat as bodies are distinguished from each other by opposite polarity. That which thus bestows life is itself Living Force, the agent of the Superior Cause. The object which is operated upon and made the vehicle of life may seem to us to be relatively inert and lifeless. Yet it must be actually in a condition which is receptive and of an essential quality that is the counterpart of the Divinity which infills it and imparts life to it. Thus we are brought logically to the conclusion that this objective substance is itself an emanation, that it is eternally proceeding from Divinity, that it is coöperative with it and sustained by it. Hence, to our finite conception, Matter is next in order to God, and we cannot think of the one without the other. Some notion of this is traceable in the legend of the Genesis, that woman was originally formed from the side of the man.

The ancient philosophers and the modern school of science differ in regard to their notions of what Matter intrinsically is. The old sages considered it as has been here set forth, to be the passive or receptive principle through which the active or generative principle manifests itself in the creation. It was described accordingly as being "of that species which is corporeal, devoid of any form, species, figure and quality, but apt to receive all forms, and thus the nurse, mother and origin of all other beings." This, indeed, is what the terms "matter" and "nature" signify in their original etymology. Matter is the *materia* or mother-principle, and *Nature* means the

parent who gives birth. Plato has accordingly described Matter in the *Timæos* as a "formless universal receiver, which, in the most obscure way receives the immanent principle of the Intellectible." And again, speaking of it in relation to ideas or ideals and likewise to objects of sense, he says: "It is the Mother"; implying relation to Idea as the father, and to objects of sense as the offspring.

We may deduce from this that the goddess of the ancient mythologies, the "Great Mother," with innumerable names, as Venus, Demeter, Kybelê, Astartê, Isis, Anahita, or Mylitta, was simply Matter or nature personified and endowed with divinity.

In short, we may accept the explanation of William Archer Butler, that matter is rather a logical than a material entity. He declares: "It is the *condition* or *supposition* necessary for the production of a world of phenomena. It is thus the *transition-element* between the real and the apparent, the eternal and the contingent; and lying thus on the border of both territories, we must not be surprised that it can hardly be characterized by any definite attribute." In other words, this Hylê or Matter, or Mother, is an unchangeable principle, neither God, nor ideality, nor soul of man; and it exists as a medium of the Divine Intelligence which manifests itself in the creation and organization of the world.

Modern writers seem to be coming to conclusions of similar character. Thus John Stuart Mill defines matter as, a permanent possibility of sensation. This clearly sets it forth as the agency by which moral and spiritual operations become physically "knowable" and are introduced into the region of sense. The Platonic theorem is thus fully sustained, that mind has being in itself before becoming involved in relations with the world of nature, that the soul is older than the body and is therefore superior to it. Matter may be explained accordingly as intermediary, as the potentiality or inherent possibility of coming into natural conditions, the agency by which ideal models of the eternal region, the world of Mind, are brought into manifestation in physical form. This is further verified by the declaration of the Apostle, that the things which may be seen, or

perceived by the corporeal senses, are temporal and belong to the region of Time, while the things which are not thus seen are eternal and of the world that is beyond Time. The affirmation of the writer of the *Epistle to the Hebrews* is confirmed: "The things that are seen did not come into existence out of the things that appear" —that are phenomenal only.

It may seem hard at first hearing to accept or even to understand the proposition that that something which we perceive by the senses, which may be weighed and measured, is not a discrete permanent entity. We are naturally impatient of being reasoned with when the evidence seems palpable. It is always difficult to believe that anything that seems genuine may not be really so. Yet we are deceived by our senses in our every-day life. The relations of the earth to the sun and other planets are widely different from what they seem. The food that we eat, and the water that we drink are constituted of elements distinct in form and character, which no plastic art of ours can put together.

Faraday himself became convinced that certain of the notions which we have been taught in relation to the properties of matter were actually overturned by the manipulations of chemistry. The common form of the doctrine that two bodies, two kinds of matter cannot occupy the same space, he found to be actually contrary to obvious facts. It is by no means certain that any of the elements have conditions that cannot be overpassed. Whether the quantity of material elements in the earth, or in the universe itself, is precisely determined as by measurement, is a proposition which we may doubt; the weight and dimensions certainly are not. Faraday has demonstrated this by showing that if oxygen be compounded with potassium atom for atom, and again both oxygen and hydrogen in a twofold number of atoms, the material will become less and less in bulk, till it is less than a third of its original volume. A space which would contain twenty-eight hundred atoms, including in this quantity seven hundred of potassium, is thus filled by four hundred and thirty of potassium alone.

According to the hypothesis of Boscovich, the Italian naturalist, matter in its ultimate form is made up of atoms, each of which is simply an indivisible point endowed with potential force. It has no parts or dimensions. Faraday supplemented this theory by asking what was known of an atom at all apart from force. These views exhibit matter as being devoid of all positive character, and indeed of every physical quality which has usually been attributed to it. When thus reduced to the condition of geometric points, that have neither extent nor dimension, it disappears altogether from the region of space and subsists entirely in the realm of force. It is *dynamic* only; it is endowed with power, possibility, capability; but of itself it can originate nothing. It is simply objective, negative, and thus only receptive of the positive, energizing force. By the interblending with this, the potential with the active, it becomes the material or maternal principle that gives existence to things. In this way we perceive that the adage is true, that Nature is the mother of us all. Her laws are over us, but they are not of her making. They are derived from that Source which is interior and superior.

The later investigations in electricity are of the nature of demonstration. Professor Thomson of Cambridge University in England, declares that the masses of flying matter which constitute the cathode rays in an excited Crookes tube are much smaller than the "atoms" which chemists and physicists assume as existing. Heretofore it has been supposed that matter could not be divided more finely than into minute corpuscles or molecules, and that these were chemically, or rather hypothetically, divisible into atoms. This was regarded as the end of all dividing. But Professor Thomson now shows that "chips" can be taken off from the atoms, and this being the case, it must be possible to construct these chips anew into atoms of another character. Under the common theory the minutest particle imaginable of iron has its own specific nature and is absolutely and completely distinct from that of any other substance, as for example, lead. But the Professor has evidence, he says, that these smaller corpuscles, these chips from the atoms, have

actually similar properties, although they were taken from different substances. Thus a corpuscle of oxygen does not differ intrinsically from a corpuscle of hydrogen. It may be concluded from this, that this process of taking "chips" from atoms may be a resolving of matter itself into its primitive physical element. These chips are so detached from the atoms by electrification. If, therefore, they are actually similar or the same in nature and character as Professor Thomson conjectures, it is but another step to form those which have been procured from one element into a new body belonging in another category.

Lockyer seems almost to have accomplished this very achievement. He placed copper under the voltaic current and rendered it volatile, and then made it appear by means of the spectroscope as if it had been changed into calcium. Nickel was metamorphosed into cobalt, and calcium into strontium. The concept of changing other metals into gold has been entertained through all the historic centuries. Indeed, there are men of skill in India, who seem to have brought this matter to a certainty. They add to a small quantity of gold a larger mass of other metal, and then transform it all apparently into gold, losing not a grain in weight.

It may be presumed, then, that transmutation is going on all the time. The affinities of chemical atoms and their variableness indicate the chemical elements themselves to be compounds of simpler material, and if this be so there can be but few primal forms of matter—enough merely for the fixing of force and enabling its evolution into the realm of Nature. Indeed, it is far from being an unreasonable assumption to suppose that matter is moving incessantly in a circle, coming all the while into existence from spiritual essence, and again returning thither.

Both the ancients and the moderns have recognized an "ether" which accounted for phenomena which they were otherwise unable to explain. It seems to have been considered as a superior form of matter, a quintessence, or perhaps of the nature of force. It may,

perhaps, be intimately identified with the transition-element which has been mentioned, but its existence is only an hypothesis.

If we can conceive of spirit or mind itself as positive energy, and conceive that it can in some occult way become objective and reactive, we may form a concept of the source and originating of Matter. A solitary particle would be a nucleus sufficient for the objectifying of force and expansion into the illimitable dimensions of the universe. As the bodies of plants and animals are constituted of air made solid by the organic forces, so matter itself is the product of the solidified forces. "In Nature," says Schelling, "the essence strives first after actualization, or exhibition of itself in the particular." Emanation is accordingly prior to and causative of evolution. Emanuel Swedenborg has given an explanation superior in its lucidity. "Every one who thinks from clear reason sees," says he, "that all things are created out of a substance which is substance in itself, for that is being itself out of which every thing that is can have existence;* and since God alone is Substance in itself, and therefore Being itself, it is evident that from this Source alone is the existence of things." However the natural forces, the laws of nature, may be installed in the full control of the universe, the Divine Will precedes, as the Source and origin. It has not been set in motion like a clock, to run itself down. God has created, or to speak more correctly, is all the while creating the world, not out of nothing, nor even from dead chaotic matter, but out of his own substance.

ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

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*Swedenborg is always careful to make the proper distinction between being and existence—*esse* and *existere*. By being or essence is denoted the subjective individuality, that which constitutes the individuality what it is. Existence is manifested being, as distinguished from the subjective. "Whatever *is*, is right," says Pope, meaning by the sentence the Absolute. The Sanskrit formula expresses the same sentiment: "There is no dharma or law of living superior to the Satya or that which is. God is, being an essence; but his existence is known only by being manifested in his works."

THE MAKING AND DECAYING OF THE CREED.

BY REV. HENRY FRANK.

(II.)

THE CHRISTENING OF THE CREED.

In the previous chapter we observed that in the early church there was no formulated expression of Christian dogma. There was individual freedom—every believer shaping his own theology if he possessed any. The aim of each follower of Jesus was, not to find a theology or a creed, but to find the life which Jesus lived and revealed

Character stood as the supreme arbiter of salvation. Assent or dissent to creed in order to eternal happiness had as yet found no room in Christian instructions. Says Pressensé: "The first practical lesson which it" (the early Christian church) "will teach is this: to repudiate alike the religious radicalism which denies all revelation and the narrow orthodoxy which insists on the acceptance of its own interpretations. In truth neither the one nor the other finds any sanction in the heroic church, which was wise enough to encounter fundamental errors with the simple weapon of *free discussion*, and to vindicate the legitimate independence of the human mind by the very variety of its schools and formularies." (*Early Years of Christianity*, Vol. 2, p. 472.)

In view of this fact it is easy to trace the gradual development of the power and authority of the creed. Read the so-called Apostles' creed and you can discern no hint of authority. It was in its original form simply a plain confession of what was commonly believed among the early Christians, but assumed to give no definition or to authorize any interpretations.

The fact is, the original Apostles' creed is simply a setting forth of the master-features in the career of Jesus Christ as they were first understood among his followers. Slowly this creed was modified as different legends about him began to be accepted, such as his "descent into hell," the "Resurrection of the Flesh," etc. Says

Dean Stanley, "The creed of the Roman Church came to be called 'The Apostles' Creed' from the fable that the twelve Apostles had each of them contributed a clause. It was successively enlarged. First was added the 'Remission of Sins,' next the 'Life Eternal.' Then came the 'Resurrection of the Flesh.' Lastly was incorporated the 'Descent into Hell,' and the 'Communion of the Saints.'" ("*Institutions of Christianity.*")

The noticeable feature of the pristine Creed is that it assumes and asserts no authority for itself. But the Nicene Creed which was formulated and promulgated by a conclave of the clergy after the church had risen into political influence closes with an anathema or curse on all who deny its salient doctrines.

From that age, creeds have assumed authority. From that time, no man dared think for himself and obey the dictates of his reason and conscience concerning the most momentous problems of life. And yet, from this later age, when we survey the rise and decay of creeds we see how absurd were the original proclamations of absoluteness and infallibility.

I am free to say that that creed has not yet been written which approaches so near to final truth as to be justified in the court of common sense by any claim to absolute or partial authority. Every creed yet written contains more error than truth. Every creed yet promulgated is but a shift for popularity and power—a glittering vagary to affright the ignorant and ornament the wise.

I desire to call attention to two very salient facts connected with the history of creeds. The first is that, *in all ages the subscribers to any authorized creed have always been in the minority even within the pale of believers.* The second is that, *so soon as a creed is established in power—that is, so soon as the free thought of the people is congealed in frozen formularies, so soon does the moral condition of the age begin to decline.*

If these two charges shall be found to be true they will certainly argue against the wisdom of the creed.

