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THE

IDEAL REVIEW.

VOL. XIII. NOVEMBER, 1900. No. 5.

THE TEACHING OF REBIRTH IN INDIA.

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON, B.C.S., RETIRED; M.R.A.S.

"If I were asked to describe the western world," Schopenhauer is reported to have said, "I should have to say that it is the benighted region where the idea of rebirth is unknown."

True enough, perhaps, in his day, this is now altogether false; for the western world has caught the idea of rebirth with marvelous quickness spreading it far and wide, as on electric nerves; absorbing it, dissolving it in thought, putting it forth under new lights; so that very soon the time will come when any mind not receptive of this idea will be of interest wholly archæological.

Coming to us from the East, through eastern messengers, the idea of rebirth will one day be made our own—altogether ours; then it will wear a new face vivified by our new, strong life, and expressing that new spirit in us which no other race or nation ever had,—the new spirit, latest birth of endless being, that is our warrant for separate existence.

But at present, and for a long time yet, the idea of rebirth must remind us of the East, carry us back to the East, and the long past ages and races that have left us our earliest records of the eternity of life—life eternally changing, eternally one. And indeed everyone in dwelling on the idea of rebirth, has thought of the East and spoken of the East very abundantly, often eloquenly. Yet, after all

this eloquence, there is still a great need that someone should try, earnestly and with knowledge, to find out and record precisely what the Eastern teaching is; neither blinded to grand old truths through lack of sympathy, nor, through excess of enthusiasm, tinging them with new life of our own.

To do this for Chaldæa and Egypt will soon be possible, though not completely possible yet; to do it for India is not only possible, but comparatively easy, for we have abundant records, we know their meaning fairly well, and even their relative age, though we can as yet only guess at their age in years.

Here, then—as far as our best knowledge goes—is the oldest passage in all the vast records of India that speaks quite clearly of rebirth. It has a historical atmosphere of the greatest value, to the significance of which we shall presently recur.

We are told, in this very ancient passage, that a young Brahman, the son of priestly ancestors, came to the gethering of the Panchâla nation, to the court of King Pravâhana son of Jîvala, the seer and sovereign of the Panchâlas.

The King, seeing the yong Brahman, greeted him; then asked him whether his priestly father had handed on to him the traditional sacred teaching. The youth, Shvetaketu, proud in his Brahmanical knowledge, replied with a simple affirmative, which was the sacred syllable, probably the password of initiation.

Then the royal sage asked him five questions, deep and searching, not at all touching the lesser mysteries of the sacrificial rites, but concerned with the profound realities of life: "Do you know how these beings, on going forth from life, separate, and pass on in diverging ways? Do you know how they come back to this world again? Do you know how the other world is not filled to overflowing by the multitudes that ever go forth from life? Do you know after the offering, of what offering the waters, taking human voice, rise up together and speak? Do you know the approach of the path of the gods and the path of the fathers,—or, through doing what, men approach the path of the gods or the path of the fathers?"

The confident affirmation of the young Brahman, proud in priestly knowledge, turned to as brief a negative—a negative five times repeated, we may guess, with growing bitterness and confusion, but not, the old record tells us, with growing humility. For when the kingly sage, gently rebuking his ignorant assurance, offered to teach him the more excellent wisdom, the young Brahman, quaintly says the text, "ran away."

Coming home to his father, he said bitter things of the king, told about the five questions, and reproached the old priest for not handing on to him the whole teaching, thus letting his vanity be wounded by one of the kingly race. We cannot but admire his father's answer: "You know us, dear,—how, if I was learned in anything I told it all to you; but let us go to the kingly sage and become his pupils."

But Shvetaketu had had enough of the Panchâlas and their lord, and told his father to go himself. So the old Brahman went alone to ask for wisdom. The king received him well, and hospitably entertained him; then after the manner of the "tempter" in all allegories of initiation, offered him a wish.

The old man rejected the things his fellow Brahmans prayed for—"Enough of gold and cattle and horses, slave-girls, tapestries and robes! But be not ungenerous of the great, the endless, the everlasting."

The king's answer to this prayer for wisdom is remarkable—almost startling. He consents to teach the old man the way of rebirth and of freedom from rebirth, but adds this notable caution: "Henceforth be free of offence towards us, thou and thy father's fathers, since this wisdom never before dwelt in any Brahman, but was, in all lands, the mastery of the warrior Kshattriya, alone."

Here then, at the very outset, in the very first passage where the teaching of rebirth occurs, we are quite distinctly told that this teaching was then utterly unknown to the Brahmans, though versed in the Vedic hymns; that, on the other hand, it was handed down as a mystery-teaching among the Kshattriya or Rajputs, the warrior

race that ruled the whole of northern India. To this remarkable tradition, which all the subsequent ages of Brahmanical tradition have not been able to efface, we shall return later.

This history of the king of the Panchâlas,—a race whose descendants are almost certainly found in the Rajput warriors of today and whose ancestors were called Rajputs as far back as the Vedic age, comes down to us by three distinct channels, one of which is evidently independent of the other two.

The two closely related versions are in the Brhad-Aranyaka Upanishad* and the Shatapatha Brahmana†,—of which the Upanishad in question now forms a part. An independent version of the same story is in the Chhandogya Upanishad‡, so that the two greatest and most important Upanishads, or Indian books of hidden wisdom, endorse and record the same historical fact—that the Brahmans first learned the teaching of rebirth from the Rajputs; and this in connection with the earliest passage, as far as our best knowledge goes, in which the teaching of rebirth occurs.

This very remarkable conclusion has never before been stated in so many words; yet it would be quite easy to shew that all the best Vedic scholars have been feeling their way in the same direction. If this teaching were taken away, the heart of Indian wisdom would be lost; and yet this crown of "Brahmanical" philosophy, as it is called, belonged not to the Brahmans at all, but to the Rajputs, the warrior-Kshattriyas, from whom the Brahmans learned it, humbly sitting at their feet.

In the Chhandogya Upanishad, the old Brahman who first learnt this doctrine has put it on record that his son Shvetaketu was "conceited, vain of his learning, and proud;' we may add to this unprejudiced paternal judgment, that Shvetaketu, though he knew the three Vedas by heart, must also have been uncommonly stupid and unobservant; for had he but listened closely to what the Rajput sage asked him, he might have guessed the answers; if ever there were

*Shatapatha Brahmana; XIV. 9, 1, 1. †Brhad-Aranyaka Upanishad; VI. 2, 1. ‡Chhandogya Upanishad; V. 3, 1.

leading questions, these are. Let us supply the young Brahman's short-comings, and turn the five questions into affirmations: These beings, the souls of men, on going forth from life, are separated and go onward in divergent directions; souls come back to this world and enter it again; and because the souls of men come back to this world again, the other world is not filled to overflowing; but the souls of men do not immediately come back to re-enter this world, for we hear of two paths, not of this world, that they approach, in the way of the fathers and the way of the gods. It must be at the dividing of these two ways that they separate and pass on in divergent directions—some to the fathers, the souls of dead ancestors; some to the gods, the shining immortals.

Here then, in the questions themselves we have a perfectly clear picture of the teaching that was in the Rajput sage's mind; if we had nothing but these questions, no answers nor anything else in all the Upanishads, we should yet have a lucid outline of the doctrine, enough to serve as a clue to the mystery of death. But we have his answers fully recorded, and much more of the same teaching in other parts of the same and other Upanishads; and these teachings, when brought together, enable us to fill in the outline with wonderful richness and completeness.

To begin with the Rajput sage's answers. In order to insist on the interdependence of immortality onwards and immortality backwards, the thing begins, not, as we should expect, with the moment of death, but with the period before birth when the soul is getting ready to enter the world.

In the great All, he teaches, there are three manifested worlds; the divine, the mid-world, and this earth. The divine is as a fire that illumines; the mid-world of passion is as a fire that consumes; this wholesome earth is as a fire that warms. The soul that is to enter the gates of birth is resting in the divine world; how it came there, we shall shortly see. When the time of birth comes near, it dies out of the divine world, to be born into the world below, the world of passon and desire, the midway between earth and heaven.

When the soul dies out of the celestial world, it is reborn in the mid-world in a lunar form; that is, a form of waxing and waning, of changefulness and desire, that is likened to a white mist gradually darkening to cloud. Then it gradually takes on the materialty of the earth and approaches a father and mother to be born.

The three worlds were likened to three fires; the same image is applied to the father and mother; so that after the offering of the fifth fire, after the mother has given birth to her child, "the waters" —the gradually materialized form already likened to a mist condensing into cloud—"rise up and speak with human voice" the voice of the new-born man.

His fate in this solid-seeming world is described with striking brevity; "he is born, he lives as long as he lives, then dies." No epitaph could be briefer; the driest human record would give more facts than this. But the Rajput seer deals thus summarily with the facts of life because he wishes to pass on the more swiftly to the weightier facts of death.

After death, the soul rises up from the pyre, "reborn, of the color of the sun; then comes the dividing of the ways. Those who have lived in pure spirituality, shining intuition, spotless truth, pass onward along a luminous path through shining worlds to the divine sun, the Self of all beings, the perfect Eternal. "For them there is no return;" they go not out any more.

For the others, those who sought not the inner spirit but the outward forms of things, praying for "gold and cattle and horses, slave-girls, tapestries and robes," worshipping through rites and ceremonies, "sacrifices and pious gifts," "approaching God like a cow to be milked," hoping to win, not God but the gifts of God, in this world and the next—for these there is a lower way.

They enter paradise, the "lunar world," where all things are reflections, not realities, as the moon reflects the light of the sun. Here "in the world of good works they enjoy bliss in the upper half of the life-circle" in the words of another Upanishad."* The Rajput

*Katha Upanishad; III, 1.

sage, in speaking of the paradise of reward, uses a strange expression which he does not fully explain. The souls of men, he says,—that is, their life-experience—become "the food of the bright powers" in paradise."

To understand what this means, we must turn to another passage of the same Upanishad—a passage full of magnificent color and beauty, where the life of the paradise of reward is made conceivable by the analogy of dreams. This passage teaches that the great reality is the Self, "the inner light in the heart, consciousness, spirit;" that the Self ever remains the same, though it seems to enter both worlds, as if thinking, as if moving.

When the man falls asleep, the Self transcends this world, transcends the forms of things that die. For when at birth man enters into a body, he is enwrapped and involved in perishable things, but ascending again when he dies he puts off evil things.

For there are two dwelling places for the spirit of man; this world and the other world. And the world uniting these two is the dream-world. And when he is in the world that joins the other two, the spirit of man beholds both this world and the other world. And according to what he has attained in the other world, coming to that attainment he beholds things perishable or things blissful.

When he "falls asleep," taking his materials from this all-containing world, himself having cut the wood, himself the builder, by his own shining, by his own light—when he thus "falls asleep" he is his own light.

There are no chariots there, nor horses, nor roads; so he himself puts forth chariots and horses and roads. There are no joys, rejoicings, nor enjoyments there; so he himself puts forth joys, rejoicings, enjoyments. · There are no springs or streams or lakes there; so he himself puts forth springs and streams and lakes. For he is the maker, the creator.*

*Brhad-Aranyaka Upanishad; IV. 3, 1-10.

This is as close a rendering of the original Sanskrit as the greatest care can make it. In the answers of the Rajput seer, and in one of the questions, the symbols are required to be interpreted in the light of other passages; but here are no symbols—only the most lucid and vivid teaching, the like of which we might seek in vain elsewhere, throughout all the books in the world. The teaching is this: Life after death, for those who are to be born again, is a bright and radiant dream; a fairy palace, of which each one is the builder, "himself having cut the wood;" and just as in dream "things seen as seen he beholds again, things heard as heard he hears again, and what was enjoyed by the other powers he enjoys again by the other powers; things seen and unseen, heard and unheard, enjoyed and unenjoyed, real and unreal,—he sees all, as all he sees it."†

The magician in paradise, as in dream, is the spirit, working through the creative, formative imagination; the magician's materials are drawn from the experiences of this all-containing world.

"According to his spiritual attainment,"—to use the excellent phrase of the Upanishad,—according to the measure of his aspirations is the scenery of his paradise; if his spiritual unfolding was meagre, he will be surrounded by sensuous delights; if richer and higher, he will rise above them, "going back to the higher divinity."

All his spiritual aspirations, all the divine movements of his life, where he has risen above the perishable longings of the perishable world, to something higher, holier, more real; every act of gentle charity, high heroism, self-forgetfulness,—this is his "attainment in the other world" his spiritual earnings, his treasure laid up in heaven.

These fair aspirations and intuitions are forces, the most potent forces in the world; they are quite strictly guided by the law of conservation; quite strictly work themselves out to their fullest fruition. In dream, it is exactly the same; as a man's imaginings, so are his dreams—for the sensual, sensual; for the pure, pure. And

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†Prashna Upanishad; IX. 5.

those whose aspirations are high and shining, do really reach a higher world, and come back to waking life radiant with a light that never was on land or sea.

After sleep comes waking. The shining aspirations and intuitions have reached their fullest unfolding and fruition. The shining powers of the spirit have feasted on the spirit's experience; the man is ready to be born again. "Therefore he whose radiance has become quiescent is reborn, through the impulses indwelling in mind."* Here is the second great truth bound up in the teaching of rebirth: the man's soul comes back, not fortuitously, but quite strictly guided by forces of his own making; his new life is as much his own work as was his paradise. He is reborn by law, not by luck.

This truth is conveyed in an admirable series of similes in the great Upanishad from which we have quoted so much already: "What a man has known,—we are told,—what he has done, and the insight he has already gained, take him by the hand. Then, just as a caterpillar, coming to the end of a blade of grass, lays hold on another and lifts himself over to it, so this Self, after laying aside the body and putting off the perishable things of this world, lays hold on his attainment and lifts himself over to it.

"And, just as a goldsmith, taking the gold of one fair work, makes of it another new and fairer form, so this Self, after laying aside the body and putting off the perishable things of this world, makes for itself another new and fairer form, like the form of the souls, of the celestial singers, or the gods or the lord of beings, or even the great Evolver, or some other form."

"According as a man has walked and worked, he comes to being; he who has worked highly, comes to lofty being; he who has worked evil, comes to evil being; through holy works he comes to holy being, through evil to evil."

