The Ideal Review

FORMERLY THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO

SCIENCE, PSYCHOLOGY, ART, LITERATURE,
PHILOSOPHY AND METAPHYSICS.

LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE, EDITOR.

VOL. XIII. No. 4

OCTOBER, 1900.

CONTENTS:

$2.50 a Year. **25c. a Number.**

NEW YORK:

THE METAPHYSICAL PUBLISHING CO.

465 FIFTH AVENUE.

PARIS: BRENTANO'S, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra.

Foreign Subscription, 12s. Single Copies, 1/3.

A NEW EDITION

OF

Some Valuable Works.

We are sole owners of the plates and all American rights of the following standard books in

Theosophical and Metaphysical Literature,

and are issuing a New Edition, enlarged and improved in such ways as to make each book suitable for the library. The cheap and unsuitable editions previously issued have become exhausted and will not be reproduced. This edition will maintain the high character of the writings of these most important authors, and should be in every library. The list is as follows:

	CLOTH AND GOLD.	HALF MOROCCO.
OCCULT SCIENCE IN INDIA, - - - Jacolliot,	$3.00	$4.50
THE PERFECT WAY, - - { Anna Bonus Kingsford and Edward Maitland, }	2.50	4.00
THE LIFE AND DOCTRINES OF JACOB BOEHME, Franz Hartmann, M. D.,	2.50	4.00
MAGIC, WHITE AND BLACK, " " "	2.50	4.00
PARACELSUS, - - - - - " " "	2.50	4.00
THE TALKING IMAGE OF URUR, " " "	1.50	2.50
Each with a new full-page Portrait of Dr. Hartmann.		
REINCARNATION: A Study of Forgotten Truth, E. D. Walker,	2.50	4.00
THE PILGRIM AND THE SHRINE, Edward Maitland,	1.50	2.50
THE IDYLL OF THE WHITE LOTUS, - Mabel Collins,	1.50	2.50
THE BLOSSOM AND THE FRUIT, - " "	1.50	2.50
LIGHT ON THE PATH, The original writing and an ideal edition. " "	.75	1.50
The Entire Set, at one order, for - - - - -	20.00	32.00

SENT POSTPAID UPON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

THE METAPHYSICAL PUBLISHING COMPANY,
465 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

THE

IDEAL REVIEW.

VOL. XIII. OCTOBER, 1900. No. 4.

THEORETICAL LEARNING.

BY THE HONORABLE BOYD WINCHESTER.

It is one of the great errors of our age and country to suppose that men of theoretical learning are capable of producing no benefit to mankind. The notion that utility, in its general acceptation, constitutes the true standard of knowledge, is erroneous and based upon principles altogether false.

Now, what are we to understand by "theoretical knowledge"? The phrase means the elementary principles of science, regarded not as distinct, insulated facts, but as woven together in their scientific, logical connection; comprehending not only these general rules or principles themselves, but likewise their mutual dependencies. A man thus instructed will be enabled to explain in a satisfactory manner, the phenomena within the limits of his science, whether these phenomena fall directly under the general principles of the science, or whether, by the concurrence of several principles, a sort of second principles is produced, which cause seeming exceptions to the first.

We would by no means become the advocates of total seclusion from the world for the acquisition of mere closet learning. Knowledge unused, like the book that contains it, often moulders and decays. The perfection of study is to join contemplation with action. Profound meditation and discreet conduct make the eminent in all

professions. Such men, though not eminently skilled in the common offices of life, are able to exert a practical influence on society. The men who leave the beaten track of every day's contemplations, and drink deeply at the fountains of pure and varied knowledge are, and have been, the great lights of society, the oracles that have directed mankind and have elevated and refined public sentiment. They have been the great mental fulcrums upon which have turned all important reformations, social, literary and political. We are prone to ridicule the theorist for spending his time among "infinities and unsearchables, beating his brains about things impossible," while we overlook his essential uses, which unquestionably have often been subservient to the best interests of the human race.

Emerson has laid it down that every great revolution, however bold or benevolent, began in the mind of one man. A reform begins by being the dream of some independent man. It goes through its regular stages of growth like an organism in animal life. First it is a crotchet, and is laughed at; then a nuisance, and denounced; then it is found to be a serious matter, is taken up and carried into law; and everyone professes to have believed in it from the very first, and really persuades himself that he believed in it. After many years the world almost canonizes the memory of the person whom, when active, it tortured. The stars shine in immortal lustre above the memories of men who taught us how to live, and died the death of scorn because of their attempts at teaching.

It is impossible to prescribe rules and limitations for the guidance of our speculative studies, and praise or blame should attach only to the methods or the directions in which they are exercised. To give unbounded indulgence to traversing "unpath'd waters and reaching undream'd shores" is to let the fancy move through heights that scorn our vision and depths of which reason will never plumb the bottom. Because we see talents, which might have advanced and organized society, wasted on visions as bright and alluring as the rainbow, but as unreal and as far removed from the sphere of human life, is no reason why we should exclude speculative studies from the

fields of thought. To do so is to throw away the labors of those who pointed out to us the connection of phenomena and taught us to search out the laws of nature, and so to combine and control her operations.

It is a cheering and valuable reflection that nature has given us a spirit which never can acquiesce in its present attainments; stimulating invention first by necessity, then by the thirst for further advancement; and making success, in a vast majority of instances, not the price of fortuitous discovery, but the well-earned reward of long and diligent research. Theoretic studies are the exclusive province of rational beings, the successful pursuit of which is the privilege of superior intellect.

The history of "theory," in the wider sense of the word, is little more than the history of human reason in active exercise. To arrange and systematize the deductions of experience, to facilitate the progress of knowledge by classifying facts and explaining the unknown by the analogy of the known—in fine, to make man to anticipate the future by referring the past to general rules—is the mission of theoretical learning. The mind is ever seeking the symbol of the truth which it conceives, the beauty which it imagines, the good for which it longs. It is ever striving, whether conscious of its purpose or not, to generalize truth and to enlarge its conceptions by ascending from phenomena to elementary principles. Few minds attain their ideals, but it does not follow that their work has been in vain; non-success merely exemplifies the limitations of human activity and human achievement.

The theorist rejects that groveling philosophy—the subject of Plato's sarcasm—which would admit as truth nothing but what was of corporeal form, palpable and visible; but, with Achilles, the speculator proudly feels that laws were not made for him, and advances with unabashed forehead to draw away the veil from mystery.

The naturalist who examines the strata of our globe and deduces thence its physical history; the statesman who marks the revolutions

of political society, investigates the causes and thus labors to guard against similar outbreaks—are both speculating on facts, and striving to refer them to the simple machinery of cause and effect. The great masters of science, whether in physics or morals, in politics or in philology, have constantly thought it necessary to preface their instructions by maintaining the value and usefulness of speculative inquiries. There are not wanting many specimens of a wanton and ill-directed activity of mind, "that forward, delusive faculty, ever obtruding beyond its sphere"—the restless activity of those who admit no guide but the merely novel and startling, who live in "eternity's sunrise, the dawn of ever-broadening light and ever-soaring expectation." These all show inconstancy; they find themselves possessed of fancy and ingenuity which "still cruise when poor sense is tired;" they see in these rich gifts of nature no responsibilities imposed, no obligations to consecrate them to an honest cause.

Those who thus venture to trifle with their strength, to tamper with the clearness of their moral sight, and then give to the world their speculations, often kindle a flame they cannot quench; like the shaft of Virgil's careless huntsman, though thrown at random, it may carry death. No evil resulting from such wanton temerity can be disproportionate to the offence. Those who by masterful and ridiculous excess distract and mislead the more ignorant multitude, should reflect upon the admonition of Southey, that, "their own return to a wiser view may not be of any service to those whom they have once misled—disease is contagious, but health is incommunicable."

But there is a class of theorists whose errors even are entitled to be treated with tenderness and indulgence. This concession seems due to those who have been inspired by too glowing and exalted an estimate of the world around them. We can scarcely think with harshness of schemes whose only apparent fault is that they give us credit for more transcendental views of duty, more sensitive and unbinding devotion to principle, than we really possess. Thus, when Plato constructs a political system where all ideas of private good, of

private feeling, and even of domestic fondness, are merged and lost in a boundless devotion to the public weal; when More draws his Utopian visions and propounds them to the view of man as he is, limited, contracted, and bound to earth; or when Kant is borne away by the immensity of his own conceptions, and in contemplating man as an integral part of a vast machine, almost forgets his essential individuality—in such theories we observe, only in sorrow, that what is gained in seeming elevation of idea is lost in practical utility. "Such speculators," to use the words of Lord Bacon, "make imaginary laws for imaginary commonwealths, and their discoveries are as the stars which give little light, because they are so high." The theorist of modern times cannot plead that he knew not the dangers of ill-governed speculation. There are beacons enough upon the coast. The very fact that the strong men of the earth, the champions of truth, have always found so large a mass of "vain wisdom" and "false philosophy," waiting, like Augean stalls, for their cleansing hand, proclaims how easy is the descent to erroneous theory, how difficult the upward path from darkness into light. The first labor of Socrates, of Bacon, of Luther, was to rise in their strength, armed, not with the subtleties of the schools, but with plain heroic magnitude of mind, and to shake off the accumulated rust of ages. The very nature of theoretic inquiry is such as to suggest powerful reasons for patience and humility in conducting it. Speculations which are designed, like the Egyptian pyramids, to last forever, must rest upon a basis as humble and as broad. There is a simplicity, which is the truest wisdom; there is a spirit of lovely dependence which is our highest glory. He who desires to traverse the air or to explore the ocean need not scorn the assistance which art can lend him to make his journey safe; he who would range through the fields of speculation need not scorn the guidance and control of superior wisdom.

We cannot but perceive that the one circumstance which most strongly marks the line between the true theorist and the false, and which appears, indeed, the operating cause of the success of the one

and the failure of the other, is the *spirit* in which the speculation is conducted. He who has learned the first lesson of wisdom, who comes prepared to prostrate to the earth himself, his pride, his prejudices, his cherished dreams of folly, and, so to draw, like Antæus, his truest strength only from his extremest humiliation, has secured to himself the best earnest of success. The proud spirits who aspired to be gods and fell, could still reason high of providence and fate, of free-will and free-knowledge absolute, but "found no end, in wandering mazes lost." On the other hand, often has the honest and benevolent heart, guided solely by an implicit conviction of those great truths which the human mind has learned from the divine, anticipated by ages the abstruse deductions of political wisdom. Long before the date of those profound speculations in politics, for which we are indebted to Adam Smith and the French economists, Fénelon was led merely by the goodness of his heart and by his speculative conviction of the intimate connection of virtue and happiness, under the moral government of God, to recommend a free trade as an expedient measure in policy, and to reprobate the mean ideas of national jealousy as calculated to frustrate the very ends to which they were supposed to be subservient.

We may laugh at the theorist who devotes his life to one idea, "breathed upon by hope's perpetual breath"; and yet Goethe declares that, "the condition of all greatness is devotion to an idea," and Cardinal Newman says that to get an idea and keep it is an achievement which many people labor all their lives to perform, and die at last without performing.

Those wonderful changes in the empire of mind which have so extended the range of knowledge, and out of which have arisen the most important results to mankind, have not been the work of mere business-men, the mere mechanical plodders in the industrial and learned professions. They were due to the great and powerful souls who had investigated the principles of science; men who had studied deeply and thought profoundly; who had explored the vast fields of knowledge in search of those great fundamental truths, upon which

all true philosophy is built. In a word, they were a Plato, an Aristotle, a Bacon, a Descartes, a Locke, a Newton, a Leibnitz, a Kant, a Fichte and a Hegel. These men, though unpractised, perhaps, in what is commonly styled useful or practical habits, exerted almost an incalculable influence toward promoting enlarged knowledge, and toward elevating man into the beauty and sublimity of his nature. The most useful of the mechanical arts, the most notable discoveries in science, the sublimest flights of poetic genius, and the most profound investigations in speculative philosophy—all attest their great and extended usefulness. From their masterly labors, minds, inferior in genius and ability, aided by their valuable teachings, have deduced the most useful discoveries and inventions.