Is the first charge true? Let us study the very age in which the

first creed was promulgated to learn the truth or falsehood of this assertion. What was the cause of the promulgation of the Nicene creed? Heresies in vast numbers had already begun to abound. Some authors assure us that the number of heresies in the early church was fully one hundred and twenty-eight. There are plain indications of powerful heresies in the New Testament. Many of Paul's Epistles were written to thwart their influence, and it is well known that John's Gospel was avowedly written to counteract the growing popularity of the heretical Ebionites.

But let us not forget that there can be no heresy without an established and recognized authority. When Paul proclaims his interpretation of a theological standard all who oppose him are heretics. Therefore Peter was declared a heretic by Paul, as were also Barnabas and the Christian Jews (Gal. 2:11 ff.). Many authors are therefore ready to believe that the Nazarenes and Ebionites were the primitive Christians who were originally but a reform sect or faction of the Jewish people and that as Paul's interpretation of the religion of Jesus grew into popularity, the first Jewish Christians came to be regarded as heretics and were therefore condemned indirectly and mildly in the writings imputed to John.

In the same manner the Gnostics had grown into prominence and popularity under their able leaders Basilides, Valentinus, Marcion, etc., so that when clerical Christianity assembled in the great conclaves at Nicæa and Calcedon they found that the largest number of believing Christians were not Catholic but Gnostic. Likewise when the great contest concerning the teachings of Arius broke forth in the church, although the clerical authorities decided against Arius and his party, nevertheless the vast majority of Christian believers were Arian. Indeed, the active, aggressive, missionary Christians of the age were the Arian or heretical factions. Therefore I am prepared to assert that in every age the great majority of the devout and earnest Christians have been the heretics.*

* See Pressensé's "*Early Years of Christianity*" ("*Heresies*"); Stanley's *Eastern Church*"—*passim.*

It is argued by orthodox writers in proof of the accuracy of the Gospel records of the life of Jesus Christ, that these noble men and their followers would not have given their lives in sacrifice to their convictions of the truth of these records if they were not conscious beyond a peradventure that they spoke and wrote the truth. This argument is of course very weak. Yet if it be a good argument to sustain the principles of orthodoxy, why should it not be equally employed and with as good effect in proof of the honesty and earnestness of heresies? In the whole history of Christendom where can you find more noble expressions of sacrifice and martyrdom than in the grand army of heretics who have suffered for conscience' sake from the days of St. Augustine to the persecutions of the sixteenth century?

Therefore it is one of the greatest stains on Christianity that the minority of its devotees, having arrogated to themselves authority and procured the assistance of the civil powers, have ever persecuted even unto the most disgraceful death the great majority of its believers, simply because in some few particulars they conscientiously differed from the assertions of a select and self-chosen few.

The next point which I wish to emphasize is that as soon as the common and free faith of the church is narrowed and frozen into authoritative formularies, so soon does the moral standard of the church decline and every species of iniquity find favor among its leaders. A very common error that obtains in minds of people at large is that good morals are always commensurate with correct belief—that in proportion as a man varies from established standards of thought in his personal beliefs or convictions so does he in his private life vary from correct standards of conduct. This dictum of judgment holds so popular a sway in this age that it is well to refute it.

How can an intelligent person accept such a conclusion in the face of the fact that many of the noblest men and women who ever lived and loved were so defiantly heretical as to be publicly condemned and often slain? Think of Arius, of Valentinus, of

Montanus, of Marcion, of Nestorius, of Zwinglius, of Socinus, of Bruno, of Servetus, of Dr. Dollinger, of Père Hyacinthe, of William Ellery Channing and Theodore Parker and the great unnamed army of heroic souls who suffered by the scores and hundreds and thousands in the days of fiery persecution rather than surrender their honest convictions and live the lie for comfort's sake while truth should perish!

But perhaps we can more effectively disprove this common error by a collective example than by that of innumerable individuals. I will quote from some eminent authorities to show that whole nations live a moral or immoral life, guided by the popular and highest standards, wholly disproportionately to their belief in accepted standards of theological authority.

Lecky in his history of Rationalism says: "The two countries which are more thoroughly pervaded by Protestant theology" (therefore of course orthodox — barring Catholic judgment,) "are probably Scotland and Sweden; and if we measure their morality by the common though somewhat defective test that is furnished by the number of illegitimate births, the first is well known to be considerably below the average morality of European nations, while the second, in this as in *general criminality*, has been pronounced by a very able and impartial Protestant witness, who has had the fullest means of judging, to be very far below every other Christian nation."

This fact Mr. Lecky advances to prove that not only in Catholic countries does there prevail this commonly unrecognized disproportion between faith and conduct but that it is almost as true of Protestant countries. Of course every Protestant is full of sufficient proof to establish the fact that the people of Catholic countries, though the most devout in their faith, are nevertheless most incongruous in their daily lives. It remains therefore only to show that the same fact is true of Protestant countries.

Mr. Laing in his "Notes of a Traveler" gives this startling evidence: "The Swiss people present to the political philosopher

the unexpected and most remarkable social phenomenon of a people eminently moral in conduct yet *eminently irreligious; at the head of the moral state* in Europe, not merely for absence of numerous or great crimes, or of disregard of right, but for ready obedience to law, for honesty, fidelity to their engagements, fair dealing, sobriety, industry, orderly conduct, for good government, useful public institutions, general well-being and comfort; yet *at the bottom of the scale* for religious feeling, observances, or knowledge, especially in the Protestant cantons, in which prosperity, and well-being and morality seem to be, as compared to the Catholic cantons, in an *inverse ratio* to the influence of religion on the people."

With the above contrast Carlyle's dithyrambic outburst, and observe how much safer is the voice of history than the rhapsody of a prophet. Carlyle says: "To such readers as have reflected on life; who understand that for man's well-being Faith is properly the one thing needful; how with it, martyrs, otherwise weak, can cheerfully endure the shame of the cross; and without it worldlings puke up their sick existence by suicide in the midst of luxury; to such it will be clear that for a pure moral nature the loss of *religious belief* is the loss of everything."

It is clearly manifest that the rejection or acceptance of a standard creed bears no possible relation to one's individual moral conduct. Yet it was on the assumed basis of this dictum, that no disbeliever or heretic could be a good man, that the pages of Christian history have been turned red with the blood of innocent souls shed in defence of a shadowy, vague, and incomprehensible theology.

THE CRIMES OF THE CREED.

Before I speak directly of that terrible record of human crimes, so complacently and unreproachfully committed in the name of the gentle Galilean and his tender teachings of love, I must remind the reader how such disgraceful acts became possible in the name of his irenic religion.

It was argued that so soon as a man fell away from faith in the

creed so soon he must have fallen in his private character. But no one must stand as a representative teacher of the religion of Jesus whose character could not bear the test, therefore he must be driven from his post, and to make sure of his eternal silence he must be put to death.

Let us listen to the echoes of the past, and understand how these assumed leaders came so terribly to pervert the teachings of Jesus Christ. Says one: "The only foundation for toleration is a decrease of scepticism and without it there can be none. If by cutting off one generation a man can save many future ones from hell it is his duty to do it." It will surprise the uninformed reader to learn that it was so late a political leader as Charles James Fox who uttered these scandalous words. What then may we expect from the earlier ages?

Says Cyprian: "God commanded those to be slain who would not obey the priests or the judges set over them for a time. Then indeed were they slain with the sword while the carnal circumcision still remained; but now since the spiritual circumcision has begun amid the servants of God, the proud and contumacious are killed when they are cast out of the church. For they cannot live without it and there can be salvation for no one except he be in the church." Out of such Biblical arguments grew the papal decrees compelling civil magistrates to persecute heretics to the death. Thus the councils of Avignon in 1209 enjoined all bishops to call upon the civil powers to exterminate heretics, while the bull of Innocent III. threatened any prince who refused to exterminate heretics, with excommunication and forfeiture of his realms.

So much for Catholic arguments and convictions. But no less the Protestant leaders stand convicted. While there were many Catholics, many noble souls, who argued against the lawfulness and justice of persecution, the power of the councils was against them. So among Protestants there are found noble and heroic hearts who protested as loudly against persecution and intolerance as they did against Catholic supremacy. Such were Milton and Zwinglius,

Socinus and Castellio. But on the contrary the powers of state and church obeyed the more stentorian and ferocious voices of Luther and Calvin, Beza and Knox, Ridley and Cranmer; all of whom cried out loudly for persecution and suppression of the heretics.

When, however, we turn to the pages which recount Christian persecutions and read that terrible story written in human blood it verily turns our blood to ice and blanches our cheeks with pain. Not a few were killed, but hundreds, thousands, millions. A heretic was designated as a culprit—a felon—a tool of the devil, fit only for his dark angels and endless torture. One of the most fearful consequences of persecution was the taint it placed on the family of the heretic. The same disgrace that to-day attaches to a public felon who is to slip through a gallows-rope into eternity attached in that age to a noble-hearted and heroic heretic. They pointed him out as the scoff and scorn of the age. They dressed him up in mock robes. His black gown, as he was led to the stake, was covered with pictures of the devil and his imps in all manner of horrible shapes, as suggesting that the heretic was himself the very devil incarnate. Then, slowly, amid the jeers of the multitude and the groans of his immediate friends and relatives he was led off to the fagots ready for the fuse. As the flames began to scorch his feet and gradually to singe and shrivel his flesh, the ghastly priests made the air ring with their orisons of praise to Almighty God for his unspeakable mercy in permitting them to rid the earth of another traitor to his cause.

Imagine what a heart of oak it must have required to withstand such fierce opposition and such abominable treatment. Yet these noble men and women bore it all for the sake of conscience, freedom and truth. And when we recall that these were not occasional or infrequent occurrences but that the numbers of the persecuted ran sometimes into the millions, we see into what a pit of horrible perversion and corruption the once beautiful religion of the Galilean had fallen. And all because a creed had been established in authority which bound men's consciences in a theological vise and blocked the way of the free soul toward the kingdom of Eternal Truth.

Let us now ask what were some of the principles for which the inquisition contended, that we may discover whether the doctrine gained by the shedding of so much blood was after all a truthful or a worthy one. Here again our amazement will be multifold. All that was contended for was purest abstraction or abstruse metaphysics—or vaguest nonsense. Take the first great struggle the church witnessed, a struggle that divided it into two mighty schisms, and has to this day left its impress on all Christendom. I refer to the Arian contest. One party proclaims itself *Homoiousian!* What did that mean? Merely that Jesus Christ in nature was substantially like the Father. Another party proclaimed itself *Homoöusian.* And what was that? Simply that Jesus Christ in nature was not only like the Father in substance but was verily, essentially, and absolutely identical with the Deity.

Now over this absurd and abstruse question thousands of lives were lost, wars were waged and rivers of blood were shed. But observe the absurdity of an age of scientific ignorance discussing such a question as that! An age that believed that the earth's surface was quadrilateral and flat; that the sky was a solid substance and that the stars were peep-holes into glory; that knew nothing of the chemical composition, and was totally ignorant of the physiology, of man or of any of the associate living-kingdoms of animals! Such an age arbitrarily fixing a fiat concerning the mysterious nature of Jesus Christ when they knew absolutely nothing about the scientific nature of their own bodies—their chemical substances, their hygienic laws or the composition and circulation of the blood within their very veins! Absurd? Ay, pitiable, appalling, sad! How fearful is it when ignorance is crowned a king! How dangerous when a little knowledge is set in authority—especially when in the hands of priests and their political tools, who sway the sceptres of power in the name of religion, clothed in the livery of diabolical hypocrisy!

But let us study those later and more intelligent periods of the world's history when persecution was still in vogue and duly sustained.

The Protestants have ever cried down the Catholics for their persecutions. But let us remember that *Lady Macbeth* could not wash her hands white lest they should incarnadine the sea. So Protestants cannot wash their hands clear of the blood of their persecutions. And their excuse for this atrocious abuse and misapplication of dogma was far less plausible than that of the Catholics.

The Catholic church had not relinquished its priority of age. It had proclaimed its absolute and unique power. It was God's viceregent. To interfere with this power was, as they professed to believe, to undermine the power and church of God on earth. This would of course result in eternal unhappiness to the human race. But Protestantism was a mere parvenu. It had not so much as the mantle of gray locks with which in charity to cover its dark deeds. It denied all authority to Rome—Rome which had for centuries displayed and preserved her power—nevertheless it claimed absolute and complete authority for itself.