For they say indeed that "the Spirit is formed of desire; and according to his desire, is his will; and according to his will, are

*Prashna Upanishad; III. 9-10.

his works; and whatever works he works, to that he gives." As the verse says "he, enmeshed by his works, goes to whatever form he has intended his mind on." And after gaining the reward of his work, of whatever he has worked here, he returns again from the other world to this world of work.*

In the answers of the Rajput sage, the return to rebirth is described in the same words as the first birth of the soul, with which his teaching opens. After telling how their experiences become the food of the bright powers in a paradise that has its waxing and its waning, he teaches that, when their life-cycle there is fully run, they descend again, through spheres less and less etherial, toward the earth, "are sacrificed once more in the fire of man, again born in the fire of woman, and come forth again into the world. Thus, verily, they go on along their cyclic course."

The version of the Chhandogya Upanishad runs more to precise detail; thus, for instance, when birth is spoken of at the beginning of the Rajput's teaching, we are told that the man to be born "wrapped in the womb, lies there as an embryo, and is born at the end of the tenth lunar month, or as long as it may be."

The same instinct for detail appears when the causes of rebirth are spoken of. We are told that "having dwelt in paradise according to the length of their treasure, their accumulation of aspiration, they return again by the same road. They become etherial, then breath-like, then smoke-like, then vaporous, then cloudy, descending like rain toward the earth. Then for those whose walk in life was happy, there is the prospect of a happy birth, as a knower of holy things, or a warrior or a man of wealth; but for those whose walk in life was foul, there is the prospect of a foul birth, dog-like or swinish or outcast. But these mean creatures, who are perpetually returning, for whom it is "be born, die!"—they go by neither of these two paths. This is the third way—beware of it! As the verse says: "the stealer of gold, the drinker of spirits, he who

*Brhad-Arayaka Upanishad; IV. 4, 2-6.

dishonours his teacher's household, he who slays the saints—these four fall; and fifthly he who walks with them!*

This last teaching is logically necessary to complete the whole. There are three alternatives. Those who at death have spiritual attainment, only, no earthward impulses indwelling in mind, and cannot be drawn back to the earth; all their tendencies are spiritwards, so they themselves go spiritwards along the path of freedom, to the perfect oneness with the Eternal. Those who have a "treasure in heaven," a spiritual attainment, an "accumulation" of moral force, aspiration, intuition, and, side by side with this, have also earthly impulses indwelling in mind, are prevented by these earthly impulses from reaching perfect freedom; yet they cannot be prevented from enjoying their spiritual attainment to the full; they reap their perfect reward in paradise, dwelling there as long as their accumulation lasts. Then the earthly impulses re-assert themselves, their higher radiance has become quiescent, and they are re-born through the tendencies indwelling in mind. But those who have no "spiritual attainment," no "accumulation" at all; who have only earthly impulses and nothing else, cannot enter the reward of paradise, much less the path of liberation. The earthly impulses reassert themselves immediately, unchecked, and they are at once reborn.

To show that this interpretion of the threefold alternative is no gloss on the old mystery-teaching of India, we may add here the same doctrine in a slightly different vesture, from another of the Upanishads. A word or two as to the symbols used in this slightly veiled teaching. The mystic syllable, which represents the Eternal, the All,—conceived as unconditioned or conditioned, as higher and lower,—is divided into three measures which stand for the three worlds: this earth, the mid-world, and the divine. Therefore to meditate on the first measure of the mystic syllable, is to be busy with the things of earth alone, to have no hold at all on the two higher worlds.

*Chhandogya Upanishad; V. 10, 7-9.

To turn to the text: A question has been asked as to what world he gains, who meditates on the mystic syllable until the day of his death. The answer is, that the mystic syllable is a symbol for the Eternal, the All. That "he who meditates on the first measure only, vivified by it, is quickly reborn in the world of men." But "he who dwells on it in his mind with two measures, is led to the middle world. He wins the lunar world, and, after enjoying brightness in the lunar world, he returns again, while he who, with three measures, meditates on the mystic syllable, and thereby reaches in meditation to the highest spirit, enters into the radiant, the divine sun. As a serpent is freed from its slough, he verily is freed from the perishable. He beholds the indwelling spirit above the highest assemblage of lives." *

The first alternative is that of the "mean beings who are perpetually returning," who meditate only on things of this earth. The two latter are, of course, the path of the fathers and the path of the gods, of which so much has been said already.

The tract we have just quoted says of these: "They who follow ritual, thinking sacrifices and gifts are the perfect way, win the lunar world; they, verily return again. This is the path of the fathers. But they who seek the Self by fervor, service of the Eternal, faith and wisdom, these verily win the divine sun. This is the home of lives; this is the immortal, fearless, supreme way. From it they do not return again, for this is the perfect goal."

So we have traced the fate of souls, according to the luminous wisdom of the Upanishads, from the divine world downward into birth; then through life to death, from death upwards again through etherial spheres to the divine world; thence again, when their spiritual energies are spent, downward through the etherial world, through the gates of birth to this world again; for thus, verily, they go on along their cyclic course. We have seen, further, how their ways diverge, according as divine or earthly energies hold sway, or are in equal balance. But, as it must be as

*Prashna Upanishad; V. 2-7.

rare for a soul to go forth with tendencies wholly earthward as it is for a soul to go forth with tendencies wholly heavenward, we must believe that, for the vast majority, there is the rest of paradise between death and birth; a long shining dream, where all the bright energies of their spirits work out their perfect fruition.

There is one problem that irresistibly presents itself, though perhaps it is hardly a profitable one: How long does the soul's rest in paradise last? How soon is the soul reborn? One is led to imagine that there is a clue to this in a dark saying concerning the divine word in the Indian books—the word that became flesh and dwelt among us. We are told that a fourth part of the word is manifest on earth, while three fourths are invisible in the heavens. May we take this to mean that the life-span in paradise is thrice as long as the life-span on earth, three times our earthly three-score years and ten? That our spiritual energies are thrice as potent as our earthly, and thus require thrice as long for their unfolding? This may be so, but we had better leave these high problems with the gods.

Only one thing remains to be said, to make this teaching complete. The paradise where the soul lingers between death and birth has been spoken of as a world of dream, where the spirit puts forth from itself joys, rejoicings and enjoyments, itself the magician, "having cut the wood itself, building itself."

We shall fail entirely of understanding, if we think that this earth, the world to which the soul returns, is of different texture, of other origin, than the world of paradise. Here too, in this world, the soul, the spirit, the immortal Self is the only magician, weaving the worlds from his own self "as the web-wombed spider weaves his web." Both worlds are equally real, equally unreal. "He goes from death to death who sees a difference; what is here is there also; what is there, the same is here." For here, as there, is the infinite Self only, the one and all: "the spirit that wakes in those that dream, moulding desire after desire, is that bright one, that Eternal that they call the immortal one. In this all the world rests, nor do any go beyond it. The one ruler, the inner

Self of all beings, who makes one form manifold; the wise who behold him within themselves, theirs is happiness, not others. The durable among undurable; the soul of souls, who though one, disposes the desires of many; the wise who behold him within themselves, theirs is peace everlasting, and not others. This is that, they think, the ineffable supreme joy. How then may I know whether this shines or borrows its light? No sun shines there, nor the moon and stars; nor lightnings, nor fire like this. All verily shines after that Shining; from the shining of that, all this borrows light."

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

VEDANT—THE FINAL GOAL OF KNOWLEDGE.

BY KANNOO MAL, M. A.

It is not wonderful that the Vedant, an outcome of the ripest and profoundest speculations of the Genius of Philosophy, is, as it is termed, "the final Goal of Knowledge. "The sublimity, nobleness, and grandeur of this philosophy have elicited unbounded raptures of admiration from the most learned philosophers. Orientalists have gone into ecstasies over its greatness, or have been overcome with astonishment at the height which it has reached in the domain of thought. It is not my intention to illustrate this assertion by a number of quotations from these several admirers, for most of them are well known to the students of this philosophy; yet I should like to give one or two such expressions, which are of recent date.

Professor Max Müller, who has devoted his life to the study of the Vedant, writes, in the "Six Systems of the Hindu Philosophy":

"It is surely astounding that such a system as the Vedant should have been so slowly elaborated by the indefatigable and intrepid thinkers of India thousands of years ago—a system that even now makes us feel giddy, as in mounting the last steps of the swaying spire of an ancient Gothic cathedral. None of our philosophers, not excepting Heraclitus, Plato, Kant or Hegel, has ventured to erect such a spire, never frightened by storms or lightnings. Stone follows on stone in regular succession after once the first step has been made, after once it has been clearly seen that in the beginning there can have been but one, as there will be but one in the end, whether we call it Atma or Brahma."

Mrs. Annie Besant, in one of her lectures on Hinduism says: "The Vedant—the end of the Vedas—seeks the cause of the manifested universe, cannot rest content with an analysis that stops at Purush and Prikriti. It is, in fact, the most splendid and philoso-

phical expression of that ineradicable yearning of the human heart for God, which may be denied, distorted, thwarted, but ever rises from its seeming death, the eternal witness of something in man that is his innermost self, his inalienable life, and that finds its noblest outcome in the triumph cry of the Advaitism, 'I am He', when the long-sought, under many veils is found, and Deity stands revealed as the very self of man.' "

These two extracts among others, might serve as examples to show to what extent this philosophy is appreciated and eulogized by some of the best writers and orators in Europe. In fact, the system of the Vedant, though appearing to be adumbrated in the many theories of the early Greek philosophers Heraclitus, Parmenides, Plato, or in the school of the Neo-Platonists of Alexandria, or in the writings of the sage-thinkers of early Christianity at Antioch, or the intrepid philosophers of the middle ages, Spinoza, Bruno, or the recent savants of Germany from Kant downward, yet, it is so very bold, so unique, so characteristic of its own, that none of these approach it in its sublimity, magnificence and nobleness. Thought here seems to have reached its highest stage of development; in fact it has penetrated beyond the mists and clouds of the phenomenal intellect, and shines with a lustre so refulgent that the eye of the mind can but turn from it for fear of being blinded. Nothing in the immeasurably sweeping fields of our Literature is so splendid and noble as the Vedant.

Could we efface it from our literature—such a task being well-nigh impossible, since it permeates our very existence—we should have forfeited our claims to the respect and esteem of the civilized world.

With these few preliminary observations, I proceed to deal with the subject itself, and, though I am fully conscious of the impossibility of expounding this vast system in the limited space of a magazine article—for even the voluminous books written on it do not suffice—yet it is a remarkable truth, that the philosophy can be stated in a word as well as in a book. In fact, our own Rishis of

old, who worked so assiduously at it, and carried it to the highest acme of perfection, have, with their master genius, condensed this whole philosophy into a sentence of three simple words.

Well might Professor Max Müller exclaim in wonder, "this fearless synthesis, embodied in the simple words *Tat tvam asi*, seems to me the boldest and truest synthesis in the whole history of philosophy."

Succinctly expressed, the salient points of the Vedant are God, Soul, and the World. I purposely employ these three English words God, Soul, and World, to denote Brahma, Atma, and the Maya, to show that they do not in the least approach the latter expressions in meaning. Perhaps the most of the misconception and misrepresentation that the Vedant philosophy conveys to the English reader, owes its origin to these three English words. To express the idea of the Vedantic Brahma by "God" is as though one should express the idea of the greatness of the Himalyas by the word "Molehill". The term lags so far behind the fact. So with the words Atma and Maya—the soul and the world—especially with the former, Atma. I think I shall have done much in clearing a way to the comprehension of the Vedant if I explain the differences that lie in the signification of the three words under consideration.

God, in English, means a personal Deity, an objective conception. He is the Creator, Governor and Ruler of the Universe. He has power, justice, righteousness, goodness, mercy, and the qualities of omnipresence, omniscience and omnipotence. Infinite in Him are all those qualities which in man find but a very inadequate expression. This God is separate from the human soul, which stands to Him in the relation of a beloved to a lover, a servant to a master, a son to a father, a friend to a friend, and so forth. He views us from His lofty heavens and rewards the good and punishes the guilty. Our prayers for mercy are raised to him, and listened to, if we deserve it. He has planted in us a principle to guide us in our actions, and this principle is

conscience—a subdued voice of the Almighty God. While to a certain extent, united with the man, since no place and no time is without Him, He is beyond, emitting divine influences in His infinite lustre of mercy, love, and goodness. We kneel to Him in prayer, and even believe that, when the checkered scene of our life is over, we shall have to face the Eternal Judge for our actions.

Such, in brief, is the notion conveyed by the word "God." The most important matter to be noticed in this is that it furnishes us with an objective notion; that is, it gives us the idea of something that is separate and outside of us, possessing, though in infinite degree, the virtues which find expression more or less on the plane of human existence. This conception, strained to the utmost, approaches that of the Vedantic Ishwar, between whom and Brahma the Vedandist makes a sharp distinction. While Ishwar is objective or personal, if we can use the word, and concerns Himself in the Evolution and the Dissolution of the world, rewards or punishes men—if there is room for such a notion in the extremely rational system of the Hindu philosophy in any of its various aspects—one to whom our prayers are sent forth, and all devotions and love proffered. Brahma, on the other hand, is quite an abstract notion. The triple strands of Time, Space, and Causality which form the checkered panorama of the world, have no application to this conception. Speech turns back dumb from it, the mind dares not soar so high; in vain do the subtle wings of thought attempt to rise into the essence of its existence.

The Vedantists do not call Brahma He or She, since such terms indicate a notion of sex, while sex is without relation to Brahma, which is aptly termed "It." No positive assertion can be made of Its attributes; in fact, no attributes are linked to Its name. Yet there is nothing without It, or beyond It. Reduce everything to its ultimate residuum, if such a thing is possible, and you arrive at the conception. All that strengthens, invigorates, illuminates, imparts lustre, enlivens, is Brahma. From

the amœba to the angelic being of highest divinity, all live, move, and have their being in It.

Within that subtle Essence, all that exists has its Self. It is the True. It is the Self. The sun shineth not there; there the heavens, with their myriad lights, shed no lustre. All struggles, emotions, hopes, every happiness and every misery that affect mankind are no more there. Standing ever alone, uncreated and uncreator, in its dazzling refulgence, magnificence and lustre, sustaining and supporting the huge delusion-fabric of the universe, ever beyond the sweep of time, space, and causality, ever inaccessible to the leaps of the intellect, ever beyond the mighty grasp of imagination, never expressible by the pen of the poet; yet ever in inalienable union with us, nourishing the very roots of our existence; ever glorious, ever calm, ever unapproachable; *that* It is. The most we can say of It is that "It is not this, not that," as was told by a Rishi of old to a Raja curious to know the nature of the Brahma.