In the rise and progress of the Reformation, the effects of profound theoretical learning were most conspicuously shown forth. How great soever the merit due to its immediate promoters, very much is to be ascribed to the influence of the learned Greeks who spread themselves, after the conquest of Constantinople, over the southern portions of Europe. Those faithful pioneers in the cause of learning, were, in a great measure, the founders of that stupendous work. Imbued with the precepts of the great models of Grecian philosophy, they gradually disseminated the sublime truths obtained therefrom; which, kindling a spirit of inquiry in the mind of the Northern Europeans, paved the way for the labors of those illustrious reformers, Huss and Wycliffe, Luther and Calvin. Some of these great men were, themselves, able scholars and profound theoretical thinkers. Luther and Melancthon had tasted deeply of the fruits of Grecian philosophy, and to this may be attributed much of the success with which their labors met in combating the opinions of the learned Legates of the Pope.

It has been the province of theoretical speculations to draw forth from the world of mind and matter the great general principles or laws that regulate physical and intellectual existence; to seek out the reasons of things; to furnish lights to society; to be the true benefactors of our race.

BOYD WINCHESTER.

GRADUAL DEVELOPMENT OF THOUGHT IN HINDU PHILOSOPHY.

BY KANNOO MAL, M. A.

Amid the extensive and varied fields of Sanskrit Literature, the six Philosophical Systems called the Shastras occupy a position of their own. In loftiness and grandeur of thought, they may well vie with any other system, ancient or modern. In comparison with them, I do not think that Plato, Aristotle, Spinoza, Kant or Hegel will rank higher. While every phase of philosophical thought that has found expression in the domain of either empirical science or metaphysics in the West is embraced in the Hindu philosophy, it possesses much of its own for which one may ransack in vain the treasures of the Occidental wisdom.

The six Shastras under consideration are the standard works of our philosophy, but they are not all alike. They seem to be gradually rising higher and higher in thought till they all find an acme of perfection in the Vedant—aptly called the "Final Goal of Knowledge." The names of the other five are, Nyaya, Vaiseshika, Sankhya, Yoga, and Pûrva-Mîmâmsâ. Of these, the Yoga and the Mîmâmsâ fight shy of the real philosophical problems raised in the others and gradually solved in so masterly a way; and hence I shall leave them out of consideration on the present occasion. These problems relate to God, Soul, and the World—the problems which have exercised the intellect of wise men in all times and in all climes, and which have been left but imperfectly solved.

Our systems, Nyaya, Vaiseshika, Sankhya and the Vedant concern themselves with the elucidation and explanation of these grand topics, and the nicer and more profound the speculation they bring to bear upon the solution, the higher and nobler the position they respectively occupy.

We must now begin with the Nyaya and examine the conclusions arrived at by it on the subject.

The Nyaya and the Vaiseshika are rigidly complementary to each other, and the views entertained by the two on the subject under consideration do not differ materially, or to any appreciable extent, from each other. Gotama, the author of Nyaya, and Kanada, the author of Vaiseshika, speak of the human soul as follows:

"Desire, aversion, volition, pleasure, pain and cognition; these are the characteristics of the soul."

"Exhalation, inhalation, closing of eyes, opening of eyes, mind, motion, senses, internal affections (hunger, &c.), pleasure, pain, desire, aversion, volition; these are the characteristics of the soul."

These characteristics of the Atma from the points of view of the Nyaya and the Vaiseshika, coincide with those of what is called the Soul or Ego in western philosophy. As we proceed, we shall find that the Indian mind at a later stage of its development considered this Ego as only a phenomenal entity, and placed the essence of the Atma in something higher, nobler and sublimer. But we should not look upon this conception of the Atma with any feeling of contempt and disdain, because it marks a decided improvement upon other theories on the subject. The Charvaks believed that the soul was nothing, separate from the body, and that it lived or died with it. Some other philosophers held that the organs of sense were the Soul, or the organs of action or the intellect alone. In refutation of these shallow views, the Nyaya comes forward with an idea of the self which is by far higher and nobler. Next, these two systems believe in a personal or Saguna God. He possesses in infinite degree the qualities of goodness, mercifulness, power, intelligence, &c., and is the ruler and sustainer of the world. He judges the actions of men and rewards or punishes them according to their deserts. To Him our prayers are lifted up and our worship proffered. The human soul in fulness of its devotion to Him, stands to Him in the relation of a servant to a master, a subject to a ruler, a son to a father, etc. The human souls are

always separate from Him and from each other. With everyone the soul is separate, and there is nothing like link-to-link connection among them. Now we have seen that the personal God set forth by Nyaya is an objective Being. It, no doubt, represents an advanced view of God when we take into consideration the extremely absurd ideas of the Godhead among earlier thinkers. And this conception of God answers all practical purposes of mankind, and in fact, if we look around us, we do not find a better notion of the Deity set forth in any of the religious creeds of the world or in any philosophical school uninfluenced by the Indian thought.

To the people at large this ideal is all that is desired, but it does not satisfy the philosopher, and so the inquiry was pushed further and further still till the Brahma of the Vedant was the result.

Now, in respect to the world, Nyaya believes in the atomic theory which has long since been exploded both in India and Europe. Either in Greece or in India, it was an early attempt at the explanation of the world. It seemed so natural because it entailed little difficulty on the part of the thinkers, to resolve a solid substance into its component parts, and these again into minuter ones, and so on, till the notion of an "atom" was arrived at. An atom is an unextended, indivisible, invisible something, the binary, triple and four-fold combinations of which appear as the objects of our Universe. It is something childish on the very face, because if the atoms are indivisible, simple and unextended, no amount of them in combination will result in a compound that is visible and tangible; but if they are not so, they can never be simple and indivisible. This is a stock argument against the Atomic theory of the Universe, which was valid when first advanced as well as now.

Reviewing the ground traversed by us, we find that the Nyaya and the Vaiseshika believe in individual souls, in a personal God and an Atomic theory of the Universe. These three views, though highly advanced, in comparison with the other crude and unshaped theories on the subject, are but representations of the infancy of the Indian philosophy, which in its highly evolved aspect in the Vedant

does away with all these early and primitive speculations, as it were, and proclaims truths which stand high, scintillating in their undiminished grandeur to the admiration of the world.

Let us next turn to Sankhya. From Nyaya the philosophy of Sankhya is an abrupt and long stride. It represents a decided improvement upon the other. In fact it reaches *per saltum* the highest limit of speculation, only below the one other school, and that the Vedant. At a single stroke, so to speak, it has torn off all the adventitious wrappings of the soul with which the earlier thinkers had invested it, and placed the essence of the Atma in something overwhelmingly nobler and grander. The Atma in Sankhya phraseology is rendered by "Purusha"—the ancient one. This Purusha is without beginning, without qualities; it is subtle, omnipresent, perceptive, an eternal seer, not an agent—spotless, unproduced and unproducing. It is absolute, eternal, immortal, and unconditioned. Beyond senses, beyond mind, far away from the sweep of intellect lies the realm of the Purusha. Time, Space and Causality which form the warp and woof of the mosaic work of our phenomenal world, do not touch Him. Thus Purusha does not feel pain or pleasure, nor is it afflicted with the misery of the world, nor subject to any actions, good, bad or indifferent. It is a passive spectator of the scenes conjured up by the magic wand of the Pradhana. Now, it must noticed that the idea of the Atma put forth by Nyaya is altogether swept away by the tide of philosophic speculation here. In order to have our Ego, we must depend on the Prikriti, which is nature or matter. These Purushas of the Sankhya, though being such wide generalizations of truths, are many; and hence it does not all at once break up its connection with the Nyaya.

Next, as to the question of God, Kapila, the founder of this system, contents himself simply with asserting that the position maintaining Ishwar, personal God, is untenable. And well might he say so, because an objective or personal God can scarcely be demonstrated by a strict and rigid ratiocination based on the data furnished by his system. This has, as he might have perceived, led

to the suspicion that the Sankhya is an atheistic system, while in fact it is no more so than the Vedant. The Sankhya simply denies the existence of a personal God—or such a conception of God as was most popular at the time. It really overlooks this question either from its inability to push it further or from its irrelevancy to the inquiry it undertakes. The next step it takes is towards the explanation of the Universe. It is thousands and thousands of years since the Sankhya theory of the world was anviled, yet so wonderfully was it wrought, that the advance of modern science only brings its beauties to view, without contradicting it in the least. It is a great credit to Kapila to have formulated in so masterly a manner and so perfectly the theory of Evolution, long, long centuries before the birth of Darwin and Spencer. The Prikriti, according to the Sankhya, is an objective substance, which by the disturbance in the equipoise of the three gunas, Raja, Tama and Sattava, changes itself into many conditions before coming out in the form of the creation as it is. While according to the Nyaya it was the innumerable atoms which went to form the Universe, with Sankhya it is one original substance called Prikriti which accounts for the Universe. The stages through which it passes in order to appear in the form of our Universe, are various, Buddhi (intellect), Ahamkar ("I"-ness) Tanmatrathes (essences of the individuality), &c., &c.

This Prikriti is responsible for all physical manifestations that we observe. It begins its trend from the intellect to the highest faculty in man, and passes to the crudest and most unevolved mass of matter. It may be interesting to know that what we call the *Ego* and what was confounded by the Nyaya and the Vaiseshika with the Atma, is from the point of view of this philosophy, merely a refined evolute and outcome of matter. It is, in brief, a conglomeration of 18 components, Intellect, Ahamkar ("I"-ness), Mind, five Tanmatras, essences of Ahamkar (*i. e.*, the essence of sound, contact, color, savor and odor), five organs of sense (ear, skin, eye, tongue and nose), and five of action (voice, hands, feet, excretion and generation).

The combination of all these is technically called "Lingasarir"

and is tantamount to the individual soul, subject to pain and pleasure, actions and its fruits, and to the round of transmigrations. The Atma is quite indifferent to all these worldly concerns. It is a passive spectator to the thousand and one performances of the Prikriti. The connection, whatsoever we may fancy to exist between the Purusha and the Prikriti, is solely due to the influences of Avivreka—the want of discrimination. As soon as, by the torch of knowledge, we have discriminated between what is real and ever-enduring, and what is not, this fancied relation forever ceases to exist, and the Purusha is free. Now, one thing important to be noticed here, is, that Kapila assigns to this Prikriti *a real objective existence.* Notwithstanding any imperfections that later on may be pointed out in this system, it marks a splendid advance from the theories of the Nyaya, either in respect to the Soul or the World. As has already been shown, Nyaya did not go beyond the stage of an Ego, which is, from the Sankhya standpoint, an evolute of the Prikriti—nature, in respect to the former, and gave us only an atomic theory as to the latter. While this atomic theory has long since been abandoned, the evolution theory initiated by Kapila to such a perfection, stands to-day as one of the most enduring and convincing truths of the time.

We shall proceed a step further and see whether the system of Kapila is perfect or is capable of further improvement. A close study of this philosophy will show that it has not yet reached the highest stage of evolution and that there are several things in it left unfinished or only half done. It has asserted certain premises which lead to a bold conclusion; but it has failed, either from lack of knowledge, or moral cowardice, to arrive at that conclusion. Whatever was left unfinished, is brought to completion and perfection by the Vedant, as will shortly be shown.

Now, turning to the Vedant—the final Goal of Knowledge as it literally means, let me remark at the outset that it fulfils and accomplishes what has been left unfinished by the Sankhya or other equally noble systems of thought. The conception of Atma put

forth by the Vedant coincides to a great extent with that of Sankhya. It has been said of it: "It is destitute of all characteristics, is subtler than the subtlest; it is far beyond the sweep of senses, mind, and intellect. Unstained, ever-refulgent, sustaining and underlying the Universe, it standeth. It does not walk on the earth; it is not blown about by the wind; it does not wet in the water. It standeth, ever-refulgent, unaffected by the impurity of the world." Indeed it is unconditioned by the actions of the doer; nor does it stoop to become cribbed, cabined and confined within the narrow bounds of his individuality. Well might it say of itself, "Since I am so, how can 'I' or 'thou' be predicated of me?"*

The Ego is the work of Prikriti or Maya, as has already been observed in connection with the Sankhya philosophy. This function is assigned to the Sukshma-Sarira in the Vedant, as to the Linga-Sarir (subtle body) in Sankhya. It consists, according to the former, of seventeen parts, five organs of sense, five organs of actions, five pranas or vital airs, mind and intellect. This description corresponds in the main to that of the Sankhya Linga-Sarira.