But its very constituency disproved its claim of rightful authority. For no sooner did Protestantism break from Catholicism than it whirled off into countless divisions—never again to be reunited, but ever to be mutually opposed. As the worlds were formed from primitive cosmic nebulæ, whirling on and on till fleecy nodules rolled into spheres and constellations—so Protestantism whirled away from cosmic Catholicism and ever since has rolled on forming new rings and divergent centres.

Therefore parvenu Protestantism, as an authority, appears puerile and absurd compared with staid, integral, compact, and rock-riveted Catholicism. And why should it not ?

The persistent and wholly inexcusable mutual persecutions which so long prevailed among the Protestant sects are full and sufficient proof of the worthlessness and crime of binding creeds. Henry the Eighth dislikes the German reformation but will instigate one of his own. The Anglican church grows into mighty power, and the dissenters or nonconformists arise. The Presbyterians under Knox declare their principles:—the Anglicans in defiance maintain theirs.

Forthwith there appears the *odium theologicum* resulting in fiercest persecutions and most unholy deeds. Anon the Puritans arise and seek their rights—when they too must meet the volley of bloody ecclesiasticism till they are driven from English shores and come to America. Here they hope for a world of freedom, but soon discover the Catholics in possession of Maryland. These Catholics had, however, inaugurated a reign of toleration and charity, suffering all opposing faiths to live together in peace and harmony and affording ample protection for each.

But to the Puritans such a state is worse than heretical—it is diabolical. Therefore in order to enjoy perfect, selfish freedom, they establish a reign of persecution against Catholics, till blood traces in deep trenches the course of the Christian religion. So suffered the early Methodists. So the Baptists. No age is free from the curse. No faith has ever risen and grown, unscathed by the deathful hand of persecution.

And all for what purpose? Because each sect had concluded that it alone, forsooth, had at last discovered the philosopher's stone that transforms the base metal of existence into the golden wealth of eternal life. Because each sect claimed it had discovered the only road to Heaven, it established the signboard by the way. Whosoever obeyed and believed would be saved, whosoever believed not would be damned. But why wait for God to damn the disbelievers at the final day? Why should they further cumber the earth? Cut them down at once! *

Thus, because the way of salvation was misconstrued, because the meaning and nature of salvation were most falsely interpreted, and because certain self-chosen leaders set forth the way of salvation in loudly proclaimed symbols, for that reason alone the world was filled with fratricidal blood and the religion of Jesus set back centuries on the road of progress.

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*Jesus's unfortunate parable of the fruitless figtree which was cut down because it cumbered the earth was too often cited as sufficient divine authority for the cutting down of fruitless heretics whose existence, too, cumbered, needlessly, the heaving bosom of the church.

When men begin to fight for a creed they forget the purpose of religion. Innumerable have been the devout believers whose lives were sunk in deepest crime; who relapsed from exalted spiritual ecstasy to black immoral indulgence, yet whose religious faith abated not.

Their faith was strong and incontrovertible in the written symbols; they believed. Enough! This alone would save them. Character would take care of itself. So long as their faith was secure their future was safe.

Such is the natural delusion caused by authorized dogmas of faith. Such is the deadly consequence of ecclesiastical creedism. Jesus taught nothing of it. His was a religion of love, truth, righteousness. His only aim was to elevate and ameliorate mankind. His only sword was love—his only persecution, persuasion. Were he here to-day who could believe he would for a single moment sanction the authority of conflicting creeds? It overthrows one's faith in his supernal power and supremacy to see how, for fifteen hundred years loud-lunged professors and devotees, self-styled his own, have grossly perverted his teachings, and yet through it all his silence has been unbroken.

One would think that he who could "of these stones raise up children unto Abraham" would long since have raised children of the true faith who would have captured Vatican, throne, conclave and council, and forever banished ecclesiastical money-changers from the temple, that his pure and simple teachings might once more be heard ungarbled by an eager world.

It is for this we are struggling, we who disbelieve in any and all creeds—who believe that systemized dogmas set forth in confession and symbols have only perplexed the heart and confused the understanding of man; who hope to cry down all creeds and proclaim the disenthrallment of man from the bondage of ecclesiasticism.

Let us therefore learn the simple religion of love, brotherhood, truth and character. Let us learn to make the highest conceivable moral standards our only symbols of faith. Let us live in sublime

and lofty thoughts—"our thoughts ever in Heaven"—that our deeds may reflect the splendor of the empyrean where we dwell. Let us banish once for all the age and spirit of mediævalism, of Calvin, of Luther, of Beza. Let us welcome the spirit and lofty toleration of Milton, Zwinglius—the spirit of Jesus Christ himself. Then will the dawn of the new age have begun and the dark cloud of crime, long gathered round creed and dogma, sink back into the night of oblivion—while the splendor of the promised vision will begin to illuminate the world with its fruition and inaugurate the epoch of intellectual freedom, spiritual unity and unbroken brotherhood, among all the races of mankind.

HENRY FRANK.

SILENCE AND SOLITUDE.

BY EUGENE A. SKILTON.

There is an intensity of pleasure to the soul which lives in the heart of nature, breathes her pure air and treads the maze of her pathless woods. He who thus winds his solitary way with observing mind, sees a universe welling up from every atom and feels a zodiac vibrating from every star. Alone with the prolific, silent life of nature, mankind possesses a sense of companionship supremely greater than he ever finds within walls built by man. Moments come when the intensity of a life-time is concentrated in a glimpse—when the soul stands in the solitudes of nature and soars out into or permeates the immensity of Space. To such a one, there dawns a knowledge of a grander Karma—a Universe of Spirit and Force. The muse of Poetry is but a silent whisper to the thunderous eloquence of such a Cosmos; for this is the communion of Man with Deity through Nature.

There is a communion of Self—a converse of mind and spirit—from which the greatest achievements have been effected. Enterprises of great moment are not developed in the midst of the crowded

auditorium nor in the deepest of intellectual society. It is in those *silent* meditations, where the mind contemplates the questions of life, that the pros and cons are most seriously debated. It is then, in calm consideration, that the clearest and most mature judgments are formed, those which in later hours govern men in the heat of debate and enable them to express extempore the masterful decisions of matured thought.

When some sweet strain has left its impress on our minds, we may indeed feel that we are communing with the soul of harmony. The exquisite vibration of the occasion may produce inspirations of the sublime, but its reaction leaves a sense of the artificial. The intellect is not sustained in the loftiness of such induced abnormalism. Only in the silences of nature and the solitnde of self can the intellect become the clear fluid that runs with crystal thoughts and teems with the acquirements of the ages. Alone with the grandeur of life, we are conscious of its mysteries, realities, and beauties passing in gentle review, as though each thought, bowing, presented itself to discourse most sweetly to the soul of its conqueror.

Happiness attains its perfection in the silent meditations of the soul. The heart that has created a universe within itself and can draw upon the mines of treasure it has absorbed, is the mind that is serene. In contemplating its resources and adapting its knowledge to the benefit of others, is found a quintessence of peace which the world cannot give. Those who thus live, feel a deeper companionship in memory, than the votaries of fashion find in the gayest functions of actual life. In solitude, a man can choose his thoughts and companions, as nowhere else. His feeling reaches its greatest depth when, in the silences of life, he communes with the creations of the past.

Mere frivolity and levity require the presence of others to produce their lightness. In life such affectation is like a froth, which hides the rich color of the wine beneath and which in its brief effervescence loses the very aroma of its being. On the ocean of life, it is only in the shallows that the sea lashes itself in harmless fury; it is in the

deeps that the heavy swell hurls the nautilus of life high into the clear dome of air, or with the ebb buries it deep in the current of thought. It is only in the deeps of life that remorseless action sweeps and irresistibly crushes out dogma with the force that builds "each new temple nobler than the last" on the ruins of its predecessor. Depth of thought and feeling can never be fully developed in the whirlpool of society; it requires the silence of the *sanctum sanctorum* and the secrecy of revery.

Life that has drained all the world offered, realizes that existence has been no more than a succession of animal impulses and sensations; and while worldly-wise in external affairs, is self-admittedly superficial in esoteric matters. The philosophy of life has been a mystery. To such, ignorant of the most self-evident truths, consciousness becomes an automaton. But he who has lived in the deep silences of life and meditation attains with a sublime realization a knowledge of Spirit and thought, Diety and feeling. Life presents a dualism from which we must choose—with society it is frivolous; in the clear vision of solitude it is earhest and sincere, and its knowledge of the mystery of "to be" never covets the chaos of "not to be."

The philosopher withdraws within himself, studies self—is then more able to cope with life and to expand with the knowledge of the All. With him, when death comes, life's sweetest honeys are extracted. Not so with the pedant, who skims the caldron of science, quotes famous names, delights in flattery, and when the end comes is satisfied if vanity has given him its own.

Silence is deep; Society is shallow. Life is thought; Society is vanity. Silence is communion, and in silence is intensity of life.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes—

. . . . . .

I love not Man the less, but Nature more."—*Byron.*

EUGENE A. SKILTON.

PRACTICAL IDEALISM.

BY ALLEN R. DARROW.

A recent writer who signs himself "Fra Elbertus" says among other things good and true: "Thought is supreme, and to think is often better than to do." "To think rightly is to create."

In this utilitarian age, when so universally the ultimate of all values for man is made to refer to the things that contribute to his material or secular advantage or prosperity, it is refreshing and encouraging to find an occasional recognition of a quality in his nature, and a sphere of operation for his faculties, larger and higher than the realm of the mere physical or material.

Thought is supreme because it is the motive or moving power for all action. While the Pyramids of Egypt with their more than forty centuries of majestic material presence excite our wonder, it is the Idea, the thought and motive in the minds of their originators that captivates and longest holds the mind and the imagination of the beholder. We do not reverence Christopher Columbus simply because he discovered America; that was a result which was inevitable some time, and which some other man might have achieved; but we honor him because of the advanced thought and the determined purpose that would not be subverted, and that impelled to action

Again thought is supreme and creative, because, unlike all material and secular forces, it is not circumscribed or bound; and when it is moved or animated by the imagination, that wonderful faculty of the mind, it has no limit either of time or space. The ideality which finds its expression or becomes creative in all the Fine Arts, producing results so valuable to man, is first a conception of the mind, and thenceforth wrought by the skill of the artist.

It is said of a noted sculptor that he had in his heart and mind a longing to make an image or statue of Christ that should not only represent the perfection of his human form, but should impress the beholder through the inspiration of a subtle and peculiar expression, with a recognition of his Divine Nature. Having finished his work

he called in a friend, a man learned in the books, to see it; he asked him if he recognized in the statue any individual of note. His friend after examining it carefully replied he saw only the perfection of his skill in the production of an intelligent and benevolent personage who might represent any one of the early philosophers. When he had gone the artist said sorrowfully to himself, "Alas! Alas! and is that all." But, not utterly despairing, he called in a little child who was passing to see the statue, and said to her, "Who is that man?" "Oh!" says she, "I know him! that is Jesus. He is the one who said 'Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not.'" And the artist wept with joy at her free and untrammeled recognition of his Ideal.

In modern painting or picture making, Idealism or the stimulus of the imagination never enters; the productions of our modern artists are almost wholly mechanical; even the drawings and paintings from nature, which are often very skillfully done, very lifelike and beautiful, are, after all, mechanical, because they are merely copies of what appears to the eye; while the very accurate reproductions and "snap shots" of Photography are wholly mechanical and chemical, and therefore, however popular and desirable, are never ideal, never prompted by the imagination. But in a large majority of the paintings by the old masters, particularly when religious subjects are considered, thought becomes creative and a high idealism is made manifest even to a degree that sometimes seems like inspiration.

Perhaps the most striking illustration of this peculiar quality is found in the pictures of Christ, the great teacher; whether we consider the Italian, the French or the German schools of the old masters in painting, it is a constant theme of wonder how nearly alike are the conceptions of Christ's personal appearance: There was no model for their imitation, they could not copy one from the other, and yet wherever in any of these Sacred pictures the Saviour appears even if surrounded by a multitude with costumes national and alike, there needs no nimbus to designate him from all others. In this

fact certainly thought becomes creative, and Idealism becomes manifest and practical.