The German philosophy in its Titanic attempts to probe the mystery of the Universe, has ultimately arrived at the notion of an Unconscious Will, which expresses itself in all the varied phenomena of the Universe, from the bioplasm to the highest stage of evolution in man. This Unconscious Will in its ever-climbing evolution, expresses itself more and more in beauty as it ascends, until it finds its highest form in man. All the empirical sciences which concern themselves with nature, express only the outward changes and modifications of the phenomenal forms of the Unconscious Will, while philosophy with its metaphysics treats of this Will expressed in human form. Well might Duessen attempt to identify the Unconscious Will with the Brahma of the Vedantists.

Let me proceed to our second notion, Soul. The English rendering "Soul" for Atma is extremely unfortunate and positively prejudicial to the understanding of the real significance of the term Atma. Soul, hints at the individuality of man. It is the volition and thought of man with all his individual conceptions. Take

the soul out of man and he is no more, because man exists through his individuality. From the old, old days of the Greek philosophy to the palmy days of science, these our own days, the word "Soul" has always been employed to signify something that is distinctive of man. In this entity, mind, intellect, memory, and like faculties play a great part. If I am sensible of pain or pleasure, it is the Soul that causes the sensation, for the body is material and only the vehicle of the commands of the Soul. If I love or hate, it is the doing of the Soul. In fact, whatever I am cognizant of, whatever I feel as pain or pleasure, whatever I do, all is the act of my Soul. Such is the notion of the Soul, obtaining throughout the world, and even in India four out of the six systems of philosophy do not rise beyond this conception of the soul. Only the Sankhya and the Vedant go farther. What the Sankhya leaves imperfect is completed by the Vedant. The Sankhya philosophy calls the Soul by the term Purush, which is conceived as a passive spectator of all the acts and movements of the individual apparatus. Purush is not concerned in feeling pleasure or pain, or doing anything of the sort; it simply, as we may say, watches the performance of the actress Prikriti. Just as the spectator watches, calmly and passively, the performance of a juggler, so does this Purush. All that the Prikriti does is individual, does not concern Purush. Yet the Sankhya philosophy, in spite of such a rigidly unindividualistic notion of the Purush, ventures to say that these Purushas are many. It was reserved for the Vedant to step forth and complete the edifice left unfinished by the philospher Kapila. With a boldness and intrepidity born of consistency, the Vedant proclaims with divine voice that this Atma is one, and cannot be many. This may sound strange and incomprehensible, yet it is the only legitimate conclusion to be drawn from the given premises. The Vedantist declares of the Atma that it is not the body, not the mind, not the pranas—vital airs —not the intellect; they all are of a different nature. It is some-

thing beyond all these. The very ultimate essence of all things that are, is It.

Well might It say of Itself: "I neither act nor enjoy, nor am I bound by actions now, or was ever before. I am neither corporeal nor non-corporeal; how can egoism be predicated of strictly unindividualistic being? I am not contaminated by passion and affections, nor subject to any worldly affliction, being free from any corporeal bondage; know ye me the One Atma, boundless like the ether. I am destitute of all characteristic attributes, smaller than the smallest; I am beyond the sweep of the senses, mind and the intellect. Stand I ever-glorious, ruling the world."

Again it might be said of It: "Walketh not It on the earth, flieth not It on the wind, wetteth not It in the water, standeth It ever refulgent in Its untarnished glory. Encompasseth It the Universe, but Itself ever unbound, without and within, permeateth it all, invisible to the senses."

From these premises the poet might well make the reflection, "Since it is of such a character, how can there be room for individuality? There is neither 'thou' nor 'I' nor any specified species of sentient being there." We thus arrive at the notion of an abstract Being which is destitute of all individualities, yet, being their very life, sustaining them all. To put the matter logically, I may say that the Atma is beyond Time, Space and Causality, seeing that It is never old and never young, being bound by no space and never having been born. These three negative qualities have been predicated of the Atma, not only by the Vedantists, but by other schools of Indian philosophy, too; but it is the Vedant alone which is bold enough to draw the conclusion irresistible from these premises. Intrepid and undaunted, the Vedant proclaims, consistently with its logical reasoning and undefied by the storm of opposition, that such an Atma can only be one. It is impossible to conceive many existences which are equally free from time, space, and causality. All distinction and differentiation spring from these three attri-

butes, and, so soon as these conceptions are stripped off, all merge into one. Hence, you see that the Atma is one, that an Atma of which such negative attributes are predicated, cannot but be one; the inference that it is manifold is preposterous, unless you may deny its attributes. The Sankhya system affirmed these three negative attributes of the Purush, yet it flinched from drawing the only legitimate conclusion that It is one, and cannot be many.

Now, having demonstrated that the Atma is one, the Vedantist, in consonance with his theory, takes another step, which completes his edifice. He has already stated that Brahma is devoid of qualities, and that the utmost that can be asserted of It is comprehended in negations. It has been proved to be beyond time, space and causality, the three threads which form the warp and woof of this checkered web of the Universe. Now, if the Brahma is beyond time, space, and causality, and the Atma also is unfettered by these shackles, then it would be moral cowardice to shrink from identifying the one with the other. There can not be, unbounded by time, space, and causality, two existences which are not one. The Unity of the Atma and the Brahma is the logical inference from our data, and it is either cowardice or the lack of a logical mind which keeps us from accepting it.

We now come to the third point—the Maya or the Universe. The word "Maya" has a long history behind it, and diligent are the researches made and being made by Oriental scholars to unravel its mystery. It has been hunted down back to the Vedas, and then chased backward again to the present time. Maya is Delusion, and Maya is this world. Though not inclined to enter into an elaborate exposition of its history, yet I can not refrain from saying that it has, in fact, been employed to convey two distinct conceptions—one the practical existence of material forms; and the other, their delusive existence; an apparent existence such as can be produced by a juggler's art. The former view is more enduring and substantial than the latter, but both

are ultimately perishable. To be clear, let me say that the Vedantist believes phenomena to be *real* when they are eternally real, imperishable, beyond the sphere of time and space. Such a real existence, in other words, is possible only to the Brahma or the Atma. All other objects which, though appearing real to our eyes, are yet of a perishing nature, such as the world, are therefore unreal. The reality that we attribute to external objects is reality only in this sense, that we see them, can touch them; notwithstanding this, they are not, from the standpoint of a Vedantist's definition, eternally real.

It may be highly interesting to study the writings of both schools—those that take the world as practically real, and those that consider it in the light of a delusion. They are both strictly Vedantists. So far as my knowledge of the subject goes, I can say that in olden times of the Vedant, the world was regarded as a practical reality, but in modern times this practical reality has come to mean a delusion. But, whatever the fact may be, the two theories are not irreconcilable, since from neither standpoint can the world be called *real* in the Vedantic sense.

Let me explain here the Vedantic terms Maya and Avidya. Maya is a world-delusion—say, the cosmic illusion; while the Avidya is an individual one. The Avidya can be annihilated, the Maya can not. Now, let us define this Maya. From a Vedantic point of view it is something that in one sense is, in another is not. Contrasted with the reality of the Brahma it is unreal, but compared with ourselves, it is real. It is real as we are minus our Atma. Hence this apparently contradictory nature of the definition.

This Maya, through the instrumentality of time, space, and causality, brings into existence our world-phenomenon. Whatever we see, hear, feel and think is all contained within the Maya. Now, the question arises, whence came this Maya, and when? From the most ancient times in all countries, in Greece, in Egypt and India, the wisest intellects had been devoted to the solu-

tion of this problem, but still it eluded them, because it involved a fallacy that escaped the detection even of the keen Indian eye. And it was thought that such a question was absurd and that the inquiry could not be pushed further without involving us in a logical impasse. It has been said that the Maya comprehends time, space, and causality. These three ultimate producers of our world are within the Maya; wherever we find any one of them, it is sure the Maya extends so far; but to expect to discover the origin (or *cause*) of the Maya is absurd, because causality itself is contained within the Maya and does not exist outside of it. How, then, can we consistently ask for the cause of the Maya?

The credit of such a setting at rest of the mystery belongs to Kant, who has placed mankind under deep and enduring obligations by his original and bold researches in philosophy.

So, now, one thing is clear, namely, that we cannot dare ask the question, "whence came the world-illusion, and when?" unless we involve ourselves in a position of inextricable difficulty and absurdity. Now, this world-illusion of the Maya assumes an infinity of varied aspects. It appears as the individuality of the man; senses, mind, intellect, and vital powers being all evolutes of it; it appears also as the highest mountains that push their hoary heads into the company of the clouds above. All that surrounds us, all that shines, moves, rushes and smiles, is the work of the Maya—with this exception: that the ultimate principle of life is Brahma. The forms and names belong to the Maya, the reality to the Brahma.

Now we come face to face with a problem which has given rise to unreasoning argument. People say, if material objects are not real, how can we see, touch, and feel them? The Vedantist never denies the reality of the perceptions, but what he says is, that the only true existence is Brahma, that, *in comparison with it*, the world is nothing. He says that we ourselves are of the same stuff as the outward world, plus the Atma; accordingly

that it is no wonder that existences which are of the same nature should have a sympathy toward each other. The Vedantist says that inorganic matter is as real as are our own bodies. In fact, he makes no distinction between the two; nay, he goes so far as to say that even the mind, intellect, and senses are of the same nature. Admitting this, I cannot understand how the objection above advanced can hold good. If we make distinctions between our bodies or our senses and inanimate objects, i. e., assigning reality to the former and denying it to the latter, then, naturally, it would be absurd to say that the world is not an actuality; but we boldly assert that, apart from our Atma, we are all of the same stuff—the organic and the inorganic nature—though differing immensely from one another in degree of evolution.

I may say that we live, move and have our being in the Maya, though there is, perhaps, no such apparent contradiction as may be suspected by a critical reader. True, in one place I say that we live, move, and have our being in the Brahma, and here I remark that "we live, move and have our being in the Maya." Critics who are prone to deliver their trenchant judgments against others, without having the patience to understand thoroughly, will come forward, and in large letters inscribe the words "contradictory" upon my assertions; but I shall here try so to explain my meaning, that they shall have no excuse for misunderstanding me.

"We live, move and have our being in Brahma" from the point of view of our *real* existence. So far as concerns the inner essence, the ultimate principle of our existence, in virtue of which the whole creation lives, we are right in saying so; but in so far as we are the evolutes of Maya—from the intellect downward, in which our individuality is also comprehended, we live, move and have our being in the Maya.

Now, to illustrate the significance of the Maya, I shall adduce an example. Everyone must have had experience of dreams. While fast-locked in the arms of Morpheus, with eyes closed to the mighty

world around, ignorant of all its struggles and commotion, we see a world of our own imagining. As solid and as real that which lies about us in our waking state, is the world called up by the genius of dreams and imposed upon us with such a convincing show of realism. We feel that we are reading, talking or employing ourselves in manifold ways, and this without the faintest suspicion that it is all illusion. Mighty mountains with their hoary heads peering into the secrets of the celestials above; noble rivers flowing in majesty; still nobler and wider oceans sweeping around us in their grim grandeur and weird immensity, playing with its toys, the strongest ships, the pride of man's art; extensive and vast tracts of fertile land smiling in the beauty of luxuriant vegetation; the unmeasured heavens studded with their luminous myriad lights, those silent witnesses of the acts of humanity—in short, mountain and valley, desert and forest, land and sea, light and darkness, wind and wave, all that form the world of nature, rise up before us as it were from the grave, in the dream-visions. The mind appears to be loosed from its earthly bonds, and flies untrammelled throughout the vast realms of its own creation. How could a world like that presented to us in our dreams come from Matter; so solid and tangible is everything we perceive, yet all without reality? Facts like these have impressed all great and genuine thinkers in all times and in all countries, but the humdrum conventions of life have driven the philosophical to compromise with their inquisitiveness, and they have rested contented or have become stultified with what has been offered them by others in the way of explanation of this universal experience. It is not my intention here to give extracts from writers and philosophers who have raised a dissentient voice amid the general suffrage of mankind on the subject of the nature of dreams and of waking perceptions, yet it may not be out of place to insert one or two brief extracts.

Speaking of the delusive character of this solid-seeming world, let us see what the real thinkers have said.

Plato remarked that our world is a world of shadows, not of reality. Later, Plotinus observed, "The external world is nothing else than a mere phantom, a dream, a hallucination, pure and simple." The ancient Greek philosophers to a great extent believed in the illusive character of the world.

Poets, philosophers and prophets have, from time to time, proclaimed, as with a trumpet-blast, the unreality of the world; these were men who had seen the visions of the Real from their glimpses behind the deceptive veil of nature. Even so recent a poet as Tennyson has written:

"The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains,
Are not these, O Soul, the vision of Him who reigns?
Is not the vision He? though He be not that which He seems.
Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in dreams?"

But it is superfluous to multiply quotations. The student of philosophy is well acquainted with the views of all such thinkers. The general conclusion which the unanimous voice of all great thinkers declares, is, that the world, seemingly so solid and tangible, is at bottom nothing but a conglomeration of ideas emitted by our own intellects. Kant, the father of modern philosophy, has done a great service to humanity, by scientifically demonstrating the truth of these views, so long existing in vagueness. He first proceeds to analyze the world, and, after intricate and elaborate reasoning, comes to the three ultimate ingredients that form our world, which three ultimate fundamentals are time, space and causality. The entire Universe is a constitution of these three. Now, from time immemorial it has been believed that these were objective entities, something that is outside of us; but it was reserved for Kant to demonstrate lucidly to the world that these are only the intuitive forms of our intellect; they are in the mind rather than outside of us. Startling and strange this may sound to us, yet if we follow the extremely elaborate and ingenious reasoning of Kant, we shall find his conclusion irresistible. I shall

not attempt to prove here that they are not extra-mental entities, but within us, for it would make this article too long. If the reader cares to pursue the subject, he can refer to Kant himself.

Now, since these three ultimates, time, space, and causality, form the Universe, and are only in the intellect, ergo, the Universe is in the mind and not outside of us. In other words, what we see around us are the embodiments of our own conceptions, rather than actual objects. If you pursue matter, scale in hand, as one of the modern philosophers observes, you will ultimately arrive at the conclusion that nothing is solid but force, and that force is not matter—an extended, inert, tangible mass of matter. This force, under the triple forms of time, space, and causality, reveals itself as the grand and mighty universe. The Vedantist says nothing else. He holds that the variegated garb of Nama-Rupe—names and forms—is the Nature veiling an Ultimate Reality, which is untrammelled by the triple links of time, space, and causality.

Such is the view of the Vedantist on the Universe, and, having been weighed in the balance of Science, the view has not been found wanting. It is the only view which harmonizes with the latest results of Science—the Science that with a mighty force has broken down so many creeds and faiths.