So, on the whole, we perceive that the Sankhya and the Vedant have similar conceptions of the Atma, but there is on this point involved in the former system one fallacy of a great magnitude which the latter has boldly pointed out and discarded. It will be seen that both Sankya and the Vedant recognize the Atma as absolute, eternal, immortal, unconditioned and unstained; in other words, they assert that the Atma is beyond the meshes of Time, Space and Causality, which form the warp and woof of the mosaic work of our Universe. Now the question arises whether the Atma, of which such attributes have been predicated, is many or one. The Sankhya adopts the former view and the Vedant the latter. It is boldly and intrepidly asserted by the Vedant that such an Atma can be one and one only, as it is extremely absurd to conceive two notions equally stripped of Time, Space and Causality. It is these

---

* The I-ness or Thou-ness.

three things which generate the idea of division or separation; things which are unaffected by them cease to be apart from each other; they become welded into one homogeneous and harmonious One. If the Atma is eternal, immortal, absolute, unconditioned, it must be one, and the proposition that it is many is absurd on the very face of it. Consequently, the Atma is one, and it is in reality the error of Kapila to assign to it the character of manifoldness. The Vedant adopted wholesale the idea of the Atma as developed by Sankhya, with this distinct impress of its own—that it is One and not many. This is indeed a decided improvement upon the other conception.

Again, with regard to the question of God: Sankhya had advanced only so far as to make it admit the untenability of the idea of a personal God as held by Nyaya and Vaiseshika (the earlier schools), and then had left this question untouched. This probably gave rise to the suspicion that this philosophy advocates atheism. The position of the Vedant on the question is pronounced and so has become familiar. The Sankhya no doubt showed the later philosophy the way to advance toward the highly philosophical conception of Brahm. It had already been shown with a demonstration of truth that the duties which the earlier schools, Nyaya and Vaiseshika, assign to their personal God, could as well be discharged by the Prikriti or Nature, and the doctrine of Karma. Therefore there was no room for a personal God to exist. The Vedant again adopted this view of Sankhya and advanced boldly and undauntedly onward till it arrived at the idea of "Brahm"—a highly abstract and generalized notion. It admitted that an objective and personal God could be dispensed with, but showed it was an impossibility to escape the conception of a highly subjective Deity—the Deity which is woven and interwoven with our very existence.

It is "without sound, without touch, without form, which does not waste, which is without taste, which is eternal, without smell, without beginning and without end, higher than the highest." "It is subtler than what is subtle, greater than what is great." "It is

unbodily among the bodies, firm among the fleeting, great and all pervading." "It does not approach the eye or speech or mind." The Brahm is the innermost essence of all that exists—it is the underlying life of the Universe, the *ne plus ultra* of being. No positive attributes can be predicated of It. It can be indicated only by such terms as "not this." Nothing is there that resembles It, while It is the very essence of all that is. Time, Space and Causality are left far behind it, yet we live, move and have our being in it.

But philosophically viewing the matter, what else could this be, if not the Atma, which has already been set forth? One might say that it is highly lowering the idea of a Godhead to identify it with the human soul; but the Vendantist has explicitly defined this soul, and, on the contrary, sees that the conception of the soul has been so ennobled as to be lifted up to the height of God. The words "God" and "Soul," which mean "a personal God" and an "Ego," are exceedingly ill-chosen when employed to translate "Brahm" and "Atma" of the Vedant philosphy. This mistranslation is really one of the fatal errors which have led to such an enormous amount of misconception and misrepresentation as that investing the Vedantic theory of the identity of Atma and Brahm. Perhaps what has already been stated as regards the identification of the Supreme Being with the Atma requires a little explanation to make the matter clear, and I shall, therefore, attempt to offer a bit of it here. We have learned that the Atma is absolute, eternal, immortal, unconditioned, beyond Time, Space and Causality, and rigidly one.

The description of Brahm as already given is tantamount to the same notion. So we have two entities, absolute, eternal, immortal, *unconditioned*, etc., which is absurd; there cannot be two such notions, as was proved on a former occasion, and, therefore, they must be one, and the *Brahm* cannot be other than the *Atma*.

Turning to the third question—the World—we again observe that the Vedant finds in the theory of the Cosmos propounded by Kapila a ready-made pedestal upon which to erect its splendid superstructure of the doctrine of Maya. In fact, the Vedant recti-

fies the fallacy attaching to this theory of the Sankhya, as it did on the former occasion. It believes in the evolution as theorized by Kapila, and in fact subscribes, *mutatis mutandis*, to his cosmology, but with one important reservation, which at once raises the later philosophy to a higher rank. It asserts that the Prikriti, which exists by means of the action of the three gunas (Sattava, Raja and Tama, which are ultimate forms of matter) and which has been alleged to have an eternal objective existence, is no other than Maya, —something which is real and unreal—something the nature of which cannot be positively explained—something that cannot be proved to have a real objective existence if you pursue Matter scale in hand—something that we feel and experience yet cannot explain. It is better to call it a net of contradictions or puzzles, such as we live through, than positively to assert what it is. And this is so because every time we make an attempt to explain it our arguments, though for the time-being considered ingenious, are eventually refuted by other theories based on a wider observation and science. In the present times, we find that notwithstanding the ever-changing definition of Matter, a true conception of its nature is always receding further and further away from our mental grasp. There are indeed very few materialists who can prove to satisfaction that there is such a thing as "inert, dull, extended and divisible matter," or any such substratum underlying the world. The "atoms" or the "molecules" have resolved into "forces"; and forces are by no means Matter, in the sense just now stated,

So the Vedant philosophy from that lofty pinnacle of transcendentalism, proclaims that it is absurd to assign an extra-mental existence to Matter or Prikriti. In a dream we perceive as solid and tangible a world such as we live in, yet it is without its most important substratum, the Matter. Does not this philosophy wisely throw out a hint that since we consider a dream to be a reality while it exists, it may be possible that the world we live in is a protracted dream, to be banished away on the awakening of our real nature? The theory must sound odd and strange to some

people, but for all that it has been cherished by most of the earnest and real thinkers throughout the world. Plato, Plotinus, Pythagoras of the ancient Greek Philosophy take almost the same view of the world. As recently as the present time, one of the most illustrious poets of England, Tennyson, has said: "Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in dreams?"

"We are such stuff as dreams are made on," is a well-known quotation from Shakespeare, who saw things as they were, and was not deluded by their outward show. So the Vedant holds that the Prikriti is only a mental representation, though it adheres to its evolutionary stages put forth by Sankhya. It may not be out of place to state here that in modern times this truth has been demonstrated by Kant and his school. Kant assigns, for reasons stated at length in his Critique, a *mental* existence to Time, Space and Causality—the three ultimate factors of the Universe. These three things had been from time immemorial assigned an extra-mental and objective existence, but Kant pointed out the error and showed them what they are. If these three notions, Time, Space and Causality, which form the kaleidoscopic scenes of the Universe, are only in the mind, the Universe has no other existence than a mental one; and hence it is Maya. The Vedant holds that the world is due to our Avidya, ignorance, and that if ignorance is annihilated, as it can be, we shall cease to see the world.

Now let us see what the Vedant has done in the way of improving upon and developing the ideas of the Sankhya. It improved upon the notion of the Atma. It advanced the conception of the Deity. It eradicated the fallacy which attached to the theory of the world, as thought out by Sankhya. Hence it has a better claim to our respect and esteem.

To recapitulate: the Nyaya and Vaiseshika distinguished the soul from the body and gave it a spiritual existence, though their idea coincided with the individuality of man: the Sankhya advanced it to a loftier view, but retained the blemish which the Vedant swept away with its fearless hand. Again, the personal God of the early

school was rendered superfluous by the Sankhya, but the Vedant gave us a Deity which rendered our philosophy pious and holy.

As to the third problem, Matter—Nyaya and Vaiseshika came forward with an atomic theory which the Sankhya improved by the idea of an original Prikriti and a real evolution of the world; but here again a fallacy was left, and the Vedant again did away with it. The Prikriti was objective, but the Vedant made it subjective and called it Maya—the Unexplainable Something. Hence we see a gradual development of thought throughout these Indian philosophical systems, out of which the Vedant represents the highest stage of evolution. There is no need to view these systems separate from one another. They can be better studied, considered as fulfilling and complementing each other. The Nyaya and the Vaiseshika stand on the lowest rung, the Sankhya occupies the middle one and the Vedant shines forth in its overwhelming refulgence from the topmost position of the ladder of philosophical thought.

The following diagram explains the different stages of the development of these three philosophies through the Shastras:

(1) NYAYA AND VAISESHIKA.	(2) SANKHYA.	VEDANT.
(Soul.) Ego (Jiva), subject to pain and pleasure; the enjoyer and sufferer of the fruits of actions, etc. Souls are separate and are many.	"Purusha," not subject to actions but absolute, eternal, immortal, and unconditioned; they are many.	"Atma"—just as the "Purusha," excepting that it is *One* and not many.
(God.) Personal and objective God, called Sagun.	Personal God, that cannot be proved.	Highly impersonal and subjective and underlying "Brahm."
(World.) Atomic theory.	Evolutionary theory. Prikriti objective.	Evolutionary theory, excepting that the Prikriti (Maya) is subjective.

KANNOO MAL.

THE MAKING AND DECAYING OF THE CREED.

BY THE REVEREND HENRY FRANK.

(V.)

"THE CRUMBLING CREED OF CHRISTENDOM."

The Presbyterian Creed is the most thorough-going and logical exposition of Christian theological thought. It is the most spectacular theological landmark of the ages. It is the effectual form after which all the creeds have been finally patterned. I do not mean to assert that it is historically the most ancient, for that were false; but I do mean to assert that it has outridden and overtopped all other formularies, and stands to-day as the most complete and absolute expression of congealed theological definitions.

Therefore, when the Presbyterians begin to revise they will surely engage in a Sisyphean task. Conflict on conflict will ensue; and this very proposed act of revision may become the particular rock on which the Presbyterian system may split. If they should undertake to revise the Creed, at what end will they begin?

What single link can they remove from this thoroughly welded chain of logic, and yet suffer it to remain intact? John Calvin was a logician more than a Christian, a philosopher, or a reformer.

His genius all must admire. He stood head and shoulders above his age. Surrounded by great and mighty men, where is one who has left so firm an intellectual impress on the world as he? Not Luther, Erasmus, Melancthon, Zwinglius, Savanarola, and Servetus or Arminius. I look upon John Calvin as an Agamemnon among the intellectual giants of all time. He ranks greater than Moses, and equals, if he does not surpass, Paul in the grip he secured upon his age and the power he exercised. Yet for all that, who of us does not to-day regret that John Calvin ever wrote and taught and led?

The world was then blind enough and he was blind too, and together he and the world fell into the ditch.

To see how impossible it is to modify this Creed without breaking it into atoms, let us study its logic.

It begins by picturing God to us as an arbitrary, distant and self-complacent tyrant. "God from all eternity did by the most wise and holy counsel of His own will freely and *unchangeably* ordain whatsoever comes to pass; yet so as thereby neither is God the author of sin, nor is violence offered to the will of these creatures," etc. (West. Conf., Chap. III., Art. 1.)

So God creates all things—yet He *doesn't* create them. He knew all the things that were to come to pass before the beginning of the world; yet when they came to pass, He suddenly became oblivious of the event. He established Adam in Eden, that he might enjoy it and be blessed; yet he meant that Adam should be tempted and fall. He prearranged the machinery of the plot, shifted the scenery, built the stage and put the actors on it; yet when Adam was tempted and fell, He suddenly "disremembers" everything about it, and thus escapes the burden of culpability.

He comes down out of his oblivious realms and walks in the garden. He says to Adam, "What hast thou done?" Adam says, "I ate an apple." "Well, why did you eat the apple—did I not tell you not to?" "Yes," says Adam, "but the woman Thou gavest me tempted me and I did eat." He asks the woman why she ate and tempted Adam, and she replies that the hissing thing that He put in the garden to prowl around and frighten them tempted her and she ate. Now, this God, who had "freely and unchangeably ordained" that all this should come to pass, walks into the garden, hypocritically pretending ignorance (just as the Presbyterians pretend ignorance about their Creed) and throws all the responsibility, blame and consequence of this sin on these poor creatures whom He foreordained to sin; and yet, though before they sinned He foreknew it all, nevertheless, after they sinned He knows nothing about it whatever!