It is impossible to know how much, especially in religious faith and knowledge, the present age is indebted to pictures; it may be said that they not only illustrate but they teach, they educate. A modern series of pictures furnishes an exceptional instance of this power. Possessing objective truth, the series is also highly ideal and imaginative. I refer to the series of paintings by the noted artist Tissot portraying the principal incidents in the life of the historical Christ in Palestine. In all the higher forms of religions, with all their diversity of details in faiths and worships, there is a wonderful uniformity in the underlying, primal, Theocratic Idea; and when is set forth the belief in the sovereignty of the one eternal omnipotent God, we find a remarkable uniformity in the symbolisms and metaphors employed, and often also of the language used by the various writers. To illustrate I quote from three separate sources wherein is portrayed in the similitude of the raging storm, with its battling elements of winds and lightning, the going forth of His majestic power:

"Varunda the great God sends forth Indra the god of the thunderbolt in his golden armor, who mounted upon his chariot drawn by fleet dappled steeds, the racing clouds of the storm, together with his inseparable champion Vayu, the wind, that ever moves in the heights of the atmosphere. With them also ride to the battle all the strong troops of the storm. Not long can the mountain fortress hold out against their onslaught for after repeated blows from Indra's fiery mace the rocks and the trees are torn asunder."—*Rig Veda.*

"Ahura Masda sends forth Mithra, the lord of the wide pastures, who drives forward in a beautiful chariot wrought by the maker, inlaid with stars made of heavenly substance. Four white stallions draw that chariot; the hoofs of their fore feet are shod with gold, the hoofs of their hind feet are shod with silver; all are yoked to the same pole, whose crossbeams are fastened with hooks of metal beautifully wrought.

"Who can stand before Mithra whom Ahura Masda sends forth? A warrior with long spear and quick arrows to maintain dominion over all the world."—*Zend Avesta.*

"Then the earth shook and trembled, the foundations of the hills moved and were shaken because he was wroth; there went up a smoke out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devoured. He bowed the heavens also and came down, and darkness was under his feet, and he rode upon a cherub and did fly; yea he did fly as upon wings of the wind. He made darkness his secret place, his pavilion; round about him were dark waters and thick clouds of the skies. The Lord also thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave his voice hailstones and coals of fire; yea he sent out his arrows and scattered them, and he shot out lightnings and discomfited them."—*Bible.*

Thus in the various sacred writings we find ideals highly wrought, sometimes descriptive, and sometimes prophetic; but always interesting and beautiful because they proceed from the inspired heart and mind. In all the prophetic writings of the Hebrew Scriptures, as well as also in the later writings of St. John the Seer, called "The Revelation" much of the language used is so highly metaphorical and picturesque that it must be carefully studied in order to find truth, and add to our faith the knowledge so important and desirable.

The idealism that is real and practical and therefore of permanent value in the human life must have the motive, the moving power of a lofty purpose; an end to be accomplished. The truly "Emersonian" expression, "Hitch your wagon to a star," while so grotesque and literally impractical, nevertheless conveys a meaning exceedingly valuable and easily understood. In all human undertakings, and human endeavors, let the aims for accomplishment be pure and high.

Such is the purport of the teachings by all the wise ones of earth; while the standard set by Him who was the wisest and best of all teachers of men, "Be ye also perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect," although seemingly so difficult for man, is, after all, the true Ideal.

ALLEN R. DARROW.

Department of Philosophy.

DEVOTED TO

Art, Literature and Metaphysics.

EDITED BY C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

SUMMER.

Summer's sounds are heard everywhere—by the hearing ear. The vision of "the flush of life" is apparent—to the eye that can see! Nature's song, the strength of the hills, the hymn of the sea and gladness everywhere call to worship. Nature's calendar is richer and larger than at other seasons: she offers music of wind and storms, bird-notes, flower-whispers, love ditties, rainbow-colors, the quiet of inland lakes and the views from high mountains.

Let us quit the town! Let us go to hear "the great discourse!" Oh, for a baptism in morning dew, and for a meal among the bounties of hill and dale!

Come and visit the wood nymphs. Go and listen to the converse of the wave and the pebble on the beach. Pan is on the mountains and the Pandean pipes are heard in the valleys.

Where shall we meet?

Let us go first to the woods. They are most human, but they do not betray us. They cannot gossip, at least not in human fashion. Somewhere in the woods grows "the tree of life" for us. For one it may be the ivy of Jonas or the juniper of Elias or the palm of Ismaël; for another it may be the umbrageous shadow of a leaf-tree; but for all the *arbor vitæ* grows where we come recognizing the

family likeness of all nature. Where that testimony to the Most High is made, the coolness of the woods takes away the fever-heat of our blood, the passionate desires of city life, and we experience the beauty of life, love and light.

Listen to the innumerable voices and silences of the forests. They all beg of us that we be still, that we enter into that charm which lies at the core of all existence. When stillness has been learned, the book of the solitude opens itself, and the gay sunbeams point out the letters that spell the love of the Ancient One. The leaves of that book are a palimpsest revealing deeds of ours which call forth sad memories perhaps, or awaken recollections of glorious pasts, which clamor for rebirth. In either case the charm of the woodlands has played its tune upon our soul, and we rise full of refining influences.

Stanley's remarks about the African forest apply equally to all woods: "All characters of humanity are represented here except the martyr and the suicide. Sacrifice is not within tree-nature, and it may be that they heard only two divine precepts: 'Obedience is better than sacrifice' and 'Live and multiply.'" Surely there is a power and a presence in the woods, and that is why the student with preference seeks the forest solitude in order to study the deepest problems of existence. The woods wait upon our moods; they hide the repulsive; they appeal to mind and heart; they adapt themselves to us; they console us; they reveal many mysteries and neglected treasures; they keep our secrets yet speak most eloquently to us.

From the woods let us ascend to the mountain tops. A mountain is Brahma's special favorite. Once in the olden days a lofty and barren mountain complained: "Why thus barren? Why these scarred and naked sides?" To this Brahma replied: "The very light shall clothe thee, and the shadow of the passing cloud shall be as a royal mantle. More verdure would be less light. Thou shalt share in the azure of heaven, and the youngest and whitest cloud of summer's sky shall nestle in thy bosom. Thou belongest half to us." And that is why the mountain belongs to the race of prophets.

A mountain is an ever-open Basilica and the earth keeps silence before it. But there is not only sanctity in the mountain air, there is also sweetness, and we feel ourselves near the gates of the House Beautiful. As we ascend the altar-stairs of Nature's temple, we pass out of cloudland and into the pure air of Thought. It was a right and correct impulse which dictated, that the Jew should go up to Jerusalem at least once a year. The Glory of the House of Israel, though symbolical, can, however, in no wise usurp the place of Nature's holy mountain, which is everywhere—even in the human heart—when we pass the gates of Nature and commune with the great Being.

A sunset cannot be seen in a valley. It attains its real significance from a mountain top. We must ascend beyond the smell of the fleshpots and make a pilgrimage over barren places before we realize how impure is the air of the valley and how variable is the "show." Is it not therefore a good thing to take a yearly vacation and climb the mountain?

Some one will say to us:

"Oh, tell me no more of the mountains and field,
For Ocean is sent a new witness to me;
And the landscape, with all its enchantment must yield,
To the nobler expanse of the wide-waving sea."

Very well! We will not dispute it. The Ocean has been a witness to many of the bounties of creation. Sophocles thought the ocean was the most beautiful object in Nature, and Thales and Procles thought it the most prolific. Alexander sacrificed to the ocean, and Pompey worshipped Neptune. We are quite ready with the oldest and sublimest of all prophets to sing "a new canticle" to the ocean:

"Thou glorious mirror! where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests."

The Norse people discovered that the ocean symbolizes both rest and motion. Ægir near the shore was mild and called Niord, but

outside he was wild and turbulent. Nowhere else are we so impressed with "eternity, immensity and power" as in the presence of the ocean. These three "thoughts the waters teach" are so suggestive of "God, immortality and freedom." The very unstableness of the waters is so certain that instability itself becomes a rule and law and certainty. It is this character which leaves something not quite grasped and understood, no matter how long we dwell by the shore. It is as Jefferies remarked, we have a "sense that something may drift up from the unknown." At the ocean more than anywhere else we are disposed to ascribe to Nature laws which are not her laws, but our laws. Hence we moderns understand so little of the Ocean. The Greeks were wise; they raised no altars to Ocean. They divined something of the Unknown God in it, enough to make them abstain from idolatry. Tyndall suspected something of a mystery in the waves, and said that more electricity lies enclosed in a single drop of water than is exhibited in an ordinary thunder storm. The Psalmist declared in ecstasy: "O Lord, God of Hosts! Thy way is in the sea, and Thy paths in many waters; and Thy footsteps shall not be known!"

The poetry of "the Most High" does not only reverberate in the woody temples, on high mountains or in the howling of waves, or on the melancholy beach; the elevated mission of natural teachings also comes from the animated life that abounds in these places and it is burned into us by the sun's fiery flames at high noon as well as gently insinuated by the moon's pale light. Earth's ministry is to teach metaphysics and enforce the lesson that love and law rule everywhere. Everywhere where we may go in our summer vacation there is a blessing awaiting us, unseen sides of things to be discovered. But none of these angels can be seen or brought into our existence if we take "the old Adam" along with us. As Nature is transmutation so must we be transfigured in the light of our Ideals, before we can profit by a vacation outdoors.

C. H. A. B.

THE DOUBLE PERSONALITY OF GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

Literature inevitably becomes a criticism of life, and one of its great services is the revelation it makes of sin in its purgatorial effects. Hawthorne did much of that kind of work. George Eliot's best novels prove the usefulness of suffering. D'Annunzio has lately introduced sorrow and suffering into his writings in order to bring his hero to a higher platform. Guy de Maupassant demonstrated by his own life that literature is a revelation of the personality of the writer, and his stories are a direct outgrowth of his self-contradictory existence. His life is an illustration upon the moral uses of dark things. If he himself did not directly profit by his sufferings, we may do so by a study of him and his purgation.

The case of this French author offers several features of great interest to the psychologist. His descriptions of mental states—unmistakably his own—are most clear and direct illustrations of the falling apart of the various personalities that go to make up the apparent personality. We learn how "the animal soul" holds control, how "the human soul" suffers agony in its loneliness, and, how nevertheless a "directing will" keeps enough hold upon this composite body to cause the many and various sensations to be recorded in the most lucid and brilliant style. All these phenomena take place in a man, apparently insane, who finally dies (July 6, 1893) in an insane asylum, after having attempted suicide.

Guy de Maupassant, born August 5, 1850, in a castle in Normandy, was as large and robust of body as a peasant, but from his mother he inherited a high strung nervous disposition. He suffered intensely from headaches, the *migraine*. Only by spirits of ether did he gain relief from time to time. Under its influence he thought himself in ecstasy and writes in *Sur l'Eau* of its exhilarating effects—that he did not sleep, but was wide awake, perceived and understood everything; that he could think more clearly than ever and more deeply; that his intoxication multiplied his faculties and gave him the sense that all his imaginings were true and real.

Maupassant is a terrible illustration of the fact that "the animal soul" can be so completely master that no other energy seems to be able to hold more than a temporary régime, and a very short one at that. The literary school to which he belonged was Naturalism, and

it is generally conceded that he far surpassed any other member, and was less restrained than even Flaubert and Zola in sensual conceptions and passional expressions. Most of his country scenes are brutal, beastial and offensive to the uttermost, though presented in masterly form. They reveal his ability to descend to strata of life which are devoid of the human, and show a family-likeness of his soul with them. All these scenes are steeped in a sense for which even the word erotic is too noble. He wallows in such grossness and carnality that we cannot comprehend how a human being can imagine such forms. We are compelled to classify him as a mind in a group by itself and to place him very far down on the scale. It is consummate lust which has attained intelligence, but is entirely destitute of moral sense. It is an antediluvian monster in possession of all the worst features of modern civilization. In the midst of his coarse talk and brutal pictures he will sometimes abruptly turn out another side of his character and show himself in aerial flights equal to those of Shelley or Wordsworth. In pure naturalness he will say: "I love the sky as the bird does, and the woods like a wolf and the rocks even as a mountain goat. I like to roll around in the meadow grass and run around in it like a horse and to swim like a fish in the water. I feel in me something of all forms of life and in my trembling flesh vibrates the elemental; all instincts and impulses in confusion eddy through my veins; I love everything that lives and grows with a love both animal and exalted, both contemptible and holy. My reason is indifferent to these things, but my sense and my heart are roused and full of them." If we did not suspect these words to have the same terrible origin as those scenes before described, we would call him a nature-poet of much original depth, and we would use them as keys to open doors to deeper feelings for nature; as they stand, they must be read as pathological conditions. Psychically, however, they show how near the exalted and the debased lie to each other.