To recapitulate the whole: There is but one Reality, and that is Brahma. It is another name for our innermost essence, called Atma—the Self of the Creation; the individuality of the man (called Ego or Soul) is an evolute of the Maya which is something indefinable; the net of contradictions by which we are enmeshed is the Maya; it is a conglomerate of time, space, and causality. All that is formed, is of this Maya.

Such is, in brief, the rationale of the Vedant.

KANNOO MAL.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF TRUST LEGISLATION.

HENRY NELSON BULLARD, PH.D.

The trust is the natural result of the development of our industrial laws. There are certain fixed paths along which all progress must needs proceed. As each great improvement has come, making possible a more rapid progress, there has been a great outcry, and many have been over-anxious to throw themselves into the breaches in the bulwarks of our country's safety. At certain times the utter overthrow of customs and methods has seemed inevitable to many. This has been true to the largest extent among the working-classes; and the man who sees a new invention taking away the bread-earning power of his training is not to be blamed for holding pessimistic views. No change giving improved methods and quicker processes has come without an accompanying distress to some. In time a new and proper adjustment is made, but there must be temporary antagonism.

There have been few cases of these changes where injury to the former worker has not passed over the line dividing the necessary from the really unjust. And it is but natural that the workman, with the loaf of bread snatched from his outstretched hand, should be unable to distinguish between necessary hardship and that which he clearly sees to be unnecessary. Is it a wonder that his hand closes round the stone that he finds instead of the bread, and that he makes it a weapon, as nature has taught him to do? The conflict between labor and capital has been embittered right here. The real danger is not in the introduction of the changes, but in the often real (while often exaggerated) injustice on the part of the employer. The problems on each side are equally real, though each group seems unimportant to the other man.

Competition is the basis of all industrial progress—or our entire system is wrong. If the principle were proved to be wrong we

could not to-day make a radical change, even if the authorities in such matters were agreed on a better system. Whether the present system is good or bad the past has devoted us to the competitive system for at least many years to come. To-day competition has passed the limits of individual relations. It is an age of combination and organization. A good organizer, a good organization, is praised without a voice of dissent under all other names, but on all sides the "trust" is illogically excepted. There has been so much of injustice connected with these great business combinations that the very name has become among the people a synonym for financial corruption.

There is no need to define the trust. Authorities will not agree upon the wording for the definition. But we all know what a trust is. The great question to-day is in reference to legislation against trusts. State political-conventions of both parties are hastening to nail down a plank against trusts. Some deep scholars are giving out their carefully prepared decisions that trusts must be conquered or they will dominate our nation along all lines of its progress. There is at least enough weight to the arguments on the other side, however, to keep the balance even. By the careful study of certain relations of legislation to industrial progress, and of some of the facts about these trusts themselves, we shall throw much light upon the vexed question.

Can legislation interrupt or direct industrial progress? History gives few, if any, facts warranting an affirmative answer to this question. There are on the statute books of several States, laws enacted to attack certain institutions; but these laws remain absolutely dead. Attempt after attempt of this kind has failed. Over the injustice to the laborer caused by mechanical inventions, there was as widespread agitation as there exists now over trusts. To-day, as we look back, no one can believe that a law against the introduction of any labor-saving machines could have delayed but for a very short time the adoption of really helpful invention. With competition as the method of our industrial

evolution, the trust is a natural growth. We can no more stop the progress of combination than we can stay the rushing of a mighty river at its greatest depth, though had we been at its source a moment's work might have changed its course.

The question whether we ought to oppose this new and rapid development is more important than whether we can stop it. That which is wrong may attain such a growth that it is almost impossible to uproot it. It may be that the trust is like the many-headed monster against which Hercules fought. Each apparent gain on his part only increased the power of the enemy. If the trust is wrong in principle, perseverance, and ingenuity of plan will win the day for us as for him.

It is impossible in this article to go into detail of proof. We can spread before us only a summary of the available evidence. The origin of the trust lay in the fact that concentrated capital saves waste. In the days of less perfect communication, capital was widely distributed, not only in ownership but in business. To-day, combinations before impossible not only save much of the former waste but by economy in the directing and planning of business insure a very material gain. The natural results of these combinations are, a saving of expense in the mechanism of the business; a possibility of obtaining the best and most costly machinery; aud the precision and possibilities of a more perfect organization. These changes, with others perhaps equally great, have cheapened the cost of production in a marked degree. The selling price is lowered, and at the same time the quality of the goods manufactured is very much improved. Many things now regarded as necessaries of life have been brought within the reach of those who are not rich, only by that combination in capital which has of late been named the trust.

Such is the theoretical view; and the practical view does not differ except that many abuses must be recognized. The great danger in such combinations lies in the increased possibility of corruption and injustice where power is so centralized. The greater

the power brought together, the greater is the chance of victory in a struggle with another organization. And the contest of two great organizations in industrial annals is a conflict terrible beyond compare. This condition of affairs has given us certain overgrown and dangerous combinations, both of labor and of capital. Unscrupulous labor-unions and selfish monopolies could easily be named in illustration. If we are to settle the question in view of such evil-disposed bodies alone, all fair-minded persons would agree in their verdict of condemnation. By the actual mixture of fair and unfair we are perplexed.

Still, as the trust is a natural outgrowth of accepted laws, our purpose should be to attack the corruptions, and, stripping these off by legislation, to bring out the best there is in the trust-principle. Anti-trust legislation is not what we want. There is in the trust a strength and virtue which we cannot deny, and to destroy the elements of true strength were folly—if, indeed, it be not impossible. We should, by appropriate laws, make the most of that strength, while guarding against the excesses which turn that strength against our welfare and stability.

Mr. Bryan's plans of legislation against trusts have not proved successful in Missouri and other States where they have been tried. Unreasoning antagonism toward an organism in which are germs of true life only makes more insidious the evil which has grown up in it. Where we have attempted to crush out the trusts they have but resorted to more secret methods, and we know that the greatest danger from such organizations lies in the power for evil which secrecy gives them. We have had the most difficulty with the largest combinations. The power of money is such that almost any shady transaction can be hushed up. In proportion as the trust increases in size, its chance to keep secret its mechanism becomes greater. So it appears that, with business methods as they are at present, a limit should be placed on the growth of any particular trust, and laws should be passed making possible free access to the books of the trust, and mak-

ing necessary frequent supervision of their condition. With legislation along these two lines the evils of the trust would be under control, and there would still be free opportunity for the development of the rightful and beneficial powers inherent in organized combinations.

We may conclude, therefore, that the present antagonism to trusts has arisen from unwarranted and unfounded attacks, from exaggeration of conditions and tendencies, and also because of acts of injustice on the part of the trusts. The problems which arise from the first of these three classes are the hardest to solve. The real flaws in the present system could be easily remedied if it were possible to go directly at the work; but the wrongly directed agitation of those who really know nothing about the matter complicates the settlement. In the trusts themselves the great danger lies in overgrowth and secrecy. It is logically our policy so to mold legislation as to correct these tendencies, and at the same time to protect the trust in its natural and legitimate condition. The past has proved our economic system to be founded on necessary principles, and surely it would be folly to overturn the established system—especially when no other is at hand. The trust-problem is vital, but much of the complication found in it has come from the blundering way in which it has been handled by certain politicians and alarmists.

The solution of the great problem lies with our scholars and statesmen; and we may rest assured that with such pilots as guide our ship of state the vessel will not be cast upon this reef.

HENRY NELSON BULLARD, PH.D.

THE SCRIPTURE-HABIT AND THE STRUGGLE FOR REASON.

BY THE REVEREND CHARLES FERGUSON.

When, in the long process of evolution, the first of creeping things felt the first impulses to those adventures that resulted in the production of a backbone, it may readily be imagined that he dismissed the sacrilegious prompting from his invertebral heart with the reflection that he was but a worm of the dust, and must not traverse the tradition. However, there were heretics and "higher" critics in those days, as always, and things went the other way. The whole march of evolution has been aflouting of "tradition" at every step; and every gain of a faculty or a franchise has been won in the teeth of the established order. Every profitable variation has been a disobedience of the authorities, and an attempt at something that never had been tried before. The conservatives have all died on the march; the survivors are radicals and revolutionists, and the place of the orthodox is in the unbridged gaps between the species that have prevailed.

The secret of survival is not passive conformity to environment with an energy from within. Life is not a being-held, but a holding; and the perfection of passive obedience is simply death. The conservative product is not conserved, but is the waste and refuse.

From the beginning, the difficulty has been to produce a creature that would not flatly submit to its surroundings, but would have something of a will and way of its own. And the constant sag and discouragement of nature has been the tendency to reduce everything to mere habit, custom, authority, and reflex action. It has been the hardest imaginable thing, an age-long aching thing, to find here and there a bit of protoplasm that had any sort of originality or self-respect. Nearly every living thing has preferred to "quote scripture," and settle back upon the precedents.

The history of the human race is most distinctly a contest be-

tween the scripture-habit and the claims of reason. Men will do anything rather than think, and having thought they will suffer anything rather than act upon their thought. It is astonishing how difficult it is to discover an idea; the armies of the nations will trample over it for ages, and nobody will stoop to pick it up. And it is still mord astonishing how reluctant men are to put to the test of practice the ideas they have discovered, and in which they take the keenest contemplative delight. The utterly disproportionate power of the few over the many, in all times and under every kind of social constitution, can be understood only by those who have pondered well these twin astonishments.

It has been very hard to find a man who would both think and believe his thought; and such a man up to this time has seemed a kind of god or devil to other men. The crowning achievement of history is to be the production of a whole society of such men—a democratic, self-governing society; but meanwhile the scripture-habit is, as it always has been, truly the greatest of the great powers, close akin to gravitation and the chemical affinities.

Nothing is more influential in human affairs than this merely negative and morbific tendency which disposes men to relax the tension of thought and will, and to submit their minds to any external influence—a creed, a book, a social constitution—that seems established and safe. It is the extension into the sphere of biology and psychology of the principle which in physics is called inertia. It is simple "not doing anything"—the giving over of one's mind to whatever external claim may happen to be strongest or most insistent.

The tendency, in its origin, is a mere elemental languor—the deep brooding of the universal death. In its extension into the realm of humanity it becomes a definite shrinking from the practical difficulties of living—from those risks that the world is ever calling upon a man to make if he would be true to himself and to the demands of his essential nature. By an inversion of language, which has its parallel in an extensive vocabulary of like words, we

call that faith, which is really the opposite of faith—a sinking back upon what we suppose to be settled and assured—upon the things that make no demands upon our faith. And men have called that religion which in reality is the rejection of the liberty of God in favor of the paddock-pen of their own superstition and distrust.

The whole world is an invitation to the liberty of God. And it is like the invitation of a king: it is a command, and must not be refused. There is but one law in the universe that is despotic and absolute; every other is statutory and subject to repeal. The despotic law is this: that every living thing must strike out into the world and live. Every law may be broken except the law of adventure and prodigality, and every sin will be forgiven except the sin against the Spirit of Life. Everything in the cosmos is in motion; it is impossible for anything for a single moment to stand still; the primary obligation is to move on. And everything that has life must move on according to its own internal law and not according to the law outside. It must move according to the law in the heart, and not according to that on the stone-tables. If it should abrogate its own internal law and, in the center and citadel of its life, submit to the external law, it would become inorganic—a dead thing. To trust the promptings of one's own nature is dangerous, of course; but the other way is sure death. There is no obviously safe way; the inevitable law of life is that whatsoever would live must take risks.

Through all the ages the hunger of the faithless, cowardly heart of man has been to find a means of escape from the risk and cost of moral adventure—from the necessity of actually *doing* the dangerous things that it seemed reasonable and right to do. Men have quite generally been more ready to do a little violence to their reason than to their vested interests or the social calm. And it has always been possible to render homage to conscience in a comparatively inexpensive way by the worship of a superior quality of ancient maxims.

Religion—the God-thirst in a man—is in its essence revolutionary; it is the power of progress. But the religious cults and schemes of dogma are the bathos and anti-climax of religion. What are called the religious faiths of the world are in the main an assortment of devices for doing away with the need of a living faith by drugging with dead certainties the ache in a man's heart that should have driven him forth to perilous enterprises of hope and love.

The sufficient condemnation of the various religious systems of salvation is that they are systems and that they profess to insure salvation. The systematization and insurance are fatal, because their effect is to transfer the soul's center of gravity from an internal to an external law—and that is the distinction of all honesty and virtue, and opens the door to every wrong and folly. It is the discrediting of conscience; and a man without a conscience is, it would seem, a spectacle sadder than a man without a country or without a specific religion.

The principle of religious authority comes near to being the sum of all immoralities, for it is the abrogation of the interior law of life. It matters not whether the authority be lodged in a Pope or a parson, in a book, a cultus, a social usage, or a commercial custom—the principle is the same; if the criterion of right and wrong has passed out from one's own mind, over into the circumstances and influences by which one is conditioned, then is he no longer a man but only a bundle of proclivities and sensibilities, and he will do whatever he is prompted by his surroundings to do. That becomes good which is authoritatively sanctioned or commonly practiced in the time and place where one may happen to stand. It may be proper to drown one's children in Hindustan and proper to brain the aged parents in Papua—or somewhere else. Everything becomes a question merely of the climate and the calendar. To give in one's adherence to the most exalted scheme of doctrine not because it is felt to be exalting, but because it is

authoritative, is to poison the wells of one's own veracity and to offer hospitality to every highly recommended lie.

The scripture-habit begets a submissive spirit. It is therefore the stronghold of tyrannies; slave-drivers cannot do without it, and modern emperors, as they smooth the way for a career of talent, would have to invent an infallible Pope or Bible if none were in existence.

None of the pre-eminent crimes of history could have been committed by men acting frankly on their personal responsibility. They have always been prompted by one phase or another of the scripture-habit—by the demands of an authority whose seat was not in the souls of the actors but in the supposed necessities of civilization or of a church or state.

It is especially easy for the devotees of spiritual authority to be reconciled to the hardships of their neighbors. Having established their standard of what is reasonable and just, outside the boundaries of their own sense and feeling, it is difficult for them to regard the miseries of the poor and the inveterate wrongs of society as other than matters of course, and the dispensation of God.

If I dare not think in the presence of Peter or Paul, who am I that I should challenge immemorial custom or question the natural laws? If so many millions are in wretchedness, if the very stones of the street sob under the carriage wheels, doubtless it is fate and cannot be avoided. One may get used to anything if one has ceased to think and feel with simplicity of heart and self-dependence.