Again, "By the decree of God some men and angels are predestinated unto everlasting life and others *foreordained to everlasting death.*"

Now as God can foreordain everything without foreordaining it, and can foreknow everything without foreknowing it, of course He can forever damn inoffensive angels, infants and other non-elect, and still escape the blame and responsibility of such damnation.

This singular feature of the Creed sustains the position of the ridgepole to the house. Take it away and the whole Creed tumbles to the ground. The Presbyterian God foreordaining and foreknowing everything, of course must have foreordained just who should be saved and who should be eternally damned. Hence, if you take away a single iota of God's infinite foreknowledge, of course, He would cease to be a thoroughly satisfactory God; therefore it is necessary that His foreknowledge should be absolute. But if it be absolute, then of course there can be for Him no surprises in the whole round of human transactions. But if that be so, then, of course, He must have known from before all time—while yet he sat in the complacent solitude of His own unattended presence—just who would live forever and who would burn forever. Therefore, that the absoluteness and completeness of this Calvinistic God might be maintained, the Creed declares: "*These angels and men thus predestinated and foreordained are particularly and unchangeably designed; and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished*"! (Art. IV.)

The logical deductions of the Creed hang upon the premise of God's foreknowledge and on predestination. This granted, and all the repulsive conclusions of the exact foreordained number to be saved and the exact number to be damned must of course follow. So, of course, logically the Creed was constrained to introduce the clause about infant damnation or deny its pivotal premise that God was omnipotent and omniscient—foreknew and foreordained all things that come to pass. But to do this would be to destroy God himself. Hence every feature of that Creed must remain as it is, or

the existence of the Presbyterian God denied. Ay, this will result, even if you alter that ugly clause asserting the irresponsibility of man in his eternal fate, declaring "*Those of mankind whom God hath predestinated to life*, according to His Eternal *and inimitable purpose, He hath chosen without any foresight of faith, or good works, or any other thing in the creature, as condition or causes moving him thereto*"!

The delectable, but only legitimate, conclusion to be drawn from this clause is that though this Presbyterian God foreordained and caused a devil in human form to be born into the world, and wrote opposite his name, long before the world begun, that one little word "elect," this human devil would forever abide in the golden bliss of paradise; whereas if an infant came with "reprobate" opposite his name in that "*ante mundi creationem*" book, though his life proved to be the paragon of all purity, and the elucidation of every principle of truth and virtue, yet, because John Calvin's God had so foreordained it, the flames of hell were already hungry for his assured reception!

Now, if I were a minister in the Presbyterian church, I would declare without a qualm of fear or the glimpse of a gloss, that the honor and reputation of the Presbyterian church, the "praise and glorious grace" of the Presbyterian God, common-sense and nineteenth century justice demanded the immediate and unconditional demolition of this putrescent Creed, till not a vestige of it were left in the churches.

Of course I would not have this Creed destroyed as an historical document—as a landmark of the past, and a woeful warning for the future, but I would have it swept out of the churches absolutely; obliterated from the mind; never studied in our seminaries except as a musty relic of a controversial past, to be reviewed, if at all, casually, as one would notice the armor of the days of chivalry. But to modify, revise, alter or transform its phraseology or its sentiments, merely to resuscitate it and put it again in authority, is an insult to the intelligence of the age; is an unmitigated affront to

the popular conscience; and is enough in itself to relegate forever to oblivion the ecclesiastical organization that would permit it.

Nor can the general Creed of Christendom ensconce itself behind the Presbyterian Creed, with the hope of escaping the denunciation of the age. The logic of Orthodoxy is identical with that of Calvinism; although this may not be as grossly revealed in the established formularies to which she gives her consent. Orthodoxy, like Presbyterianism, postulates the existence of an all-powerful and all-good God, who created the universe and caused this planet to be populated by the human-kind. It insists that this all-powerful God suffered the very children, whom out of love he had begotten, to be subjected to inescapable temptations and entrapped in the wiles of one "Devil," whom he also had created for the sole purpose of "devouring" all human beings who fell within his grasp. At length the whole human race having thus fallen, because of the transgression of its original progenitor, is eternally damned to the tortures of Hell, redemption from which is alone possible through the sacrifice of the most holy and righteous Being in the universe, without faith in whose sacrifice the individual must forever burn and burn in the material flames of perdition, or the spiritual torment of a peaceless conscience, whose "worm never dieth."

Calvinism is not more cruel than modern Orthodoxy—it is simply more logical. The former ushers man into this world already guilty and damned—guilty without sinning, damned without a trial.

The latter denies that man comes already guilty from before the foundation of the world, but insists that he is tainted throughout his being—totally depraved—and through no effort of his own can he either think or perform a righteous deed—aspire to or attain a noble life. While he is not damned by the decree of God, he is nevertheless cursed in the very quality of his nature. By indirection modern orthodoxy casts the responsibility for human guilt upon God, whereas Calvinism did so with undisguised directness.

According to the modern Creed, man, being thoroughly evil in his nature — totally depraved — cannot by any effort of his own

become righteous or pure in thought or deed, but receives his inspiration to goodness from God himself who through "grace" prompts man to every exalted effort. But here enters a logical dilemma which is very embarrassing to orthodoxy.

If man is totally depraved and cannot by his own choice or power perform any good deed — then how is it possible for him to accept through his own choice the sacrifice of another — even God himself — for his salvation? The exercise of such a motive is the sublimest and most righteous of all human promptings. How could tainted, accursed, sinful, totally depraved humanity ever acquire the capacity to exercise such a high hope and noble purpose, if man can exercise no good thought or deed by his own will unaided by divine grace? The overtures of Jesus, of a pleading, dying Savior on the "accursed tree," to such an incapacitated and unresponsive race must needs be as ineffectual as the songs of the Sirens in removing mountains from the Ægean shores. If man is incapable of a good thought, a lofty aspiration, a noble deed, by virtue of the exercise of his own choice, unaided by divine grace, then he must needs be wholly irresponsible for the rejection of all the overtures of divine grace, and the God who condemns him for rejecting that which he is incapable of receiving is indeed a monster as repulsive as Beelzebub.

But, at this point, modern orthodoxy seeks to relieve itself from embarrassment by insisting that the grace of God is freely given through the Holy Spirit to all who desire to receive it; and if they refuse they do so at their own peril. But seed cannot take root and spring up in a rocky soil. Of what avail were climate and atmosphere, and rain and sunlight to seed planted in such a barren soil? The heart of a rock is not the womb that generates a flower. Thus, if the nature of man be as the rock, unreceptive and unresponsive, then, though "grace" were infinitely and eternally poured out to him it would avail nothing — for he receives it not, nor can respond to its overtures.

Therefore, modern orthodoxy, which postulates a totally depraved race, incapacitated from choosing, of its own free will and unassisted

by divine grace, the overtures of love and mercy, and yet condemns that self-same race to eternal torture because of rejecting that which it is inherently incapable of accepting, presents a Supreme Being as repulsive and despicable as Calvinism, which is less hypocritical because more candid, and apparently more repulsive because less deceitful.

"But," exclaims the defender of orthodoxy, "God chooses to save all and freely diffuses his grace for the salvation of every human being; he only is lost who refuses to receive."

While this reply does not in the least relieve the force of the above exposed inconsistency of modern orthodoxy, it introduces still another embarrassing feature. If God is all-powerful, and all good, and his "grace" is infinite and universally diffused, then why is not the whole human race saturated through and through with this divine afflatus—and why is it not by nature pure as Deity and radiant as the beams that emanate from his bosom?

Can light and darkness mingle? Can truth and error be the same? Can "grace" and "guilt" exist in one and the same being? If "grace" is goodness, then there can inhere in it no jot of evil. If "grace" is light, then in the soul in which it exists no shade of night can ever enter. If "grace," emanating from an infinite and all-powerful Being, is infinite, then its goodness must be all-effectual; then there is no darkness, no death, no damnation. Then all are saved already, because of the superlative power of the all-pervading spirit of Deity—and man is by nature not only not "totally depraved" but he is essentially and inherently pure, truthful, divine and exalted. *The logic of modern Orthodoxy drives it as irresistibly into optimistic Pantheism as the logic of Calvinism drove it into fatalistic materialism.* Here is the dilemma to which its own logic arrives: Either God is too feeble by his power or grace to save the human race, in which case he cannot be the Creator or Sovereign of the universe; or his grace, being infinite and supreme, necessarily pervades all sentient beings who reflect his divine nature and essential radiance. There can be no neutral ground: God is either All or Nothing.

Modern Orthodoxy in seeking to escape the Scylla of Calvinistic fatalism has rushed into the Charybdis of philosophical Pantheism. This the defenders of the Creed know all too well. Hence their ardent and determined effort to thwart all attacks of revision or annihilation of the Creed lest they surrender the very fortress of authoritative Religion to the Arch-foe of the Centuries.

I claim that creeds have ever been the dam stopping the free flow of religious earnestness. I claim that they have ever shrouded the glow of spiritual enthusiasm with the gloom of confusion and despair; that they have substituted distortion for harmony, insincerity for honesty, ignorance for information. They have been the vestal robes of virgin innocence in which priestly chicanery has ever disguised its true nature and eluded the eye of the unwary.

I fail to see where a creed has ever caused one forward march in the progress of religious or secular knowledge. I fail to see where a creed has ever ennobled a single life, embellished a hope, or glorified a character. I see in creeds only darkness, ignorance, superstition and intellectual distress. I see in creeds the secret caves where priests are manufactured and hurled full-tonsured on a world of dupes; where ignorance is crowned with authority and the simpering of metaphysical nonsense palmed off for oracular wisdom. Creeds have ever been stultifying, atrocious, tyrannical, enthralling. A creed is a culprit's chain and ball; a barred dungeon cell; an inescapable cave of darkness and despair. Once in, you are the slave of fear and the tool of superstition. You cannot escape without a mental rupture and a moral battle.

The creeds have ever been the slave-masters of mankind; and priests the slave-drivers of the masses.

"A death to all creeds" is the cry of the age. The outmost sentinels, few in number, are firing the signal of the advance, and the battle is already on. The days may be numbered when the written and enslaving creed shall be no more.

HENRY FRANK.

THE FAMINE IN INDIA.

BY PAUL AVENEL.

I.

Famine and plague have left their scourge on India,
A cloud obscures her light and in its wreathing myriad-fold her fated children lie;
Vulture-like it hangs between the hearts of men and all that men hold dear,
Its warp is made of human life, its woof of human happiness, and both are deeply dyed in pain;
Impoverished India, thy pedigree is proud,
The blood of sages courses in thy veins and on thy brow their magic seal is set,
Their canticles are written in thy heart, their mystic lore inscribed upon thy brain, for thou art Erudition's child.

II.

Alas, what wretchedness is thine!
Thy haughty lineage, thy poetry, thine arts, thy long-historic fame avail thee not;
Sired by seers, reared in the affluence of mental wealth, where are thy sacred legacies?
Where thine ambition, where thy zeal, where all the broad dominion of thy thought?
Too long thy life was spent in indolence, too long seducing ease consumed thine energy, too long thy vigor slept;
Too long the sorcery of caste beguiled thy soul, too long thy senses rioted, too long thy nature sacrificed to self;
Too long the pomp of heritage enthralled thy will and stultified thy heart!

III.

Dark is thy night, O India!
Thy passion for thyself has turned upon itself to prey;
Revolt sits brooding on thy breast and in thy heart its fangs are festering;
The terror lurking in thine eyes is born of grief—the grief of penury;
Thine azure skies, thine ardent soil, thy balmy atmosphere, thy dreamy days and soporific nights,
Thy dusky throngs, thy homes, thy shrines and all thy broad domain are shadowed by a devastating plague.

IV.