However, exalted and natural as some of these latest expressions seem to be, they are not the true opposites to the former. The true opposite is "the human soul." Maupassant does not seem to have had a seasoned understanding of the difference. Unconsciously we hear him complain of loneliness, desolation and solitude, and these terms and the sufferings they express are but the cry of "the human." In one place he writes: "I have only penetrated into one of the secrets of mankind, and it is this: the fearful sufferings of our existence come

from our loneliness." In *Lui* he writes: "I marry, not to be alone. I will no more be alone at night. I will feel a being near by to whom I can talk, no matter what. I have a fear to be alone. If a man came in, I would kill without hesitation. I have no fear of ghosts, I do not believe in the supernatural. I am not afraid of the dead, I believe in total annihilation after death. I have a fear of myself! I fear my fear! I fear the walls, the chairs, all objects around me. It is as if they had animal life. I fear my own mind! I have destroyed it and now it stands ghostlike before me. I cannot become master of this fear!" Some of my readers will have had the experience of being among cows or horses in a stable when a sudden panic takes possession of them. They will remember how these creatures howled and tore at their fastings to get loose; how pandemonium filled the air and how these poor creatures foaming and fretting finally would fall to the ground insensible from fear. Maupassant's sufferings were of that order. Excessive animal and elemental consciousness multiplied his sensations and sufferings, but no self-consciousness explained to him his psychic condition nor gave to him the power to rise above himself and be the master.

The same fear and desolation of the lost human soul is expressed by Norbert de Varenne in *Bel-Ami:* "You will feel the fearful agony of despair. Deserted and lost you will abandon yourself to the Unknown. You will call in every direction for help, but nobody will answer you. You will stretch out your arms imploring help, love, consolation and salvation, but nobody will come. Why do we suffer so? Because our fancy, our vain thinking has brought us into an irredeemable conflict between the flesh and the spirit." Solitude is the key to Maupassant and to that terrible suffering which follows upon the dissolution of a personality which has already come under the influence of "the spirit" and begun to live the higher life, however weakly and of small power. Solitude here does not mean voluntary retirement from "the many" to live in the fullness and reality of "the one;" it means desertion by "the one," want, loss, and desolation; a despair that only an intelligent being can suffer, and it is a despair and an agony which is endless, because its origin lies in the will and intelligence themselves. Having lost the vision of the Highest, having wasted his strength in sensual pleasures and orgies and being immersed in the stream of forces, which bear downwards, his will and his intelligence can exert themselves only upon the animal, the

elemental and the sub-human. They are capable of wonderful literary descriptions, and they paint the sub-conscious life in strong light; but from time to time they discover to him his solitude because their real aim and end and purpose is to show the way onward and upward. In such moments of solitude he discovers the self-contradiction of his existence and that is—hell.

Guy de Maupassant's novels ought to be read like Dante's visions and Swedenborg's descriptions. They are psychic delineations of the attitudes of our various personalities when they fall apart. Maupassant is a most interesting and very valuable delineator of all that consciousness which lies below the rational and moral one. His words read like "letters from hell" and are so terribly real because they are written in his own lifeblood. His is not a soul, that rises or hopes to rise, he is fully in the power of a force he himself has created, the *Horla*. He has capitulated to *Le Horla* and declared *après l'homme, le Horla*. The Norse Hela is not so dreadful as *Le Horla*.

C. H. A. B.

NATURALISM, AN EPILOGUE TO MAUPASSANT.

The double personality of Guy de Maupassant is especially interesting because it offers so good an illustration of naturalism or that school which, particularly in literature and ethics, in our day exerts so debasing an influence. Naturalism is a school which all sound minds, loving truth and nothing but the truth, wish to avoid, and which they must learn not to confound with true and sincere nature-worship.

Guy de Maupassant's life and writings show most emphatically the causes and nature of naturalism and its terrible outcome in the loss of the Human and in insanity.

The naturalistic consciousness, as illustrated by his life and the characters of his novels, consists not of ideas and reflections, but only in impressions of the level land of life and these formulated into intense phrases. It is thus below the line of such realizations which raise our lives to superlative dignity and worth. There is nothing of the transcendental in it and it will not recognize any principle either in the sphere of knowledge or conduct unless it is based on experience. Its philosophy recognizes the Idea only as a blind force and as necessity. It is thus almost identical with what used to be called materialism.

The explanation of this phenomenon is not so difficult as it seems. It has its foundation in the fact that all things are conscious of their environment or possess a sense of other things and their nature; it roots also in an inherent desire of the human mind for simplicity of conduct and primitive vigor. These desires commonly seek realization in the natural and do not leave the natural till they die or become transmuted into spirit.

Consciousness of things and their nature is not to be confounded with that which ordinarily goes for consciousness or that sense which qualifies us as reasonable existences. The universal or "mere" consciousness which all things possess is only a quality of the mind's dynamic existence. It is blind to all reasons for its own laws and inner nature, and can consequently not raise itself above itself. For example: a tree can select its food and can place most of its flowers and fruits on the sunny side of the tree, but it can determine nothing as regards its own ultimate purposes nor can it turn itself into another organism, for instance, an animal. It is merely an expression of a common natural life, and is not an individual independence.

"The natural soul" is hidden in the universality that bore it and which gives it its life and existence. It depends entirely upon climate, season, etc., in short, upon all kinds of cosmic conditions and its existence is the more complete as it becomes or is attuned to the vibrations of universal motion. Really, this condition is no better than that of the child in the womb: it is not independent.

The fault with Naturalism is its limited and one-sided attitude to Nature or the Universal. It sees only expansion in longitude, but does not rise to higher latitudes with the rising sun. It is blind to the fact that in the woods some trees rise above the general mass, that there are leaders everywhere and that Nature teaches metaphysics in every act and movement. It turns to itself and not to the Uplift which draws everything into the Transcendental. It denies the Transcendental, everything which proves Ends and Purposes.

From this low disposition of Naturalism follows naturally its hopelessness and pessimism, its utter lack of inspirational power and its preferences for pictures of life lived in the slums and in moral degradation. Many of its followers die as suicides, or as insane as Maupassant.

Singularly enough the *coup de grace* was given to Naturalism by a man, Huxley, upon whom was heaped more abuse than upon any other

contemporary, on the assumption that he was the prophet of the movement. In his masterful and eloquent Romanes Lecture of 1893 he explained that the real key to evolution was not imitation or compliance with the Cosmic Process, but antagonism and opposition, and that the Ethical Process consisted in "pitting the microcosm against the macrocosm and to set man to subdue nature to his higher ends."

In conclusion it may be well to remind the reader that the above dualistic form of expression does not imply the teaching of a dualism. The language used is conditioned by necessity. Moreover when I speak of the Transcendental, the Idealistic, I use it to mean and to imply the Great, the Good, the True and the Beautiful, all of which terms stand for Being, that Reality which our illusions constantly limit to small and narrow conceptions. Naturalism is such an illusionary limitation and therefore so low and pessimistic.

C. H. A. B.

IBSEN'S "WHEN WE DEAD AWAKEN."

If the winter season had been before us, I would not review Ibsen's latest play, because the impressions made by it would correspond too well with the dreariness of the cold. But summer is before us and we are full of the rising life and fruitfulness; hence, by contrast, in the best condition to see how utterly an author can fail to realize the greatness of his own idea, and how incompetent he can be to give form and expression to a deep feeling.

"A Stranger Lady" is the main person in the play, though not the one who acts the most. Her name is Irene and presumably this name is chosen for symbolical reasons. Irene means "peace," that peace which comes after war. She symbolizes in this drama that peace which follows "when we dead awaken," but that peace is really only an illusion. Her appearance on the scene produces conditions as treacherous as those of quicksands. What problem is it that Ibsen tries to solve? Who are "we dead"? In the first place Ibsen presents Rubek, sculptor and brutal egotist, who is the cause of all the misery of the drama, as "dead." He died after finishing his "great masterpiece," "The Resurrection Day," for which Irene stood model, being cast adrift by him after a love affair with her; to him it was "only an episode" but the life of existence to her. His wife, Maia, is also "dead," and seems to have died after four years of wedded life in which she waited for him to take her "up into a high mountain and

show her all the glory of the world?" Rubek failed; to him this promise was "only a figure of speech," his object being to lure her "to play" with him. His relations to her being also "only an episode." Irene is also "dead" but being "dead," she is most interesting. She died when he deserted her, but she lived on even in the grave: *she* could not live without him to whom she had given her soul and her form, and in whose image he had created "their child," "The Resurrection Day." Rubek, Maia and Irene are "the dead" of the drama and it is with regard to them "this epilogue" is written. An inspector at the baths, a landed proprietor and a Sister of Mercy also figure, but they symbolize nothing essential in it; the inspector and the Sister are only convenient "lay figures"; the landed proprietor is a beastly character such as Ibsen commonly introduces. Ulfheim is his name and profession. Ulfheim is the Norse for "Wolf's-home," viz., the incarnation of a wolf. He preys upon unsuspecting women and is the enemy of society. Buffon's description of a wolf fits him to a nicety: "disagreeable in every respect, with mean air, savage look, frightful voice, insupportable odor, perverse nature, ferocious manners, he is odious; noxious while living, useless after death."

But, has Ibsen really understood the problem involved in the sentence "when we dead awaken"? I think not. His *dramatis personæ* move and have their being in love only, and in love, at that, which seems but little above sex-love. As in most of his other plays his men are beasts of desire and his women "play-toys." They know nothing, it seems, of truth and law, and life is to them merely an emotion. To die means to Ibsen to lose sensual love, and to awaken means to discover, as does Rubek, that to be married four or five years is "a trifle long," and, yawning, to tell the wife so. Irene's attitude gives a slightly different interpretation to "to die" and "to awaken" but does not introduce any principle from a higher world. Ibsen's clumsy expedient of making Irene and Rubek disappear in masses of snow while they ascend the mountain is almost to burlesque his own idea and intention.

We are dead when we are tied hand and foot, mind and life in our own illusions, in the conventional, or when we, without freedom and independence, are mere objects of the play of cosmic forces. We awaken when we realize our bondage and take steps to free ourselves to live a self-centered life. The power to awaken must come as it

were from "outside," must be a principle from "above," or *la grande passion*. Rubek cannot represent such a principle to Irene nor can she be it to him with one husband "in a churchyard somewhere or other" and another "far away in the Ural Mountains—among all his gold mines," and the recollections of a model: "I have stood on the turn-table—naked—and made a show of myself to many hundreds of men—after you." Maia's "awakening" is still more mysterious. When she sees Rubek and Irene go off, she is legally, as she sings, free; but how their violence can be an inspiration to a new life for her, is incomprehensible, and how Ulfheim, with whom she spent a night on the mountain, can represent a liberator can be explained only on the principle that he is an enchanted prince; but Ibsen does not tell us so.

"When we dead awaken" is a naturalistic play, though differing somewhat from the ordinary ones, by having some symbolism in it and a few metaphysical points. These latter are perhaps unintentional. Naturalistic as it is, the play touches only indirectly the great problems of the science of life; it is simply descriptive of how four "lovers" change partners. It avoids pointing to any ultimate purpose in existence and describes only features of life well known in divorce-courts. Its psychology is trifling and superficial. It presents such everlasting changes in "the animal soul" as are analogous to the ever-varying shapes of clouds and the instability of water.