It would hardly be true to say that the operation of the principle of spiritual authority has been chiefly instrumental in producing the fatalistic feeling that has so generally prevailed during the present century. The converse of the proposition is nearer the truth—it is the prevailing fatalism, traceable to other causes, that has brought about a revival of outworn theories of the divine right of emperors and the infallibility of bibles

and priests. So far as our fatalism is more or other than that under which the world has groaned from the beginning, it is probably traceable to the popular interpretation that has been put upon the century's extraordinary acquirements in the sphere of physical science.

Now, the spirit of science as a confident explorer going forth to meet gods and devils in the open air and wrestle with them for their reasons, is perhaps the sublimest thing in the world, and it holds the promise of the great day that is about to dawn. But the savants have not always played the man; and the people have seen their leaders tremble and have themselves been smitten with that cosmic fear whose other name is fate. Truly, the universe is awful and stupendous, and one must not lean over its breathless chasms or break the silence of its solemn ages unless his head is steady and his heart pure.

The explorers must go forth in the name of humanity to the uttermost verge of the abyss and wherever they discover new lands they must plant the standard of humanity, and for everything they must demand reasons that are human reasons.

The sane mind of a living man is and must be the measure of all things; the attempt to find another measure, to vacate one's own consciousness, or to construe things from the thing-standpoint is both faint-hearted and futile. But this is precisely what the men of science have, to a very serious extent, attempted to do. The on-lookers have been dismayed by their abandonment of the human and personal point-of-view, and by their tacit admission that humanity, and personality itself must be subjected to the awful authority of Things.

The simple truth is that the men of science have fallen into the old traditional way of the scripture-habit. Their attitude of utter mental passivity is altogether theological and orthodox, and they owe their full acknowledgment to the reverend clergy. They have treated the open volume of nature as if it were an inspired and infallible scripture which it were impious to chal-

lenge from the warm, red heart of a man. They have tried to interpret love and fear and hunger in terms of mass and motion. They have given us a topsy-turvy science where the last is first and the first is last.

Of course this is a rough generalization. There are all kinds of men of science, and as a class they certainly are abreast of their contemporaries in every moral quality; but the fact remains that they have not been able to humanize their discoveries, or to present science to the people in the terms of faith and hope. And the cause of their failure is closely allied to the cause of the notorious failure of the theologians to reach the common-sense of men. The scientists and the theologians alike have despised human nature and human reason, and have called in question their deepest intuitions at the dictation of an external authority.

It is an axiom of mental and moral health that whatever is hopelessly discouraging cannot be true. And by this test we ought to have been assured that the fatalistic interpretation of the facts of evolution must be a false interpretation. The notion that environment and heredity are everything and the spontaneity of life nothing, or next to nothing, is a notion fit to paralyze the nerve-center of the soul; and if for another generation, this notion were to stand or to seem to command general scientific approval, it would go far to defeat the hope of democracy, and desolate the beauty of the world.

But the only chance of having the theory discredited and put out of the way lies in an appeal to reason, and to that untheological faith which is the basis of reason. What we need most is that some word shall come that shall give us moral elation. The age is low-spirited and lacks self-respect. We really need to be assured that tigers cannot teach us ethics or monkeys manners, and that the principal thing in an entomological investigation is not the bug but the man. It is one thing to say that a man is anatomically like a pig, and quite

another and more cheerful thing to say that a pig is in certain physical aspects somewhat like a man. Everything depends upon the type and the standard. It is no disparagement of the beauty of Aphrodite and Apollo that the whole world of nature yearns toward it and mimics it; but it is a disparagement of human beauty to think of it only as an improvement on the beasts—founded upon an aping of the ape.

Now, the grand postulate of literature and of all the humanities is the absoluteness of human nature. The poets and the artists will not undertake to prove that reason is reasonable; they assume it and summon everything to the test; that is why they are poets and artists. If for a moment they should admit that there is, or can be for them, an external logic alien and superior to their own inner law of taste and reason they would be put to endless confusion, and could never sing another song or paint another picture.

Nature seems a shrewish step-mother to those that are timid and give in, but really she is an indulgent old dame and loves to be bullied and teased by the spirit of a man. That the generation that is passing has regarded only or mainly the forbidding aspect of the natural world, and has seen in evolution a law not of liberty but of fate, is chiefly due to its own faint-heartedness and to a dire lack of religion, attributable to the multiplicity of religions. What the age needs most is unsophisticated faith.

For the strength and establishment of reason, the spring of its right arrogance and self-sufficiency is in a childlike faith that it is of God, that it antedates the cosmos, and so need not yield the right-of-way to mere star-dust and commotion.

CHARLES FERGUSON.

MODERN MADNESS.

They call me mad,—
They say I am of reason void
And that my brain is overshadowed by a cloud!
If madness wears such philosophic guise as garbs my mind,
If lack of reason means such wealth of intellect——
Then would I madness choose above the world's best gifts!

Nor fame nor fortune could bestow such happiness;
Nor honor nor renown could so enrich the heart with joy;
Nor friends nor learning could endow the soul so lavishly.
If it be madness to discern the secret thought of human minds,
To read the innermost intent of human hearts,
To know the end of every aim, to sift the true and false;

To see with telescopic eye the farmost future of events,
To hear the sound of voices yet unborn,
To understand what written law has not revealed,—
Then am I mad indeed, and glory in insanity!
Then am I mad, thrice mad! and richer in my madness
Than Ramses when he ruled the prehistoric world.

If boasted reason cannot scale the narrow precincts of a brain,
But must confine to limits forged by civil law;
If she must wear a cloak of frayed and threadbare precedents,
And has no loftier office than to follow in a beaten path;
If she must stultify her faculties to magnify a scientific code,
Then I renounce both reason and her sophistry!

If it be reason's province to obey the ancient edict of the classic schools;

If she can gauge the present only by the past, and build the
future but upon the circumstances of to-day;
If she can neither think nor act without a monitor,
Then I divorce my brain from paltry reason's sway,
(I scorn a custom-made device for framing thought!)
And in insanity will seek and serve an abler counsellor.

If reason has no sterling logic of her own, then is she destitute indeed!
If reason is too blind to see without a lens, the *certain* sequence
from a given cause,
But must be led by rule and plummet on a stipulated plan;
If she must go to school to learn the laws of intellect,—
If she must con by rote the time-worn primers of the dead,—
Then reason is too fallible to counsel me!

If it be reason's part to cringe and fawn before the dusty
shelves of history;
If she must homage pay to every fossilized and musty fact;
If to acumen she can raise no higher claim than this,—
Then dull and commonplace indeed is she;
Too mediocre to command contempt,
Too shallow to provoke disdain!

If reason must restrict her searching to a formulated scale;
If she is impotent to hew alone a self-appointed way;
If she cannot conceive and execute original designs;
If she must tread a course of automatic trend,
And prune and chisel what she finds to fit conservative
conceit,—
Then let us be insane! O let us be insane!!

Insane enough to vary from the ruts and furrows in time-trodden fields;
Insane enough to follow where the soul-illuminating beacon leads;
Insane enough to fashion self-invented modes of thought!
It may be reason is herself insane, insane from overlong constraint;
It may be reason is herself of reason void, and of be-clouded intellect;
In very sooth she is bereft of strength since she must needs support herself upon a staff.

PAUL AVENEL.

Department of Philosophy.

DEVOTED TO

Art, Literature and Metaphysics.

EDITED BY C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

LITERATURE, A MYSTERY AND A REVELATION.

(II.)

In his "Primer of English Literature," Stopford Brooke defines literature to be the written thoughts and feelings of intelligent men and women, arranged so as to give pleasure to the reader. Arrangement accordingly means form or style. Style, again, he divides into two divisions: prose and poetry. But not all prose is literature; for instance, a ship's log is not literature, he holds. The prose must be arranged so as to give pleasure, "it must have *style* and *character*, and must be written with *curious care*."

Unsatisfactory as this definition is, it serves, nevertheless, my purpose. The main characteristic of literature is, according to it, not the substance of "the written thoughts and feelings," but "the style and character" of these. Hence the Rig Veda Hymns and the Psalms of David are not literature; all philosophy, etc., would also be excluded. If we accepted the definition, we would be limited almost exclusively to what is commonly called light literature. Against such limitations we protest. The so-called sacred books cannot be excluded from general literature, nor can philosophy, etc. We acknowledge that

the sacred books contain peculiar forms of psychic life, but instead of excluding them and leaving them in a separate and non-classified group, let us apply their peculiar psychism to all other written forms, and *vice versa*, let us read those very books by the same standards by which we read other writings. The gain in truth will be immense, because we shall come to a realization of the enormous extent of the human mind in its expressions all the way from fluid and evanescent feelings to cold and bare mechanical formulas. We shall learn to put life into mechanical terms and we shall see how we create emotional expressions. The music there is in the soul will transform mathematics to light and color forms, and fix the emotional vibration so that it will be seen and can be studied.

We are at present not doing anything in such a direction, viz., outside occult circles. Within occult circles, the secret of liquefying verbal forms is beginning to be known. Numerous symbolical explanations of common facts are appearing. Nature's transparencies are being read, and progress is being reported. One of the methods pursued in the occult fraternities is to seek for the sound which is represented by certain letters. When these sounds have been found it is easy to determine what emotion is their innermost. An emotion is a vibration or a world-force; that found, we are in possession of the power conveyed by the letters. We can not only read what former occultists knew and reported, but we can convey our discoveries to posterity, and none but the wise read them. By such a method it is possible to write, for instance, a story which may literally read intelligently enough and convey both beautiful and true thoughts, yet read by the sound-key will be no mere story, but will convey a magic transformation, burst all limitations, and reveal the Real. In fact, such writing will not be a writing, but will be what the ancients called *vach*, the Word, a "living presence" or "the first of speaking-beings, celebrated in the Rig Veda and represented as saying:

"I am queen and mistress of riches; I am wise. . . . He who is born, who breathes, who hears, feeds with me on this sacred food.* He who knows me not is lost. Listen then to me, for I speak words worthy of belief. I speak good things for the gods and for the children of men. Whom I love, I make terrible, pious, wise, bright. . . . I traverse heaven and earth. I exist in all worlds, and extend towards the heavens. Like the wind, I breathe in all worlds. My greatness extends beyond this world, and reaches even beyond heaven itself."

The way to read is to image the sound or the light conveyed by the composition before us. If there is anything in it, it will be found that in the image lies a whole world, of which we may take possession. But most people do not read intently enough. That thrall there is upon them after reading (what they call) something fascinating, is only a fugitive breath, and is seldom clothed with body by retirement into silence and solitude. They lack *la grande passion.*

Why is it that we remember certain sunsets and not others? Why is one human form so charming and another is not? Why does one note call forth "the deepest deep" of the soul and others not? Why does one color send a thrill through us and not another? Why is it that we call one event momentous and not another, though it seemed exactly similar? The reason is "the glow of it" in that sunset; "the ideal stamp" upon that human face; "the pure tonality" of that note, coming, as it were, from that Simplicity which lies at the root of existence, etc. There was the Image, the living Presence, the *Vach*, the Word in these manifestations. If we had been conscious at the moment of that fact and had held on, we would have been transformed to its likeness. The same influences that come to us in free nature, may come to us by literature. Literature is as much a mystery as nature, and as much of a revelation; and literature demands the same devotion as nature.

*The burnt offering.

Professor Huxley, in speaking of the Witch of Endor and the theology of ancient Israel refers to "the stratified deposits" of many ages "left by the stream of the intellectual and moral life of Israel," in which are to be found "numerous remains of forms of thought which once lived," and which are of "priceless value to the anthropologist." Such a fossil was to him the Witch of Endor. It is to these "stratified deposits" of literature to which can go he or she who cannot meet Nature in the open. There they may quarry and find precious metals and seek out a path to the Real, or that Ideal we are seeking. It is in this sense that literature is a mystery and a revelation.

C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

LETTERS AND SOUNDS.

In another essay in this department I have spoken of the efforts of occultists to discover the sounds represented by our letters in order to attain a control of the vibrations created. As a help to the uninitiated, I now supplement that essay with some extracts from an ingenious pamphlet on the origin of our alphabet, published by J. Enthoffer, in Washington, 1875, and announced to be on sale at the store of B. Westermann & Co., in New York City.

The author's object is to show that the position of the organs of speech is the basis on which the letters of the alphabet are constructed. He examines our own, the most developed, alphabet and pays no attention to cruder ones; and, singularly enough, he finds it similar to the original Shemitic letters. But he has nothing to say on the occult significance of the positions of the speech organs and how these physiologically express psychological states, which again correspond to cosmic vibrations. That is not his field of research. But his services in showing what a conventional letter-sign really is are most valuable. His work

enables us to reproduce the vocal vibrations they originally stood for, and thus to set in motion a biological sphere which means power and cosmic influence. Such reproductions give us the possession of the mystery of literature and reveal its secrets. Literature not used by such a method is to us no more than the stones and other material objects of nature; these may be useful for mechanical and industrial purposes, but not as spiritual teachers and mediators of power.

The different signs expressing sounds in the order handed down to us by the Shemites is as follows:

A, the first letter, is the principal and fundamental sound of the human organ. The mere act of opening the mouth and letting the voice go forth produces the sound "A." That the position of the letter in writing it is A and not ⊲ is conventional usage merely.

B, the second letter, is the sound produced by firmly closing the lips after the emission of the A sound. The figure of the letter is a profile representation of the closed mouth.

C, the third letter, is in our way of writing the Shemitic G, which we turn upside down. If the reader will turn it upside down (ↄ) he will see it to be the conventionalized figure of an inside view of the mouth. The sound is produced by the root of the tongue and the palate, but the letter is only the palate graphically represented as producing the sound.

D, the fourth letter, is the sound produced by leaning the tip of the tongue against the upper teeth, thereby shutting the hollow of the mouth completely. Turn the conventional sign at thus, ◁, and the reader sees how the tongue does it. Both G and D are internal acts.

E, the fifth letter, or as it is in Hebrew, "*He*," represents a sound which belongs to a higher scale than A; in order to produce it, it is necessary to raise the tongue, which lies flat pronouncing A, particularly in the middle, toward the roof of the mouth, with the tip toward the edge of the teeth in the lower

jaw; hereby the waves of sound are compressed while going out, and the sound E is produced as in a wind instrument. How the letter sound represents this operation can be seen by turning the letter round, thus ɘ.

It will be well to remind the reader that this letter and sound is the most important of all. It is the fifth, or the centre of the square, and the intonation of circular acts or vibrations, each of which represents the Universal; one circle, the Divine; the other, the Natural.