Thy children weep and cry for bread,
They clutch thy ragged skirts and clamor for the food thy poverty denies;
Their gentle eyes are hunger-wild, their hollow cheeks pale with the pestilence;
Gaunt famine's brood! in shivering groups they hide themselves to die,
Their shrunken limbs refuse their weight and fever ravages their blood;
Their wailings perish in their throats, starvation's awe has paralyzed their tongues,
The plague has marked them for its own.
Their baby heads, like blasted fruit, are pillowed on the stony floor;
Their shriveled fingers, locked in pain, grow stiff and motionless;
The dew of dissolution chills their brows, and fluttering sighs—
Too frail to stir the silence with their feeble pulse—escape their pallid lips.

V.

Livid they lie, the living mingled with the dead!
Nor mother-love nor father-pride can stay the fatal flood,
It rolls its blighting billows into every home, and casts its deadly spray alike on young and old;
Its waves are pitiless, its poisoned waters strangle every hope, envenom every joy;
They mock at misery, they seethe and boil in every brain, and rankle in the soul.

VI.

Benighted India! Death is thy truest friend.
His visage grim and melancholy mien belie his sympathetic heart;
Only the fragile falter at his glance, the sturdy stand like oaks nor bend a knee at his approach;
He prunes thy flocks and sifts thy precious wheat, he weeds thy fields to give thee better fruit;
Decry him not! he serves thy future fame and purges thee to foster latent strength;
The seeds of greatness slumber in thy mind, they cannot germinate till he has purified thy veins;
When he shall stay his hand thy task begins; arouse thee then to greater diligence.
Bestir thy will! Let sinew glean thy wealth and thrift preserve it for the day of need.

VII.

Mourn not the dead who fall like autumn leaves about thy feet in vast unnumbered heaps,
Thine oracles remain—the noble few who constitute thy worth—
They hold the treasure of thy past and conquer wisdom by a law to thee unknown,

By secret paths they mount the peaks and scale the pinnacles of truth;
The ways are arduous and full of dauntless toil, too full of self-forgetfulness to lure thy multitudes from careless ease.

VIII.

Where are the laureates who sang thy palmy days?
Where are the conquerors who framed thine ancient laws?
Where thy philosophy—as staunch as granite cliffs?
Where are the looms that robed thy kings in cloth-of-gold?
Where are the purple dyes that made thee peerless in thy royalty?
Where thy transcendent galaxy of seers?
They live in monuments beneath the sod,
Their deeds are graven in the breast of Earth
On monolith and temple walls, in crypt and catacomb,
On screed of stone, in agate tomes,
And in the living mental streams that filter through the brains of men.

IX.

Achievement never dies, the victories of intellect are never lost.
The mental harvests of the past lie fallow till the future learns their need;
Tradition guards their sleep, the sands of Time refine their golden grains;
A million years will crystallize the jeweled thoughts of ages gone,
A million revolutions of the sun will educate new minds to estimate their worth,
Resplendent they will shine again in other hearts;
Revolving years will wear away the rust of ignorance,
Enlightenment will dissipate the fumes of sense,
And Erudition light again its beacon-torch in India.

X.

When Egypt built her pyramids and reared her monumental Sphinx,
When her archaic life was young and every nation paid its tribute to her fame,
When learning rose to zenith-height and prowess was a cultured art, then India stood without eclipse;
Twin sister to the Nile's proud queen she shared the prestige of that occult clime;
The phalanxed centuries had filled her treasuries with gold,
With grain and wine, with spice and jewels rare,
With textile fabrics and perfume, with priceless tapestries,
With legendary cipher scrolls, with porphyry and bronze,
With amber oils and quaintly chiseled urns.

XI.

Now she sits hemlock-crowned,
The yew has cast its mournful shadow on her heart,
The doom of desolation clings about her like a shroud;
Her temple-lights are dim, her faith obscured,
Her groves complain and lamentations issue from her hills.

XII.

Where lies thy fault, O India?
The fault of all who live upon the fruit of other lives, in self-indulgent ease,
Who through long mellow days and sentimental nights have let their talents waste,
Who drone when they should work, and slumber while their faculties decay.
The factions of the soul revolt against the sacrilege of sense, and rise in mutiny.

Satiety is father of Recoil, and Apathy prolific mother of Disease,
Their children breed a progeny of vice and crime;
Labor begets the flush of health, the brawn of energy;
Vigor is the sturdy son of Toil, he never thrives in pampered luxury.

XIII.

Then rouse thee, India!
Anoint thy bleeding wounds with myrrh and pour the oil of consolation on thy fevered head;
Drink from Nepenthe's potent cup, a drowsy draught to lull the rancor in thy brain—
Drink long and deep of sparkling hope, and soothe thy heart with invocations to thine intellect;
Life's sentient keys will sound again Love's melodies,
Thy haggard eyes will smile, and all thy pulses thrill anew at his entrancing tones;
Sorrow will flee at his approach, and all the legions of Despair will hie them to their Stygian home—
Love will requite thee for the irony of Fate and teach thy soul its nobler destiny.

XIV.

Time is compassionate; he veils the gulf that yawns between thine ancient self and thee,
He pales the fires of memory, and in oblivion hides thy patriarchal name,
He screens thy past in hoary mists, and down the long defile of thy decline he hangs a cloudy canopy of years.
Thy benefactor he, devoted most because he pities most;
His even pace along the ebbing days will guide thy tottering feet,
His steady hand will never swerve, for he is calm and passionless; he will not yield himself to thine appeal—

He hears thy moans and feels thine agony, but he will never sway to human sentiment;
All sentiments are his, all loves, all joys, all rapturous delights,
All life is his, all death, all fates, all destinies,
The blended pulse of all created things throbs in his breast and nerves his resistless will;
Prodigious strength is his and what stupendous energy!
He rules the moods of men in every age, himself forever uncontrolled;
Lean on his arm, O India! and he will lead thee down the vista of the dawning years to cultured life,
'T is his to guide thee to thy lost inheritance,
'T is thine to hew thy pathway to thine old renown.

PAUL AVENEL.

Department of Philosophy.

DEVOTED TO

Art, Literature and Metaphysics.

EDITED BY C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

LIGHT, VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE.

The universe of visible things has no speech, yet we know it better than the facts just related by our friend. There is something, Light, which reveals it.

There is an existence besides the visible one, yet none of us have seen it. We affirm it on the strength of something, Light, which reveals it.

Both the visible and the invisible universe come to us on the waves of light; yet we know not what it is. It is as Tennyson wrote it: "God and Nature meet in Light." We realize one mystery by another.

Of visible light it is said that without it there can be no vision. Such is the dictum of science. The poet, however, is as positive that the light by which we see this world comes out of the observer. Both seem to think that Light is dual. A great soldier, Alexander, thought that "not every light is in the sun"; and Quarles speaking for the theologians affirmed that "the best way to see Divine Light is to put out thine own candle."

But others hail light as "only the shadow of God," as the first and only born of heaven and agree with the Veda that "light is God's first law." Evidently these three, Sir Thomas Brown, Milton

and the unknown Eastern sage, had the idea of unity in mind. Light was One, wherefore also the Talmud held that "a single light answers as well for one man as for a hundred."

It is on the lines of these latter thoughts that the occultists and mystics have searched, and, as it would seem to the Inner Eye, found the Light that created and illumines the world. In general it may be said that they found a light diviner than the common sun, a light which is penetrating, stirring, and shaping everything, even the soul.

We may not be able to penetrate the mystery of light but we can observe some phenomena of light; they may be few, but nevertheless they give us the richest insight into the mystery of a Mystery. One of the first facts that the "every day" forces upon us is the dependence of life upon light; or, in other words, the impression that light is of a higher order than life.

Plant-breathing, or the decomposition of carbonic-acid gas, can be accomplished only by the assistance of solar light. It is also light that produces color in plants, their perfumes and delicious flavors; it exerts mechanical influences too: it bends their stems, it regulates their sleep and nutrition, it acts upon the inter-cellular movements or chlorophyll, etc. That which light thus does for plants, it does in a general way for all organic existence. In fact, as Lavoisier said, "without light, nature was without life; she was inanimate and dead. A benevolent God, bringing light, diffused over the earth's surface organization, feeling, and thought."

The ancients knew this, though the experiments that prove the above facts to us, are but of very recent day. The Hindu worshiped "the golden-handed, light-bestowing, well-guarding, exhilarating and affluent Savitri." Savitri or Surya was Light, the classical Helios, the Norse Balder, "the white light" or all-producing and all-preserving care, which, like Being, penetrates, stirs and shapes everything.

The soul feels itself a beam of light, and hence light comes easily to be a symbol of the Highest, of Truth. To Plato, for instance,

the Idea is a light—a light that is a surety of conviction. The modern idealist scarcely ever thinks of light as an astronomical centre of unity; it is to him almost a conscious being. He instinctively salutes it in Milton's words, "Hail, holy light! offspring of heaven, first-born." He inscribes on his altar of truth the invocation of Dante:

> O eternal light!
> Sole in thyself that dwellest; and of thyself
> Sole understood, past, present, or to come!

He lives permanently in a solarium, a solar-air-bath, and, like many of the ancients finds "earth not gray, but rosy," and "life not dull, but fair of hue," all because he lives in his true element, the Light. He is not disturbed by "the world, sin, time, which are interpolations into the authentic scripture of the soul."

The temple which humanity has built to Light, resembles a building of many stories. On the lowest floor live the matter-of-fact men, who see, hear and feel. Light is so common to them, that they never think of it. In the next story dwells the idealist. He is raised above the crowd and sufficiently distant from the noise of the street to contemplate the reasons of some of its life. In the higher following stories live various classes of idealists, the distinction between them arising from the degree in which they identify themselves with light. Above the idealists come those who are "living lights." It sounds paradoxical, but it is true, that they live in so much light that they cannot be seen. Light cannot be seen in light, and, the blazing brightness in which they live ultrahumanizes them. They follow

> "The ultimate angels' law,
> There, where love, light, joy, impulse, are one thing."

They speak "silence, the dialect of heaven." Their souls do not "chronicle her age." Things to them are but "memoirs of ideas."

C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

PESSIMISM, AN AFFIRMATION.

All the large philosophical systems and schools have been abused and misrepresented, but none more than Pessimism. The main cause for this is to be sought in the deep nature of these systems and schools. They rise from one of the great roots of the tree of Knowledge, but the superficial critic is either unable or unwilling to dig into the soil for the tap-roots. Another reason for the unfavorable reception of these systems lies in the poor presentation they often make of themselves, being only too commonly formulated in ambiguous terms and expressions that carry many and various meanings. Pessimism especially has suffered on account of its verbal clothings. It is also a most singular fact, that such forms of thought as Idealism, Pantheism, Materialism, Transcendentalism, Pessimism, &c., have in them a certain deceptive light, which draws the unwary, the ignorant and the crank to them; and these bring only discredit upon them.

I shall not dwell upon all the mistakes known as regards Pessimism. I will state the reasons that justify it, and, the truth of it.

The tap-root of Pessimism is the mutability of things:

> "The flower that smiles to-day
> To-morrow dies;
> All that we wish to stay
> Tempts, and then flies.
> What is this world's delight?
> Lightning that mocks the night,
> Brief even as bright."

Mutability with its inherent law of rejuvenesence is part of the order of existence; it must therefore be complied with cheerfully and ought not to give rise to the morose temper of a Byron or the liver-colored sadness of a Leopardi, or the blasphemy of Omar

Khayyam. We ought rather take the view of Taubert that "the much descried cheerlessness of pessimism transforms itself on closer inspection into one of the greatest consolations which are offered to mankind; for not only does it transport the individual beyond every suffering to which he is destined, it also increases the pleasures which exist, and doubles our enjoyment. It is true that it shows us the illusory character of every joy, but it does not thereby touch pleasure itself, but simply encloses it in a dark frame which makes the picture stand out with the greater advantage.

We ought to view the *Weltschmerz* (world-pain) of Heine and Lenau as affectation or rooted in disease, because they are unphilosophical or unreasoning. The same view ought to be taken of Leopardi's words, "All around passes away, one thing only is certain, that pain persists." This is simply jaundice.

Life is two-fold in nature. It is both beginning and end. Life admonishes us to sing, "Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad!" at the same time as it forces us to see that "Man is like to vanity; his days are as a shadow." It is his nature to be double, and we have no right to complain. Its very nature is so transparent that even the blind can see it and its purpose thereby is to teach us to turn beyond itself. Its very cry is "Not in me! Seek beyond!" It is only doubt created by a disordered brain or despair fostered by reckless living which can not accept this view. Even great minds are at times or in transition periods of their lives subject to some such despair. Schelling is an illustration.