What of the vibrations that go through this drama? I liken them in their weakness to the eddies on a bay near a great city. They have neither force nor purity but plenty of flotsam; they do not break on the shore echoing the mysteries of the deep; they only wet the pebbles that lie about for no special purpose. Ibsen's work is not a drama or a soul-reproduction of the breathing universe, the palpitating heart of the greater Man or Nature. At best "When We Dead Awaken" is a repetition of the ideas of John Gabriel Borkman. Its morals, that is to say the morals unintentionally taught, are as immoral as they well may be. The lovers ignore the fact that they voluntarily bound themselves to perform certain duties before "the awakening" came. Such bonds cannot be broken with impunity. An act of will is Karmic and of profound significance. Ibsen's lovers leave behind them all previously assumed duties. Perhaps he intended to parody that great prophet's words, which were, "Let the dead bury their dead."

C. H. A. B.

NIETZSCHE AND INDIVIDUALISM.

Friedrich Nietzsche's fame is constantly growing, though these ten years he has written nothing, and has lived in an insane asylum. The reason for this is that he is an embodiment of a fundamental principle and that he represents much of the essential nature of the modern spirit. The first is his teaching of Individualism in opposition to Collectivism and the second is his "gentleman-morality" in contrast with what he calls "slave-morality;" the latter is really a necessary result of the former.

As an individualist Nietzsche is in company with Fichte and most romanticists, and behind them all lies idealism. An idealist is necessarily an individualist and of aristocratic notions; his aristocracy is, however, not the same as oppression and tyranny; it means higher type and profounder recognition of duty. Nietzsche condemns democracy, by which he understands the "vulgar equal-making" of to-day, that kind of universality which is attained by leveling downward but not upward. He says that that kind of democracy has always been the downward steps of a degenerating power. Against democracy he places individual will, instinct and command; he is even not afraid to say, "We may be anti-liberal even to hardness and cruelty." He admires "the lordly nature." He is "lord" who has power to realize his will. He is a "slave" who is weak. He looks upon Napoleon as a "lord" and "the criminal is the type of the strong man under unfavorable conditions." Notions of this kind place him in strong antagonism to Christianity. He hates Christianity and calls its morals "slave-morals."

The true man is the individualist and Nietzsche calls him the "Over-man." Nietzsche is in his own eyes the hero of the ideal man and his leader. He has dreamed himself into a world beyond "good and evil," has risen to the state of the "Over-man," acts "lordly morals" and is an embodiment of "the spirit of Zarathustra." There is, however, no system in Nietzsche's writings; they look like mosaics of his mind. His teachings find their expression and solution in the personality of the philosopher and man. He is so strong a man in our day that the culture-history of modern times cannot be written without constant reference to his influence, and this is especially true as regards the Continent. The ultra-conservative and government journal, the *Kreuzzeitung*, has gone to the extreme of placing his writings on the *Index* of forbidden reading. This shows how truly he is the most

representative leader of that movement of contemporary thought which Huxley called the New Reformation.

Alexander Vinet represented Individualism inside the Church lines, and the work he did was as well defined and powerfully prosecuted as that of Nietzsche. He antagonized with great force the leveling social pantheistic tendencies of church-life and maintained that the individual, not the collective mass of members, was the object of salvation and was the one that bore "the image." Society or the so-called "social unit" is only an "arrangement," a conglomeration, like the ocean and the earth, of undeveloped monads and is not self-centred nor self-directive. Society or "the social unit" exists for the benefit of the individual and not *vice versa*. Soren Kjerkegaard was another man, inside the church, who also fought for the rights of the individual. His attacks were directed against Hegelian universalism, and ministers who get a living from the State in return for their offices in reducing citizens to obedience. All of these men refer to Socrates as their teacher and "the father of individualism."

In our day when so many false movements are set a-going and when effeminacy and weakness of character is so prevalent among those tired of the old order of things it is imperative that the doctrine of individualism and self-reliance should be taught and should again get prominence. It is a doctrine thoroughly Anglo-Saxon and congenial to Americans. It is the force that has made man what he is and it is the creator of "human worth" or that something which gives us the dominion of both heaven and earth. Under the form of character "it is," as said Charles Sumner, "everything"; it makes the "man-timber" out of which is built the kingdom of peace, truth and love; it is the secret of a great heart and the oil in the lamp of true being: it is the moral order of the universe.

"God give us men. A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands:
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor—men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And scorn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty, and in private thinking."

C. H. A. B.

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EDITED BY ELIZABETH FRANCIS STEPHENSON AND EVA BEST.

NOTE TO OUR READERS.

In this Department we will give space to carefully written communications of merit, on any of the practical questions of everyday life, considered from the bearings of metaphysical and philosophical thought, which, we believe, may be demonstrated as both a lever and a balance for all the difficult problems of life.

Happenings, experiences and developments in the family and the community; results of thought, study and experiment; unusual occurrences when well authenticated; questions on vague points or on the matter of practical application of principles and ideas to daily experience, etc., will be inserted, at the discretion of the Editors, and in proportion to available space. Questions asked in one number may be answered by readers in future numbers, or may be the subject of editorial explanation, at our discretion. It is hoped that the earnest hearts and careful, thinking minds of the world will combine to make this Department both interesting and instructive, to the high degree to which the subject is capable of development.

IDEALISM.

How seldom the world looks at the actions of its fellow-creatures from an ideal standpoint. It is natural to criticize. We all do it, consciously or unconsciously, mentally or verbally. Like all natural tendencies it should not be suppressed so much as directed into the right channel. Criticism is but an unconscious striving for the ideal. Were we all humanitarians and idealists, only just and helpful criticisms would be sent forth in our great ocean of mentality.

I like to think that thoughtlessness, rather than selfishness or malice, is the cause of so many harsh criticisms. Most of us feel that if we do not trespass on our neighbors' rights, and prevent them from

trespassing on ours, we have done our duty to the world and ourselves. But when one can soar into the realm of idealism one finds there such an atmosphere of love and tenderness that one's soul cries out, "Verily, we are all one with the Infinite."

It is then that one has reached the mountain top and can calmly and pityingly look down upon those dwelling in glass houses far below. As the sun of penetration is focussed upon them their petty lives are laid bare. Many are content to dwell in their fragile houses: they are so busy watching their neighbors that they do not know of the existence of the beautiful mountain so near their doorstep. Others know of its existence and long to reach its dizzy heights, but have not the courage to bear the scrutiny of the multitude. Some court the public gaze, but do not know the right path, and aimlessly stumble around until discouraged, then fall back into obscurity.

Now and then we see a happy being suddenly throw off the restraints of conventionality and, mounting on the wings of enthusiasm, gain the realm of Idealism. It is only while in this state that we can influence or stir the world. Emerson says, "Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."

Idealism has no limitations. This world seems made up of the commonplace, but if we look closely we can see beauty in everything, like wood violets hidden in the tangled grass that from a distance looks like one bed of green. "Come forth into the light of things; let Nature be your teacher."

If we attributed to the actions of others only noble motives, soon their actions would respond in noble deeds.

"Live as on a mountain. Let men see, let them know a real man who lives as he was meant to live."

FRANCES DEWEY.

Be content with doing with calmness the little which depends upon yourself, and let all else be to you as though it was not.—*Fénelon.*

HEREDITY.

There is no thing we cannot overcome;
  Say not thy evil instinct is inherited,
Or that some trait inborn makes thy whole life forlorn,
  And calls down punishment that is not merited.

Back of thy parents and grandparents lies
  The Great Eternal Will! That, too, is thine
  Inheritance: strong, beautiful, divine,
Sure lever of success for one who tries.

Pry up thy fault with this great lever—Will!
  However deeply bedded in propensity,
However firmly set, I tell thee, firmer yet
  Is that vast power that comes from Truth's immensity..

Thou art a part of this strange world, I say,
  Its forces lie within thee, stronger far
  Than all thy mortal sins and frailties are.
Believe thyself divine and watch and pray.

There is no noble height thou canst not climb;
  All triumphs may be thine in Time's futurity,
If, whatsoe'er thy fault, thou dost not faint or halt,
  But lean upon the staff of God's security.

Earth has no claim the soul cannot contest.
  Know thyself part of the Eternal Source;
  Naught can stand before thy spirit's force;
The soul's Divine Inheritance is best.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, *in New York Press.*

"John, you went to church as usual to-day?"

"Yes, mother."

"What was the text?"

"Well—er, you see I didn't get there in time to hear the text."

"What was the gist of the sermon, then?"

"I can't tell. You see, mother, I came out just before he got to the gist."

THE WISE MAN AND THE SEA URCHINS.

(IV.)

Nothing ever delighted the Sea Urchins so much as a long walk with the Wise Man, and, knowing this, he took them the next day far inland to where some great old trees clustered together in a beautiful grove, within and beyond which arose steep rocks whose formation could be distinctly seen.

At the foot of the cliff a clear spring bubbled up into a clean, deep rock basin, and, overflowing this, ran noisily away over the round white pebbles and yellow sand to find an outlet somewhere beyond the shady grove.

"Here is our resting place, my Urchins, here by this cool, sweet spring. Look yonder, Brownie, and tell me what sort of a rock do you think that is?"

"It is full of little shells, the same kind that we see on the shore, sir, every day."

"How do you suppose they ever got up to such a high place as this?"

"Can they crawl like snails?" asked Blackie.

"Maybe the water was up here once," ventured Ruddy, turning a lively pink as his suggestion met with a good-natured shout of amusement.

"'He laughs best who laughs last,'" the Wise Man said, smiling. "Ruddy's right. Time was when all this part of the continent was an ocean-bed, and these very little shells helped to build the solid ground upon which we stand. Did you children ever stop to wonder what the great ocean was for?"

"'For?'" repeated Blackie, "why, it's for ships to sail on, and people to bathe in, and winds to blow over, and—oh, a lot of things!"

"Once upon a time there were no ships to sail—no people to bathe; *then* what was it for?"

"No people, sir? Was the earth ever without inhabitants?"

"Yes, Snowdrop, without any inhabitants."

"Maybe it was just for fishes to swim in then?"

"But when there were no fishes, Goldie?"

"Was there a time when there was n't anything nor anybody? —when there was just land and water?"

"Suppose I were to tell you that there was a time when there wasn't even any land or water?"

"Is it a joke, sir?" asked Blooy.

"It is the most serious matter in the world, Blooy."

"But you said that things *always* were."

"And so they were; but not in the form we know them to-day. That which goes to make the land and water always existed in that primordial essence we know about. But that which made the land was no more the solid land we know than the dancing dust-motes are a solid mass, or the fine particles of moisture floating about in the air are the heavy ocean waves."

"Then how did it get to be the land and water? Did the earth know how to go to work and get itself into shape? Is the earth alive?"

"I like to think so. It surely isn't a dead world; for its heart is filled with the fire of life, and nothing upon it is absolutely quiet for the space of a second. Indeed, I think of it as a lively, likely, sturdy youngster just out of babyhood; an infant, as it were, of great promise."

"But, sir, isn't it awfully old?"

"Compared to what, Ruddy?"

"Us."

"And compared to that cloud of darting midgets yonder, whose existences are ended in one brief Summer day, our own lives might well seem to endure for unending ages of time. Compared to the year of the planet Mercury, whose four swift seasons crowd themselves into three months of our earth-time, how long seems the year of Neptune, which contains nearly four thousand of our months!

Can you grasp the fact of a winter season lasting for nearly a thousand months? Unless we compare those things which come under our observation we shall never be able to grasp the true value of anything. So, you see, although I may tell you the earth is millions of years old, it is, taking older planets into consideration, comparatively speaking, a baby."

"And will it ever grow old?"

"As surely as we ourselves grow old."

"And then will it die?"

"And then it will die."

"Oh!"

"Does that distress you, children? What if nothing ever changed—for death, we have learned, is simply a change of form—would you like that, my Urchins?"

"No–o; it would be very tiresome."

"And there'd be no use in anything ever having started to be, would there, unless it could go on improving itself?"

"Tell us about the end of it all. Does *everything* have to come to an end?"

"All material things, yes, my boy, that is the law. Nothing except the essence of things abides. See, when I throw this stone in the air, how it goes and goes swiftly up and up for a while, then gradually inclines to the earth, to fall at last into a state of rest. What was it that sent the stone spinning so high and so far?"

"Your hand, sir," said Violet.

"But what was there in my hand to enable me to throw the stone?"

"Strength, I should say."

"Strength of what, Violet?"

"Of muscle?"

"Of muscle. But what have I back of the muscle that enables me to use it? What sent the stone through the air?"