Letters A and B are the opening and closing sounds or the beginning and end. G is like a flame blowing against the vault of heaven, and D was called "the door," because it closes the breath. A and B are the upper and lower lines of the square, G and D the two sides, and E is the majesty that fills the square. These five letters form a hierarchy by themselves and correspond in sphere of activity to the five first numbers.

F, the sixth letter, is a labial and blowing sound. It is produced in a way similar to W; hence W in many languages represents the same vibration as F.

Z (zayin), the seventh letter; Samech, the fifteenth letter; Tsadhe, the eighteenth letter, and Shin, the twenty-first, represent dental and hissing sounds, the most intense passion, the rush of fever, like steam from a pipe. Its alphabetic figure in Hebrew looks like flames, and the S with us is like a serpentine movement. The S-curve is capable of a straightening out; it can be bent circularly and sensually, as in the romanesque, and it can assume the form of what Henry Van Brunt calls Greek rhythmic movement, all three fundamental forms of passion or cosmic vibration.

H, the eighth letter, is the Hermes of our languages, both a gutteral *ch* and the *spiritus asper* (rough breathing). The wind-messenger "howling" or "sighing" through narrow openings, such as were the ancient windows. Compared to S, it will be seen that H is objectively what S is subjectively. In Hebrew

it is called the letter of admiration or wonder, because it forms the main substance of the words Elohim and Jehovah. To get the power as *spiritus asper* of the sign we must understand the conditions of its sound. Wuttke defines it: "If in emitting the breath its strength is suddenly increased, which is done by narrowing the glottis and opening the mouth wide, thus letting as much air pass as possible, all the organs forming the sound far apart, a strong, but mute breath is produced, the non-sounding H." The first sound, the rough *ch*, represents the creative world; the second, the smooth deep sound, is as difficult to produce as is an attainment of understanding of Being's mystery.

Th, the ninth letter, can be properly pronounced only by placing the tongue between the teeth. It represents sexual vibrations.

J, the tenth letter, stands also for the vowel sound I. The power of the letter can be found in any alphabetic grammar.

K, the eleventh letter, is much like C, only stronger and quicker.

L, the twelfth letter, is a lingual sound, and is in the main an oscillation along the edges of the tongue, when this is pressed hard against the upper row of teeth. Its alphabetic shape in Hebrew and its meaning gives it a phallic vibratory force. It means to, into, against, about, unto, concerning, by, etc.

M, the thirteenth letter, is labial, like B.

N, the fourteenth letter, is the strongest nasal sound. The nose in ancient times signified "the life of goodness;" whence bridal ornaments were placed upon the nose.

Ayin, the sixteenth letter, and P, the seventeenth, respectively, mean the "eye" and the "mouth," two facial organs for light and sound, and both capable of the greatest variety of uses and mystic applications. With these come in natural order, Q, the nineteenth letter, which is K, hardened and usually called the "ear," and R, which represents the "head;" sometimes it is also likened to the character of the "wheel," on account of its rapid or whirling sound.

T, the twenty-second letter, is a hardened D; but standing, as

it does, at the end of the alphabet, it signifies a X, or the end of all things. In Egyptian documents it meant the conclusion of a transaction.

As I said above, the various signs of the alphabet represent vocal vibrations, which, when reproduced, set in motion a biological sphere which means power and cosmic influence. If we, therefore, take such great words as Idea, God, Thought, and analyse the vibrations represented by the signs which compare them, we are enabled to enter into the mystic life-sphere of these words.

C. H. A. B.

(To be continued.)

"ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN."

To be "all things to all men" is another way of saying love your neighbor not only *as* yourself but more than yourself. This saying is therefore of wider bearing than the doctrine of love to the neighbor.

Some of the old mythologies furnish very interesting illustrations upon this teaching, and these illustrations have the advantage that they really illustrate the subject, something that very often cannot be said of pictorial work. Take the story of Krishna for instance. We are told that Krishna, beaming with youth and strength, arrived in the meadows of Bradi and that all the shepherdesses fell in love with him. In order to satisfy them all, he made use of his miraculous power and multiplied himself so that there were as many Krishnas as there were shepherdesses. He danced with them all, he loved them all—and every shepherdess considered herself the privileged person. None of them discovered the mystery of the subjective deception or the objective reality, blended as these were in psychic conditions. The effect of Krishna's "being all to all" was the consecration of the shepherdesses to his service and their own spiritual elevation.

A similar tradition is told of Buddha. When he was born, ten thousand of the handsomest women volunteered to be his nurses. To satisfy them all, he multiplied himself, and each woman felt assured that she had carried him in her arms and nourished him with her milk. The result was evangelistic. It is also related that he multiplied himself in order "to be all to all" at the occasion of a fire on certain plains, which he one day traversed, and to demonstrate to the *devas* that his powers were superhuman. Each of them held parasols over him to protect him from the heat. He did a similar act of multiplication at another time while crossing an otherwise impassable river. He crossed simultaneously the thousand of bridges the gods built for him and eaeh god thought himself the one specially favored.

In New Testament parables the same idea is represented; for instance, in the story of the fishes and the loaves of bread.

The Church has also formulated the thought. And old Church lore reports:

> Sumit unus, sumunt mille,
> Quantum isti, tantum ille;
> Nec sumptus consumitur.

"One eats, a thousand eat, it is in proportion to them all, yet the food is not consumed," viz., the sacred elements of the mass are not consumed; which is only another way of celebrating a nature-mystery known to all antiquity, which consisted in plucking the best fruit of the earth and again offering or giving them back to the earth under the form of a sacrifice,

Stripping these legends of their verbal form, we see them as symbols of the everlasting self-transformations of Nature and Mind; and our intuitions teach us to respect these symbols as well as the transparent truths we are taught by them.

Removing the dogmatic crusts from aronnd the living truth of "being all things to all men" we find that sentence to

teach the law of finding oneself by living the life of another. It is an integral nature of love that we put ourselves into sympathy or con-sonance (accord) with another or others, or the Universal in general. By so doing we find ourselves; viz., we attain the real self-consciousness. C. H. A. B.

IDEAS AND REALITY.*

*NUGGETS: Don't Worry—Patriotic—Educational—Philosophic—Historical—Quaint. 6 vols. New York, Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

NATURE'S MIRACLES. Familiar Talks on Science. By Elisha Gray. 2 vols. New York, Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

One might say that these two series of publications would suffice as spiritual food on a desolate island. In the first we get golden words, historic wisdom, wit, ethics and practical advice together with epigrammatic sayings full of the high realities of life, and counsel on how to teach life, light, love and law. In the second, the facts of science are laid before us. We apprehend the mystery of the world-building and of life. "Nature's Miracles" of energy, sound, heat and light are explained so simply, so attractively, and so directly that we feel ourselves in the company of the primal elements not only of life, but of material existence itself.

A nugget means a lump of precious metal. It is properly applied to this collection of sayings, which all have the clear ring of the true metal, and which are doubly welcome because so many of them come from mines freshly opened and have not yet been hammered into vulgar ornaments for the thoughtless. These volumes contain numerous pithy and happy words not found in the ordinary books of quotations, which shows that they are virgin gold and precious stones on which the sun has shone but little. Let the reader do his best to help the world to appreciate these riches. The size of the books suits a vest pocket, but the print is large; the weight of the thoughts can only be estimated by comparison with solar energy.

But we liye not by Ideas alone; the daily life forces us upon a Reality, or, forces a Reality upon some of us. Hence we do well to combine Professor Gray's teachings with those of the lofty minds imbedded in the Nuggets, just recommended. We may well talk metaphysically about love and light, but Reality asks us pertinently "what of heat and light as these speak to the senses?" Professor Gray answers for us. We may well dream of "the Word," but if we do not *sound* it, the Word does not become a Reality, and its vibratory force is lost. Professor Gray explains what the mystery of sound is. We may well talk about vibrations as the secret of all life and existence, and we may seek the principle of motion on "the internal ways," but if we remain ignorant of what some of us scornfully may call physical vibrations, we shall make but slow progress in our knowledge of "nature's miracles." Professor Gray's twenty-two chapters on "vibration" are full of new and clear teachings, indispensable to us all. The books before us are really treasures. C. H. A. B.

A god has his abode within our breast; when he rouses us the glow of inspiration warms us: this holy rapture springs from the seeds of the divine mind sown in man.—*Ovid.*

Of what consequence is it that anything should be concealed from man? Nothing is hidden from God: He is present in our minds, and comes into the midst of our thoughts. Comes, do I say?—as if He were ever absent!—*Seneca.*

For whoever is acquainted with his own mind, will, in the first place, feel that he has a divine principle within him, and will regard his rational faculties as something sacred and holy; he will always both think and act in a way worthy of so great a gift of the gods.—*Cicero.*

Therefore man who is so noble an image, having his ground in Time and in Eternity, should well consider himself, and not run headlong in such blindness, seeking his native country afar off from himself, when it is within himself, though covered with the grossness of the Elements by their strife.—*Boehme.*

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.

CHILDHOOD DEVELOPMENT.

The fruitfulness of the earth and its beauty are for all alike. Nothing in the great heart of Nature is withheld from any receptive soul. Day and night, unremittingly, the great forces are at work for the benefit of humanity, creating ever anew a beautiful universe wherein the children of earth may not only gain sustenance and cheer, but a development of mind and soul as well. This development, however, comes only through discipline; the gifts of Nature are not poured into outstretched hands unless the supplicant has been rendered worthy by those fiery trials which cleanse the heart of all self-love, thus purifying the whole being and making it receptive to the sweet and deathless influences of divine activity. The human

soul is forever struggling to free itself from mortal environment, and in so far as truth is recognized, it succeeds. The portals of the realms of Light stand invitingly open, the thorny path to which is strewn with cast-off delusions and self-desires which darken the spiritual sight—chains forged by the sense-bound personality. Once free of these the soul is transfused by its own native atmosphere, dazzlingly refulgent in its white beauty, and thus its salvation is wrought.

With this goal before him, man can endure, bravely and patiently, the many long struggles which he has to undergo before he reaches it and, if he but realize that with every victory the image of God in him becomes more clearly defined, his power for good to humanity is thereby increased. Surely this is incentive enough to renew the battle with "Self" until the final victory is a triumph glorious in its completeness.

The average human being is saturated with personality. He surrounds himself with objects which appeal directly to his senses, and dwells amidst their illusions, asleep to the higher activities, excepting, when a rare flash of spiritual light comes athwart his vision.

Why this clog upon the progress of the individual soul, if not, that through suffering and discipline it shall come to a realization of its own nature?

When the spiritual nature awakens to the realities of life, nothing can measure or limit the pure joy which fills the mind, rendering empty the fleeting pleasures of the senses, which soon cease to appeal to the developing soul.

A terrible wrong is done to the budding soul of the child, when the early training is along the lines of self-gratification, such as we see on every side. The child, fresh and pure from the realms of Light, is plastic in the hands of its guides, and receptive, as at no other time, to all spiritual influences. It is also receptive to those other influences which tend to the cultivation of the lower self; and when once these baneful

conditions are established, the soul thus buried, must struggle for its life—and it sometimes takes more than one life-time to throw off the burden thus imposed by a thoughtless rearing.

Therefore, it behooves the parent, the guardian, the teacher of the young, to see that the ever-living realities of Truth, pure and soul-satisfying, compelling to the upward path, shall be instilled into the awakening minds of these little ones, in place of the illusions of the sense-life, the poison of which leaves its deadly mark upon the consciousness. This mark can only be washed away by the purifying influence of the living waters of Truth acting unrestrained within the consciousness of the individual soul. E. F. S.

THE HOOLAX AND THE WONDERER.

He whom the Hoolax was, for a period, personally to conduct, rolled over, rubbed his eyes, and at length stood upright in the shadow of the Sphinx, where, some centuries before, he had stretched himself out for a comfortable rest.

"High time you were bestirring yourself," breathed the patient Hoolax. "Whatever would become of you and your sort if you weren't heirs to immortality, and hadn't eternity to prove it in ——"

"Who are you?" asked the still drowsy Wonderer.

"I? Oh, I'm an Ideation of your own; an Embodiment of a question you began to ask yourself just as the shadow of the Sphinx put you out."

"Have I been asleep?"

"Asleep? Well, let it go at that."

"But what was the question?"

"One you never asked yourself before, but one every creature must ask his soul before he can become a 'Wonderer.' It is the second inquiry of the mystic three."

"What is the first?" demanded the Wonderer.

"'Ilack'; you'll confess it savors of selfishness."

"I lack?" repeated the Wonderer.

"Yes; so, I suppose, you asked yourself—and so, I suppose, you did. But it was so entirely and intensely a selfish question, you see, that the 'Ilack' who took you through your last Round did you very little real good. Yet how you did follow him about! A slave is a free thing in comparison!"

"That was piteous!" cried the Wonderer, shivering in the shadow where he stood.

"Oh, not so very. You see you were obliged to follow the only guide you'd set up for yourself thus far. Nobody's to blame; not even you. The 'Ilack' took you along some pretty briery trails, and over some pretty rough ground; but the scratches and bruises awakened you out of your deadly stupor. That's the good of the 'Ilack,' you see. If you didn't ideate him for use for an epoch or two, you'd never have reached this particular shadow of the Sphinx."

"It's all very wonderful."

"No, only unfamiliar. The first time you began to think Me (and just a little glimmering ghost of a thought it was, you'll recollect) I seemed to you the strangest thing imaginable. 'Ilack' had led you on until you had no longer any material need of him. He sharpened your world-wits until you were possessed of enough to satisfy a brace of sordid monarchs—you cannot have forgotten the purple and fine linen, the jeweled sandals, and the cloth of gold you doffed last night in the shadow of the Sphinx?"

"I seem dimly to remember some such luxuries," replied the Wonderer, gazing about him at the barren sands.

"Needn't look for earthly riches—the perishable things of the past. They are illusive. Rather turn your thoughts in retrospect to the last time you cried to the 'Ilack.' What thought you then?"

"I cried 'Ilack! Ilack!' Yes, for all my gathered treasure; I cried 'I lack still'!"

"And then?"

"I turned from this contemplation of myself, and looked out at the world from which I had taken all that I possessed."

"What found you in that world?"

"That which made me sore ashamed. Clad in my cloth of gold, I saw my counterparts go by in wretched rags; surfeited with viands, rich and rare, I noted faces thinned by hideous hunger; housed in a palace, I looked out of its windows upon the hosts of suffering fellowmen beaten by the storm. And then *you* came."

"But how?"

"'T was nearly night. I said, before I sleep I shall find out who lacks, and share with them the treasure I have wrested from my kind. And so I started out at dusk crying, 'Who lacks? Who lacks?' with every step."