Curious as it may seem, it is nevertheless true that we must accept all the statements made by the pessimists before we can enter the Path. We must do away with all separateness and live in universals, and, this must not be merely a reasoned creed, it must be so real that our thoughts do not run to the subject. And we must not even know of things, so complete must be our realization of the *vanitas vanitatum*. But such laws take away from us all that which the ordinary man considers worth living for and produces in him a philosophy of what is usually called pessimism and despair

and hopelessness. Not till we have passed through such vastations do we really begin to live.

Let us therefore welcome such pessimism; it is a heavenly teacher, though the name may be antagonistic to us. The teacher does not deprive us of pleasure as Taubert told us, nor of intellectual insights. It only removes the illusions that attach themselves to these. Let us learn to say with Wordsworth:

> "If life were slumber on a bed of down
> Toil unimposed, vicissitude unknown,
> Sad were our lot."

The mutability of things is "the faith that makes faithful"; and, it puts us in sympathetic union with the real core of things.

> "Wings have we,—and as far as we go
> We may find pleasure. . . . "

But our wings have not their full power till they have been developed in "storm and stress" of pessimistic deliverance.

C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

JOHN BURROUGHS IN "THE LIGHT OF DAY."*

John Burroughs belongs to a new class of men known to history only in the last half of this century. They are poet-naturalists, and though but a small school of writers, they are brilliant and exert a great influence. They are authors to whom "the man behind the book" is of more account than the book itself, and all have started their studies with nature and not in the studio. Among them are counted Gilbert White, whose famous "Natural History of Selborne" is even earlier than the period already named. It was issued first in 1788; and it may well be called the father and mother of many similar and better ones. In England we also count Richard Jefferies as

---

* The Light of Day. Religious discussions and criticisms from the naturalist's point of view. By John Burroughs. Boston and New York. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1900.

belonging to this charmed circle. Who does not know his "Wild Life in a Southern Country," and "The Story of My Heart"? Among ourselves we have had Thoreau, and we still hear from John Burroughs.

Burroughs is less mystical than Jefferies, not so self-conscious and philosophical as Thoreau, but as simple as White, though less sympathetic. He sings the glory of the Hudson and may well be said to be a watch-tower on the Hudson. There is more of the human nature in him than in White.

It is Nature in the human form that attracted him to Walt Whitman, that "broad, powerful, opulent, human personality," and it is that which gave us the rich and exhaustive study of the Camden Sage, published in 1896. Burroughs admires Thoreau but does not follow him in his desire to avoid men; Burroughs has sought men, and wishes to influence them. As a master of the Human he is incomparable. He is more of a rationalist than Jefferies; more of an observer and less of a poet than he. The Englishman hunts for nature's retired scenes to make them shrines; he sees and hears the secret rhythm and mystery. The American has more science and thinks that "the great lesson of nature is that a sane sensuality must be preserved at all hazards."

It is with some hesitation that I write "less of a poet," for I am going to take his introductory poem as a key to my analysis of the book before me: "The Light of Day." In it certainly burns a passion "which itself is highest reason in a soul sublime"; and the expression of such a passion is poetry. Aside from a comparison with Jefferies, John Burroughs is a poet in his own right.

The poem is entitled "Waiting," and the title, as well as the poem itself, is singularly expressive of moderation and spiritual self-control. It has its complement in the Preface to the book in which the author claims no more for his production than that he has "urged the sufficiency and the universality of natural law," viz., "the light of day."

The meaning of this phrase and its bearing upon this volume of essays will appear from the following story: In Central Asia, near the river Oxus, there is said to be a famous rock, called the Lamp Rock, from a strange light that seems to issue from a cavern far up on the side of the mountain. The natives have a superstitious fear of the rock, and ascribe the light to some dragon or demon that lives in the

cave. Recently an English traveler climbed up the mountain to investigate, and it was found that the light was after all only the light of common day that penetrated from the other side. John Burroughs may moderately claim that he has only thrown such a "light of day" upon the subjects before us, but he has really done more. "The light of day" becomes under his treatment the Universal. It will be interesting to the reader to see how the sentiment and feeling of the poem correspond to his intellectual statements of similar or parallel ideas. The comparison offers an admirable opportunity to see which is the stronger in the author: his life of feeling or his reasoning.

The opening stanza runs thus:

> Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
> Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
> I rave no more 'gainst Time or Fate,
> For lo! my own shall come to me.

This is more than common nature-study can say. It is himself, and expresses exactly what he says about Matthew Arnold in the fifteenth essay. We need only read "John Burroughs" instead of Arnold. "I think Arnold must be classed among the men who, like Wordsworth, Coleridge, Carlyle, Emerson, are essentially religious, men who reach and move the spirit and help forward the higher life. . . . . His mind glows in presence of the great facts of life, death, and eternity. Its yearning, spiritual aspiration, and penetrating insight are remarkable. It is the soul that feels and responds to them, and not merely the esthetic and literary faculty."

John Burroughs strikes the chords of spiritual-mindedness. It is most interesting to notice how strongly this sentiment is re-stated in the last lecture, "The Divine Ship," after he in several other places—for instance, in the fourth lecture—has been carried away with the false reasoning of much of to-day's so-called science. The pseudo-scientists reason that man is nothing and not worth considering because in weight and measure he disappears utterly in comparison with the immensity of universal mathematics. They ignore the depths that open up inwardly and they deny *a priori* that man is the manifestation of that very creative principle which is the cause of the material universe.

Listen to the enthusiastic and the poetico-prophetic utterances like these :

"Do we realize the amazing grandeur and beauty of the voyage we are making,—all the more grand and beautiful because on so large a scale and in so vast an orbit that none suspect it, none witness it; speeding with more than the speed of a rifle bullet, and the fact patent only to the imagination, not to the senses? In the heavens, among the stars, separated from the nearest by measureless space, yet related to the farthest by the closest ties, upheld and nourished by a power so vast that nothing can measure it, yet so subtle that not a hair loses its place. . . . It fills me with awe when I think how vital and alive the world is; how the water forever cleanses itself; how the air forever cleanses itself, and the ground forever cleanses itself,—how the sorting, sifting, distributing process, no atom missing or losing its place, goes on for ever and ever! Perpetual renewal and promotion!"

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

He further elaborates this thought in the seventh essay, "The Modern Sceptic," where he maintains that "faith in one's self and in the justice of one's cause is always half the battle." The mystery of self-realization (for good and bad!) is hinted at in this sentence: "Curses, anathemas, tend to fulfil themselves when the imagination is impressed by them." Has not some one of my readers experienced the dark side of "what is mine shall know my face"? There is a "white magic," but there is also a "black magic."

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

In a different way, the same thought is expressed in the second essay: "The priest with his magic and the doctor with his nostrums have had their day. If natural goodness will not save a man he is lost, and if his innate powers of recuperation will not cure him he must die, just as has always been the case." In a similar strain does the author speak in the eighth and tenth essay, but I regret the emphasis laid upon the law of necessity. Our author forgets his own philosophy, so forcefully stated in the closing lines of his book: "In the open air I know what the poet means when he swears he will never mention

love again inside of a house, and that he will follow up these continual lessons of the earth, air, sky, water,—declaring at the outset that he will make the poems of materials, for only thus does he hope to attain to the spiritual." He forgets the law of freedom, a law constantly in co-operation with the law of necessity.

> What matter if I stand alone?
> I wait with joy the coming years;
> My heart shall reap where it hath sown,
> And garner up its fruits of tears.

This is Burroughs's Point of View (Chap. XI.), as distinguished from that of "science or the intellect or evangelical religion." This, the eleventh essay, is religious in the best sense of the word and understands religion as "spiritual attraction, as faith, hope, love." We must "feel, in some measure, the Mystery and Spirituality of the universe and the presence of a power in which we live. . . . Religion has reference to action, conduct, life. The will, the heart, the imagination, must be enlisted, the moral nature aroused." It is the same note as before, but in a minor key. The essay preaches a sort of meliorism and closet philosophy and night-twilight, but intellectually it falls far behind the sentiment of the stanza.

> The waters know their own, and draw
> The brook that springs in yonder heights;
> So flows the good with equal law
> Unto the soul of pure delights.

This stanza pleases the determinist. This thought is further elaborated in the twelfth essay, God and Nature, where we see how utterly Burroughs abhors the anthropomorphic god. "There is no God," but "all the forces of nature are going their own way; man avails himself of them, or catches a ride as best he can. If he keeps his seat he prospers; if he misses his hold and falls he is crushed." Nature fills the office of "the good with equal law," and is "the nearest and greatest fact of all." Here again John Burroughs moves in shadowland. He rests in a determined order of things, only.

But aside from the intellectual puzzles, the book has an undertone of faith and hope in a great and grand order of things.

It is that law which, for instance, can be seen in the arrangements of plant leaves. Plants with tap roots, such as the beet and radish, have leaves sloping inwards, so as to conduct the rain towards the

axis of the plant and the root; in plants where the roots are spreading, the leaves slope outwards. In that law lies Burroughs's "my own."

With indomitable optimism he sails The Divine Ship (Chap. XVI.) to meet "his own." And what is this "his own"? "Does this power with which I move my arm begin and end in myself? On the contrary, is it not the same or a part of that which holds the stars and the planets in their places?" "His own" is the Universal manifested as Mind and Will; yet it cannot be said that his "knowledge is *touched with wonder*," it is more sane, more reasoning, more philosophic. To be sure his bird books are products of intense devotion, but here we first and foremost hear the student; it is only later that we discover the secret rhythm in all he says and feel that the author is a man and a poet. The book before us is by reason of its plan necessarily more argumentative than some of us might wish; but it meets the demand of a very large public, which is struggling to free itself from a traditional theology. It does throw "the light of day" upon many religious questions, and the light is often so ethereal that it lifts us into visions of that Light which never was on sea or land.

C. H. A. B.

THE TRUE PHILOSOPHER.

One sat and mused upon the things of earth,
The mighty problems wont to vex mankind;
And on his brow sat dire perplexity.
He longed for light to solve these questions vexed,
And render to his weary fellow-man
Fine strains to soothe the state of wild unrest
In which a sinning, saddened world seemed plunged.
All wearily he sighed, then raised his eyes,
And upward bent an earnest, anxious gaze.
At once a low and heavenly music stole
Adown the realms of space and touched his soul.
It seemed an angel ministrant had seen
The stress upon his soul, and brought a boon
From heaven, that on the waves of that blest sound
His weary powers should rest. Yet, upward borne

On billows of sweet sound, his soul seemed loth
To lie recumbent for a selfish ease.
His powers were by mighty force renewed,
And as his ear was quickened to receive
The music blest of sphere beyond our own,
The limitation of his vision seemed
To withdraw suddenly. A mellow light
Streamed down and softly fell upon his soul;
And in that light he took his pen and wrote:
"The true philosophy, O Brother Man,
Is that which precious meaning deep divines
In things of common life—of every day:
Which finds a cause and end for all that comes."
Behold, in regal majesty sublime,
Events occur. The record of all time
Is record of this common daily life.
Each day's experience doth tell and consummate
A conquest or defeat on shores of time.
Each day, each act is fraught with meaning strange.
And who divines the trend of every act,
And reach sublime of grand intent divine,
He is the Seer inspired that this world needs.
Let course and source of every act be true,
And all the grand summation will be true.
But earth is sad; the sons of earth are mad,
As low they kneel and strive at Mammon's shrine
And barter all their soul for worthless gold.
The true philosopher must through the shades
Invoke a melody of spirit-life,
Which shall in clearness clad, endowed with power
From God above, fall on the ears of man
To win him to the pure and true—to God.
His realm is greater than the realms of kings
For he with God-given vision e'er beholds
Above the falseness of this world, Heaven's Truth."

ELIZABETH PERRY HOWLAND.

The Home Circle.

OPEN COLUMN.

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.

THE VALUE OF CONFIDENCE.

The Fidelity Branch of the Theosophical Society, which has its headquarters in the great Ellicott Square Building, at Buffalo, N. Y., deserves more than passing mention in that it has the distinction of proving by its unique methods the belief of its members in a living existence of the Brotherhood of Man.