"Would force be the correct answer, sir?"

"It was force—energy in motion. And the power was mine to

throw the stone where I chose. Who remembers a copy-book saying in which the word 'power' occurs?"

"Do you mean 'Knowledge is power'?"

"Yes, Violet. And so back of power was knowledge. Now knowledge is the state of knowing, and to be able to know there must be a brain upon which mind may act. Now, back of mind lies —what?"

"Your *self*," declared Brownie.

"Truly my *self;* and that is true of any self which uses a brain. But suppose we go further—go beyond self, any self—what then?"

The children had gathered eagerly about their friend, losing no syllable of his speech. The bright young eyes clouded in perplexity, and little puckers began to show between the knitted brows.

"Can *you* tell us that, sir?" softly breathed Violet.

"I can try. Once upon a time a tiny black ant was badly hurt by the fall of a small stick near the ant hill where it had been working. It lay there in pain, and possibly (had I had the ears to hear so fine a thing) moaning in its agony. Soon after a soldier ant approached the sufferer, and, after seeming to have examined the wounded insect, ran off at great speed to summon enough of the members of the community to help the crippled brother to shelter and safety.

"A lot of sympathetic little fellows hastened to answer the summoner's call; but, alas, when they reached the spot their brother was dead. The soldier ants (as they are called to distinguish them from the workers) then hurried away and brought a big worker ant, who picked up the dead body, and carried it off to some place of hiding. After this sad duty was done, all went about their usual business. Of what might we call this an exhibition?"

"Of intelligence."

"I should call it so. Back of all these little ants' 'selves' with their human-like brains and evidently reasoning minds, intelligence there certainly must have been. Now, by means of this same intelligence is the thought of the living being made manifest. To

the intelligence of the ant-self—to the intelligence of my self thought comes, and it differs only in degree. To me it seems that the ant brain, because of its smallness, is, when compared with my own, a far more marvelous thing."

"Then is that the end—the *thought?*"

"Rather is it the beginning! Thought commands the force that moves the world, and creates all created things."

"And back of thought?"

"Comes the divine principle, Love—the core, the heart, the soul, the spirit, the essence of all that is deathless, eternal, everlasting—the Essence of Life."

"It will never end?"

"Never; for Love is God Himself."

A hush fell upon the little group. A score of birds sang in the great trees of the grove, and the water of the spring added its liquid murmur to the joyous harmony.

From afar off where the tilled fields sunned themselves under the cloudless skies came the sound of the farmer's whistle, the lowing of cattle, and, after a time, the blowing of a mellow dinner-horn.

"Children," said the Wise Man, breaking the silence as he arose from his seat upon a moss-covered boulder, "that call is for us. I have arranged this little surprise for you; and now let us go and enjoy it."

Dinner at the farm-house! Oh, the flaky biscuit, the sweet butter, the amber honey, the smoking vegetables, the cold salad, the rich milk and fresh, delicious fruits!

And after the feast was over the long, lovely walk oceanward again, with the briny breezes blowing elf-locks back from fair young brows, and the whole journey bristling with interrogation-points!

"Let us go back to that stone that came to rest after its somersaulting through the air. Force commanded by intelligence under the direction of thought sent it upon its journey. Just so much energy stored up within it by the hurling hand and its own weight and motion—or what we may call *inertia*—caused it to move

on for a certain length of time. So worlds are hurled into space and when the force stored within them expends itself they must sink into a state of rest. So beings are started upon their little earthly journeys, and when the vital forces give out they die. So my wound-up watch runs down; so all things make an end and go into a welcome state of rest."

"A *welcome* state, sir?"

"My little Snowdrop, did you never tire yourself completely out; did you never play, and romp, and move about so that your limbs sank wearily, and failed to support you? And the eyelids drooped, and the pillow under these pretty curls seemed soft as a summer cloud, and the used-up little frame, stretching itself gladly upon the couch, allowed the soul to escape to a heaven of sweet dreams? Once upon a time I wrote these little verses—will you hear them?

"Throughout the day of labor,
The striving and the pain,
The duties done or just begun,
The sunshine or the rain,
There is a ghost that haunts me—
A pillow soft and white,
Its linen spread upon my bed
All ready for the night.

"I know when day is ended
And tasks and duties done
And night comes down upon the town
At setting of the sun,
That, weary with the working,
I then may gladly creep
To where is spread my downy bed,
And lay me down to sleep.

"And so through all my lifetime,
My little earthly day,
It is not fear that 's ever near
But happiness alway.
And as I climb life's mountain,

So rugged and so steep,
No tasks I shirk, but sing and work
Since I so soon may sleep!"

"Is that what death—what the end of life will seem to me?"

"Just that, dear child, unless you let fear tell you hideous falsehoods. And then when the glad morning comes——"

"There'll be a morning, then?"

"A morning, Snowdrop. As surely as the daylight follows darkness! And each one's dawn will show a rosier light, a more golden glow, and each restful slumber far, far sweeter than the last!"

"Oh, why do people fear to die if this be so?"

"Because they do not know that Death is the blessedest friend of Man."

The sea-waves, now that they were approaching the shore, sang loudly enough for them to hear their musical pounding upon the sands. This brought to Blackie's recollecting mind the fact that the question as to the ocean's use had not been answered. He therefore asked for an explanation.

"The ocean has a monstrous work to do, my boy. It is the builder and the destroyer of continents. As persistently as it manufactures rock it tears it to pieces. It is the great reservoir of all vapors supplying the principal elements of life. Over it blow the warm winds from the tropics, and as the sun's heat draws the moisture up into the air the winds become laden with it, and, reaching land, are chilled by the colder breezes. This chill forms the cloud, which is made up of tiny atoms of moisture, or what we can best describe as 'water dust,' the particles of which, coming closer and closer together, at last condense into falling drops of rain."

"Will you tell us about the time when there was no ocean?" asked Blooy. "Was it just dusty land then?"

"No, Blooy, there was never a time when 'land dust' existed without 'water dust.' Yes, I'll tell you about it, gladly. When shall it be?"

"To-morrow!" cried the Urchins.

"Before anybody was alive?"

"That I'm going to let *you* say, Goldie, after I've told you. Man has been going—no, I shall say *coming*—to school here for ages and ages and ages, and perhaps when there was not as yet any human form ready for him he might have learned a lesson or two in the form of a mineral; then, perhaps, a plant, and so on up the ladder of finer forms, until this wonderful tenement in which he lives to-day was prepared for him by his own realization of Divine Love."

EVA BEST.

(*To be continued.*)

TWILIGHT.

The rich splendors of a summer day are fading. Gently, away in the blue heavens, she has folded her bright banners of light and fastened them safe with glittering stars.

Long, mysterious shadows pierce the hearts of the hills and creep softly over the meadows.

The sun flashed like a great, burnished shield, as it passed downward through the gateway of the West. Tremblingly, the last tender lights fade. Through the dewy atmosphere we feel the fragrant breath of the flowers—and abroad, through the wide, wide highways of the world the twilight wanders with velvet feet.

ADELAIDE GREENE CLIFFORD.

It is not necessary for each member of the human family to repeat in detail the experiments of all his predecessors; for their results descend to him by the system of combination in which he lives, and he acquires them by education. With them he may stand at the top of the ladder of human culture, and build a new round to it so that his children after him my climb higher and do the like.

For there are mystically in our faces certain characters which carry in them the motto of our souls.—*Sir Thomas Browne, Religio Medici.*

FATHER TIME.

'Twas in the long-lost careless days,
When childhood's spring was in its prime,
I, wandering through life's pleasant ways
First came upon you, Father Time.
You took in unresisting grasp
The hand held out in friendship's name;
I did not try to loose your clasp,
But smiled upon you when you came.

Oh, then your gifts were fresh and new,
The hours you brought were bright and long,
And have seemed steadfast, warm, and true,
While life itself was one glad song!
The happy singers, you and I,
Together singing songs of mirth,
And sweet love-ballads, by and by,
Which soared above the common earth!

You led me o'er enchanted ground
Where kingly Cupid reigned supreme;
So sweet were thoughts that wrapped me round
I longed to linger there and dream.
But still with unrelenting grasp
You led me through the magic land,
Nor loosened once your steady clasp
Upon my oft rebellious hand.

You brought my pretty babes to me
And placed them in my happy arms;
The world all sunshine seemed to be,

And gladness drowned my weak alarms.
I blessed you then, old Father Time,
You led me through such lovely lands—
Life's joy-bells rang a golden chime
Swung to and fro by angel hands.

Whence came the first faint minor thrill
That jarred upon my joyous moods?
Our sunlit heavens began to fill
With shadows wherein sorrow broods.
My anxious eyes grew full of tears—
I blamed you for their overflow;
I felt my heart grow faint with fears,
And saddened with prophetic woe.

And more than once if after years,
Through shadowed valleys dark with woe,
Through floods of silent, bitter tears
You bade my little children go.
They would not stay for all my cries;
I could not follow without crime;
Shut were the gates of Paradise—
And then—I cursed you,
Father Time!

So long ago—so long ago—
And now my fierce and fiery heart
Hath changed its hate to love; and so
I wait to watch the storm-clouds part.
I wait to see the heavenly light
Across my life's drear threshold climb;
But shall Death, in his kindly might,
Part us forever, Father Time?

MRS. SIXTY.

SUNSHINE LAND.

They came in sight of a lovely shore,
  Yellow as gold in the morning light;
The sun's own color at noon it wore,
  And had faded not at the fall of night;
Clear weather or cloudy—'twas all as one,
The happy hills seemed bathed with the sun;
Its secret the sailors could not understand,
But they called the country Sunshine Land.

What was the secret? A simple thing—
  It will make you smile when once you know.
Touched by the tender fingers of spring
  A million blossoms were all aglow;
So many, so many, so small and bright,
They covered the hills with a mantle of light;
And the wild bee hummed, and the glad breeze fanned
Through the honeyed fields of Sunshine Land.

If over the sea we two were bound,
  What port, dear child, would we choose for ours?
We would sail and sail till at last we found
  This fairy gold of a million flowers.
Yet, darling, we'd find, if at home we stayed,
Of many and small joys our pleasures are made;
More near than we think—very close at hand—
Lie the golden fields of Sunshine Land.

—EDITH THOMAS, *in New York Weekly.*

Man is a soul using the body as an instrument.—*Proclus.*

If any have been so happy as personally to understand Christian annihilation, ecstasy, exhalation, transformation, * * * and ingression into the divine shadow, according to mystical theology, they have already had a handsome anticipation of heaven; the world is, in a manner, over, and the earth is ashes unto them.—*Sir Thomas Browne, in Christian Morals.*

The World of Thought.

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

MENTAL ATTENTION.

In any of the mental processes that go to make up a day's work, the value of attention is much greater than is usually recognized. One who gives close attention to every detail of his subject, at its first presentation and while it is being placed before him, will have a clear understanding of the subject and will retain it well for use at the proper time; while he who gives only partial attention, thinking of something else meanwhile, or perhaps indulging the opinion that the matter is so simple as to require little thought from him, will find that when he wants the information for a definite purpose the actual knowledge has escaped him.

The reason for this is that the memory is the register of the operations of intelligence; and whatever is clearly understood is at that time recorded, automatically, as it would seem, by the mental operations of the mind which understands the problem or subject. This takes place through the imaging processes of thought, by a subconscious operation, and is absolutely exact in all its operations. Each detail of the subject that the mind intelligently understands is instantly pictured and that picture goes on file, as it were, in the subconscious realm of mentality, where it remains until called for by intention or called into action unintentionally by means of a kindred activity occurring in life's experience.

Attention means giving the forces of mentality to the examination of a subject, exclusively, at a given time; then the picturing operations of the mind are certain to register a copy of the idea. This is all that is necessary for the most perfect results of memory.

L. E. W.

ATTITUDE OF THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

At the recent Ecumenical Missionary Conference at Carnegie Hall, the late Rev. Dr. Behrends of Brooklyn declared that he would gladly sign any creed that permitted him to sign all creeds, and that what was most needed is "the power to put all creeds in a pile and set fire to them and burn up the dross." These sentiments were received by the members with general applauding. It is becoming a conviction universally that formulas of doctrine, instead of banding men together of one mind, are so many sources of conflict and division, separating those who are seriously inclined, into rival camps. It has also become a matter of notoriety that members of the several religious communities are indifferent to technical questions of belief, and do not hesitate, when interrogated, to disavow them. Such doctrines as the godhood of Jesus Christ, the vicarious atonement, election and reprobation of individuals without reference to personal character, endless torment, a corporeal resurrection, the special sacredness of Sunday or any other day, are falling into desuetude, and hardly serve as formerly to provoke contention between professors of religion.