The Hoolax smiled. "I heard you, and I came into existence, then and there. But it grew dusk so speedily I led you here, and counseled you to rest."

"But where are they who answered when I cried, 'Who lacks?'"

"The Ilack leads them, as it once led you. They are prospering, as you prospered—materially. In turn, they, too, will eat and drink their fill and don fine raiment; in turn, discover the inability of wealth to drown the vital soul-cry, and then their eyes will gaze about them as yours did yesterday, and then—well, there'll be many another Hoolax who'll have his hands as full as I am having mine to-day."

"What is to be done before the twilight comes again?"

"First don what's left you over night. Here is your heart, and here's your brain—adjust them."

"The brain seems shrunken——"

"Your spiritual cranium expanded, perhaps, while you dreamed dreams, and called my name. Do the best you can; be glad there's room for growth."

"The heart seems small——"

"Place it in position, nevertheless. Big throbs of sympathy—surging tides of compassion will afford it such exercise, that, ere you realize your great discomfort, 't will fill the cavity in which you've placed it."

"I'm ready. Whither do we go?"

"Around the Sphinx."

"Keep to the desert? And cry, 'Who lacks?' to this great waste of sand?"

"Do but cry it in a voice that's loud enough, and you will straightway get such full response you'll stand amazed to hear the clamoring tongues."

"I see no one."

"And I no treasure to supply the lack."

The Wonderer started. "That is true," he said. "The treasure which but yesterday I thought to share with all my kind——"

"Was best unshared, O Wonderer! What lasting good could it have brought to them? Must they not all have lain them down in time within the chilling shadow of the Sphinx?"

"And that's true also. And yet from my pure desire to share with them has no good come to anyone?"

"To you the greatest good. From a clod you wakened to a Wonderer. Cry on 'Who lacks.'—but cry it silently, until you have that which is fit to give to those whose souls starve while their bodies thrive. Come, let us walk about a bit, and say 'good morning' to the Sphinx."

"How many days and nights I waked and slept and yet she lies there still."

"Still? Not so; the Wise Beast moves."

"Moves?"

"And drags the whole world with her."

Suddenly, like a blot upon the bright, hot sands, appeared the figure of a man. He ran forward breathlessly, and the Won-

derer gazed in silence at his kingly vesture and royal diadem.

"An Ilack leads him hither," said the Hoolax. "Come, let us hear what particular manner of moan he 'll make, and what answer he will win."

"O Wise One, help me!" cried the Prince.

"That have I always done," answered the Sphinx.

"But not to-day—not now! Backwards and forwards have I flown—she is not here—not there!"

"Yet once she did abide with thee?"

"I thought so—nay, I *know* so," said the Prince. "For a brief time we wandered hand in hand——"

"And then?"

"And then the portals of the palace swung ajar, and Doubt crept in, and drew me far afield. I listened to the hideous tale she told, and let her poison steal into my heart! Then, when too late, I fled from dismal Doubt; I sought but could not find my Happiness!"

"Doubt is her bitterest enemy, O Man!"

"Alas, alas, thy words are true! And yet I have such dreams of her I've lost! I seem to see her ever in my path; yet, when I hurry on my way, and strive to overtake my dear lost Joy 'tis a mirage that lures me on and on!"

"'Tis no mirage, O Man! 'Tis Happiness, herself, that doth elude thee! Thine own dear Happiness, that is a part of thee, and finds no life save in thy smile!"

"Odd, isn't it," whispers the Hoolax, "that you and your sort are never any the wiser for all the wisdom poured out upon you? That man hears; but heed?—that's a different thing, entirely! And he'll never—not he—shut any door sufficiently close to bar out Doubt. Now, just suppose, good Wonderer, you'd have cried, 'Who lacks?' to yonder man, and he'd have answered, 'I do; I've lost my Happiness.' Could you have done him service?"

"I fear not. His most pitiable state is identical with my own——"

"Come, come, you're slipping a cog, and the Ilack will be after you before you are aware of it! Your Happiness is your own, to have and to hold as truly as yonder fellow's belongs to him. I can see her hovering about you, as full of light and splendor as the day. Ah—our dismal friend is marching off to yonder oasis, sighing like a simoom for very self-commiseration, and the very Happiness he is whining for walks close beside him, waiting to do her sweet part as soon as he will permit her to manifest her beautiful presence."

"In all this world is there a soul to whom Happiness manifests herself clearly?"

"Ask the Sphinx; 't is her mission to solve riddles for the Wonderers."

"Go to yonder Nile," the Sphinx made answer to the question put to her. "From three palm trees, that lean their heads together, a tent-cloth hangs; beneath this awning dwelleth a venerable man—go, and be taught by him."

They found the river-thread creeping across the sands; beside it, the trees; beneath it, the man.

"Of his poor rags and tatters first take note," the Hoolax whispered to the Wonderer. "Mark the worn sandals and faded turban folds; for, once your eyes rest on his Shining Face you will not heed what mean stuff covers him. Ask him 'Who lacks?' O Wonderer!"

Thus commanded, he obeyed.

"Not I," replied the Sage.

"Not you, O Master? Yet these poor, threadbare rags——"

"Are clean, and will outlast this wasting frame."

"You live alone with none to sympathize——"

"My world is peopled, and the heavens bend over me. I know no lack."

"Then you have Peace?"

"I have no time for Peace. What tolerance has Life for Death? I live."

"One question more."

"Speak on."

"Last night I dreamed that when I waked again I'd seek out those who needed in the world, and share my treasure with them. But when I stretched myself at dawn of day I found this Question I had brought to life, but all my treasure gone. Now, what is to be done? I humbly ask advice."

"You would supply all lack?"

"That would I if I could—bring Happiness to all."

"An unwise wish, save that it makes the Wisher wise. O Wonderer, there is no lack in all the universe!"

"No lack?"

"Name one."

"Love, first——"

"Blasphemer! Look around you at this fair and radiant world; stand in the light that pours its gold upon your cherished head; drink in the breezes breathed from Love's own lips! You are Love's living temple, and the heart that beats within your breast the holy altar whereon burns the sacred fire! There is no lack of Love."

"No lack—then all my quest's in vain!"

"Not so, since there exists a world to question and to conquer—the world of Self, O Wonderer! When Man has conquered that, then will he be all that he at the present moment thinks he lacks. None other than Man's Real Self can fetch him his sovereignty; for he who masters self-created foes must wield his own bright battle-axe—must lift to his own brow the crown that will proclaim him king!"

"Will Happiness be his, then, for all time? I'm curious concerning human joy."

"You harp upon one string as do they all, the just awakened Wonderers, whom she, the Greatest Wonder of this little earth, sends here to me. Of this fair Happiness that fills your dreams I know naught; Questioning Man! Were I to lend my senses

to the charm of selfish pleasures you call Happiness, I'd stand stock still, nor know progression all my empty life. I have no time for Peace nor Happiness—and yet eternity is all my own. Solve you this riddle for yourself. Your way lies yonder through the desert wastes. Upon your journeyings forget yourself; the burning of your feet; the parching of your tongue; your weariness of heart; nor cry aloud on Peace or Happiness, for they are but imagined blessings, friend, and have no real nor proper place nor part within the life the earnest Striver lives, who, by example, benefits his kind. Farewell!"

All day, as they skirted the base of the little earth's Great Mystery, they gathered such treasure as could not disappear with the coming of the dark shadow bringing slumber to the Wonderer. Nor (as every swift hour's passing taught him) was it a treasure he dared carelessly to share with those who lacked.

That which he felt he might do—this he did; adding each hour rich treasure to his store, that he might be in readiness for that sweet sharing which was to come after he had learned to look wisely and unmovedly into the stern eyes of Eternal Necessity.

And when he found the shadow once again, and it was time for slumber and for rest, a finer thing than Peace, yet containing all its satisfaction—a sweeter thing than Happiness, yet holding all its rapture, closed softly, with gentle, tender touch, the drooping eyelids of the Wonderer.

EVA BEST.

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
But thou shall flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter and the crash of worlds. —*Addison.*

The temple of our purest thoughts is—silence!—*Mrs. Hale.*

THE MASTER'S MESSAGE.

Go down, my child, through the "Narrow Way,"
That men call "Life," and live thy day
Of rest and toil, of light and shade;
Cover thy face with the "Veil of Flesh,"
Lest the "Light of Life" shall be betrayed,
And men seek thee, not me.

Go down, my child, with simple heart
That knows, and teach the truth
Of birds and blossoms, stars and suns,
That touch the "Fount of Youth;"
But leave the Inner shrine e'er free,
To Love sweet toil for me.

Go down, my child, and shed sad tears,
And bear the cross; e'en so did I,
Earth's children dwell 'mid strife and fears,
Unheeding brother's cry;
See in each soul, Perfection's own,
That marks my throne.

Go down, my child, I bid thee go,
I am the Way, The Truth, The Life,
Gather the broken sheafs from out the row,
Free Wheat from chaff, and dust from strife;
And in the "Harvest Home" that yet shall be,
Return to me.

ABBIE WALKER GOULD.

One cannot enough wonder or be thankful to Providence that from time to time He awakens in the spirits of a whole people, or of individuals, those truly godlike thoughts on which our inner being reposes.
—*Wilhelm von Humboldt.*

THE WISE MAN AND THE SEA URCHINS.

(VIII.)

"The waves can't talk," declared Pinkie. "But the ocean itself always makes me think of a great, big, awful giant with a thousand arms, that strikes out as far as he can toward the shore, as if the land were his enemy, and he would like to get at it and pound it to pieces."

"Which he does, Pinkie; for every surging wave that beats against the rocks is a destroyer of just so much——a bringer about of changes."

"It always seems sad to me," says Blooy. "It seems to moan and cry so, whenever the tide comes in."

"It's jolly funny to *me*," begins Ruddy, "Why, I can nearly always seem to hear it laugh as it lifts its green body up as high as possible and with a loud 'Halloo!' jump as far across the rocks as it can."

"And to me it's like somebody being driven forward forever and ever by something strange and awful behind it, and I feel so sorry for it sometimes, it seems so tired, and as if it would like to rest, and enjoy being quiet for awhile."

"I think of it as a great, big, busy something that has such a dreadful lot of work to do, it knows it just has to be always up and at it, else it would never get done." This from Brownie.

"I," vouchsafes Blackie in brief, "have a great respect for the ocean, myself."

"I can only think how mysterious it is," volunteers Goldie. "Nobody knows half its secrets, nor what it's hiding away in its terrible depths. If it should all dry up suddenly, I wonder what we'd see?"

"Oh that would be horrible," declares Violet, with a little shiver. "Just think, Goldie, of a land without water! I love the grand ocean, it is so full of life. Every little wave seems a little living

thing doing all it can to help along the great work to make the earth so that we can live upon it at all."

"Every little wave *has* its duty to do, Violet; just as every little drop of water that makes that little wave must hurry along with its comrades and fellow-workers, one with them in thought and deed. Let me repeat some verses I learned some years ago, for I think you'll find them appropriate to time and place. May I?"

A shout of approbation greets the Wise Man's proposition.

"Thank you, dear children. Here they are—the beautiful verses of Susan Coolidge:

"Out of the bosom of the sea,
From dim, rich coasts eye may not see,
By vast and urging forces blent,
Untired, untiring and unspent,
The glad waves speed them, one by one;
And, goal attained and errand done,
They lap the sands and softly lave—
Wave after wave, wave after wave!

"As stirred by longing for repose
Higher and higher each wave goes,
Striving to clasp with foam-white hands.
The yielding and eluding sands;
And still the sea, relentless, grim,
Calls his wild truants back to him;
Recalls the liberty he gave—
Wave after wave, wave after wave!

"All sad at heart and desolate
They heed the call; they bow to fate;
And outward swept, a baffled train,
Each feels his effort was in vain,
But fed by impulse led by each,
The gradual tide upon the beach
Rises to full, and thunders brave—
Wave after wave, wave after wave!

"Ah, tired, discouraged heart and head,
Look up and be thou comforted!
Thy puny effort may seem vain,
Wasted thy toil, and naught thy pain,
Thy brief sun quench itself in shade,
Thy worthiest strength be weakness made,
Caught up in one great whelming grave,
Wave after wave, wave after wave!

"Yet still though baffled and denied,
Thy spended strength has swelled the tide—
A feather's weight where oceans roll—
One atom in a mighty whole!
God's hand uncounted agencies
Marshals, and notes and counts as his,
His threads to bind, his sands to save
Wave after wave, wave after wave!

"Then there's nothing too small to take into account?" asked Snowdrop.

"Do you think, dear, the Supreme Intelligence would create a *useless* thing? No, my child! Every tiniest thing—a grain of sand, a blade of grass, a drop of water, exists for some real purpose. Suppose each grain of sand should say to itself, 'I'm too little to amount to anything; I believe that I'll give up lying here helping to make shore.' Or that every blade of grass should say, 'I *can't* be any good; I'm too little. Why, I'm lost in this big pasture—nobody notices me. I'll just shrivel up and quit.' Or think how it would be if the water drops went on a strike, and each one tried to start off in a different direction. Do you think anyone of them would get very far?"

"Then every littlest thing is needed!"

"Every smallest thing."

"And everything is for use?"

"Everything."

"Weeds ain't!" declares Brownie.

"What are weeds?"

"Why—just—*weeds*. Troublesome plants, I suppose I might call them, that have to be pulled up by the roots, and thrown away. Just useless plants."

"But we've concluded that there are no useless things, my boy. You simply prefer to care for and cherish your blue lobelia, your purple foxglove and flaming scarlet poppies?"

"Yes, sir. And I work hard at home, in the spring, to keep the weeds out of the flower beds."

"Suppose I should tell you that in certain localities that which you call a weed is considered a rare and beautiful plant. Take for instance the oleander plant; in the south it is the bane and bother of the farmers; here in the north we care for and protect it through the winter in our green-houses."

"Flowers *weeds*?"

"They have the same nature, and no one of them is useless, and each supplies some product of commercial value. Your poppy bears its opium, your foxglove its digitalis, and your lobelia—well, that name speaks for itself. But to go back to the sea. You, my urchins, have each a different idea of the ocean. It is merry, sad, restless, weary, busy, cheerful and wonderfully mysterious, according to your several views of it. Yet it is all the same ocean, composed of the same water drops that all of you see. Why, then, doesn't itappear the same to you all?"

The Wise Man's question was almost lost in the pounding of a particularly high wave upon the rocks below. The sea was climbing closer to the lighthouse now, and growing noisier as it advanced.