We wonder if any other society has done or is doing what this particular Society has given and is giving proof of—what may be done in a practical showing of a, we fear, rather rare exhibition of faith in their fellow-men.

It was our pleasure to visit this Branch recently—to experience the delightful sensation of being "trusted" ourselves.

So, one morning, when we turned the knob of the door leading to a certain room in the immense building, our delightful sensation began. It was unlocked, as we had been promised it should be at all times, and unguarded by any member of the Society or any one else.

We found a long, rather narrow room furnished with a study table, and rows of hospitable chairs placed back against the walls which were covered with appropriate charts, pictures and portraits of those interested in Theosophy.

On each side of the room, near the window, stood two bookcases upon whose well-filled shelves were to be found all the Theosophical literature of the day, from Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine* to the latest leaflet from the pen of the modern mystic.

To this wealth of learning any one may have access, and visitors may avail themselves at any time of this unique privilege. The doors of the Society rooms are unlocked every morning and left so during the day. The world is welcome, and all that is theirs is their brother man's as entirely as they can make it so.

No smallest pamphlet has yet been missed from table or shelves, and it is safe to presume that none ever will be. If such a thing should occur it is the tenet of the members that that appropriating person had a right to the book in question paramount to their own, and he or she was welcome to so much of their store.

The faith of the Fidelity Branch in their fellow beings is a practical, *working* faith, which has never been abused, and which (we feel safe in prophesying) never will have occasion to be other than the great and beautiful thing it has proved itself to an interested and admiring world.

THE PASSING PILGRIM.

Again I come to earth in human guise
To play upon the harp of seven strings—
The grief-stretched strings of this poor human heart
Which throbs in low-pitched cadence as I touch
The instrument I've fashioned for this day—
This one brief day of my imprisonment.

The god I am—the wisdom-seeking self—
Bound in these fetters forged by my own hands
In ages past, now humbly takes its place
To learn the lessons taught by need: to learn
The alphabet of pure self-sacrifice;
To solve by means of mortal agony
The problems of a life's experience—
Its present anguish and its future joy.

These earth-blind eyes through which the god-man looks
See sorry sights and things which rend the soul—
See misery and want and woe and crime,
And all the hideous, unlovely things
With which this saddened, suffering world is filled.
And yet, the while he gazes, back of this
The eyes of the glad spirit greet the light
That shines in all its tender radiance
About the Man Divine. And back of all
The din and uproar of an earthly strife,
The dreary discords of a joyless world,
The jarring dissonances of despair,
The clash and clatter of a thousand tongues
That greed hath made to clamor loud for self,
The cries of those in pain, the savage shouts
Of horrid monsters in the guise of men,
The moans of victims they have made their prey
By right of might, the breath of agony
Deep drawn, and cutting like a blade

Into the tender, pitying human heart—
The while this discord falls on mortal ears,
My listening spirit hears the harmonies
Of worlds in motion; answers to the thrill
Of vibrant sounds too sweet and high and pure
To be aught else save silence to the sense
Belonging to the tenement of clay.
Upon the sound-waves from far fairer shores
The essence of all harmony is borne,
And, listening to its mighty thunder-tones
That roll in music throughout endless space,
The earth cries are subdued, the moans of pain,
The sobs, the sighs, the groans of mortal men
To faintest echoes do resolve themselves,
And the imprisoned god gains strength to move
Along the path of ignorance and woe.

In me the Absolute, the Undefined,
The Only, the Eternal, Changeless One
Hath found a consciousness. I breathe, inspired,
Informed and quickened by the LIVING LAW
That doth propel me onward for all time.
And, though I tread this little earth, I live
In regions where the stars hold holy court
Within the spaces of the upper world!

The while my human hands touch grief-bowed heads;
The while my human heart is wrung with all
The miseries of earth; the while I weep
Salt tears of sympathy with all my kind—
The while I clasp my arms about the forms
Of brother pilgrims fainting by the way,
I live in worlds so full of peace and light,
And love and joy and bliss ineffable
That the deep contrast of my life with that
Of these, my brothers, is—must ever be—
The hardest lesson that this world can teach!
For until they, too, see the light of truth,
Hear less of discord—more of harmony;

Live in that perfect peace itself alone
Can bring to human hearts; until they joy
In all the glad unendingness of life;
Can read the tender mystery of pain;
Can recognize the holy law of love;
Can grasp as real the dignity of self;
Can realize their oneness with their kind
And THAT which thought them into being—then,
And only then, can my own spirit know
Untroubled peace or pure and perfect joy.

The sorrows of my brothers are my own.
Though bliss itself lie like a sun-kissed sea
That waits to lave my bruised and weary feet,
I may not leave the stony mountain-path
Where brother pilgrims need my willing aid,
And I may never shut my mortal ears
To any cry for help; for by these cries—
The fierce, discordant clamorings that rack
The human senses may the spirit hear
The music of the singing spheres in space—
The beat of vibrant Nature's rhythmic rune—
The modulations of those melodies
That keep the flying worlds in perfect tune!

And I, a note in all this harmony
Which needeth me to make the perfect chord—
Must ill or well, as I shall freely choose,
Add to the music of the rolling spheres.
My little voice shall swell the ceaseless sound
That down the ages must forever roll,
And if its sweetness, purity and strength
Be added to by means that are my own,
I shall climb upward, and my kind be helped
To higher planes. Thus only can I climb—
One with my brothers—toiling side by side,
Advancing only that I may turn back
And reach a hand to help them on their way
To loftier planes. Why, what would it avail—

What lasting peace could be my portion if
I stood alone and lonely on the heights
The while my brothers wept in grief below?

Who are my brothers? All things that do live—
Since life itself doth come from one pure source
Whose ideation hath conceived all worlds—
Whose intuition hath informed the souls
Of god-men with its power. Each and all,
The monads human and terrestrial—
The man; the beast; the bird; the worm; the tree;
The helpless insect crawling underfoot;
The silver thistle and the sweet-breath'd rose;
The chaliced lily with its heart of gold;
The tiny mote that dances but an hour
In all the warmth of noonday's summer sun;
The patient bowlder biding its own time
Throughout the countless ages it must take
To turn it into dust again, and free
The spark so housed within the tenement
Built for its use, and which, thus freed at last,
May take its little, halting step along
The upward spiral of eternal life.

Bound to them all by Love; nor counting all
My many lives too much to give to these
Who are myself, and for whose good I live
These brief and happy days of helpfulness,
Content to be, since by my being I
May add one little, vibrant, joyous note
To that eternal, glorious melody
Life plays upon the harp of seven strings!

EVA BEST.

THE WISE MAN AND THE SEA URCHINS.

(VII.)

Night is at hand. The quiet sea has dulled to a thing of darkness. Above the dusky waves, from the sable waterline cutting sharply the deep blue of the sky to the zenith overhead, the stars are holding high carnival.

The Urchins and their friend are spending the early evening at the lighthouse, the keeper having been invited to invite the little party of eight. The kind thought prompting this rare pleasure was born in the heart of the Wise Man, and the little thought grew to lusty proportions by the time the landlord of the nearest hotel had bargained to send up a basket of refreshments fit for a royal family.

A telescope small enough to be carried about had been brought from the cave, and one by one the Urchins had taken peeps into space. It all ended by the seven children clustering close at the teacher's feet as he rested comfortably on a wide, flat ledge projecting conveniently from the base of the great stone tower.

"Begin," suggested Violet softly, placing the telescope in Brownie's outstretched hands.

"First, tell me what the starry night says to you, Violet?"

"'The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork.'"

"That's a beautiful thought for a bonnie lassie! The heavens above us are a book written by the Creator—a book He means every child of His to learn to read. Was ever a page so dazzlingly illustrated as this one spread wide open to our gaze? A glorious alphabet to learn—a celestial language set for us to master, each glittering symbol awaiting intelligent interpretation at our hands."

"Suppose there were no stars up there at all," suggested Ruddy. "How queer it would all look!"

"Suppose there were none, Ruddy, and you had been given the

task of filling space with these silver orbs. How would you like the placing them in position?"

"I could put the sun in the centre, couldn't I, and the moon off to one side, and the earth and Mars and Venus and Hercules and Regulus and Jupiter and Saturn and Mercury and—and—oh, all of those I learned the names of at school, just where they are on the charts?"

"Granted you could do that, my boy; but after you had placed your paltry hundreds in position, how are you going to plan—intelligently plan, mind you—all their orbits so that none may clash or interfere with each other, although they are all attracted and repulsed and set spinning—by Law—at a speed as swift, almost, as thought itself?

"And there are millions of millions of lesser or greater stars you will have to look after—stars beyond and outside of our own particular system, yet connected with it (as are comets, for instance, which fetch their fiery trails to amaze us after years upon years of swift journeying beyond all visible boundaries) by the Law which governs the whole universe. Each tiniest star-dot yonder is held in its pilgrim's path by a wisdom so great—so inconceivable—that we are filled with awe at our first, faint, *unrealizing* thought of it! To comprehend, even thus faintly, the existence of such a mighty Intelligence is to prove ourselves conscious of the existence of far grander things than belong to 'earth-bound mortals,' as some think us to be. Imagination is our best friend, my children; it helps us to a realization of that which, without it, could not reach and touch our consciousness enough to produce any impression.

"You, my little ones, feel the truth of the existence of That which holds the stars yonder in the blue-black sky. You know that Intelligence sends the planets in safety upon their thousand different ways, and feel positive of the existence of that Ruling Love that sways this mighty—this stupendous Intelligence."

As often chanced to this little band of Learners of the Law a silence fell upon them for a while. Below, far below them, washed

the gentle, restless waves; above them gleamed a host of dazzling stars; around them blew the softest summer breeze that ever fanned young faces.

"How different the night is from the day," began Snowdrop, at length. "There's nothing that seems to be the very same; and yet it *is*."

"*Is* it, Snowdrop?"

"Why everything's exactly what and where it was, or *isn't* it? Now could anything be different just because it is in the dark instead of in the light?"

"The dark and light, my Snowdrop, are 'a pair of opposites' whose influences are as different as—well, let's say day and night."

"A pair of opposites," wondered the girl; "what does that mean, sir?"

"Once upon a time, my child," began the Wise Man, "in the midst of a garden more beautiful than any we could imagine grew a wonderful tree called the Tree of Knowledge, and on it grew the fruit of good and evil."

"The Garden of Eden!" this in chorus.

"The Garden of Eden. Now, good and evil are 'opposites'—without one we could not know, could not realize the other. If it were always night like this, Snowdrop, do you think you would be able to imagine the day?"

"No-o—I don't think I could, sir."

"If it were always warm could any idea of cold—keen, bitter, biting cold—be made clear to us? That's a third 'pair of opposites.' Who'll furnish me with another to hang upon my Tree of Knowledge?"

"Will sweet and sour do?" ventured Goldie, shyly hesitant.

"And black and white?" asked Blackie boldly.

"And strength and weakness?" suggested Brownie.

"Glad and sorry?" inquired Ruddy.

"Love and hate?" this from Violet, whose gentle voice was as musical as the wash of the waves upon the shingly beach below.

"Thank you, my Urchins; all of them are excellent and true 'opposites.' Now, of what great good to us are these attitudes of theirs? Unless we can make use of a thing it has no excuse for being at all. Snowdrop, you who have started this subject must tell us what we are going to do with our fruit. How can we make use of it? What do we usually do with fruit, my lassie?"

"Eat it, sir."

"But," interrupts Blackie, "the *Bible* says that if you eat of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge you shall surely die."

"A dark and dismal saying, Blackie, to the ignorant ear; yet one full of fair meaning to those who comprehend its real import?"

"That verse always sounded so terrible—so *unjust*," cried Snowdrop. "One wishes to be wise, and yet one is promised the awfulest punishment ever known for trying to understand things. Is it fair to have to die just because we want to know things?"

"Let me try to let a little daylight into this dark saying. We have found out that all that exists in the universe is created from the very same material—the new world whose formation we have been following, and Man who is to inhabit it. All material, all spirit and all Intelligence that thinks worlds and men into being and fills its creatures with itself, all this comes from one Great Source. So we, who to ourselves seem to be such different individuals, are all made of the same essences, informed by the same Intelligence, and are really one with each other and with the Creator of creatures. We haven't thought about this quite enough to comprehend it at once, and are in ignorance concerning the truth of this fact. Hence, as I have said, we seem to be altogether different, one from another."