It is now sixty-five years, or thereabout, since Luther Myrick of Cazenovia, New York, began a movement for the abrogation of technical creeds, and the union of all sincere worshipers on the basis of a common brotherhood. Mr. Myrick had been a Presbyterian clergyman, and was a zealous reformer, especially in the temperance and anti-slavery fields. He was a member of the Oneida Presbytery, and upon being brought to trial for his views attempted to defend them from the Bible. He was speedily silenced by the declaration that the Presbyterian Confession was the accepted interpretation of the Scriptures, by which he would be judged. He was condemned accordingly. He afterward made his home in Cazenovia, where he published a weekly journal to promulgate the scheme of a union of all Christians as one Church. Some years after his death, Gerritt Smith, Beriah Green, William Goodell, Edward C. Pritchett, Washington Stickney, and others held a convention to put the plan in operation, and several congregations were formed in Western New York upon that basis. But the exciting times in the political world, and the death of the principal leaders, seem to have arrested the movement.

It was, however, only smouldering in the ashes. New leaders of religious thought came to the front, many no less significant than Henry Ward Beecher, Lyman Abbott, David Swing, and others, their peers. They refer with confidence to the fact that the Gospels nowhere propose a formula of doctrine or the grounds for one, but relate to matters of life. They can even find merit where formerly only error was descried. Unitarians are kindly regarded, and not many weeks since a Congregational minister declared from his pulpit that Universalists preached the Gospel.

The Broad Church of England and its American congeners belong in the same category, and the same feeling is gaining ground over Protestant Europe. Even the Roman body is not quite impervious. The controversy with Dr. St. George Mivart has revealed that a large number of sincere Catholics are in sympathy with the liberal movement of the age. The volcano refuses to be capped. The hierachy may seek to hold men's thoughts to the vassaldom of the Dark Ages, but it does not stay held.

It must not be overlooked, however, that there is alarm felt in many quarters, lest the liberal tendency may operate to honeycomb and disintegrate the religious bodies. This was manifest after the Congress of Religions at Chicago. The fact was there brought to view which had been before conceded, that the peoples who had been represented as in "heathen blindness" and "bowing down to wood and stone," were worshipers of a One Supreme Being, and in other respects worthy of respect and fraternal regard. It was apparent that they must be treated accordingly, as men who are manly, deal with one another. Many of the differences were in name, rather than in fact, and in respect to social morality and probity, the record of Christendom has exhibited no marked superiority.

But a characteristic of the religious world, as of the natural, is polarity. When an advance is made in one direction, there is also a receding to the opposite pole. We have seen it in the driving of Doctors Briggs and McGiffert from the Presbyterian Church, in the virulent attacks on Bishop Potter, in the excommunication of Dr. Mivart. In France religious bigotry is assuming even a more violent form. The case of Dreyfus exhibited a bitterness toward the Jews, and a disregard of common justice, reeking with the sulphurous smoke of the Middle Ages, when all plagues and visitations were followed by diabolic cruelty.

Now all Protestantism is included in the propaganda. All through France, the accusation is diligently circulated that Protestants are treacherous to the country and in alliance with the foreign powers. No falsehood is too absurd to promulgate. One writer invokes old-time martyrdom, such as characterized the 15th and 16th centuries—even to auto-da-fés and St. Bartholomew massacres. He says:

"The Catholics are too scrupulous. Nobody can make an omelet without the breaking of eggs. No revolution can be obtained without advancing over dead bodies. Do you think it would be a crime to condemn and put to death such men as Zadok Kahn, Reinach, Scheurer-Kestner, Picquart, Zola, Brisson, Yves Guyot, Jaurès, Clemenceau, Monord, and Ranc, because they have organized the Dreyfus conspiracy? I confess openly that I would have no hesitancy to vote for the death of this Reinach, etc., and such pastors as Monod," etc.

It may be said to this writer as a Jewish contemporary says of the missionary movements generally: "He that preacheth peace cannot hope to thrive by the sword." Religion is valuable as it diffuses brotherhood among men, and this is never promulgated or promoted by rifles and cannon-ball. The laity, however, are outgrowing their swaddling clothes, and though religious bodies exist in continued rivalship, there is still prospect of a dawn to usher in the sun and with it a brighter day. A. W.

THE SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY.

The next meeting of the School will be held at Metaphysical Hall, Monday, September 24th, at 8.30 P. M., for the election of Officers and appointment of Committees, together with the planning of the general work for the ensuing year. Social and literary meeting at 9 P. M. Eighteen regular meetings have been held during the season just closed, at the most of which papers were read and discussed with both interest and profit.

During the next year some definite experimental work is expected to be carried on by committees and members, and interesting developments are looked for.

The Library and reading-rooms will be open through the summer. Partial Catalogues can be supplied to Members and Associates.

LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE,
Corresponding Secretary.

VEGETABLE MAGNETISM.

There is a plant in India which is said to possess an astonishing magnetic power. The hand touching it receives immediately a strong magnetic shock, while at a distance of twenty feet the magnetic needle exhibits sensibility to its influence.—*A. W.*

TRUE EDUCATION.

The aim of education should be rather to teach us how to think than what to think, rather to improve our minds so as to enable us to think for ourselves, than to load the memory with the thoughts of other men.—*Beattie.*

WISDOM AND PHILOSOPHY.

Wisdom is the knowledge of things divine and human; and the philosopher (wisdom-lover) derives his designation from it. Philosophy is a longing after wisdom, the endeavor of the mind to perceive the things that really have being.—*Alkinous.*

MEDITATION.

Out of the depths of suffering the heart cries for wisdom. Truth is the desideratum of existence. Error is a stalking shadow that blights and beglooms. By hope faith aspires to knowledge; knowledge, by demonstration, awakes to reality; reality blossoms into wisdom. Truth is that unchangeable law of the universe which establishes the coincidence between the idea and the reality—the hypothesis and the demonstration. Naught that thou thinkest, O Man, is true till that thought is evidenced in expression and registered in Nature. Only when the Universe responds to thy soul, does the soul discern the truth. If thou thinkest goodness, purity, love, thou must embody these thoughts in thy being ere thou canst know their virtue. To think is not always to know. Thought may be the Ormuzd or Ahriman of being—the god of darkness or the god of light. *Think* thy thoughts into form—*will* the idea into expression. Think love by loving, goodness by being good, honor by the exercise of virtue, and integrity by freedom from dishonesty. Then hath thy thought verity and realization. By thinking adapt the individual life to the life universal; this is the secret of happiness, the joy of existence. Thus come Wisdom, Peace and Plenty. Amen.—*Rev. Henry Frank.*

THE CHINESE AND RATS.

The story that the Chinese make rats an article of food is authoritatively denied. The animal that has been supposed to be the rat is graminivorous, and lives in the field, subsisting on rice, and as cleanly and choice as a hare or rabbit But only starvation would induce any dieting upon the rodent.—*A. W.*

GIFTS.

The richest gifts that we can bestow are the least marketable. We hate the kindness which we understand. A noble person confers no such gift as his whole confidence: none so exalts the giver and the receiver; it produces the truest gratitude. Perhaps it is only essential to friendship that some vital trust should have been reposed by the one in the other. What if God were to confide in us for a moment? Should we not then be gods?—*H. D. Thoreau.*

INTELLIGENT CONFIDENCE.

The grandest intelligence goes forth into the world of thought and observation; believing in no devil, afraid of nothing because it is new, and of nothing because it is old; no party to the bigotry of so-called conservatism, and as little a party to the late-begotten bigotry of progress; breathing the sweet, open, ancient air none the less freely because it has been the breath of all our kind; feeding fearlessly upon the fruit of all time, and with no indigestion; questioning all things, but questioning as with the heart in the eyes, and in the spirit of credence. The skeptic spirit coops itself as in a box, and will believe only in that which it can finger through a hole; but the great mind has a great horizon, and thoughts that launch themselves like eagles from the eyrie, and a fear above every other to credit insufficiently the opulence and expression of God's thinking.—*D. A. Wasson.*

Here, look at Medicine. Big wigs, gold-headed canes, Latin prescriptions, shops full of abominations, recipes a yard long, "curing" patients by drugging as sailors bring about a wind by whistling, selling lies at a guinea apiece—a routine, in short, of giving unfortunate sick people a mess of things either too odious to swallow or too acrid to hold, or, if that were possible, both at once.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

THE TONGUE.

"The boneless tongue, so small and weak,
Can crush and kill," declares the Greek.

"The tongue destroys a greater horde,"
Declares the Turk, "than does the sword."

The Persian proverb wisely saith,
"A lengthy tongue—an early death."

Or sometimes takes this form instead:
"Don't let your tongue cut off your head."

"The tongue can speak a word whose speed,"
Says the Chinese, "outstrips the steed."

While Arab sages this impart:
"The tongue's great store-house is the heart."

From Hebrew wit this maxim sprung:
"Though feet should slip, ne'er let the tongue."

The sacred writer crowns the whole:
"Who keeps his tongue doth keep his soul."

The more a man is united within himself, and becometh inwardly simple (and pure) so much the more and higher things doth he understand without labour; for that he receiveth intellectual light from above.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

God appears in the best thought, in the truest speech, in the sincerest action. Through his Pure Spirit he giveth health, prosperity, devotion and eternity to the universe. He is the Father of all Truth. —*Zoroaster.*

Let us repose in this tenet, that God is the intelligible world, or the place of spirits, like as the material world is the place of bodies; that it is from his power they receive all their modifications; that it is in his wisdom they find all their ideas; that it is by his love they feel all their well-regulated emotions. And since his power, his wisdom and his love are but himself, let us believe with St. Paul that he is not far from each of us, and that in him we live, and move, and have our being.—*Malebranche.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

VOICES OF FREEDOM. By Horatio W. Dresser. Cloth, 196 pp., $1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

The interest suggested by the title of this book of Mr. Dresser's is amply sustained by a perusal of its pages and will be welcomed by every admirer of this popular "New Thought" writer. All the helps towards freedom held out to the mind of man which is ever struggling in the bonds of sense, should be accepted with gladness, and the teachers of these vital Truths be counted as saviors by humanity. Guides are needed to direct the thought aright, that the Soul may exercise eternal freedom in its progress. For one is "equally enslaved or free, according to the attitude of the Spirit within, and no prison can hold an enlightened Soul; no desert isle can grant freedom to him who is in bondage to self." Thoughts of this kind are the key to all real life, and we must ever be grateful for such beacons to light the way.

REINCARNATION IN THE NEW TESTAMENT. By James M. Pryse. Cloth, 92 pp., 50 cents. Elliott B. Page & Co., New York.

This little volume is "A literal translation from the Greek, of the many passages in the New Testament referring directly or indirectly to Reincarnation, with a running commentary and numerous annotations." To those interested in this subject it is exceedingly suggestive reading. The truth *concealed* in the Bible, makes that wonderful book a most fascinating study to the earnest student, and the interpretations of the above passages are given by the author in a most thorough and scholarly manner. Whether he proves his case the reader must judge for himself.

We heartily recommend the book as very interesting and instructive reading.

A VISIT TO A GÑANI. By Edward Carpenter. Cloth, 134 pp., $1.00. Alice B. Stockham & Co., Chicago.

We cannot do better than to quote a paragraph from the Publisher's Introduction: "Edward Carpenter, in *A Visit to a Gñani*, has given in a few pages, a clear, concise, and comprehensive view of Oriental thought and teaching. One reads in the small work, what many have searched for through cumbrous volumes, and often failed to find. It is coming more and more to be understood that the East has valuable knowledge for those earnest in the study of Life, and it may prove that a coalition of Eastern and Western thought will aid in a solution of difficult problems."

The author certainly gives us an attractive account of some of these Indian teachers, with whose teachings the student of occultism in the West is more or less familiar, and his book will doubtless aid many to obtain a clearer understanding of the Eastern philosophy.

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