"There was an ugly roar for you!" cried Blooy.

"It was a song and dance!" declared Ruddy.

"It was—as everything else is—just what it seems to each of you. To each of us it must seem different. No eyes see quite the same thing—no ears hear quite the same sound; no one perceives anything in quite the same way."

"Why?—please tell us why?"

"Well, in the first place, everyone's senses are peculiarly his own, and his perception differs from that of his fellows because of the more or less refinement of those senses which carry the impression of things to the intelligent, realizing consciousness, and that which receives it in one person, must differ in degree from that which received it in another whose individuality does not at all resemble his own. But as all *material* substance is one and the same thing, then that which is the real 'Perceiver' (to coin a word) is the very man I declared Brownie couldn't see—the Indwelling Intelligence which is not of the earth, earthy, but celestial in its origin. And, then, there's another reason for the difference in things perceived; but have I made it clear to you so far?"

A chorus of assurances satisfied him.

"Now for the other remaining reason," goes on the patient teacher. "I have told you many times that all things are in motion; that what we see or hear or feel or smell is the result of vibrating particles. Now, what my eyes see are those particles that come into my eyes in the form of color; the tiny particles that enter my vision and make me cognizant of their tones, are not identically the same particles that enter *your* eyes, Violet. They couldn't be, you see. And the sound-waves that knock at the door of my Listening Consciousness are not those that bump up against *your* ear-drum, Goldie. The fragrance that pleases my nostrils could not be the same you inhale, Brownie; and Blackie knows that no two tongues could taste exactly the same atoms of chocolate."

"We never thought of that, sir!"

"A good many oldsters have been quite as thoughtless as you youngsters in this respect," answered the gentle Master, smiling. "And now, Pinkie—your pardon, dear—where a shrinking little soul sees a frightful, threatening giant, a wiser intelligence discovers a pure blessing; where a serious nature recognizes in a certain

sound a solemn sadness, a merry one will distinguish the jolliest sort of rollicking glee. It's all our different points of view of the grand old ocean; don't you think so, my dears?"

The tide had now gained upon their ledge, and as they answered the Wise Man, they turned with him and entered the lighthouse.

Lunch was awaiting them, the wholesome dainties spread out upon a long uncovered wooden table, and for a while, the children's tongues were too occupied to allow of further questioning.

But the Wise Man had a word to say.

"Sweet is sweet and sour is sour," began the teacher, "yet there will be sourer or sweeter in degree to each of us who partakes of the seasoned viands, just as a sweet thought will appeal to our heart as something grand, noble, divine, while to another it will not appeal at all. It doesn't exist for that other. He is not what learned folks call sufficiently 'evolved'—or, to speak plainly, far enough advanced past the mere animal state of existence for it to touch his sensibilities. The fine electric wires of communication from Spirit to Matter are all there, to be sure, and in time will be adjusted to perfection; but just now they are not, as yet, ready for the current."

"Do you mean—"

"This: One person will be almost unable to realize that love—true, self-sacrificing love exists; while another's sensitive perceptions will cause her to shrink, cowering, in the presence of even unmanifested hate. I'll venture to say, there's no one in this little company but can feel the presence or absence of either love or hate, although the person holding it from you in his heart may try to hide it carefully from all outward manifestation. Smiles, be they never so broad, do not make us trust a villian.

"But come, children, if you have all 'fed the animals' until they are satisfied, there is a fine feast in store for your 'higher selves'. The strengthened animals shall each carry one of us to the top of the tower where the keeper will show us the great revolving lamp."

"Oh, may we go—*may* we?"

"I thought you'd be delighted. There, follow the keeper's lead, Brownie, and tell him to go slowly, for it's a long climb."

It was a long climb; but, in due time, the guests had gained the great upper gallery and were peering curiously about.

"We use the famous Fresnel lens," began the keeper by way of explanation. "It throws the light as far as the earth's curve will permit it. It revolves, as you see, taking nearly three minutes to make the revolution."

"Why must it keep going around? Why not just keep still?"

"Because," and the keeper smiled at Ruddy, "a revolving light can never be mistaken by any mariner at sea for any other ordinary light. If it were stationary, this blunder could often be made, and to make such a mistake as that, would mean nothing less than death to all on board."

"The faith of the skipper," began the Wise Man "the faith he places in his knowledge of the whereabouts of this light is his earthly salvation; in the faith of the skipper in his knowledge in the divine light, lies his spiritual safety. In the radiant revolving orbs of light that the Creator has planned for our use by day and night, we read the symbols of his loving care of us, his mariners, tossed about upon the Ocean of Experience. Overhead, forever and forever, shine the glorious torches pointing the way to the soul's true haven, and we can never mistake them, or be misled by their light, and need never allow ourselves to drift into dangerous waters."

A great whirring sound—a thud—then a silence.

"It is a flock of birds, Professor," explained the keeper. "They are killed by thousands, as, attracted by the unusual glare they fly (with all the might a long, swift flight makes possible) against the iron bars protecting the glass which surrounds the lantern. The shock of concussion stuns or kills them outright, and they fall to certain death below."

"'Attracted by the glare'—poor birds! Thus it is that the ignorant, on the lower planes, rush headlong to swift destruction·

Carried away by the 'unusual glare' of some selfish, personal desire to make the mysterious alluring object their own, they madly hurl themselves at that which, could they but patiently wait to learn its true nature—its good and useful purpose—might have been their salvation instead of their doom!

"It is as dangerous—as fatal—for man to try to make the uncomprehended forces of nature his own to use, as for those ignorant gulls to imagine that the dazzling light must, could they but reach it, become their own wonderful possession.

"And that is why we need to learn to be wise, my children, for there are no forces that may not—must not—become our own, in time, if we are to reach that perfection which, soon or later, will make us godlike spirits—creators of worlds in our turn."

EVA BEST.

(*To be continued.*)

THINK BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.

Think beautiful thoughts and set them adrift
On eternity's boundless sea!
Let their burden be pure, let their white sails lift,
And bear away from you the comforting gift
Of your heartfelt sympathy.

For a beautiful thought is a beautiful thing,
And out on the infinite tide
May meet, and touch, and tenderly bring
To the sick, and the weary, and sorrowing
A solace so long denied.

And the soul which hath buffeted every wave
Adversity's sea hath known,
So weak, so worn, so despairing, grows brave
With that beautiful thought, to succor and save—
The thought, it has made its own,

And the dull earth-senses shall hear its cry,
And the dull eyes see its gleam,
And the shipwrecked hearts as they wander by
Shall catch at its promise, and straightway try
To wake from their dismal dream.

And radiant, now, as a heavenly star,
It glows with its added good,
Till over the waters the light gleams far
To where the desolate places are,
And its lesson is understood.

And glad are the eyes that behold the ray,
And glad are the ears that hear
The message your sweet thought has to say
To the sorrowing souls along the way,
Who needed its word of cheer.

So think good thoughts, and set them adrift
On eternity's boundless sea;
Let their burden be pure, let the white sails lift,
And bear away from you the comforting gift
Of your heartfelt sympathy!

EVA BEST.

The mustard-seed of thought is a pregnant treasury of vast results. Like the germ in the Egyptian tombs, its vitality never perishes; and its fruit will spring up after it has been buried for long ages.—*Chapin.*

The World of Thought.

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

OUR WORK AND ITS PURPOSE.

The Ideal Review comes to you this month from its new home, and in a dress which is entirely the product of its own printing establishment. The type is new, and has been selected especially with a view to its clear-reading qualities, as well as for style and character. In the advertising department some plates previously made are still used, but these will be replaced with new and attractive styles of type and display as rapidly as possible.

It is the intention to maintain this Magazine at the highest point of typographical excellence; and to this end its publishers have established, at number 121 West 42d street, a complete printing and binding plant, equipped with the highest grade of modern machinery and accoutrements for the performance of every part of the work necessary to the production of the periodical in the best manner and promptly on its publication day.

This department of The Metaphysical Publishing Company will be known as "The Ideal Press." In addition to the production of The Review, the department is equipped for every variety of fine printing, engraving, stamping, etc., which makes it an establishment worthy the patronage of the most fastidious. A full assortment of the finest grades of stationery for all purposes has also been added, creating a special department, which will be maintained in connection with the book department and circulating library, all on the street level, in the most accessible business block in New York. From every part of the city one can ride directly to the door.

We consider this worthy of mention here, because it is the consummation of the original plan, when The Metaphysical Publishing Company was incorporated and the *Metaphysical Magazine* (now THE IDEAL REVIEW) founded, in 1893, to establish a publishing house with every facility for handling all branches of the new-thought literature, which was then just beginning to come into form, and for which the regular publishing houses were not well adapted.

The establishing of a periodical to represent the best that should develop in advanced thought, was the first requisite in the plan. The eventual maintenance of an adequate store on the street, a feature not fully justified during the early stages of the movement, was held in abeyance. The further plans for maintenance of a printing department, where artists might be trained for the oft-times special kinds of literary work required for the production of the best of ancient and occult literature—a most important feature of the new-thought movement, was also deferred to the time when the general conditions should justify the undertaking.

This company has always retained the original intention, and, though changing details from time to time, as circumstances required, has been gradually preparing for the consummation of the larger plan. The time now seems ripe for more extensive operation, in the interests of all who honestly desire advancement of learning in any of the new lines of occult, philosophic and scientific study. Accordingly, a seven-story building has been secured on a long lease, where all the departments are to be maintained at the highest mark, and the best possible service rendered to all who desire it, in the lines of printing, publishing, importing and circulation of literature pertaining to any of the progressive lines of thought, as well as to choice grades of printing, engraving, stationery, and general book selling.

In our opinion, a house of this character and utility will be appreciated by all interested in its work.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY.

At the annual meeting, held September 24th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—Alexander Wilder, M. D.

1st Vice-President—Edwin D. Simpson, M. D.

2d Vice-President—Mr. Elisha Flagg.

3d Vice-President—Mr. L. W. Goode.

Treasurer—Mr. V. Everit Macy.

Corresponding Secretary—Mr. Leander Edmund Whipple.

Additional members of the Executive Committee are:

Floyd B. Wilson.

Thomas Wilson Topham.

Henry Whitney Tyler.

Henry W. Merrill.

J. William Fosdick.

It was unanimously voted to print the Constitution and By-laws and a revised Catalogue of the Library, for free distribution to members.

The first regular meeting of the season was held on the third Monday in October.

Dr. Wilder presented a paper on the subject of "Serpent Symbolism," which was listened to with great interest. The history of the serpent, its nature, character, and relation to human thought were dealt with in the Doctor's usual thorough and able manner, and some of the facts presented proved food for reflection. The asking of questions and general consideration of the subject occupied the rest of the time.

Owing to the fact that the next regular meeting falls on election eve, it has been decided to omit that meeting. Consequently the next meeting will be held Monday evening, November 19th, at 8:30 P. M.

LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE,
Corresponding Secretary.

The true philosophical act is the annihilation of self; this is the real beginning of all philosophy; all requisites for being a disciple of philosophy point hither.—*Novalis.*

THE EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS.

The authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews in the New Testament has been always a subject of curious speculation. Origen declared that "only God knew for a truth who had written it." Professor Harnack, of Berlin, seems to have gone beyond all others in unravelling the problem. The following reasons for his conclusions are given: It was written by a cultured person who belonged to Paul's circle of friends. Paul himself had died. The writer had been for a time the member of a little band of Christians at Rome. The work was by a single writer, but the use of both pronouns, "we" and "I," indicate two persons having part in it. Nevertheless, there is not even a tradition of the name of the author. The problem is not yet solved, but Professor Harnack guesses, very plausibly, that the woman Priscilla was the writer, probably in conjunction with her husband, Apuila. The prejudice which early sprung up against women and marriage in the Church, which led to the interpolating of the Gospels and Pauline writings, was enough to instigate an effort to suppress the name of this gifted fellow-worker of the great Apostle. The epistle was evidently addressed to a little band at Rome, and of such a band, Priscilla was once a member. EPHOROS.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

YOU AND YOUR DOCTOR. By Wm. B. Doherty, M.D. Cloth, 255 pp., $1.00. Laird & Lee, Chicago, Ill.

ESOTERIC LESSONS. By Sarah Stanley Grimke, Ph. D., Cloth, 307 pp., $1.50. The Astro-Philosophical Publishing Co., Denver, Colo.

THE SIXTH AND SEVENTH BOOKS OF MOSES: OR MOSES, MAGIC, SPIRITS, ART. Translated from the Ancient Hebrew. Paper, 190 pp.

A CHILD OF LIGHT. HEREDITY AND PRENATAL CULTURE. By Newton N. Riddell. Cloth, 344 pp., $2.00. Child of Light Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.

THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF HUMAN MAGNETISM. Translation from the French of H. Durville. Paper, 111 pp., $1.00. The Psychic Research Co., Chicago, Ill.

THE EDEN MYTH.

With regard to the story of the "Fall of Man," the Rev. Minot J. Savage says:

The essential features of the orthodox theory of religion have been discredited by the modern knowledge of the modern world. Since a similar thing has happened over and over in the past, it ought not to seem so strange that it should happen again in a growing universe. The foundation-stone of orthodoxy has always been the dogma of the Fall of Man and the consequent lost and ruined condition of the race. In accordance with this theory, the one great work of religion has been to "save" men from this "ruin." That has been the theory of the Fall—and in the light of it all the wrong and sorrow, the vice and crime of the world have been explained. But study of Jewish thought and life has shown that this whole Eden story was a late importation from a pagan source. The older prophets knew nothing of it. And even Jesus, who is said to have been supernaturally sent to save us from the effects of the Fall, never makes the slightest allusion to it.

ARSENIC A COMPOUND.

M. Fittier, a French chemist, makes an announcement in the *Revue Generale de Chimie* of much interest to scientists. Arsenic, he professes to have demonstrated, is not an element by itself but a compound of phosphorus. It has long been known that white phosphorus under the action of gaseous ammonia, changed into a black substance, which has been considered as an allotropic form. This has since been shown to be nothing else than arsenic; and this has led to the supposition that this substance was present already in the phosphorus. But now M. Fittier claims to have effected the same result with red or amorphous phosphorus. This shows, he insists, that arsenic is not an element by itself, but a compound of phosphorus probably with nitrogen and oxygen—PN_2O. In such case arsenic belongs in the same category with ammonium, which also combines with other bodies as a base, and yet is itself a compound of nitrogen and hydrogen. Future experimentation may yet transfer other substances now ranking as simple elements into the list of compounds, carrying us still further toward a knowledge of matter not differentiated.

A. W.