"*You're* different from John O'Connell," cries the loyal Goldie. "*There's* a 'pair of opposites' for you, sir!"

The Wise Man laughed softly as he drew the speaker close to his side in the darkness.

"I suppose I should take that as a genuine compliment, my lad! But I couldn't do that, you see, for I am going to show you that I am *so much John* that what he suffers I must suffer, too.

"Now, if we eat of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge we shall become wise, and, becoming wise, we shall be able to comprehend the truth that we are all one—that the 'I am I' and 'you are you' part of us will perish. We shall feel and know our kinship to one another, and bury out of sight the selfish interests we allowed ourselves to set up between the atoms we know ourselves to be. Like the little molecules that go to make up a big body, we shall know ourselves as parts, only, of a great and glorious Something which needs every one of us to make it perfect. The Self, or Person of us dies as we gain wisdom, and we realize that we are one with our brothers and sisters; that their sufferings and joys, their hopes and fears are ours. We live in their lives and do for them, dead to all thoughts of self or anything they may not share with us. Imagine what the world will be, dear children, when people have eaten enough of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge to know that all the unhappiness that fills their lives to-day comes of their selfish greed!"

"Will folks ever eat enough to know that?"

"In the glorious past, Blooy, lived noble beings who were so wise with the wisdom of unselfishness that they died to prove their love for their dear brothers. To-day there live grand souls whose lives are devoted to others. Who toil and build and plan and think for the benefit of humanity. Whose every act is a practical doing of good, without a thought of any richer reward than lies in the happiness that is in such doing; whose every deed is a generous giving of self; whose only thought is the lifting of the heavy burdens, which, because of the ignorance of the race, make life for their brother men so hard to bear. They have eaten of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge and know the bitter from the sweet."

"But children can't taste the fruit, can they, sir, or learn to be wise?"

"Why, Blooy, you are tasting it every hour of your life. Experience is the tongue that declares to us the quality of our 'pairs of opposites'; and even you, my boy, have doubtless already passed

through many a bitter and sweet experience, and made its wisdom your own."

"Awhile ago you asked me, sir, if I thought things by day or night were the same. I said I did. Will you tell us what *you* think?"

"Nothing is ever the same, Snowdrop, not even for the space of a moment, for changes are taking place in everything all the time. Your young body, which is gaining perfection, is being built to larger, nobler uses every hour—is changing to full, physical life; while my mortal tenement which has been used so many years—is slowly losing its perfectness. Even this massive lighthouse is invisibly crumbling into dust; this ledge of weather-beaten rocks is softening to decay—even yonder brilliant planets are gradually 'going out.' By day certain forces play upon all material things; by night a different energy is active, the sun-ray's heat using a power unknown to the moisture of the dewy darkness."

"Tell us more about space, and why it seems so big and—and *empty*."

"'Empty,' Brownie? Why, it is as full as it can possibly be filled; there is no vacuum anywhere."

"What fills it where there *isn't anything?*"

"But I assure you there isn't any place where there 'isn't anything,'" declares the Wise Man smiling. "That our eyes fail to see it, or our hands to touch it, argues nothing against space being filled with what we call intangible stuff that is as real, *more* real than what we see and touch, since that which we see and touch is an eternally changing, perishable material; whereas the other is changeless and enduring."

"You mean the little dancing atoms you showed us in the sunny streak in the cave?"

"No, lad; for you could see those lively little particles. That to which I now refer cannot be seen by mortal eyes, as it is the finest known matter through which pure force or energy can manifest itself."

"And force is used by Intelligence, just as you threw the stone the other day?"

"Just as I threw the stone. We, who are a part of that Intelligence, may be able (when we've eaten enough fruit from the Tree of Knowledge) to send—instead of a little stone—a baby world spinning into space."

"Oh!" this in wondering chorus.

"Come, let us go back to our little new globe. Around and about it and in it is this space-filling stuff Blooy has just asked about, a fine, *elastic* sort of material more nearly resembling air than anything else, you know, and to which we apply the general term Ether."

"Where does it *start to be?* Where does Ether come from?"

"It '*starts to be*,'" answers the pleased teacher of truth, "just where we start to be, Ruddy—in that divinely mysterious Somewhere in the heart of the Creator. And it comes to us directly from a great reservoir of the material lying outside and beyond our heavier, denser atmosphere."

"Why, sir, doesn't one atmosphere just go on and on, clear up to the stars?"

"No, Brownie; it extends (so we are taught by those learned in natural philosophy) about forty miles from the earth. Only forty miles, my boy, and the stars are hundreds of thousands of miles away. You will remember that we found that the air contained oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen and carbon. You will understand me when I tell you that Ether is so fine, so elastic a material as to be almost like a fluid flowing in currents everywhere?"

"Yes, sir; we understand."

"There are five different (if I may be allowed the expression) modes of etheric motion, each moving Ether having a special duty to perform. They come to us like a breath, each of our five several senses recognizing and making use of that which is peculiar to its own special needs.

"There's the Sound Ether; by it we are enabled to hear. Then

the Touch Ether, by which we feel. Next the Color Ether; by this we see. The Taste Ether follows, and last of all the Odor Ether.

"As I have said they are like a breath being forever breathed upon our world, producing that which I am going to call a *life wave*, since it gives vitality to all it breathes upon. I'm wondering if you understand all this."

"I think *I* do," declares Violet. "The idea of these Ethers being breathed upon us makes me think of a little quotation I remember learning at school. 'There is a breath of Spring in all the air.' It would take the five Ethers to make that lovely 'breath,' don't you think, sir?"

"It would indeed, dear Violet, to make a thing so perfect as a day in Spring. I think you grasp my meaning, and I am greatly pleased at the thought."

Silence; then a noisier splash of water on the shore. "The tide is coming in, children. What do the sea waves say to you?"

EVA BEST.

(*To be continued.*)

Love thyself last, cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. —*Shakespeare.*

He is a simpleton who imagines that the chief power of wealth is to supply wants. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it creates more wants than it supplies.—*Zimmermann.*

Earth-life is a privilege and not a penalty. The purpose of earth-life is not to find a heaven but to make one. Religion is not a matter of duty to God, but of duty of man to himself and to his fellow-man. —*Florence Huntley.*

A man must reverence only his ruling faculty and the divinity within him. As we must reverence that which is supreme in the universe, so we must reverence that which is supreme in ourselves; and this is that which is of like kind with that which is supreme in the universe.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

The World of Thought.

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

MR. LEADBEATER'S LECTURES.

We understand that Mr. Charles W. Leadbeater is to lecture in New York City during October.

Mr. Leadbeater is not well known as a lecturer or writer outside of Theosophical circles, and yet he is one of the advanced explorers of what is literally the "metaphysical" world. Until very recent time in the West, scientific pursuit of knowledge has been wholly through experimental research conducted by the physical senses. But of late, and this in part because of disclosures as to facts long known in the East, science has begun to suspect that the region of physics is the least important of all regions, as well as the smallest, and that the realm of the unseen is the realm of real fact, of incomparably larger range and of vastly deeper interest. But evidently its contents can be expounded only by those who know them through the use of trained faculties which insure entrance and exploration, faculties becoming serviceable only through evolution and discipline. It therefore follows that the most important of all truths, truths relating to the physically-unseen universe, to the character of life beyond death, to the source and nature and effects of such forces and laws as are only in part manifested on a physical plane, come to us as revelations and frequently in the sense of being disclosures from those who have had experience. This knowledge will be attained by all, in the progress of evolution, but at this stage many can best receive it from those who have already evolved.

Now it is precisely an exposition of this super-physical universe, and most particularly of after-death states, which is craved by the wisest thinkers, but it can have no value unless acquired and authenticated by these powers, latent in all men but only evolved by the training decreed from immemorial antiquity. Occult science cannot be properly defined as clairvoyance or second sight, much less as spiritualism or mediumship. It explains the phenomena in all these, but it is itself the full science of the unseen. Its experienced votaries enter at will the occult realm and study it with their trained faculties, as truly and more accurately than those who alone study the plane of matter. From them we may learn of psychic worlds and entities, most of all, of death.

Mr. Leadbeater, formerly a clergyman of the Church of England, has been for eighteen years one of these students, enjoying the instruction of others far more advanced. He has been much in the East, though of late years engaged in literary work in England. Among his works are *Invisible Helpers*, *The Astral Plane*, *The Devachanic Plane*, *The Christian Creed*, *Some Misconceptions About Death*, *Clairvoyance*, etc. His exposition of "after death" states is perhaps the most interesting, because it discloses the perfectly natural process of death, stripping it of its terror and its gloom.

The spreading of knowledge about this period of transition must be of great benefit to an almost terror-stricken humanity, and we wish Mr. Leadbeater the best possible success in reaching the minds of the American people.

INDEPENDENT THOUGHT.

"If a man does not want to think," says Schopenhauer, "the safest plan is to take up a book the first spare moment." The man who reads many books may know a great deal of what other men think, but nothing that he can call his own; for except as the result of thought men cannot know anything.

Every language is a temple in which the soul of those who speak it is enshrined.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

SUPERIOR FREEDOM ENJOYED IN CHINA.

Speaking of the state of freedom in China Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop says:

"The masses of the people are very free in China, and rarely come in contact with the official world except when they pay their taxes. With regard to his family life, his business, his pleasures, his daily wants, the Chinaman is the freest citizen of the freest country in the world. Were there half as much interference on the part of the government or the police in a Chinese city as we stand in Western countries, the people would rise in open rebellion."

MARIE CORELLI TO CARDINAL VAUGHAN.

The summary treatment meted out to the late Doctor Mivart encounters disapproval in intelligent circles. Several Catholic journals have already signified their dissent. The author Marie Corelli addresses a letter to the Cardinal remonstrating against his intolerance. She speaks plainly:

"As a humble student of a creed which lays down its laws to be strictly maintained by its disciples through all life and conduct — first, to love God with all the soul and heart and mind and strength; and secondly, to love one's neighbor as one's self — I would venture to say to many who are finding their way upward by a noble effort to nobler things, the tolerance and patience of a priest of the ever-tolerant and patient Christ would furnish forth a finer example to the world than the condemnation of new and helpful truths by old and worn-out edicts."

Logical consequences are the scarecrows of fools and the beacons of wise men. The only question which any wise man can ask himself is whether a doctrine is true or false. Consequences will take care of themselves.—*Thomas H. Huxley.*

The official designation of Sunday as a sacred day was first made by the Emperor Constantine in the year 321. The Emperor was a *Comes Solis* or Soldier of Mithras, the Sun-god of the Occult Rites, prior to his profession of Christianity and the decree specifically named the Sun as a Divine Being.—*A. W.*

THE DIVINE ORDER.

Providence is divine order. All things in heaven do profit and advantage the things upon earth. The vision of God is not like the beams of the sun, whose fiery brightness blindeth the eye by excess of light; rather enlighteneth, and so much increaseth the power of the eye that any man is able to receive the intelligible clearness. For it is more swift and sharp to pierce, and harmless withal, and full of immortality, and they that are capable, and can draw any store of this spectacle and sight, do many times fall asleep from this body into this most fair and beauteous vision.

The knowledge of it is a divine silence and the rest of all the senses. Striving steadfastly on, and round about the mind, it enlighteneth all the soul and changeth it wholly into the essence of God.

For it is possible for the soul, O Son, to be deified while yet it odgeth in the Body of Man if it contemplates the beauty of the Good.

—*Homer's Trismegistus.*

The religious currency of mankind in thought, in speech and in print consists entirely of polarized words. The argument for and against new translations of the Bible really turns on this. Skepticism is afraid to trust its truths in depolarized words, and so cries out against a new translation. I think, myself, if every idea our Book contains were shelled out of its old symbol and put into a new, clean, unmagnetic word, we should have some chance of reading it as philosophers, or wisdom-lovers, ought to read it, which we do not and cannot now. When society has once fairly dissolved the New Testament, which it has never done yet, it will perhaps crystallize it over again in new forms of language.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

NEWS STAND ACCOMMODATION.